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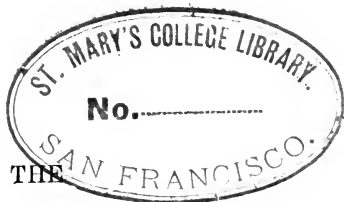
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ART. I.—1. *Repertorium Bibliographicum, in quo libri omnes ab arte typographica inventa usque ad annum MD. typis expressi ordine alphabetico vel simpliciter enumerantur vel adcuratius recensentur. Opera Ludovici Hain. STUTTGARTIÆ ET TUBINGÆ, 1826. STUTTGARTIÆ ET LUTETIÆ PARISIORUM, 1831. Two volumes Octavo.*

2.—*Catalogue of the Scientific books in the Library of the Royal Society. London: 1839. Octavo. (By A. PANIZZI, Esq.)*

THE man, be he who he may, who first defined man to be a tool-making animal, described him, perhaps, as well and as distinctively as any but a physiologist could have done: but he should have gone farther. He should have added that the subdivisions which arise under this definition, specify the separate classes of which men are composed, as well as, if not better than, the definition itself separates men from other animals. All men use tools, some well and some ill: but of two men who are equally handy, one will merely know how to work, and the other will add an acquaintance with the history of his mode of operating. The effects of this difference vary with the nature of the employment; they exist to a certain extent in every case, but in some much more than in others. In literature and science, books are the tools; and it is impossible to under-estimate the use of a critical acquaintance with them, except to those who under-estimate knowledge itself. Of every branch of the two great subdivisions of human learning its history is a constituent part, abso-

lutely necessary to all who would be competent to form just opinions on its present state.

A lawyer, says our smart friend Pleydell in *Guy Mannering*, without history and literature, is only a working mechanic; let him have these, and he may call himself an architect. Skill is not judgment, nor is the latter the necessary consequence of the former.

Undoubtedly then, the reader will say, the greatest pains have been taken to make the records of knowledge perfect, to annalize the history of books, that those who would analyze it, (we assure the reader we did not see this play upon words till after we had written it) may have full information and accurate withal. The answer is, that no such thing has been fully done in either literature or science, though more nearly in the former than the latter. Literature has always been more wealthy than science, she has always had more followers. Her wants too have been greater; and political history, which belongs to her department, has always enlisted in her service a number of men who were obliged to train themselves in bibliographical research. Whether on the whole, and relatively, her followers deserve more praise in this particular than those of her sister, is what we cannot determine; our suspicion tends towards the affirmative. But of this much we are sure, that both have much reason to regret with *Falstaff*, that their means are so little, and their waste has been so great.

The accurate study of books, as books, is comparatively of modern date. It must have been so. In the ages of manuscript, that is, of scarce manuscript, when a crowned head could not borrow a book to be copied without giving security for its return, there could obviously be no available means either of making or circulating an account of existing volumes. In the later day, when writing had ceased to be scarce, but printing was not yet invented, books might be divided into those which were known to all men of learning, and those which were known to very few. Small would have been the use of a catalogue to a person who had good reason to know that, of all the new titles it would show him, by far the greater number must be beyond his reach. The mode of citation was in consequence brief and allusive; we shall take two specimens, one from the day of scarcity, the other from the time when the demand for manuscripts was about to sharpen the

ingenuity of those who had to supply it, and bring on the invention of printing.

We open a chance page of Roger Bacon, a man of remarkable amount of reading. Aristotle is cited once, Averroes twice, and Ptolemy twice. The utmost extent of reference is to name the book in which the opinion occurs, though as to Ptolemy the *second* of the *Almagest* is mentioned. As to whereabouts in a treatise the citation was to be found, no such particularity of description is attempted. Perhaps the subdivisions of manuscripts rarely agreed; and certainly the reading of the book through was so small a trouble compared to that of getting it, that the quoter would hardly have thought it worth while to indicate the very passage. If, he would say, I certify you that there is something worth the finding in a certain house of a certain city, I may well leave you to discover the room. We next take a chance page in the writings of Cardinal Cusa, and it happens that the very first reference is from "a book of the venerable abbot Isidore, which I have seen and from which I have extracted, &c." A modern writer would have named this book, but the very reason for which he would have done so, is implied as being the contrary of that for which the Cardinal lets it alone. You can't get it, I know, he seems to say, why need I mention what book it is? As to general citation, he is no more precise than Bacon; the work, and the book of the work in which the matter quoted is contained, is the utmost the reader ever gets. In this, of course, we see nothing to blame; we would rather admire the reliance which writers placed on each others' citations, and the manner in which, as far as we have seen, they justified each others' confidence. In our day it is advisable to verify citations, not only because carelessness is common, but also because verification is bringing the evidence of many to bear upon the assertion of one. In the manuscript day, a writer who cited Aristotle from, say Bacon, was doing nearly as well as if he cited from the text; at least much more nearly as well than if he had done the same thing now. For his manuscript of Aristotle, if he had one, was only the tradition of one individual; Bacon might have falsified, or his transcriber might have miscopied. The only difference between the citer and the transcriber was, that the latter stood with relation to the whole book, in the same position as the former with respect to the passage cited. In our day, an edition of good fame

and some standing, is not only the testimony of various manuscripts, but of many scholars to the agreement of the text with the manuscripts and with previous prints, to say nothing of the precious advantage of having the voice of criticism upon the probable goodness of the text. But before printing, though there might be some degree of exception to the rule, still it was exception; generally speaking, the manuscript of an author was but one citation at length by the last transcriber. Of all wonderful things, the preservation of the texts of ancient authors, has always appeared to us to stand among the most wonderful. But it must be remembered, that good faith and hard work are generally created in proportion to the urgent want of them, and relax with the diminution of the necessity. Nobody who is acquainted with the present state of citation, can doubt of the second assertion; as to good faith at least, we believe in the first also.

With the art of printing, it may be supposed that the necessity for accurate registers of books began to be seen. It was not so, however, but it was seen and felt that the absolute necessity of good citation to the very existence of literature was gone, and the latter knowledge was gradually acted on. In compensation, the art of making good indexes arose, a thing almost wholly uncultivated before. We should have been among those who would have willingly accepted the change, in some points of view, if we had had a perfect command of books. As long as an author uses his citation properly, it is not of the utmost mischief, (bad as it is) that he should make it so vaguely or so incompletely, that no one else could use it without consulting the original, which with good indexes is not difficult. And besides this, a person with a proper index to the author quoted holds the rein, not only over what the citer does produce, but over what he ought to have produced, but did not, whether by design or ignorance: and this is no small advantage. Both these things have often happened to us. We have found a writer not justified in his inference by his own account of his source, but perfectly so on reference to the source itself; he has reasoned correctly, but stated his premises wrongly. We have found another who has appeared in the same predicament, from neglecting as it turned out, to refer to all the passages which he meant to bring forward; a good index to the author cited saves his credit. A third has made his reference wrongly, the index

again puts him right. Whether it was that looseness of citation produced indexes, or indexes allowed looseness of citation, we do not know. But the conclusion that a want always produces a remedy, is falsified by our own times, in which careless quotation more than ever abounds, and the art of making indexes is lost (out of law books) or reduced to little more than a pretence.

The first book catalogues, it is confidently asserted, were the sale catalogues of the printers, and this is very easy to believe. Those of Willer, an Augsburg bookseller, are said by Beckman to have first appeared in 1554; but he had never seen one of Willer's earlier than of 1587, nor any at all earlier than the catalogue of the Franckfort fair for 1586. So that it was at least a century from the time when "the printers of books were multiplied in the land," (to use a phrase of the old *Fasciculus Temporum*, speaking of the year 1457) before even a trade list is known to have been published. If we were disposed to push a point for the honour of science, we might say that the list of works published by Regiomontanus at Nuremberg, (without date, but before 1480) must have been the first* catalogue which came out. But unfortunately this list is as much an announcement of the future as a catalogue of the past, and has made no little confusion; works to be printed, but which never were so, having been confounded with works which had been printed. As to our own country, the following work—"A catalogue of the most vendible books in England, orderly and alphabetically digested, &c." London, 1658; with a preface signed by William London—bears in the title page, "the like work never yet performed by any." This book has been attributed to a bookseller of great note, Thomas Guy, the founder of the hospital which bears his name. It has a preface of which Dibdin justly says that its author, whoever he may be, was a man of no mean intellect. But no one book in it has a date of publication, and many want the author's names. We have seen in a sale catalogue of our own day, a number of old auction catalogues advertised for sale, (upwards of forty, beginning at 1639) for which collection no less than ten guineas was marked as the

* There is in the British Museum (as we have seen since this was written) a sheet apparently as old as that of Regiomontanus, and which seems to be a sale catalogue.

price. But we have before us a work of much higher pretension than Guy's, it is the "Catalogus Variorum, &c.," London (?) 1686; being the auction catalogue of the books of Richard Davis, an Oxford bookseller. It contains more than ten thousand lots, arranged in subjects, subdivided into sizes, and with dates affixed; and we doubt whether this country offers anything so creditable in the seventeenth century. The auctioneers, we find, may hold up their heads, and claim to be an established institution. The "conditions of sale," then as now so called, are very nearly as at present. The disputed lots to be resold, the books perfect unless otherwise expressed, &c., and commissions to be faithfully managed, (they now say executed.) But the body of the catalogue is much better than those which are now made by auctioneers.

In the formation of a list of books three modes present themselves. It may be either a simple alphabetical list of authors, in which Milton (John) and Miller (Joseph) come close together, by right of initial letters. Or it may be what is called a *classed catalogue*, in which writers on the same subject are brought together. Or it may be a catalogue in order of dates, in which the books follow the order of the years in which they are printed. We may call these alphabetical, classed, and chronological catalogues.

An alphabetical catalogue has this great advantage, that all the works of the same author come together. Those who have had to hunt up old subjects know very well that of all lots which it is useful to find in one place, the works of one given author are those which occur most frequently. Again, those who go to a library to read upon a given subject, generally know what authors they want; and an alphabetical catalogue settles the question whether the library does or does not contain the required work of the author wanted. We believe that of those who go into a place where books are collected, whether to read, buy, borrow, (or even steal) nineteen out of twenty know what author they want: and to them an alphabetical catalogue is all-sufficient. It has the disadvantage, no doubt, that the authors who are brought together are connected by no bond of union stronger than that which exists between John Milton and Joe Miller. But even this is sometimes an advantage. A person occasionally forgets all but his author's initial letter, and recovers what he wants by a

catalogue. We are ourselves at this moment in the distinct recollection of having once seen (and most particularly intended to make a note of) a criticism or biography, we did not exactly understand which, of an author whose name we forget, written by a person of whom all we remember is that *his* name begins with a P. Nothing but an alphabetical catalogue will help us; we P-ruse all we find, and have no doubt of final success.

A classed catalogue is supposed to be useful to those who want to know what has been written on a particular subject. Now in the first place, who are the persons who look at a book list with any such view? Not beginners in a wide field of research. Did any one in his senses ever go to a library to learn geometry, for instance, and take the subject in a classed catalogue, and fall to work upon some author because he was therein set down? This attempt to feed the mind *à la carte* would certainly end in an indigestion, if, which is rather to be hoped, it did not begin in a surfeit. No; the persons who really want a classed catalogue are those who are already versed in the generalities of a branch of knowledge, and are seeking for minute information upon some detail. Take a library upon one science, and it classifies beautifully, sketching out to a nicety the boundaries which, it is but rarely noticed, are much more distinct between the parts of a subject than between one subject and another. Long after the counties of England and Scotland were well determined, the Debateable Land was nothing but a theatre of war. Imagine a person desirous of making research upon the question, for instance, of the rise and progress of artillery. A military library would easily subdivide, or at least, more easily than a general library, into the works which might help him, and those which could not: but the same general library, classified into wide subdivisions, two or three only on the art of war, would give such a hunt that he would be obliged to seek for his *authors* in some other way, and so reduce his necessities to those of an alphabetical catalogue. Mr. M'Culloch's recent work on the "Literature of Political Economy," which is a classified catalogue, is an admirable specimen of what can be done in this way. We can perhaps see the advantage of such a book better than those who are well acquainted with the subjects of which it treats: at any rate it shows how much the principle of classification is capable

of being usefully applied to details. But even here, and in the hands of an author who is familiar with books, interested in them as books, and conversant with a large library of his own, there are sufficient indications of the difficulty of classification when the field is widened. The separation between the bullion and the corn-law writings is very easily made: but when he comes to the subjects of interest and annuities, and of life assurance, there are works in either class which ought to be in both, and in one which ought to be in the other.

In fact, as to classification, it is impossible properly to dispose of *books*: the proper subdivisions are *chapters*. One book ought to be placed in many classes. The *Principia* of Newton ought to be divided into portions severally referrible to mathematics, mechanics, mathematical astronomy, physical astronomy, optics, hydrostatics, aerostatics, &c., &c. There are a great many sums in mixed money: how are they to be classified? Take each bundle to pieces, put the ten pound notes together, the five pound notes, the sovereigns, the silver, the copper. No, this is not what the advocate of the classed book-catalogue wants. Some parcels have most notes with a little silver; they must be put together: others have more copper than any thing else; they must be in one subdivision, in spite of the notes and gold they contain.

But the advocate of a classed book (not chapter) catalogue denies all this, and maintains that every library is capable of subdivision under heads. We know it is, *to him*, and we know it is to another: and we should like well enough to adjourn the decision until two persons of different pursuits had agreed upon the arrangement of the same set of books; provided that nobody was to stir the question until that time. We can tell how it would be: they would end by making every head contain nearly the whole library. It is, we believe, the practice at Cambridge, in distributing the list of honored graduates into wranglers, senior optimes, and junior optimes, after the names are arranged in order of merit, not to end one division and begin the next, except at a decided break between the merits, two consecutive names. Thus a youth may in one year be a wrangler, who would fail of attaining that grade in another, simply because he happens to be among a cluster of men of nearly equal pretensions. Now if all books could be arranged in order of relevancy with respect, say to

natural science, from the one which is most essential to it down to the one which is least so, there would be no perceptible break any where, no point at which natural knowledge ends and other knowledge begins. To take classical authors; Pliny would certainly be in the list, and from him to Pindar a succession might be traced, at no point of which could a line be drawn, marking a definite and justifiable separation. Our two supposed referees would fight every step of this succession; as they went along the chain through the writers L, M, N, one would show very clearly that as soon as L was in any list, M had as good a right to be there; while the other, hard to convince perhaps on this point, would in his turn see as clearly that the entrance of M would make the exclusion of N an absurdity. One man can make a classed catalogue, can satisfy himself perhaps to a book: the moment it is published, all the other advocates of the same mode find out that, whatever they may think of the thing *in genere*, this particular instance is all wrongly done. No two will agree about boundaries: they will both put Euclid among geometers; but what will they do with Albert Durer's *Institutiones Geometricæ*. Is it geometry in right of the title, or fine arts in right of the author; the former because of its method, or the latter because of its subject. The mathematician and the artist may settle it by allowing the book to stand in both: but what is the consequence? All the books on perspective and on descriptive geometry must go into both; and when those on perspective get into optics, as they ought to do, it is well if they do not drag the descriptive geometry after them. A reader who is invited to perspective under the name of optics, has a perfect right to know, under that head, what books of descriptive geometry he can find. The end of it is, that the classed catalogue is either confusion or reduplication, requadruplication we should have said.

The best scientific catalogue of which we know, is that of the Royal Society's Library: and it is a classed catalogue. We always go to it first, for the accuracy of the titles: and it has often helped us where others have failed. Of course we do not hold the classification to be a merit; and we may add that it has given us much trouble. It was constructed by Mr. Panizzi, who was obliged, though he did it under protest, to conform to a plan laid down for him by a Committee of the Society. This Committee,

though its members were eminent in science, consisted of men who, for the most part, had little claim to extensive knowledge of more books than they had read, and none whatever to experience in bibliography. The two exceptions, one of Oxford and one of Cambridge, whom many readers will know by this allusion, were, as appears in the same way, non-residents. The consequence was a dispute between the able officer of the Museum, who felt that he knew better than his employers, and the Council of the Society, who, fully confident in themselves, wondered at the refractoriness of their agent and, to use a common phrase, couldn't make it out. Fortunately, the making of the catalogue was complete before the dispute (which turned on the printing, and produced several pamphlets) commenced: so that we have the advantage of the result. The *matériel* is excellent, and wants nothing but unclassifying: though the mischief is very much alleviated by the enormous number of cross references from one class to another which were judiciously introduced. As we are not likely to have a list of the kind superintended as to plan by men of more eminence, or with the defects of the plan more alleviated, it will be worth while to bestow a little attention upon it.

The first observation that we have to make is, that the subdivisions are very wide, and the classification consequently very incomplete. The heads are Mathematics—Astronomy—Mechanics, hydrostatics, hydraulics, and acoustics—Optics—Tables on various subjects—Chemistry, Pneumatics, and Meteorology—Electricity, Galvanism, and Magnetism—Natural Philosophy (general works on)—Geology and Mineralogy—Botany and Agriculture—Zoology—Anatomy, Physiology, and Medicine—Transactions—Reports of the House of Commons—Journals—Voyages—Miscellaneous. Of these we find that mathematics includes algebra, geometry, *probabilities* and *engineering*; astronomy includes astrology, navigation, *inland navigation* and *chronology*; botany we are told, *includes* agriculture. No head of history, none of biography. The autobiography of Thomas Pennant is put perforce under zoology: where no doubt it might well be, but it should also have been under its own proper head. No head of bibliography, none of heat, none of life annuities or other statistical branches, no one head under which mathematical works on any one subject are distin-

guished from experimental. The subject of probability is one application of mathematics, no doubt, but astronomy is as much so. It may have been supposed that the allotment was just, because there are many books on astronomy and few on probability: but this is not the sort of principle on which to make classification a help to the reader. On the contrary, the fewer the books in a class, the more desirable is it that they should not be lost in a mass of others. Engineering has more connection with geology than inland navigation with astronomy. Chronology is as little connected with astronomy, *quoad* the books written on the two subjects, as can well be. As to botany and agriculture, Charles Dickens has quizzed it when he makes Mr. Squeers tell the boy to repeat "botany, a knowledge of plants," and then sends him to weed the garden, in practical illustration of the doctrine.

We do not believe that the faults of the result of this particular classification lie on the Committee, who decided upon it, though we deem it insufficient and, even as far as it goes, unskilful: they are inherent in the method. We have examined sundry arrangements of the same nature, and used them too, frequently and diligently, without ever finding one which we liked, as to mere arrangement, either better or worse than that of the Royal Society. The practical result of all is to give the trouble of many different catalogues in one: and when this effect is produced, it matters nothing whether it be done more or less artistically. Besides, we have found that when an accident makes the classification do some good in the way of saving labour on one occasion, we are only the more misled on another by the insight we get into the plan, from which we are liable to draw inferences which break down. But generally the arrangement is pretty sure not to adapt itself to the purpose in hand: so that we say to ourselves—

"If it be not" *classed* "to me,
What care I how" *classed* "it be."

We have said more than we intended upon this point, but we strike nothing out; for in fact this wretched practice of dictating under what head a book shall be wanted is, and has long been, a great grievance to those who consult catalogues. That there are many who would impose upon the librarian the task of being an arranger of

the books, we are well aware: and we suspect that most of the former are desirous of throwing a part of their own work on the shoulders of the latter. Any one who is willing to trust the maker of a catalogue, however highly qualified, with the power of settling what books he can want in reference to a given subject, is either a person who consults only the most celebrated works, and has nothing to do with research; or one who is willing to take completeness upon trust, and to content himself with blaming another person if he do not reach it; or else one who does not feel comfortable, even while doing his work as well as it can be done, unless he have more trouble about it than is necessary.

We now come to the third sort of catalogue, in which the books are arranged according to dates, of which there are examples in Lalunde's *Bibliographie Astronomique*, and the compendium of Weidler which preceded it. This is for literary purposes, a most excellent plan; if only to each edition be attached a reference to the year of the one before and the one after, and a separate catalogue of undated books be made, with references to the presumed date under which they are entered in the main catalogue. This chronological catalogue is as good for the purposes of literary as the ordinary tables for those of political history. How often the inquirer has to look for books of a certain date or thereabouts, with the view of settling a point connected with the usages or opinions of a period. There is in this kind of arrangement, classification upon a fixed principle, which has always some use: the objection to the classification by subjects is, that a great part of it must be matter of opinion. As it would be impossible to ascertain the months of publication, the proceeds of each year must be arranged alphabetically; and of course some of the advantage would be gained, if a chronological index were made to an alphabetical catalogue.

What we have hitherto written may relate as much to one branch of knowledge as to another; we shall now come to our particular subject. We are not aware of the existence of many acknowledged rarities in the contents of scientific catalogues; as before observed, literature has all, or nearly all, the objects for which collectors give extravagant prices. There are very few books which are really scarce, that is, both sought after, and not found. But, in saying this, we ought to add, that we mean to speak of Lon-

don, and the last ten years. All bibliographical writers notice the decided manner in which plenty or scarcity depend on time and place; and in no class of books is this effect more conspicuous than in scientific ones.

During the war, and while the continent was shut up, the supply of books from abroad of course languished, and many works were literally quoted at a high price, that is, by all who took their citations from the books themselves. The peace opened the trade again, and many things became common enough which had been esteemed rare. Of Vieta's trigonometrical canon, of which Hutton had never seen or heard of any copy but his own, there are now at least eight or nine copies in England. The *editio princeps* of Euclid used to be described as of excessive scarceness, which is now far from being a just description. The reader who is not much acquainted with this subject should be told that a book is not scarce merely because it cannot be had for the ordering; many which are so circumstanced can be obtained in a few months, some are pretty certain to turn up in a year or two at most. According to our notion of the matter, a book begins to be scarce when it is not sold by public auction in London more than about once in three years; though perhaps the regular collectors for rarity's sake, would move that the word seven be substituted for three.

The tide of commerce has a great tendency to bring rare books to London, where, though much depreciated, they fetch better prices than abroad. And we are informed that the demand for the United States of America is gradually increasing. The number of public libraries on the continent, and the ease with which they can be used, has greatly diminished the number of private book collectors; the libraries of the British Museum and of the scientific societies have the same tendency in London. Old stagers remember the time when a book auction was, (if there were any rarities) an animated scene of contest between the trade and the collectors. At present, it is little more than a competition between the booksellers themselves. And so little knowledge of the contents of the catalogues is there, that books of very moderate scarcity, sold by the executors of a man of well known name, will sell better than a library of great rarity, the property of an unknown collector. And these remarks, true enough of all classes of books, are particularly so of scientific ones. In London,

it is perhaps counting too liberally to say that the booksellers who take an interest in them might be numbered on the fingers of one hand, and the private collectors on the other.

The scientific societies are not very anxious to have in their libraries the rare books belonging to their several departments. For this one reason is, want of funds; but this might be overcome if it were not for another, namely, a general indifference among the members to exact and minute knowledge of the history of science. The *peu nous importe au reste*, with which Delambre often dismisses a secondary point, of which a satisfactory settlement does not come readily to hand, had been cheerfully agreed to by his critics and his readers. The consequence is, that any one who proceeds to examine closely the actual records of the progress of science, finds confusion upon confusion, and mistake upon mistake, in all matters which are not of the most general interest. We will not, however, be tempted into a digression on this point; we have here to do with books and their description, and we will proceed to examine the special means which the scientific inquirer finds provided for him.

We begin with the seventeenth century, finding nothing to our purpose of an earlier date. Before the production of formal catalogues, there were evidences of something like attempts at bibliography in the productions of more than one learned writer. We select Blancanus, Gerard John Vossius, and Riccioli.

Blancanus, a Jesuit, added to his dissertation *de Mathematicarum Natura*, (Bologna, 1615, 4to.) a chronology of the principal mathematicians, omitting, as he says in his title page, such fabulous ones as Atlas, Zoroaster, &c. and also Jubal, the father of music, as coming too long before the others. Much surprised, no doubt, would the worthy man have been, had any one told him that two hundred years after his death, when no man alive would think his ideas on the nature of mathematics worth a look, the absence of better materials would make his list of mathematicians not only valuable, but absolutely the only authority on several points. Not that he has much to say about any one; the name, the country, the profession, and a word or two out of the titles of some of his works, are all that any author gets. But it not a little illustrates our

assertions about the paucity of early materials that this same Blancanus is an authority.

Riccioli, also a Jesuit, was beyond all question the most learned astronomer of his day. He had every advantage that fame and patronage could procure. In his *Almagestum Novum*, (Bologna, 1651, fol.) he has given also a list of astronomers, with their works, hardly in any particular more worthy of preservation for its intrinsic merit than that of Blancanus. In his descriptions of books, he is as vague almost as Bacon or Cusa, and there are many indications that his supply was very incomplete. Riccioli is precisely one of those men whom we may rely on as showing the greatest extent to which any species of labour had been carried. If the means of being accurate had existed, he would have used them: if any one had ever published a list of authors with works properly described, dated, placed, and sized, he would not have let that predecessor go unrivalled. There is not in existence such a storehouse of old astronomical learning as the *Almagestum Novum*, and yet we cannot undertake to remember that we ever were able to settle any bibliographical question by means of it.

Gerard John Vossius, the father of five learned sons, and a still greater number of learned works, died in 1649, leaving behind him ready for publication a collection of treatises, which appeared the next year. (Amsterdam, 1650, 4to.) One of them is, like the work of Blancanus, on the nature of mathematics, with a chronology of mathematicians, and an account of their works. Perhaps the greatest compliment ever paid to this work, was the charge of inaccuracy brought against it by very recent writers; which is as if an astronomer of our day were to complain that he could neither confirm nor refute the Greenwich place of a star with an old astrolabe. The fact is, that with errors, omissions, and transpositions in abundance, this work is so like the thing it might have been, and so plainly the commencement of a new era, that we forget its date, and refer it to the eighteenth century in our criticisms. Wonderful to relate, we find in it not only the date of an author, but sometimes, nay often, those of the publication of a work; and, better than either, references to the sources from whence the information was procured. In fact, be his faults more or less, Vossius threw into the history of science, a little of the accuracy, comparative accuracy we mean, which the scholars of his day had begun to culti-

vate. He is the earliest of the moderns whom it is still found convenient (however little that may say for modern exactness) to quote extensively.

In the writers above mentioned, and those of their period, there is what we now call a peculiarity, and one which sometimes gives trouble. The day of indexes, as we have above noted, had commenced, but we are still so much in the primitive ages that the baptismal name marks the man, and the surname was, as its etymology imports, only an addition to the real name. Look in the index of Blancanus, or Riccioli, or Vossius, for Copernicus or Cusa, or Tartaglia, and you will look in vain: but see Nicolas, and you will find them all. In our own times, the surname is so completely the *name*, that the baptismal name is only a family distinction, and the use of it with us only answers to the *tutoiement* of the French and Germans. And those who attend to such points of statistics regret the paucity of such names, and recommend the re-adoption of many which are falling into disuse. But in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the variety was much greater. In a list of 129 German philosophers before us, it does certainly happen that the odd 29 are called John; at least allowing one *Janus* to be what no doubt he was, a *John* transformed by himself in compliment to the *pagan* mania which at one time was becoming general among the educated, and of which Baillet has collected curious instances. But though there are seven *Georges*, and as many *Peters*, (say eight, if Petreius be allowed to be a paganism) yet no one other name occurs more than three times. This digression about names may serve to introduce the work from which the list was taken, being the *Vitæ Germanorum Philosophorum* of Melchior Adam, first published about 1615, in which not a single date is affixed to any one of the works of the writers of whom it treats.

We should like, as a matter of curiosity, to know who did first describe books in the manner now judged essential to bibliographical correctness. As to scientific works, we know that about 1680, such descriptions began to abound. From the beginning of the century, catalogues of public libraries had been published; very defective (we speak more from modern criticisms than from our own knowledge) in description, in appreciation, and in method. In 1679, Bouillaud and Dupuis, an astronomer and a scholar of note, published the catalogue of the library

which had once belonged to the historian De Thou. This is the earliest work we have been in the habit of consulting in which scientific books are distinctly dated, placed, and sized. It is a classed catalogue with an alphabetical index; and is very well done, and admirably adapted to give an idea of a good library at the time. If anything be wanting, it is that a pen should be drawn through the works which were added by the sons, in order that we might see the library of the great historian himself.

We now come to the first extensive catalogue of works exclusively scientific, namely, the *Bibliotheca Realis Philosophica* of Lipenius, in two folio volumes, Frankfort, 1682. Martin Lipenius died in 1692 at Lubec, where he was rector of the academy. His immense bibliographical collection is contained in six folio volumes, the subdivision of which is in itself an amusing index to the state of the bookish world. The two thick volumes contain theology; the two which are somewhat less thick, philosophy; and the two remaining ones, the least of all, are devoted to law and medicine. But the two volumes with which we are concerned, remind us, in their miscellaneous character, of those old courses of mathematics which contain treatises on geography, fortification, and the construction of artificial fireworks. His philosophy contains not merely natural and speculative science, but history, some biography, much topography, and every thing at all out of the way or curious. Whatever, preaches Lipenius, or at least practices Lipenius, is not palpably theology, law, or medicine, must be philosophy: to which must be added, that much which formally belongs to the three first is entered under the fourth; witness more than a hundred works under the heads "Christus" and "Religio Christiana." The catalogue itself is classed, that is to say, the sub-classes of all subjects are ranged in alphabetical order, and the works under each head entered also alphabetically. Nothing can make a more hopeless confusion: the general alphabetical index makes it possible to use the work effectively, but with a difficulty which has caused it to be but little used and less noticed. The works are well enough described, but with so many occasional errors that the catalogue must be used only in investigation, and not quoted as a high authority.

In 1688, appeared the *Bibliographia Mathematica* of

Beughem, Amsterdam, 12mo., a small work, in which the arrangement is under countries; it contains only such books as were then tolerably recent. In 1690, Leyden, we have the *Cursus Mathematicus* of Dechales, in four folios, the first of which contains an attempt at a bibliographical history of all the sciences. A very poor one it is, no doubt, but, like others of which the same thing may be said, it contains various statements which are not to be found elsewhere. But, says the strict and accurate man, it is a work of no authority, its statements cannot be relied on, it gives no correct dates nor descriptions of the books, no sufficient quantity of criticism, no curious remarks on history. All this is true, but unfortunately we find in bibliography, far more than in other subjects, that many of the people whom it would be most unsafe to rely upon, it would be most unsafe to reject. The scantling of truth that runs through the enormous masses of confusion prevalent in accounts of books is divided among the better and the worse writers in very curious ways. And it has happened to us to see circumstantial evidence break down in such a number of cases that we are almost inclined to give it as a rule always to decide in favour of the smaller of two probabilities. The following instance is really vexatious; the truth had no right to be the truth under such a mass of presumption against it. Granger, in his portrait-biography, the last man and the last book for any, much less a correct statement on a mathematical work, states that Roger Palmer, Lord Castlemaine, who had the honour of being husband to one of the mistresses of Charles II., and of gaining an earldom thereby, was the inventor of a "horizontal globe," on which he wrote a pamphlet. Nonsense, we said, the earl had other fish to fry, and accordingly we set ourselves to discover the origin of the mistake. We soon found it, to our entire satisfaction. *John Palmer*, in 1658, published the "*Catholique Planisphær.*" Now plane is horizontal, to this day; many persons do not distinguish straight from level, or plane from horizontal: and the *planisphere* and the *horizontal globe* must be one and the same thing. Whether the confusion might be helped forward in the mind of some honest man, (who only knew the word *Catholic* in its theological sense) by Lord Castlemaine's celebrated journey to Rome, might be a question; stranger things have happened in interpreting the titles of books.

We put the case to several competent judges of literary evidence, who gave it without hesitation that there must have been a mistake between John and Roger of the widespread name of Palmer. And to this day we know of nothing to impeach the conclusion, except that we have found a book, "The English Globe, invented and described by the Right Hon. the Earl of Castlemaine." London, 1679, 4to. So that Roger Palmer did invent and write upon a globe, but not a horizontal one; of the confusion between John and Roger in the matter of the title, we have still no doubt whatever.

We shall not go on with a dry catalogue of bibliographers, and for this reason, that from the beginning of the eighteenth century or thereabouts, there is no separation in time, the whole system must stand or fall together. From the period at which J. A. Fabricius published his very valuable works, down to the present time, there has been little or no inquiry into the relative soundness of different schools of bibliographers. They have freely copied one another; we cannot tell whether Panzer himself is better or worse than any one else, when he is speaking of a book he has never seen. And to this day, the statements of the most recent works may be traced back in many instances to authors as old as Fabricius, without any alteration except accumulated miscopies and misprints.

In scientific bibliography, we find that we are now depending upon the accumulations of Fabricius, Weidler, Scheibel, Murhard, Lalande, Muller, Kästner, Heilbronner, and library catalogues. The professed historians, Montucla, Delambre, &c., hardly deserve the separate title of bibliographers. Those who have taken special points, as Doppelmayer, De Murr, &c., are not much cited, not near so much as they ought to be.

There are occasional references no doubt, to all manner of general bibliographers, from Gesner to Brunet, and there ought again to have been more. The difference between the professed man of books, without regard to subjects, the Panzer or the Mattaire, of every branch of knowledge, and the professed scientific collector of titles, is easily understood. The former gives the title very correctly, but perhaps interprets it very badly; he puts the *Almanach des Gourmands* among astronomical works, and sends everything about the differential calculus to the

medical shelves of the library; the latter generally puts the book in its right place as to subject, but if he gets the date and title correctly, it is by a special providence. Again, the latter thinks it quite right to do things which the former would look at with horror. For example, Lalande, in his *Bibliographie Astronomique*, wrote from his own knowledge the title of the second edition of the work of Regiomontanus on triangles, Basle, folio, 1561. He knew that the first edition was published about thirty years before, and so he set it down with the same title page as the second, including the announcement of the table of sines, Basle: 1536. Now, as it happened, it was published at Nuremberg in 1533, and there was no table of sines in it. The consequence is, that Apian and Copernicus are deprived of their respective credits, as being very early (the former the earliest) publishers of sines to a decimal radius. No one can know how far an incorrect description of a book may produce historical falsehood; but there are few writers who have the courage to say exactly how much they know, and how much they presume. This want of courage is very much the consequence of the uncandid criticism which works of research are sure to meet with; a man who has but one bit of knowledge in the world, is the severest critic which a book meets with, if that book do not give that one bit of knowledge correctly. The swindler in the Vicar of Wakefield, who passed as a scholar upon the strength of one collection of sentences about Sanconiathan and cosmogony, is the type of a species who earn a reputation out of a few odds and ends, mostly by the depreciation of others. For when was there a literary or scientific quack, to whom the sneer was not a great part of his ways and means?

We are going to enter into some details on the books which form, as we have said, the reliance of the scientific bibliographer, and then to enumerate faults in a manner which may lead those who read our last sentence, to wonder that we do not look at home. But we must protest and say, that our censure of the imperfections which crowd upon us, is made in the spirit of praise. We have said what will be found upon the preceding centuries in the earlier part of our article, for no other reason than to show that there has always been progress. In the sixteenth century there was no scientific bibliography, or next to none; in the seventeenth, it was of the most

imperfect kind; in the eighteenth and nineteenth, it has been much better, and the authors of whom we are going to speak, have been the instruments of the change for good. The state of things reminds us of the story of a foreign teacher of music, when he made this reply to a pupil who asked him what he thought of his progress: "There are two stages for a beginner; first, there is beat time, pick out notes, not play at all; next, there is play, but play very bad: now you are just beginning the second stage." All credit to those who passed from the first stage to the second: our reason for pointing out their "play very bad," is that in our own day we do no better, except in an occasional exception.

We shall begin with Scheibel, a name of great note in the subject, very much cited by all who have come after him, and apparently by some who came before; for the additions made to Fabricius by his comparatively recent editor, (who makes great use of Scheibel) are not easily distinguished from the text. A critical examination of a few pages will show what kind of mistakes bibliographers make by describing works they have not seen, and we shall take the description of the editions of Euclid. Scheibel distinguishes the works he has seen from those he has not by an asterisk.

He had seen the first edition (1482,) and accordingly it is fairly described; but there is a little note about an edition by Lucas Pacioli in 1489, a statement made by Heilbronner. This is part of the stock-bibliography of Euclid; till we see this edition, or find some credible person who says he has seen it, we shall believe that this and the asserted *Italian* Euclid by Pacioli, are nothing but corrupt descriptions of the *geometry* contained in the end of the great work* on Algebra (the *princeps*) of 1494. And of this we were fully convinced by more circumstances than we have space to enumerate, before we saw that Hain, (whose silence goes further to prove a negative than the affirmation of some a positive) does not allude to any such thing. The second edition, which Scheibel had not seen, is correctly described from Mattaire, with the exception of the words of description, (*Eucl. elem. Lat.*)

* Even about this celebrated work there are mistakes. Mattaire gives the date 1484, which arises from this, that *Peter Borgo* published a work on Arithmetic in that year, or in 1482.

appearing as an implied title, a thing which there is not.

The next mentioned edition is that of Valla, (1498.) This is one of those remarkable editions, in which no one has ever been able to find a typographical error; the reason being that no one has ever looked, for the edition does not exist. In the collection of Valla's works (where this edition is said to exist) there is no Euclid, but only a geometry by Valla himself. The error is a copy from the catalogue of the Bunavian library, and it is still going the rounds. The next, or Zamberti's edition, (1505,) has a wrong title from Fabricius. In 1506, it is then given that Ambrose Jacher published four books at Frankfort: Scheibel had seen this himself. The editor of Fabricius copies him, turning Jacher into Jocher. Next comes an edition stated (from inspection) to be printed at the end of an edition of Sacrobosco, by Henry Stevens, (1507.) We do not remember having seen this book, but we have seen the reprint of 1527, (and Scheibel himself enters another of 1531,) and we find that the so-called Euclid is nothing but the summary of Boethius, which gives in four or five pages the enunciations of the propositions and no more. The edition of 1509 (Pacioli's) is correctly given from Kästner, and that of Henry Stephens (1516) from Mattaire. The first Greek edition is set down as of 1530, by Grynœus, from Fabricius; this is a misprint for 1533. But the real Greek of 1533 is correctly given by Scheibel from actual inspection, without mention of the editor's name. Here the genuine old title-page bibliographer shows very strongly; had he only turned over the page, he would have seen the preface, at the top of which Grynœus put his own name, and would then have suspected his former entry of 1530 to be the mistake, which in fact it is. And all these errors are found in the first seven pages of the duodecimo size; and their subject is no obscure man, but Euclid himself; and the time is that most interesting period to those who trace printed books, the first three quarters of a century after the invention of printing. In an appendix he gives, without stating any authority, and not from sight, editions of 1483 and 1486, in which Hain is silent and all other writers; to say nothing of a Greek edition of 1539, *with Scholia*.*

* The well informed reader will wonder where the Scholia on Euclid are to be

Kästner, in his *History of Mathematics*, which is a sort of extended bibliography, with some account of the insides of books, reminds us strongly, in spite of his learning and general correctness, of the bat trimming between the birds and the beasts. In history, he omits all that is unnecessary to his bibliographical view; in bibliography, he describes editions or leaves them quite alone, as suits the purpose of his history. A critic knows not where to have him: a writ cannot be served, for he does not run up and down in any one bailiwick, but hops out of one into another, and laughs at the sheriffs of both. It is therefore unreasonable to look at anything but the simple correctness or incorrectness of his details: and, remembering that many bibliographers have, by want of knowledge, omitted as many and as valuable books as Kästner has done upon his arbitrary principle of selection, we are rather disposed to be thankful for what we have received than to find fault with the want of more. But we find the mistakes of Scheibel above-mentioned in great part perpetuated, though with acknowledgment of their source. This matters little: when a person faithfully states his authorities, so that his own matter is completely distinct, it is mere question of paper and print how much he shall take from others. With these qualifications, Kästner's work must be accounted of great value.

It is worthy of note how completely several of the best histories of branches of science are on a bibliographical basis, proceeding rather from book to book, than from man to man: such are those of Weidler, Delambre, and Kästner; for though the nominal arrangement of the first is by men, in order of time, yet the men are only constituent parts of their own title pages. It may be doubted whether this plan of writing history by books is not the best; but then it should be accompanied by very copious mention of minor works which are not themselves absolute links of the chain of discovery. The authors who have adopted the plan are rather deficient in this respect; they seem too much to take what they meet with, without looking out for the utmost attainable completeness. But

found. We have never seen the book, but we learn from various sources that Dasypodius published in 1579 the *Scholia* of Isaac the monk (Isaac Argyrus we presume.) But we cannot learn that Dasypodius ever published any Euclid except his Latin ones with Greek enunciations; on which see Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of Classical Biography*, article "Euclides."

how were they to know what to look for, unless good bibliographers had been before them?

Let us now take Murhard, the work of most pretension which we possess, of a general character. It is in five parts, making two respectable octavo volumes of small print, (1797—1805.) It is a classed catalogue without either index or table of contents. We examine his account of the Euclids, and we find every mistake of Scheibel's duly perpetuated. And more than this we have the following, which is a rich instance of the manner in which absolutely contradictions are introduced.

We know the edition of Euclid printed by Henry Stephens in 1516, which announces in the title page that if the book should succeed, more of the same author would be published. This, in itself, makes it very unlikely that a previous edition of the same work should have been published also by H. Stephens. We know also the edition of Zamberti in 1505, published under the auspices of the Doge Loredano at Venice. But we did not know, until Murhard informed us, that an edition of 1505, having a title page word for word that of Stephens in 1516, and announced as from his *officina* at Paris, was also announced in its own colophon as having been printed at Venice, under the auspices of Loredano, with the types of M. Firmanus, in 1502. This edition is Cerberean; three must have got to the making of it, Stephens, Zamberti, and some other book unknown, probably not Euclid at all. It is certain that different books may be confounded: but how an editor, pretending to a semblance of correctness, could put together such a mass of contradictions without even a notice of the source from whence he got them, is difficult to conceive. Again, it is the fact that during the sixteenth century one Greek text of the elements, and no more, was published: Murhard has six. The real one (of 1533) he describes well enough, except that he omits the editor, Gryncœus. This last name is attached to the Fabricius-misprint edition of 1530, already noticed; this is the second: a third is a fictitious Greek edition, stated from Gesner, as in 1545, which was really an *Italian* edition of the enunciations of propositions only. The other three are the so-called Greek editions in which the same enunciations, and no more, are in that language. So that between Scheibel and Murhard the lover of accurate knowledge has no easy task.

We have confined ourselves to Euclid, that our readers may see it is all fair. It would be very difficult—it would make the word *impossible* good French, in spite of Napoleon—to make a catalogue from which an alarming list of mistakes could not be collected: that is, unless the maker had every book under his own eye. And for this reason, that the correct materials from which to compile are not in existence. Accordingly we have confined ourselves to one author, of the greatest note, and one time of the greatest interest. But look where we will, the same thing meets us. We turned Murhard by chance, knowing that we could not happen wrong for an error, and came to the beginning of the works on arithmetic. And there we found, as the *princeps* of elementary arithmetical works, a presumed edition of Boethius by James Faber, published in 1480. Faber of Etaples is a safe man to make a blunder upon, for he lived 101 years, and died in 1537. Nevertheless, Heilbronner, who in one place makes this 1480 mistake for Murhard to copy, in another makes Faber do his Boethius in 1551, long after his old bones had at last found their resting place. On the edition of 1480 Hain is silent. Dr. Kloss, (in his most valuable sale catalogue, which will be properly appreciated when it gets scarce) states 1503 to be the date of the first edition of Faber's Boethius. And this, from examination, we have no doubt of. It is an early book of Henry Stephens, printed while he was in partnership with Hopilius. This edition of 1503 is omitted by Murhard—stop, he does not omit it, but puts it down correctly, with 1503 named as the year of printing at the end, and 1510 at the beginning, as the catch-figures to find it by. Of the next author, Suiset, or Suiseth, (whose christian name seems to be a difficulty; the edition of 1520 has Richard at the beginning, and Raymund at the end, while a host of writers call him Roger, so that he is only R-something,) Murhard does not know the first edition, that of Padua without date: but he compensates by giving a subsequent edition under two dates, one right and one wrong: and Suiset did not write on arithmetic at all. After him we have Bradwardine, whose *Geometria Speculativa* is converted into an "Arithmetica;" and then follows an edition of Boethius, which seems to be a re-statement of one of those which had been previously given to Faber. There is no occasion to go on; Murhard, no doubt, did his best. But what we want to impress upon

the mathematician who takes all these men for granted is, that we ought to have something better than any one's best has turned out to be hitherto.

We make no mention of Muller, who has given a catalogue of titles without authorities, except to observe that, as was necessary, he repeated all the errors of his predecessors. Both he and Murhard have given no table of contents. This is the more singular as to Muller, because he has a consistent plan of arrangement which runs through all his four parts, so that the same letter-press would be the table of contents for all.

We confess to feeling rather more savage than we meant at first to be with these most inaccurate compilations of compilations—not with their authors, who, we say again, did their best. We knew of such mistakes as we have noticed above, and of their frequency: but we did not know, until we made special examinations of given pages, how hard it was to find any thing else. And the examination just alluded to enhances the comparative merit, of which we always had a distinct notion, of the *Bibliographie Astronomique* of Lalande, a work founded on the previous collection of Weidler, but greatly superior in extent. Here we can find mistakes, but not in strings, omissions, but not in every page. Lalande had written a copious work, partly historical, on all parts of astronomy, before he began his bibliography: and he was so far acquainted with the contents of a large number of the works he described, as to be provided with some check against false statements even about the works he had not seen. It is true that he did not scruple, as we have seen, to assume a title where he had it not; also that there are some instances of extraordinary failure of eye-sight in the examination of books which his account shows he must have had before him at the time of writing. Nor are we, in particular, greatly pleased with his observation on Hood's silly book on the Globes, in 1590, when he says of it, "L'astronomie commençait à percer en Angleterre." The ghost of Tycho Brahé could have told him of some Englishmen of the sixteenth century better worthy of his notice, and anterior to Hood: but he would have needed power to summon this respectable witness, or to do something else bordering on the supernatural, before he could have written upon the bibliography of a country which has taken no pains with its own literary history. It was our

fault and not his. In the general impression which mathematical writers seem to have, that their bibliography is somewhat imperfect, and in that which from personal intercourse we have observed to exist, we have seen that Lalande is placed with the rest, nay, perhaps more slightly spoken of than others. This is hard upon the author of the *Grosse Gazette*, as his book on astronomy was termed with some truth and more humour; for it is owing to himself that his own defects are discoverable. A copious index of authors and another of subjects, added to a catalogue in order of dates, gives a very cursory reader the power of deciding whether any book is or is not in the list. But Murhard, with his ill-chosen list of subjects as the basis of his arrangement, and not even a paged list of these, may escape any charge of omission, and is used with so much difficulty, that few are able to say what he has or what he has not. For example, we cannot tell whether the great work of Lucas Pacioli, the first printed on Algebra, is or is not in Murhard. All we know is, we cannot find it either under arithmetic or algebra, and we don't like to assert a negative. Murhard may have put it into some odd corner. But suppose we want to know whether Lalande does or does not give the three editions of Copernicus, we have but to look at the years of publication, or if we forget these, at the alphabetical index. Accordingly the deficiencies of Lalande are better known than those of Murhard, precisely because, being more easily used, he is more used. Confess and be hanged, is a proverb which is verified by any author who writes in a manner from which his own mistakes can be detected.

We have a great respect for Germany, for the learning, the genius, and the industry, of that highly-gifted country. Can there be a safer thing to say than that mathematical bibliography is in a low state, when the great German leaders Scheibel and Murhard, can be so easily and so completely exposed. But it may be said they are comparatively ancient; great advances have been made since their time. Let us see. Muller's work (1820) has certainly this merit, that it adds but few mistakes to those of Scheibel and Murhard. But we have Rogg's *Bibliotheca Selecta*, published at Tübingen in 1830. Seeing this work mentioned in the report recently published on the British Museum, and being heretofore ignorant of its existence,

we went to that institution to procure a sight of it. And we soon found that there was very little to boast of, and for ourselves, some matter of special amusement. In a former number of this Review, speaking of Pacioli, we noticed that to call him *Lucas de Burgo*, without adding the words *Sancti Sepulcri*, would be much the same thing as designating Hobbes by the surname "Hobbes of," forgetting to add Malmesbury. Little did we think that while we were writing, a catalogue of ten years standing was in existence in which Lucas Borgodi was the author of the old work on algebra. We must retract: "Hobbes of" is very good literature, and *Hobbesof* is not without its parallel. Only the second edition of this work is mentioned. We turned to Vieta, and there we found, in one cluster of works, a cluster of errors which beats every thing we ever saw. Two titles rolled into one, with *Jamettius* mentioned twice in an unintelligible way: the printer was Jamettius Mettayer. In two places a work is printed *Furonis* instead of *Turonis*. We have geometrical *elections* instead of *effections*, and various other errors.

Perhaps an uninitiated reader may think that we are dwelling on very small matters. If correct knowledge of books be of little consequence, then must accurate literary history be in the same predicament, for it is impossible to have the second without the first. In ancient political history, the thread of a story may be mysteriously cut, and the circumstances which should confirm it may be so many presumptions of its utter falsehood, only because the count of some nameless castle, or the bishop of some obscure see, has changed his proper title or date. In literary history, books are the main facts; and none but those who have tried it can tell how many difficulties are thrown in the way of an investigator who has truth for his object, and permanent rules of evidence for his guide, by the mis-statements which exist upon works which, however necessary it may be to know them, it may hardly be worth while to name. The date, the author's Christian name, the very size, of a book, may be the turning points of the proof of a fact. The inquirer cannot have all books before him; of many he wants only the proper description, and being certain of this, he could almost dispense with any knowledge of the contents.

But let the reader *think* what he pleases, the historian of

science *knows* that he cannot do well without complete and correct bibliography. Why then has there been no outcry against the manifold errors of all the writings in this branch? For some reason of this kind, we suspect. A Delambre or a Montucla either has the book he wants to mention before him, or he has not. In the former case he has no occasion to consult the bibliographer, in the latter he has no means of detecting him. He ought, perhaps, to judge of his guide in the case in which he must trust, by examining him upon the points to which he has the key in his hand; but historians have not yet begun to feel that there is so much inaccuracy as our own eyes have shown us. Again, there must be systematic inquiry, directed to that very end, before the mind is well prepared to say whether the errors which turn up are casualties such as must and will occur, or evidences of the use of radically bad materials. Our own plan has been, whenever we get an old book, to go straight to the catalogues, and see what they say of it. When we began this method, our first impression was, that as it is the nature of casualties to go in runs, we had opened upon a vein of mistakes, and we looked out for the turn of the luck. It did not come, and we then were obliged to conclude that our bibliographers were not to be relied on. But we must say, accustomed as we have been to expect something to correct in the account of almost any book, we had no idea of the full extent of the mischief till we came to look over page by page for the purpose of this article.

How the matter is to be mended we cannot say. It seems to us that until the different libraries and scientific societies put forth catalogues constructed with that care in the description of titles which characterizes the catalogue of the Royal Society, we shall be, as the phrase is, to seek, and as the result will be, not to find. There is a hue and cry about the catalogue of the British Museum, which is not to have the printing commenced till 1854, and then to take a very long time before it is issued. So much the better: those who make the complaint know little about the inaccuracy of the catalogues which exist, and, taking it for granted that they are good enough, are surprised that it should take more time to do as well than is employed in writing down and setting up. We shall have, at a definite though distant date, four hundred thousand works well described; and this will be one of the greatest

boons that literature has ever received at the hands of a government. But it would be a burning shame if the large expense which must be incurred on any supposition, were to end in nothing but the perpetuation of error; and this disgrace will surely be incurred if the business be hurried by undue pressure from without. Let those who would apply the screw come forward with their *good catalogues* in their hands, let them take their choice among subjects, countries, and centuries, and let them tell us precisely what they would have imitated. We shall then see, first, what their models are worth; secondly, supposing them good, what time was employed in, and means adapted to, their execution. This is a fair offer, and will, if the challenge can be successfully accepted, be a new lever to the handle of the screw.

We assure our readers that what we are now going to state is literally true, without contrivance or intention of any sort. Having just finished this article, we thought that any catalogue we might take, and any old author out of it, would give a reasonable chance of illustrating the sort of production we might expect, if the trustees of the Museum were induced by the world without to insist upon a list of books just written out and sent off to press. So we took up the first we cast our eyes on among our books; it was the catalogue of the Royal Museum at Naples, published in 1800. And we took the first author who came into our heads, and he was Rheticus, we mean the first who occurred to us as likely to require a little bibliographical attention. We sought him out and we found him credited with the following work: "De triangulis globi, cum angulo recto, 1696, fol. *absque loci nota.*" Now this means that the library possessed the first volume of the celebrated *Opus Palatinum*, with the grand title, preface, and the books *de Fabrica*, &c. and *de triquetris*, &c., torn out. Was there no man about that museum who would have known with a moment's thought that the word Rheticus and the year 1596 coming together, must have something to do with the *Opus Palatinum*, and moreover that Rheticus never published any separate work with the title first named? There must have been more than one such person; but the mistake must have arisen from writing out titles, and sending them off to press. Were all the books in the Museum to be written out in this way, thousands of new ones would

be invented, and no man living who knows anything of the subject, would in ten years believe in the existence of a book merely because it was in the Museum Catalogue. This production will want, and we have no doubt will get, a very different mode of fabrication.

We have put at the head of this article a work which is not professedly connected with its subject, in connection with the only scientific catalogue of the correctness of which we are well assured. Hain's *Repertorium* cannot be contradicted from any authority except the works themselves. The *simpliciter enumerantur* we take to be a modest way of saying that the best existing descriptions have been copied with due care in all cases in which the author has not seen the books themselves; *adcuratius recensentur* that all the books which have come before him, or the most part of them, have furnished means of correcting the existing descriptions, or at least of usefully amplifying them. Mr. Hain distinguishes the latter from the former by giving the lineation of the titles; pointing out the interval between the ending of one line and the beginning of the next by a distinct symbol (||). We are satisfied that, up to the year 1500, we have here the materials for collecting out a scientific bibliography which shall be nearly perfect.

We had sent this article to press some time, when we saw in one of the weekly papers a series of attacks on the management of the library at the British Museum, and particularly on the deferment of the catalogue. Out of these articles, and one of the details of the regulation of the reading-room, arose a controversy between their author, a gentleman well known in the antiquarian world, and the keeper of the printed books at the Museum. For both these gentlemen, their attainments and their motives, we have the highest respect; and we shall not enter into the personal part of the dispute between them, as set forth in the pamphlets which they exchanged. But we shall make a few remarks upon the matters in discussion, in application to them of the substance of the preceding article.

How long it would take to make and print such a catalogue, *in aid of the history of literature*, and containing half a million of titles, as would bear the close inspection

of professed bibliographers, is what no man can tell, for *it has never been done*. By a catalogue which will bear the close inspection of bibliographers, we mean one which will very rarely lead those who use it into a mistake of fact upon the characteristics of a book, and which has no systematic errors. If such a one exist, let us know which it is, and let us have a little searching examination of it; we mean if such a thing exist on a proper scale, with its hundreds of thousands of titles. If such a one cannot be produced, we will be content with fifty thousand, upon the avowal that the larger catalogue is not forthcoming. Or if this cannot be found, let any one who will pledge himself to his own belief that he is conversant with bibliography, name the largest library catalogue he knows of, which is from beginning to end what he would wish the Museum catalogue to be, human errors of execution excepted. Those who speak confidently against the time which this last is to take as unnecessary, ought to have virtually answered one of these questions already. We call the attention of the Trustees of the Museum to our proposal, hoping that if such a thing as a parliamentary committee should be obtained, they will take care to extract this information from every witness who appears as an assailant of the plan proposed. Till we get an answer from some quarter, we cannot imagine what to say, as we cannot till then imagine what sort of catalogue an opponent of ours would want to have. If any one should suppose that the nation is to go to a great expense merely to produce a thumb-catalogue, by which a person is to find whether he is or is not to go to the Museum for a particular book, we dissent from him entirely. How many persons, supposing such a catalogue printed, will find room for the twenty or thirty large volumes of which it must consist, if this be all its use. Few enough among literary men will have it in any case. We shall argue on the presumption that the catalogue is to be a literary authority, and a help to the inquirer into the history of literature and science.

This use of such a work may not be in the thoughts of many. We know an analogous case which happened in the matter of an *astronomical* catalogue. Some years ago, when individuals began to publish a *meridian ephemeris* of the planets, showing when each planet comes on the meridian of Greenwich for each day in the year, a great many persons thought it was an excellent thing, and joined

in the opinion that it ought to be introduced into the nautical almanac. It was as capital a thing in their opinion, that every astronomical observer should know, by a simple addition or subtraction, when to go to his instrument to observe each planet, as it is to have folios by which to find out whether or no to walk to Great Russell Street for the book which is wanted. Some of them no doubt wondered a little why it was thought necessary to be so very exact; to say, for instance, that on a certain evening, Jupiter would be on the meridian at 47 minutes, 28 seconds, and 32 hundredths of a second past six. And some argued that the great astronomers must be a little pedantic in the matter, to waste so much time in calculation, and so much more money in printing, when, though a Flamsteed or a Herschel wanted to observe the planet, it would be quite enough to tell them to be at the instrument all ready, by 47 minutes past six. But the great astronomers had a reason for what they did; they wanted to combine the convenience of knowing when to be ready for the planet with the means of advancing astronomy. By stating with the utmost accuracy what was the prediction uttered by the existing knowledge of the planet, they enabled the observer either to confirm the accuracy of that knowledge, or to say how much it was in error, and to do his part towards setting it right. And in like manner the catalogue of a noble library like that of the Museum, is not merely a book-finder, or at least ought not to be so. It should be the corrector, so far as its contents are concerned, of all those noisome and pernicious errors which our article has shown to exist; which deprive the dead of the fame they have fairly earned, tend to render the living callous to the sense of literary justice, and cultivate habits of inaccuracy among those who have to teach the rest of the world. And if it is to be what it should be, full time should be allowed; and if, in deference to those who only want a book-finder and no more, it is to be hurried into literary worthlessness, then we say that the expense of printing is not necessary, and that a manuscript at the Museum will answer ninety-nine hundredths of every purpose. What time is necessary is a proper question to be argued on proper grounds; but as yet we have seen nothing which leads us to think that the part of the literary and scientific world, which demands a speedy catalogue, is aware of the

low state of bibliography, or of the necessity of having something better than has yet appeared.

The other part of the discussion related to the mode of procuring books at the reading-room. In former days, a party wanting a book wrote what he wanted in his own way on a slip of paper; and the attendant found the book, if he could, in the catalogue, and brought it to the party. If the book were not in existence, if the title were wrongly described, or written in a wrong language, there would be a hunt to no purpose. On his coming into office, the present keeper of the printed books introduced a new plan: not before it was wanted. For, if the professed bibliographers be what we have seen reason to suppose them in point of accuracy, what was the mass of readers at the Museum likely to be? The new plan was to fill up printed slips with the press mark, the author's name, as much of the title as is necessary, the size, date and place. On looking at the catalogue which is kept ready for all readers, this can be done, the filling up of the slip, after the book is found, taking about from half a minute to a minute. The following may be a fair average instance of what the reader has to write in the appointed columns,

126 g.	Newton	Philosophiæ Naturalis,	Cantab.	1713.
	Isaac.	Principia Mathematica.		

Now it is asserted, on one side of the discussion, that this is giving needless trouble to the reader, who, when he writes his own account of the book, has a right to expect that the officers of the Museum will find out whether the book be in the library or not. It is also asserted that there is great delay in procuring the books required, which delay, as far as we can make out, is charged in part upon this system. The second assertion is easily disposed of. For ourselves, we have not found any unnecessary or vexatious delay in procuring books. But grant that such delay does exist, for the argument's sake: will it be mended by allowing less accurate descriptions on the part of the readers? The attendants are, on this supposition, remiss in their duty: if they be slow and failing when the very shelf on which the book stands is written down for them, will they be quicker when they have to find that out for themselves? Not unless there be a very stringent exercise of authority on the part of the Trustees: but

would not the authority be more effective if it were brought to bear on the easier duty?

We now come to the first assertion, that the regulation itself asks too much of the readers. We are of a very different opinion, and so, we suspect, are the great majority of those who read at the Museum. Under the old system, the question where the book was to be found was mixed up with whether there was any such book in existence. Imagine a person going to the Museum, and writing on a slip of paper "Pacioli's Italian Euclid," a general direction which he might procure from Heilbronner, or Scheibel, or Montucla. The attendants at the Museum, looking among the Pacioli's in the catalogue, will find a Latin Euclid. Are they all to know Latin from Italian in black letter? The scholar himself has a moment's hesitation, when he looks at the black letter of the fifteenth century, in deciding between Latin and Italian. Take the title alone of Pacioli's Algebra, *Summa de Arithmetica, Geometria, Proportioni, &c.* This is Italian: and yet we come to the fifth word before there is any one indication of it, and then only in one letter. Well, the attendant carries the Latin Euclid to the reader, who rejects it and declares it is not the book he wants. Back goes the attendant, and seeing no other Euclid, consults a higher officer, who seeing *Geometria* in the title of the Italian *Summa, &c.*, causes the Algebra to be carried to the reader. This is again rejected. Now why should not the reader be required to consult the catalogue for himself, and to direct which work, of all those entered under Pacioli, he will choose to have?

But, it will be said, this is all very well as to rare or unusual books; but why not allow the reader to follow his own plan as to books which are quite common: Hume's History of England for example? In the first place, who is to judge whether the book is of the common or uncommon class? The reader himself, of course, it will be answered: indeed no other answer *could be given*. But might not, say a young learner of mathematical history, seeing Pacioli's Italian Euclid mentioned by the common historians, think it a book which is sure to be well known *at the Museum*? The discussion itself on which we are now remarking affords an instance of the varieties of opinion which may exist on this subject. The gentleman who complains of the existing regulation is of opinion that

Burchett's "History of Transactions at Sea," London, folio, 1720, is "well known to every bookseller, and to most literary men." This work is, to a man of his research, common enough, no doubt: but surely it can hardly be said that any work of 1720, and never reprinted, is well known to *every bookseller*. Now, if this be his deliberate opinion, published in answer to an adversary whose sagacity he admits, how far would that opinion go in writing off-hand for books at the Museum: what book would be uncommon?

To divide books into common and uncommon, at the several discretions of the readers at the Museum, would be equivalent to no division at all, and would be a complete restoration of the old system. What would be the consequence? Those who do describe their books accurately would have to wait until those who require ill-described or non-existent books have been served or dismissed. The very running about of attendants in the reading-room, and the quantity of explanation necessary to the correction of mistakes, would be a serious inconvenience to those who are occupied. As it is, nothing can be more agreeable than the general effect of the room. The attendants place the books, which are now the right ones in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, quietly by the sides of those who have asked for them; and the manner in which a hundred readers are supplied without noise or trouble is most creditable to the institution.

There is but one thing we should wish to see altered; and that is, the little desk at which the catalogues are to be consulted. This is often inconveniently crowded, and common sense points out that one little corner is not large enough for the focus from which two large rooms are to be supplied. We have sometimes had to wait longer for standing room at this desk than for the book which we have proceeded to write for as soon as we got it. But after all this is not much. For the penalty of waiting a minute or two to look at a catalogue, taking the pains to signify accurately what he wants, and waiting perhaps a quarter of an hour on the average to get it, any man of good fame may procure the run of a library of hundreds of thousands of works, and a comfortable place to read them in, all supplied at the public charge. When the conditions of admission to foreign libraries come to be authentically stated, we

doubt much whether it will be found that there is one which is *more* free, or in which books are *as* easily obtained.

ART. II.—1. *The Mariolatry of the Church of Rome, set forth on the authority of statements accredited by the reigning Pope Gregory XVI. and nine Prelates; in a Sermon preached before the University of Oxford, on Sunday, January 25th, 1846.* By FRANCIS JEUNE, D. C. L., Master of Pembroke College, Oxford. Vincent, Oxford.

2.—*The Practical Doctrine of the Incarnation considered with reference to our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, and ourselves; especially as showing Christ Himself to be the true object of those human sympathies and yearnings, which hyperdulia rests on St. Mary. A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford, in the chapel of New College, on the Feast of the Annunciation, 1846.* By WILLIAM BEADON HEATHCOTE, B. C. L., Fellow and Tutor of New College. Parker, Oxford.

3.—*The Exercise of Faith impossible except in the Catholic Church.* By W. G. PENNY, late Student of Christ Church, Oxford. Richardson, London.

WHEN we Catholics are asked for special instances of the love towards Jesus Christ which we allege to burn so brightly within the True Church, we point to a whole series of saintly and mortified men, who have displayed their love towards Him, by the almost incredible sufferings which they have endured in bearing witness to Him—by having felt joy unspeakable in all that is most hateful to the natural man, in persecution, in contumely, in a life of isolation, in a death of torture, because they have been permitted to undergo these things for His dear sake—by feeling His glory to be the only exaltation for which it becomes Christians to struggle—by a constant and most burning remembrance of His sufferings for them

—by a most tender and affectionate devotion to His Holy Mother—by dying with the names of Jesus and Mary on their lips. Such are the examples of Christian love which it is our privilege to commemorate; and which impress on us, moreover, with such matchless effect, a consciousness of our own most deplorable and miserable backwardness in all Christian attainments. But Protestants, we say it in all seriousness, have devised quite a different standard whereby to estimate a Christian's love for his Saviour, and one far less personally humbling; they claim for their religion and for themselves the honour of specially honouring our Lord, on no other grounds than on the zeal and pertinacity with which they denounce all devotion to His Mother.

Such reflections are especially forced upon us, by the first in order of the publications we have named at the head of this article; a production which, as far as the author is himself concerned, we should never have thought worthy a moment's notice. As if on purpose to show the animus of his criticism, he is led (p. 25,) into a passing scoff at the devotions to our Blessed Lord's Sacred Person which Catholics have used. And in truth, a writer who displays neither sympathy for the devotion of heart and soul to religion which have from the first characterised multitudes in the Catholic Church, nor sensibility to the actual declension of all real belief of our Lord's Divinity which is so fast going on around him in his own communion, nor perception of any superiority possessed by Catholics in their discipline for weaning the heart from worldly objects, nor consciousness of any deep-rooted evils of character among English religionists; and again, who deems so lightly of the Inspired Word of God, as to identify his own critical and shallow interpretation of it with Revealed Truth itself; a writer who appears to recognize no marked discrepancy between the Christianity professed by the Oxford Hebdomadal Board and that professed by St. Paul or St. Augustine; such an one only acts on his own principles in denouncing the Catholic devotion to our Lady: his hatred of such practices is only so far a testimony to their profitableness and religiousness. We know nothing of Dr. Jeune except what we gather from his writings, and we speak of him only as exhibited in them. But so applying our observations, we beg plainly to say that until he has some knowledge of the rudiments of Christianity, it is only

natural that he should stumble at its fuller developments ; and that instead of arguing with him on results, the Catholic can only pray for his enlightenment on first principles.*

It is a very different matter indeed when a divine like Dr. Pusey stumbles at such devotions. It is a most

* There are three different particulars alluded to by Dr. Jeune, which are not important in special reference to the doctrines about the Most Holy Virgin, and yet seem on other grounds to deserve some notice. We will therefore take the liberty of inserting a pretty long note, to contain our comments on them.

1. In the first place Dr. Jeune has quoted (p. 7 and 8) two passages from Suarez, which sufficiently show, if it needed showing, that the principle of development is not a mere modern invention to meet a modern difficulty; though a further *application* of it may have been called for by the researches of modern criticism. To be sure the language of St. Vincentius Lirinensis, quoted by Mr. Penny, is as explicit as language can be; and, one would think, beyond the reach of Anglican cavil. Still considering the very high authority possessed by Suarez, we shall not scruple to transfer into our pages his most explicit testimony. It is strange, indeed, that Christians can be found to deny such obvious common-sense principles as those contained in these extracts.

Tandem non sine singulari Spiritûs Sancti consilio factum est, ut nonnulla Virginis mysteria et privilegia nec scripta sint nec certâ traditione recepta, ut occasio daretur fidelibus amplius meditandi et recogitandi hæc mysteria, loquendi ac scribendi de Virgine, ex principis traditis plura ratiocinando et colligendo. Quocirca rationibus etiam in hæc materiâ utendum est, quæ, vel in dictis principis vel in ipsâ rerum naturâ et decentiâ fundatæ, multum ponderis et efficacitatis in Theologiâ habent.

Ad hanc definitionem satis est ut aliqua supernaturalis veritas in traditione vel scripturâ *implicite* contenta sit, ut ex communi consensu Ecclesiæ, per quam sæpe Spiritus Sanctus traditiones explicat vel Scripturam declarat, tandem possit Ecclesia definitionem suam adhibere, *quæ vim habeat cujusdam revelationis* respectu nostri, propter infallibilem Spiritûs assistentiam.

2. Dr. Jeune says, (p. 18,) "The doctrine of justification by faith (only) is represented by certain Romanizing divines as antinomian and immoral, and as giving unwarrantable confidence to sinners. It is reproached, for instance, with the language of trust and hope sometimes held on the scaffold by malefactors, with whom ministers of the Gospel have laboured with success, as charity believes. Those, however, who secede to the Church of Rome, must be prepared to hold a corresponding theory; and to accord to the merits of Mary, what they have perhaps denied to the merits of Jesus." In illustration of this charge, Dr. Jeune proceeds (p. 19, 20,) to quote an anecdote. Does this anecdote exhibit a malefactor "full of trust and hope on the scaffold," because of his confidence in the Mother of God? The prisoner "confesses his sins, and touched with the greatness of the divine mercies, *he dies of grief on the spot.*" The detestable and most unchristian heresy, which would persuade a malefactor to die with *an assurance of salvation*, has a "correspondent theory," according to Dr. Jeune, in the religious influences which cause him to *die of grief and contrition*. We must repeat our wish expressed in the text, that Dr. Jeune had displayed some acquaintance with the first principles of Christianity.

3. Dr. Jeune has quoted from M. Gaume the well known account of St. Simon Stock's vision about the scapular, (p. 21, 22,) and quotes in the appendix M. Gaume's words on the subject. M. Gaume's work bears the very highest character; and in believing this vision, he has held an opinion which many other Catholics have holden. But it is most important to bear in mind that *none of them* believe in its literal interpretation, but most earnestly repudiate it; and we have no doubt at all that the part of M. Gaume's work which treats on Justification, (if that subject be included in it,) would make this perfectly clear. Thus Raynandus, a Jesuit, about the most learned of those who defend the vision, in a work which received the fullest approbation from the Carmelites, who are of course the warmest advocates of the scapular, says expressly, and

grievous calamity, that persons who agree with us on most doctrines and on many first principles, and who are actuated by the most unmistakeable love of holiness and desire of purity, that such persons as these should, through misapprehension, remain separate from Catholic Communion. It is first and far chiefly of all a most grievous calamity to

says too that the others on his side agree with him, that the words are not to be literally understood. The promise about purgatory, (Scapulari Mariæ illustrat et defens quæst. 4.) he understands in the sense which pope Paul V. has sanctioned as consistent with orthodoxy. We quote from the French translation of St. Alphonso's "Glories of Mary," chap. viii. § 2. "Le peuple chrétien *peut croire pieusement* que la bien heureuse Vierge assistera de sa continuelle intercession, de ses vèrites, et de sa protection speciale après leur mort, et *principalement* aux jours de Samedi (jours consacrées à la Sainte Vierge par l'Eglise) les ames des confreres de S. Marie du Mont Carmel, pourvu qu'ils soient sortis de ce monde en état de grace, qu'ils aient porté le scapulaire observant la chasteté suivant leus état," &c. And as to the other alleged promise, Raynandus acknowledges, (p. 292.) "Incertitudinem gratiæ et prædestinationis esse dogma fidei, nisi adsit revelatio specialis, quæ hic revera non intervenit." He illustrates (ibid.) the force of the language by Rom. 3. "Hominem justificari per fidem." Rom. 8. "Spe salvi facti sumus." Tob. 12. "Eleemosyna à morte liberat," &c. Jacobi 1. "Insitum verbum potest salvare animas vestras." He might have added, "Whoso eateth my Flesh, and drinketh my Blood," "Baptism saveth us," and many other passages. He continues, (ibid.) "Hæc et alia id genus passim in scripturis leguntur, neque tamen (ut bene notavit Bellarmin.) ullus est qui inde colligit, solam fidem, aut spem, aut eleemosynam, vel solum verbum, justificare aut salvare, aut a morte eripere, absque aliis ad eundem finem requisitis. Sed Scriptura sic loquens, vult tantum significare, predicta habere vim suam ad illum finem: et eum quod ad se attinet adimplere, si cætera non desint. *Utquid ergo aliter statuitur de gestatione Scapularis, cum dicitur esse signum salutis, et prædestinationis. Tantum enim significatur, eam gestationem pie factam, habere vim suam, ut quis salutem adipiscatur, et fiat in eo executio prædestinationis; ut fert Deiparæ promissio.*"

But it is very important to observe, that very far the greater number of learned Catholics utterly disbelieve both the truth of the vision and the authenticity of Pope John's bull. As to the latter, there are few higher authorities on a matter of history than Natalis Alexander. What is his language? (Histor. Eccles. tom. 8. p. 548. Ed. Lucae, 1734.) "Bullæ stylus stylo cæterorum Joannis XXII. Diplomatum plane dissimilis; annorum datæ Bullæ discrepantia apud Carmelitas qui ipsam referunt; varia Revelationis a Beata Virgine Joanni XXII. factæ narratio in utriusque scriptoris exemplari; *absurditas*, repugnantiaque verborum quæ cælorum Reginæ affinguntur—vocis Mercurii, nequaquam Ecclesiasticæ, pro Feriâ quartâ usurpatio; silentium Auctorum, &c. *promissio absurda* salutis æternæ, quam B. Virgo fecisse supponitur iis omnibus qui Carmelitarum Ordinem ingressi fuerint, aut Scapulare gestarint; cum tamen incertum esse non possit Christi verbum "Si vis ad vitam ingredi serva mandata," nec Sacramentalibus hujusmodi sit annexa gratia perseverantiæ, cujus promissio ne Sacramentis quidem annexa est; *descensus fictivus* B. Virginis in Purgatorium Sabbato primo post obitum confratrum et sororum sacri sodalitiî Scapularis, ut eos a pœnis liberet; cum sola intercessione, suffragiis, meritis, protectione speciali sibi devotas animas juvare Deipara possit . . . *non autem spirituali in animas imperio*, quod asseruerat F. Petrus Arcis Carmelitarum Præsentatus, qui ad Palinodiam compulsus est a Sacra Facultate Parisiensi, anno 1624. die 23 Novembris."

The contributor of these facts, who is not the same with the writer of the article, before meeting with this passage, looked through two different editions of the Bullarium, in search of this alleged bull, without success. And on looking into different writers on the subject, he finds that they treat the whole affair with contempt. "Quid magis ridiculum," says one, (Noel de Bertignères in a public thesis,) "et Romano pontifice magis indignum, &c. *Hæc et similes ineptias apage à Catholicæ, Apostolicæ, et Romanæ Religionis veris cultoribus.*"

themselves, considering the present blessedness and spiritual privileges they thereby lose, not to speak of the fearful peril they incur in regard to their prospects beyond the grave: but it is a calamity also to the cause itself of Catholicism, which, in its warfare against worldly wisdom and worldly practice, might employ such instruments to the highest advantage. And whereas all their other misapprehensions sink into absolutely nothing when compared to the objections they feel against this particular devotion, in proportion as every Catholic must feel the idea to be a mere madman's dream, on which many of them seem to build, viz. that the Church will ever be induced to discountenance the practises to which they object,—in that proportion does it become a primary duty, to labour, as far as may be, to explain and rescue from misconception, what we would die rather than disavow.

There cannot then be a more profitable task at the present time than to put in fresh and fresh lights, as far as may be, the feelings entertained by Catholics towards the Mother of God, if haply the true idea may thereby be more forcibly impressed on the mind of objectors: and this must be our excuse, if the discussions on this particular subject which have appeared in this Review, should appear disproportionate and excessive in number. It can never be superfluous to notice objections, however threadbare, so long as they are conscientiously felt by earnest, humble, and truth-seeking men. While therefore we notice Dr. Jeune's sermon for the sake of others, we notice Mr. Heathcote's sermon for his own sake also. It is evidently the production of a thoughtful, reverential, and devout mind, which affords much common ground whereon Catholics may sustain an argument.

Still, Mr. Heathcote, like the rest of those who generally agree with him, is guilty of one fundamental error, which would absolutely astonish us in persons professing Catholic tendencies, were we not so familiar with it; and which makes the main part of his reasoning most grossly paralogistic. It is for this reason that we have added Mr. Penny's new publication to our list of names at starting; not that we have any hope of doing the least justice to that most able and instructive work in so cursory a notice as this, but because the principle which he is mainly occupied in enforcing is so essential to our present pur-

pose.* We ought indeed to apologise to Mr. Penny for naming his work at all without a more detailed and direct analysis of its contents, were it not that it is written itself in so abstract and condensed a shape, that no analysis could supersede the necessity of studying the original: a study which we most heartily commend to all our readers. On one or two matters, quite immaterial to the main argument, there may be possibly two opinions; such, for instance, as the author's determination of the relations which exist between Faith and the natural sense of right and wrong. But in truth, putting together the various statements of Mr. Penny which really bear on the subject, we are far from sure that we have rightly caught his meaning; and we are quite sure that Catholics are really all at one with each other in their feeling on such subjects, whatever difference there may possibly be in their way of analysing and expressing this feeling.

That man is by nature helpless and blind—absolutely needing religious truth in order to peace of mind and to the perfecting of his nature—yet absolutely unable to find it himself without a guide—all this we must suppose is common ground between Mr. Heathcote and ourselves. Here it is then that Mr. Penny's argument has its place. It is the most cruel mockery to speak of pointing out a guide to blind and sinful men, and then to place before them one which requires the most high and unusual spiritual attainments in order to its comprehension. Yet nothing less than such attainments, (nor in truth even these,) could enable a person even to form a guess, in regard to such awfully unfathomable subjects for instance as the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Eucharistic Presence, whether this or that exposition of them were most in accordance with the unmethodical notices of those doctrines contained in Scripture and the earlier Fathers. Again, Mr. Penny urges with great force, that Scripture itself speaks of the mind of little children as the fit one for receiving truth: whereas if Christian truth were learned by study of the Fathers, as well might we call Sir I. Newton's investigations those of a little child, rather than of

* This article was written for our last number, and before we had seen Mr. Thompson's very able and consecutive treatise on the Anglican theories of Church Unity, which handles that part of the Catholic argument in a most masterly way. That essay contains several passages which would have been very available for our present purpose.

a great discoverer. And what nature and Scripture so plainly point out, the Church in every age has declared with singular emphasis. No one but a madman could say that the early Fathers have testified to the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity, with a thousandth part of the clearness and unanimity with which they have proclaimed the absolute authority, in teaching, of the *existing* Church. If Mr. Heathcote, or any one else, finds no living Church to whose voice on her own authority he is prepared to submit himself, and if he be correct in such negative, the Fathers, from the very first, were in essential and fundamental error on the very first principle of their religion: for such a principle with them was the belief that the Church, such as *they* considered the Church, had a sure divine promise of remaining until Christ should come to Judgment.

Hitherto we have used our own language, though following Mr. Penny's course of argument. But his observations on the rule of St. Vincentius Lirinensis, which has so strangely been considered by many as bearing out the most unchristian rule of faith professed by the Oxford school, his observations on this rule are so important and so excellently expressed, that we cannot refrain from an extract, and wish we could give the whole.

' "In applying St. Vincent's rule it is idle to inquire into the general meaning of antiquity, all we are concerned with is *his* meaning. And this we shall see the more easily by bearing in mind what term he opposes to it; this term is 'novelty;' he says novelty is to be repressed by 'antiquity;' so that the two terms are used as opposites. And he has clearly explained what he means by 'novelty;' and limits it to the 'first springing up' of a heresy. Antiquity and novelty are here relative and opposite terms; so that where one commences the other leaves off; and since 'novelty' commences with the appearance of a heresiarch, it is plain that antiquity must in strictness extend up to this time in which the novelty commences. That he uses the term in this sense, is quite evident from the whole of his argument. His argument against a heretic would be this:—your heresy was not known till some few years ago, when your founder established it. So that he appeals to the whole time up to the appearance of the heresiarch; and thus he extends the antiquity which he appeals to, up to the present times. In fact, his rule is identical with the Catholic, (as might be expected from his book having always been so much esteemed among Catholics,) and is, that we are to receive from the *previous generation* all that it taught; and that too, be it well observed, IN

THE DEVELOPED FORM *in which they deliver it to us.* On this subject he has written an able chapter, (23,) to which I may refer my readers. In it he says, ‘Fitting it is, therefore, that the understanding, knowledge, and wisdom, as well of every man in particular, as of all in common ; as well of one alone as of the whole in general ; should by the advance of ages, *abundantly increase and go forward.*’ p. 104. A little further on he compares this development of religion to that of the human body, which, while it preserves its main outlines, limbs, and proportions, develops itself into greater size.

... ..

“It appears then, that so far from St. Vincent asserting that appeal might be made *from* the generation immediately preceding to more remote ones, he on the contrary says, that the generation of our immediate ancestors is that *to* which we are to appeal, and to use their voice and testimony as a prescription against any novelty that may spring up in our own day. Just as at the Council of Nice, what the Fathers there assembled declared, was not their private opinion upon the text of Scripture, or of the Apostolic Fathers, though this they may have done incidentally ; the great question with them was, ‘what was the doctrine that had been taught in their diocese and delivered to them by the generation before them.’” p. 99—102.

Mr. Heathcote, Dr. Pusey, and the rest, are really called upon to meet all this: they are called upon to look the matter full in the face, and tell us, (it is no unreasonable inquiry on our part,) what is their rule of faith, and what are their notes of the Church. In what sense do they take any existing Church as their divinely commissioned teacher? On what principles do they regard themselves as members of the Church at all? Because governed by apostolically-descended bishops? Are Nestorians and Monophysites members of the Church? Or do not *those* heretics consider *their own* doctrine to be that of the early centuries, as truly as Anglicans so consider *theirs*? Where was such an idea dreamed of by any of the Fathers, or by any of the Apostles, as that the Church could be other than one organized Body, in scriptural language one Kingdom? It has been plainly asserted in this Review, that in the extant remains of Ante-Nicene writers, addresses to our Blessed Lord are as rare as addresses to Saints: Is this denied? Or if not, how can it be maintained against Catholics that Invocation of Saints is an innovation, unless it be conceded to Socinians that the worship of our Lord is an innovation also? Such are

some among the various questions which Catholics for some time past have been putting to Anglicans, and on which it seems impossible to extract from them an answer.

We are not saying, of course, that Mr. Heathcote is bound to go into all these questions in every sermon he preaches, any more than we are bound to do so in every article we write; but he is bound to consider them and show that he has considered them, before he dares to assume a critical position, and pass censure on what may turn out to be the voice of God Himself. That the report of many Catholic practices should at first grate very harshly on his ears, is so far from being a presumption against these practices, that on the contrary it is precisely that which must necessarily result, if the Catholic Church be what she claims to be; for in that case, Mr. Heathcote has endured an unspeakable loss in being severed from her communion, he is destitute of that especial temper of mind which her ordinances and discipline foster, and it would be naturally expected therefore that the dictates of Catholic piety would be distasteful to the non-Catholic religionist. But this is only one reason the more for pressing on his notice the claims and notes of the Catholic Church. Mr. Heathcote urges on his hearers that this is not the time for "speculative questions," and "metaphysical distinctions." (p. 96.) We fully agree with him: it is the time for him, and those likeminded with him, to consider one of the most practical questions in the whole world; viz:—whether he is at present within the pale of the Church, and if he be not, whether his soul is safe. And again, if every thing point to the negative answer on this question, except the one circumstance that the Church encourages devotions which to *him* appear inconsistent with acknowledged truths, what can we offer him except "speculative questions" and "metaphysical distinctions," until he receive the only reasonable straight-forward and Christian solution of his difficulty, that of practical experience?

We trust we have not appeared to speak harshly of Mr. Heathcote. Nothing certainly can have been further from our intention than so to do, for we entertain a very sincere respect for his character; and we owe him too especially thanks on the present occasion, in that he has written in a perfectly Christian tone and temper, on a subject

which has in many hands been the occasion of much railing and bitterness. But it implies the wildest misconception, a misconception which we should hardly have expected from so thoughtful a writer, to suppose that any doctrine or any devotion can be rightly understood, except by those who have first believed and practised them. And therefore it is, because submission to authority must from the very nature of things precede the right apprehension of any particular doctrine, it is for that very reason that we are most anxious that he should take a correct view of the real position of the argument, and should understand once for all, the claims of the Catholic Church; instead of dreaming, as so many of his friends dream, that he can be justified before God in expecting the points in dispute to be cleared up one by one to his satisfaction, before he purges himself of the sin of schism and rebellion under which he lies. We are not of course implying, that in no conceivable case the plain irreligiousness of the doctrine taught might do far more than counterbalance the external notes of authority worn by the teacher: but it would be mere extravagance to suspect a person holding Mr. Heathcote's opinions of alleging so wild a charge against the Catholic Church. But whether or no, we wish him distinctly to observe that it is his own great sin if he look upon this question as a mere matter of otiose and philosophical criticism: it is a matter of life and death to him; he must perforce either find some way of reconciling to himself the devotion at which he staggers, or he must fairly confront the conclusion that that doctrine of the Visible Church which was held by holy Fathers of every century as the one very basis of their religion, was a delusion and a dream. If High-Church Anglicans will quicken and animate their investigations by this thought, we have little doubt of the result: but a mere external fault-finding criticism, to whatever doctrine it be applied, is necessarily barren and lifeless; it is by allowing themselves in such a habit on their respective peculiarities, that Socinians remain Socinian, and Anglicans Anglican: if the principle can be expected to bear the latter harmless at the Great Day, so also it must the former.

In truth, we sometimes feel almost unwilling to attempt the task of removing in part the misconceptions of our doctrine under which Anglicans labour, from the fear that they may so far misinterpret our meaning, as to imagine

that we regard it as a light sin their refusing at once to accept that doctrine on faith. Trusting, however, that what we have said will sufficiently guard us from so serious a misconception, we are not unwilling to occupy what remains of this article, in doing what in us lies towards setting Mr. Heathcote right; and also towards obviating the false conclusions, into which Dr. Jeune's quotations might lead some, who have more knowledge of Christianity than he has himself displayed. But we do this, as we have said, under protest; in regard that no removal of misconception can be otherwise than partial, except that caused by a *practical realization* of the doctrines misconceived.

Now first, how stands the case as to the plain matter of fact, viz. the devotion to our Blessed Lord, which has been displayed by those who have been most eminent for their tender and ardent love of the Holy Virgin? This ground has been so often trodden of late, that it will be sufficient to mention the names of St. Bernard, St. Bonaventure, St. Alphonso; to refer enquirers to such works as "L'amour des ames," or "Pratique de l'amour de Jesus Christ," written by the last named Saint; and to add this plain indisputable fact, that the period of Christianity which brought so prominently forward that devotion to our Lady, which leads, according to Mr. Heathcote, (p. 73.) to a practical forgetfulness of our Lord's humanity, was the very same which also brought into a pre-eminence, very far greater than had heretofore been given it, devotion to the Passion of our Lord. But this fact alone would furnish the subject of one article by itself; and therefore we very reluctantly pass on, contenting ourselves with a simple statement of the case in Mr. Penny's work.

"When an inquirer found that the more eminent men were for sanctity in other respects, the more devout they were to our Lady; the more holy and unearthly their minds, the more does it delight them to dwell upon the thoughts of Her; the more their hearts are lifted up to Her Son, the more are they to Her also; the more fervent are they in prayer to God, the more ardent is the language of their devotion to Her, (and surely, glowing as their language may sometimes seem, it is far from being an expression of the full state of their feelings,) surely on seeing this, the force of the example of such men, who one and all are remarkable for their devotion to the ever-blessed Mother of God, will be sufficient to induce not only

any Catholic, but any Catholic-minded person to feel it likewise. If we were to ask a Catholic why he invokes the Blessed Virgin, he might perhaps say, because it is the practice of the Church. This, however, would be to give but a very imperfect account of the matter: doubtless it was this that made him begin it, yet having once begun it with anything approaching to a proper spirit, he will feel to need no further authority; to attempt to persuade him that the benefits he experiences are unreal, or that the mysterious connection which he feels to subsist between Her whom he loves, and honours and invokes, and his own soul, is a mere phantasy, would be almost the same thing as telling him that his very existence is a dream.”—p. 110.

Dr. Pusey indeed, as might have been expected from one who has ever shown such real and deep reverence for sanctity, shrinks from the unspeakably blasphemous conclusions, which some Anglicans of note with their eyes open have embraced; viz. that men whose whole heart and affections were unremittingly fixed on the contemplation of heavenly objects, were guilty of idolatry.* But then, by so stumbling, he has surely committed himself to the principle, that dedication of soul and spirit to Holy Mary, even in the degree practised by St. Alphonso and St. Bonaventure, has nothing *in itself* open to censure; a principle, we think, of which he has hardly considered the consequences. We grieve to see how little weight Mr. Heathcote has allowed to the fact of which we have been speaking: perhaps he was hardly aware to how great an extent Saints *have* originated this practice; for he mentions, (p. 23.) as one explanation of the origin of “hyperdulia,” “the general tendency of fallen man to interpose some object between itself and God.” We trust this may be the true solution of the phenomenon; for we cannot consider the language that has been before now used one jot too strong, when those who have accused St. Alphonso or St. Bonaventure of idolatry, have been plainly branded as “blasphemers against the Holy Ghost.”

Such is the *primâ facie* difficulty of the Anglican notion. Mr. Heathcote must devise some theory as to the state of

* “The editor would take this opportunity of saying, that nothing was ever further from his intention than criticising any whom he knew to be the Saints of God. In anything he ever said, he was following, he hopes, authority, or regarding words only in themselves, or in what seemed their natural or unavoidable effect on ordinary minds, quite abstractedly from those who used them.”—*Dr. Pusey's Preface to his edition of Surin's "Foundations of the Spiritual Life,"* p. 8.

mind under which such countless multitudes of saintly and devoted men have bestowed feelings of "adoration" (p. 17.) (Mr. Heathcote means plainly divine adoration) on a creature; and have held an opinion which, in his judgment, defrauds Christ of his divinity, (p. 21.) and cannot but give encouragement to a low standard of religion and morality. (p. 75.) Should he shrink from manfully considering with himself this plain question, it is for him to consider how far he can continue to plead invincible ignorance of the doctrine.

Another *primâ facie* presumption on the same side we may specify, and then pass on; seeing it is a subject to which we shall in all probability have to return again and again. We allude to the gradual disappearance of real belief in our Lord's Divine Personality, which is so significant a phenomenon in Protestant Churches. We wish Mr. Heathcote appeared more sensitive to the corruption of his own Church in this particular. The heresy, so long latent, in many cases is now becoming open and avowed. By the time this appears in print, will M. Gobat have been ordained bishop by the archbishop of Canterbury, or how soon afterwards? M. Gobat's opinions are expressed in the following extracts, taken from a larger series, which have been put together from M. Gobat's Journal, by a well conducted Anglican print called "The Ecclesiastic."

"Discussions arose on the subject of the two natures in Jesus Christ; but on this point I (M. Gobat) usually confine myself to saying that the Bible speaks neither of One nor of Two natures; and that consequently *we ought not to condemn those who are of a contrary opinion.*"

M. Gobat, on being asked whether the Humanity of our Lord will remain distinct after the end of the world, says,

"*The Bible does not say—I know nothing about it.*"

"PRIEST.—'There are some who say that *the Divinity of Jesus Christ was not united to His Humanity till He was anointed by the Holy Spirit*, and that afterwards it was *sometimes God and sometimes man* that acted in him.'

"MISSIONARY. (M. Gobat).—'*This is all foreign to the Gospel.*'

"KIDAM MARIAN.—'Which is it that dies in Jesus Christ, the *Divinity with the Humanity*, or the *Humanity alone?*'

“MISSIONARY. (M. Gobat.)—‘These are things very far beyond our reach, when we take any other guide than the Bible.’”

Such are the sentiments held by an Anglican bishop elect. Should the Archbishop of Canterbury decline to consecrate him, this present head of accusation so far falls to the ground; but admitting that his consecration can ever have been so much as a question, it is remarkable to find a member of such a Church as this bringing accusations against the parent from which that Church has rebelled, of lack of zeal for the full Catholic doctrines on our Blessed Lord.*

So much on the *à priori* presumptions, which our author hardly seems to have duly weighed. But before we come to his special difficulty, which he has designated in the very name he has given to his sermon, we cannot refrain from a passing expression of surprise, that a writer of so much Catholic inclining can have condescended to such an argument as the *silence* of Scripture on the reverence due to the Mother of God; a mode of argument which has really no meaning, except in the mouth of a Socinian. Dr. Jeune indeed, on the Protestant principle of pitting his own interpretation of the words of the Holy Spirit, if need be, against that of the whole Church, fancies himself to see in Scripture a contradiction to the Catholic doctrine; but even Dr. Jeune does not go so far as Mr. Heathcote, in regarding the apparent *silence* of Scripture as an argument. And as if to show the dangerousness no less than the folly of such a procedure, of the two illustrations which the latter gentleman employs to impress on us the fact of this supposed silence, one is grounded (p. 22.) on the circumstance that “the Holy Simeon, in his speech and act in the temple,” did not display “hyperdulia” in his demeanour towards the Virgin Mother. If Mr. Heathcote will make clear to the Socinian that holy Simeon on that occasion offered *divine worship* to our Lord, we will undertake to show the Anglican a hundred times over that he offered “hyperdulia” to our Lady. Mr. Heathcote, with curious

* Since this was written, M. Gobat's consecration has taken place. His defence of such passages as those quoted above, was: (1) That the Abyssinians were perniciously addicted to questions of merely speculative curiosity; (2) that he spoke the language imperfectly; (3) that he agreed *ex animo* with the language of the Anglican formularies on the Incarnation and on Baptism. This defence was considered sufficient by the Anglican authorities, and his consecration proceeded.

significance, has exactly stumbled on the sort of passage so powerfully wielded in anti-trinitarian arguments, where holy personages, in close contact with our Lord, offer up prayers and thanks to God, without showing the least consciousness that God Incarnate is so close at hand. Truly private interpretation of Scripture is rather a dangerous weapon.

But Mr. Heathcote's main position is of a very different nature, and is, if we may so express ourselves, logically sound. By this we mean, that if the fact were as he considers it to be, if the Church really encouraged devotions which imply, or necessarily cause, the attribution of divine honour to one whom she declares to be a creature, and the denegation of the deep, entire, undivided devotion of the heart to Him whom she declares to be God,—if this fact were so, the Church would act in contradiction to herself, and could not be what she claims to be. But we do not mean that we can praise, or in any way defend, Mr. Heathcote for considering the fact to be so; very much indeed the contrary, as we have been urging all along: we think it a most perilous symptom in high-church Anglicans, that they will not take for granted on faith that the fact is otherwise, however puzzling some phenomena may be to them. Catholic devotion must ever be a puzzle, to those who are beyond the sacred precincts of the Church.

What then is this notion? Let us hear the author himself.

“The point of view in which I propose now to consider this subject is with reference to the consequent and suggested thoughts about our Lord's human parent; especially with regard to the proper object of the more affectionate and intimate human yearnings and sympathies which attach to created being. Whether the feelings, which many members of the Church both in the East and West indulge towards the Blessed Virgin, ought not rather (as far as they are healthy and right) to be entertained towards and rested upon Jesus Christ Himself.—God forbid that I should judge them; and say either that the practice in question did not begin with the purest intentions, or that it is maintained at the present moment with other motive than a genuine though mistaken zeal for our Lord. I propose only to consider whether the said feelings which, as simple matter of fact, these rest on the Blessed Virgin, ought not to have as their direct object, Jesus Christ Himself;—and that, not as if He were merely a creature, (according to the Arian heresy),—but still (on a due and true realizing of the doctrine

of the Incarnation) as having taken a created nature, having created Himself a body, 'having taken the manhood' verily 'into God.' Whereas the Blessed Virgin, having only a created nature, ought not to have any approach to adoration in the feelings with which she is regarded,—not so is the case with our Lord: to Him, as being God as well, it is due. And the fact, that the feeling of affection practically runs up into adoration, shows her to be the wrong object; while the adoration, from requiring affection, shows Him to be the right one. Not the Father on the one hand, as He is in His unsearchable nature purely God,—not the Blessed St. Mary on the other, as merely human,—but our Almighty yet gracious and infinitely condescending Lord Jesus Christ, as being at once both of these, and calling forth the affection without checking the adoration. The opposite practice, to which I have referred, seems to be, as far as it goes, the reverse extreme to Arianism, and in one point of view practical Eutychianism. The Arians made our Blessed Lord to be *all* creature; this makes Him *no* creature; loses sight of Him practically as being possessed of any human nature,—'absorbs' it (like Eutyches) in the divine: carries all its most intimate feelings towards the highest notion of created being elsewhere."

Holy Scripture seems to encourage us to *immediate* intercourse with Christ:—and, *whereas the Father is awful* in the infinite majesty of the pure Godhead, *the Son is especially proposed to us as the object of love rather than awe.*"

If we are compelled here to ask the author a question which must appear very seriously to reflect on his orthodoxy, let us again repeat we are compelled to do so by any feeling rather than want of respect for himself, or of sympathy with the serious and devotional tone which his whole sermon displays. But in truth we are again and again taken by surprise, at the most inadequate apprehensions of the Christian doctrine concerning our Blessed Lord, which those display who believe themselves in all sincerity the most sensitively jealous for that doctrine. We are compelled then to ask the author, does he or does he not believe Him to be Very God, and made known to us that He may be worshipped as such? If he does believe this, (and we know he will almost regard the question as an insult,) what can be the meaning of those words which we have printed in Italics.

That the appearance of Jesus Christ in the flesh is a means, whereby weak and carnal man may entertain a more keen and lively apprehension of the attributes of the Unseen God, and may receive inestimable help in the

attempt to cherish in his heart such affections towards God as those attributes claim; all this is very intelligible, very Christian, and very true. But on the hypothesis of His Divinity, how is it true, how is it Christian, how is it even intelligible, to say that the Father is rather to be feared than loved, the Son rather to be loved than feared? Strange "division of the Substance" indeed, and from one who professes to himself so great reverence for the Athanasian Creed! Strange forgetfulness too of the truth which is so continually on the lips of the Blessed Virgin's votaries, that it is our Blessed Lord Himself, the God-man, who is to judge us one by one at the last day. The author himself alludes, (p. 76,) to the "*Rex tremendæ majestatis*;" and such is surely the very language of piety towards Him who is our God and is to be our Judge: how is it he can so have forgotten the very doctrine he professes, as to have uttered such a sentiment as that on which we have been commenting.

"What then," Mr. Heathcote may possibly ask, "do Catholics profess that they love the Mother of God more than they love God?" A frightful heresy truly, and one which all Catholics would disavow with horror and anathema! and yet how is it more frightful than the sentiment to which Mr. Heathcote has unawares committed himself, that we should love God the Son more than God the Father? But can any thoughtful person doubt that, in this mortal life, *that* love is the deepest, the most habitual, and the most pervading, which is most accompanied by reverence and godly fear? Such is the devout Catholic's love of God, and therefore of Jesus Christ, because He is God. "Fear is allayed by the love of Him," it has been said, "and love sobered by fear of Him. He draws us on with encouraging voice, amid the terrors of His threatenings. This may seem strange to those who do not know what it is earnestly to seek after God. But in proportion as the state of mind is strange, so is there in it therefore untold and surpassing pleasure to those who partake it. The bitter and the sweet, strangely tempered, thus leave upon the mind the lasting taste of divine truth, and satisfy it: not so harsh as to be loathed, nor of that insipid sweetness which is wearisome when it becomes familiar."

It is not then, as Mr. Heathcote supposes, because our Blessed Lord's Human Nature is forgotten, but because

His Divine Personality is remembered, that Catholics seek so eagerly the prayers of His Mother to recommend them to His favour: nor is it a new remark, that religious bodies who think little of Her intercession, soon let slip the belief of His Supreme and True Divinity. As to forgetfulness of His Human Nature, we have already adverted to the circumstance, that the special rise of devotion to the Holy Virgin was contemporaneous with the special rise of devotion to His Passion; and that, without exception, those Saints who have been most given to the former, have also been most fervent in the latter. And in modern Catholic books, there is certainly on the whole no subject so prominent as the detailed meditation on the various points in His Passion; insomuch that it is the observation of Dr. Pusey, that there seems a risk lest such representations as those contained in the treatises of “most recent foreign writers” on the Passion, “*become too human.*”^{*} We are not, of course, assenting to this opinion; but it must show the singular mistake of fact into which Mr. Heathcote has fallen. For it must be at once conceded that the Passion is the one subject of all others, which will most practically and powerfully impress on the faithful the reality of His human nature,—which will make a sense of His infinite and inconceivable love for them sink deeply into their very heart of hearts—and which will make them feel personally interested, if we may so speak, in all that He has done for them. Much might be said also in the same connection, were there room for enlarging on it, on the devotion to His Sacred Heart; a devotion which is the special offspring of modern times, and which M. Gueranger represents as the healthy reaction against the forbidding harshness of Jansenism. For the precise effect of that devotion is to give especial and marked prominence to those very truths which our author deems to be thrown into the shade, the Human Nature of our Blessed Lord, and the intensity of His love to man. Mr. Heathcote must surely see, that whether or no he choose to adopt *our* theory, he cannot maintain *his own*; because it is in point-blank contradiction to the facts of the case.

Then as to the author’s charge that the doctrine of Her intercession interferes with that of His mediation, we are surprised at the utter inadequacy of view in regard to the

* Preface to “Avrillon on Lent.” p. 13.

latter, which such a charge implies. Without going deeply into questions of doctrine, for which this is not the place, it is strange indeed that any reader of the Fathers can represent our Blessed Lord's Mediatorial Office as *characteristically* consisting in prayer for us; seeing it is absolutely undeniable that *all* Christians may unspeakably benefit each other by their prayers. Our Lady's intercession, indeed, is the very same in kind, as has been often pointed out, with that of the humblest Christian: most exceedingly and incomparably superior in degree doubtless, by how much She who was conceived without spot of sin is more pleasing to God than an ordinary Christian; but still the same in kind. On the other hand, our Blessed Lord's Mediatorial Functions are absolutely incommunicable and peculiar: such as His Atoning Death; or His bridging over the gulf between God and man caused by Adam's sin, as being Himself both God and man; or whatever else of the same kind may be said. What Catholic writer has expressed anything concerning Holy Mary, which can tend, however remotely, to lessen our sense of this awful dignity of our Lord's Mediation? Or what Protestant body brings that Mediation day by day before the very eyes of the people, as the Catholic Church does by the Sacrifice of the Mass, and the reception of Christ in Holy Communion; the one a daily pleading, the other a daily exemplification, of His office as the one Mediator of God and men? If Mr. Heathcote would see the glowing feelings of adoration, of gratitude, of exuberant love, with which Catholics receive that mediation, let him look in any ascetic work to the account given of the benefits of Holy Communion; or to the forms of thanksgiving used by Catholics after its reception.

As to the expressions which have been at times used by Catholics, as though our Blessed Lord were often wishing to punish, while His Mother restrains His arm;—no one understands these otherwise than figuratively: as a means of impressing on our minds the idea of Her most powerful intercession. Every Catholic knows that Her prayers were as fully intended, if we may so speak, in the economy of grace, as fully provided for in His Counsels, as was His own Atoning Death: both, in their different spheres, are the result of that exceeding love whereby God loved us. Protestants continually make use of a similar representation in regard to God the Father and God the

Son, when speaking of the Atonement, as though the Father wished to punish, but the Son assuaged his wrath; without meaning surely to have their expressions taken literally: though Mr. Heathcote, as we have already said, seems hardly defensible from the charge of really *meaning* to express some such difference of character between Two Persons of the Godhead.

Another misconception arises from a statement frequently made by Catholic writers, that the Son has given up to His Mother the Kingdom of Mercy, reserving to Himself the Kingdom of Justice. No Catholic ever meant by this that He could divest Himself of the *attribute* of mercy or of His claims to our grateful love; but that He exercises the one attribute through Her agency, while for the other He employs no created channel.

Reverting then to the relation which really exists in the devout Catholic mind between love of the Holy Virgin and love of God, an illustration will explain more clearly our meaning in several respects; though it must not be pressed too far. Take the case of an irreligious man, who is devoted to the pursuit of abstract truth, or of money, or of political power: in what, think you, are his affections chiefly centered? in the recreations and amusements he from time to time enjoys by the way, and which he enjoys, it may be, with much more apparent and visible zest than he shows when more directly given up to the object of his idolatry? No one will say so. Now this is a very parallel case: the service of God is the one pervading engrossing occupation of an earnest Catholic; devotion to the Holy Virgin is a special refreshment and delight by the way. We can mention, on personal knowledge, the account given to an inquiring Protestant by a most zealous and indefatigable priest, whose training had been *wholly Italian*, and whose main occupation is going from place to place to give what Catholics call, “missions and public retreats;” the public preaching, as one may call it, of St. Ignatius’s Exercises. The Protestant in question asked of him with great interest, what place he gave in his teaching to the Blessed Virgin and Saints? “All that,” he answered, “is the sugar and the honey: Death, Judgment, Hell, and Heaven, these are the matters of real business.” And this will receive light from a circumstance which Mr. Heathcote, (p. 19,) acknowledges to be a difficulty in his path; viz.—that the subject so

commonly recommended to Catholics as the material of their daily meditation, is an orderly and successive contemplation of the various events of our Blessed Lord's life; and with an especial reference, we may add, to the Divine Personality of the Adorable Agent. The morning meditation may be taken as a fair representative of the *staple*, the *essential character*, of a devout Catholic's religious life. And it is observable, that such meditation will commonly be introduced by an invocation to the Blessed Virgin for help, and ended by another address to Her: for Catholics are not unwilling to acknowledge that prayer to their God is a greater strain on their faculties, a more serious and anxious task, than devotion to a creature; and that the change therefore from the divine to the human object is, after a certain period, a rest and refreshment. While on the other hand, just as a life of recreation without work is of all the most insipid, so (if such a thing were conceivable, which it is not,) nothing could be more unsatisfying to the hungry soul than the being stunted to invocations and forbidden prayer to God.

Nothing then can be more foolish and idle, than for an opponent, instead of considering the general tenor of a Catholic's devotions, to quote particular passages from religious writings on a particular subject, as though they expressed the whole or the chief of the writer's religious feelings. No school can stand this sort of criticism, except the Socinianising school: wherever there is warmth of feeling, of course there will be exaggeration of language; and especially among Catholics, where the points of faith are known and defined, and no one would dream that his hearers could suspect him of what both he and they know to be heresy.

Thus Dr. Jeune quotes M. Gaume as addressing the Holy Virgin, — "O Marie, tout ce que je veux c'est d'être admis à vous contempler un jour dans le ciel, ou je vous aimerai, et ou je vous rendrai grâces;" and has the weakness to suppose that the writer really meant that the sole happiness of Heaven will consist in Her presence. Now the very words, taken literally, do not go so far as this: for they only mean, "all that I wish is to go to Heaven, where I shall have the privilege of contemplating Thee," &c. But even if the words naturally bore the meaning which Dr. Jeune ascribes to them, M. Gaume

could not have meant to say this; because it is a ruled article of faith, the denial of which would incur a direct anathema of the Church, that the vision of *God* is the essence of beatitude. And it is, we believe, rather the common habit of preachers and lecturers, in descanting on future bliss, to dilate on the unspeakable happiness of seeing, as other Saints, so also and far most eminently of all, the Blessed Virgin: and then, by way of climax, to say that even this is as nothing in comparison with the Beatific Vision. We know nothing of M. Gaume's book, except that it is very highly spoken of: but we would fearlessly allege that if Dr. Jeune turns to that part of it which treats of Heaven, (should that subject be included in the work, which we cannot tell as we know nothing of its plan,) he will find this precise doctrine distinctly laid down.

We have spoken of exaggeration: but in truth most of the language addressed by Catholics to our Lady, contains no exaggeration but the contrary. If one considers in sober earnestness the inestimable benefit conferred upon a Christian in this mortal life by the intercession of any one of the Saints who reign with God in glory, the very strongest expressions of gratitude and affection, which the human language can supply, fall very far short surely of the exigencies of the case: incomparably more then do they fall short, when we consider the boundless power of the Blessed Virgin's intercession: so that when He is in question, whose title to these feelings is infinitely greater even than Hers, so it is, there are no words left to express this difference; for what words *can* be stronger than the strongest? And then shallow, cold, and ignorant Protestants take advantage of this very natural circumstance; forgetting, as it seems, that the same words may bear infinitely different meanings, and that they themselves address God in prayer by the same title which they give to human beings, when they call Him Father, Merciful, Bounteous, Great, Powerful.

It is true that very often the Blessed Virgin is asked to do that for Her suppliants which, according to the doctrine of all Catholics, she can only obtain for them by Her prayers; as in the instance quoted by Dr. Jeune from the late Pope's encyclical letter, wherein Gregory XVI. prays "the Most Holy Virgin," "ut ipsa mentem nostram cœlesti afflatu suo in ea inducat consilia," &c.; and

in very many other instances. Dr. Wiseman has shown clearly how very commonly similar language was in the fourth century, addressed to Saints; and no expression can be more natural and beautiful from Catholic lips. We will venture to say the humblest and most ignorant Catholic was never misled by them for one moment.

So as to another kindred subject—considering all that has been said by Protestants, about the language of some Catholics in begging the Holy Virgin to command Jesus as Her Son, there is something almost affecting in the simplicity with which St. Alphonsus, who if any was a most devoted servant of Mary, expresses himself on the subject.

“There is no doubt,” he says, “that figures, like hyperboles, cannot be taxed with falsehood, when *by the context of the discourse the exaggeration is evident*; as, for example, when St. Peter Damian says, that Mary comes to Her Son, commanding not beseeching.....So then figures are permitted wherever there *cannot be any mistake* on the subject.”—(Vol. vi. French Edition, p. 324.)

Such is his testimony to the general orthodoxy around him: “there cannot be any mistake on the subject.” And it must be observed that the especial words which would unmistakably designate a *Divine Being*, such as “Eternally pre-existent,” “Creator,” “Omniscient,” and the like, are never by any accident to be found in invocations; a circumstance which deserves especial weight, from the very overflowing and (as it might have appeared,) unmeasured tenderness, with which many of Her suppliants have poured themselves out in addressing Her.

Dr. Jeune says,—

“Say to an unsophisticated Christian;—There is a being who was the object of the thoughts and complacencies of God from all eternity,—who was seen before, desired, hailed by the prophets,—the deliverer of the human race,—one who was born without sin,—who now reigns omnipotent in heaven and earth,—the dispenser of all favours in the order of nature and in the order of grace,—the.....refuge of the most abandoned sinners, the [channel] of inspiration,—our mediator, our advocate, our intercessor,—to whose worship Europe owes her noblest fabrics, her churches, her monasteries, her hospitals. Say this; and ask, Who is that being? Will not an unsophisticated Christian reply at once; The enigma is easily solved, it admits of one answer only. You mean Christ, Who is all in all,—the Lord Jesus, God and man,—our Hope and our Salvation; to Him alone such attributes belong? But join the Church of Rome, and you must say, No; that

being is Mary, our Lady of Peace, our Lady of Pity, our Lady of Deliverance, our Lady of Consolation. Or, at least, you will hesitate between the mother and the Son.”*—(p. 27, 28.)

The question is, what is *meant* by an “unsophisticated Christian?” A Socinian certainly would say that Jesus Christ was meant by such a description as that here given. But a Trinitarian would reply: “No; this cannot mean Jesus Christ: He was not ‘the object of the thoughts and complacencies of God from all eternity,’ because He *was* God from all eternity: it would be hardly said of Him that He was ‘born without sin,’ because the idea of sin in connection with Him is self-contradictory: He is not the *dispenser* of favours but the *giver*.” We are sorry to see that Dr. Jeune sides with the Socinian.

But if the Trinitarian should also know, that there is one Human Being, the most perfect Creature that God could have made; Who was preserved by especial grace, (purchased for Her by the foreseen merits of Her Son,) from all taint of original sin, and much more from all spot of actual sin; Who was the instrument of deliverance to mankind, seeing that Her faith was the necessary condition of the Incarnation; and if he should also appreciate the wondrously high and glowing promises of glory which have been given, even to Christians incomparably less gifted with the Holy Ghost than was most Holy Mary;—it will only appear to him a natural consequence, that She should now be omnipotent by prayer in heaven and earth, and that as all graces flow *from* God, so it should be ordained that they flow *through* Her. Dr. Jeune should remember that the judgment of a *well-instructed* Christian is more valuable than that of an “unsophisticated” one.

Further, we must again and again beg our Protestant readers to bear in mind the very simple principle, that to understand the view of religion as a whole taken by an ardent writer, it is necessary to read his *writings* as a whole. The number of writers is extremely small, and Christians of warm religious feelings are least of all likely to be in the number, who can write heartily and earnestly on one subject, without appearing by their language, to

* In this quotation we have left out a clause referring to the passage about seeing the Blessed Virgin in Heaven, which we discussed a page or two back: and we have left out one word and altered another, that the true force may be given to the passages cited by Dr. Jeune. No other change has been made.

give undue weight to that subject: one sees what they write in a different connection, and the misapprehension is corrected. Open the pages of an ascetic treatise on prayer, it will perhaps almost appear to be implied, that so one is but diligent in prayer, eternal salvation is secured: read what the same author may have written in another place, you will find the most exact directions and the most earnest exhortations to the duty of fulfilling rightly the obligations of your condition in life. Exactly in a similar manner, if a person reads only one of St. Alphonso's works, and that one the "Glories of Mary," he will have a most utterly mistaken idea as to the *place* held in the Saint's life by devotions to Her. So also, though we have not the advantage of being acquainted with M. Gaume's work, we have no doubt at all that, read as a whole, it will give a most utterly different impression from that conveyed by Dr. Jeune's extracts; a different impression not on matters of doctrine or opinion, but on the relative *prominence* practically given to certain doctrines and opinions. Nay, Dr. Jeune has himself quoted one passage, (p. 29,) where M. Gaume has expressly stated, that, in earlier times, actual idolatry might have ensued had the Church of that day fully developed the doctrines on the Blessed Virgin. Such is not the language of one deficient in sensitiveness to the evil effects of such a result.

And in addition to all this, the English reader is bound to a very necessary, but very difficult duty; the duty, namely, of making sufficient allowance for the difference of natural feelings as to ardour of expression. If language does not please him which he falls in with on the subject of our Lady, let him read the language used by the same author about our Lord, and see if it please him better. If not, then it is probably to some other cause, rather than to any comparative neglect of the Higher object of Devotion in favour of the Lower, that his annoyance will have to be traced. No doubt the exuberant, unreserved, impassioned, affectionateness of language, characteristic of foreigners, is extremely distasteful to many Englishmen, even where the feelings are equally real. And far more is this the case, when, (as almost always happens,) the Protestant critic has himself neither any real love, nor even any real apprehension, of very many doctrines which he *does* fancy himself to hold.

But it will be not unnaturally asked,—granting the faith of holy men and of approved writers to be sound and irreproachable, will not their language and their sentiments have a very dangerous tendency? Will they not encourage the mass of men to rest in devotions to the Saints and to their Queen, without rousing themselves to the exertion and the elevation of mind necessary for prayer to God? Not an unnatural question, as we have said, from a Protestant; yet one which shows forgetfulness of the pressure of *authority* in the Catholic system. The mass of men are not left to choose and portion out their own devotions; but the Church incurs that responsibility in their place. Hear Dr. Wiseman's account of "the religious exercises which are enjoined on an Italian peasant, or which he regularly attends."

"First, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass every Sunday and holiday, and pretty generally every morning before going to work. He knows, as well as you would, what the Mass is, and that it cannot be offered up to any save to God. 2dly, The Holy Communion at least several times a year; often much more frequently. 3dly, As a preparation, confession of his sins, penitently and contritely. 4thly, The Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, generally in the evening of all festivals, and often on other days. To this we may add the forty hours' prayer, or exposition of the Blessed Sacrament for that space of time, watched by adorers day and night. Among the prayers most frequently inculcated and publicly recited, are acts of faith, hope, charity, and contrition, which are always repeated by the children after catechism, and well known by the most illiterate. These leading exercises of worship and devotion all belong to God: the principal one that is referable to the Blessed Virgin is the Rosary. This generally forms a part of family evening devotions, and is moreover occasionally said in public."*

And Mr. Heathcote confesses, (p. 20, 21,) that this latter devotion, when rightly performed, is directly to our Lord's honour.

The case stands thus. Any Catholic who should be drawn to a stricter life, would at once display this by a more frequent approach to the Sacraments. Now this naturally and inevitably will make *direction* hold a more prominent place in the tribunal of penance; because he will be led to far greater particularity of detail as to his daily habits, when his confession extends over so

* Letter to Mr. Newman, p. 22, 23.

far shorter a period of time. Now St. Alphonso will be accused by no one of sluggishness in devotion to our Lady; and yet observe how directors, trained on his model, would teach their penitents to divide the day. We allude to his compendium of rules for the Christian life.

“I. Rising in the morning make the following acts: 1. O my God, I adore Thee, &c. 2. I offer to Thee, &c. 3. I purpose, Lord, &c. Most Holy Mary, take me under thy protection. Then say, Our Father, Hail Mary, and the Belief; with three Hail Marias to obtain the virtue of chastity.

“II. As soon as possible make half an hour’s meditation.

“III. Fail not to hear Mass every day, &c.

“IV. Make every day half or at least a quarter of an hour’s spiritual reading, &c.

“V. Make every day a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, during which use the following acts, &c. Make also a visit to the Blessed Virgin.

“VI. In the evening make an examination of conscience, and say the acts of faith, hope, and charity.

“VII. Go to confession and communion every week, and oftener if possible, &c.

“VIII. Choose an approved confessor, &c.

“IX. Fly idleness, wicked company, &c.

“X. In time of temptation trust not yourself, but put your confidence in the *divine* assistance; and *for this* have immediate recourse to God and to the Blessed Virgin, &c.

“XI. When you commit any sin, if it be venial, make an act of the love of God, &c.

“XII. Attend sermons; every year make a retreat, &c.

“XIII. Be careful in all adverse circumstances to be conformed to the Divine Will, &c.

“XIV. Be particularly attentive to cherish a tender and special devotion to the Most Holy Mary. Never omit the three Hail Marias mentioned in the beginning, at your morning and evening prayers, beseeching her to preserve you by her powerful intercession from all kinds of sin. Read every day some pious book that treats of her, and say her litany and the rosary, meditating on the mysteries.”*

Which mysteries, as Mr. Heathcote allows and as is quite evident to all who know the facts of the case, refer principally to our Blessed Lord. We have materially abridged many parts of this compendium for the sake of room; but

* “Spirit of Liguori,” p. 239—246.

have not omitted a single reference to the Blessed Virgin, except the details under the 10th head. So that in fact the predominance given to exercises exclusively directed to God is even much greater than here appears.

It is probably quite true, it is what one would expect from human nature, that many Catholics who lead irreligious lives, preserve the habit of frequent invocation to the Virgin, when from a sense of their presumptuous sin they cannot bring themselves to enter directly into communion with God. But all Catholics are most fully aware that mortal sin, unrepented, leads inevitably to eternal ruin, however frequent the sinner's addresses to our Blessed Lady. There is no room then whatever for self-deception. And surely it is a great blessing that they retain *any* impressions, which keep up in their mind the remembrance of the invisible world; for such impressions may be the natural cause of leading them, at some favourable time, to a life of consistent piety. Over and above which, we do not see where can lie the difficulty of believing, as Catholic books continually assert and as *we* fully believe, that in many cases the Most Holy Mother of God repays their homage, by obtaining for them, through Her all-powerful intercession, the grace of repentance and amendment of life.

We have been engaged, as will be evident, not in any methodical treatise on the subject under discussion, but in throwing out such discursive remarks, as may in part obviate the impression caused by the facts and arguments contained in Dr. Jeune's and Mr. Heathcote's sermons. And since we have been led to make use of Mr. Penny's treatise with the view of showing the real controversial position of Mr. Heathcote and his friends, it will perhaps be no inappropriate conclusion if we cite some very beautiful sentiments from that work. These sentiments are episodic to the author's general design, but will show, as far as one example can show, how little the new converts are likely to fulfil the gloomy vaticinations made in their behalf; how little they find to stumble at in the "Mariolatry," of which it has so confidently been expected that it would startle and repel them.

"Who is this, that so far excels all others, that whereas it is said of other saints that they shall shine as the stars, of *Her* it is

said that the stars are but Her crown, the moon Her footstool, and the sun Her garment?... There is reason for believing most firmly that this blessed and most highly favoured being... is at this present moment, in some remarkable manner, the channel through which the Truth even now is brought home to men; as if the present great movement that is going on, were in a great measure Her work. She is the angel that is giving light to the earth. She whose garment is the sun, cannot but shed light.... My hope and my sincere wish is, to promote in any way that I may be able the praise and reverence of the Blessed Virgin; and sorry should I be to say anything that might cause any one to blaspheme, though haply She might be beyond the reach of hearing the impure and blasphemous speech. All such speeches as these may, for what we know, be kept away from Her hearing, just as we know that pious invocations are conveyed to Her. The Almighty surrounds the earth in all directions; in Him we live and move and have our being; He is, if I might venture to say so without irreverence, as it were a living atmosphere. And just as when we speak a word into the ordinary atmosphere that surrounds us, the air conveys the sound of it to a person at a distance; so will the omnipresence of the Almighty, like an atmosphere, convey even to the uttermost parts of the earth, if need be, the addresses which we make to His Saints."—p. 176, 9.

ART. III.—*Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with elucidations.* By THOMAS CARLYLE. In two Volumes. London: Chapman and Hall, 1845.

AN excellent friend of ours hearing that a young man, who had been in his service some time previously, had fallen sick, went to visit him. He at once perceived that the disease was typhus fever, and that the poor sufferer was in a fair way of being killed by the kindness of his friends, who were doing all in their power to force him to eat fat beef and other strong food. The family had great confidence in this gentleman, and were sensibly touched with his present kindness, so that he found little difficulty in persuading them not to worry the patient by pressing him to eat contrary to his inclination, and that if he should express a desire for food they should give him

a little flummery. As soon as he returned to town he called upon a physician, and desired him to visit this young man, and to attend him until he should recover. The doctor, as the place was some distance in the country, kindly took some medicine with him which he knew would be very useful to the patient, and as soon as he had examined him, desired the attendants to administer it. But they peremptorily refused, declaring, that Mr. H. had prescribed flummery, and no other medicine should he get. In vain did the choleric disciple of Æsculapius remind them that he was sent there by Mr. H. himself, and that it was on his report he had procured this very medicine; it was all a waste of rhetoric, and Mr. H. himself, who had dined in the country, found on his return to town about eleven o'clock at night, two messengers waiting at his door to know whether they might administer the drugs. There is no doubt that this family was influenced by gratitude, as well as by extreme simplicity and absurdity, and we are willing to believe that Mr. Carlyle has been actuated by all these motives in prescribing the volumes before us for the public. He is naturally grateful for the patience with which his former flummery has been swallowed, and so simple and absurd as to imagine, that because small quantities of this very insipid commodity were relished on account of their novelty, or the diseased state of the public palate, he can now force his patients to live upon flummery alone.

Mr. Carlyle admits that his is "one other dull book added to the thousand, dull every one of them which have been issued on this subject, and that the very sound of Puritanism has become tedious as a tale of past stupidities." He may have merely uttered this in the excess of his modesty, but we can assure him that it is a sober truth, at least as far as his own book is concerned. That he has been able to strip the most eventful period of our history of all interest, is a wonderful and original triumph of the genius of Carlylism. His two great volumes are in fact an interminable sermon, written in the most approved cant of methodism, and addressed—nay, stare not gentle reader, for we use Mr. Carlyle's own words—addressed, we say, to *serious readers*. Take the following as a very favourable specimen of the style, manner, and matter of the book.

"These authentic utterances of the *man* Oliver himself, I have

gathered *them* far and near ; fished them up from the foul Lethean quagmires where they lay buried ; I have washed or endeavoured to wash them clean from foreign stupidities, (such a job of brick-washing as I do not long to repeat,) and the world shall now see them in their own shape. Working for long years in those *unspeakable* historic provinces of which the *reader has already had account*, it becomes more apparent to one that *this man* Oliver Cromwell was, as the popular fancy represents him, the soul of the Puritanic Revolt, without whom it had never been a revolt transcendently memorable, and an epoch in the world's History ; that, in fact, he, more than is common in such cases, does deserve to give his name to the period in question, and have the Puritan revolt considered as a *Cromwelliad*, which issue is very visible for it.... May it prosper with a few serious readers."

We have had heretofore the *Luciad*, the *Henriad*, and the *DUNCIAD*, and now, to draw up the rear of all the ads, we have got the *Cromwelliad*. It is not written like the other "ads" in heroics, but in plain though by no means unassuming prose, and is indeed as prosy a book as ever was penned even by Mr. Carlyle. The style of this author is extravagant, but by no means original. It first appeared in Germany, where it had its day among the mock hero-worshippers. It has been, however, long since ignominiously kicked out of that noble country. Its popularity is still great amongst the infidels of France, who are ready to worship all foreign monsters ; but we have a strong belief that it will be smothered in England under the weight of the *Cromwelliad*. The characteristics of this style are affectation and paradox. There was a very barbarous practice to which the ancient inhabitants of Ireland, and we believe of many other countries, were obstinately attached, of yoking their horses by the tails. Suppose some person were to revive this custom now, he would undoubtedly collect a mighty crowd, and create a vast sensation, and we are really astonished that some of our young *snobs* do not try it. This is the very best illustration we can give of Mr. Carlyle's style, as far as its first characteristic of affectation is concerned. He yokes all his sentences by the tails, and though God knows they are but lightly burthened with matter, still they get on but very clumsily. There is scarcely a page in the book in which he does not tax his reader's faith to believe some absurd paradox, which, according to Mr. Carlyle, constitutes a part of the eternal soul of things. We get no

more information from him about this very untangible commodity, the eternal soul of things, than that the ranters, persecutors, murderers and hypocrites of the seventeenth century, formed a part of it. He talks of God-worship which, saving your presence, is Puritanism, and of Devil-worship which is the gentle name he gives to the faith of all the rest of the world in the seventeenth century, and of all the world at present without any exception whatever. If you reply that you see in this people nothing but bigotry, hypocrisy, fanaticism, and cruelty, he pities you because you do not understand the *eternal harmonies* and the *eternal laws* which governed the Puritans. When a man gets into his gas balloon, and talks to us from the clouds about eternal laws and everlasting harmonies, we wait quietly until he descends, and then we ask him what he thinks of the practice of cutting throats and picking pockets. Carlyle's style is, in fact, in literature, what Puritanism was in religion—a madness, an imposture, or at best a senseless fanaticism; and hence it is scarcely wonderful that he should commit the extravagance of making the Roundheads heroes, and the idolatry of worshipping Cromwell. He laments most pathetically that all heroism has left the earth; but if the Covenanters and Puritans were heroes, the “want of a hero is certainly a most uncommon want.” He could surely supply himself with a real live hero in the Rotundo or Exeter Hall. What would he think of a new prose epic called the M'Neilliad or Plumptreiad? They have all the essential characteristics of his heroes; they are bigoted, intolerant, and quote the Old Testament instead of the Gospel. We can recommend to Mr. Carlyle any of these Old Testament saints, who calling their little conventicle the Church of God, and the members of the evangelical alliance God's only people, would wish to apply the ceremonial laws of the Jews to all their neighbours, and exterminate them. Those gentry have by some misfortune been born a testament too late, for they might have made tolerable Jews, but they certainly make most intolerable as well as intolerant Christians. Heroes of this kind have unfortunately been very common in the world; there are vast numbers of them still to be found amongst the eveangélical swaddlers, methodists, and covenanters, and Mr. Carlyle need not fear that the species shall become extinct so long as hatred of truth, hypocrisy, and avarice, reign in the

hearts of men. Our chief complaint is, not that he applauds the miserable and detestable cant of the Puritans, that he idolizes Cromwell, who, if he be a hypocrite—and what reasonable man can doubt it—must have been the most detestable of mankind, and if he were sincere must have been possessed by the devil; it is not that he praises the covenanters so long as they assist Oliver, but when perceiving his designs of usurpation they oppose him, he can afford them no better names than *red-nosed presbyterians full of brandy and presbyterian texts of scripture*; but that he sighs for the return of those times whose faith was the most abominable hypocrisy and the most diabolical bigotry, and whose works were the wholesale robbery, plunder, and murder of their neighbours.

We have not time to enter into the general subject of Cromwell, Puritans, and Covenanters. The character of all three will be manifest by the discussion of that part of the subject which relates to Ireland, and to which we are now about to turn our attention. We are sure, however, that these volumes will do no more for the memory of their heroes than for the fame of their author. It is all very well to say, "You don't understand these people." It is easy to attempt to mystify: but the bloody persecuting spirit of the Puritans and Covenanters is intelligible enough, and whatever differences may have been between them, it is quite clear that the only essential creed of either was intolerance, and that the practice of both was persecution. Mr. Carlyle admits, that their leaders really did resemble firebrands of the devil if you looked at them through spectacles of a certain colour, or rather we should say if you did not look at them through his spectacles. Cromwell himself, after all the fulsome flattery bestowed on him in these volumes, appears just such as we always believed him to be, a brave and successful commander, whose sole object was the aggrandizement of himself and of his family. For this purpose he made his whole life one act of hypocrisy; for this purpose he betrayed every private friend and public party with which he was ever associated; for this purpose he made his way to a throne by causing his sovereign to be put to death, and by murdering more innocent persons in cold blood than any of those cruel monsters whose very existence is a stain upon humanity. He commenced his career as a wild republican, and ended it as a despotic and tyrann-

nical usurper; he commenced by swearing allegiance to king Christ, and ended by transferring the diadem to king Oliver.

With regard to Cromwell's small portion of this great work, Mr. Carlyle admits, that each "letter" looks dim and has little light after all study. "I called these Letters," he says, (vol. i. p. 115, 116,) "good—but withal only good of their kind. No eloquence, elegance, not even clearness of expression is to be looked for in them. There is in these letters, as I have said above, a silence still more significant of Oliver to us than any speech they have. Dimly we discover features of an intelligence and soul of a man greater than any speech. The intelligence that can with full satisfaction to itself come out in eloquent speaking, in musical singing, is after all a small intelligence. He that works and does some poem, not he that merely says one, is worthy of the name of poet. Cromwell, emblem of Dumb English, is interesting to me by the very inadequacy of his speech."

This is all mighty fine, and almost as good as the old story about the "beauty without skin," or the compliment which nurse is apt to pay to a naughty boy, that he is very good when sleeping. When a man raves after this fashion, and proceeds to dilate in true bedlamite style about *God-consecrated surplices of unfortunate mortals*, who during the majority of ages not being *heroic Puritans* were a set of *mimetic creatures rather than men*, whose whole existence was a *grimace*, because they had not a *heart-insight* into this Universe and its *Heights* and its *Abyssees*, we can only imitate good Burchell and cry "fudge" at the end of each paragraph. The editor is worthy of the collection, and the collection worthy of the editor. Such a dunghill of dirt was never before exposed to the view of the public; it "must stink in the nostrils of all honest men." We meet nothing but "weeping for cursed carnal conferences with the king and his party;" the Great and Merciful God thanked as if he was the author of the most wicked and cold-blooded murders, the madness of praise-God Barebones's and Seekers, Weak Persuasions mounted on cavalry horses with guns in their hands, the exterminating Covenanters, those "mistaken saints of God," or, as Oliver calls another portion of them, "those specious pretenders to piety and justice," and in a word, selfishness,

falsehood, and wickedness on the part of all. Their lip-piety was a great aggravation of their crimes,

“A mere disguise in which the devil lurks,
And yet betrays his secret by his works.”

In the year of grace 1647, two years before Cromwell came to Ireland, Lord Inchiquin stormed the cathedral which was built on the rock of Cashel. 'Tis passing strange that Hudibras should have any thing to do with this; but incongruous as it may appear, he has every thing to do with it, for to the couplet—

“—— tails by nature sure were meant,
As well as beards for ornament;”

is appended in Nash's edition the following note: “At Cashel, in the county Tipperary, in Carrick Patrick church, (the cathedral on the rock of Cashel,) stormed by Lord Inchiquin in the civil wars, there *were near 700 put to the sword, and none saved but the mayor's wife and his son. Among the slain of the Irish were found, when stripped, divers that had tails near a quarter of a yard long. Forty soldiers, who were eye-witnesses, testified this same upon their oaths.*”^{*} At this particular period, Inchiquin was allied with the English Parliament, and certainly his butcheries are not unworthy of one of Carlyle's “serious saints.” Leland† tells us, “that about twenty ecclesiastics (priests) had fallen in the indiscriminate slaughter.” This (with the exception of the part which relates to the mayor's wife and his son) perfectly agrees with the ideas which our author expresses with regard to the true method of carrying on war in Ireland, and sure we are that he cannot distrust the oaths of forty pious soldiers who were fighting against “Devil-worship” and for “king Christ.” He knows that the “mere Irish” had tails during the “great rebellion,” perhaps that they have tails still of a brimstone colour, if they were stripped and examined, and consequently that with a proper license from Parliament, it was as lawful to shoot them during the sporting season as wolves, badgers, or any other wild *caudated* animals. It is only by adopting this view of the matter that we can conceive it possible that any human

* Hardiman's Bardic Remains, p. 151.

† Vol. 3, p. 316. We always quote Moncrieff's edition of Leland, 1774.

being, much less any person calling himself a christian, could applaud the most diabolical wholesale murders, and gloat over the extermination of half a million of human beings. The predetermination of justifying all Cromwell's butchery, is the only qualification which Mr. Carlyle has thought necessary for editing the part of his work which relates to Ireland; he evidently knows nothing of the topography, history, or people of that long oppressed country. The man who sits down to write about the "great rebellion of 1641," without any thing to recommend him but Cromwell-worship, appears as ridiculous as the Marquesas chief, who sat down to dinner with a great helmet and feathers which literally covered him to the chin, whilst all the rest of his body was in a state of absolute nudity. Here is his account of the breaking out of the Irish rebellion. "November 1st. (1641.) News came to London, to the reassembled Parliament, that an Irish rebellion already grown to be an Irish massacre, had broken out. An Irish Catholic imitation of the late Scotch achievements in the way of 'religious liberty.' One of the best models and one of the worst imitations ever seen in this world. Nov. 22nd. The Irish rebellion blazing up more and more into an Irish massacre, to the terror of all Anti-papist men." And again, p. 452, he says, "Their claim we can now all see, was just: essentially just, though full of intricacy; *difficult* to render clear and concessible; nay, at that date of the world's history, it was scarcely *recognisable to any Protestant man for just; and these frightful massacreings and sanguinary blusterings have rendered it for the present entirely unrecognisable.* A just though very intricate claim; *but entered upon and prosecuted by such methods as were never yet available for asserting any claim in this world! Treachery and massacre.*" We have here dished up anew all the error, ignorance, and bigotry, which has served the *true* protestant writers from the days of Temple to those of Carlyle. We shall, with the blessing of God, tell Mr. Carlyle "a thing or two" which will astonish him if he should ever cast his eyes on this article. It is necessary, in order to refute the assertions of this writer and the whole flock of the servile transcribers of fictitious Irish massacres, to state as briefly as possible the causes which led to the insurrection of 1641, after which we shall examine the massacres which did un-

doubtedly take place in 1641 and the following years. We may not hope to change Mr. Carlyle's opinions, but we do expect to convince every candid man, that since the creation of the world no people ever had a more just, a more clear right to have recourse to arms in self-defence, than the Irish had at that period, and that instead of the Catholics it is Cromwell and the Puritans who should be called "men of massacres." We shall therefore consider the condition of the Catholics previous to the insurrection of 1641, first with regard to the rights of property and civil liberty; secondly, with regard to freedom of conscience; and thirdly, with regard to what are called the "royal graces," which were dearly purchased and treacherously refused.

I. The security of property and civil liberty previous to 1641. The seventeenth century was the great epoch of sham plots, ghosts, and witchcraft, with some genuine puritanical specimens of which we shall hereafter regale the reader. A sham-plot was discovered against the powerful northern Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, concerning which King James, of base and pedantic memory, published a proclamation Nov. 15, 1607, "to clear up the matter in the eyes of foreign princes."* He says, that it "is clear as the sun, by evident proofs, that the earls were guilty of treason;" because "such was their condition and profession, as *to think murder no fault, marriage of no use, nor any man worthy to be esteemed valiant, that did not glory in rapine and oppression.*" Yet absurd in themselves and impertinent to the point at issue (proof of treason) as these allegations are, they are exceeded in both respects by the evidences which Sir John Davies the attorney-general brought forward, to prove that because the two earls did not choose to stop to be hanged for nothing, all the landed proprietors of six counties had forfeited their inheritance. His arguments were, 1. *that they (the Irish) did not esteem marriage lawful to the end that they might have lawful heirs;* 2. *that they never did build any houses, nor plant orchards or gardens, nor take any care of their posterities.*† A man who would make such a speech now, would be put into Bedlam; but it was good enough in the

* This letter is given entire by Leland, vol. 2, p. 425.

† See the speech at length, "Vindiciæ Hiberniæ," p. 173.

early part of the seventeenth century, to confiscate the counties of Donnegal, Tyrone, Derry, Fermanagh, Cavan, and Armagh, and to rob their innocent inhabitants of their homes and their inheritance. No Catholic could even be a tenant on all this property unless he renounced his religion, and the "undertakers their heirs and assigns," were bound by the seventh article, "not to alien or demise their portions or any part thereof to the mere Irish, or to such persons as shall not take the oath of supremacy," that is, to any Catholic whatever.

The king, elated with his success in Ulster, determined to extend his *paternal* spoliation to the other parts of the kingdom. On this occasion it was not considered desirable to forge a plot. The new and more "ingenious device" of pleading the king's title to all the land in the kingdom was resorted to. We shall allow a witness very partial to the king, to give evidence on this matter. "But in the pursuit of his favourite object," says Leland, vol. 2. p. 466, and following, "he (King James) had sometimes recourse to claims, which *the old natives* deemed obsolete and unjust. The seizure of those lands whose possessors had lately *meditated* rebellion, produced little clamour or murmuring. But when he recurred to *the concessions made to Henry the Second, to invalidate the titles derived from a possession of some centuries, the apparent severity* had its full effect on those who were not acquainted with the *refinements* of law, and not prepossessed in favour of the equity of such refinements, when employed to divest them of their ancient property. *Nor was it even in those days acknowledged as a just and necessary severity, that juries who refused to find a title in the crown, were frequently censured and fined in the castle chamber.*" What an unreasonable set of people the Irish must have been in those days! This author proceeds, p. 467. "The interested assiduity of the king's creatures in scrutinizing the titles to those lands which had not yet been found or acknowledged to belong to the crown, was, if possible, still more detestable....Where no grant appeared or no descent or conveyance in pursuance of it could be proved, the land was immediately adjudged to belong to the crown. *All grants of the crown from the first year of Edward the Second, (1307,) to the tenth of Henry the Seventh, (1495,) embracing a period of nearly two centuries, had been re-*

sumed by parliament, and the lands of all absentees and of all that had been expelled by the Irish, were by various acts again vested in the crown, which impeached almost every grant of lands antecedent to that period. Nor did later grants (that is from the time of Henry the Seventh) afford a full security. If any former grant subsisted at the time they were made, if the patents passed in Ireland were not exactly agreeable to the grant, if both did not accurately correspond with the original warrant transmitted from England, if any defect appeared in expressing the tenure, any mistake in point of form, any advantage to be taken from general savings in the patents, or any exceptions to be made in law which is sufficiently fruitful in affording them, there was an end of the grant and of the estate which it conveyed. Thus was every man's enjoyment of his possessions precarious and disputable, at a time when commissioners were awarded to enquire by what title he enjoyed them." The reasons for taking an Irishman's estate, were about as extensive as those contained in the far-famed recipe for drinking.

"There are five reasons to drink wine :
Your friend has gone, or come to dine ;
The wine is good, or you are dry,
Or any other reason why."

"They," says Leland, p. 469, "who were too poor or too spiritless to engage in distant adventures, courted fortune in Ireland, under pretence of improving the king's revenue in a country where it was for less than the charge of government, they obtained commissions of inquiry into defective titles and grants of concealed land and rents belonging to the crown, the great benefit of which was generally to accrue to the projector, whilst the king was contented with an inconsiderable proportion of the concealment or small advance of rent. Discoverers were everywhere busily employed in finding out flaws in men's titles to their estates. The old pipe-rolls were searched to find the original rents with which they had been charged ; the patent rolls in the tower of London were ransacked for the ancient grant ; no means of industry or devices of craft were left untried to force the possessors to accept of new grants at an advanced rent. In general, men were either conscious of the defects of their titles, (no man

knowing what might not be called a defect,) or alarmed at the trouble and expense of a contest with the crown, or fearful of the issue of such a contest at a time and in a country where prerogative was highly strained and *strenuously supported by the judges.... Yet there are not wanting instances of the most iniquitous practices, of hardened cruelty, of vile perjury and scandalous subornation employed to despoil the fair and unoffending proprietor of his inheritance.*" In 1614 James issued a special commission to Lord Deputy Sir A. Chichester, to inquire into his title in the King and Queen's counties, and in those of Leitrim, Longford, and Westmeath, the result of which was the seizure of three hundred and eighty-five thousand acres. This confiscation was carried on with such inhumanity that in the small county of Longford alone "twenty-five of one sept were all deprived of their estates without any compensation whatever, *or any means of subsistence assigned them.*" The ruffianly adventurer, Sir William Parsons, afterwards in 1641 one of the Lord Justices, with some others, wished to seize the lands of the Byrne's, in Wicklow, which had been passed to them by the letters patent of both James and Elizabeth. But Parsons' Bill having been dismissed by the Exchequer, the Byrnes were committed close prisoners to Dublin Castle in 1625, upon the information of Thomas Archer, "*who did not so readily submit to be an evidence. He was first miserably tortured, put naked on a burning gridiron, then on a brand iron and burned with gunpowder under the buttocks and flanks, and at last suffered the strapods till he was forced to accuse the two brothers and then obtain his pardon. It is almost incredible what a number of persons they took up and detained in close prisons for weeks and months together, soliciting them all the while with promises of reward and threats of hardships, even of death itself, to accuse the gentlemen whose estates they wanted to seize. Some they put to the rack, others they tried and condemned by martial law at a time when the courts of justice were sitting. Some of the latter who were executed at Dublin, as Shane O'Toole, Laghlin O'Clune, Cahin Glasse and his brother, declared that they were executed because they would not accuse Phelim (Byrne) and his*

*sons, and the like declarations were made by others who suffered in the country.”**

From Ulster and Leinster, James extended his care to Connaught, for the benevolent purpose of confiscating the entire province. The lords and gentlemen of Connaught had first made a composition with Sir John Perrot in the reign of Elizabeth, but had neglected to take out their letters patent. This defect was remedied by king James reconveying their estates by new patents to them and their heirs. “Their surrenders were made,” says Leland, (vol. ii. p. 477,) “their patents received the great seal, but by neglect of the officers neither was enrolled in the Court of Chancery, although three thousand pounds had been disbursed for the enrolments.” “James,” to use the language of those whom he so basely wished to plunder by taking advantage of a trick of the Court of Chancery, “by a mere nicety of law, in derogation of the faith and tenor of the king’s broad seal, and without any fault on their part, cruelly and unjustly determined to deprive a great many of his peaceable and loyal subjects of their estates.” His death, however, put an end to this project for the present.

Such a wanton spoliation of a kingdom in a period of profound peace was never before attempted in the world. It was the most extensive and abominable scheme of robbery which has ever been recorded in the annals of history; a scheme by which all the absurd claims set up by Henry the Second, who had scarcely any real sovereignty in the kingdom, were held to be good over property which the crown never possessed and against the prescription of four centuries and a half. A swarm of informers infested the country, to whom a fourth or fifth of every gentleman’s estate was offered as a bribe for inventing some excuse for seizing on the whole. No notice was given, no counsel allowed to those whose title was assailed. A jury of estated gentlemen was generally empanelled to adjudicate between the claims of the crown and the rights of the subject, and if they did not find for the former they were instantly cited to the castle chamber and ruined. The object of these proceedings, so agreeable to Thomas Carlyle, Oliver Cromwell, and the devil, was the very laudable one of robbing of their estates all the mere Irish and all the old English settlers who were Catholics, which two

* See the whole story from Carte, l. 27. in the *Vindiciæ*, p. 207, and following.

classes at the accession of James constituted the landed proprietary of the kingdom.

Charles the First succeeded to the throne on the 27th of March, 1625, and as he was then involved in foreign wars and embarrassed by domestic factions, he agreed to grant a few of their just claims to the Catholics and others of his Irish subjects under the name of graces, which were purchased in 1628 by a very large sum of money chiefly contributed by the recusants. By one of these, the spies and informers—the Dermody's of those times—were to be discontinued, and the English law regulating property was to be introduced into Ireland, at least so far as that the king's title could not be pleaded against a possession of sixty-one years. But this act which justice required, and which was now moreover a compact fulfilled on one part, was most scandalously violated on the other by the king and his ministers. Lord Deputy Wentworth arrived in Ireland in July 1633, and learning that by inquiring into defective titles, one of his predecessors (Sir A. Chichester) had acquired lands to the amount of ten thousand per annum, (equal to sixty thousand per annum of our money) and another, Lord Falkland, ten thousand in one free gift, he resolved, contrary to justice, honour, and the king's plighted faith, to pursue the same lucrative employment. He determined to seize upon Ormond, Limerick, and Clare, and the whole province of Connaught. He set about this great work in 1635, and although he admits (Strafford, vol. i. p. 342) that he does not know what claim to set up for them, yet as he is strong enough to rob, he tells his majesty "that he trusts singly to work through all these difficulties." "For this you may be sure," he says, writing to the king, (vol. i. p. 353,) "that all the Protestants are for plantations, all the others against them; so as those (the Protestants) being the greater number, (in parliament by his management) you can want no help they may give you therein. Nay, in case there be no title to be made good to these counties for the crown, yet should I not despair for the reason of state and for the strength and security of the kingdom, to have them passed to the king by an immediate act of parliament."

By the assistance of Lord Ormond, now Wentworth's fast friend, who surrendered his county, for which service he was made a privy counsellor, the Lord Deputy obtained possession first of Ormond and afterwards of Limerick and

Clare. He then passed into Connaught and adopted very effectual means for securing verdicts. It is a model so perfect in its kind, that it may be equalled but can never be exceeded. He commenced by bribing the judges. "Your majesty," he says,* "was graciously pleased on my humble advice to bestow four shillings in the pound on your Lord Chief Justice and Lord Chief Baron of this kingdom, forth of the first year's rent raised upon the commission of defective titles, which upon observation I find to be the best given that ever was: for now they do intend it with a care and diligence such as it were their own private. And most certain the gaining to themselves every four shillings once paid, shall better your reverence for ever after at least five pounds." So zealous do judges become in iniquity when they are bribed by a per centage. After the judges, the Deputy's next care was naturally directed to the jury. Here again are his own words—"Before" (Strafford, vol. i. p. 442) "my coming from Dublin I had given orders that the gentlemen of the best estates and understanding should be returned, which was done accordingly, as you will find by their names. My reason was, that this being a leading case for the whole province, it would set a great value in their estimation upon the goodness of the king's title being found by persons of their qualities and as much concerned in their own particulars as any other. Again, finding the evidence so strong as unless they went against it they must pass for the king, I resolved to have persons of such means as might answer the king a round fine in the castle chamber in case they should prevaricate." This means simply that he would put the jurors in gaol and ruin them if their verdict should be displeasing. An act of parliament which Wentworth said had been made 140 years before, but which could not be found, was pleaded as conclusive evidence. All the letters patent were voided, even those of king James, because the Court of Chancery had not registered them, although it had received £3000 for that purpose. Resistance save by the sword was madness. Leitrim, Roscommon, Mayo, and Sligo, quickly found the king's title. The jury of the county of Galway resisted the royal claim, "which," says Carte, (vol. i. p. 82,) "the Deputy conceiving would be of ill example to the rest

* Strafford's Letters, vol. 2. p. 41.

of the kingdom, and would retard if not defeat the execution of his project, caused the jurors to be prosecuted for a combination with the sheriff who empanelled them to defeat the king of his right. They were tried on the 27th of May, 1636, fined four thousand (equal in our own money to twenty-four thousand pounds) a man, sentenced to imprisonment till it was paid, and to an acknowledgment upon their knees in court and at the assizes of their offence, in refusing to find what they ought to have found upon the evidence produced, and which their neighbours had actually found upon the same."

II. We get a glimpse here of the kind of personal liberty which was enjoyed in Ireland during the years immediately preceding 1641. We have also got other occasional glimpses of the same matter, such as trying persons by martial law whilst the ordinary courts were sitting, putting them to the rack and hanging them because they would not give perjured evidence against innocent men. During the entire forty years which preceded the Irish insurrection, profound peace existed in Ireland, and yet during all that period martial law was exercised with the utmost rigour. When Strafford (Wentworth) was accused at his trial of exercising martial law in Ireland, he answered, that such law was *always* in force in Ireland as well in time of peace as of war, and by way of showing that this law was in very active operation—indeed the only law that was administered to the natives—he coolly declared that the deputies had always granted game license to catch and hang the Irish. "I dare appeal," he said, "to those that know the country, whether in former times many men have not been committed and executed by the deputies' warrant that were not thieves and rebels, but such as went up and down the country. If they could not give a good account of themselves, the provost marshal, by direction of the deputies, using in such cases to hang them up. I dare say there are hundreds of examples in this kind."*

Strafford being accused by the 4th article of his impeachment of declaring "that acts of state (proclamations) there made or to be made should be as binding on the subjects of that kingdom as acts of parliament, made answer, "that if proportionable obedience were not due as well to acts of state as acts of parliament, in vain did councils sit;

* Nalson, vol. 2. p. 60.

that he had done no more than former deputies, and he proved by the Lord Dillon that in Chichester's and Grandison's time acts of state were by the judges reputed as the laws of the land for the present, and proceeded by arrest, imprisonment, and fines, upon contempt."* By virtue of this tremendous power the lords justices created monopolies, imposed taxes, robbed in fact every man whom they pleased, and if he did not at once submit, they sent down a company of soldiers to eat out all he had, and then most probably to hang him for their amusement. The 15th article of Strafford's impeachment was, that "without any warrant or colour of law, he did tax and impose great sums of money upon various places, (some of which are mentioned) and cause the same to be levied with troops of soldiers by force and arms, and in a warlike manner, and did cause numbers of soldiers to lie on the lands and houses of such as would not conform to his orders." He replied, that to this day nothing was more usual in Ireland, than for the governors to appoint soldiers to put all manner of sentences in execution, which he proved plainly to have been done frequently, and familiarly exercised in all preceding deputies' times. Sir Arthur Tyrningham, who was cited in Strafford's defence, deposed, "that in Falkland's time he knew twenty soldiers assessed upon one man for refusing to pay sixteen shillings sterling." The privy council assumed and exercised the power of deciding causes determinable by common law, and even of reversing the decision of the judges. In order to prevent appeals to England, a proclamation was issued in 1635 preventing any landed proprietor from leaving the kingdom without the license of the deputy. A suit was instituted by Sir James Carey against Dermot M'Carthy, which was twice dismissed from the courts of law as unjust. The plaintiff appealed from the judge to the deputy, who issued a decree against the defendant for five thousand, four hundred, and ninety-six pounds, and on this decree an order was issued to dispossess him of all his father's estate, and that he should be banished into a foreign part. The young man was afraid to come in, but humbly asked leave to go to England, which the deputy refused in a letter dated 28th June, 1637, "for reasons best known to ourselves," and at the same time he

* Nalson, 2. 58. See "Vindiciæ," 266.

charged the petitioner to observe this decree at his peril: that is, on pain of being hanged.

Such was the glorious liberty of the subject and security of property in Ireland at the breaking out of the insurrection of 1641. Trial by jury was a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. Sheriffs, witnesses even in private cases, and jurors, were all bound over to the castle chamber, and if the verdict, the evidence, or the packing did not satisfy the rapacity and injustice of the governors, they were all robbed, imprisoned, and ruined. Spies and informers were so busy, that Carte declares there was not a gentleman in the kingdom "who was not at one time or other disturbed in the possession of his property." Soldiers lived upon or hanged their neighbours as suited their humour. Fortunes were made more rapidly in Ireland than they have ever been in India. Part of the natives were already robbed, on the most flimsy pretext, of property which had been in their family for nearly five centuries; all the titles granted even by English kings for 200 years, were annulled by Act of Parliament, and those granted even by Elizabeth and James, and which had been purchased at a dear rate, were voided by a trick of the Court of Chancery. Every mere Irishman, every Catholic, was morally certain of being robbed. The fable of the wolf and lamb was outdone; for whilst this gentleman, whose proceeding has been considered rather unamiable and his arguments inconclusive, only went back a few generations, the plunderers of Ireland went back a great many centuries to assign reasons for dining on their neighbours. If they submitted in silence to be starved, they were sometimes graciously allowed to die by that process; but if ever they ventured to express a murmur, they were hanged out of the way without ceremony.

III. All these intolerable tyrannies being levelled against the native Irish and the old English Catholic settlers, were in fact so many religious persecutions. Besides, the detail of the sufferings of the natives, who were such staunch Catholics that King James swore "he believed the very horses in Ireland were papists," will necessarily illustrate this part of the subject, so that we shall here merely cast a hasty glance at the *direct* religious persecutions of the early portion of the seventeenth century. "King James," says Leland, (2, 421,) "having published a proclamation in England, commanding all Jesuits and other priests

having orders from any foreign power, (that is, who acknowledged the Pope's spiritual jurisdiction, which every Catholic must do,) to depart from the kingdom; so, by a like proclamation, were the popish clergy of Ireland commanded to depart within a limited time, unless they consented to conform to the laws of the land." These "laws of the land" commanded them to renounce their religion on their oaths; and as they could not do this, and would not desert their flocks, they were pronounced game by the lords-deputies, the license for killing which was to take the oath of supremacy. Connor O'Duanha, bishop of Down, was apprehended for being a priest, in 1612, and committed to the Castle of Dublin, where he lived for several years; but having made his escape, and being afterwards apprehended, he was hanged, drawn, and quartered. His chaplain and several other priests were hanged, but whether their butchers took the trouble of quartering them we have not been able to learn. The cry of "priest" during the time of the puritanic plague, (which was far worse than the vermin plague of Egypt,) was as exciting as that of "mad dog" was some years ago, when one could scarcely go abroad without meeting a crowd, with all sorts of arms, hunting to death some innocent but unfortunate animal of the canine species.

The laity were scarcely less cruelly dealt by than the clergy, for strict orders were issued for administering the oath of allegiance to all Catholic lawyers and magistrates, and for putting the laws in force against recusants. Accordingly twelve-pence fine was exacted from the "common sort" for every Sunday they were absent from church, and in case they could not pay this they were thrust into gaol; hanged sometimes to save trouble. The fine was equal to six shillings of our money, which probably exceeded the entire amount of the week's earning. As a specimen of how the richer sort fared, take the following (from Harris, 322.) "The lord deputy Chichester convened before him the aldermen and some of the principal citizens of Dublin, 'and strove to persuade them to conform.....' But these gentle methods failing to have any effect, sixteen of the most eminent of the city were convened into the Court of Castle Chamber, of whom nine of the chief were censured, and six of the aldermen fined each £100, and the other three £50 a-piece, and they were all committed prisoners to the castle during the pleasure of the court; and it was

ordered that none of the citizens should bear office till they conformed. The week following the rest were censured in the same manner, except Alderman Archer, who conformed.”

No heir could succeed to his property without taking the oath of supremacy; and a bribe of the fourth part of his estate was given to any informer who could discover that in his property any such succession had ever taken place. No Catholic lawyer could practice without taking this oath. The Protestant clergy, whose lives Leland himself admits to have been “scandalously profligate,” were so intolerable, that in the year 1640, just on the eve of the insurrection, the Irish House of Commons, the majority of which was Protestant, *unanimously* voted that the exactions of the Protestant clergy were “very great and enormous grievances.” “That sixpence per annum was charged for *holy water clerk*; that of every man that died a *muttue* was demanded by way of *anointing money*: that from a poor man that had but one cow, they took that by way of *mortuary*; a gallon of drink from every brewery by way of *mary-gallons*; for every beef that was killed for a funeral, the hide and tallow, and they challenged a quarter besides; fourpence or sixpence per annum from every parishioner for soul-money; a ridge of winter corn, and a ridge of oats, for every plough, by the name of *St. Patrick's ridges*; for portion canons, the tenth part of the goods after debts paid, and that great sums for *commutation of penance* were received by several bishops, which they turned to their private profit.”* They thus charged the Catholics for the practice of a religion which they would not tolerate, and for those very particular practices which they swore to be damnable and idolatrous. Burnet says, *Life of Bedell*, p. 89, that “the officers of the Ecclesiastical Court made it their business to draw people into trouble by vexatious suits, and to hold them so long in, that for threepence worth of the tithe of turf they would be put to five pounds charge.....The officers of the court thought they had a sort of right to oppress the natives, and that all was well got that was wrung from them.” They had even private prisons of their own, into which they thrust every person who did not satisfy their demands, however exorbitant.

But perhaps the most abominable grievance was the

* Commons' Journal, vol. 1, 258—260, 261. Apud “*Vindiciae*,” p. 46.

Court of Wards. Herod's conduct towards the Bethlehemite children was mercy compared to this. The heirs of the Catholic families were seized in order to be *brought up in the Protestant religion*. The guardianship was bought or bestowed on some court favourite. The heir was plundered of his property, brought up in gross ignorance, and at length put to auction and actually knocked down to the highest bidder, whose daughter or sister he must marry, however mean, low-born, or profligate. Lord Orrery,* though the bitter enemy of the Catholics, says, that "no man could labour for a child, who for aught he knows may be sold like cattle in the market even to those who will give most; for such abuses have been too often committed." Carte says, vol. 2, p. 248, "The wardship and marriage of the heir were likewise reserved to the crown. These lands and wardships were usually granted to favourites.....who destroyed the wood and committed horrible waste upon the lands; brought up the heir in ignorance and in a manner unworthy of his quality; and selling his person to the best bidder, matched him unequally in point of birth and fortune, as well as disagreeably with regard to the character, qualities, and figure of the person who was picked out to be the companion of his life."

To be delivered from these grievances was the claim put forward by the Catholics, both before the insurrection of 1641 and after; they were forced to rise in self-defence or submit to be massacred: and if out of hell Carlyle can discover any one iniquity that was not resorted to, any one oppression that was not practised toward them, we will allow this puritanical donkey to say that their claim was unrecognizable by Protestant men in 1641, and that it is still difficult to render it clear and concessible. In the year 1627 the Irish sent deputies to the king, and he entered into a solemn contract with them to remove their grievances, which were specifically laid before him, upon which they promised to remit £150,000 already borrowed from them, and to pay £120,000 more in three subsidies. This entire sum, which is equal to a million and a half of our money, was punctually paid; but by a base trick the parliament, which assembled in 1628 to grant the graces, was illegally convened, because license was not obtained by the deputy Falk-

* Orrery, 1, 59. Apud "Vindiciæ," p. 213.

land from the king under the great seal of England. This could have been remedied instantly, but no new parliament was convened for six years afterwards. When it did assemble, Deputy Wentworth substantially refused the entire of the graces. Instead of those which were to secure the rights of property and the toleration of the Catholic religion, they got renewed persecutions and confiscations. In 1629, the year after the graces were to have been granted, the Catholics thought that as the king's honour was pledged to grant them toleration, they might practise their religion, and accordingly they had the assurance to celebrate mass in Cook Street, but the lords justices sent a file of soldiers to apprehend them, which they did, taking away the crucifixes and paraments of the altar, the soldiers hewing down the image of St. Francis. The priests and friars were delivered into the hands of the pursuivants, at whom the people threw stones and rescued them; the lords justices being informed of this, sent a guard and delivered them, and clapped eight popish aldermen by the heels for not assisting the mayor.* On this occasion fifteen houses, by direction of the lords of the council in England, were seized to the king's use, and the priests and friars were so persecuted that two of them hanged themselves in their own defence.* On the 1st of April in the same year, the lord deputy Falkland issued a proclamation, ordering "that all priests whatever do henceforth cease to preach, teach, or celebrate their service in any church, chapel, or other public oratory or place, or to *teach any school* in any place or places whatsoever within the said kingdom." So much for toleration of religion; and we have seen already how Wentworth respected the security of property which was purchased by the natives and guaranteed by the king. In compliance, indeed, with a remonstrance of the Irish parliament then assembled, and a petition from the Catholics in 1640, the false king, whose difficulties were increasing, now began to think that it would be for his interest to concede the "graces," and accordingly sent instructions to that effect to the lords justices Parsons and Borlase. "Both houses of the Irish parliament had most earnestly besought them," says Carte, "that they might be allowed to remain together for a little to pass these bills, as their agents

* Listrange in the *Vindiciæ*, 35. Baker, 469.

were at the water-side." But the lords justices, who wished for a rebellion, caused the parliament to be adjourned for three months, which adjournment both the Catholics and the king afterwards declared to have been a chief cause of the insurrection. The lords justices even refused to let the people know that the king had at length conceded the graces. The next meeting of parliament was on the 16th of November, 1641. The proclamation for convening it was only issued two days before that on which it should assemble, so that only a few of the Lords and Commons appeared in the house, and these, at the castle bridge and gate, and within the castle yard, were environed with a great number of armed men, with matches lighted and muskets presented even to the breasts of the members of both houses. Yet they besought the lords justices that they might remain together until the rest would assemble, when the graces promised by his majesty could be passed. "But to these requests," says Warner apud Curry, (p. 196.) "conducting so much to his majesty's service and the settlement of the kingdom, a flat denial was given by their lordships, who dismissed the houses after only two days' sitting, without saying a word of the graces from the king, or giving them any assurance or even a faint glimmering hope that they should be passed in another session."

Yet all these multiplied sufferings and iniquities, which, perhaps, exceed those ever endured for so long a time by any other nation, were insufficient to drive the people into resistance. We have indisputable evidence that, even in June, 1641, there was no general conspiracy; for at that time the army, which had been enlisted by Strafford to assist the king, and which consisted of eight thousand foot and one thousand horse, (seven-eighths of which was Roman Catholic,) was dissolved without a murmur. Even some months after the commencement of the insurrection, the Earl of Ormond declared that the insurgents appeared to him, "rather to be a tumultuous rabble than anything like an army;" and that "there were as many arms, within a few, in the hands of six hundred of the king's forces, as there were among all the rebels then in the kingdom." To talk, as the English writers, and the Irish who wish to impose upon the English, do, of grand "premeditated schemes,"—of "the rebellion breaking out like a volcano, and at once spreading over the kingdom,"—of "wholesale

massacres,"—has ceased to be absurd since it has become so absolutely silly. This rebellion was created, spread, and perpetuated by the Puritans for the double purpose of exterminating the Catholics and of seizing their estates. Rory O'Moore, who was the first to think of resistance, "was," says Leland, (vol. iii. p. 93.) "the head of a once powerful family in Leinster. His ancestors, in the reign of Mary, had been expelled from their princely possessions by violence and fraud, and their sept harassed, and almost extirpated, by military execution. He naturally turned towards Ulster, where the natives of six counties had been similarly plundered." Yet it is quite certain, from the total unpreparedness of the Northerners at the breaking out of the insurrection, that he did not make any very considerable progress. Only four or five chiefs of any note are mentioned as having joined him; and the most considerable of these, Phelim O'Neill, only immediately before the rising took place. Moreover, the lords justices, Sir William Parsons and Sir John Borlase, were fully acquainted with these proceedings, and might at once have suppressed them. "The first," says Leland, (vol. iii. p. 107.) "was vigilant only to increase his fortune and consequence; the latter, an aged soldier, indolent and ignorant, except in the business of his profession. The temper and principles of Parsons, the progress of his fortune, and the measures he had already taken to advance it, made it by no means incredible that he might artfully connive at a wild scheme of rebellion, to enrich his coffers by new forfeitures. His known attachment to the popular party of England might have also given him some degree of secret satisfaction in a public commotion which would prove embarrassing to the crown. However this may be, both the lords justices were equally deficient in their vigilance and their affection to the king. They owed their stations to the English commons, and their partisans in the privy council; and their attention and attachment were confined wholly to the prevailing power. Confident of support, they disobeyed the orders, and despised the instructions of the king. The caution [about the practices in the North] transmitted by Sir Henry Vane seems to have been received with total disregard. On the eleventh day of October, (the insurrection broke out on the twenty-third,) an express from Sir William Cole, a gentleman of Enniskillen, informed them of an unusual suspicious resort to the house of Sir Phelim

O'Neill; of many private journeys made by Lord Macguire; of dispatches sent to their different friends, &c. On the twenty-first, Cole despatched a full account of the conspiracy. Yet this instance of his zeal proved equally ineffectual." Again, after the insurrection actually broke out in Ulster, we have the unsuspected testimony of the same writer that they did not want to put it down in the beginning. "Irish insurrections," he says, (p. 131.) "had been frequently suppressed by such numbers as Ormond now proposed to employ, when the danger was encountered with spirit and alacrity. But the present chief governors were determined against every spirited measure. They pleaded a want of arms to furnish the soldiery—a pretence so false and frivolous, that every military man stood astonished at their supineness.....They who looked more nearly into their characters and principles conceived, and not without reason, that they by no means wished to crush the rebellion in its beginnings, but were secretly desirous that the madness of the Irish might take its free course, so as to gratify their hopes of gain by new and extensive forfeitures."

The fact is, that the lords justices and their puritanic friends—those diabolical angels who people Carlyle's *Pandemonium*—being determined to have a rebellion, a confiscation, and we firmly believe, an *extermination* of the Catholics of Ireland, and finding that the cruelties under which they groaned were insufficient to make the Catholics take up arms, they industriously circulated that the complete extirpation of themselves and of their religion had been determined on. "There goes a wild story," quoth he of the *Cromwelliad*, (vol. i. p. 520.) "due first of all to Clarendon, I think, who is the author of many such, how the parliament at one time had decided to exterminate all the Irish population; and then finding this would not quite answer, had contented itself with packing them all off into the province of Connaught, there to live upon the moorlands; and so had pacified the sister island." The latter part of this "wild story" requires no evidence—it is a fact; and the other is first of all due, *not* to Clarendon, but to the English parliament. On the 8th of December, 1641—when, as we shall prove, no part of Leinster, Connaught, or Munster had rebelled—it was resolved by the lords and commons in the parliament of England, "that they would never give consent to any toleration to

the popish religion in Ireland, or any other of his majesty's dominions. Which vote hath been since adjudged," continues Borlase, (p. 52.) "a main motive [by the insurgents] for making the war a cause of religion."* This was followed by the proposition of the "adventurers," in Feb. 1642, who calculated that, exclusive of bogs and unprofitable lands, ten millions of acres would be confiscated. They begged that two millions and a half of these lands, to be taken equally out of the four provinces, might be given to those who would advance money for the Irish war. Whereupon the English commons resolved: "Whereas divers worthy and well-affected persons, perceiving that many millions of acres of the rebels' lands of that kingdom, which go under the name of profitable lands, will be confiscate and to be disposed of, and that in that case two millions and a half of those acres, to be equally taken out of the four provinces of that kingdom, may be allotted for the satisfaction of such persons as shall disburse any sums of money for reducing of the rebels there, which would effectually accomplish the same, have made these propositions ensuing," &c. The parliament immediately passed an act for carrying this scheme into effect. Now if all their lands were to be taken from the Catholics, and if no toleration was to be granted to their religion, we should like to know what alternative was left but extermination? "Every possibility of retreat," says Leland, (vol. iii. p. 166.) "was rendered desperate by the treatment of those who had already surrendered. [They were made prisoners, put to the rack, and sometimes hanged.] The favourite object, both of the Irish governors and of the English parliament, was the utter extermination of all the Catholic inhabitants of Ireland. Their estates were already marked out, and allotted to their conquerors: so that they and their posterity were consigned to inevitable ruin." It was the threats of extermination which made the Catholics of Ulster take up arms to defend themselves. "The spirits of the malecontents," says the same author, (recounting from Nalson the causes which led to the insurrection,) "even of those not actually engaged in the conspiracy, were still further inflamed by new intelligence received about this time of terrible proclamations issued against the Catholics of England, and the denunciations

* Curry, 227.

of the Scots against all of their communion." And certainly they could expect nothing but extermination from the fanatic fury of the Covenanters and Puritans. In 1639, the solemn league and covenant for the extirpation of popery was adopted in Scotland, transmitted to Ireland, and taken by almost all the Scots. This covenant, which does no discredit to its author the devil, was received, says Nalson, (i. 29.) "by papists with infinite joy, in hopes it might oblige his majesty to detest that religion whose zealots had been authors of such an intolerable covenant.By (foreign) Protestants with most offensive scandal and grief." In the English house of commons, it was ordered on the 10th of October, 1643, "that such members of the house as had not yet taken the solemn league and covenant, do take and subscribe the same on Thursday next, which day is appointed a peremptory day for the taking and subscribing the same by such members..... August 9th, 1644. Ordered that Mr. White do give orders for the public burning of one Williams his books entitled 'Concerning the tolerating of all sects of Christians'... Concerning religion, we have expressed the desires of the kingdom of Scotland, and given a testimony against toleration."* In 1640, in compliance with a petition of parliament, the king had ordered all Catholics to quit his court, to be expelled from the army, and all priests to be banished within thirty days. The queen's confessor, Phillips, was seized and cast into prison. The queen earnestly entreated that, being bailed, he might be allowed to see her. The lords assented, but the commons refused. Six priests being seized and condemned, the king reprieved them; on which the commons (1642) presented an humble petition to his majesty, "that the said reprieve may be taken off, and the priests executed according to the law." Every one knows the famous case of Goodman, who petitioned the king that he might die rather than create dissensions between him and his parliament. There was a conference between the committees of the two houses concerning this case on the 26th of January, 1640, which is reported by Rushworth,† (iv. 158.): "Mr. Glynn gives this account of the free conference about Goodman, 'that their lordships had considered of the motives and desires of the commons, and do agree with them in every particu-

* *Vindiciæ*, p. 23.† See *Vindiciæ*, 31.

lar, both for the execution of this particular priest, and the putting the laws in due execution against all other priests and Jesuits." In 1642 (April) the commons petitioned, "that such popish priests as are already condemned, may be forthwith executed; and such as shall hereafter be condemned, may likewise be executed according to law." These be thy heroes, O Cromwelliad! The parliament not only preached, but practised, extermination in the true spirit of Judge Scroggs, of whom this charge to the jury is recorded:* "Gentlemen," said he, "I must leave it to you whether or not you believe the testimony of this real positive witness, and the circumstantial evidence of the other man; for you see in what danger we are. I leave it to your consciences whether you will let priests escape, who are the very pests and danger of church and state. You had better be rid of one priest than three felons; so, gentlemen, I leave it to you." The priest, of course, was hanged, drawn, and quartered. Granger (*Apud Curry, 152.*) says, if a Turkish dervise had preached Mahomet in England, he would have met much better treatment than a popish priest, "towards the end of Charles's reign, when religious zeal against popery was heightened and inflamed with all the rage of faction." Charles himself said, "it was thought by many wise men that the preposterous rigour and unreasonable severity, which some men carried before them in England, was not the least incentive that kindled and blew into those horrid flames the sparks of discontent, which wanted not predisposed fuel for rebellion in Ireland; where despair being added to their former discontents, and the fears of utter extirpation to their wonted oppressions, it was easy to provoke them to open rebellion."†

The Irish Catholics knew full well that the lords justices would be delighted to execute on them any vengeance to which they might be incited by the bloody, persecuting, and tyrannical parliament with which they were in league. A Protestant clergyman, Warner, (p. 176.) says: "It is evident from their (the lords justices') last letter to the lieutenant, that they hoped for an extirpation, not of the 'mere Irish' only, but of all the old English families that were Roman Catholics." "There is too much reason

* State Trials, 7, 726. *Apud Carey, 301.*

† *Curry, 151.*

to think," says Carte, (i. 263.) "that as the lords justices really wished the rebellion to spread, and more gentlemen of estates to be involved in it, that the forfeitures might be the greater, and a general plantation be carried on by a new set of English Protestants all over the kingdom, to the ruin and expulsion of all the old English and natives that were Roman Catholics; so to promote what they wished they gave out speeches upon occasions insinuating of such a design, and that in a short time there would not be a Catholic left in the kingdom. It is no small confirmation of this notion, that the Earl of Ormonde, in his letters of January 27th and February 25th, 1642, to Sir W. St. Leger, imputes the general revolt of the nation, then far advanced, to the publication of the lords justices' determination of exterminating the Catholics." Carte continues; in the same place, that the case must have been very notorious when Ormonde expresses such an opinion; and he adds that, though he does not know whether copies of these letters have been preserved, yet the original of St. Leger's has, in which he says: "The undue promulgation of that severe determination to extirpate the Irish and papacy out of this kingdom, your lordship rightly apprehends to be too unseasonably published." The same writer, who is certainly no friend of the Catholics, tells us, (vol. i. p. 160.) that "a letter was intercepted coming from Scotland to one Freeman of Antrim, giving an account that a covenanting army was ready to come for Ireland, under the command of general Leslie, to extirpate the Roman Catholics of Ulster, and leave the Scots sole possessors of that province; and that to this end a resolution had been agreed to in their private meetings and councils, to lay heavy fines upon such as would not appear at their kirk for the first or second Sunday; and on failure on the third, to hang without mercy all such as were obstinate at their own doors." There never, perhaps, before was such a universal concurrence of hostile writers in establishing any one fact as this of the intended massacre of the Irish Catholics; and it is to be observed, that not one of them quotes Clarendon, but that they all rely on the resolutions of the parliament, the acts of the lords justices, or original documents. Lord Clarendon, however, does concur with all the others as to this fact. "The parliamentary party," he says, (*Hist. of the Rebellion, &c., in Ireland*, p. 115.) "who had heaped so many reproaches and calumnies upon

the king for his clemency to the Irish, (which, God knows, he did not deserve,) who had grounded their own authority upon such foundations as were inconsistent with any toleration of the Roman Catholic religion, and even with any humanity to the Irish nation, and more especially to those of the old native extraction, the whole race whereof they had upon the matter sworn to extirpate." The Catholics of Ireland, and more especially of the north, feared most justly and truly that an attempt would be made to exterminate them. The evidence we have already adduced proves, that, unless they were such fools as to repose more confidence in the Puritans and Covenanters than the Protestants reposed in them, they must have dreaded extermination. Their words proved the existence of the design—their actions showed that they were determined to put it into execution. We have, moreover, the direct evidence of a multitude of Protestant depositions, taken before Dr. Henry Jones and other commissioners appointed by the lords justices, to prove that the dread of extirpation prevailed universally amongst the Catholics, and that this was the chief cause of their taking up arms. Shortly after the breaking out of the insurrection, Bedel, a Protestant bishop in Ireland, whose life has been written by Bishop Burnet, and whom Borlase calls one of the brightest lights of the Irish Church, drew up the remonstrance of grievances which was presented from Cavan. In this remonstrance he says, speaking for the petitioners: "We find ourselves of late threatened with far greater and more grievous vexations, either with captivity of our consciences, or utter expulsion from our native seats.....of all which we find great cause to fear in the proceedings of our neighbour nations; and do see it already attempted by certain petitioners in this kingdom, so as rumours have caused fears of invasion from other parts, (Scotland,)" &c. This petition of the northern Puritans and Covenanters for the extirpation of their Catholic neighbours, is more distinctly alluded to in the petition of the Ulster nobility and gentry to the king. "There was a petition," they say, "framed by the Puritans of this kingdom of Ireland, subscribed by the hands of many hundreds of them, and preferred to the house of commons of the now parliament of England, for suppressing our religion and us the professors thereof, residing within the kingdom of Ireland; which, as we are credibly informed, was condescended

unto by both houses of parliament there, and undertaken to be accomplished to their full desires, and that without the privity or allowance of your majesty." Dr. Anderson, a Protestant writer, (*Royal Genealogies*, p. 876.) says: "The native Irish being well informed as they thought (in 1641) that they now must either turn Protestants, or depart the kingdom, or be hanged at their own doors, they betook themselves to arms in their own defence, especially in Ulster, where the six counties had been forfeited." We have only room for one more extract: "Some time," says Carte, "before the rebellion broke out, it was confidently reported that Sir John Clotworthy, (the master of O'Connell's, who revealed the plot about the intended Irish massacre,) who well knew the designs of the faction that governed the house of commons in England, declared there in a speech, that the conversion of the papists in Ireland was only to be effected by the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other; and Mr. Pym gave out that they would not leave a priest in Ireland. To the like effect Sir William Parsons, out of a strange weakness or detestable policy, positively asserted, before many witnesses at a public entertainment, that within a twelve-month no Catholic should be seen in Ireland. He had sense enough to know the consequences that would naturally arise from such a declaration: which, however it might contribute to his own selfish views, he would hardly have ventured to make so openly, and without disguise, if it had not been agreeable to the politics and measures of the English faction, whose party he espoused, and whose directions were the general rule of his conduct." (vol. i. p. 285.) The truth is, that the Catholics of Ulster believed that they had no choice between being massacred like wild beasts, and having a chance for their lives and properties by taking up arms. The sole primary object of the insurrection of the 23rd of October, 1641, was to secure the strong places in Ulster, in order that they might, in case of emergency, have a retreat for themselves and their property. Being in arms, it was just, natural, and reasonable that they should insist upon some toleration for their religion, and some security for their lives and property—in a word, for the fulfilment of those graces for which they had paid so much, and of which they had been so basely and cruelly defrauded. The "rising" on the 23rd of October did not in the end

make any substantial difference, for Clarendon, Warner, Carte, Leland—every man who knows anything of the history of the period, acknowledges that Parsons and Borlase were determined on having a rebellion; and if the threats of extermination had not terrified the Ulster chiefs into it, they would by O'Connell's plot, or some other diabolical device, have forced them into arms. This assertion is not proved, for it requires no proof: but it is exemplified and illustrated by the mode in which the other provinces, which had not the courage and patriotism to join the gallant O'Moore, when he roused the men of Ulster to save themselves from massacre, and their religion from extermination, were driven into rebellion.*

Carlyle calls the Irish "men of massacre" and "men of many massacres." If they had entered into a plot for exterminating their invaders about this time, it would not have been very wonderful. We should like to know the difference between a pack of hungry wolves and bloodthirsty tigers, and the puritans and covenanters who deliberately planned and diabolically executed, as far as practicable, the robbery and extermination of the natives of an entire country. Let us, however, examine this old story of "the massacre," which every man less ignorant of Irish history than Carlyle (to be more so is impossible) knows to be one of the most base and groundless assertions in all history. O'Connell's plot, the depositions consisting of thirty-two folio volumes, in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, and Temple's history, constitute the evidence on which all Protestant writers have founded their very affecting tales of the Irish massacres of 1641. To begin with O'Connell.† This O'Connell, though of a "mere Irish" family, was one, says Temple, "that had long lived among the English, and been trained up in the true Protestant religion." He was the servant of Sir John Clotworthy, a "most envenomed enemy" of the Catholics, and of whose "barbarous and inhuman expressions in the English House of Commons against the Catholique religion and the professors thereof," the Catholics complain in the remonstrance to the king drawn up at Trim, 17th March,

* Our evidence concerning the massacre is perfectly conclusive, but if any one wishes to see more on the subject, he can consult *Cambrensis Eversus*, Curry, and the *Vindiciæ Hiberniæ*.

† See *Vindiciæ*, p. 310, and following.

1642. This Clotworthy got for his services, Lord Antrim's estate, containing 107,611 acres. The following is the substance of this plot to massacre all the Protestants in the kingdom, as sworn by O'Connellly and narrated by Temple and Borlase. O'Connellly being duly sworn some time between eleven and twelve at night, on the 22nd October, 1641—that is on the very night on which the universal massacre was to take place—saith, that “being at Moneymore, in the county of Londonderry, on *Tuesday last*, he received a letter from Colonel M'Mahon, desiring him to come to Connaught in the county of Monaghan, and to be with him on Wednesday or Thursday. Whereupon he came to Connaught on Wednesday night last, but finding M'Mahon had come to Dublin, he followed him hither and arrived about six o'clock this evening, Oct. 22, 1641.” He does not tell us how it happened that a Catholic colonel, the grandson of the Earl of Tyrone, a “gentleman” (as Parsons remarks in his letter to the Lord Lieutenant Leicester) “of good fortune,” should write to a servant like Owen O'Connellly in any circumstances. But the thing becomes totally absurd when we recollect that the object Colonel M'Mahon had in view was to disclose to a person who was himself a Protestant and the servant of one of the most violent puritans in the English Commons, “a plot for murdering all the Protestants in the kingdom who would not join the Catholics in the massacre of their Protestant brethren.” O'Connellly swears that he arrived in Dublin about six o'clock on the evening of the 22nd of October, that by some miracle, though an utter stranger and on a dark night, he found out the lodgings of M'Mahon, which were outside the city “in the suburbs.” Altogether this is one of the most extraordinary journeys on record, for at a time when men used to write home to their wives from the different stages of their journey from Londonderry to Dublin, this wonderful man going in directions where there certainly were no coaches, and which he must have walked—first, because it is ridiculous to suppose that a servant had a horse at that time, and secondly, because it must have been a steeple chase “over bank, bush, and scar,” from Moneymore to Connaught—starts on *Tuesday* the 19th, and after travelling one hundred and ten miles, arrives in Dublin on Friday the 22nd at six o'clock in the evening. This is still more prodigious when we reflect that he did not

know what M'Mahon wanted with him, and that he had already broken his promise by leaving home before the time at which he had appointed O'Connell to meet him. Perhaps after these wonders we should not be astonished that though an utter stranger, he found M'Mahon *alone* in his lodgings, which were in the suburbs, within *one half-hour* of his arrival in Dublin. M'Mahon, without putting any questions to O'Connell, took him back into the city to Lord Maguire's lodgings, where they took a cup of beer, but not finding the lord within,* "the said Hugh (M'Mahon) told him that there were and would be great numbers of the noblemen and gentlemen of the Irish Papists in town this night from all parts of the kingdom, who with himself had determined to take the castle of Dublin and all the ammunition there on to-morrow morning; and that they intended first to batter the chimneys of the said town, and if the city would not yield, then to batter down the houses, and so cut off all the Protestants that would not join them. He further saith, that the said Hugh then told him that the Irish had prepared men in all parts of the kingdom, to destroy all the English inhabiting there to-morrow morning by ten of the clock; and that in all the sea-ports and other towns in the kingdom, all the Protestants should be killed this night, and that all the posts that could be could not prevent it. That then this examine feigned some necessity to come into the yard, where M'Mahon's man attended him, but that he leapt over a wall and two pales and so came to the lords justices." Was ever such a story framed since the days of Munchausen? a Catholic Colonel, without any possible motive,

* Borlase gives O'Connell's evidence distinctly, stating that he did not see Lord Maguire, p. 27; whilst Leland, vol. 3. p. 100. relying on Temple says, that M'Mahon introduced O'Connell to Lord Maguire, and that it was in his presence he detailed this plot. Borlase says, p. 26, that Sir Phelim O'Neill's servant and Paul O'Neill an active priest, were brought before the Lords Justices, *but found means to get away*; and p. 137, he tells us that Lord Maguire fled on the detection of the plot, and that he was found in Cook Street, whereas the Lords justices, in their letter to the lord-lieutenant, say that they had a watch on his house during the night, and that they took him, when they gathered from M'Mahon's examination and Cole's letter, that he was to be an actor in taking the castle. It would be endless to point out the contradiction of these authors, but there is an instructive fact recorded by Borlase in this same page. Lord Maguire being put on his trial 10th and 11th of February 1644, in the King's Bench in England, required to be tried by his peers: this was refused on the ground that *an Irish baron was triable by a jury in England*; he then desired respite for the summoning of his witnesses, which, in consideration that his lordship had had long time to expect his trial, and that *no witnesses could say any thing against what the witnesses on the king's side could prove, was denied.*

deliberately informs a bitter Protestant, the servant of a persecuting Roundhead, that on that night all the Protestants in the towns were to be killed, and on to-morrow morning, both in town and country, a second edition of the former killing being gone through to increase the sport. M'Mahon seems to suspect O'Connolly, for he tells him that all the posts in the world could not prevent the massacre, and O'Connolly, though *blind drunk* as we shall see, leaps a wall and two pales and so comes to the lords justices. Though he was so drunk that he was taken up by the watch, and of course could not run very fast, M'Mahon's servant, who was sent to the yard with him to prevent his attempting to run away, does not pursue him, and M'Mahon himself remains in his lodgings from about eight o'clock in the evening, at which time this flight—the O'Connolly hegira—must have occurred, and the object of which was evident, until five o'clock the next morning, the hour at which he was arrested by order of the lords justices. At this hour he was found alone; so here were a set of conspirators who had not the least concert on the very night, or rather on the very morning, on which the rebellion was to break out! M'Mahon did not even take the trouble of telling Maguire about O'Connolly's flight. A private watch was set on Maguire's house, but although involved by O'Connolly with M'Mahon, he was not arrested until after "a conference with M'Mahon and others, and calling to mind a letter received the week before from Sir William Cole, they *gathered*, that he was to be an actor in surprising the castle of Dublin."* It does not appear at what hour Lord Maguire was arrested, but considering that M'Mahon, who lived in the suburbs, was not taken before five, that he had to be brought into the city and examined at length before the lords justices, it could not have been much earlier than eight o'clock. During all this time there was a watch upon Lord Maguire's house, and though he was not arrested until probably within two hours of the time fixed upon for the seizure of Dublin castle, nay, perhaps not until after the appointed hour, which was ten, or as the lords justices wrote to the lord lieutenant, nine o'clock. Yet there does not appear to have been a single soul in the house but Lord Maguire and his servant, nor that a single mes-

* Temple, p. 28.

senger came to or went from the house during the entire night. Besides, though O'Connell gave the names of the chief conspirators who were then in Dublin, no others, besides M'Mahon and Maguire, were attempted to be arrested.

O'Connell, after making his escape from M'Mahon's, came to the lord justice Parsons about 9 o'clock in the evening, and told him of the horrid conspiracy which had been just disclosed to him. Temple tells us, (p. 18.) that "this was the first *certain* knowledge which the lords justices received of the general conspiracy of the Irish, in the very evening before the day appointed for the surprise of the castle and city of Dublin." Yet in page 28 the same author says, that it was not until after they recollected the letter of Sir William Cole received the week before, they gathered that Lord Maguire was to be an actor in surprising the Castle of Dublin. The same writer, p. 20, records the very answer of the lords justices to Cole, "that he must be very vigilant in inquiring into the occasions of those meetings." Both Temple and Borlase state that O'Connell was *drunk* when he gave this certain intelligence to Parsons. The lord justice, who knew from Cole that a plot was hatching, sent back Connolly, after his frightful disclosures of the plot and the conspirators, to one of these, M'Mahon, from whom he had just fled. O'Connell was too far gone to get back; he was a case, and was taken up by the watch, but rescued by Parsons's servants. Parsons did not send for the lord justice Borlase, but went out of town to him, where "having sent for Sir Thomas Rotheram and Sir Robert Meredith, they remained the whole night in consultation." O'Connell was brought back to them about 10 o'clock, "but," (says Dr. Borlase)* "the effects of drink being still upon him, he had the conveniency of a bed." "In the interim the lords justices secured the gates of the city, (the rebels being within and the lords justices without,) and strengthened the warders of the castle, which were a few inconsiderable men, with the foot-guard usually attending their persons." This force is thus described by Leland, v. iii. p. 111: "They" (Parsons and Borlase) "had quartered no soldiers in Dublin. The castle, in which was deposited fifteen hundred

* Borlase the historian, is not the same, but a relation of the lord justice of the same name.

barrels of powder, with proportional quantity of match and bullet, arms for ten thousand men, thirty-five pieces of artillery, with all their equipage, was defended by eight infirm warders and forty halbediers, the usual guard of the chief governors on all occasions of parade." To crown this story, of which it has been truly said that it would do honour to Baron Munchausen, M'Mahon is made to confess to the lords justices that the force which was to take the castle was to consist of twenty men from each of the thirty-two counties of Ireland, "some of whom would have to march more than one hundred and fifty miles, to execute a plot, the success of which depended on its secrecy."* O'Connell's depositions were signed by Parsons, Rothe-ram, Meredith, and Owen O'Connell, but the other lord justice, Borlase, at whose house and in whose presence they were taken, had so much shame left as prevented him from signing them. "How it came to pass," says Borlase, (p. 21) "that the other lord justice attested not the examination, (it being took in his house, he present,) hath begot some doubts, evidencing how counsels swerved into cabals." The account of this conspiracy was not sent to the lord-lieutenant until the 25th of October, just two days after all the Protestants in the kingdom should have been murdered! On that day the lords justices despatched O'Connell himself to the Earl of Leicester, the lord-lieutenant, who was in London, with a letter detailing his plot for murdering all the Protestants, which they say was to have exploded on the 23d at nine o'clock in the morning, but which had not exploded; for in this letter, written two days afterwards, though they minutely detail the proceedings of the insurgents, they do not mention one solitary murder. "Owen O'Connell," says Leland, (v. iii. p. 132,) "had delivered his despatches to the Earl of Leicester on the last day of October: they were communicated (Nov. 1) with great solemnity to the Commons; and received with an affectation of terror and astonishment." Now it is of this O'Connell and his plot that Carlyle says, vol. i. p. 160—"Nov. 1st.—News came to London to the re-assembled parliament, that an Irish Rebellion, already grown to be an *Irish massacre*, had broken out." "The lord-lieutenant communicated the letters and papers," says Warner, "sent by the lords justices, and told the Com-

* *Vindiciae*, 315.

mons that he had information (not contained in the papers or letters) of shedding much blood of the Protestants in Ireland, and that some of the rebels confessed that all the Protestants were to be cut off; that the time for putting the bloody design in execution was Saturday the 23d of October, a day dedicated to St. Ignatius, the founder of the Jesuits, and, in short, that their design was to kill the lords justices and all the king's privy council." Straws show how the wind blows, and so does this statement about the Jesuits indicate clearly enough what we are to think of the puritan lords justices, and English parliaments and earls at that time. It would have been only necessary to look into any Catholic calendar, missal, breviary, or prayer-book, which frequently even then contained a list of saints' days, to discover the gross falsehood of this statement about St. Ignatius's day, which was written to the lord-lieutenant by the lords justices, and communicated by him to the house. St. Ignatius's day does not occur at this season of the year at all, but on the 31st of July; but the lords justices and the lord-lieutenant knew that they need not be at the trouble of avoiding the most palpable falsehoods. Leicester told the House of Commons that he had information of the shedding of much Protestant blood. This must have been either a pure invention of his own, or another of O'Connolly's plots, for we have the lords justices' letters to him before us, in which they expressly state that no murder was as yet committed. We shall allow a Protestant historian to demonstrate this fact. "Both the lord-keeper" (says Warner apud Curry 156) "in the House of Lords, and the lord-lieutenant in the House of Commons, did exceed the informations that had been given either in the letters or in the examinations transmitted over.....The lord keeper hath said that the rebels had committed divers murders; and the lord-lieutenant, besides affirming that he had information of shedding much blood of the Protestants there, added moreover that the design of the rebels was to kill the lords justices and all the king's privy council; whereas neither in the letters nor the examinations is there a single word of any murder being committed; nor was there the least thought among the conspirators, from anything that appears, of killing, particularly the lords justices and the king's privy council. And the council in their letters, after having given an ac-

count of several robberies, burning of houses and villages, and seizing some forts and castles, expressly say that this, though too much, is all that we yet hear is done by them." The same author, *Hist. Irish Rebellion*, p. 47, says, "whatever cruelties may be charged on the Irish in the prosecution of this war, their first intention went no farther than to strip the English and the Protestants of their power and possessions, and unless forced to it by opposition, not to shed any blood." This is a clear enough refutation of the O'Connollys' and Carlyles', but it is not a fair representation of the intentions of the insurgents, which were constantly stated by the Catholics to be nothing more than to obtain protection for their lives and properties, and toleration for their religion. This is also expressed by the Protestant bishop Bedel, in the Cavan remonstrance of grievances, wherein the causes of their taking up arms are enumerated. "For preventing, therefore, of such evils (their extermination) growing upon us in this kingdom, we have, for the preservation of his majesty's honour and our own liberties, thought fit to take into our hands for his highness's use and service, such forts and other places of strength as coming into the possession of others might prove disadvantageous, and tend to the utter undoing of the kingdom; and we do hereby declare that herein we harbour not the least thought of disloyalty towards his majesty, or purpose any hurt to his highness's subjects in their possessions, goods, or liberty.....As for the mischiefs and inconveniences that have already happened through the disorder of the common sort of people against the English inhabitants or any others, we with the nobility and gentlemen and such others of the several counties of this kingdom, are most willing and ready to use our and their best endeavours in causing restitution and satisfaction to be made, as in part we have already done." Here is the testimony of a Protestant bishop, that the object of the insurgents was merely to seize on the strong places as a refuge against the threats of the puritans, and that after those had been actually seized, the only mischief done was the taking of some plunder by the common sort, which had been already partly restored by the leaders, who also express their determination of doing all in their power to cause the remainder to be given up. Leland (v. iii. p. 103.) says, "it was determined (by the Irish) that the enterprise should be conducted in every quarter with as little blood-

shed as possible." After stating (p. 117, 118,) that "within the space of eight days the rebels were absolute masters of the entire counties of Tyrone, Monaghan, Longford, Leitrim, Fermanagh, Cavan, Donegal, and Derry, (except of the places already mentioned and some inferior castles,) together with some parts of the counties of Armagh and Down;" he adds, "that so far was the original scheme of the conspiracy at first pursued, that few fell by the sword except in open war and assault; no indiscriminate massacre was as yet committed." Temple also confesses, (p. 34,) that before the end of October, 1641, the rebels had got possession of *all* the towns, forts, castles, and gentlemen's houses within the counties of Tyrone, Donegal, Fermanagh, Armagh, Cavan, Londonderry, Monaghan, and half the county of Down, except the cities of Londonderry and Coleraine, the town and Castle of Enniskillen, and some other places and castles. And that, besides the above-mentioned, these rebels had taken a multitude of other castles, houses of strength, towns, and villages, all abundantly peopled with British inhabitants. Surely here was a good opportunity for massacre, yet the same Temple says, mentioning what mischiefs were done in the beginning of the insurrection, "Certainly that which these rebels mainly intended at first, and most busily employed themselves about, was the driving away the Englishmen's cattle and possessing themselves of their goods." In a manuscript journal of an officer in the king's service, quoted by Carte, (vol. i.) in which there is a minute account of every thing that happened in the North of Ireland during the first weeks of this insurrection, there is not even an insinuation of any cruelties committed by the insurgents on the English Protestants, although he says, "that the Protestants had killed near a thousand of the rebels during the first week or two of the rebellion."* The various proclamations of the lords justices prove that no massacre took place in the beginning of the insurrection. We have seen that on the 25th of October, in their letters to the lord-lieutenant, they do not mention a single murder; on the 29th they issued a proclamation to "all his majesty's good subjects," in which there is no accusation of murder against the insurgents. The first mention made of

* Curry, 166.

slaying, not of murder or massacre, occurs in their proclamation of the 30th of October, 1641, in which they say, that "those wicked malefactors have surprised some of his majesty's forts and garrisons in the North of Ireland: slain divers of his majesty's good subjects, imprisoned some, robbed and spoiled very many others, and continue yet in those rebellious courses." When we consider that the framers of this proclamation are those who created and wished to spread and continue the insurrection; that they are the abettors, if not the concoctors of O'Connell's plot, and that it states that very many were robbed, and that only divers were slain, we cannot doubt that but few, if any, Protestants had as yet fallen, and those in open war. Had there been either massacre or murder, they would not have been slow to call it by its true name. This fully justifies what Temple himself admits, (p. 65,) "that it was resolved not to kill any but where of necessity they should be forced thereunto by opposition." There is not, we confidently assert, to be found in any history or document of this period, a single instance of killing, except in open war, on the *part of the insurgents*, previous to the 15th of November, 1641. Carte is of this opinion, in an extract which shall be quoted hereafter. It is therefore absolutely disgraceful for ignorant persons, like Carlyle, to utter such gross calumnies as, that "the Irish rebellion had already grown to be an Irish massacre on the 1st of November, 1641."

Massacres however there were in abundance, and it therefore becomes our duty to ascertain who commenced and continued them. To pass over then at once all the lying declamation about Irish massacres *in general*, which had "no local habitation," and which could not have existed, we submit the following narrative from Carte. "On the 15th of November, the rebels, after a fortnight's siege, reduced the castle of Lurgan; Sir William Brownlow, after a stout defence, surrendering it on the terms of marching out with his family and goods. But such was the unworthy disposition of the rebels, that they kept him his lady and children prisoners, rifled his house, plundered, stripped, and killed most of his servants, and treated all the townsmen in the same manner. This was the first breach of faith which the rebels were guilty of in these parts, (we shall show soon that no other parts had yet gained the insurrection,) in regard of articles of capitula-

tion; for when Mr. Conway on Nov. 5th, surrendered his castle of Ballyaghie in the county of Derry to them, they kept the terms for which he stipulated, and allowed him to march out with his men, and to carry away trunks with plate and money in them. Whether the slaughter made by a party from Carrickfergus in the territory of Magee, a long narrow island, in which it is affirmed that nearly three thousand *harmless* Irish men, women, and children were cruelly massacred, happened before the surrender of Lurgan, is hard to be determined; the relations published of facts in those times being very indistinct and uncertain with regard to the time they were committed, though it is confidently asserted that this massacre happened in this month of November." There is certainly no comparison between the atrocity of the two acts, for the Irish are not accused of killing all, much less of massacring the women and children. It is objected to the truth of the numbers, (for the fact of the massacre itself has never been questioned,) said to have been murdered on Island Magee, that it could not contain them. This island contains 7036½ statute acres, and 2610 inhabitants at present. It is not pretended that there were 3000 regular inhabitants on the island in 1641, but that they took refuge there as in a place of safety. Carrickfergus, which is within a few miles of Island Magee, was then, as Carte tells us, the place of the greatest strength in the North. It was in the hands of Sir Arthur Tyringham and Colonel Chichester, "who," says the same author, "invited several of the most eminent of the Irish thereabouts who remained quiet in their houses, to come to Carrickfergus *for security*, but were *made prisoners on their arrival*." Besides, it appears from the postscript of a letter from the lords justices to the Earl of Clanrickarde, dated 5th November, that "they have had intelligence of 5000 Scots having risen in arms against the rebels, who now lie near Newry, where they have slain many of the rebels. Under these circumstances it was quite natural for the Irish Catholics who lived near this fortress of Carrickfergus, to take refuge in Island Magee. That they were slaughtered man, woman, and child, has never been denied. "In one fatal night," says Leland, "they (the Scottish soldiers) issued from Carrickfergus into an adjacent district called Island Magee, where a number of the poorer Irish resided, unoffending and untainted with the rebellion. If we may believe one of the leaders of this

party, thirty families were assailed by them in their beds, and massacred with calm and deliberate cruelty." The terrified wretches who were awakened fled naked before their murderers, and such as escaped the sword, were precipitated into the sea over the fearful rocks called the gobbins. Another question regards the time when this horrid massacre was perpetrated. Leland admits that Carte inclines to the opinion that it was before the 15th of November; that it was, therefore, the cause of whatever want of faith or cruelty was exhibited by Sir Phelim O'Neill at Lurgan. This is rendered certain by various circumstances, for first, on the 13th November, Parsons writes to the Earl of Clanrickarde, "that the Scots did hold the Northern Irish hard to it, having killed some of them." And Sir William St. Leger, grudging the Scots the honour of that action, told the Earl of Ormonde on the 14th, "that had it pleased God that his Lordship had been there with his hundred horse and himself to wait upon him, the Scots should never have had the honour to put such an obligation on Ireland." We know of no other exploit of the Scots up to this time, which could have excited the envy of St. Leger, except the Island Magee massacre; for Lord Ossory writes to the Earl of Ormonde about this time, "that he (St. Leger) was so cruel and merciless, that he caused men and women to be most execrably executed; and that he ordered among others a woman great with child to be ript up, from whose womb three babes were taken out, through every of whose bodies his soldiers thrust their weapons, which puts many into a sort of desperation." The garrison and inhabitants of Lurgan were almost all Scots, and it is certain that policy alone would have protected them, unless some dreadful provocation had been given. Again, we cannot otherwise account for the conduct of O'Neill, who, as Carte observes, was so honourable and humane on the 5th, and so savage and cruel on the 15th of November. O'Neill's conduct at Lurgan was a solitary act of retaliation, and it is expressly admitted that he did not commit any other until after his flight, which did not occur until the end of March, 1642. Indeed, this Lurgan massacre must have been very inconsiderable, for Captain Perkins deposed, "that Sir Phelim began his massacres after his flight from Dundalk; and Tichbourne, Carte and most other adverse writers agree, that it was Sir Phelim commenced these

imputed massacres.* Besides, the lords justices Parsons and Borlase issued a commission, dated December 23rd, 1641, to several gentlemen in Ulster, to call upon all those that had suffered in the rebellion, and all the witnesses of these sufferings, to give in examinations of the nature of them, and of every minute circumstance concerning them, expressly and particularly specifying plunder, robbery, and even traitorous words and speeches, yet there is not one word said about murder. In February 1642, a proclamation of pardon was published by the lords justices, in which they promise mercy to all insurgents not freeholders, who will come in, submit and make restitution of the goods taken by them. Murderers would have undoubtedly been excepted if there had been many such, and we must therefore conclude that whatever took place at Lurgan, was a solitary act, either of Sir Phelim O'Neill's, or more probably of his soldiers, that very few were slain, and that it was provoked by such wickedness that the lords justices were ashamed to mention it. Jones, Bishop of Meath, in a letter to Dr. Borlase in 1679, says, "the report that his majesty's Protestant subjects first fell upon and murdered the Roman Catholics, got credit and reputation, and was openly and frequently asserted;" and Sir A. Mervin, the Speaker of the "no popery" House of Commons of 1662, confesses that "several pamphlets then swarmed to fasten the rise of this rebellion on the Protestants, and that they drew the first blood."†

Sir Phelim O'Neill, according even to the Puritans, did not commence his imputed massacres until after his flight from Dundalk, about the end of March, 1642. Now after some research, we have not been able to discover the dates of these massacres and the places where they occurred, and we shall prove that the general testimony about massacres is utterly worthless. But if he did commit massacres, he had received ample provocation. Tichbourne, who had the chief command in driving O'Neill from Dundalk, boasts that in consequence of his own ravages, "there was neither man nor beast to be found in sixteen miles between

* See Curry, 169.

† Borlase, in his address to the reader, assigns as his reason for writing his history, that the pamphlets which the Roman Catholics had dispersed through Europe, that his majesty's Protestant subjects first fell upon and murdered the Catholics, get credit and reputation; and that this was openly and frequently asserted *even on the very place* where those dire tragedies were acted.

the two towns of Drogheda and Dundalk; nor on the other side of Dundalk in the county of Monaghan, nearer than Carrickmacross.”* “By the death of so many men about us,” says Bernard, (p. 109,) “having their houses and all their provisions either burnt or drawn hither, the dogs only surviving, are found very usually (like that judgment of Jezebel for the murder of Naboth) feeding upon their masters; which taste of man’s flesh made it very dangerous for the passengers in the roads, who have been often set upon by those mastives till we were careful to kill them also.” This is the language of a Protestant Dean, and if in consequence of the conduct of these monsters O’Neill did retaliate after this period, who can deny the justice or even the necessity of such retaliation to put an end to massacres of which, even cannibals would be ashamed.

Oh! but we have the testimony of history, and the sworn evidence of Protestants, real puritanical and covenanting heroes, establishing the frightful massacres committed by the Catholics. Well, first as to the historians; and on this point we shall be very concise.† After the plain and indisputable statement of facts which we have just made, it will a little astonish the reader to hear Lord Clarendon say, “that the insurrection spread itself so rapidly over the whole country and in such an inhuman and barbarous manner, that there were forty or fifty thousand of the English Protestants murdered before they suspected themselves to be in any danger.” Temple (p. 6,) says, that besides “those few which fell in the heat of fight during the war, there were in less than two years from the breaking out of the rebellion, three hundred thousand British and Protestants cruelly murdered in cold blood, according to the most moderate computation.” Rapin (*History of England*, vol. ix. p. 343,) declares that “from the 23rd of October to the 1st of March following, above one hundred and fifty-four thousand Protestants were massacred.” Hume reduces the entire number to forty thousand, and even this he suspects of being somewhat exaggerated. Rapin’s 154,000 massacres, being confined to that period during which we have proved by the indisputable evidence of Pro-

* Curry 169. *Vindiciæ* 417.

† See the *Vindiciæ*, p. 375, and following. We have freely used the materials collected by the author of this book, in which unfortunately he has observed no order and given few dates. He is, however, “a useful scavenger.”

testants, that no massacres except the affair at Lurgan, if that must be so called, took place, may at once be set down as the creation of his own fertile brain. There are not yet 3,000 inhabitants in Lurgan, and according to Lewis' Topographical Dictionary, it contained just forty-two houses in 1619. Temple, who is the only original historian of these massacres, says, that in less than two years they exceeded 300,000. Borlase asserts (p. 26.) about another matter in which by the way Temple contradicts himself, that "his (Sir John Temple's) integrity overweighs all assertions to the contrary." Hence this bastard offspring of his, called "Irish massacres," has been adopted by all the ignorant and bigoted writers on Ireland, from Borlase to Carlyle, with whatever modifications their own fancy suggests. Sir William Petty, a contemporary witness, who profited largely by the Irish rebellion, states in his Political Anatomy of Ireland, (p. 18,) that the whole number of Protestants who perished during the *eleven* years of the war, amounted to 112,000, of whom two-thirds were cut off by *war, plague, and famine*; so that by an eye-witness, who certainly had no partiality to the Irish, we have the 300,000 who were massacred *in two years* reduced to 37,000, that is less than one-eighth, *in eleven years*. However, even this estimate is ridiculously exaggerated, for Petty himself says, that the population of Ireland amounted in 1641 to one million four hundred and sixty-six thousand, and that the Catholics were to the Protestants as eleven to two, whence it follows, even on this statement, which is by no means correct, for they were at least as seven to one, that the whole number of Protestants did not exceed 265,000. To believe Temple's account to be true, we must admit that in less than two years there were 35,000 more Protestants murdered than there were men, women, and children of that profession in the kingdom; and that there were still as many of them left able to bear arms, as enabled them vigorously to prosecute the war. The same reflections prove the absurdity of Petty's own estimate, that 112,000 were destroyed out of 265,000. But see how this massacre grows "small by degrees and beautifully less." Carte says, (vol. i. p. 177-8,) "It is certain that the great body of the English were settled in Munster and Leinster, where very few murders were committed.....It cannot, therefore, reasonably be presumed that there were at most above twenty thousand English

souls of all ages and sexes in Ulster at that time ; and of these it appears by the lords justices' letter, there were several thousands got safe to Dublin, and were subsisted there for many months afterwards ; besides six thousand women and children which Captain Mervyn saved in Fermanagh, and others that got safe to Derry, Coleraine, and Carrickfergus. If six thousand, and several thousand, and the garrisons of the forts, and all those who took refuge and were saved in them, were subtracted from twenty thousand, how many would remain ? "It is easy enough," says Warner, (p. 296,) "to demonstrate the falsehood of every Protestant historian of this rebellion." And p. 771, "to any one who considers how thinly Ireland was at that time peopled by Protestants, and the province of Ulster particularly, where was the chief scene of the massacre, those relations upon the face of them appear incredible. "The number of people," says this Protestant minister, "killed upon *positive evidence* (about which we shall say a word presently) collected in two years after the insurrection broke out, adding them all together, amounts to only two thousand one hundred and nine ; on the *reports of other Protestants* one thousand six hundred and nineteen more ; and on the *reports* of some of the rebels themselves, a further number of three hundred, the whole making four thousand and twenty-eight. Besides these murders, there is evidence on the *report of others* of eight thousand killed by ill-usage : and if we should allow that the cruelties of the Irish out of war extended to these numbers, which, considering the nature of several of the depositions, *I think in my conscience cannot*, yet to be impartial we must allow that there is no pretence for laying a greater number to their charge. This account is also corroborated by a letter which I copied out of the council books at Dublin, written on the 5th of May, sixteen hundred and fifty-two, ten years after the beginning of the rebellion, from the parliament commissioners in Ireland to the English parliament. After exciting them to further severity against the Irish, as being afraid 'their behaviour towards this people may never sufficiently avenge their murders and massacres, and lest the parliament might shortly be in pursuance of a speedy settlement, and thereby some tender consciences might be concluded,' the commissioners tell them that it appears, besides eight hundred and forty-eight families, there were killed, hanged, burned, and drowned, six thousand and

sixty-two.” The parliamentary commissioners regarding the Irish rebellion as totally unjustifiable, considered most certainly every Protestant who fell in it, even in open war, as a murdered man. Allowing five to each family, according to themselves, the whole number of Protestants killed during the eleven years of war, amounted to only 10,302. There is not the least doubt but that the commissioners exaggerated, and considering that 2000 of Cromwell’s troops were killed during one assault upon Clonmel, we have no hesitation in asserting, that with the exception of very few, perhaps not a hundred in all, who, as occurred at Lurgan, may have been put to the sword by way of retaliation from some dreadful massacre, all who perished died in open war. Indeed, setting aside the hearsay evidence which was sworn on the report of others, the whole number of killed, upon positive evidence, during the two first years of the rebellion amounted, according to the unexceptionable testimony of Warner, not to 300,000, but to 2,109, which is not the one hundred and fortieth part of those said by Temple to be murdered during the same period, without at all deducting those (say the 2000) who must have fallen in open war, which will leave just 109 to be partitioned amongst all the massacres. In fact, Temple himself proves that the Irish massacre is a pure fiction, for he says, (p. 103.) that “the depopulations in this province of Munster do well near equal those of the whole kingdom.” We have already adduced the concurrent testimony of Protestant writers, that there was scarcely any massacre in Munster. Leland (vol. iii. p. 393, 394.) thus gives reluctant evidence in favour of both these assertions: “They (the Irish) were to abide a trial if accused of any murders committed in the beginning of the war; if convicted, they were to be incapable of pardon, and their estates entirely confiscated; those who had only assisted in the war were to forfeit two-thirds of their estates, and to be banished from Ireland.....In the northern provinces, which had been the great scene of barbarity, not one was brought to justice but Sir Phelim O’Neill.” The Catholic nobility and gentry of Ireland, indeed, were so conscious that no general massacre had been committed by their body, that they presented a petition by their agents to his majesty at Oxford, in 1643—a period posterior to that in which the massacres are said to have taken place—the prayer of which was, “that all the murders com-

mitted on both sides during this war might be examined into by a future parliament, and the actors of them exempted out of all acts of oblivion and indemnity." But the Protestant agents who were present, also attending the king, prudently declined this proposal. The inference—which we shall hereafter further develope—is evident, that the Protestants were accusing the Catholics of crimes of which they were themselves alone guilty.

But what can we say to the real Protestant oaths of the heroes of puritanism and the covenant? who, as Temple (55) and May (86) bear witness, fled from their enemies—not on their feet, but on their knees; some of them, according to the former (88) having their guts about their heels; whilst, according to the latter, who would not allow himself to be eclipsed, they died in so great numbers that all the churchyards of Dublin could not contain them. One can scarcely quarrel with lying of this sort, it is so very straightforward. You might as well lecture the American who said he had to use a step-ladder to get up to shave himself. But about the Protestant swearing. "The bulk of this immense collection," says Warner, "is parole evidence, and upon report of common fame; and what sort of evidence that is may easily be learnt by those who are conversant with the common people of any country." "There is no credit," says the same author (146) to be given to anything that was said by those people, which had not other evidence to confirm it; and the reason why so many idle silly tales were registered of what this body heard another body say, to swell the collection to two-and-thirty thick volumes in folio (of depositions), it is easier to conjecture than it is to commend. . . . So many of their sayings, which are recorded in the manuscript collection of depositions in my custody, are so ridiculous, or incredible, or contradictory to one another, as show plainly that they spoke what their own or the different passions and sentiments of their leaders prompted; sometimes what came uppermost, or they thought would best serve or vindicate their cause." Be it remembered, that Warner's copy consisted of choice selections from the whole; and if these were so absurd, what are we to think of the cart-load of oaths contained in the thirty-two folio volumes? It must have been these fellows that Sir William Petty had in his eye when he boasted that "he had witnesses who would swear through a three-inch board." Take the following

specimens, which have been collected by the author of the "Vindiciæ." "George Creighton, minister of Virginia in the county of Cavan, deposeth, among other particulars in his examination, that divers women brought into his house a young woman almost naked, to whom a rogue came up on the way, these women being present, and required her to give him her money or else he would kill her, and so drew his sword; her answer was, "You cannot kill me unless God give you leave, and His will be done;" whereupon the rogue thrust three times at her naked body with his drawn sword, and yet never pierced her skin, whereat he, being as it seems much confounded, went away and left her; and that he saw this woman, and heard this particular related by divers women who were by, and saw what they reported." James Geare (Temple, 88.) "deposeth that the rebels at Clownes (Clones) diversely wounded James Netterville, proctor to the minister, ripped up his belly, took out his entrails, and laid them a yard from him, and yet he bled not at all; of which this deponent was an eye-witness." Elizabeth, wife of Captain Wm. Price, of Armagh, "deposeth* that she and other women, whose husbands were murdered, hearing of divers apparitions and visions which were seen near Portnedown (Portadown) bridge, since the drowning of her children and the rest of the Protestants there, went unto the bridge aforesaid about twilight in the evening; then and there appeared to them a vision or spirit assuming the shape of a woman, waist high upright in the water, naked, with elevated and closed hands, her hair hanging down, very white, her eyes seemed to twinkle, and her skin as white as snow: which spirit seemed straight up in the water, often repeating the words, 'Revenge! revenge! revenge!'" Catharine Cooke deposeth† (Feb. 24th, 1643.) "that about the 20th of December, 1641, a great number of rebels in that county did most barbarously drown at that time one hundred and eighty Protestants; and that about nine days afterwards she saw a vision or spirit in the shape of a man, as she apprehended, that appeared in that river in the place of the drowning, bolt upright, breast high, with hands lifted up, and stood in that posture there until the latter end of lent next following." These persons did not *see* the murder of the living Protestants; this last lady witness did

* Temple, 122.

† Idem. 121.

not go to Portadown until nine days after it occurred—in her own invention, for if she had thought that it had any real existence, she would not have dared to go there at all. They only heard *that*—but what they really swear to having seen are the ghosts of the dead; and here we are called upon to believe all they swear on hearsay, and to disbelieve all they swear to having beheld with their own eyes. If Catholics had given such evidence, what a cry of superstition and perjury would be raised! It served its object, however, of getting the Catholics robbed and murdered; for it would be a crying sin to show any mercy to those on whom the very ghosts of the Protestants, still true Puritans, called out for revenge. The language of those spirits, as well as their predilection for standing in cold water during the winter, would indicate that they had got a hot berth in the other world. We cannot doubt that they departed according to the approved form of leave-taking, which Sir Walter says has been observed by all ghosts from time immemorial—“with a sulphureous odour and a melodious twang!”

But the things which are sworn to have occurred in this sublunary world are scarcely less wonderful than those which are reported from the world of spirits. Captain Anthony Stratford* “deposeth, that he was credibly informed by his own servants, who were among the rebels, and that he verily believeth them, (and, of course, as he did not see what he swears, following the rule laid down above, we are bound to believe him,) that Patrick Maccrew of Dungannon murdered thirty-one Protestants in one morning; that two young rebels murdered in the county Tyrone one hundred and forty poor women and children that could make no resistance; that the wife of Ryan Kelly did, with her own hands, murder forty-five; that the rebels murdered a young fat Scottish man, and made candles of his grease; and that they took another Scottish man, and ripped up his belly that they might come at his small guts, the one end whereof they tied to a tree, and made him go round until he had drawn them out of his body.” It would appear that the Protestants were generally converted to the purposes of chandlery; for Elizabeth Baskerville deposeth† that she heard the wife of Florence Fitzpatrick find fault with her husband’s soldiers

* Temple, 110.

† Idem. 92.

because they did not bring along with them the grease of Mrs. Nicholson, whom they had slain, for her to make candles withal." What a mercy she did not think of Miss Baskerville, whose fat would have served as well as Mrs. Nicholson's! Elizabeth Champion saith,* "that she heard the rebels say that they had killed so many Englishmen that the grease or fat which remained on their swords and skins might well serve to make an Irish candle." Magdalen Redman deposes,† "that she, with twenty-two other Protestant widows, were stripped stark naked and driven into the wild woods, from Tuesday until Saturday, in frost and snow, so as the snow unmelted lay long upon some of their skins." Margaret Fermey deposes,‡ "that being seventy-five years old, she was stripped seven times in one day on her road to Dublin." It must have been the Protestant ghosts who supplied her with clothes each time after she was stripped and robbed. Mary Barlow deposes§ "that she and six children were stripped stark naked, and turned out begging in frost and snow, by means whereof they were almost starved, having nothing to eat in three weeks but two old calf-skins, which they beat with stones, and so eat them hair and all." Arthur Culm, Esquire, (Temple, 122.) deposes "that he was credibly informed by those that were present, that there were thirty women and young children and seven men flung into the river of Belturbet (the Erne); and those who were present also affirmed that the bodies of those thirty persons drowned did not appear upon the water till about six weeks after past, as Brien O'Rely came to the town, all the bodies came floating up to the very bridge." Thus it appears that whilst the souls of the deceased Protestants appeared on the Ban, their bodies appeared on the Erne; but the souls and the bodies were equally desirous of revenge, and equally fond of cold water. Whatever may have been their habits during life, it is clear that they were all *post mortem* teetotallers.

But the chief witness is Dr. Robert Maxwell, dean and afterwards bishop of Kilmore. The "divines of the English assembly" presented a petition to the English house of commons, July 19th, 1663, which contains the following passage: "In this (Irish) rebellion, so barbarous and

* Temple, 97.

† Idem. 81.

‡ Idem. 88.

§ Idem. 90.

bloody, 154,000 Protestants—men, women, and children, Scotch and English—were massacred in that kingdom between October 23rd, when the rebellion broke forth, and the 1st of March following, by the computation of the priests themselves, who were present and principal actors in all these tragedies, and were directed by some chief rebels of Ireland to take this computation, lest they should be reported to be more bloody than in truth there was cause. All which appears by the examination of Archdeacon Maxwell, who lived a long time a prisoner with Sir Phelim O'Neill's mother, and was there when this computation was brought in." On the 25th of the same month, the following order was made by the English house of commons: "It is this day ordered by the house of commons, that the ministers of every parish within this kingdom shall read this declaration in their several churches and chapels, on the next fast day after the same shall come to their hands, after the end of the first sermon and before the beginning of the next."* Maxwell himself swears† that "the rebels, lest they should hereafter be charged with more murders than they had committed, commanded their priests to bring in a true account of them; and that the persons so slaughtered, whether in Ulster or the whole kingdom the deponent durst not enquire, in March last, four months from the breaking out of the insurrection, amounted to one hundred and fifty-four thousand. He might add to these many thousands more; but the list which deponent wrote among the rebels being burned with his house, books, and all his papers, he referreth himself to the numbers in gross which the rebels themselves have upon enquiry found out and acknowledged; which, notwithstanding, will come short of all that have been murdered in Ireland, there being above one hundred fifty and four thousand now wanting of the British within the very precinct of Ulster." The priests are represented (Temple, 79.) as having preached that this work would be most acceptable to God, and then as having taken an account of the massacres, lest they should be charged with more than they really committed. Such absurdity! And Dean Maxwell's evidence of the numbers murdered is merely hearsay evidence—"what he was credibly informed

* See this whole matter, Rushworth, v. p. 355—6.

† See the appendix to Borlase.

of by the rebels themselves." This is a most convenient kind of thing, as no such testimony of the rebels themselves ever existed. Let us examine what kind of ocular and hearsay evidence this Dean Maxwell gave; for by this means we shall be able to decide to what amount of credibility he is entitled. "The deponent (Maxwell) further saith, that the three first days and nights of the present rebellion it was generally observed that no cock crew, nor any dog was heard to bark—no, not when the rebels came in great multitudes unto the Protestants' houses by night, to rob and murder them; and about three or four nights before the six-and-fifty persons were taken out of the deponent's house and drowned, and amongst them the deponent's brother, lieutenant Maxwell, in the dark of the moon, about one of the clock at night, a light was observed in manner of a long pillar to shine for a long way through the air, and refracted upon the north gable of the house. It gave so great a light about an hour together, that divers of the watch read both letters and books of a very small character thereby. The former (about the cocks and dogs) the deponent knoweth to be most true by *his* own experience; the latter was seen by all those of the deponent's family, and by all those of the Irish guard." So much for what Dean Maxwell saw with his own eyes, and with those of his family. As to his hearsay evidence, here is a specimen: "The deponent further saith, that it was common table-talk among the rebels, that the ghosts of Wm. Fullarton, Tim. Jeffrey, and most of those [according to him about 180] who were thrown over Portadown bridge, were daily and nightly seen to walk upon the river, sometimes singing of psalms, sometimes brandishing of naked swords, and sometimes screeching in the most hideous and fearful manner.....Their own priests and friars could not deny the truth thereof; but as oft as it was by deponent objected unto them, they said it was but a cunning sleight of the devil to hinder this great work of propagating the Catholic religion, and of killing of heretics, or that it was wrought by witchcraft. The deponent lived within thirteen miles of the bridge, and never heard any man so much as doubt thereof; however, the deponent obligeth no man's faith, in regard he saw it not with his own eyes, otherwise he had as much certainty as could morally be required of such a matter." Now, as the dean did not *see* the massacres any more than the ghosts, and

as he had for the latter as much evidence as could morally be required, whilst for the former he only alleges some intuitively absurd calculations, said to be made by the priests in general, it is quite clear that we cannot believe his testimony about the massacres without also believing in the ghosts, the preponderating evidence being decidedly in favour of the latter. Besides, we must not doubt his own direct testimony, that before the insurrection puritan cocks would not crow, and covenanting dogs ceased to bark; and certainly we have no such hearsay evidence for any other fact as for the pillar of light, which was seen by fifty-six persons, who then constituted his family, and by divers of the watch, who read by it both letters and books of a very small character during the dark of the moon at one o'clock at night, on the 19th or 20th of October. It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader of Warner's declaration, who was a Protestant minister, and seems to have carefully perused all the depositions, that "the whole number of persons killed in two years after the insurrection broke out, upon positive evidence, amount to only two thousand one hundred and nine. Carte (p. 177.) computes the entire English settled in Ulster at 20,000, and all the Scots at 100,000; so that had all the English and Scotch—man, woman, and child—been killed, they would not have amounted to within 34,000 of those sworn by Maxwell to have been murdered in four months. Besides, of the 20,000, several thousands, and six thousand, and others were saved: so that the remnant must be very inconsiderable. Of the 100,000 Scots we are certain that, for the first four months, not very many could have been slain in open war, and it does not appear by any credible evidence that even one fell in any other way. Carte says, that at the commencement of the insurrection "the Irish* published a proclamation that, on pain of death, no Scotchman should be molested in body, goods, or lands." Temple acknowledges that this proclamation was for a time observed. Besides, "the Scots were 40,000 well armed men at the time the rebellion commenced, whilst the rebels were at least by half less numerous, and armed with few better weapons," says Temple, (p. 79.) "than scythes, staves, and pitchforks." Welbank and others report to the house of commons that,

* Carte l. 177.

in the beginning, the rebels were unsuccessful.* We have already proved, on the testimony of Protestants, that massacre formed no part at least in the early stages of the insurrection; and the report of the parliamentary commissioners, who, with all their ingenuity and powers of exaggeration, could not swell the total number of killed in *eleven* years beyond ten thousand three hundred and two, is decisive evidence of the base and barefaced perjury of this Dean Maxwell.

In the beginning of the insurrection we have shown, from the concurrent testimony of Protestant writers, that the Irish contemplated no massacre; and when the rebellion spread from Ulster through the other parts of the kingdom, so far was any such project from being entertained by the Catholics, and especially by the clergy, who, as may have been observed in the extracts which we gave from the evidence of the massacre, have been particularly charged with it, that in a congregation of the archbishops, bishops, and inferior clergy, held at Kilkenny, in May, 1642, excommunication was denounced against all of their communion "who either had from the beginning of the war, or should afterwards in the course of it, murder, dismember, or grievously strike; all thieves, unlawful spoilers of any goods, and all such as should invade the possessions or goods, spiritual or temporal of any Irish Protestant, not being their adversary." So conscious were they that their body were guilty of no general massacre, that in the following year, 1643, they petitioned the king that all murders of both sides should be examined into, and the actors in them should be exempted from all acts of indemnity. Curry has proved, by the evidence of Protestant writers, (p. 184 and following) that the actions of the Catholics, clergy as well as laity, corresponded with their professions, and that the war was conducted on their part, notwithstanding the violent provocation which they received, with the greatest forbearance and humanity.†

* Borlase (112) says that Sir William Cole was successful in the counties Fermanagh, Tyrone, Monaghan, Cavan, Leitrim, Sligo, and Donegal, and that from October 1641 to some time in 1642, he killed of the rebels above two thousand four hundred swordsmen, and seven thousand of the vulgar sort. After this rate he says, p. 113, the English in all parts fought.

† Sir Phelim O'Neill is almost the only Irish chief accused of barbarity. He is charged with having given orders for killing Lord Caulfield on seizing his estate of Charlemont, although he was so highly provoked at that villainy, that discovering six of its authors, February 1642, he ordered them to be hanged and

It is now necessary that we should direct attention to the lords justices Parsons and Borlase, to Cromwell, and the other principal agents of the Puritans. We have already seen by what iniquitous means Parsons and Borlase kindled the insurrection in Ulster; and we must now briefly state by what ingenuity they managed to spread the flame through the other provinces. On the 23rd of October, the very day on which the insurrection broke out, they issued a proclamation ordering all persons who were not dwellers in the city to leave it within one hour, under pain of death to be presently executed upon them. The lords and gentry of the pale being thus, as it were, driven into the hands of the rebels, demanded of the lords justices arms to defend themselves. They ordered only three hundred stand to the county of Louth, which was by far the most exposed to danger; and even this order was remanded before they were given, and five hundred stand more were retaken within one week of their delivery. They were thus left without any means of defence to the mercy of the insurgents, and the lords justices, so late as the middle of November, forbade them to seek security in Dublin under pain of death. Yet, on the 3rd of December they issued a summons for the lords and gentry of the pale to attend in Dublin on the 8th—within a fortnight of the time when they had prohibited them to go there under pain of death, and within three weeks of that in which they had declared their total distrust of them by withdrawing their arms. But lest these circumstances should not be sufficient to prevent the lords of the pale from coming to Dublin, whose hatred of the native Irish the lords justices well knew, “Sir Charles Coote,” says Carte, (i. 258.) “immediately after his inhuman executions and promiscuous murders of people in Wicklow, was made governor of Dublin at the very time of sending out the summons to the lords of the pale.” Moreover, on the 7th of December, (the day before that appointed for the assembly) the same author informs us that “a party of foot being

afterwards beheaded. Finding the royal seal in Charlemont, he caused it to be fixed to a forged commission from the king. Carlyle is charitable enough to charge all the Catholics with this forgery, although it is never again alluded to either in the declaration of the Ulster Catholic, nor in the remonstrance from Cavan, published in this very year (1641,) nor in the manifestos published at Tyrone and Kilkenny. It is Sir Phelim's own act, which proves his opinions of the devoted loyalty of the Irish in spite of persecution, and whatever crime he may have committed by the original fraud, was atoned for by his noble conduct in 1652, for he then refused to accuse his majesty, although that would have saved his life.

sent out into the neighbourhood of Dublin in quest of some robbers that had plundered a house at Buskin, came to the village at Santry, and murdered an innocent husbandman and other innocent persons, (whose heads they brought into the city in triumph, and among which were one or two Protestants,) under pretence that they harboured and relieved the rebels. Hard was the case of the country people at this time, when, not being able to prevent parties of robbers and rebels breaking into their houses, and taking refreshments there, this should be decreed a treasonable act, and sufficient to authorize a massacre. Only three of the lords attended on the 8th, the remainder sending a letter on the 10th that they could not trust their persons in Dublin, on account of the threats held out against them, and the massacre at Santry. On the 14th another summons was issued for them to assemble on the 17th, and assuring them of safety: but on the very same day a party of soldiers under Coote was sent out, "who," says Carte, (i. 246.) fell upon Clontarf, which belonged to Mr. King, (who was all this while absent from thence at Swords,) and burnt his tenants' houses and goods, not sparing even his mansion-house, under pretence that some of the goods taken by robbery out of the (wrecked) bark had been carried thither in his absence." This Mr. King was one of the gentlemen kindly invited to Dublin, whither, if he retained any regard for his neck, it is clear he would not go. At length the lords justices succeeded; "their violent measures," proceeds Carte, "and threats of extirpation terrifying and making the nobility and gentry of English race desperate, hurried them, in spite of their animosity against the old Irish, into insurrection."

"It was the middle of December," Carte informs us, (i. 264.) "before any one gentleman in the province of Munster appeared to favour the rebellion; many of them had shown themselves zealous to oppose it, and had tendered their services to that end. Lord Muskery, who had married a sister of the Earl of Ormonde's, offered to raise 1000 men at his own charge; and if the state could not supply them with arms, he was ready to raise money upon his estate to buy them." These offers were, of course, all rejected. Sir W. St. Leger and Captain Paisley marched through Tipperary and Waterford, according to the same author, robbing, killing, and hanging innocent persons by wholesale. Several of the chief nobility and gentry waited on

the president, St. Leger, and “observed how generally the people were exasperated by those inconsiderate cruelties, running distractedly from house to house; and that they were on the point of gathering together in great numbers, not knowing what they had to trust to, or what was likely to be their fate; and they declared that they were ready to secure the peace of the county. The president answered in a hasty and furious manner, that they were all rebels, and that he thought it more prudent to hang the best of them.” He proceeded with his massacres; and the people having no alternative between taking up arms and submitting to be hanged, chose the former on the last day of December, 1641.

The insurrection did not commence in Connaught until the middle of December. In May the Earl of Clanrickarde (a Catholic) succeeded in bringing back Galway to submission; and as his influence was very great, he would doubtless have succeeded in the same way with the whole province. This would spoil sport; and so “the lords justices would not hear of any cessation with the rebels: they absolutely disliked his lordship’s receiving the submission, and granting his protection to the town of Galway, and sent him express orders to receive no more submissions from any persons whatever, but to prosecute the rebels and all their adherents, harbourers, and relievers, with fire and sword. To prevent the like submissions and protections, they issued out a general order to the commanders of all garrisons, not to presume to hold any correspondence, treaty, intelligence, or intercourse with any of the Irish papists dwelling or residing in any place near or about their garrisons, or to give protection, immunity, or dispensation from spoil, burning, or other prosecution of war to any of them; but to prosecute all such rebels, harbourers, or relievers of rebels from place to place, with fire and sword, according to former commands and proclamations in that behalf.” If this be not an order for extermination, we know not what the word means.

A scheme was presented to the English parliament so early as the 1st of February, 1642, by “the adventurers” of London, in which they offer to raise money for the war, provided two millions and a half acres out of the ten millions of profitable lands which they calculate will be confiscated at the end of the war, be given to them. As there are only nineteen millions of acres in all Ireland, and as,

according to Sir William Petty, not more than two-thirds of these were then called profitable lands, it is evident that this scheme embraced the confiscation of every acre in the kingdom except what was held by Protestants. We are glad to see the name of Oliver Cromwell among the "adventurers," and that the lords justices, Parsons and Borlase, wrote privately to the speaker that their claims might be considered, and that they might get a competent grant of the rebels' lands. The parliament immediately acquiesced in the proposal of the undertakers; and thus all the lands of the Catholics were confiscated at the very first outbreak in Ireland, although Sir W. Petty admits that not one-seventh of the landed proprietors ever joined in the rebellion. The lords justices commenced immediately, and pursued vigorously, these two great works of confiscation and extermination. Indictments were found against Lord Dunsaney, Sir John Netterville, and above *one thousand* others, by a grand jury, *in the space of two days*. The Catholics complained that some jurors were menaced, that parts of the forfeited estates were promised to others. There is a memorandum by the Marquis of Ormonde, dated April 23rd, 1643, to this effect: "There was then a letter read at the board from a person who claimed great merit to himself in getting some hundreds of gentlemen indicted, and the rather for that he had laid out sums of money to procure witnesses to give evidence to a jury for the finding those indictments. This was an intimate friend of Sir William Parsons, and might very well know that such methods would be approved by him." (Carte, i. 423.) This was finding verdicts by steam. "Suppose," says the author of the *Vindiciæ*, "the jury sate twelve hours each day, from six in the morning till six in the evening, without obeying any of the calls of hunger, it was at the rate of *forty-two bills in an hour, or two every three minutes*." It was thus they disposed of the lives and fortunes of the principal nobility and gentry of Ireland.

We have seen that, so early as the 8th of December, 1641, and before the rebellion was at all general, the English parliament had passed an act never to tolerate the Catholic religion in Ireland. The lords justices not only commanded all priests to be killed wherever they were found, which was accordingly done: but, together with the council, they issued the following order to the Gene-

ral, Lord Ormonde, on the 23rd of February, 1642: "It is resolved, that it is fit his lordship do endeavour with his majesty's forces to wound, kill, slay, and destroy all the said rebels and their adherents and relievers, by all the ways and means he may; and burn, destroy, spoil, waste, consume, and demolish all the places, towns, and houses where the said rebels are or have been relieved and harboured, and all the hay and corn there, and kill and destroy all the men there inhabiting able to bear arms." The order for burning and destroying is universal—that for killing is confined to men able to bear arms; but, as was to be expected, the executioners of this satanic order did not spare the women or children. This surely satisfied the cravings for revenge of the Ban ghosts. October 24th, 1644, the Lords and Commons assembled in the parliament of England "do declare that no quarter shall be given to any Irishman, or to any papist born in Ireland, which shall be taken in hostility against the parliament, either upon the sea, or within the kingdom or dominion of Wales; and therefore do order and ordain that the lord general, lord admiral, and all other officers and commanders both by sea and land, shall except all Irishmen and all papists born in Ireland out of all capitulations, agreements, and compositions hereafter to be made with the enemy, and shall, upon the taking of every such Irishman or papist born in Ireland as aforesaid, forthwith put every such person to death." Recollect, this ordinance is not against rebels, but Irishmen who shall dare to fight for the king against the puritanic (or satanic?) parliament. A curious gloss to this parliamentary text is supplied by the conduct of the Puritans after the battle of Naseby, where "they slew above one hundred Irishwomen, some of them the wives of officers of quality, on the ground that they were *Irishmen* in arms. Will it be believed that Carlyle justifies the order of parliament, and excuses the cold-blooded slaughter of the women?*" The puritan sailors vied with the soldiers in their cruelty to the Irish; for when Captain Willoughby was bringing to the king 150 men from the Marquis of Ormonde, the ship was taken

* Prince Rupert thought differently, for when the Irish prisoners taken at Shrewsbury were murdered after quarter given, he immediately ordered an equal number of his prisoners to be put to death, and he wrote to the scoundrels who wished to justify themselves by the ordinance of parliament, that he would act in the same manner on every similar provocation.

by Captain Swanley, and seventy of the soldiers were thrown overboard because they were Irish. In the commons' journals (iii. 517.) occurs this entry: "June, 1644, Captain Swanley was called into the house of commons, and had thanks given him for his good service and a chain of gold of £200. value, and Captain Smith, his vice-admiral, another chain of £100. value." "The Earl of Warwick," says Clarendon, (ii. 478.) and the officers under him at sea, as soon as they made any Irish prisoners bound them back to back, and threw them overboard;" and he adds, that in this manner very many perished daily.

But who shall be able to paint the atrocities which were perpetrated in Ireland? Leland acknowledges that, in executing the lords justices' orders, "the justices themselves declare that the soldiers slew all persons promiscuously, not sparing the women, and sometimes not the children." "I have heard," says Dr. Nalson, (ii. Introduction, vii.) "a relative of my own, who was captain in that service, relate that no manner of compassion or discrimination was shown either to age or sex, but that the little children were promiscuously sufferers with the guilty; and that if any who had some grains of compassion reprehended the soldiers for their unchristian inhumanity, they would scoffingly reply, 'Why, nits will be lice;' and so would despatch them." Lord Ossory—the bitter enemy of the Catholics—says, in a letter to the Earl of Ormonde, that "the lord president of Munster, St. Leger, causes honest men and women to be most execrably executed; and amongst the rest caused a woman great with child to be ripped up, and three babes to be taken out of her womb, and then thrust every one of the babes with weapons through their little bodies." Whitelock (412) says: "Their friars and priests were knocked on the head promiscuously." "Such indeed," says Warner, "was the tenor of all their (the lords justices') orders—for they own it in their letters—that the soldiers, in executing these orders, murdered all persons that came in their way promiscuously, not sparing the women, and sometimes not the children."

The Catholics, being forced into the war, carried it on with such spirit and success, that on the 8th of May, 1643, the lords justices confessed that they "then found the royal army suffering under unspeakable extremities of want of all things necessary to the support of their persons,

or maintenance of a war; and that they had no visible prospect by sea or land of being able to preserve the kingdom for his majesty, from utter destruction of the remnant of his good subjects there." Yet the Catholics were so far from retaliating their cruelties on their enemies, that they foolishly and *wickedly* allowed them time to recruit by signing a cessation on the 15th of September, 1642, by which they gained nothing, and lost not only the present glorious opportunity of terminating the war, but sent many thousands of their best men to reinforce his majesty's army. Nothing could equal the uproar which was raised on this occasion by the undertakers, the Puritans and the Covenanters. Was the confiscation and extermination, after all, not to take place? "As soon as Monroe had received an account of the cessation being concluded, he fell upon the Irish peasants who were getting in their harvest in great security, as no longer thinking of an enemy, and made a great slaughter among them." (*Vindiciæ*, 419.) Inchiquin revolted to the parliament in Munster; and "having drawn together an army (at Cashel), and hearing that many priests and gentry thereabouts had retired with their goods into the church of that city, he stormed it, and put three thousand of them to the sword, taking the priests even from under the altar." The Catholics however, notwithstanding that they were now far more powerful than their enemies, bore these violations in the hopes of obtaining liberty of conscience. Ormonde was all this time carrying on his intrigues with the Scots and Puritans; and in 1647 basely and treacherously delivered up Dublin to the parliament. His own letter, which is given by Curry, (334—5.) proves that he not only was not privately, as Carlyle says, urged by the king to surrender Dublin to the rebels of the parliament, but that he knew—what was indeed obvious enough—that his majesty would regard this as an act of treachery; and he therefore begs him to suspend his judgment until he should be able to explain the matter to him. For delivering up Dublin and all the king's garrisons, his ordinance, ammunition, and stores, Ormonde was to receive the sum of thirteen thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven pounds. But for this treacherous act of his, the Parliamentarians never could have recovered themselves in Ireland; for, in the preceding year, the peerless Irish chief, Owen Roe O'Neill—the soul of valour and of honour—had, with a far inferior

force, annihilated the army of Monroe at Benburb, where more than three thousand of the Scots were left dead on the ground, with the loss of only seventy on the part of the Irish. Had this officer been able to take the field with his veteran and victorious army when Cromwell came to Ireland in 1649, history would now record the glorious Irish revolution instead of the execrable Irish rebellion of 1641. Alas! he was then ill of the disease of which he shortly after died—whether by poison or otherwise is uncertain. His troops, though deploring the absence of their favourite general, demanded Ormonde to lead them from Kilkenny against Cromwell; but that monster had retreated, and thus eluded them. The only place they ever measured swords with him was at Clonmel, where there were only twelve hundred of them under Hugh O'Neill, and there Cromwell lost two thousand men in the first assault, which taught him never to make another; nor did he take the place until after a blockade of two months, when the garrison withdrew, their ammunition and provisions being totally exhausted. It was not by force of arms, but by treachery—by dissensions, especially of the nuncio and the southern Catholics—by the defection of the Protestant army of Munster, and the base surrender of all its chief garrisons, that Cromwell's army was saved from ruin. Poor unhappy Ireland has always been the victim of the mutual animosity of her own children.

We shall not stoop to argue with the miserable author of the Cromwelliad, who justifies all Oliver's Irish butchery. "Oliver Cromwell," he says, (vol. i. p. 453,) "did believe in God's judgment; and did not believe in the rose-water plan of surgery; which in fact is this editor's case too." And p. 454, he calls Cromwell "an armed soldier terribly conscious to himself that he is the soldier of God the Just . . . doing God's judgment on the enemies of God." Such blasphemy! It is only equalled by Cromwell himself, who wishes that the glory of his Drogheda massacre may be given to God alone. There is no new light thrown on Cromwell's bloody career in Ireland, either in his own letters or Carlyle's notes. We shall only give one instance of the conduct of this soldier of God the Just, and then we shall dismiss the Cromwelliad and its author with (to borrow an expression from his own farewell sentence) a slight kick "*a posteriori*." The instance we have selected is the terrible one of Drogheda, and we can truly say to the

reader *ex uno disce omnes*. "The assault was given," says Carte, (ii. 84) "and his (Cromwell's) men twice repulsed; but in the third attack Colonel Wall being unhappily killed at the head of his regiment, his men were so dismayed thereby, as to listen, before they had any need, to the enemy offering them quarter; admitting them upon those terms, and thereby betraying themselves and their fellow citizens to slaughter." All the officers and soldiers of Cromwell's army promised quarter to such as would lay down their arms, and performed it as long as any place held out, which encouraged others to yield. But when they had once all in their power and feared no hurt that could be done them, Cromwell gave orders that no quarter should be given, so that his soldiers were forced, many of them against their will, to kill their prisoners. The brave governor Sir A. Aston, Sir E. Verney, the colonels Warren, Fleming, and Byrne, were killed in cold blood, and indeed all the officers except some few of least consideration that escaped by miracle. The Marquis of Ormonde, in his letters to the king and Lord Byron, says, "that on this occasion Cromwell exceeded himself, and anything he had ever heard of, in breach of faith and bloody inhumanity; and that the cruelties exercised there for five days after the town was taken, would make as many several pictures of inhumanity as are to be found in the book of martyrs, or in the relation of Amboyna." Leland (vol. iii. 350) adds to the above, "For five days the hideous execution was continued with every circumstance of horror. A number of ecclesiastics was found within the walls; and Cromwell, as if immediately commissioned to execute divine vengeance on these ministers of idolatry, ordered his soldiers to plunge their weapons into the helpless wretches. Some few of the garrison contrived to escape in disguise. Thirty persons only remained unslaughtered by an enemy glutted and oppressed by carnage; and these were instantly transported as slaves to Barbadoes." This man was not the minister of a just God, but he was evidently ambassador to Ireland from the court of his highness the devil. His immediate successors were almost as treacherous, crafty, and cruel as their masters—Cromwell and Satan. About 1652-3, Laurence (quoted in the *Vindiciæ*, 129) declares that "the plague and famine had so swept away whole countries, that a man might travel twenty or thirty miles without seeing a living creature—man, beast, or bird.....Our soldiers would tell

stories of the place where they saw a smoke.....I have seen those miserable creatures plucking stinking carrion out of a ditch, black and rotten, and have been credibly informed that they digged corpses out of the grave to eat.....an officer commanding a party of horse, who hunting for tories in a dark night, saw a light which they discovered to be a ruined cabin, and peeping at the window saw a fire of wood and a company of miserable old women and children sitting round about it, and betwixt them and the fire a dead corpse lay broiling, which as the fire roasted they cut off collops and eat." The whole nation was not extirpated, because that was found impossible. According to Petty there were only one half million destroyed out of a population of a million two hundred thousand Roman Catholics. The seven hundred thousand who remained alive were disposed of thus: (Clarendon's Life, vol. ii. p. 116) "There was a large tract of land, even to the half of the province of Connaught, that was separated from the rest by a long and a large river, and which, by the plague and many massacres, remained almost desolate. Into this space and circuit of land they required all the Irish to retire by such a day, under penalty of death; and all who should after that time be found in any other part of the kingdom—man, woman, or child—should be killed by any one who saw them. The land within this circuit, the most barren in the kingdom, was, out of the grace and mercy of the conquerors, assigned to those of the nation who were inclosed in such proportions as might with great industry preserve their lives. In this same year, 1652, the parliament commissioners, Fleetwood, Ludlow, and Jones, published the 27th Elizabeth by public proclamation in Ireland, "whereby every Romish priest so found was deemed guilty of rebellion, and sentenced to be hanged until he was half dead, then to have his head taken off and his body cut in quarters; his bowels to be drawn out and burnt; and his head fixed upon a pole in some public place." By the same act, the punishment of those who entertained a priest was to be hanged, together with the confiscation of all their goods and chattels. Even the private exercise of the Catholic religion was made a capital crime; and in 1557 the punishment of "confiscation and death was denounced against all those, who knowing where a priest was hid, did not make discovery to the government." It is surely a matter for which the Catholics

of Ireland ought to be grateful to God, that they “have increased and multiplied in spite of persecutions, and that within less than two centuries from the period we have described, they have grown from seven hundred thousand to nearly seven millions.

We shall borrow the concluding sentences of this long article from Doctor Samuel Johnson. The unnatural state of Ireland, where the minority prevailed over the majority, of which he so feelingly complained in 1773, is still perpetuated in almost every thing, but more especially in the Church establishment of 1846. His opinion of the puritanical and covenanting governments of Ireland is widely different from that of the author of the *Cromwelliad*,* and yet in our poor opinion, Sam Johnson was as great a man, as learned an historian, and as sound a philosopher, as ever Thomas Carlyle is likely to be. “The Irish are in a most unnatural state, for we see there the minority prevailing over the majority. There is no such instance, even in the ten persecutions, as that which the Protestants of Ireland have exercised against the Catholics. Did we tell them we conquered them it would be above-board; to punish them by confiscations and other penalties was monstrous injustice.” Boswell ad annum, 1773.



ART. IV.—*Sessio quarta Concilii Tridentini Vindicata, seu Introductio in Scripturas deutero-Canonicas veteris Testamenti, in tres partes divisa per Sacerdotem Aloysium Vincenzi, in Romano Archigymnasio literarum Hebraicarum Professorem.* Romæ: 1842—4. Octavo.

THE work before us was written (we have been told) with a special view to the English: whether, there-

* It has been suggested to us that the *Cromwelliad* must have been meant not to contain facts but fictions, that it is a huge practical joke from beginning to end, by which he wished to pay the Irish not in kind but in quantity for all the jokes they have played off since the invasion of Henry the Second. If this, which we deem not at all improbable, be the true solution, may we beg that Mr. Carlyle will imitate the artist who when he painted an ass wrote under it, “this be a donkey.”

fore, it be looked upon as an appeal to those who are aliens from the Catholic Church, or as a help to those who would win these aliens to her, it has in either case some claim upon the attention of the English public. The whole structure of the book, as well as the reference it makes to certain Anglican divines, bears testimony to the truth of the aforesaid report. We may hope then that our estranged brethren will be well disposed towards the work of a learned priest, who has thus directed his labours towards the achievement of a great blessing to themselves, especially when that priest is an Italian, and not bound to them by the ties which might operate with an Englishman, but influenced only by charitable feeling in the work he has undertaken.

We shall attempt (with a view to recommending the work to the perusal of English readers) to give some account of its contents, to state the argument in favour of the deutero-canonical books, whether from our own ideas or from the professor's, to point out some of the chief arguments against them, and the successful answer to some of them made by the professor, and lastly to offer some few remarks upon the importance of having such studies prosecuted by Catholics.

Professor Vincenzi divides his book into three parts: the first of these treats of the argument to be drawn from individual fathers, from councils, and from encyclical epistles: the second discusses the proofs to be drawn from the opinions of Jews and from coins and other antiques illustrating the history contained in these Scriptures: the third treats of the deutero-canonical books one by one, and offers observations in proof of the genuineness of each, from historical, theological, or other grounds. The objections which occur in the pursuit of any of these lines of argument are answered as the author advances, which is perhaps the most satisfactory mode of procedure in a work of this nature. But we who are writing a review, and not a book, mean to throw the objections against these Scriptures together, and to keep the arguments in favour of them together likewise: we shall set to work, with the professor's leave, in our own way; availing ourselves of his valuable materials as we need them. As a preliminary, however, to so doing, we shall say a few words more about the contents of the work before us, finding specks and blemishes *egregio in corpore* where we fancy we see them.

The argument from the holy fathers is treated upon a plan which is, we believe, entirely new, and available we imagine, since Mr. Newman's book upon developments, for other theological discussions. The plan is this: the fathers are examined, not in ages, but in Churches; and thus the witness of each Church is put before us, its early tendencies and its subsequent fuller development, in favour of the books in question, or against them if such is the case. This furnishes a ready answer to a fallacy which might otherwise entrap people; it might be said, for instance, that a witness against the deutero-canonical books could be found in this, that, and the other early age; but when it appears that this witness comes almost exclusively from Palestine, the case is altered: it is plain that the line to which Christians were *driven* in fighting with Jews, is not a fair sample of their real belief. They opposed the Jews with the Jewish canon, and so we presume the most determined ultramontane in the world would do now-a-days: but when you want to know what his own belief on the subject is, you must look to his controversial writings (say) with Jansenists, who admit the canonicity of the Scriptures in question, just as the Arians did when St. Athanasius or St. Basil entered into controversy with them. You must consider what Catholics of old did when they spoke naturally upon any subject, and not what they did when they were precluded from so speaking. Now the method adopted by the professor enables you to see the influence of the moral atmosphere, in which some of the holy fathers lived, upon their language touching these books—enables you to contrast it with that of others who spoke and wrote in an unconstrained way on the subject. But to this we must revert by and by.

There is, we think, one fault in regard to the Signor Vincenzi's quotations, which we shall do well to notice here, and that is, that he does not classify them sufficiently. What we mean is, that there are passages, and those very numerous, in which the fathers cite these Scriptures in direct proof of doctrine, while there are other passages in which they have no such direct bearing, but are used rather as illustrations. Now it is plain to every fair mind that the former kind of passages give a colour to the latter kind. If an author used twenty texts from the book of Ecclesiasticus as illustrations, and one only as a proof of doctrine, the latter case would show how he came to be

so familiar with the book as to quote it so often in the former case. We are no great readers of Mr. Gerard Noel's tracts, but we fancy he would not quote any of the deutero-canonical books in this way, which is very natural, seeing he does not account them canonical. But when St. Athanasius quotes Baruch* along with St. John and St. Paul, and presently adds, "if they agree with us that the sayings of Scripture are divinely inspired," and then recurs to Baruch again,—such a passage, even if it were the only one in St. Athanasius of the same kind, would throw a light upon all the rest of his quotations from the Scriptures before us. We imagine then that some discrimination between passages of this and of any other kind, would have *increased* the weight of the whole amount of quotations. Were we to specify the division of passages which would have pleased us, we perhaps should have fixed upon a fourfold one into passages, 1. Where these books are simply quoted: 2. Where they are styled Holy Writ: 3. Where they are quoted as somewhat which requires to be reconciled with passages out of the proto-canonical books: and 4. Where they are alleged either alone, or in conjunction with other Scriptures in direct proof of doctrine. This procedure would be, we think, fairer in the eyes of a Protestant, while it would give Catholics a better notion of what their weapons are, and how they were to handle them. They would then have found the texts of the fathers, like the armour in some ancient hall, not only grouped together in their own respective circles and devices, but arranged so as to enable them to see at once which was best fitted for inflicting a mortal wound, and which for finishing the struggle of the enemy.

But to return to our more peaceful warfare, which aims at the life not the death of its adversary,—the professor goes through the different Churches one by one, beginning with the Roman, as that which early took the lead of all others. We do not mean to go through them all with him, but shall content ourselves with specifying things of interest here and there, in order to have more room for our main objects. Suffice it to say of them *all*, that the inquiry is pursued to the end of the fifth century. Perhaps out of all the Churches whose testimony is examined, the African affords the most use-

* De Decr. 815. Oxf. Trans. p. 24—5.

ful specimen of our purpose here. There is good reason to think that the early Latin, or Italic version as it is called, took its rise in Africa, as Dr. Wiseman has endeavoured to show, (quoted p. 66, note.) The very tenacity with which St. Augustin held to it is a kind of proof of this: it is written in a quaint provincial kind of style; it makes its appearance at a very early period in Tertullian, whose own style is by no means discordant with it, but seems clearly to be the produce of the same soil. In the copies of this version there in circulation, the deuterocanonical books were included: it is quoted, and these books as part of it, by all African writers; the respect for these last did not diminish as that for apocryphal works did, (eg. the book of Enoch,) but increased as time went on. If it were possible to evade the testimonies of Tertullian or St. Cyprian, or St. Optatus, it would be wholly impossible to make St. Augustine, in one sense, the greatest doctor the Church ever had, appear to favour the Protestant view of the canon. [Several testimonies from him will be found in pp. 73—7.]

After going through the holy fathers, Professor Vinzenzi treats of the councils of the five first centuries, then of the later doctors and councils considered as witnesses in favour of the Tridentine canon. From this portion of his work we shall make some selections by and by. Nor need any more be done here in the way of index; it will be better to advance towards the more general statement of the evidence which we proposed to make in the first place.

Now it will appear from what has been already said, that the work before us deals with the subject chiefly upon historical evidence. We doubt whether this kind of evidence is practically the most conclusive that may be had, assuming, that is, that the book was meant to influence Protestants or others out of the Catholic Church. If one tells a man, who knows something of natural history, an odd fact respecting a beast, bird, plant, or stone, and urges the testimony of ever so many writers in favour of the truth of our statement; we doubt if this procedure would tell upon him, if disinclined to believe, half so much, as explaining the fact and showing its conformableness to his actually existing knowledge and admitted principles. Now every body thinks he knows somewhat of theology, at least as far as concerns his own eternal welfare—or every one at all events with whom we

are likely to have to do. What we doubt then, is, whether testimonies will prove a new point to him, prove it practically we mean, half as much as what may be called *a priori* arguments in its favour; arguments drawn not from history, but from what our adversaries themselves already hold. Let us see then whether we can do anything to supply the deficiencies of what Signor Vincenzi has said upon this subject which he has only touched upon.

We presume that all will allow that one man may be in a better mood (to use the lowest word) for believing than another. Let us imagine that the seventh chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians was suspected of not being canonical, and that an Anglican clergyman on the eve of being married, and a Catholic priest, each equally satisfied with his own Church, were discussing its canonicity. Of course the former could hardly fail to feel that if he had been St. Paul he would have written differently; it would be an awkward lesson for him to read out in church, if he had just published his own banns, (a possible case we presume,) or still more if the lady was there, whatever aid emphasis upon one or two words might give him. The latter would have no untoward feelings of this kind to get over, but would commence with a prejudice in favour of the doctrine as it stands, would think it very sufficiently guarded, and feel that internal evidence was in its favour. Now we defy any one to deny that a feeling of this sort would not practically influence his view of the external evidence also. It would make him more open to small circumstantial evidences whose weight lies in their collective force; more apt to see and catch at confirmative facts; more immoveable by apparent though isolated difficulties; this feeling, if we may put it so, would be behind the scenes prompting him at every embarrassment which occurred. In short, it may perhaps be allowable to say, that this feeling would have given birth to St. Paul's language, had it but the same inspiration to guide it; whereas we should be surprised exceedingly if we found the clergyman on the eve of marriage writing in the way St. Paul does. Everybody would exclaim, "How inconsistent!"

Allowance, then, must be made for prejudices of this kind, or rather *præ-judicia*, which will operate upon all *post-judicia* deducible from matter of fact and historical argument. It is every thing to get a man at starting to be prejudiced in favour of the doctrine of a book, if possible,

and then the proofs from history will strike him. They *ought* to strike him before: it is not rational in him not to be struck with them: but *do* they, as matter of fact, strike him while his prejudices are on the wrong side? *Μή μοι τὰ κομψή, ἀλλ' ὡν πόλει Δεῖ:* give me not fine theories, but what will tell with men in practice!

Now, we contend, that if a man will try to get himself into that tone of mind, in which he shall not even in his secret heart wish this or any other doctrine of the New Testament otherwise stated than it is, he will be in a fair way for believing the canonicity of the Scriptures before us. Although one system has a tendency to make a man dislike portions of the New Testament, and another (the Catholic) to make him like them, yet we will allow that some men may admire more than they practice, even out of the Church; all we contend is, that when they do once fairly admire and reverence the higher rule of the New Testament, the deuterocanonical books will become more acceptable to them. For the fact is (and this brings us to our point) that these books approximate to the New Testament in several points ungrateful to men, in proportion as they are Protestants. Celibacy, almsgiving, and angelical ministration, shall be selected in order to furnish some illustrations of such approximation to the New Testament in the books before us.

We take celibacy as a culminating point towards which several other excellencies, as it were, set their faces. In ancient times, the prevalence of it was often made a great note of the divinity of Christ's religion; the scattered cases of it among the heathen rather bore witness to the principle, than afforded a sufficient and practical illustration of it on a large scale. Out of the Church it is generally unpopular, probably from the entire absence of the grace which enables men to seek and keep to it. And in the same way widowhood and conjugal chastity which point in the direction of celibacy, and are naturally encouraged by those who encourage the latter, are less thought of and less prized out of the Church than within her. Nevertheless, both of these are highly commended in the New Testament; and so they are also in the deuterocanonical books. We may be wrong, but confess we cannot imagine a person who gives his unconstrained consent and admiration to the doctrines of the New Testament upon these points, not being in a fair way to admit the evidence for

the canonicity of the Scriptures before us. A few quotations from the latter shall be here put in juxtaposition with some from the former.

Tob. vi. 17. "Hi namque qui conjugium ita suscipiunt, ut Deum a se et a suâ mente excludant, et suæ libidini ita vacent, sicut equus et mulus quibus non est intellectus, habent potestatem dæmonium super eos. Tu autem cum acceperis eam, per tres dies continens esto ab eâ, et nihil aliud nisi orationibus vacabis cum eâ..... Transactâ autem tertia nocte accipies virginem cum timore Domini, amore filiorum magis quam libidine ductus, ut in semine Abrahæ benedictionem in filiis consequaris."

We will not urge that we have here St. Austin's doctrine of conjugal chastity, nor press upon our readers how much the whole book centres upon this passage: what we would rather contend is, that the angel from heaven, who here speaks to Tobias, does not teach any other doctrine than St. Paul when he says:

1 Cor. vii. 4, 5. "Vir sui corporis potestatem non habet sed mulier. Nolite fraudare invicem, nisi forte ex consensu ad tempus, ut vacetis orationi et iterum revertimini in idipsum, ne tentet vos Satanas propter incontinentiam vestram."

It is plain that, with whatever differences, there is the same current of thought in these two passages—the same danger of being under Satan's dominion by unrestrained indulgence—and the same remedy of prayer is adverted to. In Judith we find also the doctrine of St. Paul and the practice of Anna in regard to widowhood fully anticipated. The bewailing of virginity, practised over Jephtha's daughter, may be taken as a type of the more ancient spirit (even if condemnation to perpetual virginity cannot be shown to be *the* punishment inflicted on her, as has been thought ere now); but this, so far from being a punishment to Judith, is mentioned as the very ground of her victory, (cap. xv. 11.) in spite of all the law says of the duty of the surviving kinsman to marry the widow and raise up seed to his brother. But to proceed with the comparison of texts—in Judith viii. 4. we read as follows:

"Erat autem Judith relicta ejus vidua jam annis tribus et mensibus sex. Et in superioribus domus suæ fecit sibi secretum cubiculum in quo cum puellis suis clausa morabatur; et habens super lumbos suos cilicium jejunabat omnibus diebus vitæ suæ præter Sabbata et neomenias et festa domus Israel. 1 Tim. v. 5. Quæ

autem vere vidua est et desolata, speret in Deum et instet observationibus et orationibus nocte ac die".....and of those not truly widows, he says v. 13, "otiosæ discunt circuire domos, &c.," the very opposite this of Judith's "secretum cubiculum." The marrying of these false widows also contrasts forcibly with the account of Judith in xvi. 26: "Erat autem virtuti castitas adjuncta ita ut non cognosceret virum omnibus diebus vitæ suæ, ex quo defunctus est Manasses vir ejus."

We might add other passages, or even the whole history of Susanna, but we shall content ourselves with observing, that the books of Judith and Esther have a more recondite reference to the glories of virginity, if we look upon them as typical of the dignity of Mary. Why either one or the other should be in the canon, must, we have sometimes fancied, be a puzzle to Protestants: the Catholic Church presents us with a glorious being, whom they shadow out as clearly as Jonah does Christ. Deny the allegorical principle, and what business has the *history* of Jonah among the prophets? Admit it, and what can be clearer types of Mary than those who subdued the enemies of God's people, though women? Each, in their way, is a shadow of the "Virgo prudentissima" vanquishing the seed of the serpent.

With respect to almsgiving, it is hard not to say either too much or too little. The very great stress laid upon it in the book of Tobias would furnish room for endless comments; yet only imagine how sinful such passages would have seemed to certain persons, not altogether aliens to Luther's doctrines, if our Lord had not said, "Date eleemosynam, et ecce omnia munda sunt vobis;" yet how naturally does this fall in with the following passages: "Eleemosyna ab omni peccato et a morte liberat, et non patiatur animam ire in tenebras." Tob. iv. 11. (Compare Ecclus. iii. 33, iv. 11, xiv. 13, xvii. 18, xxix. 15.) xii. 9: "Eleemosyna a morte liberat, et ipsa est quæ purgat peccata et facit invenire misericordiam et vitam æternam." Again, in iv. 10, it is said, as a reason for almsgiving, "Præmium bonum tibi thesaurizas in die necessitatis:" words which remind one of St. Paul's "facile tribuere, communicare, thesaurizare sibi fundamentum bonum in futurum, ut apprehendant veram vitam." On the whole a power is attributed, particularly in the book of Tobias, to works of mercy of all kinds, much as in the New Testament; the belief in which power gave birth to many

immense works of architecture in Catholic times, and has been expelled by the invasion of such Lutheran principles as pervade the very core of all forms of Protestantism in this country. Yet we insist that if the New Testament doctrine on works of mercy were reinstated fully in men's minds, it would prejudice them very strongly in favour of the books before us. We sometimes hope they are progressing towards such a reinstatement; but are afraid the spirit in which an eminent Anglican divine has builded a fine church at Leeds, is no proof that the belief common amongst Catholics in regard to almsgiving pervades any large number out of the Church. In other words, these last do not realize the New Testament teaching upon the point, and so feel an insuperable prejudice against the deuterocanonical books, which preach the doctrine of good works in a way not to be eluded or mistaken. How many out of the Church would, of their own accord, have written (what would flow so naturally from Catholic lips): "Verumtamen quod superest, date eleemosynam et ecce omnia munda sunt vobis?" May they prove more numerous than we suppose!

In regard to angelical ministration, again we find the belief and practice of the Church in all ages is such as to put the mind in a right mood for believing books, which uphold it, to be from God. We cannot find that the belief in guardian angels is at all a commonly received belief out of the Catholic Church in this country. It is not a staple part of the people's religion. How *can* it be, when they may not be invoked? when, in fact, the belief has no channel whatever to flow in? As well might you expect the doctrine of patron saints to be commonly received, as that of guardian angels! It is true, that such a doctrine would be recurred to as the key to certain passages in the New Testament: but that is quite a different thing from embodying it in daily invocations, and thus practically convincing the heart of it day by day. In the one case, a problem occasionally occurring is solved; in the other, faith is stayed up while evermore producing its daily fruit.

This being so, it is not to be expected that a book which treats so fully of angelical ministration as the book of Tobias, should commend itself a priori to the minds of Protestants and others as canonical. Yet it is certain that the New Testament says: "Nonne omnes sunt ad-

ministratorii spiritus in ministerium missi propter eos qui hæreditatem capient salutis?" (Heb. i. 14.) not to mention what our Lord says, Matt. xviii. 10; or other passages in the Apocalypse in particular. A person who fairly threw himself into the spirit of these passages, could hardly fail to be willing to receive the book of Tobias. And what we would assert is, that the Catholic Church teaches her children doctrines and practices which cannot fail to give them this willingness, the scope for which is to be found in many instances besides the few we have quoted. Prayers for the dead have been made an argument against the second book of Maccabees by those out of the Church; but the Church has always taught her children to use them, and so has put them in a fairer way for believing the canonicity of that book.*

Now, let it not be said—"This is all of a piece with the well-known cunning of your Church, to habituate people from their childhood to notions she can work up and turn to account afterwards. You teach them the doctrines of the Apocrypha from early youth, in order to make them believe those works canonical afterwards." This, though very proper, if we believe the doctrines ourselves, is not what we are here fighting for. What we urge is, that the Church turns the doctrines of the New Testament into a practical channel, and gives her children vehicles to keep

* The proof of these from the New Testament is not so obvious, though we think very satisfactory. We have no room to draw it out here, but the following outline will show that there are at least as many things which implicitly countenance the Church's teaching upon this subject, as upon infant baptism. (1.) It is quite clear from the New Testament, that the state of the dead admits of change for the better, not indeed a reverse of the state of reprobation into that of election, but an improvement in the state of the elect, an increase of their joy. If this were not so, Christ would not have preached to the spirits in prison, (for a strained interpretation of this by St. Austin in one passage is of no weight against the Church's teaching. See Petav. de Inc. xiii. 18. § 14.) nor would the martyrs, (Apoc. vi. 10.) pray for "gladios accipites ad faciendam vindictam in nationibus," (Ps. cxlix. 6.) if their state admitted of no improvement, or their joy of no increase. And it ought to be added, that the Fathers urged continually that a capacity for change in this sense of advance, was a characteristic of all creatures however high, and so distinguished them from God the Son. (2.) It is plainly supposed everywhere in the New Testament, that prayer may bring about the conversion of sinners. But the conversion of sinners increases the joy of angels; therefore prayer may increase the joy of the higher spiritual beings, and consequently a *portion* of the lower, who not having yet paid the uttermost farthing, may be in the same prison in which the spirits were to whom our Lord preached. If the Church should think ever so badly of this argument, those who go by the Bible only cannot well object to it, as it is no more "a forced interpretation" or "an over-refinement," than the proofs alleged commonly for infant baptism. As for those who go by the tradition of early ages, (if there really are any such,) let them put the teaching of all the Liturgies and holy Fathers into *practice* every day, and we shall believe them—and they will soon believe us.

them alive in; and by so doing incidentally *prejudices* them—to use the word in its Latin sense, as above—in favour of the deutero-canonical Scriptures; makes them, in fact, beings of such a nature as to be able to receive her testimony about them when it comes to be put before them. If other bodies had the grace to work the doctrines of the New Testament into men's life and practice, as she does, then they would have the faith to receive these books.

And here let it be observed, that we have been dealing with matters of practice rather than of doctrine, properly so called. St. Jerome is often quoted as an authority for regarding the books before us as incapable of proving any doctrine, as useful merely for instruction in life and manners. Of St. Jerome more will be said by and bye; but of this opinion let us ask, what it does come to? Instruction in life and manners is either authoritative or not: in either case it is idle to say, this is a right rule for you to act by, but you shall not be at liberty to reflect upon your action, and cast the rules you go by into a systematic form. As well might you say, you shall use the Lord's prayer if you please, but not argue from it for forgiveness of injuries. If, then, the rules of life deducible from the deutero-canonical Scriptures admit of a systematic statement, they involve doctrine upon practical matter. The Church wants a canon upon these points, as much as upon points of (what, for distinction's sake, we will call) speculative theology. The Lutheran doctrine of justification by faith is quite as conscious of the presence of an enemy when these Scriptures approach it, as the Catholic doctrines upon cognate subjects are of the presence of a friend. It is absolute nonsense, then, to contend, in the sense now-a-days contended for, that these Scriptures are a rule of life but not of doctrine; unless you are prepared to say, that they contain instruction on life in no other sense than a legend or pious novel might do. It is only eluding the question, whether they are authoritative instructors or no, which must be decided by appeal to the Church's teaching, and not by the opinion of a single doctor, even though as eminent as St. Jerome. Granting that they contain instruction in practical matters only, it will only establish an analogy between the structure of the canon and the growth of a body of doctrine in the Church. The earlier Scriptures and earlier doctors of the Church

are concerned mainly with questions on the Godhead; subsequent Scriptures and subsequent doctors deal more with the Incarnation and questions flowing from it; later still, both are concerned mainly with moral theology. Christ "pours out doctrine" in His Church, as He did prophecy of old—"Adhuc doctrinam quasi prophetiam effundam, et relinquam illam quærentibus sapientiam, et non desinam in progenies illorum usque in ævum sanctum." Ecclus. xxiv. 46.

But we will go further, and assert that there is much doctrine upon speculative points contained in these books. Indeed, we suspect 'the instruction in life' they give would not always be very acceptable out of the Church. When an untoward widow set up a prayer for the dead on a tombstone in the Isle of Wight, some years back, why might she not have read the book of Maccabees 'for instruction,' and followed it out? Simply because every Anglican felt a doctrine was involved—the Church of England was surprised, as a whole, to find there was no law against it. That body never taught it, and was surprised to find it might hold it. Like the proof mentioned in Aristotle, that a man knew a thing once because he has forgotten it now, so was Sir Herbert Jenner's judgment. No one can pray long for the dead, without feeling that purgatory is credible; and so the Church of England does not recommend praying at all. It feels that a doctrine uncongenial to its articles is involved in this practice, and so does not teach the poor to do it, while it tolerates learned disquisitions about it. But to illustrate the position that these Scriptures do contain doctrine, St. Paul says: "Fide Henoch translatus est ne videret mortem, et non inveniebatur quia transtulit eum Deus; ante translationem enim testimonium habuit *placuisse* Deo." Ecclus. xlv. 16. "Hench *placuit* Deo et translatus est in Paradisum," which seems almost quoted by St. Paul, who argues from the word *placuit*,* which does not appear in Genesis. Again, in Heb. i. 3, we have a plain allusion to Wisdom vii. 26; "especially if we compare the Greek texts together, in which (as Professor Vincenzi remarks, i. 22.) the same Greek words, taken

* This indeed occurs in the Septuagint, if that will mend matters for our opponents, and not rather commit them more hopelessly to their old enemy Tradition.

from the deutero-canonical Scriptures, are seen to be used in the New Testament." So, also, the opening of the book of Ecclesiasticus throws a light upon the passage of Proverbs viii. 22: "Dominus creavit me in initio viarum suarum," (as it used to stand,) upon which the Arian controversy so much hinged; "Prior omnium creata est sapientia," &c. all which favours that interpretation of the passage in Proverbs, which understood it of created wisdom, upon which much will be found in Petavius de Trin, ii. 2. Baruch iii. 36—8, was cited by almost every writer against the Arians. The notion of martyrdom as brought out in the books of Maccabees, might evidently be urged here as something new, and as paving the way for christianity. But these instances will suffice to show that doctrine upon speculative theology does occur in the deutero-canonical books: we give them merely as samples, and must leave it to those acquainted with the New Testament to read these books with honest intentions, and find fresh instances for which we have not room here. All we hope is, that we have given instances enough to show that, to a mind thoroughly imbued with New Testament doctrines, there will be, *a priori*, a probability that these books are from God, and a willingness to listen to the evidence for them. We may just add, that the language of some early Fathers—e. g., St. Justin Martyr, and St. Clement of Alexandria—seems to us to be drawn from the books of Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus. This is saying, in other words, that the Church's earliest essays at scientific language corresponded to the language of what we have tacitly assumed to be the ultimate preparation for the Gospel.

Let us now proceed to draw out the historical proof for the canonicity of these Scriptures, presuming that we have said enough to make it quite clear that there is such a thing as a right and a wrong mood for receiving that evidence.

We find, then, the same *kind* of evidence for these books as for the rest of Scripture: they are quoted by almost every Father of every Church in illustration and in proof of practical and of doctrinal matters, unless some disturbing cause, hereafter to be specified, interferes to prevent their being so quoted. There are not, otherwise, more occasional passages in the Fathers which tell against them than against other canonical books: they are more

quoted than some proto-canonical books, less quoted than others; e. g., Wisdom is more quoted than Esther, less than the Psalms, Ecclesiasticus is more quoted than Judges, less than Genesis. If there are no commentaries on these books by early writers, neither are there upon Proverbs; while St. Ambrose wrote, not exactly a commentary but, a treatise upon Tobias. They were translated as part of the Bible into Greek; and are found, as Walton notices in his Prolegomena, (cap. ix. § 29, p. 409, Dathe,) not collected together as in Protestant Bibles, but mixed with the other books of Scripture, as in Catholic, in all the oldest manuscripts. Hence, there is the highest probability that they at one time formed a portion of the Jewish canon, as they could not else have been thus incorporated with the Septuagint, unless we admit the monstrous assumption that some deuterocanonizing (sit verbo venia) Christian corrupted all the copies of the Septuagint, Jewish and Christian. But upon this subject we shall do well to quote from Professor Vincenzi, part ii. p. 29:

“If the authors of the deuterocanonical books were men of piety and sincerity, and clinging firmly to the laws of the Hebrews, (on which Signor V. had been speaking,) why deny to them divine revelation? Moses says to Joshua, when he asked him to repress the two elders who prophesied in the camp, ‘Why art thou envious for me? would that all the people prophesied, and that the Lord would give them His Spirit.’ The same answer would I make to my opponents. Singleness of mind, the honour due to God, the love of virtue make up, as I have observed, the substance of these Scriptures. Therein the unity of God is taught, charity to brethren everywhere commended, therein *guile, deceit, and lying* are repudiated, and in particular, every species of heathen practices, sacrifices to their gods, and idolatry are treated with utter scorn. Therefore we ought to confess that the writers of the same, imbued as they were with this holy doctrine, were divinely inspired, in the same way as the writers of proto-canonical Scriptures are said to have been.”

We hear much of “the sublime morality” of the New Testament, as a proof of its inspiration; but fear those the professor is writing for will not allow us to urge this as he does—yet where does “the golden rule,” “*omnia quaecunque vultis ut faciant vobis homines, et facite illis,*” first occur in Scripture? In Tobias we read, “*Quod ab alio oderis fieri tibi, vide ne tu aliquando alteri facias.*” iv. 16. But,

not to turn away from our more immediate purpose here, of course the chances are, that a writer would not use the sublime morality against lying and deceit which pervades these books, if he were palming off a fraud upon the Alexandrine Jews. And, by the way, it seems probable* that these Jews had a college in Jerusalem, which would serve to keep them in the orthodox path, somewhat as the Collegio Inglese might English Catholics, if disposed to err from it. But there was another safeguard, which our author notices soon after our last quotation:

“The Egyptian Hebrews had the proto-canonical Scriptures translated into Greek for their use, and there was in them sufficient information about their constitution and discipline. Now those writers would not have done their brethren any service by forging other books and doctrines, just the same as those daily read in the Synagogues.....It would have been rasher still to defile and corrupt by fictions and superadded falsehoods the divine proto-canonical Scriptures. Yet we find this was done [forsooth] by the Alexandrine writers, seeing that Baruch goes for one book with the prophet Jeremiah, and this is proved from the copies of the seventy, on the testimony of all the ancient fathers; the same may be said of the additions to Esther and Daniel, which Jerome allows were found in his time, inserted in the MSS. of the Septuagint in every part of the Church.”

After some other observations upon the subject, Signor V. sums up in words we must not omit (p. 34.):

“From all these considerations, what farther inference are we to make? Surely that when the Greek Bible of the Septuagint was received and read in the synagogues of the Jews, that the deuterocanonical Scriptures were also inserted therein and read by them, and received and approved as divinely inspired like the proto-canonical books. For this must certainly be supposed.....in regard to those additions which are made to the diverse chapters of the book of Esther, in the same language and phrase and with perfect propriety; in regard to Baruch.....the Song of three Children, &c.”

These additions are found in Theodotion, who made his version at the beginning of the second century, as the professor adds, and also in sundry early Fathers in east and west.

But, to pursue our statement: the Septuagint was

* See Landau, Geist. u. Sprache der Hebr. füngte Vorlesung.

translated very early into Latin; large fragments of the early version remain, and they include those of these books which were early cited as Scripture by the African fathers, in which part of the world this version probably was made. Greek and Latin takes in a large part of the Church "in its purest ages:" was she then suffered to be deluded everywhere by the idea that these books were canonical? Africa unfortunately committed itself in a council to a strong opinion on the subject, of which more presently. Let us flee to a remote corner, and see whether we cannot find some ancient Waldenses pure and undefiled by this sad and debasing opinion. Will Syria help us, wherein is Antioch, where Christians were first so called? We will hear what the professor has to say on this subject also. (Vol. i. p. 112.)

"We must now discuss whether the interpreter who made the Pechoito, [or 'simple Syriac version'] was a Hebrew, originally a Jew, who had left Judaism and put on Christ, or a stiff-necked Israelite persisting in the laws of Moses. There are several arguments which go to prove that it was a Jew yet persevering in his hard-heartedness, who made the Syriac translation of the Old Testament. First, if the author of the Pechoito had been a Christian, as the Syrian interpreter of the Gospels was, it is not at all likely that he would have neglected in this translation, the phraseology and idioms which characterize the Syriac language, without the meaning being thereby altered, the very thing which is found in the translation of the New Testament, inasmuch as it does combine all the proprieties of the Syriac language, without the arrangement or perspicuity of the inspired sentences being disturbed. A difference of this kind plainly existing between the Syrian interpreter of the Old and New Testament, is no slight evidence of a difference in their faith and doctrine. Besides.....it is certain that this doctrine of the authoritativeness of the Septuagint version, which was the received doctrine for three centuries in the Church of Christ, and defended by men the most versed in holy writ of the day, would have prevented any Christian from putting forward a new version of the Bible made from the Hebrew."

The professor also notices the universal prevalence of Greek, brought in (he might have added) by the Macedonians, the very clan in whose dialect we may almost say the Septuagint is written. St. Luke, St. Ignatius, Tatian, St. Chrysostome, Theodoret, and his master Theodorus, all wrote in Greek. From the latter our author cites a statement, that "receiving from the Apostles this

translation of the Seventy, all of us who from among the Gentiles have believed, have it and read it in the churches, and study it at home." Yet in this version the deuterocanonical books occur, and are quoted by most of the aforesaid authors. We will cite one of the professor's quotations from St. Ephrem rather more fully than he has given it, which we think Protestants will find to fall in a little more with our doctrines than with their views. It is printed at the end of vol. ii. of the Opera Græca, p. 401, in Syriac, and runs as follows :

"Be thou patient and I will bring thee Scripture texts if thou wilt. For at the third generation Moses quickened Reuben with his blessings, (Deut. 33.) If the dead are not holpen, how came the son of Amram to bless them? But if the departed have no feeling, hear the Apostle what he said : ' If the dead rise not, why are they baptized for them ? ' If the men of the house of Mattathias, who in mysteries kept to the established order of things, did, as ye have read, remit by their offerings the sins of those who fell in battle, and were heathenish in their deeds, how much more will the priests of the Son remit the sins of the dead by their offerings and the prayers of their mouths."

St. Augustine's words, in his *De Curâ Mortuorum*, may be fitly appended to this passage, to show that East and West agree in their application of the books of Maccabees :

"We read in the books of Maccabees, that a sacrifice was offered for the dead. But even if it were nowhere read of at all in the ancient Scriptures, the authority of the Universal Church, which is clearly in favour of this custom, is not small ; and in the prayers of the priest, which are poured forth to the Lord God at his altar, the commendation of the dead to Him hath also its place."

We wonder that here, and in vol. iii. p. 160, Signor V. should have omitted the words *מן זכרונא* "ab eo quod est Scriptura," or "Scripture texts," as we have rendered it, as they cast a most important light upon the whole passage. The meaning of the first quotation may be made clearer by the following words of St. Epiphanius, (vol. i. p. 26. a.) who is arguing against the Samaritan disbelief in a future state: "Moses also, in blessing Reuben, (*τοὺς περὶ Ρουβὶμ*) says, Let Reuben live and not die, thus blessing him who had died ever so long ago, that he might show that there is life after death, and the judgment of a second death unto condemnation. And on

this ground he lays two blessings upon him, meaning, 'let him live' in the resurrection, and 'let him not die' in the judgment, not speaking of death by liberation from the body, but of that by [final] condemnation." This, which is suggested by the Chaldee Paraphrase, "Let Reuben live in the life everlasting, and let him not die the second death," will explain St. Ephrem's meaning. The next quotation seems to mean, if the dead have no perception, are really no more, how comes the Apostle to speak of something which we can do, as done for them, and telling to their advantage? Of the drift of the last quotation there can be no doubt: all that we need call attention to is, its being quoted along with other proto-canonical Scriptures, in proof of a doctrine against which the heretic Acrius had raised doubts.

In vain, then, shall we expect to find in the Syrian Churches any countenance for the rejection of the deuterocanonical Scriptures. If men would keep to broad facts, and not fritter away their time (not to say their consciences) over minute objections, we have no hesitation in saying, that the testimony of the Church, as a whole, sets very strongly and decidedly in one direction from the first, and that direction is in favour of the Tridentine canon of Scripture. Much in the same way as the tendency of God's government, even in this world, is to favour virtue, and make the vicious miserable—notwithstanding some facts, which those who disrelish the idea of a superintending Providence, may magnify and distort, in order to distract those of a right mind from a belief therein—so is the tendency of the early Church, to say nothing of the later, to favour the Scriptures before us, whatever becomes of a few awkward appearances to the contrary. And it is a thing which cannot be too much insisted upon, that the evidence in favour of these books is upon the increase, while the awkward facts just mentioned are upon the decrease. The work we are reviewing offers some most remarkable additions to our resources upon either of these points, which we shall mention presently. Meantime, let us just sum up the evidence in favour of them already adduced, before we notice the increment to it with which our author supplies us, and before we go on to consider the evidence against them.

We have stated that they are quoted by almost all the Fathers—that they were, in all probability, a part of the

Jewish canon, till the Jews perceived that they were paving the way for Christianity, and dropped them—that they have not the evidence of single Fathers only, but of versions made for whole Churches, which (as Walton* very properly observed) is tantamount to the evidence of whole Churches in their favour; we have distinct evidence of their existence in Latin and Greek Bibles, from the first and strong probable evidence of their existence in a Jewish Syriac version, (the whole air of which version is not such as a Christian translator would have given to a version, either in regard to the idiom or the turn of certain phrases and expressions, these being such as no Christian would have given them,) we have the same internal evidence in their favour as for the other books, subject to the same drawbacks from *apparent* contradictions to previous or subsequent Scriptures; we have an incredible number of passages in which they anticipate, state at length, or pave the way for New Testament doctrines, or in which they involve and develop the statements of the other books of the Old Testament, or in which they are alluded to by the New Testament. And it might be added here, (though the professor meets the difficulty in another way, v. iii. p. 60.) that to object to these Scriptures as platonizing, is much the same thing as to object to the use of human language altogether. Some vehicle of revelation there must be: and therefore platonic language may as well be adopted as any other. If platonism be not Christianity, neither is Judaism; and yet the modes of expression, and even of thought, common to the latter, are made the vehicle of Christian revelation. In neither case will occasional resemblance prove an identity of system: such occasional resemblances of thought weigh for very little indeed, and those of language for far less. For this would only be to argue an identity of essence from a similarity of accidents.

* Prol. 196. His words are so remarkable as to be worth citing. ("Sensum verbi Dei) nemo melius explicare potest quam Ecclesia vera: cui sacrum hoc depositum Christus commisit: quæ per versiones varias geminum ejus sensum quasi per manus traditum ab Apostolis, et ab Ecclesiarum rectoribus acceptum, fideliter posteris transmittit. Unde ejus vocem omnes sub pœnâ gravi audire tenentur, ut et ipsa sponso suo in omnibus auscultare debet. Si enim Commentaria virorum doctorum mul-conferunt ad Scripturæ intelligentiam, quæ idcirco in locis obscuris et dubiis omnes solent consulere: quanto magis conferunt Versiones antiquæ ubique receptæ, et ab Ecclesiâ approbatæ, quæ non unius vel plurium privatorum hominum, sed totius Ecclesiæ sensum et judicium nobis exhibent: præsertim cum multæ non nudæ sint versiones, sed in locis multis instar Paraphrasium, quæ loci sensum clarius explicant, ita ut pro pluribus commentariis versio unica inseruire possit?"

But this evidence has, as we have said, a tendency to increase. It is well known that a council in Carthage under St. Augustine's influence, A.D. 397, sanctioned most, and probably all the books before us. This seems rather an important decision for a provincial council to come to. In those days men wanted *one* evidence, which we have, of the trustworthiness of the Church's decisions; and that evidence is the evidence afforded by a long series of successful conflicts and wise decisions against errors. Hence, if possible, they would be even more jealous than we are of the canon of Scripture, and more unwilling to make decisions about it without full authority to do so. Their reverence for the Church, on the other hand, was very great, which would produce a forwardness in resanctioning its former decisions, and actually did produce an unwillingness to receive anything which looked like an addition to them, even when made by general councils. How then, it may be asked, does a provincial council, under a Father eminent for his reverence for Scripture and for tradition, come to have added to the Church's decrees a decision upon a point so very important? St. Augustine, surely, was no advocate for the rights of national Churches; nor was the African Church without domestic foes ready to carp at innovations. Professor Vincenzi has furnished us with a solution of these difficulties, by rendering it highly probable that this decree was a mere republication of a canon of the council of Nicæa. If this is so, there will be no difficulty in the matter: the whole Christian world revered that council; an African Church might safely republish its decrees without being suspected either of improving the canon of Scripture, or teaching the Church at large what to believe by a private tradition of its own. The words of the council are quoted by Signor Vincenzi (i. p. 176—8): "Furthermore, it hath seemed good, that beside the canonical Scriptures nothing be read in Church under the name of divine Scriptures. But the canonical Scriptures are Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Jesus son of Navè, the books of Judges and Ruth, the four books of Kings, the two books of Chronicles, Job, the Psalms of David, the five books of Solomon, the books of the twelve prophets, Isaias, Jeremias, Ezechiel, Daniel, Tobias, Judith, Esther, the two books of Esdras, the two books of the Maccabees." Then follow the books of the New Testament; at the end is

added: "Now let this be known unto our brother and fellow in the priesthood, Boniface, [not pope till A.D. 419.] and the other bishops in those parts, in confirmation of this canon, seeing we have received from our [or the] Fathers [a patribus] these as what are to be read in Churches." This canon, then, would be a repetition of that of another council in the time of Pope Siricius, A.D. 397; the 38th canon of which is upon the canonical Scriptures.

In the next page the professor notices a number of things which induce one to think that the Nicene council left more than the twenty canons now remaining, in the Greek copies of it. St. Jerome says, that he would put the book of Judith into his version, because the Council of Nicæa inserted it; therefore he knew of canons which are not in the present Greek. (*Præf. ad lib. Judith.*) St. Ambrose (*Epist. ad Vercellens. I. No. lxxiii. § 64.*) mentions a canon of this same council against admitting to holy orders those who had been married twice, not contained in the present Greek text. The 48th canon of the council under Siricius, refers to the same authority as forbidding mass to be said after eating (*prandium*). Photius speaks of the acts of the council as consisting of three parts (*Cod. 88.*) Arabic authorities cited from Abraham Echellensis speak of forty books or canons. Bianchini* found in a MS. (B. thinks of the eighth century) at Rome a prohibition to read any but canonical Scripture in church, cited from Canon XXIV. of the Nicene Council (*Vindic. Can. Script. p. cclxi.*) The same Council of Carthage, as Bianchini noticed, in *cap. iv.* had declared its intention of beseeching Pope Boniface to let them have copies of the Nicene Council, and proceeding for the present with such copies as it had. In *cap. v.* Aurelius the bishop (St. Augustine) expresses his conviction of the necessity of sending the pope a full account of their proceedings. *Cap. vii.* expresses the assent

* Bianchini intended it seems to have discussed this question more fully. As it is, the note at the end of *Can. 47*, just quoted, is a plain anachronism, inasmuch as Boniface did not sit till after that time. Yet it attests a certain fact, viz. that they suspended their decree about the canon, till that of Nicæa was known. Harduin, *Council. I. p. 968.* agrees with Bianchini, in thinking this Canon belonged to A. D. 419; perhaps was a repetition of it as our author suggests. See also Labbe *ii. p. 1177.* It is clear not only from the anachronism, but also from the next Canon 48, which speaks of Siricius as Pope, that there is some mistake: we have not access to Mansi. To the proofs of the existence of more Canons of Nicæa than we now have, should be added, the citation of one of its Canons, not in the Greek but in the Arabic, &c. *Hard. l. c. p. 469;* in the *Codex Can. Eccles. Afric. can. xviii.* This is a curious fact, even if that Codex may be of ever so little value.

of the council to all the decrees of the Council of Nicæa. Cap. ix. sets forth, that the council had guided its decisions by copies of the Nicene Council brought to them by Cœcilian their then bishop, who was at the Council of Nicæa, and yet declares their willingness to abide by the pope's copies, and reconsider matters on their arrival. Hence Bianchini thinks it pretty certain, upon putting together these statements with that of his MS., that the council only repeated, or rather defined more fully, the twenty-fourth canon of the first general council. Let it be observed how the evidence in this direction has kept increasing; it has a *tendency* to become demonstrative. It may be also observed, that a writer in the "Quarterly Review," (No. cliii. p. 64, upon Syriac MSS.) expects to find variations from the present Greek text of the councils, inasmuch as he hopes that the Syriac copies will give the Syrian account of what was said and done there. Whether this is a mere guess, from the fact that Abraham Echellensis published an Arabian account of the Council of Nicæa, or whether it rests on any (hitherto) slight inspection of the Syriac MS. we do not know: we shall see. Meanwhile, we mean to believe the Church whichever way these Syrians try to draw us, as they do not happen to be a "columna et firmamentum veritatis."

Of course it is quite possible that the external evidence for the Church's teaching on this point may seem to sway to and fro, just as that from science or chronology has done with regard to the Scriptures; but it is also possible that new facts may come to light tending to show that the Council of Nicæa agreed precisely with the Council of Trent upon this point: hitherto the tendency has been in this direction, and that is what we wish to draw notice to. Our author mentions other councils which confirm the decree of that of Carthage.—p. 184-5.

But it will be said, "in spite of all this arguing, there are some awkward facts which are not to be forgotten. No less a pope than St. Gregory the Great calls the books of Maccabees 'non canonicos,' (Mor. xix. § 34.) and though we are not so ignorant as to suppose that every word a pope ever says is held infallible, [this was written before he was pope,] still you must feel this an untoward passage. There was also a Council of Laodicea* in the

* This, we have been told, is quoted as proof in the Cambridge work, which illustrates the 39 articles from ancient sources.

fourth century, the canons whereof were confirmed by the sixth œcumenical council, of which canons the 60th contains a list of the books of Scripture, truly Protestant, unencumbered by your deuterocanonical books. Furthermore, St. Jerome, a favourite doctor of yours, and no friend to the venerable Vigilantius or Jovinian, &c., other founders of what you are pleased to style Protestant errors, an Italian by birth, and in favour with a pope, in correspondence with St. Austin, yet living in Palestine, so that all parts of the Christian world may be said to be represented by him, evinces an evident shyness for your popish canon, not to mention some stubborn expressions in your later ecclesiastical writers. What have you to say to all this?"

We will say boldly, that this evidence against these Scriptures (which is really nothing when weighed with the evidence for them,) has itself a tendency to vanish. Let us see then, like Joannes Gigantophontes in the ancient story, what we can make of these terrific monsters which threaten us with destruction. If we cannot slay them all, we will do our best at all events. Now St. Gregory was a great quoter of the rest of these Scriptures, and therefore his testimony will not prove enough for Protestant wants. We know also that St. Austin spoke of the books of Maccabees as books quos non Judæi, sed Ecclesia pro canonicis habet. (de C. D. xviii. 36.) St. Gregory then has to be reconciled with a preceding doctor whom he followed in many things, (see his Epistle to Eulogius, x. 39,) if he does not here agree with that doctor, and if in fact he has not the same distinction before his mind. Yet after all, we freely confess it is an awkward passage, but it is more awkward for Protestants to reconcile with St. Gregory's use of the other deuterocanonical Scriptures than for us to reconcile, isolated as it is, with the Church's usual teaching on the subject.

But the decree of a council is a more serious matter than a single passage in an author, even of the greatest estimation. The authority of the Council of Laodicea has been made to rest upon that of Trullo, which cannot be shown to be a general council, nor consequently shown to add much weight to that of Laodicea, the sixtieth canon of which omits the deuterocanonical books *except* Baruch. But it unfortunately happens that this sixtieth canon has every appearance of being a forgery. Professor Vincenzi

has done a great service in showing the strong evidence there is for assuming this to be so; which, be it observed, will be a very marked case of the tendency such objections, as we are considering, have to vanish. They are like those quantities in algebraical geometry which approximate so closely to zero, that we may consider them as such for all practical purposes.

We shall not trouble our readers with a minute detail of the evidence, but content ourselves with a sketch of it, referring those who may wish for more accurate information to the book before us.—pp. 190—97.

Dionysius Exiguus, who lived at the close of the fifth century, and translated the councils into Latin, makes no mention of a sixtieth canon. In the next century, Martin, a Portuguese, who made a collection of councils, omits it also; as also does John of Antioch who lived in the sixth century, and Isidorus Mercator in the eighth century, and Photius in the ninth, in their respective collections. Certain Syriac and Arabic MSS. collections in the Vatican, consulted by our author, equally ignore this canon. Besides other authorities leaning the same way, three ancient MSS. of councils omit the sixtieth canon. How then come Zonaras and Balsamon, collectors of the twelfth century, to put this canon in? It contributes no little to the confirmation of the truth, (as was said of old,) to see clearly the origin of the error. The sixtieth canon occurs first in Zonaras according to our author (p. 195); and it is curious enough, that in another place Zonaras himself cites the fifty-ninth as deciding what books are to be read in churches, along with other authorities who give lists, e. g. the Pseudo-Athanasius. Here then is some reason for suspecting that Zonaras forged the list which is wanted in the aforesaid earlier authorities. Balsamon deserts Photius his usual guide here, and so one may suspect that he borrowed from Zonaras, the last editor of the councils before himself. They were both enemies of the Latin Church, which would be some kind of antecedent probability that they generated that, whereof there is no *à posteriori* proof of the existence of before their own time. “Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona,” is not a mode of arguing which will apply to times when written documents had long been common. We find something done at a certain time, and do not find it done before: we see two persons standing by, just the persons to have done it, and

from want of better evidence conclude that they did it. This, indeed, is not evidence enough to hang a man upon; but it would be enough for private individuals to rule their own conduct by. We might not like to hang a man for forgery upon such evidence if we were living in the times when that was the law; but, for all that, the deed he had forged would not be a very pleasant guarantee to us that we were entitled to such and such property. It had no proveable existence before, and if we were honest men, we should look on it as if it had no existence now. But men are not as wise and as honest, we are afraid, about things of the Church as about things of the world. The penalties for neglecting the right path in the one case are close at hand, while those for neglecting it in the other are far off: still these last are eternal.

The last *broad fact* we have to deal with, (and we wish most honestly to state that we do not consider every objection against, or every argument for, the Scriptures before us,) is the opposition made by St. Jerome to the reception of these books. Putting this opposition at its highest, all it will come to is this: that a single father, in spite of all the Church, and in spite of a decree of the Council of Nicæa, apparently known to him, from some cause or other, set his face against them, though he admitted that the Church everywhere used them. Now this, when put so, suggests two questions: 1. Why is St. Jerome, when giving an opinion against the rest of the Church, to go for so very much? 2. Is there really no way of explaining such a strange fact as this contempt for the Nicene decree and the practice of the whole Church? Rather than build an article of faith on such a strange fact, we should be prepared to admit a pretty torturing theory. If St. Jerome did not know the whole of the Nicene decree, then his opposition to the canon is of no more value than his opposition to the word Hypostasis (Epist. lib. i. 15.) as now applied to the Person of the Blessed Trinity; either objection was admissible enough before the Church had formed a definite opinion, either equally unimportant afterwards. But Professor Vincenzi has treated this subject as satisfactorily, we think, as he has that of the sixtieth canon of the Council of Laodicea; so we shall betake ourselves to him presently, after again reminding our readers that this will be another instance of the tendency of objections to vanish. As they vanish, of course

they do not leave things where they were, but add a positive testimony to the view the Church has taken of the matter: they go to strengthen our conviction of her supernatural wisdom, the substantial nature of what she rests on, and the unsubstantial character of what seems to oppose itself to her decisions.

Now, it so happens that there is a parallel and cognate case in which St. Jerome, if we go by isolated passages, seems to bid defiance to the whole Church. He seems as if he would throw the Septuagint entirely aside, whatever apostles, saints, and doctors choose to say. How much those who differ from the Church might make of this, if by any chance passages of the saint which led quite the other way had perished! It might have been said: "As for your proof of the canonicity of the Apocrypha from its being in the Septuagint, it is worth nothing. Jerome could not have been prepared to throw overboard with the Apocrypha, the Septuagint and every thing which bolstered it up, if the Church was your way of thinking in his day." But it happens that St. Jerome has defended himself against the charge of despising the Septuagint. (c. Ruff, p. 224 ed. *Erasm.*) and has inserted it along with his own translation in his commentaries, and is perpetually referring to it with the greatest deference. Yet his unguarded statements about it will almost cease to deserve being called unguarded, if we suppose him to be speaking with a definite object in view, viz. that of showing against the Jews that the doctrines of the New Testament admitted of proof from the Hebrew Scriptures. The New Testament itself addressed, as it was primarily, to Jews or those living amongst Jews, quotes directly from the Hebrew Scriptures in a majority of cases perhaps, which would be an authority for St. Jerome to go by, though it would not have sanctioned him had he rejected Ruth, Esther, the Canticles, or Nahum, which do not happen to be quoted in the New Testament.

The same theory (of St. Jerome having this definite object) which explains apparently unguarded statements in one case, will go a good way towards explaining them in the other, with which we are more immediately concerned. Professor Vincenzi indeed, however disinclined as all Catholics would be, to "accuse the Saint of any rashness," p. 38, yet cannot disguise from one that he feels these expressions rather unguarded: nor can we help allowing that

we feel with him; nor do we think ourselves obliged to keep from such admissions any more than to keep from smiling at some of St. Jerome's attempts at Hebrew analysis. Human virtue, as well as human knowledge, has points, in which it fails even with saints. St. Jerome's failings, as well as his extraordinary virtues and penances, may teach us humility: our knowledge of the latter will make us value his intercession, of which our consciousness of the former will not, we trust, at all tend to deprive us. Still we cannot but feel glad to be able to produce statements which qualify the harsher sounding passages to be found, we suppose, not only in our author, p. 35—8, but in most apologists for the Protestant Canon.

But to return to the former: after giving several passages, p. 38—40, in which St. Jerome speaks of the deuterocanonical Scriptures in the same terms of respect usual with most other Fathers, (which passages, however, are unclassified in the way we complained of above,) the Professor proceeds to contrast some passages, which a Protestant might have written, with their context, which a Protestant would not have written.

“With the *Hebrews* the book of Judith is read amongst the apocrypha,* and is looked upon as of less authority in confirming disputed points. This language the celebrated Doctor uses, not as expressing his own opinion, but that of the Jews, who rejected that book from their canon, and therefore he considers the task [of translating it] as beside his own purposes, and not satisfying his own object. He then proceeds as follows,—‘But inasmuch as we have read that the Nicene Council reckoned this book to be in the number of the holy Scriptures, I have acceded to what you demand, not to say insist upon.’ Then, after complaining of the interruption it would be to his studies, and stating that he should give the sense from the Chaldee text, St. Jerome proceeds, ‘Take Judith, a widow, a pattern of chastity, and with praise beseeming a triumph set forth her glories evermore. For it was not by women only but by men that He made this chastity capable of being imitated, who being the rewarder of chastity, gave her such virtue as should conquer one unconquered by all men, and overcome one hitherto insuperable.’ Of Tobias he says,—‘You insist on my translating into Latin a book written in Chaldee, which the Hebrews prune away from the catalogue of the divine Scriptures, and hand over to what they call hagiographa or apocrypha. I have satisfied your wish, but not what I am zealous of for myself. Arguments are also

* Others read hagiographa: see presently.

plied against us by the zeal of the Hebrews, and they charge us with making over to the ears of Latins a book not in their canon. But holding it better to put myself out of the good opinions of the Pharisees, and to be obedient to the commands of bishops, I have gone on as I have been able.' And again, (Ep. 120.) 'When we oppose to them, *Benedicit spiritus et animæ justorum Domino*, they do not admit it as Scripture, and say, It is not in the Hebrew.' "

Here St. Jerome is with the Catholic Church, and Protestants with his adversaries. Again, p. 43, Professor Vincenzi mentions that his objection to the history of Susanna seems based upon the fact that the words *πρίνον* and *σχίνον* names of two trees, sound alike in Greek, whereas no words for these trees of similar sound, can be adduced from the Hebrew: and from the fact, that the etymology of the Greek words also is alluded to. All St. Jerome says, is, "If this etymology could stand in the Hebrew, then we might admit the book as Scripture." This, which would be a strong objection in the eyes of Jews, if St. Jerome is contemplating them as we suppose, really deserves no better epithet than futile in the eyes of Christians. Imagine St. Jerome coolly giving up a book of the Canon, simply and solely because he could not see his way through a paronomasia,* which the Greek translator might have made to suit the Greek names he had given the trees as easily as not! However, in regard to the whole book, St. Jerome himself speaks of Africanus, who wrote on the Jewish side, as having had a learned epistle written against him by Origen; and complains of Ruffinus 'as a silly sycophant,' for accusing himself on account of his not answering what the Hebrews are wont to say against the stories of Susanna, and Bel and the Dragon. "For *I did not set forth*, (he adds,) *my own sentiments, but what they*

* Butler, (Analogy cap. 7.) has compared the difficulties in prophecy from our ignorance of history, to the difficulties in satirical writings from the same cause; in neither case do such difficulties prevent our seeing the general drift of the passage. To pursue this comparison: Voss's translation of Aristophanes, makes German paronomasie, which are correlative to the Greek; so might the Greek translator of Susanna's history contrive to keep up the play on the words, by slightly altering the original idea, till it became correlative to the Greek words *σχίνος* and *πρίνος*, which are cognate with *χίλω* and *πρίλω*, "saw" and "slit." The professor gives some ingenious Chaldee parallels in vol. 3. p. 100. We would suggest that the Greek words which occur in Daniel, *συμψυγία* and *ψανήρι ψαλαστήριον*, show that intercourse with Greeks was begun before that time. But we must leave this thought to others to follow out, and only add that we cannot think much of a mind which would settle now-a-days, *without reference to Jews*, that a book was not canonical by a trifling objection of this sort, to which, if we knew the whole of the case, there might be a most ample answer.

are in the habit of saying against us.....and inasmuch as I asserted that Porphyry had said much against this prophet.....he might as well accuse me for not having written in that short preface against the books of Porphyry."—p. 44, 45.

This last passage throws a light upon all the rest which cannot be fairly quoted, unless it is also quoted. St. Jerome, when pressed for his real reason, gives the very one which the other passages forcibly suggest, viz. that he wrote with reference to the Jews and with a desire to meet and refute them upon their own ground. Protestants, therefore, should admit either that St. Jerome is inconsistent and so of no great value to them in the controversy, or that he repented of his former language and wished to conform to the received opinions on the subject, or that he held throughout the same sentiments though at times he refrained from putting them forward from prudential motives. At all events, let them reflect what they would have felt if a single doctor had spoken in favour, say, of the Pope's supremacy, and all the others against it: let them do with Catholics, as (in this hypothetical case) they would be done by, and not make so much of this one or any other one doctor, when the leaning of the whole Church is plainly the other way.

We must quote one more passage from the work before us, and that will be from one which contains the concluding remarks upon St. Jerome.

"These Scriptures, though cut away by the Hebrews from their Canon, were read in all the Churches of Christ along with the other books, and that before his time, as the saint confesses, neither did any of the writers of his day nor of those who wrote just after his death, depreciate the divine authority of our books, or make the difference Jerome makes between the proto and deuterocanonical Scriptures, which our adversaries would have and actually state. And even if Jerome's bishops admitted his new version from the Hebrew, still they did not change the received list of divine books, or the ancient order in which they used to be read in the version of the seventy and the Latin, nor did they count any part of these as of less authority. And this we have good grounds for deciding from the letters of his friend Chromatius; from Augustine, who with the greatest veneration for his knowledge of the divine Scriptures and for his age, yet most stoutly maintained the divinity of these books before Jerome, and the heretics; from the council of Carthage, which received the whole of these Scriptures, with the suffrages of all and every of the bishops of Mauretania; from Pope

Innocent the first, who on this foot wrote to Exuperius of Toulouse, and settled the same canon of Scripture; from the bishops of the Spanish church, who seem to have been the first to receive the said Jerome's version, yet without making any revision (*animadversio*) of the Scriptures.....All this too happened in Jerome's life-time. From this then it is fair to conclude, that the saint formed a just opinion of the deuterocanonical books, and squared his sentiments on the subject to those of the Universal Church."

We might have indulged in many more quotations from the learned volumes before us, if we consulted our own fancy rather than our reader's patience. All we fear is, that we have not done them justice. Of the whole portion which treats of the evidence from authors after the five first centuries we have said hardly a syllable, although a great deal of much value is brought out in this chapter which treats of this evidence. pp. 198—226. So again the treatment of the parallelisms in the scriptures before us, in part ii. prop. 5, is a subject of no common interest. It is one among the many things which bear indirect witness to the Professor's wish to meet the difficulties of Anglicans: for the whole notion of parallelisms was, we believe, first and mainly worked out by two of their body, Drs. Louth and Jebb. But we must think of drawing this article to a close, and so refrain from panegyricizing many other parts of the work which struck us, and from commenting on the observations critical, historical, and theological, which are presented to us, upon the individual books of these scriptures.

We shall have fulfilled our promise at starting, as far as we are able at present to do so, if we add a few remarks upon the importance of having critical studies pursued by Catholics. In the greatest majority of cases, (we are afraid we must say it,) ignorance of such subjects in those who have really had fair opportunities, proceeds from the want of that anxiety for souls, which anxiety is often hinted at if not directly urged, as the excuse for neglecting all studies not absolutely enforced. Yet assuredly it must be allowed that there are a number of persons, who are capable of being, in some degree, influenced by arguments of a critical kind. You must know and enter into their system, in order to be able to answer their arguments directly: and indirectly, the possession of kindred knowledge always forms a point of attraction between those who possess it. Contemptible as knowledge is without goodness, and still

more in comparison of goodness, the sheer indolence which often prevents people from obtaining knowledge at a time when it is open to them to do so, cannot by any cleverness be shown to flow from goodness. The acquisition of solid critical knowledge really does require a great deal of irksome labour and consequent mental discipline, and though it is infinitely better to be able to pray well than to read with observation, there are people we fear who, with considerable opportunities, neglect the latter without thereby improving in the former. Diligence in study and an earnest desire to acquire all knowledge which may any way contribute to attract or convert any class of men, are quite as imperative duties, it seems to us, in some states of life, as pains-taking exhortation, or unwearied ministration to penitents are to others.

If, moreover, a solid acquaintance with critical studies is necessary in order to combat those who either pursue them or are likely to be influenced by them; such knowledge is likely to be peculiarly useful in the hands of Catholics. Paradoxical as it will sound to some, we will hazard the assertion, that what is often called the spirit of dogmatism is absolutely necessary in order to make really solid advances in any branch of moral, metaphysical, or quasi-theological learning; such learning, for instance, as we are here speaking upon. Yet, surely, none but a Catholic can dogmatize with anything like consistency. He can stand and smile, so far as himself is concerned, at the fluctuations of the restless and ever-varying schools of criticism, because his faith is not dependant upon them, but upon the teaching of the Church. Yet this very independence may give him a greater power of handling critical questions with calmness, and sifting difficulties which cannot shake him, as they might a Protestant. He is bound in an age when criticism is in vogue among the learned, and through them influences the ignorant and even the poor, to arm himself against the misuse of it for the sake of others, provided he has time and opportunity for doing so. Nor can it be said with truth that it is of no good to himself: for while habits of accuracy and observation are more or less sure to follow upon such studies, the insight into the detail of scripture, (so to speak,) which they give, will be just as beneficial to a Catholic as it often is mischievous to a mere critic. The habits of reverence which the Catholic religion inspires,

alone enable the mind to inspect details without danger of becoming forgetful whose word is before it.

It may indeed be said that ecclesiastics in England have no time for such pursuits, and that therefore these observations are unmeaning. If it is true (as in most cases it perhaps is) that they have no time, or are occupied in other studies when they have, we of course can have no wish to quarrel with them. But we humbly suggest that where there is time for them, there must be also heart for them, and this must be acquired by diligence in early life, and a determination to get all knowledge then, which *may* turn to account afterwards. And who shall say what calls may be made upon him in after life in the present stirring of hearts towards the Church? Who shall say that the industry which diminished the number of the sins of a man's College life, might not also be the means of saving those souls by bringing them under the influence of the Sacraments and so of blotting out the remaining sins of his own which else would have been recorded against himself?



5

ART. V.—1. *Ausgewählte Werke von Heinrich Conscience, unter Mitwirkung der Verfasser, deutsch von Johann Wilhelm Wolf.* 12mo. I—IV. Bonn: 1846.

2.—*Flämische Still-leben; von Heinrich Conscience; aus dem Flämischen übersetzt, von Melchior Diepenbrock. Mit Holzschnitten.* 8vo. Regensburg: 1846.

3.—*Das Wunderjahr, (1566.) Historische Gemälde aus dem Sechszehnten Jahrhunderte. Von Hendrik Conscience. Aus dem Flämischen treu übersetzt.* Regensburg: 1846.

4.—*Sketches from Flemish Life, in Three Tales, translated from the Flemish of Hendrik Conscience, and illustrated with one hundred and thirty engravings on wood, from designs by Flemish artists.* London: 1846.

THE title prefixed to these pages, we make no doubt, will be a novelty to many of our readers, who are un-

prepared even for the existence of such a thing as an independent Flemish literature. We are so habituated to regard the Belgians as a purely practical people; to think of them as mere weavers or lace-makers; as carvers of wood or forgers of iron;—in a word, to identify them with manufactures and mechanical arts; that we find it difficult to imagine them rising above the concerns of every-day life, and deserting its active and engrossing duties for the dreamy speculations of literature, especially its more imaginative departments. In truth, little is known of them beyond the fact of their possessing a distinct and independent language, which is struggling to hold its ground among the people; but whether this language is represented in a distinct and independent national literature, few, we fancy, have taken the pains to reflect, much less to enquire.

At all events, the long list of works cited above, indicates a degree of literary activity in Belgium for which English readers generally are not likely to have been prepared. And yet these are but a few out of many works by a single writer, and that a very young man, only three or four years before the public.

The Flemish language is one of five dialects of German origin, which are spoken in the Netherlands. It is the prevailing language of the southern provinces, and is second in importance only to the Dutch, properly so called, from which it differs chiefly in its being more overlaid with words of a foreign origin, and in the substitution of nasal sounds for the guttural ones which characterize the Dutch dialect. Travelers in Belgium are apt to suppose that Flemish is the language universally spoken throughout that country. But the fact is, that Flemish is hardly found southward of Brussels; and it must be carefully distinguished from the Walloon, a spurious offshoot of French, which is spoken in Hennegau, Namur, Liege, and a part of Limburg. These rival dialects, though they are both found in the same province, and even in the same city, have never amalgamated in the slightest degree: the same antagonism existing between them which has subsisted from time immemorial between the two races which they represent.*

* It is remarkable too, that even in those parts of Belgium which were so long subject to foreign rule, both these dialects have equally maintained their ground. Thus the Flemish is still the language of the people, even to the very frontier of France, while the Walloon has held its place in Brabant, Hennegau, and

Few of the existing branches of the old Teutonic language can boast a higher antiquity than the Flemish. The songs of the prince-minstrel, Henry of Brabant, written about the middle of the thirteenth century, will bear a comparison with any of the existing remains of the minstrelsy of that age; and so well has the written dialect withstood the corrupting influence of time, that the very earliest fragments of the language which have been preserved, will be found easily intelligible at the present day. A war-song, written on the defeat of the Normans in 885,* is substantially the same language which may be heard to this day in the street ballads of the southern cities and towns of Belgium.

But, although the Flemish writers are among the most ancient we possess, still many causes have combined to prevent Belgium from attaining to any considerable eminence in the literature of Europe. The literati of the Netherlands, in Holland, as well as in Belgium, retained for a longer period than their neighbours that prejudice in favour of the learned languages, and that distrust of the national dialect as a fitting medium for literary communication, which was the besetting sin of the northern nations during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The example of Erasmus, Lipsius, Grotius, and even Wytenbach, who all selected Latin as the language of their writings, was too generally imitated by writers of inferior note; and the number of foreigners resident in the universities of the Low Countries—as, for example, Vossius, Gronovius, Scaliger, Luzac, and Vorst—for whom, of course, this was a matter of necessity) contributed to confirm and perpetuate the custom of writing in Latin, rather than in the native dialects.

The rapid advance, however, which took place in the language and literature of the Germans during the latter half of the last century, was not without its influence upon their neighbours in the Low Countries; and since the commencement of the present century, a new impulse has been given to the national spirit by the reaction consequent upon the subjection to the French domination. The most remarka-

especially in Liege, notwithstanding the close and intimate connection with Germany, and the influence of the German language and literature.

* A few verses of this interesting old relic, will be found in Roscoe's *Belgium*, p. 142.

ble leader of this national movement was one who is now a veteran in the cause, the learned and patriotic M. Willems. He commenced his career as a poet, and in the year 1811 obtained the prize at the national literary congress of Ghent. But his great merit in the eyes of his countrymen arises from his valuable contributions to the philology and the literary history of Belgium, both in itself, and in its relation to the kindred literature of Holland. Indeed, Willems is by some regarded as a martyr of his devotion to the cause of the Flemish language and literature. After the revolution of 1830, he was deprived for some years of an official appointment which he had previously held; and his removal was attributed by public report to the influence of a member of the government, with whom, before the revolution, he had maintained an animated controversy on the subject of the rights of the national language. His retirement, however, has not been without its advantages. He devoted his privacy to the publication of a most interesting collection of ancient popular ballads, accompanied by dissertations illustrative of their history, and since the year 1837 he has edited a quarterly journal devoted exclusively to subjects connected with the language, history, and antiquities of Belgium.

In his various efforts for the revival of the national literature, he has been warmly seconded by the Abbé David, professor of Flemish literature in the Catholic university of Louvain. This learned and zealous priest has collected around him a number of the young and enthusiastic members of the university, and has founded a national society, very analogous in its objects to our own Archæological and Celtic societies. He has also established, with the co-operation of his friend and pupil, the Abbé Bogaerts, a popular journal, similar in its object, though more varied in the subjects which it embraces, to the quarterly publication already referred to. It is upon the influence of a few journals such as these, and of a series of popular treatises, such as the *History of Belgium*, in which the Abbé David is also engaged, that the friends of native Belgian literature mainly rely for strengthening the feeling in favour of the national language, which had long ceased to be universal, especially among the younger generation.

But among all those who have joined hands for the restoration of the national language and the elevation of

the native literature, there is not one whose success can for a moment stand in comparison with that of the young but distinguished writer whose name stands at the head of this article—Hendrik Conscience. This remarkable young man, who, in the commencement of his career, served some years in the Belgian army as a volunteer, has devoted himself, since his return to private life, exclusively to literary pursuits. His earliest publication was a collection of poems (*Tafereelen**), which at once drew upon him the favourable notice of the public; but he seems not to have availed himself for several years of the popularity thus acquired, having applied himself for a considerable time to the pursuit of botany and horticulture, though he does not seem to have published anything upon the subject. Through the recommendation of an influential friend, he obtained the place of secretary to the Academy of Arts at Antwerp, and the time thus placed at his disposal has enabled him to give himself up without restraint to the course which talent, as well as disposition, seems to have marked out for him. It is upon his national tales and romances that his fame must rest.

Whatever may be the absolute value of these performances,—and it would not be generous to criticise too rigidly an infant literature—they at least entitle him to the credit not only of having founded a peculiar school, but even of having originated this species of composition among his countrymen. Before his time, historical romance was known in Belgium only through the medium of foreign publications; and the only pictures of life and manners accessible to the Flemish public, were those produced by the gross and seductive artists of France or of Germany. Above all, there was nothing, whether of native or of foreign manufacture, which would deserve the name of a national school of fiction. That school, so indispensable (at least, in these days of light-reading) for the very existence of a national literature, and for the formation of a national taste, it was reserved for Hendrik Conscience to establish.

Indeed, his first historical romance, “*The Year of Wonders*,” (1566.) has but little beyond a strong and ardent spirit of nationality and a vigorous descriptive style to

* Of this collection we can only speak by report, not having been able to procure a copy. The other works of the author are known mainly through the German translation.

recommend it. To delicate delineation of character, to profound philosophy, to tenderness, or pathos, or sentiment, it makes no pretension. The tale is founded upon the story of the national struggle against Spanish domination, the well known poetry of *Les Gueux*; and except a few scenes, which are overlaid rather than inwrought in the narrative, and one or two characters, palpably introduced for the purpose of effect, it is little more than a history of the popular uprising against the wanton cruelty and indignities, under which the hardy Flemings had for years been groaning. But there is a warmth and vigour in the style, a straightforward earnestness in the expression, a brilliancy in the description, and a fervid and indignant spirit of nationality pervading all, which went straight to the hearts of his countrymen, and in which all alike, and without exception, the illiterate and the learned, were capable of sympathizing. And although the general arrangement of the plot is defective, and the parts are loosely and imperfectly put together, yet there are individual sketches and descriptions which gave promise of powers fully equal to the reputation which he has since attained. The struggle between patriotism and religion in the character of young Lodewyk is depicted with great truthfulness and skill; the ruffian Valdez, though not an original, is yet a bold and vigorous conception; and we have seldom met a more charming picture than the aged and venerable Father Francis.

The *Wunderjahr* was followed by a more voluminous, and, in every way, more elaborate tale, "The Lion of Flanders." Like its predecessor, it is a purely historical romance, and, as the title will indicate, a romance illustrative of Flemish history. The story is founded upon the memorable war in the close of the thirteenth century, in which the cities of Flanders overthrew the armies of Philip the Fair, and shook off the oppressive yoke of France. The principal hero, from whom the story takes its name, is Robert, surnamed "The Lion of Flanders," son of the ill-fated Count Guy of Flanders. But the main interest of the tale rests partly upon the fortunes of Count Robert's daughter and her lover, Adolphus van Nieuwland; partly upon two humble heroes, Deconinck and Breydel, the great leaders of the citizen soldiery of Bruges, and the representatives of the Flemish burgher-class in the middle age. Upon these—especially the former—the author has

exerted all his skill ; and it is not hard to see that his sympathies went hand in hand with his imagination in the execution of the sketch. Nothing could be more opposite than the two characters : one all impetuosity and ardour, the mere creature of impulse, in whom patriotism is an instinct, or, at all events, an engrossing and absorbing passion ; the other, an impersonation of counsel and calmness—cold, calculating, and passionless, yet equally devoted to his country, and equally forgetful of self in this sacred cause. With these pictures before our eyes, we can well understand the enthusiasm with which this work was received by a people in whose mind the idea of nationality is so boldly and so deeply impressed, but who for years had found no voice to express, and no painter to clothe, it in the forms of life and reality.

But a still surer source of Conscience's popularity, a still more powerful instrument in the great literary revival which he seeks to effect, are the "Sketches of Flemish Life," to which of later years he has devoted his prolific pen. With some of these the charming little volume of translations published by the Messrs. Longman, has, perhaps, made our readers already familiar ; but the volume contains only a few out of a large collection, if not all equal in merit, yet all in a greater or less degree characteristic both of the writer and of the people.

Demoralizing and every way prejudicial, as indiscriminate or excessive indulgence in what is technically called "light reading" unquestionably must be, yet we believe that the department of fiction is one which not even the severest moralist would venture to proscribe without mercy, and hand over to the exclusive use of those who would employ it for no higher purpose than the mere amusement of an idle hour, or even for more questionable and dangerous excitement. Among all the various classes of novels upon which, if treated by a skilful hand, we should be disposed to rely as instruments of good and as organs of useful and practical instruction, by far the most important is the Domestic Novel, whose interest scarcely extends beyond the quiet circle of the home fireside. To take our own novels as an example ; we are sure there are few who will not agree with us in regarding our countrywoman, Miss Edgeworth, as among the most powerfully instructive writers of the day ; and though we never take up her works without deploring the utter avoidance of religious

teaching which she has seemingly prescribed to herself as a rule, yet we feel that it would be difficult to inculcate mere abstract morality, such as she *does* profess to teach, in a manner at once so interesting and so attractive. This class of novel is almost unknown outside of our own literature. If we except Madame Guizot's delightful little sketches, (which, however, are open to the same objection as those of Miss Edgeworth,) we know absolutely nothing in French literature of this character; German literature is almost equally barren; and the secret of Miss Bremer's success in her popular Swedish Tales, is the spirit and skill with which she has taken possession of this new and untried sphere, and the truthfulness with which she has depicted the quiet every-day life of her native land.

The Flemish novelist has wisely followed in the same track; though, at least in the works hitherto published, his pretensions are much less aspiring. None of the tales now before us aims at anything higher than a light and desultory sketch; but they exhibit a degree of vigour and truth which give promise of complete success, even in the highest departments of fiction. We shall give a few specimens of the author's style and manner.

The first of the three tales comprised in the pretty volume before us is entitled "Siska van Roosemael." It is a thoroughly Flemish story; and besides a great many excellent moral lessons incidentally conveyed, is intended to hold up to contempt that silly affectation of French manners and French frivolity which is fast undermining the good old habits of genuine Flemish life.

We shall commence with the opening paragraph, (which is unmistakeably of native manufacture,) and allow the story to develop itself:

"Not many years ago, you might have seen in one of the streets behind the green church-yard of Antwerp, a famous old grocer's shop, which through many generations had descended from father to son, and always been conspicuous for good wares and low prices. The last proprietor of the shop was James Van Roosemael, son of Frank, son of Charles, son of Gaspard Van Roosemael, and had married Siska Pot, a descendant of the famous Peter Pot, whose name is still to be met in the two Peter-Pot-Streets.

This wedded pair, trained from early youth to a life of industry, and now unremittingly busied with their small trade, had never found time to take part in the progress of modern civilization; or in other words, to *Frenchify* themselves. Their dress, made of stout

cloth, was plain, and hardly ever changed its cut: they merely distinguished working dress, Sunday dress, and Easter dress. The latter was never taken from the cupboard, but on the great holidays, and when the Van Roosemaels took the Holy Communion, or were invited by friends as god-parents or marriage-guests. It was easily to be seen that the simple people of the old Flemish world in their quaint though valuable dress, looked rather strangely if compared with many a beau, who for a few francs had decked himself out in a fine showy dress, and would, in passing, regard the Van Roosemaels with disdain. But they did not mind it, and thought, 'Every man has his own point to gain—you the shadow, we the substance.' They were sufficiently uneducated not to know that gentlefolks do not dine at noon; and they therefore were vulgar enough to sit down to dinner when the clock struck twelve; yea, more, they never forgot to say grace both before and after dinner. But there were other imperfections with which they ought to be charged; for instance, they did not understand a word of French, and had never felt the want of this accomplishment; they were religious, industrious, humble, and above all peaceable. But the height of their stupidity was, that they in their Flemish simplicity considered it better every day to lay by an honest stiver, than by lies and fraud to amass such riches in a few years, that all the world should exclaim in astonishment, 'In what hole did the rat find it?' In a word, they were Flemish burghers of the old school."—pp. 1—4.

The object, then, of the tale is to tell, "how it is that the famous shop of a hundred years' standing is now closed. What mishap befel Van Roosemael's vats, boxes, flasks, pots, and pitchers, and transferred them to the broker's shop?"

All this, reader, and more, occurred through the blighting influence of the *Gallo-mania*—a silly desire to affect "the apish tricks of French politesse."

"The old Van Roosemael had a young daughter called Siska, after her mother, of the age of fifteen, tall and slender for her years, with handsome figure and features, fair hair and blue eyes—a genuine, charming Brabantish child. She had been educated at a common town school, knew her native language, besides arithmetic, and all that sort of work which a good burgher's wife ought to understand, if it be only to know something more about domestic management than her servant. Like her parents she was simple, pious, obedient, affectionate; not boisterous, idle, or self-willed, but in every way calculated to maintain, with the man she should marry, the honour and renown of the house of her ancestors, and to carry on the famous grocery shop."—pp. 4—5.

This daughter is, of course, the pride and the idol of her mother's heart; and, unhappily for the peace of all the parties, this motherly pride takes a wrong direction. The Roosemaels' near neighbour, a master shoemaker, named Spinael, is induced by the hope of making a rapid fortune to give up his quiet old-world shop, and to open a splendid new French *magazin*; and carrying out the change through all the details of life, he adopts the extreme of the French *mode*, appearing "in a paletot of chequered cloth, drab-coloured trousers, and white waistcoat, with a mosaic gold chain, to which a watch or eye-glass was supposed to be attached." His son, John, is metamorphosed into Monsieur Jules, and Theresa, his daughter, becomes Mademoiselle Hortense; both being sent abroad to acquire the "French polish," Jules to a Parisian *établissement*, and Hortense to a fashionable French *pension*. As for Spinael himself, he has his red whiskers died a beautiful black; his hair is artificially dressed like the wax figures in barbers' windows; he withdraws his name from the "confraternity of our Blessed Lady;" and pleads that it is "not to be expected of a man like him to follow the procession, taper in hand!"

Mademoiselle Hortense returns from the pension, all grace, and fashion, and elegance; and it soon becomes apparent to poor Dame Roosemael that, thanks to those French advantages, "her own Siska makes little show beside the dashing shoemaker's daughter." She resolves, and persuades her husband into the same resolution, to send Siska to the *pension*, first, however, asking the approval of the confidential friend and adviser of the family, Doctor Pelkmans, a genuine Fleming, but yet free from all unreasonable prejudice. The doctor remonstrates against the project of the pension, but, as might be supposed, without convincing the worthy dame.

"She did not give way, but exclaimed: 'You are exaggerating, doctor; I know well that you bear a great hatred to every thing French; but we are of the old world, friend. It wout do now-a-days.'

"'Mrs. Van Roosemael,' said the doctor, 'you wout understand me. It is not my intention to hinder any body from acquiring foreign languages: this you may see in the case of my own son Lewis, who is now at the university. Does he not understand French? I should say so; and a good deal better than the young ignoramus who turn Therese Spinael's head, and dazzle your eyes

so very much. Do not look at me, madam, with such an air of defiance. Yes, they are ignoramuses ; for what does their knowledge consist in ? Some French sentences picked up in the street, which they often bungle lamentably enough. They do not know their native language ; and they are ignorant of the very names of the most useful sciences. All their learning consists in French wind ; in words and phrases which they now and then pick up in newspapers and novels. These they concoct into empty idle talk, and palm it on the uninformed for French cultivation. But you really make me quite angry ; we are wandering from the point. Let us come to an understanding. I will tell you, and mark my words ! There are no doubt good educational establishments, but there are far more bad than good ones. The good ones are those conducted by ladies, who, conscious of the holiness of their calling, have a better end in view, than to give to their charges a shining worldly varnish, at the expense of their piety and morals ; where the teachers assiduously co-operate and watch incessantly to guard against the poison of temptation, and to combat vanity and frivolity ; where there is a due appreciation of the good qualities that have their root in a patriotic sentiment, and a perception of the danger of giving up this pure ground to foreign influence ; in a word, where they do not wish to form fashionable ladies, but good and useful housewives. If you should now propose to send your Siska to such an establishment, I should be the last to object ; on the contrary, I should be very glad of it.”

The father joins the doctor, but in the end, of course, the lady prevails, and Siska is sent to the French pension. And lo ! here is the result. Mrs. Van Roosemael goes to the railway station to meet her daughter on her return.

“ Ha ! there the roaring train is coming up : from all sides the officials rush forward out of corners, nooks, and warehouses. The iron voice of the monster engine changed the silent station into a bustling field, and amid shouts and cries, the machine stops. Now that the happy moment of meeting approaches, the maternal heart beats louder. The old lady stands at the entrance of the terminus and scrutinizes the features of all the females as they pass by. Already the carriages are driving to the town ; one after the other the heavy omnibuses join them, and in less than a few minutes the iron horse is stabled, the servants returned into their dens, the travellers vanished, and the silence of death restored. Mother Van Roosemael sees the gates close ; deep sorrow is swelling her heart ; a painful sigh escapes from her bosom ; she has not seen her dear Siska : still she remains, as if a secret power fixed her to the gate ; and long would she perhaps have remained there, lost in sad meditation, if she had not seen at a little distance a young lady standing near a cab, in the attitude of one who was waiting for somebody.

“ Could she be her Siska ? Impossible ! She is a young lady of quality ; her splendid silk gown leaves bare a great part of her neck ; a gauze shawl, to be sure, seems intended to cover, but does not conceal it ; at each movement long ringlets are dancing round her cheeks ; from her costly bonnet a grand plume of feathers is waving ; her hand holds a pretty little parasol ; a score of boxes of various shapes and sizes, and two large trunks, are piled at her feet. That is not Siska !

“ Such are the observations which Mother Van Roosemael is making, and the thought that creeps into her afflicted mind. Suddenly the young lady makes a sign of impatience in the direction of the matron, and, in doing so, shows her features more distinctly. Yes, it is Siska : and look ! the old stiff mother jumps towards her like a young girl ; tears gush from her eyes, a smile brightens her features, she opens her arms, and ejaculates with touching joy, ‘ Oh, Siska, my child ! ’ ”

“ But it seems that the young lady is ashamed of the name Siska, [she had become Mademoiselle Eudoxie at the pension, she blushes.] But the blush soon passes over, and she takes two steps up to her mother, who tries to throw both arms round the neck of her child. But see ! the Frenchified daughter will not make a scene for the spectators ; she seizes the hands of her mother, holds them, and by this means prevents the embrace. Then she says, ‘ Good-day, mamma ; how do you do ? and how is papa ? Take care, you will tread upon my boxes. I have been waiting here for you the last half hour. ’

“ Under different circumstances, such frigid, heartless words might have passed unnoticed ; but in the present moment they pierced like so many daggers, the loving heart of the mother. And was this, in truth, the language she was entitled to expect from her Siska after a separation of a whole year ? Not a single kiss, not one pressure of the hand for her who, to comply with Siska’s will, had for three long years lived in discord with her good husband ?—for her who had founded all her hopes on the love of her only child ? How must this formal behaviour have pained her ! The poor old lady with both hands covered her eyes, and burst into bitter tears ! ”—*pp.* 58—61.

The poor girl’s heart, however, is not yet quite dead. She could not bear the sight of her mother’s tears. She throws her arms around her neck, and makes her once more happy by a warm and cordial embrace. But, alas ! her better feelings are not proof against the petty vanity which every step in her French training had tended to foster. She was evidently ashamed of her unfashionable companion, though that companion was her mother.

“ At the milkmarket, a young gentleman accosted her with

smiling face, and with such an air of intimacy, that one might have thought they were brother and sister. Mrs. Van Roosemael opened her eyes as wide as possible, to see if she could recognise the young man; in vain—she never had seen him before. But he was not at all disconcerted by the piercing glance of the mother, but stepped close up to Siska, and said, with pinched lips, in French, 'Ah! bon jour, Mademoiselle Eudoxie! So you have left the pension? Antwerp will now have the felicity of possessing so bewitching a creature within its walls! Verily, a precious gain for us poor young men, who are bemoaning the scarcity of such a union of attractions!' On this, Siska, casting a loving glance upon him from beneath her eyelashes, and at the same time assuming an appearance of confusion, replied, 'You are in jest, Mr. George! But how is your sister Clotilda?' 'Oh, very well indeed,' said the young gentleman with a great deal of indifference; then, with an ironical expression in his features, and pointing to the old lady, he said, 'Is this your servant?'

"This question made Siska colour all over. She was ashamed of her good mother, the Frenchified doll! Her confusion lasted some time; and at last, with great embarrassment and unwillingness, she replied, 'No; she is my mother!'

"'Ah! indeed!' the young man exclaimed! and, turning to the mother, he bowed stiffly, and said, 'Will you permit me to make you my compliments, Madame Van Rosmal! You have got a charming daughter!'

"The old lady did not understand him, but she saw clearly enough what was going on, and that she was the subject of his impudent mockery. She nevertheless returned his bow by a movement of her head. The young man took his leave, with these words to Siska, 'Poor woman! she is quite right in sheltering you under her wide cloak. There are so many of us who have a great mind to steal you. *Au revoir, Mademoiselle Eudoxie.*'—pp. 65—67.

From the moment of her return, the young lady sets about a thorough reform of the old-fashioned Flemish household; and it will hardly be matter of surprise that she succeeds. What could be better than the following?

"How could she dine before three o'clock? Had she the stomach of a peasant? At this declaration the father grew angry, the mother grieved, because all their lifetime they had dined at this their wonted hour, and were afraid of a change which would entirely upset their arrangements for the day. Siska became sulky, and looked sour; but there was no help for it. Her father showed himself inexorable on this matter. Siska wept until her eyes were red; this, too, was of no avail, although the fond mother, from mere pity, now supported her. Then Siska began to swoon; she fell into violent hysterics, and behaved as though about to leave the world.

A Frenchified physician, expert in the capricious maladies of highly-educated ladies, knew how to narrate so many horrors, caused by exciting the weak nerves of the female sex, that the frightened parents at last resolved to change their hour of dining. Often did they now endure craving hunger, as, regularly rising at four or five o'clock in the morning, they had to pass so many hours, whilst the lazy, comfort-loving Siska, never made her appearance before nine o'clock.

“And then the kitchen—what miserable cookery! Nothing but potatoes, and cabbage, and beef boiled or roast: always the same. Siska, of late, feels so very weak, so very poorly! She must have a pigeon or a roast fowl; such things will be a relish, and agree better with her. Her pockets are always full of peppermint and lemon lozenges; and not without reason, for the poor child has got so many different aches—stomach-ache, heart-ache, head-ache, nervous-ache, ache everywhere. Alas, poor Siska!”—*pp.* 75, 76.

The six o'clock morning mass then became too much for her delicate nerves; the high mass was too tedious, and caused her cold feet upon the stone pavement; till, at last, her devotions are restricted to the mid-day mass, where she has full opportunity of studying the toilette of her neighbours, and of displaying her own.

The next step in the reform is to make her mother presentable to her genteel acquaintances.

“And see! she has forced her mother to exchange her laced cap for a silk bonnet, and to wear lace-boots, otherwise she must decline showing herself anywhere with her in public. But how unhappy Mother Van Roosemael looks in her new head-dress! It frets her ears perpetually, for she is not accustomed to the rustling of the stiff bonnet lining; and more than this, she can scarce advance three steps without making movements with her lace-boots like one entangled in a noose, so averse are the laces to make acquaintance with her feet. Poor woman! her neighbours laugh while she is perspiring from vexation, and for very shame could sink into the earth. But forget not the beautiful source of her patience; it is the mother's love enduring all things for her child.”—*pp.* 77, 78.

But the great stronghold of old-world ideas is still to be stormed: the old shop is as old and as old-fashioned as ever. How can the fine lady endure such an odious concern? She assails it in every way; but the old man is proof against all her efforts. The old place had too many holds upon his affections to be abandoned even for the sake of his darling daughter. Who will not enter into these simple feelings?

“Behind the counter Van Roosemael had grown up ; yonder the chair stood upon which his mother had nursed him ; that gaily-painted jar, and that japanned box, he had smiled at before he could speak. There was no crack, no mark, which did not awaken some fond juvenile recollections. With regard to that broken china pot, his father had given it to him a day before his death, with so striking an admonition on economy, that it was even now indelibly impressed on his memory. The black spots on that green cask yonder came from his own little hands, because that was the cask from which his mother had frequently given him a piece of sugar ; and the child, therefore, had been in the habit of patting and caressing it. Yonder, on that table, the initials ‘J. S.’ are cut ; they mean John and Siska, and are in commemoration of his first and only love. In short, this shop was the place of his birth—his world ; everything in it was a part of himself, of his very life.”—*pp.* 79, 80.

But the well-known proverb was doomed to fulfilment. After a long series of attacks and resistance, the point was carried at last. The fatal permission was uttered by the brave-hearted old man ; but the sacrifice of all his cherished associations cost him dearly. He began “to pine away ; became pale and weak, and was apparently tottering into his grave under some unknown disease. Siska often shook like a willow when the flashing eye of her old father caught her own, but he did not speak, the broken-hearted man ; he stared motionless at the workmen who were busy knocking the old shop down. All his dearest recollections he saw destroyed ; and in proportion as they were vanishing under the breath of the painter, his breath and his life grew shorter. The simple shop was very soon transformed into a magnificent warehouse : everything glittered with golden ornaments ; the counter was ornamented with little angels that ground coffee, smoked cigars, or weighed tobacco ; the window-panes were as large as mirrors, and covered with French inscriptions, lighted with gas lamps. A shopman and an assistant stood behind the counter with folded arms ; and Siska, or rather Mademoiselle Eudoxie van Rosmal, was sitting on a little elevation near the window, and read French novels.”

Meanwhile, the affairs of their neighbours, the Spinaels, had been utterly destroyed. The old man had been ruined, insulted, and at last deserted by his French-trained children ; and, in the end, had been driven to seek the charitable assistance of his old friend Van Roosemael, whom he had despised in the days of his new-fledged splendour.

The recollection of all this misery, occasioned by the very course which he now saw taken by his infatuated daughter, was constantly present to his mind; he sickened, and pined away; and at last the wretched girl is startled from her dream of vanity and extravagance by the fearful announcement, "Your father is dying, degenerate child, and you have murdered him."

The conclusion of the tale may be readily imagined; but it would not be easy to do justice to the simple pathos of the author's narrative—Siska's despairing grief, her self-reproaches, her self-torturings—the father's tenderness, and sorrow, and gentle pity for his erring but repentant child. We can only make room for the closing paragraphs.

"The shop of a hundred years standing is now shut up. Mother and daughter lead a life of solitude and repentance; with horror they think of the cause of their misery, and to the litany they add the significant prayer 'from the French degeneracy, deliver us O Lord.'

"'I venture to hope, indulgent reader,' adds Hendrik Conscience in conclusion, 'that this true narrative may have engaged your attention; and you are perhaps anxious to see Siska?'

"Well, then, if such be your desire, go on a Friday morning, at about six o'clock, or perhaps a little later, to the church of the Dominicans; open the door on the right, and walk through the old churchyard as far as the Mount Calvary and the vaults where are represented the torments of the souls in purgatory. There you will see a young woman kneeling, wrapped in a dark cloak, and her face covered by a veil. If you look attentively, you will observe the beads of a rosary gliding through her fingers, and now and then hear a sigh rising from under the veil as from a contrite spirit. She kneels, however, motionless, and, in the twilight of the chapel, will appear to you like a statue.

"If, then, you see her rising and pressing a fervent kiss upon the hand of the beseeching image of a tormented sinner that is placed there, and slowly leaving the vaults without having observed you, then you may boldly assert that you saw Siska Van Roosemael."

Another of the sketches, "A Painter's Progress," displays perhaps still more clearly the versatility of the author's powers. The story is so extremely slight, that we scarcely think it necessary to detail it; but it is made the thread on which to hang an infinite variety of pathos, humour, and philosophy; and it possesses an entirely independent interest as being founded upon the actual history of an eminent Belgian artist still living. To enable the

reader to understand the following extract, it will be enough to say that Frank, the young aspirant after fame, is the child of humble parents, who, by a series of lucky adventures, described with great cleverness and humour, have contrived to place him at the Academy; and after his successful career in that institution, have made an effort, at almost incredible personal sacrifices, to establish him as a painter in his native city. For a time, the generosity of a kind patron enables him to struggle on against poverty and the thousand difficulties which beset the opening of a young artist's career; but unhappily he is prevailed upon, against his better judgment, to send an imperfect and ill-executed picture to the exhibition, and his first failure becomes almost an insuperable obstacle to his after success with the public. He struggles on, nevertheless; but, while fortune is still adverse, his father by an unlucky accident is so disabled as to be incapacitated from following his trade, and to complete his misery, his patron, Baron de Pret, suddenly dies. At this point we shall allow the author to tell his own story; and though the extract must be a long one, we are sure it will need no apology.

“At the funeral of the Baron, an humble vehicle followed the procession afar off. Arrived at the burial ground, three persons alighted from the poor conveyance. They turned into a by-lane near the cemetery, and did not show themselves during the ceremony. But when all was over, and the splendid carriages were returning in speed with all the mourners to the town, three persons were seen entering the churchyard with slow steps. It was Frank, his aged grandmother leaning on his arm, and supported by his mother on the other side. Nobody saw them, all was still in the cemetery, and the greatest silence prevailed around.

“Do you mark them all three; their eyes red with tears, their breath choked by the agony of grief, approaching a mound of newly dug up earth. There rests the man who did good by stealth. Oh, say not that virtue is not rewarded, not honoured! The tears of these people weigh thousands in the scales of the heavenly Judge.

“Look! the women are kneeling on the mound. They clasp their hands and bend their heads over the grave—their lips move. Is theirs a set speech, are their words studied, measured, written down, in order that they may remember them? Oh! no! They know only one prayer, which the Lord himself has taught them: they say the Lord's Prayer over and over again. Their voices become clearer whilst they pray—‘Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors! Holy Mary, Mother of the Lord, pray for us miserable sinners, now

and in the hour of death. Amen.' Their sobs, their tears, their sighs tell the rest:—'Sleep in peace, kind-hearted friend! We plant no flowers on thy grave; they are not everlasting as the memory of thy countless charities. May thy soul receive in the bosom of thy Maker a reward which the world cannot give!'

"And why does not Frank also kneel on the ground? Why? He is absorbed in grief, he feels no life in him, he has forgotten where he is. Look! there he stands like a statue, his head dropping on his breast, and his hand pressed to his forehead. How the streaming tears sparkle which burst from his eyes! Unfortunate youth! who could describe the mortal despair which weighs on thy bursting heart!

"Awake! seest thou not that the cold ground will injure the health of thy grandmother? Remove her from the grave, else the evening will perhaps still find her kneeling and weeping here. Take courage! return to your home.

"On the following day, Frank said, in a sorrowful tone to his parents, 'We are unfortunate and poor—I am the cause of your sorrow, I know I am! But let me now put a question to you, and answer it candidly! Can we still hold out for three months without earning any money?'

"This question remained long unanswered. The mother went up to the invalid husband, and after a long serious conversation with him, said, 'Three months with the utmost stretch, but no longer!'

"'Well then,' replied Frank, 'I shall make a last attempt. One picture I will paint still, only one, and if I do not sell it soon, then I shall turn sign painter!'

"It gave him evident pain to utter this last word; there was a spasm in his throat, yet he soon composed himself, and asked once more whether they would let him work for three months without trouble or molestation. This his parents again readily promised him. Frank then went to Mr. Wrappers, and received the last twenty-five francs which his generous patron had still left for him. With part of this money he purchased colours, and on the following day he shut himself up in the loft where he used to work, and sketched the first outline of the picture which he intended to execute.

"It was the churchyard of Hemixem, with a newly thrown-up grave, on which two females were kneeling in prayer; behind them stood a young man weeping and absorbed in the deepest grief, on the side were the walls of the chapel, and in the back-ground a rich landscape. During two months and a half Frank worked without intermission; he went out to the churchyard in order to draw from nature, and made his mother and grandmother sit to him for models.

"Never, perhaps, had an artist worked with more enthusiasm, with more love and industry at a picture. His soul was full of his

subject, and during all the time he was employed in his work, his head burnt feverishly. Could this picture turn out ill? No; it must necessarily bear the stamp of inspiration. And so it was.

“Frank got on credit an appropriate frame for the exhibition. But this time another thought struck him; he sent his picture to Germany to the exhibition at Cologne. Will he be more successful there? Yet the picture was gone, and staid away without any news of it whatever.

“Poverty, greater than they had ever felt, now broke in upon the longing family. They ate black bread, and were as if crushed by the awaking to the dreadful reality. The good old grandmother showed the greatest courage; she carried quietly her best habiliments and her few little trinkets to the pawnbroker's, and consoled the others. But matters could not thus last long. The clothes of Frank and of the mother must at last also be pawned; even the prize medals and other honourable decorations went to the baker as pledges for a little bread.

“They had already run up an account with the butcher and the grocer—the baker would let them have no more—none would trust the *wretched artist*, as Frank was nicknamed in the neighbourhood; the weekly house-rent was unpaid during a whole month, and the landlord had even thrice sent the bailiff to exact payment.

“One afternoon, in the month of September, the destitution of these people had reached its height. None of them had tasted a morsel since the preceding evening. The bailiff had just left them, with the warning that he would return at six o'clock, and that if they did not then pay their rent, they would be turned into the street.

“Grandmother held Frank's hand in hers, and sought to console him; the mother shed silent tears; the father, who still wore his arm in a sling, sat at the chimney, and stared gloomily into the chamber. All at once he burst into a flood of tears, and sobbed aloud.

“Frank had never seen his father weep; this was the first time in his life: it struck him like a thunderbolt; a shriek of terror burst from him, and he fell on his knees before his father: ‘Father,’ he cried, ‘father, you weep! You! Oh! be at ease; to-morrow I shall turn sign-painter, then I shall at least earn sixpence a-day.’

“The workman raised his son from the floor, and pressed him with his left arm to his heart. ‘Frank, my boy,’ he said, ‘I don't lay any blame on you; but we are so wretched. I weep, because I am in despair that I cannot work. We are starving, and craving hunger is gnawing at our hearts. Who will give us to eat before night falls in? Where shall we go to when they turn us out to-morrow? Is it not sufficient to turn my brain, or to make me—’

“Frank pressed him forcibly to his bosom, and cut short his awful speech by a tender embrace.

“Whilst father and son were thus clasped in each other's arms

the door opened, and a man with a leather bag strapped over his shoulder, stretched out his hand with a letter in it. With a sudden start, Frank disengaged himself from the arms of his father, and attempted to seize the letter; but the postman drew it back, and said drily, ‘A letter from Germany, two francs.’

“Two francs! Where is such a treasure secreted in this poor dwelling? Two francs from people who are starving! Who could describe the sorrows and the tortures of this family? The letter contains perhaps what may put an end to their distress; perhaps it would dry up their tears, satisfy their hunger, and protect them from ejection. And alas! whilst they are staring with beating heart at the letter, and long so ardently to open it, the postman is turning to go off with it and to rob them of all their hopes. It is as if the ground was burning beneath their feet; they stamp the floor from impatience, and tear their hair.

“Now the mother kneels down before the postman; she raises imploringly her hands! Ha! he weeps, his heart is not of stone. ‘Here! (he hands the letter to Frank) take it, I am a poor man too, but I can’t stand this any longer.’ Frank opens the letter slowly with a trembling hand, cautiously undoing each and every fold: but scarcely had he cast his eyes upon the contents, when the muscles of his face began to tremble convulsively, he grows deadly pale, and a strange scream escapes his breast. He supports himself on the table, and the letter drops from his hands on the floor. The room rings with lamentations; the grandmother raises her hands to heaven; the mother sinks backward from her chair, as if paralyzed. Frank was struggling to speak. It was evident he wanted to say something, but he could not make it pass his trembling lips. At last his speech burst forth—‘Grandmother, mother, father, *I am a painter!* Five hundred francs for my picture!’

“The four happy beings lay in one another’s arms, amid mutual kissing, hugging, and patting, and the room was filled with confused cries of joy. After the first outbursts of delight, the two women expressed some curiosity to know the contents of the letter. Frank, who knew French pretty well, interpreted the letter to them.”—pp. 158—168.

This letter (from the Secretary of the Art-Union of Cologne) was to the effect that Frank’s picture had been universally admired and commended at the exhibition, and had been purchased at the artist’s own price, five hundred francs, by a Cologne connoisseur, who wished to order a second to match the first, at the same price already paid.

“‘Hurrah!’ cried Frank a second time. ‘Now I am a painter, grandmother; now I am a painter.’

“‘Yes, my child,’ replied she, with a look of pride. ‘Did I not tell it to you. Now we are so rich, that there will be no end to our

money; let them say now, as long as they like, 'The wretched Artist.' You see after all the Lord is kind to us, and we had already endured enough. I shall go nine days more to pray before our Blessed Lady, to thank her for her intercession. And now, Frank, my boy, let us merrily take our share of what the Lord has sent us. I dare say we shall now get a can of strong ale, and a pound or two of spare-rib. Yes, let us feast now; The postman, bless him as a good fellow, shall also have his share in our jollification.'"—pp. 169—170.

It is pleasing to perceive in this and the other tales, that the author is not ashamed to introduce scenes and incidents illustrative of the profoundly religious habits of the people of Belgium. To those who know that delightful country, it is hardly necessary to say that any pictures of Flemish life omitting this strongly characteristic feature, would be unfaithful and imperfect; but there is something in the manner in which Hendrik Conscience introduces this interesting national trait which shows that he fully understands and sympathises with the feelings which he describes. His allusions to the sacraments, the public offices of the Church, the pious or charitable confraternities, the processions, the prayers before the image of our Blessed Lady, and the thousand other little practices of devotion familiar among a Catholic people, are always made, not only reverently and respectfully, but in a manly and cordial spirit which proclaims that he is not ashamed of the simple piety of his people, and that he scorns to insult their sincerity by that deprecatory tone of explanation and apology which even our sternest Catholics do not deem it beneath them to adopt. His tales cannot, in any ordinary sense of the word, be called religious,* but their general effect is to produce a religious impression. His religious allusions are neither frequent nor obtrusive, but where they come, they come as a matter of course. The daily attendance at mass, the habitual frequentation of the sacraments, are perfectly natural in the characters among whom he deals. If a mother be overtaken by sorrow or by danger, she goes, as a matter of course, to pray before the image of the *Mater Dolorosa*; if her prayer be heard, she offers a Novena in thanksgiving for the successful mediation. And, even in an artistic point of view, is he not right in this? How would it be possible to devise a more

* Indeed a few of them are perhaps deficient in this particular.

touching conclusion than that which we have already quoted from his tale of Siska van Roosemael? And we wish it were in our power to make room for the concluding paragraphs of "The Modern Niobe" [Das Neue Niobe], which breathe a spirit equally tender and impressive.*

May we ever hope to welcome tales like these in our own neglected language? The "Sketches of Flemish Life" have had a double charm for us from the strong analogy which subsists between the condition of the language and literature of our own country and those of Belgium; and we have willingly overlooked, for the sake of this association, many a minor point of exception, to which in rigid criticism we should have adverted. With how much more of affectionate indulgence should we regard a similar effort, could we find some Irish Hendrik Conscience with courage and skill to undertake it!

5

ART. VI.—*Pictures from Italy.* By CHARLES DICKENS.
London: 1846.

WE have experienced more unmixed pain in the perusal of this little volume than of any other, large or small, that has fallen into our hands for many years—with the exception perhaps of the fourth volume of Moore's History of Ireland. We have met with books more flippant, more insolent, more blasphemous; with as much false colouring and childish reasoning. We knew their authors, however, and from them hoped for nothing better: from the buffoon we expected only a broad grin, a bark from the dog, a stench from the common sewer. But that a production like this, exhibiting, from beginning to end, such extreme narrowness, littleness, one-sidedness of mind; so much cockney

* See the *Ausgewählte Werke*, vol. i. *Abendstunden*, p. 124. We are very sorry also to pass by a most charming story, called by the odd name of *Rickettack*, but overflowing with simple and natural beauty.

trifling and sneering on topics regarded by a hundred and fifty millions of Christians as of a solemn and sacred character—that such a production should have come to us, under the sanction of a name so honoured by us, and, as we fondly thought, so deserving of honour, has confounded and shocked us more than we can express.

We did not expect from Mr. Dickens the opinions and the language of a zealous and well-informed Catholic. Nursed as he has been in an uncatholic land, among uncatholic people, in the hot atmosphere of an anti-Catholic literature, himself a Protestant of the liberal school in politics—that is of the school whose *religious* creed and sentiments are farthest removed from ours—we did not expect that he would entertain, and not entertaining, that he would express the feelings of awe and veneration with which a devout Catholic would contemplate the tombs, and the relics, and the shrines of a thousand martyrs and saints; would behold the spiritual ruler, and father, and pastor, and bishop of the whole Catholic world; would linger upon the associations awakened by the sight of that man in whom Catholic unity is centered, and whence its mysterious all-pervading, all-subduing influence emanates. But we did expect, at least we had a right to expect, that if Mr. Dickens's taste had been offended by the ceremonies, the institutions, the aspect of religious edifices, or the deportment of persons clothed with high ecclesiastical authority in Italy; and if his deliberate judgment led him to adopt a tone of large and sweeping censure—we had a right to expect that topics so grave in the eyes of the great majority of Christian men, should have been handled in a grave manner; that appeals should have been made to the reasoning rather than to the risible faculty; that what was really praiseworthy should have been praised, and that in what was thought deserving of censure, the reader's mind should not have been left altogether without the materials of sober judgment and rational conviction.

The first thing that would strike an impartial reader of this book—a reader fully prepared to adopt whatever views, favourable or unfavourable, might be borne out by unexceptionable testimony—is, that it is the work of a light-headed, giggling person, rambling about in quest of mere amusement and excitement, accustomed to view and capable of understanding only a certain ridiculous aspect which his own fancy creates in every thing about him; to whom

laughing is living, and to tickle and be tickled by wit's feather the highest enjoyment of human existence. Mr. Dickens may have been blessed with a reasoning faculty not contemptible. We are quite sure that nature had bestowed upon him a kind heart and a disposition that did not incline him to utter offensive things for the mere pleasure of offending. But as a man living always among frivolous people becomes himself frivolous; and as long and close confinement weakens strong minds and turns strong heads; so have the pursuits in which his genius has hitherto developed itself, utterly absorbed his faculties and rendered them impotent for vigorous exertion in any other walk. From early manhood he has grown up among strange and out of the way sort of beings—seraphs, devils, and odd fellows. Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Prigg, Pinch, Pecksniff, Pickwick, Old Weller, and Old Wardle, and old Chuzzlewit, and old Nickleby, and old Arthur Gride, and the old rogue Fagin—these are the people with whom his whole life has passed; with whom he has laughed and wept, and eaten and drank, and talked the winter night and the live-long summer day. With life or language beyond theirs he was little familiar. It was all a world of fancy—loud laughter and loud weeping, agony and rapture, love and murder, wreathed roses and knotted scorpions, Hebe and Beelzebub, now Satan astride on earth, and now groups of ethereal beings sprinkling its surface with ambrosia. This is the sort of world in which he has lived so long, in which his mind and heart have been educated. Of the influences of such a training his *Pictures of Italy* exhibit abundant evidences in every page. We have said that we did not expect such a book from his pen—for we thought that so good and kind-hearted a person, as we took him to be from his previous writings, would have felt the necessity of approaching his new theme in a spirit very different from that in which his works of fiction were composed. Our expectations have been utterly disappointed. He is still the novelist, the satirist, the caricaturist; and the *Pictures of Italy* are a little fragment of a novel—a very poor and third-rate novel—a small Cruikshank, like the rest, and nothing more.

It is no excuse to say, as Mr. Dickens says, that in treating of the ceremonies of the Holy Week, “he merely treats of their *effect*, and does not challenge the good and learned Dr. Wiseman's *interpretation* of them.” Their effect on

whom? On the mind of an Irish or English Catholic—of an Italian Catholic—of an Oxford Protestant—of any Protestant with an ordinary Christian feeling? No, but their effect on the fancy of a single English Protestant satirist whose whole life has been consumed in making out grotesque analogies and comparisons, and picking out from all things, great and small, under the sun, something to play with and compress or expand into the most ludicrous proportions—until his soul has become a mere fairy trickster, a little laughing echo! He may tell us that he has a right to indulge his own humour, and to view things in the light that affords himself most amusement. Be it so. But he has no right to publish his little rambling nonsense and call it a picture. He has no right to publish in the face of Christendom the puerile and contemptible mad-cap freaks of his own goblin imagination, in contemplating sights and scenes which all Christendom has agreed to admire, if not to reverence. Dean Swift had a right to publish his “Tale of a Tub,” but he could not have seriously called it a History of England.

Mr. Dickens's book is, in truth, no more a picture of Italy than the atrabilious malignities of Junius are a history of his own times—no more than the lives of Cromwell or Marat are pictures of the life of a true Christian—no more than a description of the character of Saint Paul by a Turkish eunuch would fully lay open the heart and soul of the great apostle. And then the miserable catchpenny on the title-page—“The vignette illustrations on wood by Samuel Palmer;” that is, three paltry wood-cuts at the beginning of the book and one at the end! These sketches should have been published in *Punch*, “by *Punch's* dog,” and should never have appeared under the sanction of any other name than that of the puppy with the feather in his cap. They bring to our minds the image of a nautilus crossing the Atlantic, Tom Thumb on the Alps, a mouse in the Coliseum, a gnat on the Pyramids.

Mr. Dickens, in his preface, expresses a hope that he will not be “misunderstood by professors of the Roman Catholic faith (or *Romish*, as he politely phrases it farther on) on account of anything contained in these pages. He has done his best, in one of his former productions, to do justice to them, and he trusts, in this, they will do justice to him.” That is to say, in his story of *Barnaby Rudge*, he gives a vivid sketch of the Gordon riots, putting in pro-

minent places the character of a sturdy, highminded Catholic gentleman, and that of a mean, vindictive Protestant villain. The theme was interesting and untrodden ground, capable of furnishing excellent materials for a new novel; and having undertaken to write upon it, he conformed to the growing spirit of the age, and told a great deal of warning and unpalatable truth. His narrative is much more like history, in the first and most important ingredient thereof, than Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, or Robertson's *View of Europe*, or many portions of *Hume's England*; and therefore, notwithstanding certain important—and, considering the nature of his work, perhaps unavoidable—omissions, we thank him for it. For his recent libel on the Catholic religion we thank him not.

The time was when a liberal in politics, an advocate for Catholic emancipation, might have ridiculed and reviled the Catholic religion in the most offensive style, with impunity. In the brave men who risked place, the good will of their co-religionists, and the friendship of the titled and powerful, in defence of a prostrate people from whom no substantial return could be expected, everything was overlooked or pardoned. As the hedge-schoolmaster of the day for his learning, so the emancipator for his zeal in the cause of emancipation, became a "chartered libertine" in the eyes of the poor and persecuted people of Ireland. But, to borrow the phrase of one of the ablest men of this class, "the lapse of time and O'Connell" has wrought mighty changes. The Catholic body is no longer an object of mere pity, to be legislated upon or written upon like a small herd of uninstructed slaves, too much inured to the lash to heed harsh words, possessing everything at the mercy of their masters, and breathing the air of heaven only by sufferance. We remember the time, when, if the orange squire spoke kindly to the parish priest only once in the quarter of a year, or invited him to dine only once in six years, it was looked upon by the Catholic peasant as a miracle of generosity and condescension, the fire-side mystery of many a winter's night. Hence, the tone of so many Catholic apologists of that period—so deprecating, so submissive, so whining. Being now no longer slaves, we have outgrown the vices of slavery, and disused its language. One civil word will be no longer accepted by us as a license or an atonement for twenty words of slander. We let much pass of old because we could not help

it. We dared not speak out, or, speaking out, we could not obtain a hearing, or, being heard, we were sure to be misrepresented, and thereby to witness our efforts only aggravating the evils we meant to remedy. But gone, and for ever, is the dark time when the Protestant bishop of Norwich detained Alban Butler's library because it consisted chiefly of Catholic books; or when Father O'Leary found it necessary to obtain permission from the Protestant bishop of Cork to publish a defence of the divinity of Christ and of the immortality of the soul, against an infidel work of the day. We are anxious, sincerely and heartily anxious, that old wounds should be healed, old wrongs forgiven, old social enmities should give way to social kindness. From the commencement of our career as journalists, we have laboured in our little sphere to popularize the language of charity and meekness, as one of the most effective means of diffusing their spirit in the hearts of men. But religious questions are the most momentous in which the human mind or heart can be engaged. They bear upon our state of being after we have passed from the present scene, and for ever. Therefore it is that, rightly and justly, by them are kindled the most ardent zeal, the deepest and most enduring emotions. We cannot have it otherwise, and, if we could, we ought not. We desire not to see the stream of Catholic feeling more bitter, but we dare not wish it less strong. We desire not that the fire of zeal should send forth a malignant glare, but we dare not wish its heat less glowing, its light less intense. When kind words are said of us, when kind deeds are done towards us, we are glad, not so much for our own sake as for the sake of those from whom the kindness comes.

All this we have said elsewhere and often. It sounds flat and common-place in our ears. But the generation is not yet passed away of those who think they confer a special favour upon us by treating us with occasional civility and common justice; and that they are thereby entitled to violate the rules of decency and of truth in our regard on all other occasions. We are not sorry that the little volume before us has presented an occasion of again repeating that the day when this might have been is past; that we scorn the liar and his lie, though he speak some truth; that we reject the gift of the gilt horns, followed by the tainted carcass.

Everything Catholic, everything connected with the Catholic religion, is unpleasant to Mr. Dickens's eyes, is held up by him to ridicule, or contempt, or abomination. The secular clergy—the friars—the monks—the jesuits—the cardinals—the pope at High Mass in St. Peter's—the pope washing the feet of the twelve pilgrims—the pope carried in solemn procession—the pope imparting his solemn benediction—their head-dress—their vestments—their every-day clothing—their walking—their sitting—their standing—their silence—their speaking—their gestures—their looks—their chanting of the sacred service, and their performance of the sacred ceremonies; the churches—the altars—the shrines—the relics—the oblations of the faithful—the charitable institutions—the confraternities for burying the dead and for other works of godlike mercy and charity; the posture of the faithful at their devotions—the time of their devotions—their mingling of practices of Christian piety with their ordinary occupations—their manner of kneeling, and the order in which they kneel; the pictures and statues of saints in the highway, in churches, and in streets—the tombs of the martyrs—monasteries and nunneries, with all that belongs to them—the confessional—the signing with the cross—representations of the instruments and circumstances of the passion of our Lord—the alms boxes for the poor or for the support of divine worship: he ridicules them all, and spits on them. Whenever he speaks of any of these things, his mouth stretches from ear to ear. He finds nothing to praise, nothing to say one kind word of, nothing to kindle a generous enthusiasm. There is not a single noble sentiment in his book, from the first catchpenny wood cut to the last, on any Catholic theme whatever; cold, little, heartless throughout, a bombastic proser or a humourless jester, he resembles nothing so much as a beardless vignette of Momus carved on a block of dirty ice.

On the images and statues of the ever blessed and holy Mother of God, and on the devotion of the Italian people to her, he is in a special degree blasphemously and freezingly sportive. He begins with what he calls "the centre puppet of the Virgin Mary," in the Lyons Cathedral. Then he has a picture at Avignon of people on their knees, "with their legs sticking out behind them *like boot trees*," round a sick person whom the picture is designed to represent as being cured by the Blessed Virgin, who is painted

above "on a kind of blue divan." At Genoa he witnessed "a festa day in honour of the Virgin's Mother, when the young men of the neighbourhood, having worn green wreaths of the vine in some procession or other, bathed in them, by scores. It looked very odd and pretty. Though he is bound to confess (not knowing of the festa at that time) that he thought and was *quite satisfied*, they wore them *as horses do*—to keep the flies off." He elsewhere informs us of a custom of making "a vow to the Madonna to wear nothing but blue for a year or two. Which is supposed to give great delight above; blue being (*as is well known*) the Madonna's favourite colour." In another place he tells us of "a shabby postillion who pauses for a moment in his animated conversation, to touch his hat" [God bless him for doing so] "*to a blunt-nosed little Virgin* hardly less shabby than himself, enshrined in a plaster *Punch's show* outside the town." One time he saw a good old lady "who crossed herself very devoutly and went down at full length on her face before a figure in a fancy *petticoat* and a gilt crown." God bless the good old lady also, and God bless all who so honour the Mother of God even in their own simple style, and God will bless them—for who ever honoured or loved her as He honours and loves her?

Now we should never dream of censuring Mr. Dickens for expressing his condemnation of any picture or statue calculated to excite ludicrous ideas *in the minds of those for whom they were intended*. But it is not as works of art, as specimens of sculpture or painting or engraving that these images are set up, but as helps to devotion—as speaking expositions of sacred truths or mementos of holy persons—as books which all may understand without an alphabet and which are specially needful to those who can read no other. They are not designed for the eye or the heart of travelling connoisseurs or London Calvinists, but for those of the uneducated peasant of Italy. If they teach and move and edify him, their end is attained, and this is enough. The beauty of sounds, forms, colours, in a word, of every object of sense called beautiful, is, in very many if not in most cases, relative and variable, because, according to the now generally admitted theory, depending on association of ideas, which of course varies according to class, country or age. The little Madonnas with gaudy drapery and tinsel crowns and rudely chiseled fea-

tures, *are* beautiful to the simple people on whose untutored sense the delicate lines and hues and proportions of more exquisite workmanship would produce a cold and feeble effect. No doubt it would be desirable that things were so managed as in satisfying the wants of the uninstructed to leave nothing to offend the taste of the fastidious. But, in God's name, how is this possible where there is not, as there is in England, a plethora of wealth? How is this possible in a country where the images of the Redeemer and his Saints, the symbols of man's redemption and the memorials of God's merciful works in past or later times, are on every hill, valley, and highway, on every wall and in every closet? Good or even tolerable pictures and statues are not gathered like berries from the hedge rows—they cost money. The Italian peasants cannot afford to purchase costly statues, and if they could afford, perhaps would not prefer them. But, as matters stand, we are glad that they so generally possess such incentives to devotion as are within their reach to procure, and within the range of their sympathies to appreciate. Mr. Dickens would, we suppose, have all the books that are used in the humbler sort of schools banished with their (to him) uncouth engravings, and discoloured paper, and coarse type, and have substituted, in their stead, the glossy foolscap, and gilt lettering, and cerulean cloth cover of his own volume. Has he not sense enough to see that, as there must be inequality of wealth and rank in society, that as the lower classes use clothing and food of an inferior description, and can have no better and are content; so they will have shrines and pictures and statues of lesser value, and be content with them too?

But, granting that Mr. Dickens's censures were merited—we cannot grant, even for argument's sake, that the *manner* in which he expresses his opinions is justifiable on any ground—still did he not find, in his long ramble through a land, by universal admission, so rich in all the forms of sculptured and pictured beauty, something to dwell upon with satisfaction, to remember with pleasure, to mention with praise—even modified praise—faint praise—English praise—cockney praise—Protestant praise—any kind of praise! Was every picture a daub, every statue a distortion? Was there nothing else to be met with but bits of tin, brass, and gold leaf?

Mr. Dickens pursues the clerical and religious bodies

everywhere with the most vindictive feeling. His utter hatred and loathing of them breaks out on all occasions. He vilifies and rails at them with the fury of an excited maniac.

Their countenances are to him indicative of "sloth, deceit, and intellectual torpor."—(p. 56.)

Their "face, eyes, forehead, behaviour, discourse," are an abomination to him.—(57.)

They "skulk through the streets or drone away their lives."—(Ib.)

They "pry into the secrets of families for the purpose of establishing a baleful ascendancy over their weaker members."—(Ib.)

They "are influenced by a fierce *desire* to make converts, and once made, to let them go to ruin soul and body."—(Ib.)

"The Jesuits go slinking about, in pairs, like black cats."—(Ib.)

They chaunt the divine office everywhere "in a low, dull, drawling, melancholy tone."—(93.)

On his way to Nice he falls in with a good friar, whose every word and action he turns into ridicule. He travels with another to Parma, whom he ridicules in the same way. (78, 85.)

The friars, whom he saw in S. Peter's at Rome, had "coarse, heavy faces, with a half miserable, half ridiculous, dogged, stupid, monotonous stare at all the glory and splendour around them." (171.)

Defects in painting he ascribes to the painters having been so much in the hands of priests and monks. He "settled with himself" that, in certain pictures, it was the "vanity and ignorance" of the monks who employed the artists, and who would be Apostles on canvass, at all events," that caused the defects of which he complains. (210.)

The friar whom he met on his way to Nice, is on another occasion recognized by him in a procession, "and looked his part to admiration." (80.)

In another procession, in Rome, he saw "the good-looking priests carrying their lighted tapers, so as to throw the light with a good effect upon their faces." (220.)

The members of the pious confraternity for burying the dead, "mingle something of pride with their humility;" for they "are dressed in a loose garment covering their

whole person, and wear a hood concealing the face, with breathing holes and apertures for the eyes. They are very ugly customers, and look like Ghoules or Demons, bearing off the body for themselves." (56.)

Now we appeal to our readers, we care not of what sect or sect of a sect, whether this mode of forming at first sight, and without any apparent evidence whatever, most injurious and debasing impressions of such influential bodies of men, and then the publication in the most offensive language of these impressions — we appeal to our readers whether such conduct is consistent with the lowest feelings of Christian charity, with the common principles of morals, with the common decencies of life, by which men are bound towards their fellow men, in other countries and other creeds as well as to those of their own. Sneers, and sarcasms, and gross insinuations glance out from every page; yet not one fact, not a single particle of evidence of any kind, is brought forward, or alluded to as producible, to justify this tirade of invective. Mr. Dickens lived among the people, and conversed with the people, with whom the priests and the monks and the rest constantly mingled, to whom their conduct and their character must have been familiarly known. His book shows that he is no friend to the priestly order. He had ample means of collecting the local scandal against the clergy and the monks, and he was evidently nothing loath to collect it. Yet he does not record one *fact*, nor does he state that he had one fact to record, to the dishonour of a single priest, or monk, or friar, or Jesuit, or nun, in all Italy. Of those who watch by the sick bed, who inhale every day the breath of pestilence; of those who live among the poor, who teach them, who console them, who watch over their footsteps, who are loved by them, and deserve to be loved by them, as true Christian pastors; of the spotless lives that are consumed in works of mercy; of the charitable institutions where ignorance is instructed, and the sufferings of the body, as well as the miseries of the soul, are relieved;* of the monuments of faith and love that are scattered everywhere; of the deeds of faith and love that are performed everywhere, he saw nothing, or if he saw a little, it was but to make that little the butt of his cold,

* See the articles on "The Charitable Institutions of Italy," *Dublin Review*, vol. vi. p. 111. vol. xiv. p. 97. vol. xv. p. 29.

harsh, dry laughter, his little jibes, and his low buffoonery. The evil which he utters of them is the evil of his own fancy. If he sees a clergyman walking in a grave manner, as became him, in a public procession, straightway he accuses him of "looking his part." If he sees a young priest holding his taper as he ought to hold it in a procession, he at once concludes that it is for the purpose of showing to advantage the beauty of his face! He accuses that most Christian institution, the confraternity for the burial of the dead, of pride; and has no other earthly ground for so grave an imputation except that they wear a long dress which conceals their whole person. Good God! if every man were to judge his neighbour thus, and to publish his opinions to the world, society would not hold together for a single week; men of ordinary delicacy of feeling would be compelled to fly from their fellows, and hide themselves in lonely places, where no human eye could see and scan them; there could be no community except of hardened profligates, in whom all shame was lost. "John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say, He hath a devil. The Son of Man came eating and drinking, and they say, Behold a man that is a glutton and a wine-drinker, a friend of publicans and sinners. And wisdom is justified by her children."

To call to mind from time to time, and meditate on the passion of our Lord, has been always recommended in every Christian community as a powerful means of kindling divine love in the soul, of drawing away the heart from an excess of worldly affections, of impressing upon it a deep and practical feeling of the guilt of mortal sin and the punishment it deserves. As close attention is the most difficult of mental operations, especially if the objects thereof be distant, and can be made present only by the help of imagination, and do not affect our present interests, and are not favourable to the indulgence of our passions; hence the Catholic Church has ever sanctioned and encouraged among the faithful the use of those symbols of our Redeemer's sufferings, which, according to a universal and admitted law of our nature, are calculated to recall and rivet our attention to this subject. In Catholic countries these symbols are not confined to books, or to private houses, or churches, but are constantly presented to the traveller's eye on the public highways. Hear now the

flippant, mocking, heartless tone in which Mr. Dickens speaks of this practice :

“The roadside crosses in this part of Italy are numerous and curious. There is seldom a figure on the cross, though there is sometimes a face; but they are remarkable for being garnished with little models in wood, of every possible object that can be connected with the Saviour's death. The cock that crowed when Peter had denied his master thrice, is usually *perched on the tip-top*; and an ornithological phenomenon he generally is. Under him, is the inscription. Then, hung on the cross-beam, are the spear, the reed with the sponge of vinegar and water at the end, the coat without seam for which the soldiers cast lots, the dice-box with which they threw for it, the hammer that drove in the nails, the pincers that pulled them out, the ladder which was set against the cross, the crown of thorns, the instrument of flagellation, the lantern with which Mary went to the tomb, *I suppose*, and the sword with which Peter smote the servant of the high priest—a *perfect toy-shop of little objects*, repeated at every four or five miles along the highway.” (156.)

Hear, again, how in the same tone he speaks of the paintings in one of the churches of Rome which represent the sufferings of the early martyrs :

“These paintings represent the martyrdoms of Saints and early Christians, and such a panorama of horror and butchery, no man could imagine in his sleep, *though he were to eat a whole pig raw for supper*. Grey-bearded men being boiled, fried, grilled, crimped, singed, eaten by wild beasts, worried by dogs, burned alive, torn asunder by horses, chopped up small with hatchets; women having their breasts torn with iron pincers, their tongues cut out, their ears screwed off, their jaws broken, their bodies stretched upon the rack, or skinned upon the stake, or crackled up and melted in the fire; these are among the mildest subjects. So insisted on and laboured at besides, *that every sufferer gives you the same occasion for wonder, as poor old Duncan awoke in Lady Mackbeth, when she marvelled at his having so much blood in him.*” (195.)

Through the catacombs where the relics of these martyrs lie, he passes on in nearly the same heartless and snarling mood. Of the friar who conducted him through these still monuments of the glory of the name of Christ, he had no kindlier thought than a horrible conjecturing of what would become of him, “if, in a sudden fit of madness, he (the friar) should dash the torches out, or if he should be seized with a fit.” (108.)

The spirit in which Mr. Dickens was prepared to feel

and judge of everything, may be seen from the inconceivably mean and frigid images which the sight of some of the most striking works of nature or art constantly suggested. The expulsion from paradise, the deluge, the last judgment itself, apart from the feeling of personal dread, could hardly impress an elevated sentiment on such a mind.

The dome of Saint Peter's seemed during the illumination on Easter Sunday "*transparent as an egg-shell.*"—(p. 230.)

Persons walking up the sides of Mount Vesuvius looked "as if they were toiling to the summit of *an antediluvian twelfth cake!*"—(p. 249.)

In his visit to the monastery of the Benedictines on Monte Cassino—possessing one of the richest and most beautiful churches in all Italy; its name hallowed in the minds of learned men of every creed from its association with the names of the mighty giants of patristic, historical, and classical literature, the Maurist monks; with an organ famous for the curiosity of its mechanism; with a magnificent library; with every thing to excite the enthusiasm of the Christian and the scholar—in his visit to this classic ground, all that he sees with a friendly eye is an old croaking raven which had been taught to utter some articulate sounds in Tuscan.

"How like a Jesuit the raven looks," writes Mr. Dickens. "There never was a sly and stealthy fellow so at home as is this raven, standing now at the refectory door, with his head on one side, and pretending to glance another way, while he is scrutinizing the visitors keenly, and listening with fixed attention, What a dull-headed monk the porter becomes in comparison." (261.)

He then proceeds to ridicule the poor friars, and says that the "peasants have a miserable appearance, and (as usual) are densely ignorant, and all beg." As to their begging, be sure they found a different reception in Monte Cassino from what Oliver Twist met with, "when he asked for more," in one of the charitable institutions of golden England. As to their ignorance, Mr. Dickens, we take it, formed his opinion (as usual) from their *faces*—he manifestly took no further trouble, and understood no more of the state of knowledge or ignorance of the poor people than did the raven, who, we doubt not, knew them better and bore towards them a more human feeling than the great

London Satirist. But we are forgetting that we commenced to exhibit a few specimens of Mr. Dickens's imagery.

Of pictures of the seven dolours of the Mother of God, in which, according to the Scripture image, ("And thy own soul a sword shall pierce, that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed," Luke ii. 35.) the dolours are represented under the type of swords piercing her heart; he says that "the breasts are *stuck full* of swords, arranged in a half circle *like a modern fan!*"—(p. 200.)

The interior of Saint Peter's during a high mass "looked in his eyes *like a stupendous bon-bon!*" and the singers who assisted at the sacred ceremonies "were in a crib of wire-work *like a large meat-safe!*"—(p. 170.)

The church of the Annunciata in Genoa, the splendour of which, according to himself, can hardly be exaggerated, was to him "*like a great enamelled snuff-box.*"—(p. 64.)

The great Roman amphitheatre at Verona was, in his eyes, "*like the inside of a prodigious hat of plaited straw, with an enormously broad brim and plaited crown.*"—(p. 123.)

Students from seminaries in Rome who go to Saint Peter's, "kneel down in single file, one behind the other, with a tall grim master in a black gown, bringing up the rear; *like a pack of cards arranged to be tumbled down at a touch, with a disproportionately large knave of clubs at the end.*"—(p. 192.)

But the most extraordinary, the most incredible and inexplicable part of the volume, is that in which the picture of the ceremonies of Holy Week and Easter Day is given. It far surpasses any thing of the sort we ever heard or read. The antediluvian twelfth cake volcano, the snuff-box church, the straw hat amphitheatre, are tolerable when placed beside the descriptions, and impressions, and imagery of this section of the book. We can give no conception of it by abridging or picking out extracts. Let it suffice to say, that if you can conceive a combination of the mean, the tawdry, the dull, the profane, the hypocritical, the little, the ludicrous, you will have Mr. Dickens's idea of that series of ceremonies which one of the greatest of living writers, a Calvinist, (as we infer from his works,) and having as little sympathy as Mr. Dickens himself with "Romanism," has characterized as "the most august and affecting which is known among

men.”* The eloquent essayist speaks, and we wish to be understood as speaking, of the ceremonies themselves and not of the scenes which take place among the spectators of them. For the gross and scandalous conduct of those who frequent the churches as they would a pantomime, who go there as if to desecrate the place, who stare and loll, and laugh, and grin and talk—for all this we have no other account to offer than what is at once suggested by the simple fact which Mr. Dickens himself states, namely, that “three-fourths of the great crowd in the Sistine chapel were English,” and that “the restlessness of the youth of England was extreme.” (171, 219.) We have it on the authority of several eye witnesses, some of whom have resided for many years in Rome, and all of whom are above all suspicion of deceiving, or being deceived, that the profanities which occur in Saint Peter’s and elsewhere during the ceremonies, exist exclusively among the strangers from England, France, and Germany. Mr. Dickens, though he describes the abuses to which we allude, and mentions, as we have seen, the preponderance of English among the crowds, cautiously abstains from putting these two facts in juxta-position.†

In running over the pages of Mr. Dickens’s book to verify the two last references, our eye lit upon the following sentence. Speaking of the closing amusements of the carnival in Rome, he says, that it was “no less remarkable for the unbroken good humour of all concerned, down

* Mr. Macaulay, (as we judge from internal evidence,) in a beautiful article on the “Life and Writings of Addison,” in the *Edinburgh Review*, Number 157, July 1843.

† We extract the following specimen, (which, we are assured, is by no means an exaggeration,) for our untravelled readers. Mr. Dickens is describing that part of the ceremony where the pope serves at table, in person, thirteen pilgrims.

“The body of the room was full of male strangers, the crowd immense, the heat very great, and the pressure sometimes frightful. It was at its height, when the stream came pouring in from the feet-washing, and then there were such shrieks and outcries, &c. The ladies were particularly ferocious in their struggles for places. One lady of my acquaintance, was seized round the waist in the ladies’ box, by a strong matron, and hoisted out her of place; and there was another lady in a back row of the same box, who improved her position by sticking a large pin into the ladies before her.

“The gentlemen about me were remarkably anxious to see what was on the table; and one Englishman seemed to have embarked the whole energy of his nature, in the determination to discover whether there was any mustard. ‘By Jupiter there’s vinegar!’ I heard him say to his friend after he had stood on tiptoe for an immense time, and had been crushed and beaten on all sides, ‘And there’s oil! I saw them distinctly in cruets.’ Can any gentleman in front there, see mustard on the table? Sir, will you oblige me, *Do you see a Mustard pot?*” (222.)

to the very lowest, (and among those who scaled the carriages were many of the commonest men and boys,) than for its *innocent vivacity*. For, *odd* [what a term!] as it may seem to say so of a sport so full of thoughtlessness and personal display, IT IS AS FREE FROM ANY TAIN OF IMMODESTY AS ANY GENERAL MINGLING OF THE TWO SEXES CAN POSSIBLY BE; and there seems to prevail during its progress a feeling of general, almost childish, simplicity and confidence." (108.)

We leave this statement—it is the testimony of an enemy—to speak for itself.

A great deal yet occurs to us to say. Our sole design has been to exhibit to readers of ordinary common sense, and taste, and Christian feeling, and moral principle, the spirit and style of this book. For such readers, anything in the form of elaborate refutation would be quite superfluous; and from this therefore, we have intentionally abstained. Nevertheless we had, before commencing the present article, proposed to introduce at the close of it eight or ten pages of dissertation on certain topics, on which, it occurred to us during the perusal of Mr. Dickens's work, a few remarks would be just now neither unseasonable nor unacceptable. But we cannot proceed farther. We beg that our readers will understand us as speaking *literally and without exaggeration* when we say that, as we advanced in our reviewal, we became gradually more and more stupified. We tried every means to shake off the sensation of drowsiness and mental inanition which we found creeping on us. We broke off in the middle of sentences—walked out in the open air—spent an hour in learned reading, an hour in light reading. Every effort has proved unavailing. The weight deadened, and the mist thickened. It is only after having formed a prompt and decided resolution to break off, that we feel our natural elasticity returning. Had we been aware of this effect of a close revision of Mr. Dickens's book, and could we have calculated on a similar effect of a more hasty perusal on the general reader, a great deal of sterile and disagreeable labour would have been saved to us. In any case, we should never have thought of commencing even this short article but for the extraordinary and, we believe, merited celebrity of Mr. Dickens as a writer of fiction. Anything from the pen of an author, one of whose works passed through twenty editions in a year or two, would, we doubted

not, find numerous readers, who, having been deceived by dull and clumsy impostors, would not be likely to resist the lures of their own popular magician.

ART. VII.—1. *A Manual of Instruction on Plain Chant, or Gregorian Music, with the Chants as used in Rome, for High Mass, Vespers, &c.* By the REV. JAMES JONES. London, Dolman, 1845.

2.—*A Choir-Manual, in three parts, containing, Part 1. A Grammar of Modern and Gregorian Music. Part 2. Psalms, Hymns, and Antiphons, for Vespers of all the Holidays, Festivals, Common of Saints, and Sundays. Part 3. Masses, Lamentations, &c., in Gregorian Music.* Dublin: 1844.

3.—*Graduale Romanum*, 12mo. Leodii, Kersten, 1842.

4.—*Vesperale, sive Antiphonale Romanum*, 12mo. Leodii, Kersten, 1842.

THESE publications, the product of foreign as well as of native soil, are sufficiently indicative of the taste which is springing up both abroad and at home for the older and simpler style of Church-music. The Belgian contributions to this important cause are mere reprints, on a small and convenient scale, of the large graduals and antiphonals which are in use in some of our churches. The work of Mr. Jones is of a more original kind; and when we say that it appears under the sanction of the whole Catholic episcopate of England, some members of which are so well qualified by personal knowledge and experience to speak to its merits, we shall be at once dispensed from offering a farther word in its commendation. The "Choir-Manual" is one of the most valuable compendiums of Gregorian Music with which we are acquainted. It contains not only a Grammar of Music, simple, practical, and solid, but also a compendious Gradual and Vesperal;—that is, a collection of Music for High Mass, Vespers, the Lenten Offices, and other Church Ser-

vices, which, though not extending literally to *all* the days of the year, yet leaves comparatively little to be supplied, and is as nearly complete in both departments as it would be possible for the work to be made, without placing it, both in size and in price, beyond the reach of those for whom it was intended. The preliminary instructions are extremely clear, methodical, and comprehensive, and bespeak an orderly and philosophical mind; and what pleases us most of all—there breathes throughout, a love of the noble old music of the Church, and a cordial appreciation of its simple and majestic beauty, which it is cheering to meet among those who, like the reputed author of this excellent manual, are now in a position to propagate and diffuse such sentiments among the youthful clergy of Ireland. The fact is, that, both in the English and Irish, as well as Belgian, branches of the Church, simultaneous movements have arisen in behalf of the more Catholic style of music. More than one of our bishops is known to desire the restoration of the older and simpler mode, with such occasional diversification only as the recurrence of festive seasons may legitimately suggest and will properly warrant; while in Belgium the venerable archbishop of Malines, ever alive to the best interests of the Church in which he holds so high a position, has made the reformation of the chant the subject of a recent charge to his diocese, and, as any one who has lately visited Belgium can testify, has already effected very striking improvements in this part of the external worship of the Church. We hope it will be considered no disrespect to so favoured a country to add, that these improvements do not come before they were needed. We are not disposed, as the sequel will show, to exact more in this department than may reasonably be required, or to make light of the difficulties by which the pious wishes of ecclesiastical superiors are often met, and even thwarted; yet say we must, that the ordinary Church-music of Belgium three or four years ago certainly appeared, even to those who were not inclined to be censorious, to have reached the ultimate point of levity and secularity. It is the fashion, we know, in certain quarters to institute comparisons between English and foreign Catholicism, to the clear disadvantage of the former; and among other results of the present Catholic system in England, to inveigh especially against the actual state of our Church-music. We are far

from denying that there is much ground for these unfavourable observations; rather, it will enter into our present plan to justify not a few of them. But this we will say,—that the lightest strains by which the ear was ever offended in the chapels of London (and this is saying a great deal) were even severe when compared with what in 1841 might be heard any evening of the week at the “*Salut*” in the churches of Belgium. Not airs from the opera were they, but souvenirs of the ballet; variations upon quadrilles, polkas, or “galopes;” relieved, we acknowledge, of the very grave objection, which lies even yet against the music of some of the London churches, on account of the presence of hired females; yet, still, in themselves even more exceptionable than the ordinary run of modern compositions. This light and voluptuous style has been happily for the most part superseded; though there is still vast room for improvement, yet much has been actually done; and both in the episcopal seminaries of the metropolitan see of Malines, and in the university of Louvain, a school of chanting is in process of rapid formation, the influence of which cannot but be powerfully felt as time advances.

It is far from our desire, even were it within the compass of our ability, to discuss either scientifically or technically the respective merits of the plain and figured music of the Church. Our object rather is to make a few general observations upon the subject, and those quite as much of an ethical as of an artistical kind. We hold that there are certain broad and obvious principles of taste, as well as of moral and religious propriety, in respect of this question of ecclesiastical music, which do not require, either towards their comprehension, or their elucidation, any very extensive research or recondite knowledge; but only such powers of judgment as are implied in the union of a keenly sensitive and personal appreciation of the use of music as a vehicle of the language, and adjunct of the ceremonial, of the Church, with that amount of ecclesiastical feeling and experience which every devoted and moderately informed Catholic may be supposed to bring with him to the consideration of such a subject. To undertake the work of a critic without these requisites would be the real presumption, not to lay claim to them as a preliminary step to such an undertaking.

The great advantages of the simpler and more ecclesias-

tical style of music seem to be these: First, it is the best possible safeguard against vain-glorious display, and its host of attendant evils. We are far from wishing to deny the possibility of uniting even pre-eminent genius and skill in the execution of the more artificial music with modesty, gentleness, and simplicity of character; but we must, with equal decision, avow our belief of an all but necessary connexion between exhibitory singing and the *temptations*, at least, to an unchristian state of mind, sinful everywhere, but in that Adorable Presence, which the service of the Mass presupposes, absolutely sacrilegious. We speak with a degree of strength which to many a reader will assume, as we fear, the semblance of exaggeration. And yet, if serious and thoughtful persons will but turn their mind for an instant to profanations of God's house and worship, which, up to a late period, were familiar to the attendants at many of the London chapels, we can hardly suppose that such language will seem overstrained. It is within the memory even of the younger amongst us, that the Church has been the scene, and the celebration of the blessed Eucharist the occasion, of the performances of opera-singers, fresh from the excitements, and the vulgarities, and the indecencies of the stage and the green-room. Catholics they might be, or not, as it happened; but, at any rate, they were Catholics of a profession which the Church all but anathematizes, and whose loose and irreligious ways and demeanour were often matter of public notoriety. Such were the persons from whose "unclean lips"—those lips which, but a few hours before, had given utterance to the language, it might be, of profanity, and certainly of voluptuousness—devout Christians were doomed, Sunday after Sunday, to hear the most holy of Names minced with the insinuating effeminacy, or trilled out with the tutored grace, of the theatre or the concert-room. What wonder that, under such circumstances, congregations should have mistaken themselves for audiences—that eyes, averted from the altar, should have been fastened on the orchestra—that the sight of some public favourite should have provoked the almost audible murmur of expectation, and the conclusion of some familiar piece have been followed by every token of applause which did not flagrantly violate the sanctity of the place? In fact, almost shocking as is the mere juxtaposition of such ideas, it is notorious that by many a loungeur and connoisseur, the

High Mass at certain places was looked upon as a kind of Sunday opera.

Exhibitions of this outrageous kind have, through the zeal of the respected prelate who now administers the London district, become comparatively rare: in their fullest extent, we may even say, have been wholly checked.* But the evil, it is evident, will never be completely eradicated till hired (especially female) singers and solo pieces are rigidly excluded from the service of the Church. The former of these drawbacks upon a reverent and edifying celebration of divine worship is, as we are well aware, less easy of removal than the latter. We trust the time is coming when every church and chapel will have its regular, and, if it be possible, stationary choir. From such an establishment females should be strictly debarred, and their place supplied by boys from the church or chapel school.† The choral body should obviously consist, not merely of Catholics, but of Catholics regular at their duties. That office, which in cathedrals and collegiate establishments is commonly discharged by ecclesiastics or those who are destined to be such, should by no means, where things are necessarily done with less strict propriety, be entrusted to any except devout and well-conducted persons. But, in sketching this picture of a more perfect state of things, we do not wish to underrate the hindrances in the way of its speedy accomplishment — hindrances of which we may hereafter speak more in detail. As to the music in use, there need certainly be no strict and scrupulous limitation to the plain chant; but, at least, there should be a determined and undeviating exclusion of all such pieces as give scope for theatrical display, or *undue prominence to individuals*. And in *this* province of the choral arrangements we can really see no difficulties whatever in the way of an immediate and complete reformation. Authorities are known to desire it, and as to the prejudices of the public, we should be for making short work with them, in a matter like that before us, of plain Christian propriety.

* It is now about four months since we saw with great satisfaction in the public papers, that a performance which the friends of a deceased musician were prepared to get up at his funeral, was prevented by authority.

† This point is urged with great force and judgment, by the author of the Choir-Manual, in his excellent Preface, pp. xix, xx.

An intermediate arrangement is that which obtains in some chapels with good effect, of a choir formed out of the regular members of the congregation. Still we own to a strong personal dislike of female voices in a choir.

Another and rather obvious argument in favour of the simpler music is, the opportunity which it gives for embracing the greatest number in the direct act of choral worship. There are, we are well aware, two different and naturally conflicting, though not necessarily contradictory, schools of opinion on the subject of ecclesiastical music, with one of which the observation we have just made may appear directly to clash. That we may not seem unfair towards the one of these theories, we shall attempt to state it to the best advantage, and that not merely out of candour, but under the influence of a real sympathy. It is said then, and with much truth, that musical power and skill are gifts of God, which we are bound, in the very first place, to employ in His service, and in framing, as it were, a glorious and graceful coronet to His honour. The same piety, it is said, which forbids us to offer Him the blind and the lame in sacrifice, should dispose us to render Him this peculiar homage of the voice, which He has given us to praise Him withal, and of the spirit of song which He has infused within us, in the utmost perfection of which both the one and the other are capable: for it were a shame and a sin to waste upon the corrupt and thankless world those gifts of nature and accomplishments of art which Holy Scripture itself, in the example of Beseleel, warrants us in regarding as the fruits, with all else that is glorious, beautiful, and of good report, of God's munificent and all-creative Spirit.* And does not the Church herself bear us out in this view of our great Benefactor's claims upon us? Does she not, by the multiplicity and exactness of her ceremonial provisions, do all which lies in her power to secure the *perfection* of that offering of devotion which she asks at our hands? Does she not demand of us our richest and our best, nor dispense with such costlier sacrifices except on the plea of necessity, or in favour of some paramount obligation? Does she not even seem harsh towards natural and unavoidable defects and infirmities, that so she may secure the excellence of the offering which she claims of us; providing that the very persons of her priests shall be not merely sound and whole, but even beautiful, the rather to remind us of the faultless integrity and consummate grace which befit each concomitant and appurtenance of God's all-glorious House?

* Vid. Exod. xxxi.

A view so religious and so just shall meet, we can assure its advocates, with nothing but favour and acceptance from us. We will not only bear with it, but embrace it; we desire to give it a place, and an important one, in the question with which we are now dealing. It is, in fact, the very ground on which we avow ourselves intolerant of antiquarian theories and exclusive predilections. It seems quite undeniable that music *has* such an use in the Church as this account presupposes. And it is also certain that here, as in other instances of the same kind, the view taken of such questions in the patristic or the middle ages can be no fair guide for us who are called on to deal with a different state of circumstances, for the very reason that the science of music has been steadily and rapidly on the advance since those times; and the very perfection at which God has willed that it should arrive, is a token of the claim which He prefers for the first fruits of the harvest.

These are extensive admissions; but not more extensive than we can fully and freely afford.

So far, then, as this particular estimate of the use of music in the Church may be quoted in objection to the more indiscriminate admission of voices, for which we are disposed to plead, our answer is a ready and obvious one.

What the demands of religion oblige, is not an absolute, but an actually attainable perfection. In the larger number of religious establishments, elaborate and scientific music is evidently impracticable; there are not funds for it, and if there were, it would not be their most natural and legitimate subject of application. The question, then, arises—shall we, in such circumstances, propose a different aim, or abandon the use of music in the service of the Church altogether? Now, were the question proposed between a simple low mass and such performances as in past times have brought so much scandal upon our Catholic worship, we should have no difficulty, as a matter of private feeling, in closing with the former of these alternatives. But it is because this does not appear to be the only question, that we are desirous of hazarding such suggestions on the matter, as, whether available or not, at any rate do not either, on the one hand, presume the necessity of falling back upon the simplest mode of divine worship, nor, on the other, interfere with the carrying out, under favourable circumstances, of a more artificial idea of

Church music than can ordinarily find the proper scope for exercise.

We repeat, therefore, that, in the actual state at least of the Church in England what we need, as a general rule, are the means, not of fine singing, but of full singing. Trained choirs, of course, there must be; but, as well for convenience sake as for those moral and religious reasons to which we have recently adverted, it is surely desirable that the *staple* of the music which is used should be of the simpler and easier kind. And though, as we have all along said, we are not for rigidly confining the limits of Church-music within the somewhat scanty range of plain chant, yet that traditional medium of the Church's sacred words does undoubtedly seem to present the most obvious opportunity of giving solemnity to the offices of divine worship, where the means and appliances of a more ornate style are not easily at command.

We have, besides, a very strong opinion that the sort of Church-music which is popular in Italy, is by no means adapted to the genius of our own country. We are a simple and homely people, who like plain things in a plain manner. It is part, too, of our downright and business-like character to wish for a share in what we feel to be public property. To such an extent, nay, and to such a fault, does this active and encroaching turn carry us, especially in sacred matters, that we verily believe it will be some time before a religious service of pure contemplation like the Mass, will gain a firm hold upon the affections of the great body of Englishmen (which, by the way, is one of the many reasons for rejoicing that what is called "the Catholic movement," is gradual rather than abrupt). There are excellent persons around, who, when they become Catholics, (as they will,) may be sensible at times, and for a time, of a personal loss in the want of those joyous hymns, united responses, and other *social* acts of worship, for which the service of the Church of England, radical as are its defects, and miserable as its ordinary exhibition, undoubtedly provides, and in a still greater degree, of course, the religious observances of the dissenters. Now, it is as palpable a mistake as can well be committed, to suppose that the Catholic worship is otherwise than, in its place and measure, social and congregational. Who can acquiesce even for an instant in such a notion of it, who has shared (for instance, at some of our colleges)

in its fervent litanies and in its exulting hymns? But the tendency of the Italian taste is, doubtless, towards *refinement* rather than *fulness* in the musical department of religious worship; it proceeds upon what we must call a one-sided view of the object of Church ceremonial; it is sensitive, as appears to us, to a fault, on the score of correctness, and is apt to purchase this advantage at the cost of that *heartiness* which is surely the first of all requisites in every religious act. "Credidi; propter quod locutus sum." Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth must needs speak. When the psalmist "kept silence from good words," his "sorrow was renewed."

It will be said, and we grant it, that the plain chant requires a certain knowledge of music, and so must needs be confined almost entirely to the official part of the choral establishment. The question, we know, is one of degree; and all music, however simple, presupposes certain requisites in a congregation, which are, as a matter of course, not universal. But the plain chant is actually the easiest of all music; being properly sung in unison and not in parts, it involves the least possible trial of ear, and requires the least possible compass or flexibility of voice. Hence it admits of being performed by a choir which would be quite unequal to the execution of figured or concerted pieces.*

But we have not exhausted our list of the advantages to which, as it seems to us, the pure ecclesiastical music is so directly subservient. Alone does it render due honour to the sacred subject with which it has to deal. Ordinary music uses the language with which it is engaged, as the mere tool of its purposes, playing with it in the way best fitted to give effect to itself; but the tones of the Church almost seem to withdraw themselves before the words upon which they are employed, as if conscious of their own feebleness, and only intent on throwing out their unspeakably wondrous and awful theme into the greatest possible prominence. We have heard it objected to the Ecclesiastical Chant that it is monotonous and inexpressive; this,

* One great reason (besides, of course, the direction of the Council of Trent) for cultivating the Plain Chant as a part of the necessary education at diocesan seminaries, is, that no other music can be so serviceable on the mission. And therefore, even though the abundant resources of musical talent in a college should allow the occasional execution of other styles, the plain chant is rightly made the basis and more ordinary rule of the choral service, as well for intrinsic reasons as from the importance of giving an interest and impulse to the study.

as we apprehend, is the result of its very principle; it is modest and reverent, as knowing the poverty of human instruments in divine works, and so does not attempt what it cannot accomplish. Of those tremendous words with which it has to deal, (to use the somewhat paradoxical eulogy,) "none but themselves can be the parallel." How can *their* meaning be illustrated, or their force heightened by the compositions of a sinner? So seem to have felt the Saints of old, and to have concluded accordingly that the simplest vehicle of sacred words must needs be the most suitable, and that, in one sense, the most inexpressive notes are the most touchingly expressive. They feared to make the sound a foil to the sense. And, disposed as we are under actual circumstances, to allow for some encroachment upon the severest rule of ecclesiastical music, we cannot but apprehend that in the degree in which it suffers violation will be the *danger*, (we do not say the effect,) of overlaying those sterling treasures with tinsel ornament, or at any rate, of doing them injustice by a paltry however beautiful setting. Or, as we have entered on a train of similes, we will follow it up. We suppose then that the ancients may have been deterred from investing the solemn words of the Church in too artificial a dress by somewhat of the feeling which prevails against the decoration of the exterior of ecclesiastical buildings with masses of ivy. Fair is that green mantle to look upon; originating perhaps in a harmless fancy, or even in a reverent intention; but its subject speedily becomes its victim; it clasps till it hugs, and hugs till it annihilates; not concealing only but corroding the sacred materials to which it is applied, by its well-meant but misplaced caresses.

Indeed, the liberties which some modern composers feel themselves able to take with the very formulæ of the Faith itself, are proof positive of the thoroughly inadequate notions of reverence with which they seem to approach their sacred and most responsible task. We have heard of compositions in use at Rome, (we think Alfieri refers to them,) in which the solemn words of the Nicene Creed, "genitum non factum," were so shuffled about between the different parts, that at length it seemed an equal chance whether they conveyed Catholicism or Arianism to the mind even of an attentive listener. The German composers too require much looking after; it is by no means

uncommon with them to make the words of the Credo or Gloria square with the conveniences of their composition, and should it suit the occasion, even to omit without scruple single words and sometimes whole passages; for what care they about the labours of councils, the struggles of theologians, or the testimony of martyrs? We have no wish to charge these gentlemen with intentional disrespect to the Church, but the facts show the great danger of entering upon works in the Church's service, otherwise than in a devotional spirit, and illustrate the difference between the use of music as a handmaid to religion, and its abuse as a tyrant over it. It may indeed be said, that since every word of the mass must be said by the celebrant, such omissions are in fact of secondary importance. And so far we will grant, that our holy Faith is happily proof against such losses or such liberties. But since the people, especially those of them who make use of the Missal, are not ignorant of what goes on at solemn functions, it is a thing *pessimi exempli*, that their ears should be familiarized to mutilated forms of those portions of the office of the Church, which they are rightly taught to regard as inviolable. There are petty offences in the same department, which do not call for such serious animadversion, but which, looking to the importance of accuracy in the use of church words, can hardly be felt as inconsiderable; such, we mean, as the method adopted in some of the chants for our Blessed Lady's Litany, of bracketting together three invocations so as to make them fit in with one petition; or again, of repeating the second "Agnus Dei," in order to suit the measure of a double chant. It is doubtful whether some of these variations do not go the length of forfeiting the indulgence attached to the right use of such devotions; but an objection more serious in our eyes, is the precedent which they create for infringing forms of prayer, whose very structure, for aught we know, may have something sacred about it. At all events it can never be well to depart from the exact line of the Church, without obvious necessity or formal dispensation. As a matter of taste too, we believe that the simplest and most beautiful chants to which this Litany is set, are those which require the least deviation from the letter, or to speak more correctly, none at all.

As we have here accidentally dropped the word "taste,"

we shall make a slight digression on the meaning of that much abused and much misunderstood term.

We hold *taste* to be the instinct or habit, or more truly the instinct following upon habit, whereby we are enabled to discern and detect what is most proper and congruous in each province of art. We say this, because it is sometimes objected, very superficially, to certain older styles of ecclesiastical music, that they are defective in "taste." Inconsistent with the more modern and artificial notions of music they may be, yet none the less for this reason in the truest taste, because founded in the greatest possible congruity between the subject to be illustrated and the mode of illustration. Our antiquaries and ecclesiologists go much further, and would repudiate any other standard of taste than that to which the older modes are conformed. Fearful, however, even to excess, of any approach to pedantry, and jealous upon principle of all rigorous and inflexible systems whether in art or in things more important, we can afford to allow far more to the moderns, than some of those with whom we cordially share the dislike of all trickery in art, while venturing however to dissent in some important particulars from their acknowledged principles; we can, as we say, allow ourselves to sympathise far more than they with the modern school, even so far as to admit that certain of its notions of taste may in their way and in their place be perfectly correct. But when it is attempted to apply these notions to inappropriate subjects then indeed we must protest against any such tyranny, and fall back, as we have done, upon a definition of taste, which none will dispute except in defence of a paradox. Perfectly secure in these convictions, we take on ourselves to say, that the music which dates and derives its name from St. Gregory the Great, is not only the best in moral and religious tendency, but the finest in taste; taking, that is into account, the subject to which it is applied and the idea upon which it is founded. And here we will enunciate an axiom on the same subject, the force of which we sincerely wish that all Catholics may come to appreciate, and that is, that good taste is a thing more closely allied to good morals and true religion than every man is at first aware. The practice indeed of divorcing taste from ethics and religion is perhaps one of the most fatal, from which our age, prolific as it is in false notions, has suffered; indeed it is hard to know which loses most by the separa-

tion, religion and morals, which are deprived of all their grace and sweetness; or art and literature, which are relegated to the base and miserable world from which the Church has reclaimed them. Let Catholics then never for one moment abandon to the world the empire of taste; it is their own of right and by long possession, and such portions of that territory as the world enjoys, she holds as a tenant and not as a lord of the soil. To apply this principle to the case before us. The reason of employing music in the service of the Church, is either a religious reason or it is none. Except the sound subserve the meaning, it is better away. If our view be a correct one, that style of music will be the most religious which deals most reverently with its subject, and gives the least scope for the play of irreligious dispositions. Being the most suitable to its subject, it will also be in the truest taste, according to the only view of taste which a Christian can recognize, and according to a view of it in which all enlightened philosophers from Aristotle and Cicero downwards have ever agreed.*

It is not unlikely, however, that popular opinion may be brought in to the settlement of the question; and it will be attempted to scare us not only from Plain Chant, but from all music except that of the style of Haydn and Mozart, by the vision of forsaken benches and a dissatisfied laity. We yield to none in respect for the lay people, and in the anxiety for crowded churches and sympathizing congregations. Moreover, as the tenour of our remarks will have shewn, we are disposed to carry the principles of conciliation and concession to an extent which many excellent Catholics of the present time are disposed to brand with the name of truckling to the world. We avow ourselves

* It is quite possible, however, that the older music may have undergone serious changes in its descent to our own time, and that some of that which now goes by the name of Plain Chant may even be vicious, or defective, *as music*. The differences which actually prevail in the tones to which portions of the Mass or Vespers are set in different editions of the Gradual and Antiphonal are evidently in favour of this suspicion. Musicians tell us that the rises and falls in some of these pieces are flagrantly irregular; certainly they are even to untutored, although correct ears, remarkably displeasing. These are niceties with which it does not fall under our design to meddle. Our present observations are grounded upon such pieces of plain chant as the Proper Prefaces, the Pater Noster, the Veni Creator, or that most exquisite work, the authorized music of the "Exultet" or "Benediction of the Paschal Candle" on Holy Saturday. This last appears to us almost as like a direct gift from heaven as the words themselves to which it is applied. The Psalm tones, again, we earnestly hope will never be invaded or put aside for any of the mawkish substitutes which prevail in the Protestant cathedrals.

in principle thorough-going Jesuits; disposed with them and with the great Apostle who lives among us in their Order more than in any single society upon earth, (though, of course, in their Order only as it exemplifies what may be called the concentrated essence of Catholicism,) to be, in the fullest sense of that highly unpopular phrase, "all things to all men that we may save all." And as in all other instances, so among the rest in this of music, we certainly regard it as the bounden duty of every wise and charitable priest on whom devolves the charge of a church or chapel, to consider well within himself, how much he may safely and properly yield with the view of sweetening to the taste of children—for weak Christians are but children at best—that chalice of discipline which is painful to flesh and blood at best, by so ordering the worship of Almighty God as that the Church shall be to every one, what it is surely meant to be, the most blessed of retreats from the stormy and feverish world, and the ceremonies of our holy religion the climax of all that on earth is the most soothing to the mind and transporting to the imagination. And if good and wise priests there be, men of strictness, of prayer, and of meditation, austere with themselves while most gentle to all others, of unworldly hearts, though for their wisdom branded as worldly by the ignorant or narrow-minded, models of patience and assiduity in the Confessional, though trained by early habits of devotion and obedience to undergo even gigantic labours of charity without prejudice to the cultivation of their own interior life; if priests like these there be, who, in the exercise of their conscientious judgment, shall see fit to mete out in the public services of religion the acknowledged treasures of the musical art with a less grudging hand than might seem to us desirable, who are we that we should bind their liberty?*

* Catholic England, indeed we may say Christendom, is looking forward with lively interest to the opening, in due time, of noble ecclesiastical structures, which are promised us in London and elsewhere, such as the church of St. Georges in the Fields, and that which is disclosing its beauteous form, emblem of Her under whose patronage it will be dedicated, among the habitations of the brute cattle, "because there was no room for it" in the broad street, and among the lordly palaces of that all but heathen city, which God grant! it may help to reclaim—the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Farm Street. We earnestly hope that in every new church and chapel, good use may be made of the advantageous position of a *fresh* establishment, towards guarding against evils which are always much more easily anticipated than checked.

While we are on the subject of the church in Farm Street, which, with all other similar undertakings, has our best wishes and fervent prayers, we will ven-

But with the feelings of a congregation as a sole or ultimate rule of action, a priest of God has nothing whatever to do. He is the guide of his people in the church, not their tool or their slave; their slave though indeed he be, for Christ's sake, in point of devotion to their interests and accessibility to their approaches. But should he take our own view of the intimate connexion, if not between certain styles of music, at least between certain points in the ordering of the musical department of religious worship, on the one hand, and the very foundation of religion and morality on the other, he will see his church deserted before he will yield one iota of principle with the view of filling it. As well might he submit to the dictation, or supposed prejudice, of his flock, as to the subjects of his preaching, or the regulation of the public functions of the Church, as in the essential character of the choral arrangements. Let him be well assured that they who will withdraw from his ministrations through dissatisfaction on points like these, are not worth his care to retain. If disorderly and rebellious subjects choose to excommunicate themselves instead of leaving the Church to do it, it is no affair of hers; they are the sufferers; she even the gainer. We devoutly hope that the days are passing away when Catholics will allow themselves to consult the humours, expressed or supposed, of the most clamorous portion of the community, to the great discouragement of the meek and obedient; when the worse members of the Church, or, more monstrous still! those who are not its members at all, shall be suffered to give, or to change, the tone and conduct of religion in its public manifestations. Such things there must have been in times gone by, or we should never, surely, have heard of choirs turned into orchestras, or masses into operas; we should never have heard of the gratification of *Protestants!* (and they, of course, the least religious portion) being made the object of ecclesiastical arrangements, or the criterion of their success.

We do not hazard the opinion as the mere random shot of conjecture, but pronounce it as the result of a sufficient experience, when we say, that the Church, like other governments, is ever in the end most loved where she is at

ture to express a hope that the altar will be kept clear of all collateral or superimposed accommodations for lay people, be they who they may. We are not aware of the necessity which can possibly justify any breach of ecclesiastical decorum in this respect.

the beginning most firm. The transient popularity which is procured by unbecoming concession, is a poor substitute indeed for the deep reverence and affection which follow upon steadiness and consistency; as is the talkative applause of the noisy many for the heartfelt loyalty of the devoted few. It is remarkable that St. Paul, (exemplifying one of those paradoxes which are ever rife in a mysterious and divine economy,) while he could say that he made himself all to all, could also say that he did all "for the sake of *the elect*." The Church has never prospered where, in any of her departments, or local manifestations, she has sacrificed the feelings of the devout few to the clamours of the forward many. This is but in other words to say that she has failed of her ends wherever she has neglected her characteristic principles; and made the favour of men her motive which is in truth but the accidental and purely occasional accompaniment of her faithful administration of those unchangeable gifts which are entrusted to her keeping. That human favour is no criterion to her disadvantage, we know as well from her own marvellous history, as, yet more, from the example of Him whose growth in all goodness it attended, and in some sort, as a voice from heaven, attested; but as He passed from the retreat of His boyhood and youth, the scene, be it said with all reverence, of His sacred noviciate, into the conflict with the world which He came to subdue, His divine mission was stripped of this fleeting and precarious token, and when His humiliation and sorrow were consummated, the world and the worldly had gone from Him, leaving it to a few obscure friends to bathe in their tears the foot of His cross, and to lay Him with duteous solicitude in the tomb.*

* We have been anxious all the while to keep out of sight considerations of expediency in what we regard as a simple question of right and wrong. But it is strictly in keeping with these few last observations to draw attention to the *certain* fact, that among minor causes which have operated to the prejudice of the English Catholic Church in quarters to which it looks with interest at the present crisis, none has been more powerful in the way of scandal, than the abuses (rather of past than present time) to which we have adverted in this article. In desiring the removal of all such just causes of offence, we shall not be supposed to recognise the extremely shallow reasoning of the persons who argue and act as if *any* such subjects of objection could be more than pure accidents, utterly irrelevant to the great question with which they have to deal; or even to admit that such pleas are, in many cases, more than the pretexts, or popular explanations, of conduct, the true *reasons* of which lie deeper. But this is the affair of the parties themselves; our business as Catholics, is to remove, as far as may be, even *pleas* for schism, quite insufficient though they be, as indeed what plea can be otherwise? towards the justification of the act.

ART. VII.—*Histoire de D. Mabillon et de la congrégation de Saint-Maur, par M. Emile Chavin de Malan. Paris: 1843.*

WHO has not heard of the Benedictines of St. Maur? What scholar has not benefited by their labours? Pass we into any public library we will, from the Bodleian to the Vatican, the fruits of their industry and learning are piled up on every side around us, and from their honoured resting places command our reverence and admiration. Amid the countless works of minor worth and varied excellence which the teeming intellect of later times has produced, their majestic tomes stand forth, like the monuments of Roman or Egyptian greatness, the evidence of a zeal and intelligence which later times may envy or admire, but can scarcely hope to imitate—the fruit of that spirit of patient labour and persevering industry to which Europe was before indebted for the preservation of whatever is most valuable in its literature, whether sacred or profane—the parting gift of the monastic institutions of the middle ages ere they made way for the innovating and encroaching spirit of these in which we live at present. Surely the labours of such men, and the benefits they have conferred upon the literary world, as well as on the Church of which they were such distinguished members, require some more deserving tribute than the memory of an honoured name. It is fit that the recollection of what they did and of the singleness of heart, and disinterestedness of purpose, and indefatigable perseverance of exertion with which they worked in the vineyard of the Lord, should be preserved, were it but to urge some fainting labourer in the same field to the imitation of their example. It is fortunate that this duty, in the present instance, has devolved on one, whose learning and piety, and kindred spirit are a sufficient guarantee for its adequate fulfilment. M. De Malan, though a layman, has already proved how carefully he appreciates, and how worthily he estimates the services of those whose virtues he has recorded in the pages that are open before us.

The great Benedictine Order, that for so many generations of men, and in so many various forms of society, had flourished with such honour and usefulness, was re-

duced in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries to a state of lamentable inefficiency and decay. After a long and glorious career of a thousand years, and after having produced some of the greatest men that ever adorned our nature, it was only natural, perhaps, to expect some symptoms of exhaustion and old age. Yet it was not age alone that contributed to its weakness and decline. The venerable institute had in it elements of strength that would have ensured its continued and vigorous existence for many an age to come, if it had not been assailed by violence from without, and undermined by insidious and mercenary children from within. In France and Germany the abbeys of the Benedictine, and indeed of almost all other orders, suffered considerably from the disorders of the so-called Reformation; but they suffered much more from the abuse which was so general in those times of giving away the abbeys as it was technically called "in Commendam." By this system the revenues of the monasteries were squandered in worldliness, and often in dissipation, by the titular abbots, who not only did not reside in, but very frequently were not even acquainted with the monastery whose spiritual guidance was entrusted to them. Whether the buildings were in a condition of sufficient repair; whether the duties prescribed by rule were observed; whether monastic discipline was practised, were points about which, generally speaking, they gave themselves very little trouble. It was their interest to get as much out of their abbacy as was possible. They left the few half-starved members of the community to find their way to perfection and to heaven in the best manner they could. In France this evil prevailed to a most enormous extent. The very prelates of the Council of Trent touched it with but a gentle hand, fearing lest the too speedy and violent correction might endanger the very existence of the monastic institute. Many holy and zealous men of the Benedictine Order itself, conscious of the discredit and danger to the institute, from this cause, made several efforts to rescue it from the one, and guard against the probability of the other; and the reforms of Bursfeld in Germany, of Valladolid in Spain, of Monte Cassino in Italy, and the Congregation of Feuillans in France, were specially undertaken for this purpose. Of this nature also was the Congregation to which principally our observations are intended to refer—the reformed Benedictine monastery of

St. Maur. This reformation was commenced by Dom. Benard, who died in 1620, and was completed by his successor, D. Gregory Tarrisé. It was approved by Gregory XV. in a solemn brief dated the 17th of May, 1621; and was intended by him and by its authors to include, besides the revival of religious fervour, the more diligent and profound study of all departments of ecclesiastical learning, especially that of history. It was sought to make its members, not only men of prayer but also men of learning, and to render the followers of St. Benedict in the 16th and 17th, what they were in the 8th and 9th, the guides and teachers of the world. With what success they laboured, and how well and signally they realized these noble aspirations, may be seen by contemplating the character of one individual alone. That individual is Mabillon.

Saint-Pierre-Mont, a small and insignificant village about two leagues from Mouson on the Meuse, was the birth-place of Mabillon, on the 23rd of November, 1632. From his very birth, the monuments of monastic splendour and the practices of the monastic life were familiar to him, for his native village had the abbey of Belval on one side, and the celebrated Chartreuse of Mont-Dieu on the other; and was not very distant from either. His father, Stephen Mabillon, was of humble extraction and humbler circumstances. He lived long enough to see the celebrity of his son, for his life was prolonged to the unusual and patriarchal term of 116 years. The first principles of his religious instruction he derived from the lips of his kind and affectionate mother, and in his old age was frequently heard to express his most grateful recollection of them. He learnt his rudiments from an uncle, who was the priest of a neighbouring parish, and who when he had made some progress, sent him to continue his studies in the public schools of Reims. Here he had the good fortune, owing probably to his uncle's introduction, to find a sincere and efficient friend in the person of M. Boucher, who held some office in the city, and who consented to receive him as a boarder in his house during the progress of his studies. He spent some years, attending the lectures that were given at the college, and turning to good account the opportunities of acquiring knowledge that were afforded him. His masters liked him for his attention and intelligence; and he was a favourite with his schoolfellows on account of his obliging and affectionate disposition.

Though but in the third class, he was chosen to present a complimentary address to the Archbishop of Nemours on his first visit to Reims, and the discourse he delivered upon this occasion, was very generally applauded. But many a boy, who made fine speeches, and created quite as great a sensation, during his school or his college course, has made but a poor figure in the world afterwards. And he had too much good sense and solid piety to be puffed up with his own intellectual superiority, or to trust too much to that opinion of his abilities, by which so much of precocious genius has been destroyed. The oak in the first stage of its growth, may seem in vain to rival the luxuriance of the osier, or to hope for a destiny as honourable. But while a basket is the humble destination of the one, the other in the fulness of time, becomes the pride and beauty of the ocean. We are far indeed from undervaluing or despising the promise of future intellectual distinction, but we should beware of estimating it at more than its true value. At best, it is but a fair ground of hope, and an honourable incentive to exertion.

The talents and piety of the young Mabillon attracted, as we have said above, the attention of his superiors, and his own inclinations leading him to the sacred ministry, the ecclesiastical authorities of Reims wished to secure his future services for their own diocese. He received the tonsure in January, 1651, and shortly after was admitted into the clerical seminary, founded at Reims by the Cardinal of Lorraine, after his return from the Council of Trent, on the model of that which St. Charles Borromeo had just recently established in Milan. The after life of the subject of our notice, proves how deeply and fully he imbibed the spirit of study and of prayer which such establishments were intended to infuse. Reims is an interesting and venerable city even at this day. It was still more so in the days of Mabillon. It was full of old historical monuments, connected with the former condition of the country, of fine architectural remains of the gothic architecture of the middle ages. The surrounding neighbourhood also possessed many objects of attraction to the christian and religious visitor. Thither on the days of recreation was he accustomed to repair, and spend many hours, and derive much gratification from the contemplation of these venerable memorials of other times. One subject of interest in the city deserves especial mention because it

was to decide the character of his after life. This was the Benedictine abbey of Saint Remy. As a specimen of architecture it is inferior to several in the city, but its dark aisles, and time-honoured windows, possessed a great charm for him. There was there also the tomb that contained within it the mortal relics of him whose hand poured the waters of baptism on the head of Clovis, and whose virtues won to the Church of God those mailed warriors that would have spurned any mere human influence. There too was kept with scrupulous care, the cruet of consecrated oil, that in the days of their regal inauguration, was poured upon the successors of Clovis. There too, as the evening sun darted its rays through the stained windows and poured its flood of many coloured radiance upon the pavement, he heard the solemn words of the liturgy chanted, not as he was wont to hear them, by a few aged monks, whose faltering voices were but faintly heard beyond the choir, and whose hurried repetition showed that though their lips were occupied in God's work, their hearts and their affections often were elsewhere; but he heard them chanted by a full and earnest band of holy men, whose full voices blending in harmonious unison, and eyes directed with holy fervour heavenward, and faces beaming with rapturous zeal, indicated, if any exterior expression could indicate, that from the fulness of the heart the mouth was speaking. These were the new monks of the Reform of St. Maur, that had been recently introduced, and had resumed the ancient observances of the institute. Their piety and fervour, their mode of life and spiritual advantages, made a deep impression upon the heart of Mabillon. Each time he visited the old abbey of St. Remy, he felt that there alone he could be happy. There was the place of his rest, and there was to be his habitation for ever. Feeling this strong inclination to enter the Reformed Benedictine Institute, he made application to the proper authorities, and after some delay was admitted a postulant of the order on the 29th of August, 1653. He received the habit in the September following, and after the lapse and probation of a year, was admitted to his solemn religious profession. His conduct during his novitiate was so edifying, that, contrary to the usual practice, it was resolved to leave him for some time at the abbey of Saint Remy, to be for the other novices an example and an encouragement. But his zeal was near leading him

too far. So great and incessant were his exertions, that his health began to give way. He became subject to violent headaches, which prevented him from using any application, and almost from reading the divine office. Fears were even entertained that his health was irrecoverably gone, and as a last resource after many others had failed, he was recommended a total cessation from business of every kind, and a long continued residence in the country. It was hoped that the repose, pure air, and tranquillity of some retired country district, would once more restore him to his health, and secure his services for religion.

With low spirits and desponding heart Mabillon took his leave of the old abbey church of St. Remy, and of those dear friends whose home was there; and set out upon his journey to the monastery of Notre-Dame de Nogent, near Coucy. It was situated in a retired country place, and though once a monastery of some note, little more than the ruins of its former splendour now remained. Great part of the buildings had fallen down, and a few old monks were the only surviving representatives of a once numerous community. But it was situated in the midst of a delightful country, on the banks of a charming river, as most of our old monasteries are. The pure air and agreeable relaxation soon began to exercise a visible and salutary influence on his health. He spent a considerable portion of each day in making excursions in the environs, whenever an object or a locality possessed a religious or an historical interest. The walls of the old abbey in which he resided, possessed too for him an interest the most fascinating. With all the zeal of a poet and an antiquary, he made himself acquainted with the legendary chronicles of the neighbourhood; and every niche and window, every crumbling pillar and ruined aisle, became for him the scene of some historical reminiscence. It is recorded of him that he spent almost an entire night making excavations in the church to discover the tomb of a certain abbot Gilbert, with whose chronicles he had made acquaintance in the course of his researches.

In the year 1657, his health being sufficiently restored, he was called to Soissons for the purpose of receiving Holy Orders, and was ordained a deacon in the following year. His thirst for study being well known, it was deemed prudent to gratify his inclinations in that respect, and he was ordered by his superiors to repair to the celebrated abbey of

Corbie in the diocese of Amiens. To one of his tastes no residence could be more agreeable. Though shorn of much of its former splendour, it was still a place of considerable learning and renown, and possessed a library, the scattered fragments of which are at present amongst the choicest treasures of several of the public libraries of Europe. Mabillon had here many opportunities of gratifying his ardour for study, and ample and valuable materials for the prosecution of his historical researches. With a considerate solicitude lest his studies should again affect his health, he was entrusted with the office of Bursar of the community. This, however irksome it may have been to his literary ardour, was an effectual preventive of excessive application. Even with this drawback he was contented and happy. He was promoted to the order of priesthood in 1660, and had no other desire than to spend the remainder of his days in quiet tranquillity, and devote himself uninterruptedly to the exercises of study and prayer. But God had other objects in view for him, and in Midsummer 1663, he was removed to the equally celebrated abbey of St. Denis, to assist Dom. Claude Chantelou in the new edition of the works of St. Bernard, which he was preparing for the press. The prior of the monastery knowing his taste for ecclesiastical and historical antiquities, entrusted him with the care of the museum, which at that period contained some exceedingly interesting and valuable memorials of the Church and monarchy of France, which have since been unfortunately dispersed. It will be perceived that every incident of his life was ordained by providence to nourish and develope, and mature, those tastes and pursuits which were to be subsequently productive of such advantages to the Church. After a residence of one year at Saint Denis, he removed by the advice of his superiors to that with which his name is indissolubly connected, and which was the scene of his long and well-merited celebrity, the monastery of Saint Germain-des-Près, in the city of Paris.

The abbey of Saint Germain-des-Près, was the principal house of the Maurist reformed institute. Dom. Tarisse, the superior, was directing his most unremitting zeal and attention to the revival of ecclesiastical studies. The celebrated Dom. D'Achery was already engaged in the publication of his collection of original and unpublished docu-

ments, known by the name of the *Spicilegium*,* when Mabillon became an inmate of the community. The enlightened and judicious discernment of Tarrisé wished to collect in the capital, all those whose talents promised to forward the object he had in view, and he appointed Mabillon to assist D'Achery in the arrangement of his documents.

“He discharged himself of this duty,” says M. De Malan, “with zeal, and always treated his master with the utmost respect and attention. Poor old D'Achery was feeble and infirm, and his assistant wished to leave him all the honour, and take upon himself all the labour. It was a similar feeling that made him, upon a later occasion, put D'Achery's name before his own in the title-page of all the volumes of his great work, the ‘*Acta*.’ He never did anything of consequence without taking his advice, and seldom passed a day without going several times to see him. He said mass for him every morning in the infirmary, to which D'Achery was confined for a long time by his infirmities, wrote his letters, and executed his commissions with all the simplicity and docility of a child. He continued at the same time to assist Claude Chantelou in his edition of the Works of St. Bernard, and published, almost without interruption, three editions of this Father. They will be for years to come models of learning and critical skill.† The learned Bona, at that period General of the Reformed Institute of Citeaux, wrote to Mabillon to encourage him to a continuation of those literary labours, which promised to be of such service to the Church.”—*Page 266.*

From the very commencement of their literary exertions, the superiors contemplated a new and comprehensive history of the Benedictine order. This was a work, that to be properly executed, required great research, and great resources. It was to be in reality a history of Europe for a thousand years; and a history, not of that busy bustling life which men lead in camps, in courts, in crowded cities; not a record of blood shed and empires overthrown, and sceptres lost and won, as the world's histories have so often been, but a record of that inward private life which the busy world takes no heed of, which is hidden with Christ in God; which has its own trials and

* *Veterum Scriptorum Spicilegium*; Paris, 1655 to 1667. 13 vols. in 4to.

† *Sancta Bernardi abbatis primi Clarevallensis opera omnia post Horstium denuo recognita*; Paris 1667, 2 vols. folio. Mabillon gave two editions of St. Bernard. The second in 2 vols. folio, Paris 1690, is the best of the two. The best edition of this father, is that of Paris 1835, in 2 vols. 4to.

combats, and long-continued struggles, but which although confined to the secrecy of the individual heart, are not therefore the less desperately contested, and sometimes not the less hardly won: a record of what generous men, in dark and perilous times, did to advance the interests of religion, and the salvation of others, when barefaced vice and savage power were enthroned in the high places of the world; yes, and a record too, of those other but less spiritual achievements, which the followers of Benedict accomplished for knowledge, for civilization, for the social interests of humanity. An undertaking of this character, so minute, so comprehensive, required much and most persevering industry. It was one which only the most cordial co-operation of the several houses and members could possibly bring to a successful issue; but it was one, however, for which the very constitution of the Benedictine order afforded peculiar facilities. Materials were to be collected in every part of Europe. The dusty shelves of old convent libraries were to be examined, and whatever original and valuable documents they contained, to be transcribed and transmitted to Paris. A great mass of valuable materials had in this manner, and after some time been collected, and Mabillon was appointed to reduce them to order, and prepare them for the purpose for which they were intended. No duty could be more agreeable to his tastes, or more in harmony with his previous studies, and he devoted himself to his appointed task with the most self-devoted energy, and the most unflinching resolution. His application was prodigious, and his industry almost incredible. Though his health was delicate, he rose every morning at two o'clock, and with the exception of the time he spent at mass and prayer, allowed himself no cessation until dinner. The afternoon was also thus employed, and his studies were often prolonged to a late hour at night. The result of his labours appeared in due time. The first volume in 1668, the last in 1701. The entire work contains nine large folio volumes, and forms perhaps one of the most splendid historical collections ever made by the zeal and perseverance of one single individual.*

* "Acta Sanctorum Ordinis S. Benedicti, in Sæculorum classes distributa," in folio, Paris, 1668—1701. Nine Volumes. This work, although reprinted in Venice some time afterwards, is not easily to be met with. It is most valuable for those who devote themselves to scientific historical investigation. The prefaces of the several volumes, have been printed separately in one vol. 4to. Rouen, 1732.

In the execution of this work, Mabillon felt himself bound to omit from the list of the saints of the Benedictine order, some names that had been inserted therein by the traditional veneration of particular places or communities, but which did not seem to him on examination deserving of that honour. Some he supposed had no claim to be considered members of the Benedictine family; others perhaps in his opinion never had an existence. This exclusion raised up, as may be imagined, many enemies for the author, and much opposition to his work. A formal complaint was laid before the general Chapter of the Order, on the appearance of the first volume, and the author was exposed to much annoyance, and put to considerable trouble in the vindication of his opinions. Each contested point required a long dissertation for its elucidation or defence. His meekness and forbearance presented a striking contrast to the bitterness which some of his opponents infused into the discussion of the subject, and not less perhaps than the solidity of his arguments, inclined the scales of judgment in his favour. After some short delay he was directed by his superiors, to resume and continue without interruption the labours which he had interrupted for a moment.

The abbey of St. Germain was at this time the centre of intellectual activity in Paris. The most distinguished men in some of the highest walks of literature, were wont to assemble occasionally within its walls, and encourage each other to new and renewed exertions. Their periodical meetings were held in the room of D'Achery, and were by no means confined to members of the Benedictine order, nor even to individuals of the clerical profession. Any one who had achieved a name in the history of intellectual exertion, or who could bring with him any contribution to increase the literary resources of his country, was ever sure of welcome. There of an afternoon were to be met engaged in friendly conversation, or discussing some point of interest to the scholar or the philosopher, Du Cange, Baluze, D'Herbelot, Boileau, and others of similar taste, and perhaps not inferior reputation. Fleury too would find his way betimes to the abbey of St. Germain, to confer on the subjects of his history, with heads more learned than his own; and Bossuet often came to compare notes, and to employ the services of Mabillon in the examination of questions of ancient discipline, that had a reference to the

controversies of the day. He wished to have him by his side during the meetings of the clergy, in which he took so conspicuous a position; but Mabillon had no relish for the tumult and turmoil of a popular assembly. He went there but seldom, and stayed but a short time, for his heart was in his books and in his cloister, and he loved to be back again among them. He had also the honour of reckoning the great archbishop of Cambrai among the number of his friends. In fact, there was scarce an individual of any celebrity in France that did not solicit the honour of his acquaintance, or the favour of his correspondence; for in an age when great literary undertakings were matters of not unfrequent occurrence, his labours were a subject of general admiration.

The superiors of the Maurists were of opinion that, after all their enquiries and researches, many valuable documents lay unknown in the several continental monasteries, and it was resolved to send Mabillon on a journey of discovery to the convents of the Low Countries. He took leave of his friends of St. Germain, and set out on foot with one companion, Dom. Claude Estiennot, a young religious inflamed with a kindred spirit to his own. When he got outside the walls of Paris, he began the service which the Church recommends for the commencement of a journey. Each day he adhered as far as he possibly could to the canonical hours of office, made his spiritual lecture in the Holy Scripture or the Imitation, and during the heat and sultry oppressiveness of noon the two wayfarers may often have been seen, under the shade of some spreading tree, discoursing on subjects of religious or literary interest. In the convents, especially of his own order, along his route he was received with the utmost politeness and attention. Hospitality has ever been an honourable characteristic of the members of the cloister: who could have claimed it with more justice than the illustrious visitor who now presented himself for admittance? During his stay in any convent he endeavoured, as far as the object of his journey would permit, to conform himself to the common exercises of the community. When circumstances compelled him to lodge in inns or hotels, he endeavoured by his regularity and deportment to edify those who happened to be in his company. He went to the nearest church to pray and read his office, and always had a kind word and religious present for the little chil-

dren with whom he came in contact. In this manner the travellers sanctified their journey; and after an absence of some months returned to their cells and studies again. The fruits of their researches made their appearance in due time in the shape of four volumes octavo, and contained a collection of documents* of every kind, and all of considerable importance.

The Benedictines were very desirous that the works of the Fathers of the Church should be made known to the world. For more than a century, and in many an angry contest on religious subjects, it was usual to make a reference to their words and an appeal to their authority, very often by those who had never looked into their pages. Even for those who had done their best to discover the truth, there were many difficulties. Many of the editions of the Fathers were imperfect, many of little authority, many full of typographical, and often of editorial blunders. A new and correct edition, at least of the principal Fathers, was a work of the utmost value and importance. The Maurists had begun with St. Bernard. They now determined to continue the undertaking, and commenced without delay, undeterred by the magnitude of the labour, the works of St. Augustine. If this was a work of great necessity and of great magnitude, it was also, from the peculiar circumstances of the Church of France, one of great difficulty. It was no easy matter so to give the text of an author, on which the eyes of all were directed, and in which all had so great and absorbing an interest, without giving offence to some. The Jansenist controversy was then in its most violent crisis, and men's minds were agitated with various and contradictory opinions. A particular reading of a text, or the partial wording of a commentary, or the one-sided suggestion of a note, may give the learned Bishop of Hippo a meaning decisive of the point at issue, and raise up for the unlucky editor a host of bitter enemies. But the Maurists, though aware of these difficulties, were not deterred from their undertaking. The origin of their great edition of St. Augustine is related in the following passage of our author:

“Dom. Claude Martin, who was elected assistant superior general in 1668, proved himself the great promoter of the studies of the

* *Vetera Analecta*. Paris, 1675 to 1685. 4 vols. 8vo. A second edition was published in 1723, by the Academician La Barre, in one volume folio.

congregation. The several monasteries in which he lived before his election, and in which he filled several offices, were indebted to him for many valuable accessions to their libraries. Conversing one day in a friendly way with Dom. Luke D'Achery, the latter casually mentioned a plan which five or six persons of his acquaintance had formed of editing the works of St. Augustine. In pursuit of that object they had come very often to compare and examine the MSS. of the library of St. Germain-des-Près, which the generous librarian had placed with all his heart at their disposal. But, whether afraid of the magnitude of the undertaking, or engaged in other and more pressing duties, they had, after six months of study, abandoned it altogether. Dom. Claude Martin, whose mind was naturally led to great enterprises, saw at once the value of such a project, and its utility to the Church. He asked D'Achery whether their own congregation did not possess sufficient resources to enable it to do what these had left undone. 'It is a work of great labour and fearful enterprise,' said the other, 'but still it may be done by comparing the MSS. of this Father which are in our libraries, and entrusting the management of it to some learned religious, who will not be dismayed by the difficulties he has to encounter.' This was enough to determine Claude Martin, who never shrunk from any toil in the service of God and his holy Church. The affair was proposed in chapter and approved, and Martin was charged with its execution. Wherever manuscripts were found, they were compared and forwarded to Paris, and M. Delfau was called to superintend the progress of publication. To Dom. Peter Coustant the critical analysis of the writings ascribed to the saint was allotted. D. Guenié drew up the general table, which is a master-piece of its kind; and D. Nicholas Goyot inspected the printing, and corrected the proofs. The work was going on prosperously until Delfau was banished from Paris by a 'lettre de cachet,' and died suddenly at Landavenec in Lower Brittany, whither he had been ordered to repair. D. T. Blampin, who was appointed in his place, had been previously professor of theology at St. Germain."—Page 313.

The publication of the first volume was the occasion of a loud and intemperate storm of opposition. Pamphlets with names, and pamphlets without names, issued week after week from the press, finding fault with the labours of the Maurists, accusing them of unfaithfulness and incorrectness in the rendering of the text, and often of something worse in the substance of the doctrinal dissertations. We are far from saying that, in a work of such magnitude, errors and faults may not be occasionally found, and where so many individuals were employed, occasional diversities of opinion; but this was in the ordinary course of things to be expected. Taking it as a whole, it was creditable to

their industry, zeal, learning, piety, and indomitable perseverance. It was only a high sense of religious duty that could have enabled them to persevere, and sustained them against every opposition. Notwithstanding the voice of faction, and the murmur of interested opposition, public opinion and the most enlightened of the clergy were in their favour. The work was carried on with vigour, and in the course of nine years from the commencement of the work, the eleventh and concluding volume made its appearance, with a beautiful preliminary dissertation from the pen of Mabillon. Well may the Maurist monks be proud of such a magnificent contribution to the patristic literature of the Church, as this edition of the writings of one of its greatest and most eloquent Fathers—the incomparable Augustine.* A few days after its publication, Mabillon, dressed in his best clothes, set out for Versailles, to present to his majesty the concluding volumes of the work. He was presented to the king by Le Tellier, archbishop of Reims and premier peer of France. On arriving at the hall of audience, they found his majesty in conversation with Bossuet. “I have the honour,” said Le Tellier, “of presenting to your majesty the most learned man in your dominions.” The bishop of Meaux, who knew the worth

* S. Augustini Opera. Paris 1687. Eleven volumes folio. Mabillon had prepared the public for this edition, by his “Préface dedicatoire des Œuvres de Saint Augustin” in 4to. 1679.

The following list will give some idea of the prodigious activity and zeal of the Maurists, in the department of Patristic literature, without taking into account the numerous other works in History and Theology, in which they were at the same time engaged. We give here the dates and editors of the principal editions. It is not necessary to say that all the editors were Maurists.

1675	Anselm,	one vol. folio.	Editor.	Dom. Gerberon.
1679	Aurelius Cassiodorus,	2 fol.	”	Dom. Garet.
1686	Ambrose, ...	2 fol.	”	Dom. Du Frische.
1693	Hilary, ...	1 fol.	”	Dom. Coustant.
1693	Jerom, ...	5 fol.	”	Dom. Martinay.
1698	Athanasius, ...	3 fol.	”	Dom. Montfaucon.
1699	Gregory of Tours,	1 fol.	”	Dom. Ruinart.
1705	Gregory the Great,	4 fol.	”	Dom. D. de Saint Marthe.
1706	Collectio Patrum Græcæ,	2 fol.	”	Dom. Montfaucon.
1710	Ireneus of Lyons,	1 fol.	”	Dom. Massuet.
1710	Lactantius, ...	1 oct.	”	Dom. Nourry.
1713	Hexapla of Origen,	2 fol.	”	Dom. Montfaucon.
1718	Chrysostom, ...	13 fol.	”	Dom. Montfaucon.
1720	Cyril of Jerusalem, ...	1 fol.	”	Dom. Touttée.
1721	Basil, ...	3 fol.	”	Dom. Garnier.
1733	Origen, ...	4 fol.	”	Dom. De la Rue.

[This list is taken from M. Maran; but it is not to be taken as complete. It omits the works of St. Cyprian, St. Leo the Great, the *Epistolæ Romanorum Pontificum* by Dom. Coustant, and several other editions. Ed. D. R.]

of Mabillon, and had for him the most sincere regard and affection, added, "Sire, the archbishop should also have said,—and the most humble." Never was the compliment more richly deserved, or more elegantly applied. With all the learning that he unquestionably possessed, no one could have a more humble opinion of his own abilities or acquirements, or was more willing to do justice to the abilities of others. A stranger one day waited on Du Cange, of whom we have already made mention. The latter, not able to give him the information he required, referred him to Mabillon. The latter, on learning the object of his visit, said, "I recommend you to apply to Du Cange. No one is more competent to give you the information you require." "Why," replied the gentleman, "it is M. Du Cange that has referred me to you." "Well," said Mabillon, "Du Cange is certainly competent to be my master. But, if you wish to honour me with your visits, I shall feel much pleasure in communicating to you the little knowledge I possess."

In the prosecution of his researches, Mabillon had occasion to consult a vast number of original documents. He wished not to take his knowledge at second-hand from any previous writer, but to see and examine for himself. Among the ancient documents that came under his inspection, the most trustworthy, and consequently the most valuable, were the charters that had from time to time been granted by kings and other persons in authority. From their very character they were deserving of the most implicit reliance, to a greater degree than even medals or historians; for medals may be coined from vanity or ostentation, and historians, however well-disposed, may be led astray by rumour, or not possess sufficient opportunities of information. The only difficulty to be encountered by the historical enquirer is to ascertain if the charter be genuine. Its authenticity once established, its testimony may be without hesitation relied on. The oldest charter known to be in existence, is one of the Emperor Galba. The oldest of the French kings is one of the first Childebert, given in 558 to the monastery of St. Germain-des-Près. It was only in the seventh century that the custom of issuing charters was adopted by the sovereigns of England. The greater part of the deeds of those early times, and down even to the 10th and 11th centuries, were deposited for greater security in the archives of some neighbouring

church or monastery. Frequently, three or four authentic copies were distributed in various places of those whose contents were of a more than usually important nature. Thus, several copies were made and signed of the celebrated charter by which Charlemagne invested the pope with the temporal sovereignty of the Roman territory. Two of these copies were left in Italy. The others were brought to France. But, unfortunately, in those times when detection was not so easy as it would be in our days, vanity or self-interest led persons to forge new or alter those already existing. Hence, it was not in every case easy to find out at first sight, and without the application of some fixed standard, whether the document exhibited was genuine. To the discovery of this standard, and the elucidation of the principles by which it was to be regulated, the subject of our notice applied himself. Something had already been done in this department by the Jesuit Papebroch. But from the experience which he had, and from the extent of his mediæval information, no one then living was so capable of executing it with success as the individual to whom it was now committed; and the great work which contains the result of his labours is generally considered a masterpiece of its kind, and the foundation of modern historical science. It was published in 1681 under the auspices of Colbert,* and consists of six books. The first treats of the antiquity and form of charters. They were usually written on two or three sheets of parchment, sewed together; sometimes, however, on one. The more voluminous ones were written on Egyptian papyrus. Black ink was commonly used. But kings often used to give charters in letters of gold. Purple ink was employed by the Greek emperors in their signatures. The characters were Roman until the eleventh century. The charters of the two first dynasties of France were written in a character different from that which was used in books; but, subsequently, they were the same. In his second book, he goes into minute details relating to the bad spelling and barbarous diction, that is almost always found in them, in the forms of speech and technical expressions, the style of sealing, and subscribing, and witnessing, by which the

* *De re Diplomaticâ Libri Sex.* Paris 1681. In Folio Majori. A supplement was published in Paris in 1704. The best edition is that of Naples, 2 vols. folio, maj.

ages of the several documents may be almost confidently ascertained. The other books are devoted to proofs and illustrations of the principles he has laid down, and of the manner in which they are to be applied. In the examination of his subject, Mabillon had occasion to make frequent reference to Papebroch, and refute the opinions on which he so confidently relied. The following letter of the Jesuit to Mabillon will show how successfully and completely the refutation was accomplished. It is not less creditable to him by whom it was written than to him to whom it was directed.

“I have to tell you, that the only pleasure I now feel in having written on this subject, is that, by so doing, I have given occasion to the composition of so valuable a work. At first indeed, on reading your book, it gave me some pain to see myself so refuted, as that I had nothing to say in reply ; but, by degrees, the utility and beauty of your valuable work completely got the better of my infirmity. Rejoiced to see the truth in so clear a light, I called my companion, who was near me, to share in my admiration, which I could scarcely contain. On this account have no difficulty in saying, on every occasion that you may find it necessary to do so, and publicly, that I am perfectly of your opinion.”—*Page 342.*

This work, like the others, was the occasion of some angry controversy. The Jesuit Germon took up the gauntlet for his brother, and impugned several of the principles of interpretation in the treatise of Mabillon. But the author said nothing. His friends replied to the attack ; not that they attached much importance to the literary character of Germon, but because they deemed his principles, if fully carried out, subversive of the truth of other and more important books than the charters of the middle ages.

Having done so much for the cause of sacred and profane literature in the journeys which he had already made, it was deemed advisable by his superiors to send him forth again. In those days the original materials from which history should ever be written were not so convenient to the writer's hand, as, generally speaking, they have become in our own. There are few documents of any value that have not been collected into some of the museums with which the capitals of most of the European kingdoms have been enriched. The establishments and convents, to the industry of whose inhabitants they were in most instances indebted for existence, still flourished, and the

libraries to which they belonged had not yet been dispersed. But the greater portion of the literary wealth which these establishments contained, was known to the proprietors alone; and the scholar who sought to make them available to his purpose, or conducive to the public good, had not only to become master of their contents, but previously to discover their existence. If we take into account the difficulty of communication between one place and another, and the unwillingness on the part of those who had the care of the several archives to permit their contents to be thus thoroughly explored, we may have some idea of the nature and number of the obstacles that arrested the progress of knowledge. No one could be found whose learning, character, and well-merited reputation, were better calculated to surmount this barrier and secure admission to the very sanctuary of information than the learned Benedictine; and both in his journey to Burgundy and Germany in the summer of 1682, and in that to Italy in 1685, he was everywhere received with the utmost kindness and attention. Every library and archive was thrown open to him, and all vied with one another as to who would place the most valuable and the most numerous monuments at his command. It was no vulgar curiosity that led Mabillon to visit the wonders of other lands. If he had consulted his own tastes, he never would have left his monastery of Germain-des-Près, for beyond his study and his stall he sought no object of curiosity. He was twenty years in Paris before he went to see Versailles; and a capitulary of Charlemagne, or an old worm-eaten charter of the Merovingian kings, had more interest and attraction in his eyes than the splendour of Versailles or the beauty of the Trianon. He was a bookworm of the most perfect genus; one that combined with the devoted passion of an antiquary the high intelligence and power of combination, that made him see the real value of each production, and make it available for the proper purpose. If anything could bring him without a murmur or repugnance from the study, where his books were piled around him, it was the humble stall in the abbey church, where, at the ordinary hours of office, he came to take his place among his brethren.

On his return from Germany in 1682, he had the affliction to learn that his munificent patron and kind friend, the great Colbert, had died in his absence. But he had

still a kind and zealous friend in Le Tellier, the archbishop of Reims. At his suggestion Mabillon was sent to Italy, and while making researches in the department of ecclesiastical history, he was empowered to purchase any work he might think worthy of a place in the Royal Library of Paris. He commenced his journey in company with Dom. Michael Germain in the beginning of April 1685. Lyons, Milan, Venice, Loretto, afforded him abundant subjects of literary and religious interest; and crossing the Appennines, he entered Rome on the morning of Friday the 15th of June. He travelled all night, in order by his early arrival to disconcert the arrangements of his friends, who were prepared to give him a public reception. It is not necessary for us here to say what objects of curiosity were likely to obtain or to merit his attention. The libraries, public and private, in that great city, were able to repay him amply for his trouble and labour. He made the usual tour of Italy, and after an absence of a year, returned to his monastery in July, 1686. The fruit of his researches was soon presented to the world by the publication of the *Museum Italicum*,* the first volume of which made its appearance in the beginning of the following year; and the second some time after. The most valuable document in this collection was the ancient Sacramentary, written in the seventh century, and taken from the monastery of Bobbio.

But the homage of the learned, and the respect of the literary world, were not to be his only reward. A more public mark of respect was paid to him about this time; for Louis XIV. by a special mark of his royal favour, named him an honorary member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. He had already done enough to merit that honour; but at the first public assembly of the members that was held after his nomination, he contributed a paper, equally valuable and interesting, on the ancient sepulchres of the French monarchs. He sometimes attended the meetings, and gave to its proceedings the sanction of his name and the encouragement of his example. A stranger, on seeing a shy, modest, and very unpretending individual, on whom the eyes of all were directed, while his own were for the most part fixed upon

* *Museum Italicum*. Paris 1687—1689. 2 vols. 4to. Reprinted in 4to. in 1724.

the ground, would be often tempted to inquire who he was, and give a start of pleasure and surprise on being told that that unpretending and humble man was Mabillon.

We have already, in a former number of this Review, made mention of his controversy with the Trappist De Rancé, on the subject of monastic studies, and do not find it necessary to add any thing to the observations we made upon that occasion. A more serious discussion, was that which followed his letter of "Eusebius the Roman," in which in the character of a third person he criticised the practices of some of the functionaries of the eternal city, with respect to the bodies dug up from time to time in the catacombs, and generally ascribed to the martyrs.* It is the generally received opinion, that these catacombs were the burial-places of the early Christians; and were consecrated by the remains of many of the first champions of the faith, as often as the sanguinary and persevering cruelty of their persecutors permitted these remains to be collected from the place of execution. In some cases the names of the illustrious sufferers were inscribed upon the slab which closed up the place of sepulture, and have been discovered there in after times, when the attention of the Christian world was directed to the subterranean recesses. It is thus that the bodily remains of many an individual whose name and undaunted witnessing of the faith of Christ, were mentioned with honour in the chronicles of the Church, have been identified, and proposed for the veneration of the faithful. Several of these bodies are found undistinguished by any other mark, than the palm branch or olive wreath, fit emblem of the victory they have won; or the fish, the conventional type of their Christian profession. In some cases, instruments of torture and small vases that once contained blood, have been discovered with the bones, and leave but little, if any doubt, as to the kind of death the individual endured. But whatever certainty there may be in many instances, as to the sanctity of the deceased, it is probable that in some cases the proofs may not be altogether satisfactory, in others be altogether wanting; whatever was the fervour of the primitive believers it may be very legitimately assumed, that all were not saints, and therefore that all were not entitled to veneration. In the

* Eusebii Romani ad Theophilum Gallum Epistola de Cultæ Sanctorum ignotorum. Paris 1698, 4to. one vol.

classification of their remains, as well as in their discovery, it is evident that great caution must be observed. During his residence in Rome, Mabillon had occasion to notice, what he considered, an over eagerness to admit the authenticity of certain relics without sufficient examination; and to reprehend and point out for correction what he considered to be an abuse, he wrote his book of Eusebius the Roman. His motive was good. Some abuses there may have been among the agents employed in the exploration, and great care and caution were absolutely necessary. But in dealing with these abuses, Mabillon touched them with too rough a hand. Some of his expressions were considered personal, and a formal complaint was made to the authorities. It was even proposed to have his book placed on the Roman Index. However, his friends in Rome were not inactive; the objectionable passages being explained, and altered in a second edition, the supreme Pontiff expressed himself satisfied.

It is strange that the same individual who could thus boldly question the authenticity of the Roman relics, was induced some short time after to employ his pen in defence of a much more disputed object of veneration, the "Holy Tear of Vendôme." This holy tear, the legend states, was shed by the Saviour at the tomb of Lazarus. Collected with a precious care by the industry of some ministering angel, it was delivered, enclosed in a small vial, to Magdalen, as a memorial of the ineffable love of him who wept over her brother's tomb. A party of crusaders brought it from the East, and deposited it in the church of Frisengen, their native city. In the middle of the 11th century it was given by Nitker, Bishop of Frisengen, to Agnes, Countess of Anjou, on her marriage with the emperor, Henry the 3rd of Germany, and was placed by her in her new convent of Vendôme. Lewis, Comte of Vendôme, taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, made a vow, while in captivity, to the "Holy tear," and was liberated. In gratitude for his deliverance, he was wont to liberate each Palm Sunday one prisoner of those that were confined in the dungeons of the city; and this custom was preserved even to the time of the French Revolution. The Benedictines of Vendôme, to whose guardianship this relic was entrusted, ever strenuously maintained its genuineness and authenticity. These were formally attacked by Thiers, a celebrated polemical writer of the 17th century, and were

defended by Mabillon in a work published in 1700.* The latter professes his belief in the truth of the tradition which his order preserved concerning the origin and supernatural transmission of this object of veneration.

About the period of the publication of this letter, he had the misfortune and affliction of being made the victim of calumny, and calumny of a kind the most injurious to his reputation. Some evil-minded persons spread a report that he had repaired to Holland, and abandoned the Catholic faith. This report originated in Germany, and was thence carried to England. It is scarcely necessary to say, with what rejoicing the news of such an event was hailed by one party, and with what heart-rending affliction it was heard by those few, who in these kingdoms, remained faithful to that creed of which he was so distinguished a member. The manner in which the intelligence, after travelling from Germany to England, reached at length the ears of him whom it most concerned, is affectingly related in the following extract of the letter which in his own defence, and for their information, he wrote to the Catholics of England.

“I feel myself called upon, my very dear brethren, to undeceive you with respect to a horrible calumny, designed by the father of lies to blacken my reputation among you, and with the object of disturbing and shaking your faith, if such a thing were possible. It was only yesterday I heard the news, through some of our English Benedictine fathers, who arrived late in the evening at our abbey of St. Germain-des-Près, and asked with much eagerness to see me on some business, they said, of the greatest possible importance. I went to them immediately; and they said at once, that it was quite enough for them to see me, and that they were now satisfied. There seemed to be some mystery which I did not understand; but at length they made known this mystery of iniquity, and informed me that a report, most hurtful to my reputation, was circulated all over England, and published in all the newspapers—namely, that I had retired to Holland, and had renounced (I shudder to speak of it) the Catholic Church; that the Catholics of this country were extremely alarmed thereat, and that on every possible occasion it was thrown in their teeth by their opponents. I leave you to think, my dear brethren, how horror-struck I must have been at so shocking a calumny, and how affected I was at the trouble and solicitude which you felt and expressed thereat.”

* Lettre d'un Bénédictin à M. l'évêque de Blois touchant le discernement des anciennes Reliques, au sujet d'une dissertation de Thiers contre la Sainte Larme de Vendome. Paris 1700, 1 vol. 12mo.

Mabillon always felt the kindest interest in the Catholics of England, and watched with a most unremitting attention the struggles of religion against the tyranny of the civil power. He was on terms of friendly intimacy with several of the missionaries, and preserved their letters with a species of holy reverence. After the Revolution of 1688, he expressed the warmest sympathy in the reverses and misfortunes of the unfortunate house of Stuart, and had the honour of a personal acquaintance with the de-throned monarch.

At the present day when so many salutary and important reformations have been effected in the prison discipline, to which criminals are subjected, and when a more humane spirit is abroad, than that which in former times darkly brooded over the felon's hapless cell, we contemplate with pleasure any indication of its coming. The mild and compassionate heart of the subject of our notice, was drawn to the consideration of this subject, more especially with respect to the prisons connected with the ecclesiastical tribunals. He felt that much of the severity that was there universally practised, not only was unnecessary, but was even calculated to defeat its own object; that terror may arrest the progress of crime for a moment, but never could become the principle of effectual and sincere conversion; and that the principle of a new life was to be excited in the heart by a far different influence than that of the dread of punishment. The following extract from his work* on Prison Reformation, contains the clear and distinct development of the mode of correction which has been of late so generally adopted. It is the concluding paragraph, and shows the humane and Christian view which he took of the subject.

“To return to the subject of the prison of St. John Climacus, of which I have already spoken, a similar institution could without difficulty be established for the correction of penitents. It should contain a number of cells like those of the Chartreux, with a workshop attached, in which the person could practise some useful labour. There may be also attached to each cell a small garden, to which they were to get admittance at certain hours for the purposes of air and exercise. They should also assist at divine service: at first in a closed tribune, separated from the others, but, after some time, and after having given some marks of repentance and conver-

* *Reflections sur les Prisons des Ordres Religieux.*

sion, they could be admitted to the choir in common with the others. Their food also should be coarse in quality, and limited in quantity, and their fasts be pretty frequent in number. They should frequently get religious instruction; and the superior of the institution, or his deputy, should take care to see and speak to each individual in private, and console and encourage him from time to time. Strangers should never be admitted, and perfect seclusion should be preserved. If such an institution were once established, so far from its being horrible and insupportable, I am convinced that the most of the inmates would suffer little from their confinement, even though it should be for life. I have no doubt but that all that I have said will seem to many a plan of a '*new world.*' But let them say and think what they will, it will be very easy for persons, if they be so disposed, to make the prison system more endurable and more useful than it is at the present."

However Utopian such a change may have seemed in the beginning of the last century, it has been reserved for us to see it in great measure adopted. The prison life of this country has not received as much of a religious character as would be desirable, but still with all its disadvantages, it is a vast and salutary improvement of that which Mabillon found so defective. Let us hope that the more Christian spirit of modern criminal jurisprudence, may supply what is still wanting, and enable religion to take its victims under her protecting care.

At the close of the century Mabillon felt himself getting old. His celebrated controversy with De Rancé, and the many literary labours in which he had been engaged, had exhausted his strength considerably, and in his increasing infirmities, he thought he felt a warning from above to put his house in order, and prepare for his dread accounting-day. He wished to retire altogether from literary exertion, and devote himself to the exercises of the religious life. But Bossuet and several other distinguished prelates would not suffer that such talents should be lost to the world. They proposed to him to undertake an edition of the works of St. Cyprian, but this purpose he abandoned on finding that it was already occupied by another. His friends recommended him to undertake the history of the Order of St. Benedict, and complete his services to religion by such a splendid tribute of zeal and erudition. In his "*Acta Sanctorum*" he had collected many of the materials and treated much of the subject matter of such a production, but much still remained to be done; and the

work was still to be treated in a regular and historical manner. Mabillon, accustomed as he was to great productions, and inured to severe and unintermitting labour, was frightened by the magnitude of the proposal. He was then an old man, and in the ordinary course of things could not possibly live to finish it. But his friends continued to urge him to the task. No man living was more qualified for the performance. If he refused, or delayed, it never would be adequately done. Renaudot and Baluze added the weight of their entreaty and recommendation, and on the 14th of July, 1693, and in the 61st year of his age, Mabillon undertook a labour which in other and ordinary cases, would require a life for its performance.

Accompanied by Ruinart, he made several excursions to the great monasteries of France, to examine, as was his wont, the original documents of the Order; among the rest he passed several days at Clairvaux. Many of his hours of relaxation from study he spent in prayer at the shrine of St. Bernard. He told his companion that one great object which he earnestly sought of God through the intercession of the holy Doctor was, that his life and strength might be spared him for the completion of the work upon which he was engaged. What he could not accomplish by personal inspection, he sought to attain by an extensive correspondence; and after a delay of ten years, the first volume appeared in 1703, and its appearance only increased the public anxiety for more. Clement XI. requested him to continue his great design, and communicated his approbation. Four volumes appeared successively. The last from the pen of Mabillon, terminated at the death of St. Bernard.* Was it that the strength

* *Annales ordinis Sancti Benedicti.* Paris 1703—1739. 6 vols. folio. Mabillon wrote but four. The two last are by D. Massuet and D. Martene. The annals have been reprinted at Lucca with considerable additions and improvements.

Besides the works already mentioned, Mabillon was also the author of the following;

1. *Galliæ ad Hispaniam lugubre nuntium ab mortem Reginæ Galliarum Annæ Austriacæ,* 1. vol. 4to.

2. *Dissertatio de pane Eucharistico Azymo et fermentato,* 1674.

3. *Animadversiones in Vindicias Rempenses,* one vol. 8vo. 1677.

4. *Methode pour apprendre l'histoire.*

5. *De Liturgia Gallicana libri 3.* 1685.

6. *Reponse des Religieux Bénédictins a un écrit des Chanoines Reguliers touchant la préséance dans les états,* 1687., with a defence of same published in the same year.

7. *Traité où l'on réfute la nouvelle explication que quelques auteurs donnent aux mots de Messe et de Communion qui se trouvent dans la regle de St. Benoit,* 1689.

that enabled him to continue it even thus far, was the fruit of that humble and fervent prayer which he uttered in the church of Clairvaux, before the shrine of Bernard?

We have been occupied hitherto almost exclusively with the literary character of Mabillon. However edifying and instructive this may be, it may not be uninteresting, and it will be equally instructive, to sketch a few traits of his private character. He never lost a friend; and though he had to differ from many on important subjects, and even express these differences in book and pamphlet before the public, he never made an enemy. Those members of the community with whom he was engaged for many years, in the composition and publication of his several works, loved and revered him with a more than filial love; and outside the walls of his convent, those who had the honour of his friendship, and among these were Colbert, Bosuet, Thomassin, Le Tellier, continued faithful to the end. From the silly contests for precedence, and rival claims of excellence, and bitter and often implacable jealousies of one another, which so often darken the character of literary men, and whatever their merit may be, often render them objects of ridicule to the world, it is pleasing to turn to the contemplation of the Christian and the scholar, who filled Europe with the fame of his erudition, and still thought himself the least of his humble brethren. In the majestic simplicity of the great Benedictine, the reader will seek in vain for any traces of that lurking vanity, which seeks compliments while it seems to repel them, and caters for praise which it professes to disregard. If a word were spoken in praise of his writings or his exertions, he would say with one of his sweet smiles, "God only can tell what they are worth. You are very probably prejudiced in my favour, but you can at least pray to God, that he may render me in reality what you think I already am." So far from making any display of what he knew, he was most anxious to conceal it; and often was known to listen for a considerable time together to persons who thought they were giving him information. As a religious he had the highest esteem for the virtue of holy poverty. Colbert would have placed his name upon

8. *Traité des Etudes Monastiques*, 1691, one vol. 4to., with defence of same one vol. 1691.

9. *La Mort Chrétienne*, one vol. 12mo. 1702.

the list of Royal Pensioners for an annuity of 2,000 livres, but he declined the honour, and only asked that the kindness which was intended for him, should be extended to his congregation. On another occasion, a nobleman who wished to show his sense for the labours in which he was engaged, offered to settle a pension on him and his associate Ruinart. Mabillon gave the letter that contained the offer to his companion saying, "What do you think of this? You may act as you think proper, but you know already what I am disposed to do." "It would be strange indeed," he would often repeat in the words of Saint Augustine, "if I who am a poor man, and the son of parents still poorer, should hope to find in religion what I should never have expected in the world." His life was one continued unbroken course of mortification and self-denial. Whatever his zeal for study was, or his taste for the labours to which his life was devoted, he must have had his moments of natural despondency and dejection; but whatever his feelings at the moment may be, he never discontinued these labours for an instant. He endeavoured to make atonements for his daily failings and imperfections by some self-imposed penalty, and he never omitted any of those little practices of humiliation and penance which his rule prescribed. Towards the close of his life, the delicacy of his health, his advanced age, and the severity of his labours, induced the superiors to grant him several indulgences, such as to have a fire in his room and to discontinue his fasting; but he submitted with much difficulty, for fear, he would say, of disedifying his brethren. He always read something in the Holy Scriptures or the Fathers every day, and was accustomed to make extracts in a small note book for his more attentive perusal, of any passage that particularly struck him. He preserved through life the same fresh and simple-minded devotion which he had imbibed during his noviciate. He went each morning after getting up, to make his rounds at the several altars in the convent church, and never went to study without having previously committed himself and the object of his study to God in prayer. It was his Spirit, thus humbly and sincerely invoked, that sustained him through many an hour of trial, and gave a blessing, aye, even an hundred-fold, to his exertions.

In the year 1707, Mabillon had reached the 75th year of his age. On the first of December in that year, he got up

very early in the morning, as he was accustomed to do, and after his usual devotions, said mass in the convent church. It was the last time that he was ever to officiate at an altar, where for forty years, he had so frequently offered the holy sacrifice. After breakfast he went to take a walk and pay a visit to the abbey of Chelles, but had not gone far when he felt himself ill and was obliged to return. His disease was an internal one, of a most painful and excruciating nature, but he bore all his sufferings with the meek patience and uncomplaining resignation which distinguished him through life. If in the paroxysms of his pain any wish escaped his lips, it was one to be dissolved and be with Christ. "Have not I been long enough in the world? Is it not time for me to go to God? I have no fear of death, for I know that I have a good and merciful Master to deal with." He had also from time to time, sundry forebodings that his time on earth was drawing to a close. Ruinart one day going into his room, found him occupied with that part of his annals which treated of Saint Anselm. After speaking of the knowledge and zeal for regular religious observance, which distinguished this great man, he said after a few moments' silence, "I feel I shall die at the same age as Anselm. Though unable to attend the divine office in the choir, he said it as near as he could to the canonical hours. He desired to receive the sacrament of extreme unction before the viaticum; but not wishing to be singular among his brethren, he consented to receive it after. On Christmas-day Ruinart said mass for him in the infirmary, and in a few hours after the sick man was seized with a cold shivering and a vomiting of blood. The second day after was the feast of Saint John the Evangelist. It was that also on which John Mabillon was to rest from his labours. About five o'clock in the afternoon, he pressed the crucifix to his lips and died. "Come, Lord Jesus, come," were the last words he uttered.

His remains were laid out in the church of St. Germain-des-Près. The religious of every order, the members of the academy, the literary men of every description, and vast numbers of the people, came to manifest their respect for his memory, and vied with each other in doing honour to the great and good man that was taken away from among them. Even Rome itself was not insensible to the loss, and deplored the calamity that in his death had be-

fallen the Church. The Supreme Pontiff commissioned Cardinal Colloredo to write to the community of St. Germain-des-Près, and express his desire to contribute in any manner in his power to the erection of a monument to his memory. "Strangers and men of letters will come in crowds to Paris. If his ashes are mixed with those of others, and they shall ask, Where did you put him? What answer will you be able to make?" France has her memorials of departed greatness, royal tombs at St. Denys, sculptured monuments at Père la Chaise, and mighty domes piercing the blue sky of heaven dedicated "Au grands hommes par leur patrie reconnaissante," but when the stranger visits Paris, and in the Pontiff's prophetic words demands, "Ubi posuistis eum?" he is conducted to the church of Saint Germain-des-Près. There, in one of the side aisles, is a small black marble slab, about eighteen inches in breadth, on which is inscribed in golden letters the word, "Mabillon." Yes, there within those venerable aisles which he so often trod, before that altar where for more than forty years he had been wont to offer the unbloody sacrifice, in the neighbourhood of these time-worn and mouldering walls within which his triumphs were achieved and his reputation won, it is better, perhaps, and more fitting that his remains should be deposited than in any other sepulture. Although there be no brother of his institute to point out their resting-place to the traveller, and answer their inquiry, "Ubi posuistis eum?" there will not be wanting those to whom this humble marble will prove an object of interest. If any other eulogy be required, it will be found on the honoured shelves of the noblest libraries of Europe.

The Congregation of St. Maur produced no man so great as Mabillon. Fertile as it was in men of great learning and industry, his name towers above all others, like the central pinnacle of one of those old gothic churches which he so loved, and the records of which he so ably elucidated. But the spirit that animated the society did not die with him. Ruinart, his friend and fellow-labourer, survived him. Denis De Sainte-Marthe produced his great work, "Gallia Christiana." Martene and Lamy are also honoured names. The Maurists were the first to conceive and the first to undertake that great and laborious achievement, "the literary history of France," of which they published twelve volumes. The very enume-

ration of the books they wrote and edited, would be enough to fill a good sized volume. They continued their literary labours with unremitting industry, but with varied talent, until the French Revolution involved them in one common destruction with all that was good or virtuous in their country. But the memory of their names and their services will long continue to animate the church at large, and be an example and a model for years to come of what may be achieved by zeal, and piety, and perseverance.

ART. IX.—*The History and Fate of Sacrilege.* By SIR HENRY SPELMAN. Edited in part from two MSS., revised and corrected, with a continuation, large additions, and an Introductory Essay. By two Priests of the Church of England. London: Masters, 1846.

WE have long been looking out for this republication of Sir H. Spelman's posthumous work, and it appears at a moment which seems to us most propitious. It is not indeed likely that the holders of old Catholic Church property will become alarmed, and restore their ill-gotten possession to us again; for as we shall see, but few descendants of the original granters of Church property now hold it; and it would be difficult to expect such a sacrifice from those who have gained it through purchase or other indirect modes.* It is not, therefore, from any idea that Sir Henry Spelman's fearful tale of judgments upon Church despoilers, will awaken slumbering consciences to restitution, that we are glad to see his work printed in a popular form, and with such valuable additions. If we calculate upon any gain from it, it is rather from the hope that sensible and religious minds will reason thus: if God by such visible judgments punishes those who destroy,

* We have, however, known several instances lately, where property has come into Catholic hands by purchase or inheritance, where a portion of it consisting of impropriation of tithes, has been settled, or spent, upon religious objects. The former is however the only true way of dealing with it with security.

plunder, or profane places, things, or persons once consecrated to Him and His poor, is it not reasonable to hope that He will bless those who repair such sacrilegious violence, and repair, restore, or newly give what is needful for religious and charitable purposes?

But independently of such considerations, we think that the republication of this work will necessarily prove useful. It will disgust people more and more with that terrible event in English history, the horrors of which have been gilded by the name of Reformation; and some will ask themselves, can that have been God's work, which was conducted by the wholesale commission of a crime, which till then had been rare in Christendom? Can that have been His work, which throughout, was a systematic plundering of whatever had been dedicated to Him? Can that have been His work, which brought down vengeance from heaven upon all who shared it? In truth, the more the public mind is informed on the true history and character of that revolution and rebellion against God and His Church, the more will it be led to abhorrence of that ungodly event, and sympathy for all that it overthrew. For our parts, we sometimes ask ourselves with no small amazement, *what* is there now left for men to cling to in that event, or to justify to them the name which they give it? The antiquarian, like Mr. Paley or Mr. Neale, loathes its profane and sacrilegious destruction of sacred edifices and holy things; the liturgist, like Mr. Maskell, deploras the abolition of ancient offices, and the presumption of abrogating the "apostolic canon of the Mass;" the ascetic sees nothing but loss in the overthrow of all mystical devotion and feeling worship; the friend of charity regrets the loss of those institutions by which the poor were succoured and instructed, and a refuge was opened to repentant or afflicted spirits; and the theologian laments over the imperfection and deficiency of the new formularies of faith then sanctioned, over the indefiniteness of belief which they have introduced, the heretical doctrines which they tolerate, and the removal of the safeguards of truth which they have affected. In fact, what *did* the Reformation change which sensible and devout men would not give much to get back? Truly, it is hard to say; but we believe that the *gains*, which any but very violent Protestants would enumerate, would be mostly negatives. We

would defy any one to state the smallest amount of positive good which it brought into the English Church.

But to pursue this subject would lead us far astray; we will resume therefore our present matter, by repeating, that Sir. H. Spelman's *History of Sacrilege* will do good to the truth, by giving additional evidence of the frightful amount of execrable crime which formed an essential part, instrument, and development of the Reformation.

The editors have enlarged the original work by much additional matter, and they have also illustrated the text by careful collations; but their most valuable improvement on the old editions, consists in their preliminary essay, which occupies nearly one hundred and thirty pages. The object of this is to prove in a more systematic form, what Spelman's work aims at doing at once by evidence. It is as the counsel's speech premised to the calling of witnesses. Without some such introductory dissertation, the full force of Spelman's reasoning would not have been felt by many readers; and in this age of little faith, objections might and would probably have been raised against it, which it was prudent and wise to anticipate and solve. Yet for us, such a course must be unnecessary. Were any one to write "*the History and Fate of Murder,*" there is not a single reader, we are convinced, who on taking it up, would not be prepared to find it contain a series of facts, all demonstrative of the wonderful pursuit of the murderer by divine justice, and of the strange and unexpected ways in which it has often overtaken him. The most astute lawyer, and the most obtuse peasant, would equally agree how much there is that is clearly providential in the detection and punishment of this crime; so that the proverb that "*murder will out,*" is almost as much a legal aphorism as a homely saying. Now they who believe *Sacrilege* to be an enormous crime, (and no one who has read Scripture or learnt his Catechism can believe otherwise,) will be equally prepared to find it punished by God in some signal way; at least will easily yield to the evidence of facts, that the case is so. Again, whoever believes in Providence, and in its punishment of crime, will as naturally expect that the chastisement will be of a peculiar character for this offence, because experience and the common consent of men show such an allotment of peculiar judgments for peculiar transgressions. Some of these are inherent in the sin, but others present no necessary

connection with it, yet still are clearly analogous and appropriate.

Thus a sinful addiction to mere sensual enjoyment and the gratifying of animal appetites, will lead to the destruction of the power of indulging them—will consume the frame, destroy vigour, form, complexion, bring an early decrepitude and disease into the limbs and the vitals, and, in quaint phrase, soon make “a wreck of the rake,” as a warning to others not to run upon the same rock. What demonstration do we require that “pride will have a fall,” or in more sacred phrase, that “pride goeth before destruction, and the spirit is lifted up before a fall?” (Prov. xvi. 18.) Who would ever be surprised at being told that one, who had been hard-hearted to the poor, a harsh and oppressive landlord, and an extortioner, was come himself to want, and was brought down to humble himself to obtain his bread? or who thinks it other than a most probable story, that the pirate who cut away the bell from the Inchcape rock should himself be shipwrecked on it? or that a man who had amassed wealth by cheating his clients, or by plundering his wards, or by usurious contracts, should see it clean melt in his hands like snow, and flow away like water in a sieve, approving the sayings of all ages, “male parta, male dilabuntur,” and “ill-gotten, ill-spent.”

Now, if the fate of sacrilegious men be shown through history to be such as by natural analogy, as well as by religious principles, seems to present an appropriate and well-proportioned punishment of their crime, we cannot see how any one can refuse to consider it as a punishment from God, unless he either deny at once that there is such a crime, or that Providence ever interferes to inflict chastisement.

And now with regard to the appropriateness of the punishment. Let it be observed, that a punishment will be the more appropriate, in proportion as it better defeats the objects of the crime; and that not merely on the principle of retributive justice, but as a warning to others, who will be deterred from committing the sin, if they see that it hinders, instead of promoting, what they desire by it. Thus, as we have seen, unjust acquisition will have its righteous retribution in poverty and want. Sacrilege may be divided into two classes, according to the principle which suggests and directs its commission. It may be an act of sudden

violence, the momentary work of passion; sacred places may be profaned, and holy things broken, destroyed, or carried off by a licentious soldiery in war, whether through rage or through covetousness; and persons consecrated to God may be ill-treated in anger or through revenge. To this class of sacrilege, resulting from an evil passion, committed under its passing influence, belong most of the sacrileges of ancient times—such, in fact, as preceded the Reformation. But well may Spelman, on coming to this period in his history, exclaim: “I am now come out of the rivers into the ocean of iniquity and sacrilege.” (p. 131.) For then, for the first time, was witnessed systematic sacrilege, sacrilege by law, by principle, coolly calculated, unflinchingly executed, not cloaked over with excuses, but plainly avowed, justified, boasted of as a good work; sacrilege universal in its character, not allowing any one possible branch or form of the crime to be overlooked; embracing saints, cardinals, bishops, priests, clerks, monks, friars, nuns, the sick and the poor, the aged and the child; cathedrals, abbeys, monasteries, convents, chantries, hospitals, schools; taking hold of manors, glebes, farms, buildings, rights, rents, and every possible species of property; seizing, and appropriating, and turning to profane use, everything sacred—iron-work, and stone-work, and wood-work, roofs and bells, altars and church-furniture, shrines, tabernacles, holy vessels, and plate of every kind; plundering and confiscating, breaking, burning, razing, wresting, murdering by violence or by course of law. No person, no place, no thing, no mode was overlooked, through which sacrilege could be committed. But this fully-planned, and fully-executed villainy clearly was not the fruit of an outburst of passion: it had a purpose and an end. The king and his counsellors wished and intended to enrich themselves, and to leave to their children and their families for ever the broad lands and rich treasures accumulated through ages in the Church. They fully designed to “build up their own houses,” with the stones of the sanctuary; to make their descendants rich with the spoils of the temple. Now, whatever additional punishment, in body or mind, in goods or reputation, it may have pleased God to inflict on the authors of such sacrilegious rapine, this we ought not to be surprised at finding a general consequence—the total frustration of the hopes and purposes of the crime. We may expect, as a natural

chastisement of such calculating, covetous spoliation as here took place, the overthrow and ruin of such families, or the loss to them of their ill-gotten wealth, or hereditary disturbance in their succession.

A priori, such is the punishment of the Reformation sacrilege, which we might reasonably expect: and at any rate, if facts lead to the observation of such results, we shall at once see their fitness. Again, looking at the positive law, as the popular and universal conviction respecting the almost inevitable punishment of murder, (which, being a social crime, is generally effected by providential delivery of the perpetrator to human justice,) accords exactly with the divine award, "Whosoever shall shed man's blood, his blood shall be shed," (Gen. ix. 6.) so will the experience of past ages and of the present time, that sacrilege is a plague-spot on the family of the original criminal, and a canker to his inheritance, be easily pronounced in harmony with the awful declaration of God, who adds to the first of His commandments, that He is "mighty and jealous, visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation." (Exod. xx. 4.) Now, it is against this commandment so guarded, that the crime of sacrilege, whether considered as an act of grievous covetousness, ("which is a serving of idols,") or as a direct offence against God's honour and worship, and a rebellious attempt to rob Him of what has once been given Him is committed.

Nor will it suffice to show that, in some particular instances, this punishment has not occurred, any more than a few, or even many, cases of unavenged murder will weaken the conviction derived from daily experience. And yet the very small number of exceptions in the case of sacrilege ought rather to confirm our argument. The active researches of the editors of Spelman's work have led them to the conclusion that only *fourteen* families yet hold abbey lands in direct succession to *six hundred and thirty* original grantees! And, even in some of those, the curse of strange misfortunes has accompanied the line to our days.

It was a consideration of this sort, which, in fact, led Spelman to write his work. He lived within eighty years of the guilty epoch, and could thus more easily trace the history of the original acquirers of Church property. Having himself experienced nothing but misfortune from

the possession of a sacrilegious estate, of which he was at last glad to be rid,* he commenced an examination on a limited scale. He drew a circle from a house near his own, with a radius of twelve miles. This contained twenty-five abbey-sites, and twenty-seven gentlemen's parks. He found that, while not one of the latter had changed families, every one of the former, except two, had changed them, "thrice at least, and some five or six times." (p. lxxxix.)

Here is another example given by Raynerus, in his *Apostolatus Benedictinus*. He took, in one part of England, 260 families which had received part of the Church spoils; and, on the other side, twenty gentlemen, to whom Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, left legacies of £40. a-year out of his own estate. Every one of the latter had a son "flourishing in his father's inheritance," while not sixty of the king's grantees had transmitted their estates to their children. (p. xcii.)

The editors of the work before us have taken great pains to collect what we may call the statistics of sacrilege. They have examined the different averages of possession by individuals and by families, of lands that formerly belonged, and of lands that have never belonged, to the Church. The following are their results:

	Church lands.	Family estates.
Average possession in years by each individual,	17	23
_____ a family.	38†	70

The figures in the second column are purposely understated.†

It is impossible to read the two appendices, in which the fate of the families who first received grants of abbeys is detailed, and not be struck with the literal fulfilment of God's threats. Many of the original possessors died childless; of several we read, "extinct in the third generation," "extinct in the fourth generation," and of others we may easily compute by the dates, that it was about the same period in their descents that they received their final blow. In others,

* Giving the history of sacrilege in Blackborough and Wrongey Abbeys, he thus mentions himself among the losers by it. "Sir H. Spelman, a great loser, and not beholden to fortune, yet happy in this, that he is out of the briars; but especially that thereby he first discerned the infelicity of meddling with consecrated places."—p. 193.

† In Warwickshire, the averages are 15 years for an individual, and 27 for a family.

‡ In one hundred of Kent, the average possession of a family is 208 years.

each generation presents a series of misfortunes and premature deaths ; while many astonish us by the total failure of issue, where, according to human probabilities, there should have been a numerous offspring. As an awful example, we will quote the history of Charles, Duke of Suffolk :

“ This despoiler of *thirty* monasteries was married four times. By his first wife he had no children. By his second, a daughter, Mary, married to Lord Monteagle, by whom she had three sons, of whom two died without issue ; the third left issue only a daughter, and in him the title became extinct. By his third wife the duke had issue one son, created Earl of Lincoln, who died at an early age, and two daughters. Frances married Henry, Duke of Suffolk, who was beheaded, 1554 ; and by him she had, 1. Lady Jane Grey, beheaded ; 2. Lady Catharine Grey, married Henry, Lord Herbert, who divorced her, and then Edward, Earl of Hertford, beheaded ; 3. Lady Mary Grey, married to Martin Keys, and died without issue. After the execution of her husband, Frances Brandon married Adrian Stokes, and appears by him to have had no issue. The duke’s third daughter, Eleanor, married Henry, Earl of Cumberland, and by him had two sons, Henry and Charles, who both died young ; and Margaret, married to Henry, Earl of Derby. By his fourth wife the duke had two sons, who both, in turn, succeeded ; and died of the sweating sickness in one day, July 14th, 5 Ed. VI. A more remarkable instance could scarcely be found, wherein, in the next generation, a man’s name has been clean put out.”—*Appendix ii.*

But not only the original seizers of Church lands have been thus punished, but the Divine attainder seems to attach itself to the property, and to follow it even into hands comparatively innocent. The extraordinarily broken and interrupted descent in families that hold it, is truly wonderful. Thus, in the Russell family, instanced by Tanner, as an exception to the general rule about the transmission of ecclesiastical lands, we find that in ten generations the eldest son has succeeded to his father only thrice. And in the same family there have been four violent deaths, (not in the field of battle,) two within the last six years.—p. 312.

Our readers will allow us to introduce here an illustration of “ the law of succession ” in sacrilegious families, because it applies to a part of England, once so rich in noble abbeys and splendid churches, and one that has not been much referred to by the editors of Spelman. We

allude to Yorkshire; and we will insert the very words of the letter, which, at our request, conveyed the information. We can only add, that we have every reliance on the integrity and the accuracy of our informant.

“I have a friend in this neighbourhood, and his name is ——. He is a magistrate, and a gentleman of very extensive reading, and of great research in books which treat of times long gone by.

“One day, whilst I was telling him of the immense advantage which England, in better days, had reaped from her monastic institutions, he asked me, if I were aware that families enjoying that property, had never been able to retain it for three successive generations;—that is,—father, son, and grandson. I answered, that I had never paid attention to the subject as far as succession was concerned. ‘Then,’ said he, ‘let me tell you, that I myself have paid very great attention to it: and I have never been able to discover one single solitary instance, of any family possessing the monasterial property for three successive generations of father, son, and grandson; and, I defy you,’ added he, ‘to produce an unbroken line of three generations.’

“I replied, that, ‘whatever might have been the case up to the present time, there was at this moment, every appearance of a regular succession in father, son, and grandson, at Kirklees Hall, near Huddersfield. Sir George Armitage, the present possessor, has one foot in the grave. His son is ready to succeed him, and that son has healthy male issue.’ ‘Time will show,’ said Mr. ——. And time did soon show: for, the eldest son fell ill, and went to the grave a month or two before his father; and thus, the regular succession was broken.

* * * * *

“On a reperusal of your letter, I gather that you want information concerning families in this immediate neighbourhood. At Nostell Priory, possessed by Mr. Winn, there has been no regular succession from father, to son and grandson, since the monks were most cruelly and most unjustly deprived of it.

“The present Lord Fitzwilliam, who possesses monasterial property, and who resides about sixteen miles from this place, has lost his eldest son.

“Sir Edward Dodsworth, (formerly Smith,) who possessed the monasterial property of Newland, has died without lawful issue.

“Temple Newsham, about ten miles from hence, has, I believe, passed from family to family, without ever having a grandson.”

The writer of this letter further corroborates these statements, by the striking fact, that in our royal succession since the sacrilegious spoliation of the Church,

no sovereign has been succeeded by a grandson on the throne.

We must refer our readers to Spelman's work itself, for further and more varied evidence of the visitation on families of their forefathers' sacrileges. But there is one example of a gigantic attempt to build up a house on sacrilege in our times, so utterly brought to nought, that we think it should not have been overlooked. We allude to Napoleon, who started indeed on his career as the restorer of the hierarchy and peace of the Church, and so prospered for a time. He set his foot upon the necks of princes, and gave their dominions to his brethren, and even to his "servants." The family of Bonaparte might at this day, according to human calculation, have occupied the thrones of France, Spain, Holland, Westphalia, and Italy, and in each royal branch a family would have existed, with nephews to spare, for a future succession. But he stretched out his hand to forbidden spoil; he thought to enrich his empire by the wealth consecrated to God; he scrupled not to incur the indignation of Him who scared Attila* from his intended sacrilege, by plundering the shrine of the Apostles; he pillaged the vast treasures of the "Holy House" of Mary; nay, he laid violent hands, like Herod, on Peter himself in the person of his saintly successor. From that hour, all went wrong with him; his imperial fortune forsook him; his eagles were struck down; his treasure melted away; he became a wonder and by-word to all the nations. But his family projects, the great aim of his life, beyond every thing else failed him. His own line soon became extinct; and of his brothers, one after the other has dropped off in banishment, almost in obscurity, has left no sons that can make the name known to another generation; and if what we hear be true, of the utter wreck of all their vast fortunes, no one can tell how, the sentence is pretty nearly carried out upon this grand scheme of sacrilegious aggrandisement. And what was Napoleon himself but the scourge of God, upon those princes, who had just before set the example of plundering the Church, and dissolving its religious establishments? And may not he beware, who now occupies

* The form in which the Holy See protects its rights, is by telling their invader, "SS. Apostolorum Petri et Pauli indignationem se noverit incursum."

his throne, and in some sort inherits the desire to secure his family upon it, through many princely alliances, so long as St. Genevieve cries out for vengeance, for altars profaned and saints turned out, to give place to the most worthless villains that ever pretended to mock at God; so long as the episcopal dwelling in his own capital is allowed to remain a waste, and the Church is bound down in fetters, and the mouth of her shepherds is gagged. One terrible calamity, the plague of the striking of the first-born,* has already pointed out the stain of sacrilege, and has avenged the plucking down of the cross and the profanation of holy temples, which marked the accession of the dynasty.

We should be glad to see an abridgement, at least, or the substance of Spelman's work translated into foreign languages, especially in those countries of Europe where the work of desecration is not yet fully perpetrated. What gain has Spain had, or Portugal, by the spoliation of the Church, and the sale of ecclesiastical property? We have elsewhere shown, how ruinous they have been to the government of Spain; it were well to show to purchasers that they are equally so to them. In fact, in both countries, men are beginning to see this; and examples are beginning to show themselves, and to be noted. We have been told by those who know the countries, that persons of large wealth who have purchased freely Church-lands, have soon come to want. One rich West-India merchant has been particularly mentioned. And we were told of one young man, who had purchased in Portugal a religious house and garden, and turned it into a place for holiday amusement, who was soon found on it slain by his own gun, whether by accident or design could not be discovered.

Before concluding this article, we cannot refrain from saying a few words upon one species of sacrilege, that committed by violence against persons consecrated to God, because the examples given by the editors all refer to Protestant clergymen, whose priestly character we of course deny; but violence to whom would be the sin of sacrilege in those who believed them to possess it, or intended, in them, to insult it.†

* The first-born of Egypt were struck, because Pharaoh sacrilegiously hindered God's people from going forth to the desert to sacrifice to Him.

† Upon this principle we explain the punishment of sacrilege in heathen times. Those who committed it were judged by their own law.

We will, therefore, supply two instances of signal vengeance upon this species of sacrilege in our own country. Every one knows how cruelly and brutally the clergy were treated, during the Irish Rebellion as it is called, by the soldiery or Protestant authorities into whose hands they fell. It is not many years since the late Sir W. B. was canvassing for his election, and went into a shop, we believe a bookseller's, to ask for votes. The tradesman was an old man, and the canvasser and a friend who was with him, asked him if he remembered the bad times, and if they were as bad as they are represented. The old man replied, that he remembered them well, and that they were much more evil than they were thought; "and Sir W.," he said, "I well remember your uncle had a priest tied up to the triangles and severely flogged, till the blood ran on the stones. And years after, I saw your uncle lying dead on the same spot, having fallen out of the window, and dashed his brains out on the same stones on which he had shed that blood." We need not say with what feelings the persons thus addressed rushed from the house. We have this narrative from an eye-witness. The following is from a gentleman of known probity and patriotism, who has taken great pains to collect and verify the facts. We believe he has drawn out a full narrative of the awful occurrence.

During the same eventful period, a yeoman in the Protestant army, shot a priest dead with a pistol. Some time after, he blew out his own brains with the same weapon. A brother of his secured the pistol, and some years later committed self-murder with it. Their mother now got possession of the fatal instrument of divine vengeance, and flung it far into a deep pond. There was still one surviving brother, and he, as if impelled by some stern fatality, never rested till he had fished it up again unknown to his mother. He scoured it clean, and made it fit for use. He kept it by him till his hour was come, when he inflicted on himself the same fate with it as his brothers had done before. Perhaps modern medical jurists will call this by some learned name, they may say it was an "epidemic monomania;" we will venture to be sufficiently old-fashioned to call it *THE CURSE OF SACRILEGE*.

Only one word more. The shop windows of London have long been full of chalices and ciboriums, and other sacred vessels, the sacrilegious spoils of Spain. A blessing

will alight on those and their houses, who have rescued them at whatever cost from further desecration, and have restored them to their proper place and use. But as to the many who have covered their side-boards with them, and like Balthassar display them to their guests on their days of sensual feastings, we will only say to them, "ipsi viderint."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

I.—*A Peep into Toorkisthān.* By CAPTAIN ROLLO BURSLEM. 8vo. London: 1846.

THE wild and romantic region which was the scene of Captain Burslem's wanderings, is so entirely unknown in these countries, that we are grateful to him even for this brief and hasty record of the "Peep" which he was lucky enough to enjoy. Hurried and cursory as his visit was, it is but justice to say, that his eyes were wide open during the entire time, and that he has managed to collect into his journal a number of very curious and interesting details of the country, and of the wild tribes by which it is peopled. It is true that the volume is wanting in the order and method of a regular book of travel; and that the impression which it leaves upon the reader's mind is vague and general; but its modest title prepares us to expect no more, and the deficiency is fully admitted in the frank and soldier-like preface which introduces the publication.

To those who are unacquainted with the locality of the district visited by Captain Burslem, it is difficult to convey any precise idea of its position, as the provinces by which it is bounded are, with the exception of Affghanisthan, even less known than itself; it will be sufficient to say, therefore, that it lies to the north and north-west of Affghanisthan, from which it is entered through the pass of Akrobad. His visit was, as far as he was concerned, purely an expedition of pleasure and adventurous enterprise. The lamented Lieutenant Sturt, received orders in June, 1840, to survey the passes of the Hindoo Khoosh. The object of the survey is not explained, nor does the work contain any of the results, at least in detail. The country being perfectly undisturbed at the time, and the necessity for active service being at an end, Captain Burslem

found no difficulty in obtaining leave of absence, and resolved to accompany his friend.

The party, which consisted of above a hundred, (as they conveyed a military treasure chest as far as Bameean) set out from Cabul on the 15th of June. After passing the river Cabul, their entrance into the great chain of mountain which it was intended to survey, was through the pass of Oonai, 11,400 feet above the level of the sea. Thence they proceeded across the Elmon, (which Captain Burslem calls the *Étymander* of the ancients,) to the still more arduous pass of Hadjekuk, which is 12,400 feet high. And some idea of their love of this species of adventure may be formed from the fact of their leaving the direct route in order to ascend the Koh-i-baba mountain, which is no less than 15,000 feet high. Captain Burslem's description of the view from the summit of this magnificent height, is extremely striking. On their arrival at Bameean, they remained several days with Dr. Lord, the political agent of the English government; and the author thus enjoyed the opportunity of examining the gigantic images which are found there; and also the ancient city of Goolgoolla.

Having traversed the pass of Akrobad, the party was now within the province of Toorkisthan. They proceeded with greater caution, as their escort was now diminished by the withdrawal of the troops sent to convey the treasure-chest. Through the difficult and dangerous pass of Dundun-Shukkun-Kotul, (literally the *Tooth-breaking* [Jaw-breaking] pass) they proceeded northwards as far as Koollum, visiting upon their route the Ice-caverns of Neermalik, which are described with very considerable power. Their intention was to advance as far as Balkh; but the jealous opposition with which their project was received by Meer Waddi at Koollum, compelled them to abandon the idea, and they returned, leaving Koollum on the 22d of July, and varying their route so as to take in the Pass of Dushti-Suffäed, as far as Oorgundee, whence Lieutenant Sturt proceeded direct to Cabul; while the author, in company with Captain Westmacott, remained behind in order to explore the lovely valley of Charikär, the garden of Cabul.

This, together with a military expedition under Sir Robert Sale, to quell the insurrectionary movements of some chiefs in the north of Kohistan, forms the outline of the travel described in Captain Burslem's volume.

If space permitted, we should transcribe the description of the caves at Yeermalik; but it is entirely too long. The following is more curious, as illustrating the character of military service in these remote kingdoms.

“The Affghän soldiers of our escort did not much relish the discipline I enforced. A complaint was made to me in the course of the day by a peasant, that these warriors had most unceremoniously broken down hedges, and entering his apricot orchard, had commenced appropriating the fruit, responding to his remonstrances with threats and oaths. I thought this a fine opportunity to read my savages a lecture on the advantages of discipline and regular pay. I asked

them whether they were not now much better off than when employed by their own countrymen, and whether they expected to be treated as regular soldiers, and still be allowed to plunder the inoffensive inhabitants? One of the men, who was evidently an orator, listened to me with more attention than the rest, but with a look of evident impatience for the conclusion of my harangue, that he too might show how well he could reason. ‘My Lord,’ said the man, putting himself into an attitude worthy of the Conciliation-Hall, to say nothing of St. Stephen’s, ‘my Lord, on the whole your speech is very excellent: your pay is good—the best, no doubt, and very regular; we have not hitherto been accustomed to such treatment; though you brought the evil, the remedy has come with it; your arrival in Cabul has so raised the price of provisions that we could not live on Affghān pay; we have, therefore, entered the service of the foreigner; but had we received the same wages we now get from you, we should in our own service have been gentlemen.’ Here the orator made a pause; but soon imagining from my silence that his speech was unobjectionable, he boldly continued; ‘but there is one powerful argument in favour of the Ameer’s service, *he* always allowed us on the line of march to plunder from every one; we have been brought up in this *principle* (!) since we were children, and we find it very difficult to refrain from what has so long been an established practice amongst us: we are soldiers, sir, and it is not much each man takes; but the British are so strict, that they will protect a villager or even a stranger:’ this last sentence was evidently pronounced under a deep sense of unmerited oppression. ‘But,’ continued he, ‘look at that apricot orchard on the right, how ripe and tempting is the fruit; if we were not under your orders, those trees would in a moment be as bare as the palm of my hand.’ ‘But,’ I remarked, ‘would not the owners turn out and have a fight; is it not better to go through a strange country peaceably and making friends?’ ‘*They fight,*’ answered my hero; ‘oh! they are Uzbegs and no men—more like women; one Affghān can beat three Uzbegs.—pp. 90—93.

We cannot pass by the following addition to our stock of Natural History.

“The Jerboa is a native of this country as well as of the Steppes of Tartary, where it is most commonly found on the shrubless plains. In form, it is a miniature of the kangaroo, to which, from what we saw of its peculiarities, it bears a close resemblance, though in size it is very little larger than a common English rat. The name of the ‘Vaulting Rat,’ by which it is known among naturalists, is very applicable. These little animals burrow deeply in the ground, and the method of dislodging them adopted by us, was the pouring a quantity of water into their holes, which causes them to rush out at another aperture, where they commence leaping about in a surprising manner, until they observe another burrow and instantly disappear. If chased, they spring from the hind-quarter staring about here and there, and affording great amusement to their pursuers. It is difficult to hold them, as they are rarely grasped without losing a portion of their long and beautiful tails; the fore legs are much shorter than the hind ones, the ears are very long and silky, and the eye surpassingly black and brilliant. It is a harmless animal, and no doubt when tamed would be perfectly domestic.”—pp. 120, 121.

The work is illustrated by several drawings, and by a map executed after the survey made by Lieutenant Sturt; but the orthography of the names is widely different from that adopted in the book; although not so different but that by a little attention it is easy to follow the course of the author’s wanderings.

A portion of the journal had been published in the “Asiatic Journal,” but we are sure there are few who will not be glad to see it republished in a full and complete form.

II.—*John Bull and the Papists ; or, Passages in the Life of an Anglican Rector.* By A. H. EDGAR. 8vo. London, Dublin, and Derby.

THIS is the age of Religious Novels. We believe it is hardly an exaggeration to say, that at least one-third of the novels published since January 1845, have been either directly religious, or at all events possessed more of religious character than would have been sufficient, ten years ago, to damn any novel, no matter how spirited and how successful in every other particular.

It is hardly necessary to say, that in this, as in all other departments of literature, the activity is mainly on the anti-catholic side ; and it is therefore gratifying to find the challenge met by so able and so loyal a respondent as the author of the volume before us.

“John Bull and the Papists,” however, can hardly be called a novel at all. The story is extremely slight. In fact, it is little more than a pleasant medium of communicating a great variety of most solid polemical and historical information upon almost every subject connected with the Catholic religion.

The “Anglican Rector” is the Rev. Edward Feversham. He was the younger son of an ancient Catholic family, and in his youth had been educated in the Catholic religion by Father Lefevre, a French emigrant abbé. But unhappily, this exemplary clergyman returned to France, and after the death of Edward’s parents, his education, and that of his elder brother, fell unto the management of his guardians, one of whom was a Protestant, and the other a careless and indifferent Catholic. In this way he grew up indifferent upon the subject of religion, and when upon his entering the army, he found how much his profession of Catholic principles stood in his way, he was easily induced to conform to the fashionable and favoured creed. This obstacle to success once removed, Mr. Feversham rose rapidly to distinction, and at last obtained the colonelcy of his regiment. Returning to England after the peace, he married Lady Harriet Malvern, and, like many a hero of real life at that period, exchanged the epaulette for the cassock, settling down comfortably for life in the enjoyment of a rich living, which was in the gift of his brother-in-law Lord Hillsdale.

His clerical career for a time was far from exemplary ; field-sports and similar gaieties forming the real business of his life. But about three years before the commencement of the story, he had received a fall from his horse from which he never fully recovered, and by which his general health suffered severely. The effect of the delicacy thus created, had imparted to his mind a serious and reflective character ; religious inquiry naturally followed ; and a visit to the continent induced him to compare the religion of his youth, which he had abandoned, with that which his worldliness and indifference induced him to embrace, and of which he had become a minister. The result had been a conviction of his error, and of

the guilty motives which impelled him to it ; and he had returned to England a Catholic in heart, and only restrained from embracing the Catholic religion openly, by the consideration of the consequences of such a step, which would reduce his wife and his only daughter (who had been betrothed to a young Anglican clergyman, Mr. Harvey) to absolute and utter destitution. Such is the principal actor in the tale.

There is another who takes a very prominent part—his humble neighbour and follower from early youth, Farmer Blount. This plain, blunt Englishman, attached to Mr. Feversham's fortunes by the circumstance of having saved him from drowning when a boy, had (though born a Protestant) been educated a Catholic along with his young master, but, like him, had abandoned the Catholic religion while in the army, chiefly influenced by his master's example. Feversham, as soon as he has made up his mind to return to his early faith, feels himself bound to undo the evil which he had done by persuading Blount to abandon it ; and the controversial part of the volume mainly consists of Blount's conversations with the Rector upon the one side, and with a violent evangelical and anti-papist, the Rev. Mr. Sharples, on the other.

Difficulties, however, arise in the way of Mr. Feversham's return. His intended son-in-law, Mr. Harvey, is a clergyman of the new school of Anglo-Catholics, and by involving Feversham in a correspondence with his Oxford friends, induces him to suspend his intended proceedings and to remain in the Anglican Church for the purpose of spreading Catholic principles within her pale, and of bringing *her* into communion with Rome. The Rector is induced to accede to this specious, though for himself, perilous theory ; he is seized with sudden illness ; his son-in-law brings one of his Oxford friends, Mr. Camden, to confess and absolve him ; Feversham rejects his ministry, and demands the Catholic priest, who, nevertheless, is excluded by the agency of Lady Harriet, the Rector's wife ; and the unhappy man, abandoned almost to despair, is only consoled in his last moments by the providential arrival of a foreign ecclesiastic, who had been instrumental, during his visit to the continent, in recalling him to a sense of religion, and restoring him to the Church which he had left.

Such is the main outline of the story, and it will be seen that it affords the author an opportunity of introducing both the lines of controversy suited to the present day ;—the discussions of Farmer Blount being all on the topics agitated between Catholics and Protestants, *i. e.* evangelical Protestants, while the conversations with Mr. Harvey bring out all the new points which have arisen in the new Anglo-Catholic theories of the Oxford school.

There are, of course, many episodical characters upon which we have not space to dwell ; and there is a good deal of that indirect controversy which we fear never does much real good—we mean that exposure of the follies and the frauds, and hypocrisy, of those

whose opinions we seek to combat. The book would have told better had the portraits of the methodistical coterie been less highly coloured.

We shall try to find space for one or two extracts illustrative of the general style of the controversial portion of the work, premising that it runs through the whole circle of popular controversy, and discusses each question with very considerable minuteness and solidity.

To understand the following extracts, it is necessary to know that Mr. Harvey is the young Anglican curate already referred to, Mrs. Egremont a zealous evangelical, and Miss Beauclerk, a merry, clever, light-hearted, but rather indifferent young lady.

“‘You use strong language, Mr. Harvey,’ said Mrs. Egremont; ‘to hear you speak with such contempt of *Protestant* historians, one would think that you were not a Protestant yourself.’

“‘And neither am I,’ replied Harvey; ‘I consider the term Protestant, as one only fit for heretics; and I grieve to hear it applied to the Anglican Catholic Church.’

“‘Bless me,’ cried Miss Beauclerk, ‘if you are no Protestant, what are you? You don’t mean to call yourself a nondescript.’

“‘I am a Catholic,’ replied Harvey gravely, ‘not a Roman Catholic, but an Anglican Catholic; I belong to a branch of that Church which exists throughout the whole world; were I to term myself Protestant, it would be restricting myself to communion with a narrow sect or party.’

“‘What a pity I am such a stupid creature,’ exclaimed Miss Beauclerk, ‘these distinctions are far above my limited comprehension. However, there is one thing I like, the originality of the idea, for a clergymen of the Church of England to declare he is no Protestant.’

“‘Miss Beauclerk laughed, and Mrs. Egremont looked very grave, while Mary hastened to change the subject, which she feared might become disagreeable. ‘Even allowing, Mr. Harvey,’ she began, ‘that the middle ages are unjustly accused of ignorance in some respects, on what plea can you extenuate their neglect of the Scriptures? the account which Milner gives of Luther discovering the Bible is very striking.’

“‘Yes,’ said Mrs. Egremont with a sigh, ‘I too have just been reading a very beautiful book, D’Aubigne’s *Reformation*, which gives the whole account of it. The great reformer had been studying hard several years, and was twenty years of age, when one day turning over volumes in the library, he happened to find a Bible; this precious book was new to him, for he had hitherto always believed, that the small portions of the epistles and gospels read occasionally in the Church, formed the whole of God’s word; imagine then his sensations!’

“‘Excuse me interrupting you, Mrs. Egremont,’ said Harvey, ‘but pray read what Maitland says on this very subject. He proves your author’s information to be most incorrect. The assertion that Luther discovered the Bible after several years’ study, bears the stamp of falsehood. No less than twenty editions of the Latin Bible had been printed in Germany before Luther was born. Nay, previous to his birth, it had been printed at Rome, Florence, and Placenza, not to speak of Venice, where it had passed through eleven editions. Now how absurd to say that a young man who had received a liberal education, and by all accounts made very great progress in his studies at Magdeburg, Eisenach, and Erfurt, actually did not know what a Bible was, because, as it is mentioned with great simplicity, “the Bible was unknown in these days.” It is really extraordinary with what monstrous lies the English public are gulled.’

“‘Mrs. Egremont looked exceedingly ill-pleased, and Mary hastened to start a new topic.’—pp. 316, 317.

Here is another scrap of a similar description.

“‘Oh, Mr. Harvey,’ exclaimed Miss Beauclerk, ‘I beg of you to stop Mr. Feversham. Come forward like a true knight, and defend the reformers.’

“I beg your pardon, Miss Beauclerk,” replied Harvey; “I wish to have nothing to do with the reformers. The longer I live the worse I think of them. As Froude said, “The Reformation is a limb badly set; it must be broken again in order to be righted.””

“As to the foreign reformers,” said Mary, “thank heaven, we may let them stand or fall, having our own glorious English Reformation of which to feel proud.”

“On the contrary,” said Harvey, “to use the words of Mr. Ward, in his “Ideal of a Christian Church,” “I know no single movement in the Church, except Arianism in the fourth century, which seems to so wholly destitute of all claims on our sympathy and regard as the English Reformation.””

“If you think so,” said Miss Beauclerk, bluntly, “I ask you again, as I once did before, why do you stay in the English Church?”

“Your question,” replied Harvey, “has nothing to do with what we are discussing, for the Church of England has retained her excellencies derived from antiquity, in spite of the desolating havoc wrought by the reformers.”

“I very much dislike,” said Mrs. Egremont, “to hear the reformers, to whom we owe so much, abused. However, I am glad to find that Mr. Harvey allows the excellency of the Church of England, though I would rather he had not ascribed it to antiquity, since it is the duty of Christians to hold by the Bible, and nothing but the Bible.”

“I beg your pardon,” said Harvey, “Paul did not recommend that to Timothy. (2 Tim. i. 14.) Besides, we all know that tradition preceded Scripture, and attested its canon.”*

“I myself have heard English clergymen say,” interrupted Miss Beauclerk, “that the Bible was the only rule of faith.”

“It is certainly an opinion *in* the Church,” replied Harvey; “but by no means universally received, much less a principle.”†

“I am sorry to find,” said Mrs. Egremont, “that there are Protestants willing to give up the good old motto, “the Bible and nothing but the Bible.””

“Doubtless Protestants keep the old watch-cry still,” said Harvey. “I, however, am no Protestant, but an Anglican Catholic, and a member of that Church, which, in her twentieth article, claims “authority in controversies of faith.””

“Yes,” interposed the rector, “and the same article forbids the Church to enforce anything besides what is contained in Scripture. Now, as we are all at liberty to judge whether the Church in her decrees coincides with Scripture or not, it follows that the Church may decree what we cannot reconcile with the Bible, and therefore be in the ridiculous position of decreeing what she has not power to enforce.”

“At any rate,” said Miss Beauclerk, “if the English Church, as Mr. Harvey and the 20th article say, really has “authority in controversies of faith,” why does she not decide between Evangelicals like Mrs. Egremont and Anglican Catholics such as Mr. Harvey? Who can respect an authority that the possessors are too timid or too indolent to use?”

“She will one day pronounce decision, I trust in God,” replied Harvey sadly.

“And now,” said Mrs. Egremont, “excuse me for changing the subject so abruptly, but I should like much to ask Mr. Harvey how he can call himself a Catholic, when the word means universal, and our Church only exists in a very small portion of the world?”

“Because the Anglican is a part of the Catholic Church,” replied Harvey, “a national independent branch of it. Though individually she may err, yet through her we belong to that whole Church all over the world, which will never agree in teaching and enforcing what is not true.”‡

“I never liked the term Catholic even in the creed,” said Mrs. Egremont; “it is so apt to mislead ignorant people, and make them think of the Church of Rome. And I do not think it any advantage to fraternize with foreign churches, some of which we know to be idolatrous, by way of making up that whole which you fondly assert cannot err.”

“God forbid,” said Harvey, “that we should be separated and cut off, as you

* Sermon by Rev. John Keble, M.A., entitled “Primitive Tradition recognized in Holy Scripture.”

† See No. 40. *British Critic*, p. 384.

‡ See No. 40. *British Critic*, p. 380.

seem to wish, from the great body of Christians throughout the world! Then, indeed, we should be schismatics in the full sense of the word."

"'Do you know,' said Miss Beauclerk, 'it strikes me there is a want of proper spirit in the Oxford party. They claim kindred with the Catholic Church, although the Catholic Church (I mean the Church which all the world calls Catholic) will have nothing to do with them.'

"'Foreign Catholics,' said Harvey, 'I have reason to hope, feel and act very differently on this subject from English ones. Besides, what need we care for the opinions of English Roman Catholics, knowing, as we do, that they "are very justly charged with schism;" since the Church of England claims the spiritual allegiance of the people, to the exclusion of all rival claims.'"

"'Then do you mean that foreign Catholics are not schismatics?' asked Mary.

"'Certainly I do,' replied Harvey; 'but the French Protestants may be termed so, because they do not join with the branch of the Catholic Church established in their country.'

"'Then, if you were settling on the continent, Mr. Harvey,' said Miss Beauclerk, 'do you think you ought to join the Roman Catholics abroad, though you repudiate them at home?'

"'Your question is just, Miss Beauclerk,' replied Harvey, 'and would at least furnish matter for grave consideration.'

"'You are charmingly original, Mr. Harvey,' said the young lady. 'I delight in questioning you. What do you think of celibacy? Does it not throw a mysterious grandeur round the Catholic clergy? And would you become a monk if you lived at Munich, for example?'

"Harvey made no reply, and Miss Beauclerk rattled on. 'I saw the Beguines at Ghent, (talking of celibacy,) they did look so comfortable. I half thought of joining them. Indeed, perhaps I may when I come to their age—that is to say, if I don't make a good match beforehand. They were most of them so fat and fair, it was a pleasure to look at them. Between ourselves, I hate a skinny old maid; that is my great objection to celibacy.'

"'And pray, Miss Beauclerk,' said the rector, entering into her humour, though he could scarcely keep from laughing, 'if that is your only objection, perhaps you would kindly point out its advantages.'

"'Why, I would make all the "detrimentals"—the younger sons, I mean—take priest's orders; and then the mothers of England would be delivered from them, and have their minds kept easy; and all unmarried women past the age of five and twenty should take the veil. A nun's dress, too, is so becoming! The band across the forehead hides all wrinkles. I saw one at a fancy ball. She looked so pensive—wrapped in adoration! Fancy free! Pale Luna's meekest votary!'

"'You do not quote very correctly, Miss Beauclerk,' said Harvey, laughing.

"'Well, at any rate,' replied the young lady, 'I am glad to have made you laugh, which was what I wished to do.'"

There is an episode in the story—Powell, the blind Welsh harper—which we would gladly introduce if space permitted; but we can only refer to the work, with a general assurance, that though there are some few drawbacks on the satisfaction with which we have examined it, yet it will repay a careful and attentive perusal.

III.—1. *The Life of Jesus critically Examined.* By DR. DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS. Translated from the German. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1846.

2.—*The Mission of the German Catholics.* By G. G. GERVINUS. Translated from the German. London: 1846.

WE have coupled these works together, though it is hardly possi-

* See No. 40. British Critic, p. 435.

ble to conceive two books more dissimilar in their character, because they have come to the public from the same quarter, and with many others of a like tendency appear to form part of a general plan. As we shall have occasion, before long, to refer to this subject at some length, we content ourselves for the present with a simple acknowledgment of the receipt of the volumes.

IV.—*D'Aubigné's History of the Great Reformation in Germany and Switzerland, Reviewed and Refuted; or the Reformation in Germany examined in its Instruments, Causes, Manner, and its Influences on Religion, Government, Literature, and General Civilization.* By REV. M. J. SPALDING, D.D. Second edition, considerably enlarged and revised. Dublin: 1846.

THIS enlarged reprint of a transatlantic publication, will be welcomed cordially by all who are aware of the immense circulation which D'Aubigné's work has had in this country. The number of editions, and the variety of forms in which it has appeared, will hardly enable us to form an idea of the number of copies actually put into circulation; for some of the impressions, being printed by Protestant Societies for cheap or gratuitous distribution, have far exceeded the ordinary amount of copies. If we could hope, therefore, that the refutation would follow in the wake of the original work, we should anticipate much benefit from the republication of Dr. Spalding's able volume. Unfortunately, the class among whom D'Aubigné has obtained the highest popularity, are those who are most deaf to the invitation *audi alteram partem*.

We have already dwelt at some length upon this popular History of the Great Reformation, but only under one point of view, namely, its bearing upon general history; and we have shown how carelessly and superficially this champion of Protestantism has executed his work as a mere historian. The volume before us undertakes to examine the religious bearings of D'Aubigné's work; and follows out the history of the Reformation through all its phases. It is executed with great care; and the author and editor have turned to good account the previous labours of Audin and Menzel, and the more questionable services of Michelet in his life of Luther, particularly in the first part, on the character of the Reformers. The title of the work will sufficiently explain its plan; and while we feel bound to express our warm approval of the entire volume, we especially recommend the second part, "On the Influence of the Reformation on Religion."

V.—*The Church of England cleared of the charge of Schism upon the testimonies of Councils and Fathers of the first Six Centuries.* By THOMAS WILLIAM ALLIES, Rector of Launton, Oxon. London: Burns, 1846.

THIS work appears to be intended as an answer to Mr. Newman's

Essay on Development. It is characterized by a fairness very uncommon in the controversy to which it relates, we might even say, in controversy generally. Mr. Allies admits, or rather maintains, that the primatial and patriarchal dignity was freely and universally conceded in early times to the Roman See; but he denies, what Mr. Newman had undertaken to establish, that the actual claims of that See, so far as they are more extensive or more definite than such a description implies, are to be accounted a legitimate "development" of those pretensions. Something more than this, however, would seem to have been necessary for Mr. Allies' purpose, and for the fulfilment of the somewhat large promise of his title-page. One does not see how the Anglican Church is "cleared of schism" by proving the Roman Pontiff a primate and a patriarch; or how, even though it were true that the present Roman system is no natural result of the primitive, the present Anglican system is any more such. A patriarchate may no doubt stop short of a monarchy; but it is not evident how it could "develope" into a rebellion. If the papal power be not the actual and proper representative of that which St. Leo asserted, and all Christendom acknowledged, still less, surely, is the royal supremacy that representative. Again; Mr. Allies blinks the very important fact, that the separated Greek Church disowns his communion as resolutely as the Catholic. We need scarcely remind him of the answer which a distinguished member of his own university, well known for his sympathy with the Greek (schismatical) body, received from some principal members of that body to whom he made overtures of amity. "Go," they said to him, "and get reconciled to *your own patriarch*, and then we will talk to you." We find nothing in Mr. Allies' book which is to the point of this very obvious suggestion.

The work labours, too, under another serious deficiency. The author, as we consider, was bound to show from sources authorized by the Catholic Church, what precisely *are* those rights and privileges which she claims in behalf of her chief bishop. He assumes, where he should prove. Whence, for example, but from popular opinion, does he derive that notion of "delegacy" (*passim*) which he supposes to represent the character of episcopal power in the churches of the Roman obedience? We suspect that he confounds bishops with vicars apostolic. Again, what does Mr. Allies intend by loose expressions such as the following?

"The real point is, that during the 900 years between 596 and 1534, the power of the Pope and his relation to the bishops in his communion had essentially altered. That from being first bishop of the Church, and patriarch originally of the ten provinces under the *Præfectus Prætorii* of Italy, then of France, Spain, Africa, and the west generally," (a material development this) "he had claimed to be the *source and channel of grace* to all bishops, the fountain-head of jurisdiction to the whole world, east as well as west; *in fact*, the '*Solus Sacerdos*,' the '*Universus Episcopus*' contemplated by St. Gregory."—p. 172.

What does Mr. Allies mean by "the source and channel of *grace*?" He must refer, of course, all along to *jurisdiction*; for he well knows that communion with Rome is not, in fact, indispen-

sable to the validity of *Orders*; otherwise would the Church re-ordain schismatical Greek priests who submit to her, as she does not. Such popular and oratorical modes of expression do not suit the strictness of a theological treatise. Mr. Allies should also have noticed that the dependance even of episcopal *jurisdiction* upon the Holy See, though a *certain theological opinion*, is not a formal *article of faith*; otherwise the Gallican Church had been cut off from apostolic communion.

As to the question between St. Gregory the Great and the patriarch of Constantinople upon the claim which the latter had set up to the title of Universal Bishop, we are sorry to notice in Mr. Allies, an instance of that very unfairness which he so justly charges upon other writers. St. Gregory, it will be remembered, distinctly asserts the *right* of the Holy See to that very title against which he contends as an usurpation in the case of one of the other patriarchs, and especially one of a later date. Mr. Allies, we are obliged to say it, was bound very directly to confront the following passages of undoubted authenticity in the Epistles of St. Gregory.

“Numquid non, sicut Vestra Fraternitas novit, *per venerandum Chalcedonense concilium hujus Apostolicæ Sedis Antistites* (cui Deo disponente deservio) *Universales, oblato honore, vocati sunt?* Sed tamen nullus unquam tali vocabulo appellari voluit, nullus sibi hoc temerarium nomen arripuit, ne si sibi in Pontificatus gradu gloriam singularitatis arriperet, hanc omnibus fratribus denegasse videretur.” (Lib. v. Ep. xviii. Tom. ii. col. 743. Ed. Bened.)

Again :

“*Certe pro beati Petri Apostolorum principis honore, per venerandam Chalcedonensem Synodum Romano Pontifici oblatum est.* Sed nullus eorum unquam hoc singularitatis nomine uti censensit, ne, dum privatum aliquid daretur uni, honore debito sacerdotes privarentur universi. Quid est ergo quod nos hujus vocabuli gloriam *et oblatam* non quærimus, et alter sibi hanc arripere *et non oblatam* præsumit?” (Ib. Ep. xx. col. 749. Ed. Ben.)

Surely, after all this, it is somewhat unfair to cite St. Gregory the Great as a witness against the claims of the Holy See.

Neither does Mr. Allies produce any evidence whatever to the point that these obnoxious titles (one of which, by the way, is applied to the Bishop of Rome by so early a writer as Tertullian,*) have ever been actually used by the successors of St. Peter. He may reply, that it is the fact with which he is engaged, and not the name. But we must remind him that it is especially the name, and not the fact, against which St. Gregory is contending. As to the fact, Mr. Allies has left the main part of his task unfinished; which is to reconcile with the strain in which St. Gregory the Great addresses bishops *both of the east and west*, the estimate of the Papal power upon which the Anglican Church was remodelled by its Reformers in the 16th century, and is actually at this day maintained by its authorities and the great body of its members. He has in short to prove that the Roman Patriarchate may be disowned by a branch of the Western Church, (as he regards it,) without formal schism; that St. Gregory the Great, for instance,

* Vide De Pudicitia, sub initio.

would have borne out the subjects even of the Patriarch of Constantinople, (to say nothing of the Roman Patriarch) in breaking unity, or in not returning to it, on the score of an alleged usurpation. The only remaining alternative, viz. that the Anglican Church, as a Church, is actually a living member of the great family of the west, we hardly suppose that any one will maintain—*εἰ μὴ θέσιν διαφυλάττων*; considering that there is not a Catholic country in Europe in which it is acknowledged.

Under these restrictions, we think Mr. Allies book will do good service to the Catholic Church. We have heard of more than one member of the Anglican body who has been struck by the amount of testimony which it collects from remote antiquity to the claims of the Holy See; while its utter insufficiency, at least as a *defensive* argument, (which it claims to be,) must be apparent to all but very superficial, or very prejudiced minds. It is, at any rate, a great and surprising advance upon such theology as that of Bramhall, Barrow, or Beveridge. We sincerely hope that Mr. Allies, who seems an earnest and able man, will find the reward of his candour in an accession of light on the great question to which he is addressing himself. As to his readers, we really think that, taken one with another, they are likely in the end to derive more benefit from the facts which he, as an antagonist of Rome, brings before them, than mischief from the inferences which, for the time being, he is disposed to build upon those facts.

VI.—1. *The Ancient Liturgy of the Church of England, according to the uses of Sarum, Bangor, York, and Hereford, and the Modern Roman Liturgy, arranged in parallel columns.* By the Rev. WILLIAM MASKELL, M.A. 1 vol. 8vo. 2nd edition. Pickering, 1846.

2.—*Monumenta Ritualia Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ; or Occasional Offices of the Church of England, according to the ancient use of Salisbury, &c.* By the Rev. W. MASKELL, M.A. In two volumes, 8vo. Pickering, 1846.

We regret that these two most interesting works have reached us too late for anything but a short notice. We must reserve them for a more extended article, in which alone we can do full justice to their important contents. At present we must content ourselves with saying, that great care has been taken both in editing and publishing very valuable materials: so that substance and form should be in perfect accordance. No liturgical scholar will be able to dispense with Mr. Maskell's publications.

VII.—*The Faith of Catholics on certain points of Controversy, confirmed by Scripture, and attested by the Fathers of the first five centuries.* Compiled by the Rev. JOS. BERINGTON and the Rev. JOHN KIRK. Third edition, revised and greatly enlarged by the Rev. JAMES WATERWORTH, vol. iii. Dolman, 1846.

It is not easy to review a work of this character, even though

ample space were given for it; because it embraces so many topics, and is so entirely made up of quotations, that it is difficult to make its merits known through either of the modes usually pursued by reviewers—either by analysis or by extracts. Still it will be unjust, both to the learned editor, who has enlarged this valuable work from the compass of one to three goodly volumes—to the zealous publisher, who has undertaken and completed so extensive a work—and to the Catholic Church, of which it presents so powerful a defence, to pass it over without due notice. We have waited till the entire work was in our hands; but the third volume only reached us after the materials for our present number were ready. We must, therefore, content ourselves with making known to our readers its appearance, and reserve to a future opportunity a more ample and satisfactory notice. In the meantime it deserves, and has, our hearty commendation.

VIII.—*Lives of the Queens of England*. By AGNES STRICKLAND. Vol. ix. Colburn, 1846.

THIS volume contains the life of Mary Beatrice of Modena, the faithful consort of James II. We believe that most readers will find this volume in no way inferior to those that have preceded it. It contains the life of one who occupies but a small part in general history, as commonly written; but whose character will in future be more highly prized, as it will be better known through this her first biography. It is the life of one who in early life would have given herself to God, but was instead wedded to royalty; who, upon the throne and in banishment, preserved the purity of her feminine mind unsoiled; who, in prosperity, took the woman's place of quiet and domestic virtue; but in adversity developed those noble and powerful qualities for action, which often lie delicately enfolded in the female breast, till her own proper claims, as a wife and a parent, bring them into play. We venture to predict that this life will be a favourite with Miss Strickland's readers.

IX.—1. *A Course of Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*. By AUGUSTUS WILLIAM SCHLEGEL. Translated by JOHN BLACK, Esq. (Bohn's Standard Library.) London: 1846.

2.—*Memoirs of the Court of Charles II*. By COUNT GRAMMONT. *Also the Personal History of Charles, including the King's own account of his Escape and Preservation after the Battle of Worcester, as dictated to Pepys, and the Boscobel Tracts, or contemporary Narratives of his Majesty's adventures, from the Murder of his Father till the Restoration*. (Bohn's Extra Volume.) London: 1846.

THE selection of such works as Schlegel's Lectures on the Drama, (No. 1,) is the best security that Mr. Bohn's projected Library will prove a profitable speculation. The original edition of this admirable (though somewhat too *German*) work had long been exhausted,

and a cheaper edition published a few years back also met so ready a sale, that we hardly hoped to find the work introduced, at least for some years, into this wonderfully cheap collection. We take its publication, therefore, as an evidence that the proprietor has entered into his project with a determination that it *shall* succeed.

Of a work so well known and so long in the hands of every educated reader, as Schlegel's, it would be impertinence to offer any thing in the way of criticism. But we are sorry we cannot pass over the second upon our list—the disgusting and disgraceful “Memoirs of Count Grammont.” We are glad to see that Mr. Bohn has not included it in his regular series; but it is a book of a class which we are sorry to see published upon any terms. Like the infamous memoirs of the reign of Lewis XV., it is essentially corrupt and debasing in its tendency, and though a very equivocal defence is set up for the publication of such books on the score that they form an integral part of the history of their time, and therefore should be accessible to the student of general history, yet this, even if its validity be admitted, cannot be offered as a justification of a cheap and popular edition like the present, which is intended for the indiscriminate perusal of the motley thousands into whose hands it must fall.

These observations do not apply to the really historical portions of the volume;—for we cannot bring ourselves to believe that Count Grammont's Memoirs have even the poor excuse of history to palliate their grossness;—and if it had been confined to the Boscobel Tracts, and the Personal Narrative, it would have been like all the other works which preceded it, a real boon to the public.

X.—*The Lives of the Saints.* By the REV. ALBAN BUTLER. 12 vols. London, Dublin, and Derby: 1845—6.

Among the numberless benefits which the Derby Catholic Book Society has conferred on the public, none can be compared with the weighty and arduous publication which, we perceive from the volumes now upon our table, has at length been brought to a close. We are old enough to recollect when Butler's invaluable work could not be procured except at an enormous expense; and when the Catholic family which was fortunate enough to possess a copy, was an object of pious envy to the entire circle in which it moved. We recollect when the possession of a mere abridgment was a blessing to which the poor man dared not so much as raise his pious aspirations, and when the purchase of a complete copy for the use of a parochial circulating library was considered an expenditure not rashly to be incurred, but demanding long and serious consideration.

But now, thanks to the enlightened enterprise of this meritorious body, the work is within the reach of the very poorest and most unambitious class. It may be procured complete and uncurtailed for about what would have been the price of a single volume; and it

will henceforth be the fault of their over-negligence or indifference, if it do not prove, what it is so well calculated to be, the solace of the very humblest homesteads in the land under the poverty and privations to which they are doomed, and which its lessons are so well fitted to enable them to bear with resignation.

We have always advocated the principle of cheap editions, even on the ground of commercial advantage to the publisher; but we must confess we hardly expected that the principle could be carried out to the extent which we see realized here, and which undertakes to supply the Lives of the Saints in twelve neat and substantially bound volumes, for as many shillings.

Among the advantages which we anticipate from the facility thus afforded for the circulation of this invaluable book, not the least important, in our eyes, is the prospect which it seems to afford of the work making its way among those of our separated brethren who are not so impressed with horror of every thing bearing the name of Catholic, as to reject even works not professedly controversial, upon the sole ground of their being from a Catholic hand. For the student even of profane history, we know no book so indispensable as that of Alban Butler; and it is no equivocal evidence of its merits, that it drew forth the reluctant praise of him who was by principle as well as by pursuits the author's inveterate antagonist—the historian of the Roman Empire. Indeed, strange as it may appear, we seldom open either work without being struck by the evidence of a certain similarity of mind which appears to pervade both—the same profound and almost universal erudition, the same varied reading, the same familiarity with almost every subject, and the same facility of turning all to the purposes of illustration; but, alas! if the intellect of both writers was distinguished by the same characteristics, how different were the uses to which those common gifts were turned by both! We feel certain, therefore, that the facility presented by the publication of so cheap an edition, will bring the Lives of the Saints much more into the hands of general readers than it has hitherto been; and we need hardly say that we believe the most powerful means of bringing sincere enquirers into the bosom of our Holy Mother, is to place before their eyes those pictures of holiness and of faith with which the Lives of the Saints abound.

We perceive with some degree of regret that the twelfth volume does not contain the valuable indexes and summaries which are published in the 8vo. edition, and which are almost indispensable for the purposes of study. It is true that for the vast majority of readers the omission is of little importance, but if the publishers wish to make their edition at all suited to the requirements of a library, they should not hesitate even still to supply the deficiency.

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ART. I.—*L'Année Liturgique*. Sections 1 et 2. Par le R. P. Dom Prosper Guéranger. Abbé de Solesmes. Le Mans, chez Fleuriot, 1841 et 1845.

THE Abbé Guéranger is well known in the Church as the author of the valuable “*Institutions Liturgiques*.” In the two volumes which are named above, he turns to a devotional use those treasures of liturgical knowledge, and that high and refined ecclesiastical taste, of which his former and larger work displays the fruits in a more critical and historical form.

The Abbé feels that there is a certain desideratum in the province of liturgical and devotional literature; and it is the object of the series of which we are presented with the opening portion in the above volumes, to supply that deficiency. The more private and personal devotions of the Catholic Church are actually, he observes, divided into the recitation of the canonical Hours as a matter of obligation on the part of those in sacred orders; the use of approved, but less formally authorized, forms of prayer; and the practice of meditation. Without desiring to supersede either of the two latter kinds of religious exercise, he owns to a strong personal predilection in favour of the Divine Office, as the ancient, universally, and fully accredited devotion of the Church. He desires, accordingly, if we rightly understand him, to see it extensively introduced among ecclesiastics and even laity, as well as those of the clergy who are bound to it; not, of course, in its

integrity, or as matter of regular use, but in some of its portions, and in its place with other acts of worship.

It is not our intention to discuss the views of the Abbé Guéranger in a critical spirit, or to bring them into contrast with those which are more usually received by Catholics at large. We may perhaps feel of the Abbé, that he is somewhat of an enthusiast in his own particular line of reading and thought, and hardly does full justice to the benefits which are actually derived from the constant and extensive practice of *mental* prayer. But we regard it as almost a duty to put from us any such thoughts as might clash with our real admiration of his services, and our cordial sympathy, in the main, with his principles; and moreover, we are too well satisfied that good was never in this world effected without enthusiasm, to be ourselves very intolerant of that element in the composition of a theory, so religious and ecclesiastical as that upon which the recommendations of the Abbé Guéranger are grounded.

Especially do we feel with him, and very strongly, that there are certain purposes of devotion to which the public offices of the Church might easily be made subservient, but which in actual practice are treated as foreign to its particular object. Whether indeed by a great part of those into the number of whose obligations it enters to recite the Breviary, that recitation is commonly considered in any other light than as a mere act of obedience to the law of the Church, is a question which we hardly like to answer in the affirmative, without the means of a larger induction than we actually possess, but which facts undoubtedly preclude us from determining at once in the negative. Nor even, taking it for granted that such a sentiment extensively prevails, is it any part of our business, or of our desire, to animadvert upon it. There is something to our minds so venerable in the spirit of simple obedience, that (allowing especially for the rarity of those gifts of imagination which a more entirely devotional and *meditative* use of the Breviary presupposes,) we are thankful in falling back upon the conviction, that in by far the larger number of cases, the precept by which the Church binds her ministers, is obeyed in that purity of intention, which, while it is a *sine quâ non* towards the benefit of the practice, is the no less certain condition of blessing, wherever it exists.

Yet we agree with the Abbé Guéranger, that if there

be possibly a higher *idea* of the office of the Church, and of the Church's intention in prescribing the use of it, than that which commonly obtains, there is every reason in duty for proposing it as the object of pursuit to those who are desirous, not only of complying with the Church's rule, but of deriving from such their act of compliance, the utmost spiritual advantage of which the act can be made in any way productive. Now the Abbé is of opinion, that the ends even of meditation are capable of being in no slight measure promoted by the thoughtful and pious use of the Daily Office. Such a hint seems at any rate worth following up; the more so, when it is remembered that the secular clergy are actually precluded by the immense amount of their charitable obligations, from cultivating the habit of direct mental prayer to the extent which is evidently desirable. For our own parts, so convinced are we of the imperative *necessity* of that practice towards even the due fulfilment of the law of charity, not to speak of its intimate bearing upon the spiritual life of the individual, that we must by no means be understood to admit the possibility, under any circumstances, or in whatever emergency, (not rendering the act physically impossible,) of dispensing with it altogether. Still, there *is* this plain fact; that, while the recitation of the Divine Office is a part of the priest's *necessary* duty, the exercise of mental prayer is (except to those who are bound by the rules of certain religious orders,) a merely discretionary act. It seems, therefore, undoubtedly worthy of inquiry, whether something like courses of meditation might not be grafted upon the regular use of the Divine Office; not by way of superseding the more direct practice of it, but in supply of the almost unavoidable deficiencies in the performance of that duty which the circumstances of a missionary country are apt to entail. If, for example, the hour's meditation of the morning must needs be reduced to half, or on some occasions even to a quarter, of the full time, it would surely be a great gain if the loss could be in some sort made up during the hour or two of vocal devotion which the obligations of the sacerdotal state, as a general rule, involve.

Even, however, should the labours of the Abbé Guéranger fail of securing the entire object which he has at heart, they can hardly be otherwise than most serviceable in drawing attention to the exquisite and truly divine beauty of that work of centuries, to the elucidation of which

they are directed—the Breviary of our Holy Church. We do not mean, of course, that they have gone even near to exhaust their great subject, (that truly were an impossible work,) or indeed that they aim at much more than the illustration, in certain particulars, of a view which admits of almost indefinite expansion and exemplification. But it is the first attempt which, as far as we know, has been made (in a popular shape) towards bringing out and illustrating the *devotional* character of the Breviary, as distinguished from its history and composition.

So far as we understand the Abbé's plan, it is this: "You are in danger," he seems to say to his disciples, "of being bewildered by the multiplicity of claims upon your regard in the shape of pious books, which meet you at every turn, and exhibit the great verities of the Gospel under every variety of aspect. I find no fault with these valuable and well-intentioned manuals, nor with you who draw from them the words of your prayers or the subjects of your contemplation. But I will show you a more obvious, and perhaps a more excellent way. I propose to you a standard, and even a form, of meditative devotion, and withal a sovereign directress of your holy exercises. Whom can you follow so fitly as the Church herself? Under what patronage can you so safely steer your course as that of the Saints, whose names illuminate her calendar, and whose glorious deeds are emblazoned on the pages of her ritual? Where shall you find such lessons of instruction as in the Scriptures, which she appropriates, and the sacred biographies which she authorizes? Where such rich and wholesome food of meditation as in those graceful chaplets which she has strung, whether from Scripture or the Holy Fathers; her sweet and varied antiphons; where such vents of holy joy as in the hymns which celebrate the mysteries of our religion and the triumphs of sanctity, or in the Psalms which through the veil of an earlier dispensation, foreshadow the actual glories of the Christian Church?"

The plan of the Abbé, as here sketched in outline, will be found to differ from previous essays of the same kind in embracing the Ordinary, as well as the Proper, of the different seasons. Valuable treatises have long ago been written upon what may be called the dramatic power of the Church offices, even of that which least obviously partakes of the character of representation—the Breviary; but we are not aware of any former attempt to bring out

the meaning of such portions of the Divine office, as do not change (the Psalter for instance) in their application to the different recurring periods of the ecclesiastical year. The scarcity of such attempts may perhaps be explained by their intrinsic difficulty, by the very peculiar nature of the qualifications needed for them, and by the dangers in the way of fancifulness and extravagance to which this species of commentary is exposed. The latter impediment, indeed, is one which even the Abbé Guéranger does not appear to us to have wholly surmounted. But we are convinced that the theological current of the present age sets far too much and far too perilously in the direction of *rationalism*, to entertain any great fears of excess on the opposite side; and are, for our own parts, infinitely more suspicious of the depreciation, than the exaggeration, of the mystic and symbolic principle in the critical and devotional study of Scripture and Antiquity.

It is no part of our present object to enter upon a detailed examination of the Abbé Guéranger's work, so far as it has already proceeded. Our concern is with the Roman Breviary alone; whereas the Abbé's plan leads him into the Missal also, and into a comparison of the Roman rite with others, (more especially the Parisian,) which in our own country have no other than a merely antiquarian or literary interest belonging to them. But we shall thankfully accept the Abbé as our guide in the brief survey which we propose to take of the Advent and Christmas offices, with the view of illustrating the devotional uses of the Breviary as a whole.

The Church has, besides her *days* of penitence and humiliation, two several seasons, in which she drops, or lowers, her tones of customary joy. These solemn periods, however, differ characteristically from one another. The sorrow of Advent is that of privation; that of Lent is the sorrow of burdensome affliction: in the first, we mourn because our Lord seems for the moment withdrawn from our loving and adoring gaze; in the second, because we are drawing every day nearer to the time of His ignominy and anguish. And as what may be called the objective ideas of the two seasons are thus different; so, in like manner, their subjective impressions also. Lent is simple, absorbing penitence, unrelieved by any gleams of joy and hope, but such as fall upon our ordinary Christian path, to illumine and cheer it always; such indeed as are the

solace even of the souls in purgatory; the memory of God's mercies, and the consciousness of his ever-wakeful love. But Advent has its own special and running consolation as a season; its dominant note, so to say, is promise; and that note has its response in the Christian heart, in a settled and a continually growing hope. Advent, accordingly, is brighter at its end, Lent at its beginning. Twilight is the characteristic hue of both; but Advent is the twilight of morning, which terminates in sunrise, Lent of the evening, which deepens into shadows, and ultimately into darkness.

The resemblances and differences of the two periods are symbolized in their ecclesiastical and liturgical accompaniments. In Advent as in Lent, solemn marriages are forbidden; in both, that the service of our Lord may be followed up without distraction, in the former more especially, (as the Abbé Gueranger beautifully observes,) that the "friends of the Bridegroom may cherish," without rival or alloy, "the hope, so dear to them, of a speedy conduct to the marriage-supper of the Lamb." (p. 15.) In Advent, as in Lent, the Church suspends (except on festivals) the angelic hymn in the Mass, and the "Te Deum" at Matins; the former is with a more especial propriety withdrawn during Advent, as if to throw out into distinctive prominence its glorious prototype and heavenly original on the morning of the Nativity; and when does the latter more aptly fulfil its office as a canticle of praise to "God our Saviour," than when the Church employs it as a hymn of salutation to her new-born King; "Te Deum laudamus, Te Dominum confitemur."

In Advent, again, as in Lent, the faithful are no longer dismissed in a jubilant strain, with the words "Ite missa est;" but the priest, or his assistant, substitutes the humbler invitation, "Benedicamus Domino." And, to come next to ceremonial arrangements, a certain identity between the two seasons is denoted by the wearing on the days proper to them, of vestments of the penitential colour, and by the disuse of the dalmatic and tunic, the joyous emblems of the diaconal and subdiaconal rank.

Such are the points of similarity; but the discrepancies which we have already attempted to point out, are also marked by significant distinctions in the ceremonial and practice of the respective seasons. To begin with an obvious difference in the periods themselves;

Advent is at most but four weeks, while Lent is always fully six. In Advent, two days of each week only are set apart for fasting; in Lent the fast is uninterrupted except by the Sunday. The latter days of Advent are days of eager, and almost of buoyant expectation; but on Passion Sunday the Church enters a cloud from which she does not emerge till her Lord is risen in glory. The last week of Lent is dedicated to the contemplation of one harrowing subject; saints and apostles disappear from the sacred calendar, and even she, who having participated in the Passion, might seem worthy, if any one, of a prominent place in the memory of the sorrowing bride, at last retires from the neighbourhood of the Cross, that so we may fix an undistracted eye on Him who is her Lord as He is ours. But with the immediate prospect of Christmas is blended the thought of a glorious apostle, while of our dear and blessed Mother, queen of apostles and of all saints, it may even be said, that just before the Nativity of our Divine Redeemer, she engrosses (as again on the day following that of the Adorable Passion of her Son,) the almost exclusive regards of the faithful. Just one week before our Lord's Nativity, is that sweet festival which forms one of the later accessions to the English Calendar, the "Expectatio Partus;" and on that and the following days, when the Spouse lifts up her voice in the greater antiphons, and with all but impatient love invites the Bridegroom to appear, how should not She rivet on herself our chief interest and our longing regard, whom it pleased the Eternal Father to elect out of all creation as the channel of His unspeakable mercies to mankind?

Moreover, the respective characters of the two seasons are strongly impressed upon the language and form of the Divine office in each case. Lent, as merely penitential, is shorn of the accustomed Alleluia, while, from Passion Sunday, even the Doxology to the Holy Trinity, is dropped in the Mass, along with the psalm *Judica*, because the "harp"* of the Church is hung up during the days of her mourning. But, in these respects, Advent is like other seasons, because, though delay is grievous, hope is sweet; and because, even on the great and dreadful

* Confitebor Tibi in citharâ, Deus meus.

Day, believers shall behold with joy Him from whose presence sinners will desire to be covered.

We have been led to speak of Lent, but our immediate concern is with the seasons which M. Guéranger has illustrated in the volumes under review—Advent and Christmas.

No period of the year has a more marked character of its own in the offices of the Church than Advent. On all the Sundays and ferias proper antiphons, as well as responsories, are appointed; and even when the special office of the time gives way to other celebrations, it is regularly commemorated by an antiphon at the Benedictus and Magnificat. The lections of the First Nocturn are taken entirely from the Scriptures of the Evangelical prophet; those of the Second bear specially upon the duties of the season; while the Gospels, and their appropriate commentary in the three Lections of the Third Nocturn, relate to the mission of the Baptist, the signs of Judgment, and, at last, the sacred preliminaries of the Nativity. The character of the Collects is sufficiently indicated by some leading word, supplying, as it were, the key to their intention, “excita,” “veni,” “illustra.” And these or kindred ideas pervade all those portions of the office which take the form of addresses to our Lord. “Veni ad liberandum;” “Ostende faciem tuam;” “Visita nos in salutari tuo;” “Redime me, Domine, et miserere;” such are the forms of pious entreaty which the Church reiterates and alternates. The invitatories and “capitula” are notes of alarm or calls to vigilance; at first, “Regem venturum venite adoremus,” and later, “Prope est,” “Hora est jam surgere,” “Venite ascendamus,” and at length, “Gaudete.” The tone of the office is not, as at other times, simply calm, or simply penitential, or simply joyful; in contrast to all these characters, it is eager and alive, as of watchmen in the night. More, perhaps, than at any other season does it give occasion to remark the distinctive feature of the Catholic Church as a *representative*, and not a merely declaratory agent in the economy of grace. This peculiarity, indeed, is one great explanation of the Church’s amazing hold upon its subjects. Faith came at first, in the words of St. Paul, by “hearing;” but it is sustained by sight—not mere bodily sight, of course, but the sight of the inward eye as well. Almighty God, of His mercy, has gifted us with wondrous

powers of mental representation ; and it is evidently the pictures formed on what is even familiarly termed the "mind's eye," which are the *pabulum* of faith and the stimulants of all enterprise, be it for good or for evil. It is not more true that all poets are enthusiasts, than that all enthusiasts are poets. Never, then, did men commit a more ruinous mistake than they who, three centuries ago, dethroned the Church from her high station as a living witness and agent, and would have lowered her into a mere preacher or chronicler. It was this act which struck the death-blow at the peace and happiness of such portions of Christendom as formed the theatre of that melancholy exhibition. All heretics, indeed, from the beginning, have, in greater or less degree, tampered with the high poetical character of the Church ; but it was reserved for times nearer our own to attack the principle at the root, and to substitute, for the bright associations and heroic results of which it was the fruitful parent, that heavy intellectual idea of religion, which enfolds, alas ! so many noble minds and ardent hearts in its withering, petrifying grasp.

The Anglican Prayer-book, in contrast to the Breviary, supplies a very principal example of the effects of that transformation. Preserving, as it does, not a little of the form, and not few of the materials, of the offices from which it was constructed, its great defect, as compared with them, is in the type and elementary idea of worship which it presupposes and exemplifies. It teaches, reasons, records, and in a certain sense even commemorates, and all this, of course, in language of great purity, and with an immeasurable superiority over ordinary Protestant forms or modes of prayer. But, unlike our own matchless offices, it does not paint, recal, light up a train of associations by means of some word of fire ; but is, with all its beauty and all its excellence, of the "earth, earthly," not like an echo of angelic minstrelsies, an image of the court of heaven, a vision of past or future realities,—in short, a living Gospel. Being, indeed, in many respects a translation of the Breviary, the Anglican Prayer-book cannot be otherwise than in parts poetical ; but it is as little so as its origin will permit. Its compilers would almost seem to have eschewed the province of imagination, as if it were a portion of the territory of Antichrist. They lead us up to it, and then they start asunder

like a broken bow, or as at the sight of a flaming sword. Our limits will not permit us to proceed with the illustration of this remark, neither have we any special inclination for controversial writing; but any one who is familiar at once with the Breviary and the Book of Common Prayer, will feel the force of our observation by directing his thoughts for an instant to the respective commemorations which they contain of such seasons as Advent, or Epiphany, or Ascension. For example, in what but this deficiency of religious poetry (unless, indeed, in something worse) could have originated that marvellous transmutation of the Collect for the Fourth Sunday in Advent, by which the Church's call to her divine Redeemer (so especially appropriate at that moment) to "come and help" is gratuitously altered by the Anglican reformers into a prayer to the First Person of the blessed Trinity, with a closing reference to the mediatorial office of our Lord and Saviour?*

Precisely the same anomaly has, with no better reason, been introduced by the same compilers on Ascension-day, the collect for which in the Anglican ritual is a translation of our own beautiful antiphon at the Magnificat for the Second Vespers of Ascension-day, with the change of the words, "Qui triumphator hodie super omnes cœlos *ascendisti*," into "Who hast exalted *thine only Son*," &c. By this alteration not only is the force of the prayer, as an address to our Lord Himself, entirely lost, but His especial title, "Rex gloriæ," is transferred, through a most culpable oversight, or by a most resolute perversion, to the First of the Three Divine Persons. Did not the Anglican Prayer-book actually contain addresses to our blessed Lord, (such as the Collect for the Third Sunday in Advent, or the prayer of St. Chrysostom,) we should have been inclined to suspect the compilers of a latent Arianism.

This, then, will serve to explain our meaning where we speak of the Church as embodying a *graphic* principle; setting religious truths, as Aristotle says it is the excellence of all representative description to do, *πρὸ ὁμιμάτων*. Or, rather, let us away with the language of human criticism, and recognize in the Church of Christ that perennial image of Him, who is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;" whose

* This change is first observed in Dr. Wiseman's Four Lectures on the Ceremonies of Holy Week; a work of which we hope to avail ourselves in a future article.

mercies are not mere matter of history, but are "new every morning;" who works over and over again, year after year, His miracles of power and love; who is yearly born, yearly suffers, rises, ascends, and gives, as we may say, His great pontifical benediction from His throne on high, at the close of the marvellous series. Holy Church, in her breathing offices, acts and re-enacts, step by step, scene after scene, the circumstances of that august and beneficent progress. Yet not, surely, as a mere artist does she paint, or as a dramatist exhibit them; or at least, if so, she is as one of those fond and flattering painters who invest their subject with the hues of their own bright remembrance, or illustrate it by the comment of their own overflowing devotion. And this is the true answer to those objections which are sometimes raised against portions of our ceremonial, as though it were at variance with what is sometimes called the simplicity of the Gospel, or with the character of the facts which it is designed to commemorate. The truth is, that it puts upon those facts the interpretation of piety and love. What, for instance, though Mary were indeed the poor maiden, or the retired housewife of Nazareth, shall not *we*, her clients, rather deem of her as of the peerless Lady and the glorious Queen? What is it to us that, when our Lord was born, the world thrust Him into a shed, and slept through the night of His blessed Nativity, as though it had been some other night? We are not the world, but the Church; and now that He is born among us year after year, we will give Him a right royal reception, as if to repair the injury of that first neglect. We will take part with the angels who greeted Him with songs of joy, or with the kings who spread before Him the treasures of the east, and not with the base and worthless multitude who passed Him by unheeded. The altar at our "Midnight Mass" shall be adorned with vessels of gold, inlaid with jewels; priests, richly vested, shall be there to display Him; loving multitudes to adore Him; white-robed choirs to celebrate Him; clouds of incense to ascend to Him. The manger and the stable, the swaddling-bands, and the brute cattle, —these were for once: and how full of profit in the recollection! But what it was condescension in Him to endure, it would be disloyalty in His Church to offer; in our closets, when we would deepen our humiliation, or quicken our love, then we will think of the indignities

which were put upon Him by the world; but when acting in the name of His Church, we will not merely cast these indignities from our thoughts, but strive in some sort to make amends for them.

It is in this same principle of loyal reparation to our Lord for the outrages put on Him during His sojourn in the flesh, that one of the most beautiful of the ceremonies in Holy Week is founded: the custom, namely, prescribed by the rubric, of doing marked honour to the blessed Sacrament on the immediate days of the Passion. But we must not anticipate our subject.

The Abbé Guéranger will have it, that even the calendar of the Church has been providentially overruled into somewhat of harmony with the different ecclesiastical seasons; as though the Saints themselves had died at the very time when their commemorations would be most pertinent and most impressive! The Abbé, as we have said, is an enthusiast; but, without going every length with him, we cordially accept his principles of interpretation as a guide to devotion, where we might demur to them in a merely critical point of view. We take up our "Ordo," for example, and there we find that, as a fact, certain saints' days occur at certain times; our business, then, is not to enquire how, or why, they are there, but to take them as we find them, and turn them to the best use we can. We hold it to be a certain and a very important truth, that the limits of religious probability may be legitimately stretched to the very utmost, where high and pure devotion is at stake. For this reason we would have men prone to belief, or, as the world would say, credulous, rather than otherwise, on all such subjects as alleged miracles and revelations; first, as a matter of philosophy, because the temper of scepticism is in truth as shallow as it is vicious, and, we will add, ruinous to all true happiness; and next, as a duty of devotion, because it is, after all, of far greater consequence that subjects of meditation, even where they relate to matters of fact, should be edifying than that the facts in question should be indisputable. Hence we accept with thankfulness such books as St. Buonaventure's *Life of Christ*, and others of the same class. Hence, again, we consider it a very dangerous thing indeed for religious men to speak slightly of the mystical interpretation of Scripture, (in which saints have found such help and comfort,) or of the symbolical princi-

ple in ceremonial and in the ecclesiastical arts, because, even though many of the actual applications of those principles should be mistaken, yet their deductions are on the whole, and in the highest possible degree, ministrative to the truest devotion; and, unless false altogether, (which few will venture to affirm,) are deserving, at all events, of consideration at the hands of those who, from the effects of early education or the peculiar bias of their minds, may not be qualified to appreciate them.

Far, then, from wishing to dwell upon the fact that some of the Abbé Guéranger's conclusions may be far-fetched, we wish rather to bear in mind that they are undeniably correct in general principle, and purely religious in effect. It is pleasant, then, to us to regard, under his guidance, the very Saints whose days occur in Advent as so many helpers towards the contemplations of the season. Thus St. Andrew, who is especially the Apostle of the Cross, and whose day falls either just before, or just after, the opening of Advent, the Abbé would take with him as in some sort the patron of the season.

“O blessed Andrew,” he says, “you it is who first greet us on our mystic way through Advent; we are in quest of our Divine Saviour, and God, in His mercy, has given us you as our guide. When He first came on earth, you had been prepared by His great Precursor to receive Him, and were among the earliest to acknowledge Him. Yet would you not keep to yourself the marvellous secret; *you told it to Peter, your brother, and you brought Him to Jesus.*”

“Holy Apostle, we also long for Him, and since you have found Him, deign to bring us also to the desire of our hearts.....It was the baptism of penance which purified your eyes to behold Him..... obtain us the grace to purify our hearts likewise, that we may see Him who said, ‘Blessed are the clean in heart, for they shall see God.’”

“Powerful are you, O blessed Andrew, to conduct souls to Christ, *since you it was who made Him known to Peter, our captain.* What then is the way along which you will lead us? Your own way, the faithful way, the way of the Cross.....Yet precious, great Apostle, as are the lessons of the Cross, the Cross is still the consummation and not the beginning. It is the Infant whom we would see, the Lamb, whom the Baptist bid you behold.....This is the time of the Advent, not of the Passion; fortify our hearts with the emotions of tenderness, that so we may bear up in the day of conflict.”—*pp. 295, 296.*

. And then follows a touching prayer for the Church of St.

Peter, and for poor desolate Scotland, which still, as if in mockery, owns blessed Andrew for her tutelary saint.

In pursuing* his meditations through the calendar for December, the Abbé finds (what, if not design, is certainly a most happy accident) that the first of that month is always either a feria or the First Sunday in Advent: as if to give undisturbed leisure for reflection upon the purpose and duties of the coming season. Other appropriate coincidences in the arrangement of the calendar are noticed by the same writer; for instance, there are just five virgins* whose days fall in Advent: to the poetical eye of our author they appear like those five in the parable, who trimmed their lamps to meet the Bridegroom. One of them, too, is St. Lucy, whose very name is significant of light. In Advent, too, each most conspicuous order of sanctity has its powerful representation: apostles, martyrs, virgins, doctors of the Church, and confessor-bishops. Of simple confessors, remarkably enough, there is but one in the whole series of Saints who introduce us to the Nativity. On the other hand, of apostles there are two, or rather three—St. Andrew at the opening, St. Thomas at the close, and in the middle, the great apostle of later days, St. Francis Xavier. The martyr's estate is symbolized in each of the several virgins whose days fall in Advent: St. Bibiana, and her sister St. Demetria, St. Barbara, St. Eulalia, and St. Lucy. St. Melchiades, also, is a martyr as well as a bishop. There are likewise two doctors of the Church, St. Peter Chrysologus and St. Ambrose: both, as the Abbé notices, champions of the great cardinal verity of the *Incarnation*; the one against Arius, the other against Eutyches. But the preponderating commemorations in Advent are of confessor-bishops. It is, remarks the Abbé, as if our Lord were to be ushered in by a stately train of attendant pontiffs. First, there is St. Peter Chrysologus, next St. Nicholas, next St. Ambrose, next St. Melchiades, next St. Damasus (another champion of the Faith), and the list is closed by another theologian, St. Eusebius. There is certainly no other month of the year which would present so remarkable and appropriate a combination of festivals. But our enumeration is not yet complete. The centre of the picture is occupied, as is meet, by Her who is Queen of apostles, of

* The fifth is St. Eulalia, honoured in the Church of Spain.

virgins, of martyrs, of confessors, and of all saints. Her superior dignity is marked by the distinction of an octave, spreading, as it were, her mild radiance over a large tract of sky, and comprehending more than one bright, though lesser orb within the boundaries of its lucid range. Yes, Mary, who is the pole-star in every voyage, and the moon of every month, is the light of our path in Advent as in other seasons. We celebrate not our Lord's Nativity till we have first done honour to her Immaculate Conception, through whom He was given to us. This festival, then, is not merely a commemoration of our Lord's blessed Mother, but, as it were, of the perfection of His own human nature, which it pleased the divine goodness to secure through the miraculous preservation from every sinful taint of her from whom it was derived. The Abbé thus eloquently discourses on the Feast of the Conception. (We do not however forget, nor wish our readers to forget, that he is French, and writes in the manner of his nation.)

“At length the dawn of the sun much desired, begins to brighten at the extremities of the sky, soft and radiant. The blessed Mother of the Messiah, must be born ere the Messiah Himself can appear, and this is the day of her Conception. Already does the world possess the first pledge of the heavenly mercies; the Son of Man is at the door. Two Israelites in very deed, Joachim and Anna, noble scions of the house of David, behold their union after a long term of expectation, blessed with increase by the power of the Divine goodness. All glory to the Lord who is mindful of His promises, and deigns from the height of heaven, to proclaim that the deluge of iniquity is past, by sending down to earth that white and gentle dove, who is the bearer of the message of peace.”—*P.* 372.

The Octave of the Conception over, we enter upon the direct prospect of the great Nativity, with the intervention of but one festival, the 16th of December, sacred to St. Eusebius. He, too, is a witness to the Incarnation against the blasphemies of Arius; and it is meet that when we are about to behold the Infant of Bethlehem, so despised and rejected of men even from His birth, we should first strengthen ourselves in the faith of His divinity under the patronage of the saints who fought for the orthodox truth. But, peace! He is at hand; we will fall on our faces at the notice of His approach, and entreat Him to hasten it. Such seems to be the attitude of the Church in those greater antiphons in which, for seven consecutive days, she

calls upon her Redeemer by the titles under which prophecy has foreshadowed Him. From this solemn invocation we turn aside but twice; first, on the 18th of December, to rejoice in the blessed "Expectation" of Mary; next, on the 21st, to remember the Apostle who doubted once that we might the more confidently believe. On the former of these days, with the usual antiphon to our Lord, the Church blends the following magnificent apostrophe to His blessed Mother: "O Virgin of virgins, how shall this thing be? For none that went before hath seemed thy peer, neither any that shall follow. Daughters of Jerusalem, why marvel ye at me? Of God is this mystery which you behold."

Again two days of calm watching, and then St. Thomas. He is the last of the Saints in the great procession which ushers our Lord into His Church, and, as the greatest in dignity, occupies the place of honour next the Bridegroom. It was Andrew, meek and faithful, who first conducted us to Christ: but now, lest the mystery overwhelm us as we draw near, we seem to need some yet more compassionate guidance. Where is he, once weak, now glorious, by temptation subdued to feel, by victory fortified to succour, by dignity privileged to plead; he, whose misgivings won plenitude of assurance for us, in whose reproach is conveyed our benediction; even the promise to them who should believe though they saw not?^{*} Other saints have already passed along the glorious line, who fought and bled for the Faith; but where is he, their predecessor in confessorship, their associate in martyrdom, fitter even than they, because out of weakness made strong, to strengthen feeble souls, for the announcement of God "attenuating Himself," (in St. Bernard's strong language,†) within the compass of "this mortal?" He, as once before, is a defaulter from the first banquet, that he may become a more conspicuous witness at the second.

And here we come upon one of those exquisite touches of affection and tenderness with which the Breviary abounds. The Church throughout Advent preserves us

* This promise is the subject of the Antiphon for the two Magnificats and the Benedictinus on St. Thomas's day. It is remarkable that the Catholic Church makes no direct reference in her offices to St. Thomas's defect of faith, as if desiring to cover it, and to remember his glorious testimony alone. The compilers of the Anglican Prayer-Book have altered the Collect so as to escape this special delicacy.

† Verbum abbreviatum.

unintermittingly in the memory of the season, by appointing an Antiphon relating to it, on all days in which the proper office is superseded by a festival. On St. Thomas's day, which is the fifth (inclusive) before the Nativity, the Church offers a sweet solace under the trial of deferred hope, in the Antiphon at the Benedictus. The rather, perhaps, on this day, because it is necessarily dedicated to somewhat alien contemplations. Thus then speaks she in her commemoration of the season: "Fear not; five days hence, and our Lord will come to you." Words as of a friend laying his hand upon us in some moment of loneliness or dismay. One feels keenly, indeed, how the power of such sweet passages must evaporate under the cold hand of criticism; but let this pass.

December 22, is always a feria. On the 23rd, the day preceding the Vigil, the Church winds up her note of preparation. "Behold," she says in the Antiphon at the Benedictus, "all things are fulfilled, which were spoken by the angel concerning the Virgin Mary." At the Magnificat in the evening, she sings the last of the greater Antiphons. On the following day, which is the Vigil, and a strict fast, she begins to assume the tone of jubilation in her offices. We fast on that day, the better to encounter the joy of the Nativity; but our bodily abstinence is unaccompanied by any tokens of mourning in the public celebrations of the Church. Matins having been sung according to the ferial rule, the rite is suddenly "doubled" at Lauds; the antiphons are no longer shorn of their glorious proportions, but are expanded, like banners, to catch the light of the rising sun. How unlike the scanty measure in which the Church deals out her anticipations of joy on Holy Saturday! Then she spreads her wings for a moment in the "Exultet," but soon falls back on the Prophecies. But when her countenance brightens on the eve of Christmas, it never droops again. "To-morrow," is the burden of her chant; her measure of joy is all but full. How beautiful are the antiphons of that eve! "Judæa and Jerusalem, fear not; to-morrow you shall go forth, and our Lord shall be with you. Alleluia." "This day shall you know that our Lord shall come; and in the morning you shall behold His glory." "To-morrow, the iniquity of the earth shall be blotted out, and the Saviour of the world shall reign over us." "Our Lord shall come; go forth to meet Him, saying, Great is His principality,

and of His kingdom shall be no end: the Mighty God, the Ruler, the Prince of Peace. Alleluia.” “To-morrow shall be salvation to you, saith the Lord God of Hosts.” And this word “to-morrow” is reiterated through the office of the whole day.

The antiphons at the Psalms of First Vespers, are not materially different in tone from those of the morning; but when we reach the Magnificat, the promise of joy becomes more definite and more instant. The antiphon thus embodies it: “When the sun shall have risen from heaven, you shall behold the King of kings going forth from the Father like a bridegroom from his chamber.” Perhaps the intention of the Church in these magnificent presages is to fill her weak children with majestic thoughts of Him whose humiliation might else prove a scandal to them. Certainly there is a marked difference between the strain of the First Vespers and of the Lauds on the following morning. The Vespers are in the tone of Isaiah, vivid and magnificent; the Lauds, in that of St. Luke, sweet and pastoral. O how lovely is that opening antiphon of the Lauds on Christmas morning; calm and mild as sweet music on waking. The poetry of this world has nothing to compete with it. “Whom saw ye, shepherds? tell, declare to us, who hath appeared on earth? He is born; we have seen Him, and the companies of angels joining in praise of our Lord. Alleluia, Alleluia.” And again, the transition from the fourth to the fifth in the same series of antiphons; “Glory to God in the highest, &c.....A little one, and a Son is born to us to-day, and He shall be called the Mighty God. Alleluia.”

The Octave of Christmas differs very strikingly from those of Easter, and, again, Pentecost, in admitting a great variety of distinct, though kindred subjects of contemplation into the field of view, which, in the case of other great festivals, is kept clear of all objects but that of the leading commemoration itself. The reason of this difference is obvious. It is not till ten days after the Nativity, that the Divine Infant is presented to the simple, undivided adoration of the faithful. The Church worships Him indeed with the Shepherds of Bethlehem, but she does not feel herself quite in her proper attitude towards Him till, with the more instructed Magians, she can open her treasures before Him, and recognize Him as her King. In her earliest thoughts of Him, joy is to no slight extent

modified by compassion; the tokens of the Cross are not indistinctly descried even from the moment of the blessed Nativity; there is a baptism of blood to be passed through even at the very threshold of His earthly course. Remembrances like these are not indeed enough to mar the joy of Christmas, but they are enough to mellow it. Under some such impression as this it is, that the Saints are accustomed to speak of Ascension-day, as the most simply joyous of all festivals, because therein only is the contemplation of our blessed Lord undimmed by any shade of sorrow, whether present, or in retrospect. At Christmas, however, we feel it no jar to the associations of the time; that, on its very morrow, we are called off from the holy crib to the place of martyrdom; and the antiphon which the Church sings all that eventful week, "Sepelierunt Stephanum viri timorati, et fecerunt planctum magnum super eum," does not seem to clash inharmoniously with its associate, "Gloria in excelsis Deo et in terrâ pax hominibus." And as little inappropriate seems it to remember, at the same happy season, blessed John the Evangelist, the loving and beloved; for in truth it is a season of which charity seems the leading idea and characteristic lesson. And where again but in this Octave, should we expect to meet that exquisite festival, so sternly sweet, so painful, yet so glorious, in which, as on the Nativity itself, or rather because first, in the Nativity, weakness is made strong, and infancy is invested with the nobleness of mature age? Truly, though the path of our new-born King had been prepared with flowers, yet His first steps shall be traced in blood. For lo, among the watchers at his cradle is found yet one other witness to His cross, even our own, our English Saint,* the avenger of the King of kings against one of those modern Herods, who behold with rage the ensigns of His sovereign power, and, foiled in their search for Him, make martyrs of His little ones.

We must pass over the beauties of the Breviary during Christmas time, and hasten on to the Epiphany. It is well known how the commemorations of the week, (each honoured with an Octave of its own,) gradually agglomerate, and cluster around its principal subject, until at last,

* St. Thomas of Canterbury. This feeling is no modern nor foreign one. In the beautiful inedited prayers for the feasts of St. Thomas, composed by Archbishop Peckham, communicated to us by the truly learned Dr. Oliver of Exeter, it is thus expressed: "Deus qui gloriosi Antistitis Thomæ martyrium specialiter Nativitatis Tuæ gaudiis miscuisti," &c.

on one particular day of the year, (in which we are writing) the office presents the liturgical phenomenon of no less than six commemorations.* How magnificent the idea of that for the Sunday within the Octave of the Nativity! “While deep silence held all, and the night in her course was travelling along the midst of her way, Thine Almighty Word, O Lord, proceeded from the royal dwelling-places, Alleluia.” Then follows that of the Nativity; “To-day is Christ born; to-day hath our Saviour appeared; to-day angels sing on earth and archangels rejoice, to-day the just exult and say, Glory to God in the highest, Alleluia.” Then of St. Stephen; “And Stephen, full of grace and fortitude, wrought mighty signs among the people.” Then of St. John; “This is that John who leaned on the Lord’s breast at supper; blessed Apostle, to whom were revealed the heavenly secrets.” Then of the Holy Innocents; “Innocent children were slain for the love of Christ; sucklings were put to death by command of the ruthless king; they follow the Lamb Himself whithersoever He goeth, and say evermore, Glory be to Thee, O Lord.” And lastly of St. Thomas; “Whoso will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me.” Offices like these do indeed bring with them the “realization” of those Articles of the Creed, “I believe in the holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints.”

The Feast of the Circumcision restores us to a contemplation which for the last few days has been somewhat postponed to another yet more absorbing; it re-introduces us directly to the blessed Virgin-Mother. The antiphons for this festival, which we regret that we have not space to quote, are filled with her praises, and the Collect asks that “we may be sensible of (*sentiamus*) her intercession, through whom we have been judged meet to receive the Author of our life.”

The Office of the Epiphany, with which we shall conclude this portion of our remarks, is evidently constructed on the view of our blessed Lord’s regal dignity, as acknowledged, even amid the humiliation of His infancy, by the illustrious band of worshippers from the East. His nativity, it has been somewhere observed, drew out the kingly temper in two opposite aspects of relation to the Church; in Herod it appears in the form of persecution, in the

* Dec. 30. 1846.

Magians in that of reverent and loving submission. This contrast is perhaps intimated in the opening of the Office for the Epiphany, where at the First Vespers, the hymn commences with an address to Herod, and then goes off abruptly on the visit of the Eastern kings ;

“Why, cruel Herod, vainly fear
A rival in thy God to see ?
He claims no bauble empire here,
Who comes to grant the heavenly.

“True to the star which points the way,
The pilgrim kings in faith have gone ;
By light they learn to trace the Day,
And God with duteous off'rings own.”*

On this morning, there is a significant exception to the usual order of the service, in the substitution of the psalm *Afferte Domino* for the *Venite exultemus*. The second verse of this psalm, “*Afferte Domino gloriam et honorem.....adorate Dominum in atrio sancto Ejus,*” furnishes a clue to the intention of the Church in all the offices of the Epiphany season. The stable of Bethlehem is now converted into a glorious court ; the King of heaven and earth is seen in the form of the tender Babe, and She, who hereafter is to take her place at His right hand, “in gilded clothing surrounded with variety,” is here the happy Mother who presents Him to our adoring eyes. And the Church is at the feet of Mother and Son, with those royal worshippers, who seem to lead the way of the faithful in offering that sweet petition, “*Benedictum fructum ventris tui nobis post hoc exilium ostende.*” St. Buonaventure, in his vision of that scene, saw the blessed Infant, as if by an act of premature intelligence, extending His little arms to give benediction to His subjects. Such seems to be the picture on which Holy Church would have us feed in all the devotions of this holy season ; more especially in those which are called out by the elevation and exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. Listen to her invi-

* *Crudelis Herodes Deum
Regem venire quid times?
Non eripit mortalia,
Qui regna dat cœlestia.*

*Ibant Magi, quam viderant,
Stellam sequentis præviam ;
Lumen requirunt lumine,
Deum fatentur munere.*

tations; see with what glowing sympathy she depicts the homage of the kings and rejoices in the fulfilment of those prophecies which pointed to it. "The kings of Tharsis and of the isle shall offer presents; the kings of the Arabs and of Saba shall bring gifts. Alleluia, Alleluia. Adore Him, all ye angels of His; adore our Lord, *in his holy court.*" These invitations are kept up during the whole Octave, which, like those of Easter and Pentecost, is dedicated exclusively to the subject of the season. Epiphany is in fact the complement of Christmas, in which its great mystery is brought out in all its fulness as an object of intense awe and love. It is true that Christmas-tide does not wholly end till the Feast of the Purification; but Epiphany is the full developement of its subject, and the rest of the time but a prolongation of the Feast of Epiphany. Sweetness is the temper of Christmas; awe, of Epiphany; but love is never perfect till awe supervene.

Having now completed this scanty and defective analysis of one part of the Breviary, we shall proceed to make a very few observations upon a question which we have reason for believing is not without its interest to devout Catholics; the use of the Psalms of David in their bearing upon the divine office. We ought, indeed, to apologize at starting, and we do it with great sincerity, for attempting to comprise the subject of a volume within the compass of a few concluding pages; but all, of course, which we can be supposed to intend, is the offer of a few hints, such as the piety of each will suggest to him the best means of following up. We have lived long enough to know the impossibility of *forming* a devotional mind by means of books; of all subjects in the world, private devotion is that on which individuals are the most impatient of dictation; and all which books can do, (nor will this be little,) is to throw out materials which, though they may be cast aside as hay and straw by the ninety and nine, will feed the flame of profitable meditation in the case of the hundredth.

The Psalms of David, as used in the Christian Church, are subject to the advantages and disadvantages of all parabolical and symbolical instruction; they are an enigma to many, while others will find in them the food, perhaps of the purest and most delightful contemplation of which our nature is capable. We use this word, enigma, not casually or rhetorically, but in truth as the very fittest

which could be selected. The Psalms are to the Christian Dispensation, what the Church on earth altogether is to the Church in heaven; they reveal darkly (*ἐν αἰνίγματι*) what it is our blessedness, as Christians, to see with our eyes and hear with our ears. It is sometimes asked whether holy David *intended* such and such meanings of his language which the Church has put upon it? But such interrogations are beside the purpose. David, like other holy men of old, “spake as he was moved,” and it is remarkable that Catholic writers describe him commonly not as the psalmist, but as the “prophet;” in his relation, that is, not to the old, but to the new dispensation. And we who believe that the Holy Ghost is the Author of all good works in the Church, and in a very especial manner of all her liturgical offices, and other accredited forms, whether of faith or of worship, may be morally certain, therefore, that the meanings which the Church authoritatively puts upon the divine Scriptures which she adopts into her public offices, are really coincident with the intentions (not necessarily of their human, but at least) of their divine Author. That the Church then understands such and such a psalm, in such and such a way, by employing it, for instance, upon some particular festival, will to the devout Christian be proof positive, that such is, to all intents and purposes, the real christian import of that psalm.

Now, in many cases, the application of certain psalms to certain subjects in the Christian Church, is all but self-evident. Who, for example, can doubt why the 1st psalm, *Beatus vir*, or the 14th, *Domine quis habitabit*, are employed on all days consecrated to the memory of saints? Or why, again, the 44th (*Eructavit*) is specially applied to our Blessed Lady, and through her to all the “virgins that bear her company?” Less, and yet hardly less, apparent, is the intention with which Psalm 18, *Cæli enarrant*, is said on Christmas, or Psalm 2, *Quare fremuerunt*, on Easter morning; the verse of the former, “In sole posuit tabernaculum suum et Ipse, tanquam sponsus, procedit de thalamo suo,” will be a sufficient clue in the former case; and again, “Astiterunt reges terræ,” &c., in the latter. But, indeed, for the most part, this clue is actually given in the appropriate Antiphon.

Again, how deeply tranquil and sweetly soothing, the Psalms of Compline; one of which is also, for like rea-

sons, a proper Psalm of Holy Saturday. Who has the heart to ask whether David had the evening office of the Church distinctly in his eye? or, again, the sabbatical rest of our Divine Redeemer, when he indited those words of peaceful confidence; “In pace in idipsum dormiam et requiescam, quoniam Tu, Domine, singulariter in spe, constituisti me;” or, “In manus Tuas commendo spiritum meum, redemisti me, Domine, Deus veritatis?” Their christian signification has been immoveably determined by the *fiat* of the Church who so employs them.

And here we are led to another conclusion, viz. : as it is clear, on the one hand, that there *is* a christian sense of the Psalms; so, on the other, the obviousness of the application in some cases leads us to infer it in others, and to apply in the less clear instances, the principles of interpretation which we have gathered from the more evident. We shall proceed to give one or two illustrations of this rule.

It is certain, for example, that if the Psalms of Lauds and Compline have a sense in harmony with the time of day at which they occur, so also must have the Psalms of Tierce, Sext, and None, which, like those of Compline, and unlike the rest, are invariable. What then is the “intention,” or “spirit,” of the Psalms in these three Lesser Hours? They consist, it is well known, of consecutive portions of the 118th, that longest and (if we may use the expression without indecorum) most “business-like” of all the Psalms of David. Now it is not hard to see that, as the tenour of Lauds is jubilant, and of Compline soothing, so that of the Little Hours, in contradistinction to both, is simply *practical*. This spirit begins indeed at Prime, with the opening of the psalm in question, “*Beati immaculati* ;” but let us observe it here especially in Tierce, Sext, and None. Who has failed to remark the manifold repetitions in the Psalms for these Hours, of the words “mandata,” “testimonia,” “leges,” “justificationes?” In fact, tautology (say what the Puritans may) is of the very essence of all real prayer. And (although this is by the way) how completely are the rules of rhetoric set at defiance in this and other parts of Holy Scripture! Many a man of taste would call this 118th Psalm tiresome—if he dared. However this may be, the Church appears to feel that such downright and homely conversing with Almighty God as the 118th Psalm exemplifies, is what a plain

Christian man requires at nine, twelve, and three o'clock in the day.*

But we are disposed to go yet farther, and throw out for the consideration of thoughtful minds, whether, as the Psalms for the Day Hours altogether are thus characteristically different from those of the other times, so those of one of these Hours are not characteristically different from those of another? If this be so, certainly the fact is very remarkable, since they consist of one and the same psalm, broken up into portions, and those portions consecutive. But we should not be much surprised to find that these several sections are each expressive of a particular and distinct *idea*; for instance, at Tierce, the need indicated seems to be principally that of preventing grace; at Sext, of assistance; at None, of encouragement—as summed up in the respective antiphons of each Hour; “Deduc,” “adjuva,” “aspice.” At Tierce, when the Christian is entering on the day, what prayers can be more suitable to his circumstances than those which the proper Psalm for that Hour supplies to his hand? For instance: “grant me understanding;” “incline my heart;” “turn away mine eyes from vanity,” &c. But at Sext, when he has now made some progress in the day, and learned his weakness by experience, he opens his prayer in a tone of depression: “My soul hath fainted.....mine eyes have failed.....for I am become like a bottle in the smoke,” &c. Now too, there is much more reference than at first to impediments in the way of salvation. “The wicked have waited for me to destroy me.....Depart from me ye malignant, and I will search the commandments of God,” &c. Later in the day, the drooping spirit has somewhat revived, and it throws off, for a moment, its load of affliction in a burst of admiration at the Divine goodness: “Thy testimonies are wonderful.....Thou art just, O Lord, and Thy judgment

* Some pious and humble minds have doubted how they could with a safe conscience, appropriate to themselves such expressions as are frequent in the 118th Psalm: viz. “Anima mea in manibus meis semper et legem tuam non sum oblitus;” “Dilexi mandata tua super aurum et topazium,” and many others. We would suggest, whether the use of these very passages may not be made a means of self-abasement, as the mind passes rapidly from contemplating the standard of holiness which they imply, to a mournful self-introspection. The Church would have her children put themselves for the time into the position of saints, in order the better to remind them at once of their high calling and their actual deficiencies. Another way in which the same Psalm might be used, especially at certain times of the year, is as a prediction of our Blessed Lord, and in *His person*, as the Saint of Saints.

is right. . . . Thy word is powerful as fire ;* and thy servant hath loved it." Yet, because the day though far-spent is not yet ended, these tones of rapture are subdued by many a prayer for light and encouragement ; and since, after we have done all, we are still unprofitable, the Psalm which begins with prayer, ends with humiliation : " I have gone astray like a sheep that is lost." All this, we are aware, may seem fanciful and overstrained, and yet we doubt if many serious people will go so far as to say that there is absolutely no force at all in it.

Our next illustration shall be drawn from the Psalms proper to the Office of our Blessed Lady, and through Her to all holy virgins. Here we have not, as in the last case, to surmise an application, but to comment on one which is acknowledged. We find then, that after the *Dixit Dominus*, (which, as a kind of commemoration of the whole Mystery of our Redemption, is the appropriate opening of *all* Festal Vespers,) "*Laudate pueri Dominum*," comes next in succession on days sacred to the Blessed Virgin. Why then does the Church make this psalm especially prominent at these times? We think it is not hard to discover. This psalm strikingly resembles the Magnificat itself. How plain, for instance, is the allusion to our Blessed Lady, in the verses, " Who is as the Lord our God who dwelleth on high, and *looketh down on the low things in heaven and on earth? Raising up the needy from the ground, and lifting up the poor out of the dunghill, that He may place him with princes, with the princes of His people.*"† Or, if there be any doubt as to the propriety of this psalm on such occasions, it must be removed by the last verse of all: " Who maketh the barren to dwell in the house, the joyful Mother of children." The application of the three following psalms, " *Lætatus sum*," " *Nisi Dominus*," and " *Lauda Jerusalem*," is less obvious, but will be illustrated by considering that Jerusalem, the " *Domus Domini*," is a type at once of our Blessed Lady and of the Church ; for both She and It are Tabernacles of our Lord's Bodily Presence. This high analogy has no doubt been intimately

* " *Ignitum*;" or, as in the Douay, " *refined*."

† The Blessed Virgin presiding at the Council of the Apostles on the day of Pentecost, as represented in Overbeck's beautiful design, seems the precise fulfilment of this latter promise.

connected with the place which the Most Holy Virgin occupied in the estimate of the Christian Fathers, and which later ages have defined, and are probably still defining, with more and more of dogmatic precision, and with ever increasing prominence to the claims of that fairest and most exalted of the works of creation.

The psalms at the vespers of Sundays and all festivals, (excepting those of virgins, the second vespers of an Apostle, and one or two of the greater solemnities,) are, as is well known, invariable, with the substitution only, at the second vespers of a martyr, or confessor-bishop, of *Memento* or *Credidi* for the last. Their general application to festive occasions is sufficiently evident. The first, "Dixit Dominus," we have called above, a kind of history, in epitome, of the Mystery of our Redemption; and if this account be correct, we need not seek far to discover the reason of its introduction at the opening and close of festive offices in general.* Let us observe, therefore, that this psalm begins with commemorating the eternal pre-existence of our Divine Redeemer, and ends with a significant allusion to His Passion† and Resurrection, noticing very distinctly in the interval, His kingly,‡ priestly,§ and judicial|| functions. As to the psalms which immediately follow, it may be said that they are adopted, because they succeed in order in the Psalter—as they do; they are also appropriate in themselves; the second (Confitebor) is a psalm "of praise in the congregation;" the third (Beatus vir) is a commemoration of the attributes and privileges of sanctity; of the fourth we have spoken as relating to the Blessed Virgin, and it is perhaps under this aspect that it enters into the regular office of Sundays and festivals. But it is also true of all Saints, nay, of all Christians, that in them our Lord has especially magnified His power by choosing the weak things of the world to confound the strong; so that the application of this psalm is universal. Moreover the last verse of this exquisite canticle may be applied to the fecundity of the Church, as well as to the privilege of the Blessed Virgin. The psalm, *In exitu*, is a

* i. e. at the First and Second Vespers.

† "De torrente in viâ bibet," finds its exact fulfilment in the well authenticated tradition of our blessed Saviour's fall at the brook Cedron.

‡ Ver. 2.

§ Ver. 3.

|| Ver. 7.

commemoration of the release from Egyptian bondage, and, as such, it is symbolically appropriate to the deliverance which Christ wrought for us from the power of sin and death. Easter-day is, of course, its most suitable occasion ; but, because all Sundays are reflections and miniatures of Easter, it forms part of their ordinary office throughout the year. On the Feasts of Martyrs it is exchanged for Psalm 115 (*Credidi*), evidently on account of the verse, “ Precious in the sight of the Lord is the *death* of His saints ;” on the Feasts of confessor-bishops, its substitute is found in Psalm 131, *Memento*, in which are the very seasonable words, “ Let thy *priests* be clothed with justice,” &c., and again, “ I will clothe her *priests* with salvation, and her saints shall rejoice with exceeding great joy.”

Here the devout ecclesiastic may interpose ; “ These Sunday Vespers, like many other portions of the Breviary, recur again and again, and even at times the most various ; at Lent as well as Easter, at Christmas as well as Advent ; in short, all the year through. How can they be made suitable to all these various seasons alike ?” This is a question which will be answered differently by different advisers. Some we can imagine saying : “ Dear children, say your office because it is the precept of the Church, and do not trouble yourselves, as you would avoid perplexity, about its recondite meanings, or possible applications.” Which, when the question is proposed by very stupid, or again, by very scrupulous persons, may be an excellent reply ; because it is probable that both these classes might lose the real fruit of the act as the fulfilment of an obligation of their state, by puzzling, or troubling, themselves to find out meanings and allusions as they go along. But what might be a good answer for one class, would be a shallow and inconsiderate one for others ; it being certain, that minds of the more imaginative cast cannot go through a long course of devotion comfortably, without something to sustain their interest in it. Meditate about something, as they proceed, they must and will ; and if we refuse to provide them with due materials, they will be in danger of acquiescing in voluntary distraction as unavoidable. Divines, accordingly, warn us that, although a *material* attention, (which in fact amounts to no more than a correct and careful recitation of the words,) may suffice, yet that devout persons will aim at making a spi-

ritual act of that which is in itself but a professional obligation.

M. Guéranger suggests what appears to us an excellent method of obviating the difficulty which is apt to be felt in the use of the same psalms at very different seasons. He advises that they should be recited in what may be called the "intention" of the time. Some spiritual writers have recommended a similar plan in the use of the rosary; so that, in thought at least, if not in word, the same *Ave* should be varied according to the subject of the mystery in connexion with which it is being used: e. g., that after the Holy Name we should insert, mentally at least, "Quem peperisti," or "Quem in templo præsentasti," &c. The same method might, we think, be profitably extended to the recital of the divine Office. Take, for instance, the invitatory psalm, *Venite exultemus*. Why may we not regard this psalm in the light of an invitation (as the season may require) to worship at the crib, at the cross, at the sepulchre, at the mount of Ascension, &c.? So, again, with the *Benedicite*, or the *Te Deum laudamus*. As to the ordinary psalms, it is to be remembered that, wherever they are clearly inappropriate to the time, they are changed; as, for example, in the Holy Week. Where they are *not* changed, it is plain that, in the judgment of the Church, they are capable of being converted to the purpose of the season. M. Guéranger, has illustrated this by the example of the *Dixit Dominus*. This psalm contains manifest allusions to the Advent, (vv. 2, 7.) to the Passion, (v. 8.) to the Resurrection, (ib.) to the Ascension, (v. 1.) to the eternal Priesthood, and therefore to the blessed Sacrament, and to the priestly office in general, (v. 5.) Here, then, are at once some score of holy days, with their octaves and seasons, to which this single psalm may be made directly appropriate, over and above its use, in common with all psalms, as an expression of Christian joy. What an interesting and profitable study would be that of the psalms in general, especially of such as come into the divine office, with a view of ascertaining their various Christian significations, and thus of providing the mind with a stock of pious reflections upon which to draw at pleasure! We are convinced that what the Abbé Guéranger has shown in the case of one psalm, (a very favourable specimen, it is true,) might be extended, in various measures, to all the rest.

It will be urged, that this is to open the door to all sorts of fancifulness and extravagance. With a brief notice of this objection, we shall bring our remarks, for the present, to a close.

The kind of answer we shall give to this objection will already, perhaps, have been gathered by the attentive reader from hints dropped in the course of the preceding observations. Is it, then, the *principle* of employing the psalms in a Christian sense, and in different Christian senses, which is questioned; or, on the other hand, is it any particular application of that principle? If the former, we answer by observing, that the *principle* is directly sanctioned and enforced by the Church herself; who, by selecting certain verses of different psalms as their proper antiphons, furnishes us with a clue to the meaning which she would have us put upon them; and, what is much more, gives us a significant token of her own intention with regard to the use of the Psalms in general. We certainly cannot err, therefore, in extending to portions of the office upon which the Church has expressed no particular comment, a rule with which she herself has directly supplied us in other instances. Children learn their mother's mind from her casual words.

The only remaining question is as to the mode of applying the principle. Here, then, the reverent and affectionate observer will find little difficulty in gathering so much of the Church's spirit as will lead him very probably to correct, but, at any rate, to perfectly safe conclusions. We hold it for a certainty, that they who are sufficiently interested in this line of meditation to pursue it at all, will be infallibly secured against all dangerous mistake, if not guided into the very interpretations of saintly science. It has been said on a kindred subject, and we see no reason, after much thought, to dissent from the observation: "The same devotion which is real enough to pursue such trains of thought at all, is for the most part instructed enough to pursue them aright."* The line of devotional study to which we are referring, is of such a nature as to be either thoroughly congenial to the mind, or altogether foreign to its character and habits. Where it is the latter, it will lead to no evil consequences, simply because it will

* Preface to a new translation of St. Bonaventure's Life of Christ. London: Toovey, 1844. p. xiii.

lead to none at all; where it is the former, its very congeniality will be not merely a protection against all dangerous excess, but even a guarantee for the most wholesome fruits. We are far from wishing to disparage piety of the more unimaginative sort, though we feel that such as depends less on processes of the intellect than on the play of the affections, and the exercise of the creative power, is by many degrees the most in harmony with the mind of the Church, so far as her mind may be collected from the tone of her offices, and the writings of her most illustrious saints and doctors.* In fact, when we are in the Catholic Church, such diversities of taste and disposition are of the less moment. Many a man would be a rationalist out of the Church, who is an excellent Christian within it. Our holy religion is such high and divine poetry in itself, that it makes us poets even against our will. We are always sorry to hear Catholics, as we sometimes hear even them, talking against mystical and symbolical interpretations and usages; because we are sure that they know not the full import of their words: but let us be satisfied only that they are devout to the blessed Virgin, that they communicate at the Holy Table of the Lord frequently and fervently, that they recognize the duty of meditation—in short, that they are good Catholics; and we can well bear with opinions which must, under these circumstances, be more or less abstract and speculative. God be praised: what is fatal error in a Protestant, is among ourselves often but a mere mistake of judgment.

The more entirely, then, a mind shall be imbued with the spirit of the Church, especially as it breathes in her solemn offices of prayer and praise, the more certain will such mind be to attain essential accuracy in all its devotional comments and excursions. But neither can we see, upon the supposition of a different result, that mistakes, even should they occur, are of any very serious moment. The *substratum* of all our religious ideas, as Catholics, is certain and inviolable—the great facts of Inspired Scripture, and the dogmatical decisions of the Church. Other things are certain, but not alike of necessary faith, such as the miracles of Saints, and many ecclesiastical traditions.

* How precious a fact, in the argument with those who would represent the keen perception of the mystic sense of Holy Writ as inconsistent with intellectual depth, is that of the composition of such offices as those for the Feast of Corpus Christi, by such a doctor as St. Thomas!

But these do not comprise the only source of our religious impressions. There is still an ample range of subjects short, in various degrees, of certainty, yet at once so probable as to form the basis of reasonable devotion, and so edifying as to be simply eligible, inasmuch as they are not surely false. In this department will be included all such mystical and symbolical interpretations of Scripture as have at various times commended themselves upon trial to devout, reverent, and humble minds, more especially, of course, to those upon which the Church has impressed the signet of sanctity, yet not to the exclusion of others in which the same conditions are really, though less perfectly, accomplished. It is then the height of extravagance to argue from perversions of the imaginative faculty in religion, which have existed in states external to the Catholic Church, to the probability of similar abuses or excesses within her pale. As well might we conclude, that because some precious fruit-tree runs wild, and yields no produce, or produce of quite inferior quality, in the orchard or on the hedge-row, therefore we should expect a like result in the garden, where skilful hands will prune its useless luxuriance, and provide with watchful care that the winds of heaven visit it not too roughly. The Church is that garden of Eden, where fruit-trees are under the Master's gentle dominion, to "dress them and to keep them;" that Paradise of the Christian soul, within whose peaceful enclosure, and by the aid of whose beneficent culture, generous and aspiring natures are trained into patient subjection, and regulated in even courses, and held within prescribed limits. For such, surely, must we esteem the limitation imposed by an exact theology and an orderly rule; principles of action which admit of no infringement, and guidance from which there is no appeal. Protected by safeguards like these, the ardent and affectionate mind may well be left to the free exercise of its own devotion; from each unholy, irreverent, undutiful train of imagery, it will recoil with instinctive aversion: surely, then, it may expatiate without mistrust in the province which remains; rest in each soothing hope, bask in each glorious light, follow out each apt similitude—for, whence but from the Spirit of Truth, can flow the inspirations of a mind like this? Stern, unloving step-mothers are they who fetter their little charge with restraints at every turn; our true and tender parent can afford to enlarge her childrens' liber-

ties without misgiving and alarm, for she knows them loyal. She loads not the storehouse of their tender minds with accumulated precepts; she clogs not the freedom of their confiding natures with multiplied restrictions; she freezes not the current of their generous humour by untimely checks; with eye serene and sweet approving smile she can see them range at pleasure throughout the bounded meadow, and pluck each fragrant flower, and sip each sparkling dewdrop, and chase each painted insect: for they are ever under the guidance of her eye, and within hearing of her voice; and there, where froward and maladroit children would contrive, with luckless ingenuity, to find the means of ill, or the occasion of damage, she knows that her little ones will reap but joy and health. For, between holy Church and *her* children, love and confidence are reciprocal. She trusts and is trusted: but out of her fold all is disorder, because confidence there is none. “*Mercenarius fugit, quia mercenarius est, et non pertinet ad eum de ovibus. EGO sum Pastor bonus: et cognosco meas, et cognoscunt ME meæ.*”



- ART. II.—1. *The Fourfold Difficulty of Anglicanism, or the Church of England tested by the Nicene Creed.* By J. S. NORTHCOTE, M. A., late Scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Richardson and Son. London: 1846.
- 2.—*Remarks on certain Anglican Theories of Unity.* By EDWARD HEALY THOMPSON, M. A. Dolman's, 1846.
- 3.—*A Letter to the Rev. Cecil Wray, M. A., upon his recent address to the Congregation of St. Martin's Liverpool; entitled, "the Scandal of permitted Heresy and violated Discipline."* By T. W. MARSHALL. London: Dolman's.

IT may seem a strange thing for us to say, but we will say, that there is one point in which, as far as their general tone and wording goes, these pamphlets are too kind to converts and not kind enough to those out of the Church. When we say this, we do not forget what converts have had to forego in becoming Catholics—loss of

comforts with every variety of incapacity for doing without them, whether from physical health or from other causes, the forfeiture of places of respect in some instances, the disruption of the tenderest ties of brotherhood or other relationships, and many other things which might be added. Neither do we forget what they have to look back upon—friends, relations, and others who held the same opinions as themselves, but who will not follow them out to the same results—all which must raise painful anxieties at times even in the most hopeful minds, and only serves to enhance the misery of the separation at such times as it comes forcibly upon the minds of those who, (to apply St. Cyprian's words,) “*Jam de suâ incolumitate securi, adhuc de eorum salute solliciti sunt.*” And when we say that the pamphlets before us are not considerate enough to those out of the Church, we are not unmindful of cases that have come to our knowledge of persons of competent reasoning powers absolutely and positively refusing, with what would *seem* to be a most cowardly want of principle, to consider the question which the very existence of converts forces upon them, of persons who enjoin silence upon religious subjects as the only condition upon which they will tolerate the intercourse of brothers and sisters or nearest friends, who appear to act as if they thought Catholics had some irresistible spell by which they will bind, to a certainty, all that come in contact with them, or as if themselves, continuing as they do in the enjoyment of every comfort which wealth can supply, were not antecedently likely to be mistaken upon the question, Which religion is most like that which accounted riches a snare and a temptation in the early ages? Now if there are any persons who feel convictions in their minds which they think they cannot, would not, part with for any consideration, but of which they have an indistinct dread also, lest when fairly followed out they should lead them whither they would not; if there are any persons who are like Jonas, flying from the presence which they cannot escape, we do not wish to apologize for these, all we would say to them is, in the words of St. Austin, “*Vis fugere a Deo, fuge ad Deum.*” Flee to the altar where He is, flee from the churches from which that true Shecinah is habitually absent.

It is not then for the sake of these (if such there be) that we wish somewhat said which these pamphlets almost

entirely pretermit, although indeed these also will come in for their share in what we have to say—it is rather for the sake of some as yet unconverted, who seem to be without any obscure glimpses of what their duty is—glimpses we mean of such a kind, as would lead them home if fairly meditated upon and confronted. For we do think that there are people who have all the premises of Catholicism, but somehow or other do not see their way to the conclusion, and that not from any moral fault of theirs, but from some other cause. This is the position which we want to make good and to illustrate, as we think it is one of the greatest importance to bear in mind. And when we speak of the absence of moral fault, we do not use the word “moral” absolutely but relatively: thus a subtle pride which escapes the detection of the person who has it, is not in common parlance what would be called a moral fault, though in good truth it is a spiritual sin of no small magnitude. A mote is enough to irritate the eye and prevent vision; much more may an unobserved sin hinder spiritual vision: and let it be observed that it is the beam and not the mote of which our Lord speaks, as that which escapes the observation of them that have it. Still we repeat that it is not this which men mean by a moral fault, in ordinary language, but a grosser and more palpable dereliction of duty.

The reasons why it is important to bear in mind the position we have just mentioned, are perhaps sufficiently obvious. Yet as it will serve the cause of distinctness to dwell upon them, we shall not scruple to run the risk of saying some things which to many of our readers may appear old and hackneyed truths. First and foremost of these reasons is, that it is far easier to pray for those we think well of morally than for those we think ill of. If then we can really bring home to people that there may be such a thing as holding principles which ought to lead to a certain conclusion, and yet refusing in practice to draw that conclusion without their being thereby dishonest, we shall, it is conceived, have done a great deal towards facilitating prayers for England. Surely there is nothing which can be more fitted to excite in us the tenderest pity, the most ardent prayer, or the most humiliating communions, than the thought that there are people who hold principles which should lead them to enjoy the presence of Christ, and the patronage of His Blessed Mother, and yet are not

allowed to see the conclusion from those principles. To apply the touching language of the wise king to things spiritual: "Est et aliud malum quod vidi sub sole, et quidem frequens apud homines: vir, cui dedit Deus divitias et substantiam et honorem et nihil deest animæ suæ ex omnibus quæ desideret; nec tribuit ei potestatem Deus, ut comedat ex eo." Eccles. vi. 1. If it is a duty to pray for all men, it is a duty to pray for those in particular in whom the seed of grace has already taken root, although at present something checks its growth. Of course we may seem to be begging the question in speaking of the seed as having taken root: indeed, it is plain that we actually are begging the question; but what we wish immediately to show is, not that this is the case, but the *importance* of proving that this may be the case by showing what good would follow upon it assuming to be so. It fosters hope, which surely is of no mean use towards praying aright.

Nor are we unmindful here of what is exceedingly fearful to all who reflect upon it, that grace may be thrown away. Innumerable are the instances in the animal and vegetable world, of cases in which life is given with every capacity for further growth, and for coming to perfection, which cases after all never go beyond a tendency, and seem as it were a kind of mute orators stationed indeed in the irrational creation, but commissioned to warn the rational, that God may in some cases deal with it also as He plainly does deal with itself. Yet this observation, if it goes some little way towards depressing hope for those who are prayed for, tends most materially to increase humility in those who pray. No one is safe till this life is over, and the thought that we Catholics are capable of being lost, should make us humble supplicants for those who have a seed the powers of which we see, while they do not. As beings of a superior order have been thought capable of discerning in the germs of organized life its future capabilities either of further life or of death, so ought we to discern by faith such capabilities in many who are out of the Church: as some of the former have fallen through pride, so may we also, if not humble. The author of the Commentary on Isaiah, given to St. Basil, (§ 136,) well notices that the Psalms speak of some already in the book of life, being blotted out of it. (Ps. lxxviii. 28.) We have the saints to help us to keep in it, let us imitate them, and

use a prayer which so many of them have used before now: "Deus cui soli cognitus numerus electorum in supernâ felicitate locandus, tribue quæsumus, ut intercedentibus omnibus Sanctis tuis, uniuersorum quos in oratione commendatos suscepimus, et omnium fidelium nomina beatæ prædestinationis liber adscripta retineat."

It may be added to this, that such is our frailty that it is hardly possible that we should all escape rash judging of those out of the Church. People see men who really are in, or are generally thought to be in such stations in the establishment, as confer in some cases a good deal of wealth, who yet hold opinions which those in the Church, whether converts or not, see distinctly ought to lead them also into the Church. We wish to state the aspect of these people as strongly as we can, in the way in which it presents itself to those who are in the Church, in order that these last may see that it is not from want of knowing their grounds for judging, that we wish them to modify their judgments, and therefore we will put the case as we suppose it occurs to many, if, that is, we go by things which we have actually heard said. Now we have heard remarks the sum of which is as follows:

"By far the most learned and able of all the converts, Mr. Newman, changed his opinions in some few respects, completely, before he ceased to be a Protestant: it is no pleasant task to eat one's own words, but this Mr. Newman did most manfully, and in so doing, certainly showed no inconsiderable amount of humility: he had been, as we have heard the late Pope expressed it, 'the leader of a faction of the Puseyites in the sect of the Anglicans,' he changed his mind, and without caring one whit what his followers might think of it, or how his influence might be diminished, he recanted a certain number of errors before he left their Church. But this is not the case with some people; Dr. Pusey, for instance, recently published a sermon about confession, which if it may be forced into harmony with a long note upon the subject to his edition of Tertullian in the mere words, in the whole tone and temper of it is diametrically opposite to this note: in one work he would make out Catholics to be idolaters for worshipping the Blessed Virgin, and in another he recommends the use of the Rosary,—to say nothing of many other changes implied in his later works in regard to the dreadful 'Scriptural *views* of holy baptism:' and all this with no

manful eating of words, none of that distressing humiliation which Mr. Newman went through. Now we only take Dr. Pusey's case as a sample, and must say there is great want of evidence for the absence of pride here, and therefore, Mr. Reviewer, we have no need to look for that subtle spiritual pride which you were just talking about. If there is any thing of this sort in any number of cases, if men fancy they are raised up to reform the Establishment, and therefore expect God to make an exception to his ordinary rules, and let them off without final ruin though they do keep out of the Church, to pursue an idle hobby of their own, why, we may be very uncharitable, but all we can say is, that we do not want any *recherché* theory to account for these gentlemen having principles and not acting upon them."

This is a sort of rude summary of the surmises we have some reason to think go through the heads of some Catholics, which it is especially to our purpose to notice, both as it shows the want of *some* theory to explain a phenomenon which cannot but attract attention, and also as giving us the opportunity of saying, that if all this were quite true, it would be no business of ours to comment upon it, except so far as it is done with a direct intention of leading people to pray for those who were the victims of such miserable pride. So far then as any of us have judged harshly of others, so far as we have set down to pride what really may come from a man's low estimate of his own importance, so far we are to blame; we have not only their errors to pray against, but also a sin of our own to do penance for. And oh that the penance may take the form of industrious prayer for others! For as St. Gregory the Great well observes, (Mor. xx. § 71.) "*Commissa quæque perfecte diluit propria, qui purè plangit aliena.*"

But our readers will begin to say to themselves that, "I took up this book to enjoy a review, but here I am wearied with a sermon. If it was not profane to say it, I should say that I felt towards this writer something as Balak did towards Balaam, when all he could get him to do was to bless his enemies." Gentle reader, this is just what it is the christian thing to do, and what we want to help you to do, and therefore if we are somewhat prosy, you really must forgive us. The subject is one which must run us into a sermonizing style more or less, but still for the Catholicizing of England, it is of the utmost importance that

we should be as charitable as orthodoxy will allow us to be; and therefore we do 'hope you will give us a patient hearing, and not say we are too serious for you, or too philosophical, or too charitable. After this chat together, we hope you will walk on gravely with us, and allow us, not indeed to soliloquize, but to have all the talk to ourselves. With this modest request, we shall proceed as we best may, to try and show you that there is need to aim at proving the position that men may honestly hold premises without acting them out in conclusions. Hitherto we have aimed at showing the desirableness of proving it: next we attempt to show the need of it.

Now, whoever reads the pamphlets before us, will think that the following summary of them is not untrue, though taken alone it would be very unjust and severe. All they amount to is this: you Protestants want to know my reasons for joining the Church; here they are: if you would only leave off talking nonsense, and just reflect upon these reasons, I am sure that you, as a reasonable being, holding as you do, the need of being in a Church, must do as I have done." Now this way of talking upon the part of converts, must tend to make other Catholics believe that those to whom such arguments are addressed only need to put aside that dishonesty towards oneself to which human nature is so prone, in order to their becoming Catholics also. It is, however, unjust to give this as the summary of what the writers before us advance, though not altogether untrue, if it is not paradoxical to say so. The reason of this is because, although their direct statements do amount to something of the kind, their tone and several incidental expressions imply that they feel a good deal which these statements do not seem to us to express. At all events the main thought which they obtrude upon us is not so much this—a mighty grace has enlightened me, and now I am able to draw conclusions which once I could not: but rather this—I am quite sure if you will but listen to me, you must see that my conduct is reasonable. This we repeat is rather the *main* thought obtruded upon one, than the former. They seem to do what of course they would not be else than most forward to deny, namely, to assume that all *may* have an ear for their arguments who *will*: they *say* rather, you have ears and therefore hear, than (what they mean) he that hath ears, let him hear. What they say is perfectly true, if they mean that all will

have grace given them who seek for it; but then they keep out of sight the fact that men must seek for grace in order to come to the Church, and that nature, without grace, would rather close their ears to such arguments than give them an ear for them.

Of the three writers we think this is most the case with Mr. Marshall, less so with Mr. Northcote, and by far the least with Mr. Thompson, who indeed has express statements to the contrary, though they do not make up the staple of his pamphlet. Yet even in Mr. Thompson, gentle and amiable as the whole tone of his pamphlet is, there occurs a passage which will serve to illustrate our meaning, which we shall extract at length, to see if we can persuade our readers to take our view of it—namely, that on the main it views the question as one of reason rather than of faith, if it is not harsh to say so, as a case where the removal of wrong premises or arguing from admitted true premises would bring a man right. The fact is, that these writers are not writing, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, but on certain points to which they address themselves, and therefore if we wish to state certain qualifying points, we hope they will forgive us. Nor do we forget that a writer may reasonably feel a delicacy in speaking too much about the grace which has been shown to himself: it might seem to some minds like putting their own name into the book of life. Perhaps also we should add that there is something inexpressibly natural and simple-hearted in the idea, that all we have to do is to put reasons before people and they are quite sure to see the thing as we do. No one would do so who did not entertain a vivid hope that all was right at bottom, and that the only defect was that such and such truths have never struck people out of the Church, that they were matter of intuition to honest minds as soon as they were put before them, and that with such minds it matters next to nothing in what language they were addressed. The gaiety and happiness of a convert leads him to act in this simple-hearted way, and to say things to the public at large, which it might be quite right to urge upon private friends where he knows more of the case. He sees men in imminent danger, and like the bricklayer who saw the painter walking backwards to the very edge of a scaffold to look at his fresco, he daubs eagerly over the creations of the man's fancy with the first implement that comes to hand, in hopes thereby

to induce him to make his escape from the brink of ruin. However, to proceed with the passage of Mr. Thompson, which occurs in a note, p. 66—9.

“And here the writer would remark upon an obvious unreality in the use of Catholic phraseology by modern high churchmen, tending to foster, both in themselves and others, a dangerous self-deception, as serving to blind their eyes to the absence of the realities signified by the holy and heart-stirring words which they employ. Thus they speak of ‘Our holy Mother’s love and care for her children,’ ‘her impressive ritual, her solemn services, her salutary guidance,’ as if the object of their adulation had proceeded in the work of reformation on some definite principles, or had followed some ascertainable rule, or were endued with a personality, or actuated by a mind from within, instead of being in reality the creature of circumstances, the accidental product of diverse, successive, nay, mutually adverse influences from without. They make large use of terms, not only unrecognized, but positively discarded from the English liturgy. They speak of ‘altar,’ and ‘sacrifice,’ and ‘oblation,’ as if they were the words most common in the mouth of their Church, and as if the ideas embodied in them were her most cherished doctrines.

“A passage selected almost at random from an article in the Christian Remembrancer for the present quarter, (page 397.) will exemplify what is intended: ‘How different is the Church’s teaching. Every detail of His sacred life she dwells upon with the most minute particularity, rehearses it day by day and season by season, accompanies Him from the Annunciation to the Nativity; recalls Him, as her only living Guide and Master and Example, in feast and fast; actually dramatizes, as it were, His life in Passion-tide and Easter; pictures Him, paints Him, symbolizes Him, hymns Him, cherishes the visible image of His sacred Passion,’ &c. What can be the meaning of such a passage from one belonging to the Anglican communion? Is it not astonishing to think that any one could use such words, and believe them to be a description of the teaching and practice of that Church? Do they not rather suggest a distressing and humiliating contrast? What possible truth can there be in saying that the Church ‘*actually dramatizes*’ the life of her Redeemer ‘in Passion-tide and Easter;’ that she *pictures* Him, *paints* Him, *symbolizes* Him? How can it be said that that Church ‘*cherishes the visible image of His sacred Passion,*’ whose prelates will not permit even a building destined for Christian worship to be dedicated to its holy name; upon whose altars seldom indeed is it to be found, and then only to be the object of animadversion and reproach; and whose book of Common Prayer apologizes for its use in the administration of baptism? How can it be said that that Church cherishes the visible image of her Saviour’s Passion, who never teaches her children to arm themselves with its sacred

sign? nay, so little sanctions its pious use, that were any one to be observed adopting it, need it be asked what conclusion would be drawn concerning him? Would he not be supposed to belong to that Church, that one only Church, which does indeed cherish and glory in the symbol of her redemption?

“Such passages as the above, which might be indefinitely multiplied, suggest very serious reflections, when it is considered not only that, applied to the Anglican Church, they cannot possibly amount to anything more than a poetical figure, but that, from the manner in which they are propounded, their only effect can be to cheat those who employ them, and those to whom they are addressed, into the belief that they represent corresponding realities in their practical system, and that the members of the English Church actually possess the blessings which the imagery of the Catholic Church is designed to denote.

“Strange, indeed, it is that language so unreal should be acquiesced in by men so earnest as those who employ it, but it is *the result of the false theories* on which their position is based. In the first place, Anglicans invariably speak of their Church, not as she is, but as she might be *under circumstances*—as she would be, did she carry out what they consider her principles. In the second place, associating themselves in imagination with the Catholic Church of former ages, and even with that of present times, so far, and in so many things, as such fellowship suits their arguments and views, they are able, by a kind of eclecticism, to select and appropriate what they please from the Catholic system, and to talk of it, and consider it as their own. They first lay it down as a certainty, that the Anglican communion is part of the Catholic Church, and next proceed to speak of everything in that Church which they approve as common property. That which they do not approve, they rank under the head of a corruption, something extraneous, which should be rejected, although the whole Catholic Church (with the exception of their own, so-called, branch) have retained it. And that which they are willing to allow as lacking in their own Church, they consider, nevertheless, to be their own by virtue of its (supposed) union with the rest.

“In order to be able to indulge in these theories, there are two circumstances to which they are obliged to shut their eyes: first, to the fact, that they impute to their Church a system and intention, which, as far as she has either a living voice or a practical character, she utterly repudiates; and, secondly, to a fact still more evident, that the companionship into which they would thus, in theory, obtrude themselves, as well as being incompatible with their position, has a merely imaginary existence,—the indisputable voice of the whole Catholic Church, of which they would fain believe their own to be a part, denying her pretensions, and rejecting the supposed association.”

We have selected a passage as unobjectionable as we could, and yet the mysteriousness of the process of conviction is lost sight of here. It is quite true that such language as that just commented upon, is unreal and even ridiculous to Mr. Thompson now; but, then, he does not bring out what he feels (as we shall see presently); that he did not come quite of himself to see it to be unreal; it was not a mere natural process by which he arrived at this conclusion: at least we think not.

It will be right here to put in a caution or two by the way, which may serve to prevent our meaning being mistaken. When we say that it was not a mere natural process, we can conceive some persons out of the Church saying: "We see, then, that these people claim a sort of inspiration for themselves, while they are so severe upon us for pretending that it is against our consciences to leave the church of our baptism." Now, the full answer to this need not be given here: it is quite enough to reply that we are the last people in the world to dream of denying that religious faith is rational. If you once have faith, it is possible to analyze the objects of it, and reduce them to a reasonable system, which we may fairly defy Anglican Protestants to do. The difference between us and them is something like the difference between a man looking through a telescope and a man looking through a kaleidoscope: the one by faith gets a clear view of objects distant from him, their proportions, and relative dimensions and importance; the other keeps turning a set of disunited truths which he finds close at hand round and round and round, and cannot get them to make any systematic whole, twist them how he will: they are pretty bits of glass, not a mirror of heavenly truth. The question here is not how this faith comes into the mind, but whether, when it is there, it at all obliges a man to act without reason. Faith is to the mind what a miracle is to the external world—it does not overturn the whole course of nature, but uses that course of nature while it enlarges its sphere. A convert, then, does not act irrationally and by impulse, or, if by the latter in some cases, yet not in all, and never irrationally.

To this we must add another caution. We have no intention to disparage attempts to put before those who are not Catholics the reasons of the change converts have made. It is quite true that arguments will do very little where the heart is wrong; but even this little is more

than nothing. And there may be very many persons who do not like to go by a mere instinctive feeling that the Church is right, and only want to have reasons put before them, and to be able to get the step before their own minds in a rational shape, before they will take it. Others, again, are not impressed perhaps at all sensibly by reasons at the time they meet with them; but afterwards they find, upon consideration, that there is weight in them; that they are, as rational creatures, intended to use their reason, not indeed to supersede feeling and impulse, but still to guide and test these before we act upon them.

Moreover, it should be remembered that reasoning admits of being put into a shape calculated to work upon the affections as well as to convince the intellect; indeed, this is so much the case with all reasoning upon moral and spiritual matters, that it is generally felt that those who cannot get people either to love or to fear, will do mighty little by the most acute arguments or the most learned ratiocinations. We are very unwilling to say it, lest we should seem to discourage so able a writer, but we ought fairly to confess that a feeling that we wished to see more than learned proofs urged on Protestants stole over us as we read Mr. Marshall's very clever pamphlet: as we tried to put ourselves into the place of those, in whose welfare we give him full credit for an earnest concern, we felt there was something wanting in the way of persuasiveness—a want of a certain tone throughout it, which seems to us to form an under-current in Mr. Newman's work on *Developments*, for instance, or, to come nearer to our present purpose, in Mr. Northcote's pamphlet, to say nothing of Mr. Thompson's. But perhaps Mr. Marshall admires the tone of St. Jerôme, as we do that of St. Athanasius or St. Hilary. With saints on either side, we trust he will forgive us for venturing to differ. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" It would be impossible to state, and invidious to attempt, the contrast between individual passages in these two writers, yet, as we have felt it a duty to state our own impression, we shall do right to quote a passage or two from either. Mr. N. seems to us to wish to persuade, and Mr. Marshall to convince or confute; the latter treats his opponent in the main, and as far as his general tone goes, as an ecclesiastic in an inconsistent position: the former as a soul in peril of damnation. We

may take the following passages from Mr. Northcote as specimens. In page 98 he writes as follows:

“If we carried on our examination through all the details of doctrine in which the Church of England differs from the Church of Rome, I am persuaded that the result would be the same: we should find in the Roman system, at most, the expansion, in the Anglican, the absolute contradiction, of the primitive idea. Thus, prayers for the dead, we know, have been universal in the Church from the very beginning; these the Church of England has utterly abolished: therefore, even if her assertion were true, that the interpretation of the purpose of these prayers, in the form of the doctrine of purgatory, was not given till a later age, still one cannot doubt which would be most in harmony with the mind of the early Church, to believe in purgatory, or to discontinue prayers for the dead. Auricular confession, you say, was not systematically enforced for the first few centuries; but you cannot doubt but that the absolving power of the priest was then universally believed as fully as it now is in the Roman Church, nor that, in all cases of heavy sin, confession and satisfaction were required of the penitent as the condition of being restored by absolution to the communion of the faithful. In the English Church all this is practically disbelieved; for, though she asserts something of it in her prayer-book, yet she suffers her thousands and tens of thousands to go to their graves laden with the guilt of mortal sin, unconfessing and unabsolved. So, too, with respect to the invocation of saints, and veneration of relics: one fact, such as the order given by St. Ambrose to dig for the bodies of martyrs, that he might have their relics to place under the altars of his church; one story, such as that told by St. Gregory Nyssen of a prisoner delivered from death by the intercession of St. Ephrem, is indication sufficient of the mind of the ancient Church. Consider, too, the following narrative, taken at random from many told by St. Augustine in one of his most celebrated works: * ‘There was a certain old man in this our town of Hippo, called Florentius, a religious man and poor, maintaining himself as a tailor. He lost his garment, and had not wherewithal to buy himself another; wherefore he prayed with a loud voice to the twenty martyrs (whose memory is much honoured among us) that he might be clothed. Some mocking youths, who happened to be present, laughed at him.....As he walked on in silence, he saw a great fish cast on the shore, which he took and sold for 300 pence (follibus) to a certain cook named Catosus, a good Christian, telling him what had happened. The said cook, cutting up the fish, found inside it a gold ring, and straightway, melted with compassion and struck with awe, he restored it to the man, saying, ‘See how the twenty martyrs have clothed you.’ He gives also

* De Civ. Dei, lib. xxii. c. 8. s. 9.

many instances of miracles wrought at the intercession or by the relics of St. Stephen ; one of which was the conversion of a man of rank named Martial, whose daughter and son-in-law were Christians, but who was himself hostile to the faith. After many vain attempts to convince him, once, when he was sick, his son-in-law repaired to the shrine (memoriam) of St. Stephen, and there, after having prayed for his conversion with great fervour, took one of the flowers from the altar, and laid it on his pillow while he slept. Before dawn, he awaked suddenly, and called for baptism.' These are only specimens from a great number of similar narratives, which he gives at length ; but I think they are enough to show us where the sympathies of that ancient father would find a home on earth : not, surely, with those who, while they read with interest of the 'glorious cloud of witnesses' belonging to the old covenant, sever themselves utterly in spirit from the saints, martyrs, and confessors of the new ; thus, looking back on that long space of eighteen centuries which lies between us and our Lord's Ascension as one unpeopled waste ; but rather with those whom I have lately seen lying prostrate before the altars, while the choir, in plaintive litanies, called on our glorified brethren to pray for us to their Lord and ours."—*pp.* 98-101.

And again, page 51 :

" You remember the great movement made a few years ago, by some excellent individuals, in the National Education Society ; one object of which was the establishment of schools for the training of parochial schoolmasters ; you must often have heard it prophesied, that the scheme would fail after all, because young men educated on the scale proposed, would be able to obtain much more lucrative situations in other departments than they could as schoolmasters, and therefore it would not be 'worth their while' to adhere to their original destination. How this difficulty has been met, I do not know ; but its having been so generally felt is an exemplification of what I mean. When a parallel movement took place in the Roman Catholic Church, towards the end of the 17th century, to meet the need then felt of more extended machinery for Christian education, it issued in the founding of a new religious order, the 'Frères des Ecoles Chrétiennes,' which at the time of the French Revolution numbered 121 houses, and continues in vigorous operation to the present day. And thus it has ever been : besides the great Orders so well known throughout Christendom, whose services to the cause of literature and science, and indeed of improvement generally, during the middle ages, are now universally recognized,—those of St. Francis, St. Dominic, St. Augustine, and the most ancient and fruitful of them all, the noble order of St. Benedict, there were almost countless associations, all formed on the same basis of self-devotion, called into being by the passing exigencies of the times ; some of which, therefore, have passed away, now that their work is

done, while others still remain. You cannot glance ever so superficially at the history of the mediæval Church, without finding, that as one want rose after another in that age of struggle and progressive civilization, it was thus met. For instance; when that dreadful disease, called St. Anthony's fire, first broke out in Europe in the 11th century, a nobleman of Dauphiné, whose son had been attacked by it, and, as he believed, miraculously restored to health, founded the Order of St. Anthony, for the purpose of tending those who were suffering under it. The ravages of leprosy, in like manner, called into birth the Knights of St. Lazarus: from the persecutions endured by the Christians in the East, arose the Military Orders. A noble pilgrim, returning one day from the shrine of St. James in Galicia, fell among bandits, on the height of a desolate mountain in Auvergne; he escaped from them unhurt, and in fulfilment of a vow made in the hour of peril, instituted an association for the protection of future pilgrims; built a religious house on the spot, with a church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and established there a community, consisting of knights, sworn to drive the robbers from the neighbouring forests, and to escort travellers on their way, of priests, of lay-brothers, and other servants, and of a sisterhood of religious ladies, devoted to attendance on the pilgrims, and on the sick poor. The Order of our Lady of Mercy was founded for the redemption of captives from the infidels; and it was one of the vows taken, and in many instances actually fulfilled by its members, that, if money should fail them for this purpose, they should sell themselves into slavery as a ransom. You know what well-deserved praise has been lately bestowed on one of your clergy, for having caused prayer to be made in his church for a poor criminal about to be executed: now, there has existed in Rome, ever since the year 1488, a brotherhood called the 'Archi-Confraternità di S. Giovanni Decollato,' whose duty it is, not only to pray for such persons continually both in life and death, but also to visit them in their prison, to administer to them all the consolation which their condition admits, to prepare them for death, to accompany them to execution, to give them Christian burial within their own cemetery, and to take care of their widows and orphans. Madness too, that most dreadful of all calamities, has been remembered by the charity of the Church. At the time of the Reformation, perhaps in consequence of the great excitement which then prevailed, this malady seems suddenly to have increased to a fearful degree; and at that very time, St. John of God founded an Order especially destined for its relief, the success of which was wonderful, for the Christian love of those devoted brethren anticipated the discovery of modern science as to the efficacy of a soothing treatment. Thus, their hospitals were surrounded by extensive grounds, and care was taken to provide all possible variety of gentle recreation for the sufferers. A touching story is told of a visit paid by the Superior of the Order to a wretched maniac, who was kept chained in one of the under-

ground dungeons, used at that time for such purposes by the civil power, and who was said to be unapproachable. The holy brother insisted on being let into his den, and immediately embracing him, and stroking him gently with his hand, contrived to let him know that he was come in love. The poor maniac, melted in a moment at the voice of kindness, became passive as a child; allowed himself to be clothed, and, to the astonishment of all, walked away, leaning on the arm of his deliverer; and in a year that man was restored to his family in health and peace. These are only a very few specimens from an almost countless number;* but they are sufficient to illustrate what I have said, that the Roman Catholic Church may safely reckon on finding among her children self-devotion sufficient to carry out her designs of mercy. And as her pious institutions are based on a higher principle than parallel ones elsewhere, they are, in consequence, much more efficient in their operation. ‘Catholicity,’ says a Protestant writer,† ‘has made more eager and systematic aggression upon the moral and physical ills of poverty,—has shown more sympathy with poverty,—has given away more, and done more for charity’s sake, in each successive year of its existence, than some wealthy Protestant establishments in each successive century of theirs: with its brotherhoods and sisterhoods of mercy, it gives a basis of permanent institution and uniform religious principle to beneficent impulses, which by Protestants are commonly left to the energy of each passing generation and the necessities of the hour, and often die out for lack of an efficient organization.’ Compare, for instance, the working of your District Visiting Societies, which, as you know, are often found to be so unmanageable, that clergyman (especially of the school to which you belong) have judged it expedient to let them die away,—with the orderly, quiet and efficient co-operation afforded to the Catholic Parochial Clergy by the *Sœurs de la Charité*, or Sisters of Mercy. Indeed, you little know what is being wrought in our own day, and in this very country, by Catholic self-devotion. You have no idea how much has been done by a few nuns of the third order of St. Dominic in the town of Coventry;—by a religious sisterhood in Birmingham;—and by another, working in the very depths of London poverty;—nor how much more effectually the objects aimed at by your Curate’s Fund and Pastoral Aid Society, are accomplished by the Missions of Passionists, Redemptorists, and Rosminians.”—*pp.* 51-55.

From Mr. Marshall we shall extract the following passages, prefacing them only with this remark, that we by no means deny that there are many particular expressions

* *Catéchisme de Persévérance*, par l’Abbé Gaume, tom. vi. pp. 154, 164, 192, 236, 332, &c.

† London and Westminster Review, vol. 34.

and statements, which, if taken from either author, would qualify the view these specimens are intended to give: still, they seem to us to be fair representations of the *general* tone of the two pamphlets. In page 77 Mr. Marshall has the following tart passage, for such it would seem to those he wishes to win:

“And when you have got over these preliminary difficulties, and proved that all the Popes were usurpers, and that all the Saints consented to their usurpation—they who were humble and lowly as little children, so long as they were only bishops of Constantinople or Alexandria, of Arles or Ravenna, became proud and ambitious as soon as they breathed the poisoned atmosphere of Rome, and that whilst there was always one man in Christendom impious enough to claim a jurisdiction which did not belong to him, the rest of the world was also at all times so compliant as to yield it to him; in a word, when you have proved that the very men, as St. Leo and St. Augustine, St. Innocent and St. Damasus, St. Jerome and St. Ambrose, who did singly for the glory of God and the propagation of the faith, more than whole generations have been able to effect since, were after all no better than sordid tyrants on the one hand, and pusillanimous traitors on the other; when you have succeeded in proving facts so advantageous to religion and so conducive to the divine honour, then you will perhaps undertake to show that all those passages in Holy Scripture, wherein the supremacy of St. Peter is not less clearly manifested than by the testimony of the saints in all ages, are as little worthy of our attention as the other evidence which you so unceremoniously reject. You will show, for example, that when our blessed Lord bestowed upon Simon a new name, the Fathers were quite mistaken in supposing that this implied a new dispensation; that when the Evangelists, who mention the other apostles without any rule or order, always put S. Peter *first*, this was only an accident; and when our Saviour said to him with allusion to his mysterious *name*, ‘upon *this* rock I will build my church,’ there was no particular signification in the words; when He gave to him singly ‘the keys of the kingdom of heaven,’ He conferred no peculiar dignity upon him; and when He commanded him to pay tribute ‘for me *and* thee,’ this was not designed to distinguish him from his brethren; and lastly, when he thrice committed to him alone the care of all His sheep, He gave him no other commission than that with which he charged every bishop and apostle throughout the world.”

This, which is intellectually a most able passage, is not, we think, put in as winning a way as it might have been done without diminishing its effect upon the reason. And in page 96 we find the following:

“In the following passage [of St. Augustine] is a more full reply

to the error, and a more minute and scientific statement of the doctrine of which it was a perversion. 'The time which intervenes between the death of man, the final resurrection detains the souls in hidden receptacles, according as each is worthy of rest or suffering, by reason of that which it has obtained whilst living in the flesh. Nor is it to be denied that the souls of the dead are assisted by the piety of their surviving friends, when the sacrifice of the Mediator is offered or alms are presented in the Church. But these things are profitable to those, who *whilst living*, deserved that they should afterwards be beneficial to them.' He then proceeds to observe, that there are some men who lead such a manner of life as not to need these helps, such as saints and martyrs; while others are so evil as that they are not available for them, and others again are neither so good as not to require them, nor so bad as to forfeit the benefits to be derived from them. 'Wherefore,' he continues, 'all which shall be done *then* in respect of these aids and consolations, depends entirely upon what has been done *here*. Let no one trust that he will obtain from God after death, what he has here neglected.....When, therefore, the sacrifices either of the altar or of any works of mercy are offered for all the dead who have received baptism, for the very good they are acts of thanksgiving, for such as are not very evil, they are propitiatory; for the very bad, though they be no helps to the dead, they are a kind of consolation to the living. But to whomsoever they profit, they avail to this end, either for a plenary remission, or at least that their judgment itself becomes more tolerable.' Now it is very possible that Protestant ingenuity, more solicitous to maintain a perverse opposition than meekly to acquiesce in the assurance of faith, may detect in these words of the saint, something upon which a plausible cavil may be founded; but at all events it must, I suppose, be allowed on all hands, that the doctrine of St. Augustine belongs to a wholly different form of religion, from Anglicanism, and that the language of the 22nd article would have appeared to Christians of his age, no better than a very exaggerated specimen of heretical audacity and presumption."—Enchir ad Lau. cap. 109, 110.

We assure our readers that, after reading these pamphlets through, we have selected these passages at a hazard, and we do think they serve our immediate purpose, which is to show that arguments may be stated in a way to work upon the affections and convince the intellect, or in a way to attempt the latter without *appearing* to care for the former. Argumentative statements, however, have their place, as we have said above, and may tell for a good deal with some minds, especially as it is highly probable that which gives an author's reasoning cogency in persuading others is, in the vast majority of cases, not so much his

outward verbal statements, as the blessing which attends upon his interior life.

We have, then, said enough to make it credible that there is some need of what seems on many grounds expedient and desirable: viz., of a theory to account for the apparent dishonesty of holding principles and not acting upon conclusions which flow from them. We shall, therefore, attempt to reduce this strange phenomenon to somewhat like consistency with our experience in other cases, which, we presume, is the only theory which the matter admits of: a strange phenomenon is one which either does not, or is supposed not to come under ordinary laws, and this is one which we think may be shown to come under them, in spite of appearances to the contrary. And if any thing more is wanting to show that this phenomenon is worth taking pains to account for, it will be found in the fact that it is one of such extensive compass as to take in many actual converts as well as many possible ones. If we would ask almost any one of the recent converts now why he did not join the Church long ago, we are persuaded he would not say, "Why, I saw that I ought to do so, but I thought I would try and inoculate the Establishment before I left it with Catholic principles;" but, "Really, it is quite as great a mystery to me as it was to you old Catholics, before I was received into the Church." Mr. Faber, if we recollect right, said something of this sort in a letter which he wrote to Archdeacon Robinson soon after he joined the Church. And we happen to have heard similar admissions from several converts to whom we have spoken upon the subject. Of the writers before us, Mr. Thompson seems by far the most distinctly conscious that it was not a *mere* intellectual process by which he was led out of the heresy of denying the oneness of the visible Church. He puts so well before us both the use of argumentative statements, and the insufficiency of these alone, that his words seem made for our purpose:

[The author] "takes this opportunity of expressing his gratitude to those who by their writings have helped first to unsettle and then to satisfy his mind. And now that he has been brought by a most merciful Providence to the perception of truths, which in his previous ignorance he had implicitly denied, he would fain make others partakers of the benefits which he has himself received. Different minds are very differently affected, and that which seems an insufficient reason or an inconclusive argument to one person,

makes a deep impression on another; nay, the same mind is very differently affected by the same thing at different stages of its progress. Such indeed has been the writer's own case, and it would be a matter of wonder to him—did he not know his own sinful ignorance and weakness—why his reason and conscience were not convinced long ago, *by arguments which his intellect apprehended at the time, and which now he feels to be irresistible.*”—p. 3, 4.

The idea here is that it was some implicit fault conceived of as 'sinful ignorance which hindered' the modest author from seeing the cogency of certain arguments, and not any explicit dishonesty which kept him back so long. This sentiment, though nowhere (we think) clearly expressed, is doubtless strongly felt by Mr. Marshall and Mr. Northcote, as indeed it must be by all converts capable of reflection upon the processes of their own minds. The phenomenon, then, is one so extensive as to be worth attempting to explain; what was the case of actual converts may be the case of many not as yet converts. This is what the converts who have written do not, as we think, seem to feel sufficiently, and what we wish especially to insist upon.

Now if we were to begin *gemino ab ovo*, we might easily show how the same means of making things and discovering laws had existed for centuries, before they were actually made or discovered. Romulus may have had brick-bats, but it does not follow that he had a clear idea of a chimney, and still less, that he was tyrannical for not furnishing the meanest of his subjects with them. But though it is true, even in matters of art and science, that principles are seen long before their results are realized, yet it is matter of fact, that Aristotle applied this observation to matters of a practical kind. "Pretty well all forms of government," he says, "have been discovered, but some have never been blended together, and as for others, though men know them, yet they do not use them." This is getting nearer to the point: it is

* Since writing the above, we have been shown a letter of a convert, who expresses similar sentiments. "It really is only to these means, (the prayers of friends, &c.) that I can ascribe my conversion, which seems to me most marvellous; it seems to me like a dream, as if I had been *carried* from one (church) to the other, there is such a remarkable absence of human causes.....although now I wonder that my eyes could have been so long blinded to the *vast* difference between Anglicanism and Catholicism." From circumstances we need not mention, we feel at liberty to quote thus much, which indeed is amply sufficient for our purpose.

plain that in many cases men do not use means which they know: this all the world is aware of, but what we have to show is, that this may take place without anything one can call moral guilt.

Now any body may convince himself that he takes in things with his intellect often a long while before he apprehends them morally: if we could put into practice things as fast as we understood them, we should be saints in a very little while. Yet all rules of action involve farther conclusions from themselves, which farther conclusions those who have practised the rules see; and those who have not practised them do not see. It is quite plain to many persons that they ought to make satisfaction for their sins: but it is not plain to them, that certain particular acts are necessary parts of such satisfaction, *e. g.* that rich sinners ought to give abundant alms, although if they go on attempting to repent they will practice this in time, and then, and not till then, be fair judges how much they ought to do in this way. Such acts are, as it were, involved in the original determination to make whatever satisfaction for their sins they may be able. And a person who has lived a longer time in a course of repentance, will see the propriety of them, and see that they follow from that original determination. A person habitually industrious, again, cannot make the mere beginner in industry see the positive duty of retrenching all expenditure of time, not absolutely necessary, in amusements, or even in exercises of ingenuity which do not serve God and His Church; although the general determination to pass an industrious life involves a condemnation of all those idlenesses so generally palliated and excused, and that condemnation is often seen to be involved in the original determination, as a matter of intellectual deduction from it, although in practice it does not commend itself to the beginner. Now though of course there is plenty of room for self-deceit here, it does not seem unreasonable to say, that the course of nature is what it is, and not another thing; and that as God has so made us that we should, under that course of nature, get out of bad habits into good ones not all at once but by degrees, therefore he withholds from us at first the full consciousness of the consequences of a determination to be actively employed in his service. We have no answer to make when it is put to us that we ought to do such and such things over and above what we actually

do, but still by a kind of dim intuition we know that we are weakened by past neglect, and must not attempt to do every thing at once. Hence perhaps it is that we do not feel led towards many things, which we have an intellectual approbation of; we hold back awhile from a kind of implicit and half-conscious prudence, which though it governs many men, is only vividly recognised by a few as the ground of what else might seem tepidity or self-deceit.

Or, if this illustration of our meaning should not happen to commend itself to some minds, what can be plainer than the fact that Judaism involved Christianity; a belief in the Old Testament, a belief in the New; obedience to Moses, obedience to the Prophet he foretold? Judaism was, so to put it, the major and minor premise of Christianity: a man could not be a Jew, a consistently earnest Jew, without giving up that consistency as soon as he rejected Christianity. Yet St. Paul bears witness that the Jews had a zeal for God, and Christianity seemed to them at first to upset all their pre-conceived notions, and subvert the very law which it came to fulfil, until, in certain cases, the same Divine light which enabled them to hold firmly the premises, did also, by a further infusion of itself, enabled them to see the conclusions. Judaism became a heresy because it refused to accept the authorized conclusions from what it held, which conclusions it, of course, would have called unauthorized, just as Anglicans call those which the sixth and following centuries drew from the teaching of the preceding centuries. Yet it does not appear that the mere possession of these premises would have enabled a Jew to draw the legitimate conclusions from them: to do this a further and a separate act of Divine mercy was required. Although there is every probability that there was the greatest moral guilt in many Jews, who neglected to test Christianity by what they already held, and to examine whether or no the plain reason of the case would not have led them to see that Christianity was a legitimate conclusion from what they so held; although many doubtless were locally and unconsciously influenced by comfortable homes and family associations, and many others felt themselves so supported by their Jewish privileges that they thought this furnished an internal proof that all was right, and that they had enough for salvation; yet doubtless, there were those who with no

such culpable cowardice in facing the matter as reasonable beings should face it, yet from some mysterious cause had the light either for a time or even finally withheld from them. Some came to the truth at once, some would be a longer time, some would not come at all; some would seem to break off old connections with an unwarrantable haste, others to be cool and gay about it, others to be reckless of their fellow Jews, others to consider how they could most benefit these by "taking the step;" yet all would find that when they had once taken it, it certainly was not their own unassisted logic which led them to it, but some mysterious working of grace, which made things so plain then, that it was wholly unintelligible to them how they came to have staid so long out of the *true* grace of God, in a *false* grace if we may so call it, wherein they kept falling although they tried to stand.

Exactly parallel to this is the Anglican form of Protestantism, so far as it really holds to the earlier centuries, because the doctrine taught by these, like that of Moses, is from God: so far as it is a schism or a heresy, or whatever it may be, it is of course not from God: yet so far as it contains many who are innocently ignorant, ignorant that is, neither through negligence nor through any worldly attachment, so far as it forms a parallel to Judaism antecedent to the time when the evidences of Christianity had come home to it, or might have so done. In neither case is it permitted to man to know what God is about, in which hearts he is working the conversion necessary in order to the participation of Gospel grace, and in which he is refused entrance; in which a cowardly refusal to consider the arguments in the Church's favour is paving the way to eternal ruin, and in which it is only laying up a ground for deep repentance at not having come sooner to the sacraments, the genuine, unquestionable channels of the true grace of God. It is our business, therefore, not to be hasty in judging, but to be humbled by the presence of the mystery which we cannot fathom, and to persist in prayer. The words of our Lord to St. Bridget may be instructive to both parties: "Cum mihi orationem facis conclude semper sic orationem tuam, ut scilicet velis fieri semper voluntatem meam non tuam; quia cum pro damnatis exoras, non exaudio te." Rev. i. 14.

Here, by the way, it will be useful to explain an expression used above, which may possibly give scandal: we

have spoken of the *false* grace of God; and we did so because, as any one may learn from several expressions in the writings of converts, especially from Mr. Faber's pamphlet, those out of the Church imagine they have the grace of God, and think that the questionableness of their orders is removed by the experience they have of the effects worked through them in their communions and so forth. Of course God can do all things, and for people not culpably ignorant we may charitably hope that He will do much: but for people who are culpably ignorant, in case there be any such, Satan can and will do much. He can counterfeit all good, and by *retiring awhile* from the soul, make it believe that it has grace at this or that season, when he is only spreading his net more securely round it. This false grace may be illustrated for the sake of those whom it may concern, by the following story, the main truth of which we believe ourselves, but wish to use it merely as an illustration.

A holy young nun had not been very long in a convent in Switzerland, before her obedience was singularly rewarded by our Lord appearing to her at night and communicating her Himself. She had the discretion to mention so great a favour to her spiritual director, who thinking the case a very extraordinary one, applied to a Jesuit priest for further advice in the matter. The Jesuit with that prudent distrust in such things till thoroughly proved, for which their Society is celebrated, recommended that the nun's obedience should be tried by the abbess commanding her to refuse the Host when offered to her. This was done: the nun went to her cell; night came on: the same favour as before was shown her, but though it cost her a very great struggle, she obeyed. To refuse the Host from the hands of our Lord himself, must needs have tried any one's faith in obedience. She was threatened very severely for her presumption: she humbly pleaded obedience to her priest: upon this the threats were transferred to him, and the Host was left behind, in case she should repent, and that she might not doubt of the reality of the appearance. Her struggle was over: she had *obeyed*, in spite of all appearances being against her. The Jesuit came, and after hearing the circumstances ordered a censer to be brought with coals in it: upon placing the wafer upon it, a most pestiferous stench issued from it, and the priest perceived who it was that had

really communicated the poor girl. Instead of the communion of Christ, it was the communion of Satan.* Had she not determined from the first to go by authority on the matter, from spiritual pride he might have led her to one knows not what depth of abominable iniquity: but obedience to constituted authority rescued her from what would have else seemed a real sacrament. Whether Satan ever exercises similar deceits upon those who think that they also have the communion of Christ; whether they by any possibility unconsciously do often what she actually did once, we know not: let those who reject the authority of the Holy See, settle whether they will run even the least possible risk of a deceit so tremendous.

It is necessary to bring strongly before some of our readers possibilities of this kind, (and we do not presume to assert they are more than possibilities,) in order to put people upon their guard against assuming themselves, or allowing others to assume that some people are not called into the Church, who possibly will urge that they feel at peace, when they really take every precaution against being disturbed in mind. We have no mind whatever to run our charity into latitudinarianism, seeing it is no charity not to remind people that they will not keep out of ruin by shutting their eyes to it, while they pass by the one path that can lead them securely from it—the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.

But to return from this, which is somewhat of a digression, though we think a necessary one, in order to guard our statements from error, if a person does not see that a Jew might for a time have held, and held blamelessly, the premises of Christianity without coming at once to the conclusion, perhaps another case will put our meaning more plainly before him. We find then in ancient ecclesiastical writers many wonderful approximations to detailed consecrations of doctrine which were afterward explicitly held in the Church, and which yet it would be quite preposterous to assert that those writers had clearly before their minds. Why not? They had the premises, and why should they not have seen the conclusion from them? All we can answer is, that the time was not yet come for those conclusions to

* A gentleman with whom we are acquainted, was telling this story in Belgium, (if our memory does not fail us,) in a mixed company, when a person present said, "I can vouch for the truth of that story, for I am the Jesuit priest."

be drawn; that as in regard to prophecy, so in regard to doctrine, the disclosures or developments of the original gift were proportioned to the wants of the Church of the day; that, as Satan raised up heretics, God raised up doctors to meet them, by showing in what points the inventions of Satan jarred with the logical conclusions from doctrines already received. For Satan being intellectually much more acute than men, readily drew these conclusions, and therefore inspired heretics, as it should seem, with propositions contradictory, not of what was already held in a definite form, but of legitimate conclusions from these. In this way, when he had once enlisted men's pride of intellect in favour of his new inventions, he could lead them back through the pride of consistency into the old errors. He led them for instance not into Deism or Socinianism at once, but into Lutheranism or Calvinism. To pursue this thought further here would not be to the purpose of the present article: enough has been said to show that the triumph of Christ over Satan, through His Body the Church, may in some way make it necessary that the results of doctrine itself actually held, should only come to light gradually.

When a Catholic of the present day meditates upon the expression, "Mother of God," he sees in it alone a sufficient guarantee for all the reverence paid to our Lady. St. Alphonsus, we think, has said, that it is the title in which Mary especially delights as including all others. Hence we might have argued, that the particular doctor whose privilege it was to bring out and defend and illustrate this glorious title, would be the least likely of all ancient doctors to have breathed a syllable in disparagement of Mary. This doctor was St. Cyril of Alexandria, the great champion and prophet of orthodoxy against the Nestorians, as St. Athanasius had been against the Arians. Yet, among all the passages which Petavius gives to show that some ancient writers thought our Lady, like other Saints, was not exempt even from actual sin,* there is scarcely to be met one more distressing than one which fell from the pen of St. Cyril. Here then is a plain case of a mind of prodigious acuteness not seeing the consequence of the very doctrine for which he had been fighting. Cranmer

* *De Incarnatione*, book xiv. 1 § 3. We recommend this and the following book to those who imagine that antiquity condemns the invocation of Saints.

saw the consequence of it plainly enough, and as he had no wish that men should reverence Mary, and did not care for the Council of Ephesus or St. Cyril, he took the title clean away from that curious hodge-podge, the book of Common Prayer. We think then, with our enemies for judges, it is quite clear that the reverence paid to Mary is a plain conclusion from what St. Cyril did hold, and therefore a good instance to show that minds may hold premises in some cases without feeling their way to the conclusion.

Again, it is well known that St. Thomas did not hold the Immaculate Conception, which is a pretty plain proof that it was not a commonly received doctrine in any age before his time; and we find a passage long before in St. Augustine, in which he seems to hold that the Blessed Virgin was conceived in sin. (c. Jul. Pelag. v. 52.) Yet it cannot be denied, that the latter doctor paved the way to our seeing how she could be secured from it by the penetration with which he discussed the transmission of original sin, and the power of grace to interfere with it, although even St. Thomas himself did not see the conclusion. Up to this time it has not been definitely decided by the Church, that our Lady was without original sin, although there are several devotions sanctioned by the Holy See, which have indulgences attached to them, and in which it is stated most explicitly. And nobody we should imagine, would contend that St. Augustine or St. Thomas felt anything like that approach to absolute certainty upon the subject which we enjoy through the aid of the very principles which they have supplied us with.

Other instances of a similar inability to see the results of their own principles will occur to the learned; we have put down what happened to strike us at the moment, and which are enough to illustrate the position we have advanced. Now, the conclusion we would draw from this is, that if minds of such surprising reach and acuteness as those we have mentioned, enjoying also the full light which the use of the sacraments was able to give them, and being saints into the bargain—if such minds as these could fail in some cases to see the results of their own principles, surely there is reason to think that those who have been taught all their lives long to reverence such a tissue of absurdities and contradictions as the writers whose books are before us show Anglicanism to be, may, without any

great stretch of charity, be exempted from dishonesty when they do not see the results of their own principles. Again and again, however, we would assert, that we only mean these remarks to apply to those who are in real earnest, in spite of their inconsistency; in them, if we may venture to guess, grace has nothing to supply but an intellectual deficiency, though in others a moral change is what is most needed. When that intellectual illumination shall once have been given, we doubt not that many a one will be ready, after he is once converted to his Saviour, to join in the beautiful language of Mr. Thompson; (p. 90.) "If he is still asked, as men will ask again and again, whose minds are hindered by prejudice from accepting the *plainest deductions* of the moral and rational sense, what wrought his convictions, and impelled him to an act which is to some a matter of wonder or blame—what influences were used, and how the change was brought about, he can only answer with the man born blind, when his eyes were opened: 'One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see.'"^{*}

Converts of course, who once have the light, see things so plainly, that it would be just as reasonable for a set of blind children to argue with a comrade whose sight had been restored, about the disadvantages and probable bad tendencies of light upon the eyes, as for Anglicans to attempt to prove that it is not "delightful to the eyes" of faith "to see the light of the Sun" of Justice, to find that there was opened to them such a place as a Church where this Sun was continually present for them to bask in his presence; that, instead of their Saviour being dishonoured in the Church, it was there that He abode continually in His tabernacle, giving out grace all the day long to every one who fled to Him for succour, and ever ready to help them, and to be prayed to, as being there as truly as in the house of Mary and St. Joseph at Nazareth. Converts would find that where the Church is, (not through gross negligence, but) through over-fear of Protestant irreverence,† driven to shut up her houses of

* These words were also used in our March number, p. 100. by "a singular coincidence," as Mr. T. adds in a note.

† We have been told that it is common abroad to have an iron lattice-work under the tribune, so far from the door as to admit the faithful to adore, and so strong as to keep thieves out. We do not know if this hint may be of use to those who have the charge of churches in cities or large towns.

sacrifice and prayer most of the day, that there Christ had been habitually accessible, and that they, by some wonderful stupidity, had been living all along hard by their Master, and had never come near Him, but had fancied a house of bricks and stones would do as well for daily prayer as one in which God Incarnate was always present, even Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Oh, wonderful and pitiable idolatry, that would choose to bow down before wood and stone, and fill its mouth with arguments against coming to the living God, who would not have taken flesh to save them, or have vouchsafed to make that flesh marvellously present in so many places, had faith in the Trinity, who is equally present everywhere, been enough to rescue him from a curse! Oh, appalling stupidity, (enough to humble all men with a sense of their nothingness without grace,) which leads men from a blind fear of saints and angels, and of our Lady herself, to dwell where the abomination of desolation reigns, and Christ is not, and the daily sacrifice of the Mass is taken away! Surely men in this plight, whether by some guilt or a delay of the divine light, inscrutable to us, are objects, not for any censure which can be spared, but for any amount of prayers and litanies we can offer up for them, lest they should neglect finally that presence of God, which all types and prophecies promised should be in the Church.

People who neglect to come to this sacred presence will, of course, have all manner of excuses for such neglect. We have endeavoured, in the course of this article, to put them on their guard against such excuses; but still we are desirous to concentrate here the whole force of any such scattered remarks as we have made, to prevent our meaning being mistaken. We have no wish, then, to hint that we are in any way at ease about the final salvation of those who stay out of the Church: all we have said amounts to this, that nobody can come to the Church without divine grace, and that the delay of some persons to come thither does not proceed from motives so gross, or fallacies so readily detected, as some seem to suppose. But while we wish to assert, that it is a miracle of grace by which men are brought into the Church, it is a duty also to remind people out of the Church that Christ is ready to work that miracle upon them, but He cannot do so because of their unbelief. Grace is given to all who seek it. But when

men get obscure glimpses of God's will, which they will not attend to; when they actually say (as we have heard of some saying), "I am in invincible ignorance," and thereby imply that they feel that all is not right, if they would but face the question; when they refuse to weigh the difficulties of their position like honest men, and angrily state that they have no capacities or leisure for considering the matter, (which is no more nor less than whether they are on the road to hell or heaven); when the only reason they can give for not seeing is that it would be so very shocking to see what sacrilege they are guilty of; when persons of intellect and adroitness in worldly affairs coolly allow that they cannot answer this and the other difficulty of their present position, and yet *will* not muster courage to look boldly at the fearful chance which they must allow they are running, in staying a single instant out of the Church—when all this is the case, such people do not want to be reminded that they can do nothing without grace, but that if they do not act speedily upon the little grace they have, blindness will come over them; God will withdraw that light which all may have, and give them over to that reprobate sense which can no longer distinguish between good and evil.

If men feel a dread of entering upon the question, it is a strong proof, a very strong proof indeed, that they ought to enter upon it. More light is given, not to those who neglect weak light, but to those who follow up what they have, who receive dim lights, as it were, with hospitality, and entertain them till they are clearer. Plato tells us (Rep. 1—5.) of heathens who were writhed with agony upon their deathbeds by those fables of men in hell which, up to that time, they had laughed at; and surely the same may be the fate of those Protestants who refuse to go by evidence because it is not so plain as they would wish, who say with the Jews of old, "How long dost thou hold our souls in suspense? If thou be the Christ, tell us plainly." It is plain that it is possible the Church may be right, and they wrong; and it is also plain that it is possible for any one of those we are alluding to, to die to-night. They have a duty towards possibilities in either case. If it is possible they may die to-night, they are bound to live in readiness for death; if it is possible they may be damned for dying out of the Church, it is a duty to face the question, however dreadful the con-

sequences of so doing may at present appear to them. If *they* can only see that it is possible that they may come to such a dreadful end, and no more, they are bound to examine the matter thoroughly, since without this they can never see what it is probable, and still less what it is certain, will be their case. They are bound, then, to weigh such evidence as the writers before us or other sources will furnish, and to decide upon the evidence; only let them reflect, in making the decision, what a fearful risk they run of being biassed in favour of their own damnation by wealth, station, influence, relations, dead or living, or by idolatry to the system they have so long tried to force into a Catholic attitude, and that without the least prospect of success in the eyes of any one but those of their fellow-idolaters.

Anxious, however, as we are to warn all Protestants, and those called Puseyites in particular, we still hope that Catholics will see that we have no right to judge individuals, and have every right to pray for all men. The greater and the more wilful the blindness of men is, the more reason have we to pray for them and to pity them; and we have reason to fear the existence of such wilful blindness in some, because we know God gives light enough to all to find them by, if they choose. The Apostles nowhere speak of the Jews as else than very guilty for rejecting the evidence put before them; nor would we be thought to speak otherwise of those, as a body, who now reject the evidence of Christianity in its one legitimate form. Only we wish all to remember that we cannot be sure what is going on in the hearts of individuals, and so ought to pray for the illuminating grace which all need in order to come to Christ.

A few days after the Crucifixion, two of the disciples, in downcast mood, were journeying from Jerusalem to Emmaus, talking and reasoning with themselves about all that happened. A stranger joined them, who wanted to know what they were talking about so sadly. He seemed to be a man of their own rank of life, as they presently after ventured to ask him to come and sleep in their cottage. He was in humble clothes, and as they were pleased with the interest he seemed to take in them, they answered

him confidently, and confessed to him the real cause of their sadness, being at the same time not a little surprised that he should know nothing about the recent events. They let him so far into their secrets, that they quite admitted that they believed it was He who should have redeemed Israel, who had just been crucified. Moreover, they told him there was a report, though only on the authority of women, poor weak creatures! that all their Master had prophesied had come true, and that He had come to life again. Upon this he told them, that this was only what all the prophets had said about Him who should redeem Israel. He talked to them about the very sufferings, and the glory not to be had without them, upon which their Master had again and again spoken to them. Stupid and slow of heart as they were, and needing yet some heavenly illumination to make them see "the plainest deductions" from prophecy, they yet were honest-hearted after all. They asked this mere stranger, without letting suspicions of any design upon them get the better of them, to come and share their fare. He accepted their offer. He communicated them in one kind, and they knew immediately that, with a stupidity which astounded their very selves, they had had the Word of life close enough to them to have handled and seen Him ever so long, and now felt with dismay that they had not turned His company to any such advantage as they would have wished.

How would Mary have looked on these poor disciples, till they were illuminated? How does she look now, perhaps, on some out of the Church? and how do we look upon them?

ART. III.—*Vigilantius and his Times.* By W. S. GILLY, D. D. 1844.
Canon of Durham, and Vicar of Norham.

IN the present state of religious discussion external to the Church, we find ecclesiastical history the subject of debate for a two-fold motive and end. By one party it is cited as an authority. By another it is contemplated as a difficulty; and this is the school to which the work before us belongs. On the one side history is made to sanction and to determine; on the other it is simply to be accounted for and explained. The representatives of the one take its affirmative or positive, those of the other its negative, evidence. It is either used as substantial proof, or it is made an *argumentum ad hominem*, to disprove authority by its very manifestation. Dr. Gilly does not pretend to be more or less than a champion of the latter method. The grounds of his persuasion are far removed and secure from the uncertain results of an appeal to tradition. His faith rests upon the Bible, the present Bible, and common sense. He is content to remove objections (where it is supposed possible) by means of the study of history. "We are not satisfied," he says, "with any ecclesiastical antiquity, with any views or practices, which cannot be traced, by analogy at least, to the writings of the New Testament." And a sentence of this kind, in the language of his school, means a great deal—much more than the grammatical sense of the words need import. On the other hand Mr. Palmer, the representative of his own school, may be supposed to make antiquity the rule and canon of his belief. While he essentially differs from Catholics in his judgment of it, he will be forward, even to officiousness and importunity, in joining hands to support its positive evidence. Unlike Dr. Gilly, he will not take the exceptions of history for his standard, if, at least, he be true to his principles. He will even require, where it is not necessary, a *consensus*, fearful lest antiquity should make against him. Over against this system, the marked contrast of Dr. Gilly's theory will be evident from the following passage of "*Vigilantius*:"

"I have the unthankful and invidious task of pointing out the errors of eminent men, and of introducing a Reformer to my

readers, without the power of giving any of those delightful biographical sketches which render the Reformer's office and pretensions pleasing."

We interrupt the author to remark that it is not strange indeed that he should have nothing to say for his Reformer, when he purposely confines the value of history to what it does not profess to record. He continues :

"I can only vindicate him from the aspersions of his adversaries ; and the vindication unfortunately becomes a series of attacks on the principles or dispositions of some of those who have been esteemed Christian Saints. Admirable traits of many kinds, holy sayings and doings, anecdotes and characteristics, which command respect and win applause, may be set against the follies and faults, which the plan of my book forces me to write up against the Jeromes and Martins of the fourth and fifth centuries ; while I can only gather here and there a stray flower wherewith to weave a garland for Vigilantius. And this is not the worst of it. I lay myself open to the suspicion, that while I expose the blemishes of the patristical system, I hate its virtues. But it is not so. Because the mischievous part of it has been cloaked, and the attempts of those who remonstrate against its errors, and its adaptation to present times, have been misrepresented and descried, therefore the truth of history requires a counter-statement. Such I am attempting to give, fearless of, but not blind to, the misconstruction and censure to which I may be exposing myself. 'Let God be true, but every man a liar.' Christ is the foundation laid. What has been built upon this foundation ? Gold, silver and precious stones ; or wood, hay, stubble ? This is the enquiry. Truth and light are what we want, and if these be found, and the clouds of doubt and darkness be dispersed, it matters not what system shall perish, or what hypothesis shall come to an end."

As there is no reference in the preceding passage, or in its context, to the actual Church of Rome, we are under no difficulty to understand what is that system to which the words, "wood, hay, and stubble," are applied. It is evidently the system of the "Jeromes and Martins of the fourth and fifth centuries." And indeed the work of Dr. Gilly seems, in a great measure, to have been written against a well-known little book, published by a then member of the established religion, and entitled "The Church of the Fathers." (See pp. 271 and 459, and elsewhere.) Yet the habitual, nay, almost indissoluble connexion of the quotation of St. Paul with the Church of Rome, in the language of Protestantism, indicates the

entire syllogism which passed through the writer's mind. When two things agree with a third, they agree with each other. The Church of Rome, then, and the Church of the Fathers are the same. And, in truth, this principle is the under-current of the whole work we are reviewing, as will be seen from its details.

It would be unjust to assert that the author and other persons of the same opinions defend and espouse the cause of all heretics, because we find their sympathies strong for Vigilantius or Jovinian, and their opposition as decided against St. Jerome or St. Paulinus. Unquestionable though it be, that their compassion will always find excuse for the worst forms of error, when it is the Church which attempts to suppress them; and that the liability to persecution will qualify almost any amount of apostacy; yet it cannot be affirmed that they either strictly participate in the evils which they would seem to tolerate, or connect themselves ostensibly with the original promulgators of them. Dr. Arnold, for instance, who is a school by himself, and yet in some respects agrees with Dr. Gilly's sentiments, indulgent as he was towards Unitarian doctrines and individuals, cannot in charity be charged with explicitly denying the Divinity of our Lord. There are indeed in his Correspondence, which is nearly all we know of him, trains of thought of a frightful tendency; yet it was no doubt part of Almighty God's sparing providence, and a natural reward for many christian virtues, that he was not permitted to realize them, and look them in the face. In like manner Dr. Gilly, if we judge him right, would shrink with horror from the imputation of Gnosticism, Arianism, Manicheism, Pelagianism, Nestorianism, however closely on certain points and by implication he were found to favour their doctrines. There is a class of heretics (as they are deemed by the Catholic Church) to which he confines his avowed alliance. This class, as might be expected, is especially the anticipation of pure Protestantism, as it has been propounded from the 16th century downwards. Jovinian and Vigilantius are amongst its earliest champions. The Paulicians of the 8th century, the Iconoclasts of the 9th, the Waldenses and Albigenses of the 12th, the Hussites and Lollards of the 15th, are the successive witnesses to truths afterwards so largely to be dispersed. The symbols which characterize the protest of Reform are those which are emphatically designated by

the name of "Roman Superstitions." The end which is consistently proposed, and is the rule of the renovation of society and religion, is the simplicity of the Gospel. It requires no subtleties, no learning to ascertain; and it involves no voluntary hardships. Social enjoyments are its right and its franchise. Its reward, and at the same time its evidence, is peace and comfort.

It is scarcely necessary to identify more precisely the school to which Dr. Gilly belongs. Allow for the change of circumstances, and he may be regarded as the genuine disciple of the historian Milner. And he seems to feel a satisfaction in the coincidence of his views with those of that Protestant writer. "Oh, for one page of Vigilantius! I would gladly give up," said Milner, "the whole invectives of Jerome and Rufinus for a single page of Vigilantius or Jovinian." (p. 481.)

The preceding remarks, then, draw to a close. The Church is assailed in her fastnesses of antiquity. While she is casting about how to repel the attack, lo! a second enemy advances. The one came to occupy—the other comes to destroy. At the sight of a competitor, the latter leaves his design against the Church, and begins a contest with his rival. Neither succeeds; and their mutual destruction is the ultimate result of their respective attempts. The Church the while remains in quiet possession of her rightful property. Truly, in the language of the Apocalypse it may be said of her and her foes, "Datum est ei, ut sumeret pacem de terra, et ut invicem se interficiant; et datus est ei gladius magnus."

Dr. Gilly and his school have, then, this accidental merit in a Catholic aspect, that they fight her battle with Mr. Palmer and the so-called Anglican theory. With his predisposition to give up whatever even borders upon the supposed peculiarities of Rome, he actually restores the fourth and fifth centuries to their legitimate position. But even apart from all advantage to the Catholic cause, there are reasons why his general estimate of the facts of history is not unlikely to be accurate and impartial, however his deductions may be erroneous. He is not hampered with the necessity of vindicating the four first councils to the Protestant interest, as Mr. Palmer, more faithful to the articles and formularies of his Church, cannot fail to be. Regardless of tradition, as such, he will, under parity of circumstances, be in a proper mood to give historical testi-

mony as he finds it. There is no period for which a particular predilection will lead him unwittingly to discolour events and doctrines. St. Ignatius' episcopacy has committed the whole of antiquity. It is no matter with him to show that the present age is essentially different from the Middle Ages, and these again from the Nicene times. If they were different, to be sure he would change his tactics. Never would the appeal to tradition have been relinquished, but that it could not hold. They who still prefer it in their opposition to the Church, have the merit of retaining thus much of the Catholic spirit; but the ground sinks beneath their feet. Aware of their perilous position, the party, which Dr. Gilly represents, prudently retire to another standing-place. They see the inexpediency of shutting their eyes to the real character of facts. They feel that historical truth must be brought out some time or other; it is their interest even to anticipate, if possible, the discovery. There is a certain security under the shelter of abstractions and the general laws of reason, which matters of fact do not present.

Thus situated, our author may be expected to give a tolerably correct picture of the period which he undertakes. If the Nicene and post-Nicene ages present the same broad features, which in modern times have been associated in Protestant minds with superstition and fanaticism, there is nothing in his system which need oblige him to stand on ceremony with antiquity, and observe unmeaning courtesies towards the St. Jeromes, St. Augustines, and St. Ambroses. He will feel with Daillé, and more openly express the sentiment of that writer, (if we may speak from hearsay,) that it is vain to seek the sanction of Protestantism in the Fathers, that they may indeed be rightly used, if certain generalities be extracted from them; but that in all matters of detail they must not, cannot, be arbiters between Catholics and the schools of the Reformation.

We are prepared then to accept, with some restrictions, Dr. Gilly's account of the fourth and fifth centuries upon his own terms. The more faithful he is to his prejudices, the more may we depend upon his accuracy; his very terrors are evidences of realities. And here we are reminded of an unlooked for, yet marked, proffer of support to opinions long since advocated in the pages of this Review. It may, perhaps, be remembered by some readers

that certain of the Fathers, and among others St. Paulinus, were cited in a former number as witnesses to Catholic devotion to the Saints. And the testimony was not adduced without considerable comment in certain literary quarters; as we have had occasion to know. It appears, however, that the result of Dr. Gilly's researches coincides with the belief on which that appeal was rested. He does not mince the matter.

"It is impossible by any sophistry, or by any form of words, or artifice of interpretation, to rescue the memory of Paulinus from the charge of 'Saint worship;' nay it is one of his great virtues, in the estimation of the Roman Church, that he was a 'Saint-worshipper'.....and.....the Romish advocates of saint and image worship have always triumphantly pointed to the example of the holy man of Nola."—p. 79.

In illustration of this judgment, Dr. Gilly proceeds to give instances from the writings of St. Paulinus:

"In the seventh (of the Natales) we have a sample also of the feeble and unsatisfactory acknowledgement, which ultimately refers every blessing to Christ, whilst it mediately ascribes the divine favour to the intervention of beatified spirits. In this hymn we have supplicatory expressions addressed to St. Felix, which fully illustrate the character of saint-worship of the fourth and fifth centuries. 'Hear me; help me; hasten to my assistance, effect my cure. Holy Felix, come to my aid.'"—p. 83.

Again,

"The ninth birth-day hymn is a valuable record, inasmuch as it contains a complete representation of the solemnities and acts of adoration performed in honour of departed saints in the age of Paulinus and Vigilantius. The reader might suppose it to be a description of the very scenes which he himself may have witnessed at Rome or Naples, on patron saints' days in the nineteenth century; the same pageantry, the same prostrations and genuflexions, the same invocations, 'Sancte Januarie, ora pro nobis.'"—p. 84.

It would be tedious, and also would exceed our limits, to adduce all his proofs from St. Paulinus. We subjoin one more:

"'Oh! Felix,' said he, in one of his prayers to that saint, 'let me die before thy tomb, and let me be presented by thee at the throne of the Divine Majesty. Let me obtain a place, by means of thy intercession and of thy merits, among the saints of Christ.'"—p. 87.

The author's reading does not seem to have led him much beyond the works of St. Paulinus, St. Sulpicius, and St. Jerome. Yet he does not confine his evidence to the first of these authorities.

“The impressions received in the household of Sulpicius, were among the causes of the efforts which Vigilantius afterwards made,to check the progress of hagiolatry.”—p. 164.

And again, in a note, he ascribes a similar devotion to St. Jerome :

“In his ‘*Epitaphium Paulæ*’ his expressions approach very near to those of adoration. ‘*Vale O Paula, et cultoris tui ultimam senectutem orationibus juva.*’ ”—p. 434.

The Catholic would not require more specific authority. It reminds him of the conclusion of the Ave Maria, “*Nunc et in hora mortis nostræ.*” Elsewhere he observes :

“The great error of the day consisted in seeking for the intervention of some created being between the soul and its Creator.”—p. 207.*

But we are concerned to extend our remarks upon this subject of devotion to the Saints and respect for their memorials beyond the particular limits to which he confines our attention. For after all, without refusing to him the praise of industry, ingenuity, and scholarship, it is but a small portion of the fourth and fifth centuries which his sketch comprises, and but a very narrow compass within that portion which his plan embraces. And as this subject is of no little importance in its bearings, we will not leave it till we have noticed certain considerations respecting the reading of the Fathers in the present day, and in this country.

We think, then, that there are satisfactory reasons to show that those points of Catholic doctrine which are controverted by the Anglican Church are not likely to present themselves with due prominence to members of that community in their study of the Fathers. The proper office, as we conceive, of the Fathers among them is to supply a system of dogmatic theology which their own writers do not furnish, or, at least, leave in an imperfect state. We

* The reader is referred however to the whole work of Dr. Gilly, and more especially to pp. 170. 203. 212, 213. 215.

are contemplating serious, thoughtful, and conscientious enquirers, for such alone are interested in the expansion of dogmatic truth. It is natural, then, that their attention should first be directed to the elucidation of what may be called the fundamentals of religion, and of those points of the original faith which their Church does not reject. Accordingly, it is obvious that those writings of the Fathers which concern the Trinity, the Incarnation, Original Sin, the Evidences of Religion, and other similar subjects, will be foremost in engaging their thoughts. Every one wishes to lay a foundation of principles and rules in his mind before he proceeds to topics which are more properly their application and development. Knowledge which is gained at another price is unsatisfactory and barren. It both withers away, and is unserviceable from its hollowness for practical purposes. Anglican students, to take an instance, will thus learn the veneration with which the Fathers invest both persons and things connected with our Lord's humanity, long before they have a distinct notion of the peculiar reverence which was entertained towards His Blessed Mother. We do not at all deny that they occasionally take side-glances at subjects to them forbidden ground, or, indeed, that ever the comparison of Roman doctrine with patristic theology escapes their memory. But this circumstance itself implies no little restraint. There is scruple in dwelling upon, or preserving the memory of, incidental proofs of Catholic truth. The very anxiety which such proofs might awaken, proceeding from some inward distrust of a position of schism, is turned into an argument against the lawfulness of giving them any consideration. They are put aside as temptations. The student is his own confessional. It is better to know nothing than to know too much.—God forbid that such motives should be despised.

The difficulty is increased, when we bear in mind that the doctrines, which distinguish the Catholic from the Protestant, are not likely to be found in formal treatises. St. Augustine observes, in more than one of his Pelagian tracts, that the Church has not occasion to give a complete account of any doctrine, until the tenets of heresy show the expediency of counter-statements. It is not to be wondered, then, if the Fathers do not supply us with regular dissertations "De Cultu Sanctorum," and we speak without knowing exactly whether they do or do not. The

Church cannot be young and old at the same time; she was not destined to anticipate her own experience. Endowed with divine gifts of infallibility and continuity, the laws of her progress through her life of ages have yet been in analogy with the growth of man and other created beings. While her Lord was with her, she stood in no want of scrip, staff, or shoes; but, on his departure, she required again these human means.

Amid these obstacles which lie in the way of the Anglican student, (for the actual Church alone can supply an adequate key to antiquity,) the Fathers on the other hand do present the clearest evidence of the Catholic belief on the subject to which we are referring, when circumstances or their purpose offered it to their notice. It is true, they do not go out of their way to prove what was not brought into question, but they speak most unhesitatingly and decisively when the occasion required.

We will content ourselves with the distinct testimony of one celebrated writer, St. Gregory of Nyssa, the brother of St. Basil. At the same time, the quotation which we extract from his Sermon on St. Theodore, the martyred soldier, will, by its additional testimony to the reverence in which relics were held and Saints'-days kept, to the use of pictures and sculpture, and even mosaics, for sacred purposes, to ecclesiastical miracles and pilgrimages, embrace topics which Dr. Gilly's work presents also to our consideration. St. Gregory begins thus to a promiscuous audience:

“Christian men, holy flock, royal priesthood, ye who from all quarters, both from towns and from the country, have thronged hither, what agreement of purpose has led you all to this sacred threshold? Who has imposed upon you this obligation of zeal in your attendance,* yea, in a season when even war has its truce, and the soldier casts off his armour?.....Is it that the holy martyr has blown the trumpet from the midst of his military ranks, and has aroused so many from different parts, and called them all to this his resting-place and abode?..... Is it that Saint, whom we believe indeed to have subdued in the foregoing year the storms of the barbarians, and stemmed the frightful irruption of the savage Scythians?.....His soul has gone up on high, and dwells in its own heritage; and severed from the body lives with spirits of its kind; while his body, that venerable and imma-

* εμπερισσμον αναγκην.

culate instrument of his soul, which never tainted by its own infirmities the incorruptibility of its indwelling mistress, is here adorned with costliness and splendour, and reposes in honour within the sacred precincts, as a jewel of great price preserved unto the times of regeneration. Incomparably different is it to the remains of other bodies which have been dissolved by common and ordinary death, although the substance of nature is the same. For other corpses are revolting to mankind: and who is there who passes by a grave from choice? Nay, if a man should unexpectedly meet with one open, he hides his eyes from the unsightliness of its contents; and filled with distress, groans heavily at the destiny of man, and so passes on. But if he approaches a spot like this, where to-day we are assembled in such numbers, and where the memorials of the just man and his holy Relics* are preserved; first, his attention is attracted by the magnificence of the spectacle, in the presence of an edifice fit for a temple of God, admirably constructed both as to the size of the building, and the beauty of the decorations, where the workman has given life to the wood in the form of animated creatures, and the sculptor has polished his block of marble to the smoothness of silver, and the painter has displayed the colouring and the magic of his art in the design of a picture truly calculated to represent the great deeds of the martyr, his difficulties, his sufferings, the savage visage of the tyrants, the insults, the burning furnace, and the blessed consummation of the holy wrestler, together with the image of the human form of Christ the prize-giver—representations which as a book impart information through the medium of colour, and clearly bring before our eyes the trials of the martyr, while they give a splendour to the temple which equals the brilliancy of a flowery meadow. For indeed painting, though it has no voice, yet can speak from these panels, and instruct with efficacy. Again, the artist in mosaic† has rendered the very pavement which we tread a historical drama. When the devout visitor has gratified his eyes with these sensible influences of art, he then desires to approach the reliquary itself.‡ He is persuaded that the very touch of it sanctifies and blesses. And if the dust which covers the receptacle of the saint is granted to his request, earth though it be, it is received as a precious gift, it is treasured up as a jewel. But as to touching the relic itself, should any good fortune place it in a man's power, they who have had the privilege, and have had their desire fulfilled, know what earnest entreaty it has required, and how the permission is regarded as the greatest of boons. As if it were a living and flourishing body the beholder embraces it; his eyes, his mouth, his hearing, all his senses are in action; he sheds the tear of devotion and of sympathy; and

* *Λειψανα*, the technical word for Relics.

† *Ψηφιδων συνθεσια*.

‡ *Θρηνη*

as if the martyr were sound and present, he entreats him to be his advocate, and invokes him as the armour-bearer of God, and calls upon him as one who receives gifts at his pleasure. From all these things, learn, ye devout people, that ‘precious indeed in the sight of the Lord is the death of his Saints.’—(Ps. 115.)

After giving some account of the history of St. Theodore, St. Gregory adds :

“Theodore departed then on his blessed and glorious journey to God, leaving to us the memory of his deeds as a lesson. There reigning he assembles hither these multitudes, he instructs the Church, he drives out devils, he brings in angels of peace, he asks of God in our behalf what is for our good, he blesses this spot for the cure of various diseases, for a harbour to the afflicted, a treasury to the harassed poor, a shelter to the traveller, a ceaseless scene of festive concourse. For though we celebrate this day as an anniversary feast, still never does the multitude of devout assistants fail ; the very public road which leads hither resembles a swarm of ants ; some are seen going up, others retiring to give place for new comers.”

St. Gregory then concludes his discourse with a pathetic address to St. Theodore :

“We therefore, O blessed Saint, by the^d mercy of God having compassed the year’s circle, have gathered unto thee in this solemnity a sacred assembly of souls devoted to the Martyrs,* who come both to adore our common Lord, and to commemorate thy triumphant career. Do thou therefore, wherever thou art, present thyself to us in this festival, to be our president. Thou hast summoned us ; now it is we who call thee to our concourse. But if thou dwellest in the highest heavens, or art visiting some celestial sphere, or amid the ranks of the angelic choirs, dost stand beside thy Lord, or together with principalities and powers as a faithful subject dost prostrate thyself in adoration, request a short respite from thy blessed offices, and come, O our invisible protector, to those who pay to thee their tribute of homage. Take cognizance of these mystic rites,† that the eucharistic praise to God may thus be doubled, inasmuch as for one death, and one pious confession, He has returned to thee such great glory ; yea, rejoice at the blood thou didst shed and the flames thou didst endure. Thou hadst many spectators of thy sufferings, now thou hast as many to minister to thy honour. We need, indeed, many services ; oh ! intercede in behalf of this thy country with our common King. For the

* φιλομαρτυριαν

† τα τελευμνια, the sacrifice of the Mass.

country of a martyr is really the place of his death. His fellow-citizens and kinsmen are they who adorn his shrine, and possess him, and honour him. We perceive already on the horizon great afflictions, we are expecting extreme dangers. The implacable Scythians are not far off, teeming with war against us. As a soldier fight for us. As a martyr witness by thy boldness for thy fellow-servants. And though thyself thou didst rise above earthly interests; yet thou knowest the weaknesses and necessities of human nature. Ask peace for us, that these very solemnities may not be remitted, that the rabid and sacrilegious barbarian may not spend his rage upon these our temples and our altars; and the profane not trample upon holy things. And if we have been preserved hitherto untouched, we owe it to thy benevolence. We entreat then for security in future. Yet, if need there be of further intercession, join to thyself the company of thy brother-martyrs, and pray with them all; let the prayers of many just, absolve the sins of whole nations; remind Peter, arouse Paul and John the Divine, the beloved disciple, that they may have a care for the churches which they themselves instituted, for which they were loaded with chains, and endured dangers and death; that idolatry may not raise its head against us, and heresies as thorns may not spring up in the vineyard; that the tares may not choak the wheat; that no arid rock may be found to our peril to want fatness from the true dew of heaven, and show that the power of the Sacred Word is dried up against all fruitfulness. But by the power of thy intercession and the prayers of thy fellow-martyrs, O glorious and incomparable Saint, may the kingdom of Christ be as a seed of wheat enduring unto the end in the fat and fertile soil of Christian faith, ever bearing the fruit of eternal life, which is in our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom with the Father and the Holy Ghost be glory, power, honour, now and for ever. Amen."*

It does not appear that the Catholic belief of the honour due to the Saints could be more expressly and more fully declared than in the preceding language of St. Gregory. One remarkable point which he illustrates, is the efficacy assigned to the Saints' intercession in circumstances of danger; and what danger could be more formidable than an inundation of the barbarians of the fourth century? The merits of St. Theodore were claimed by him and his Christian congregation in behalf of their country in circumstances of peril of every kind; and the martyr received abundant memorials from the hands of his indebted clients. It is said: They called upon him as one who

* Greg. Nyssen, Opp. Ed. 1616. Paris, Tom. ii. p. 1010. Our limits will not allow us to insert the testimony of St. Basil, though equally strong with that of his brother. Vid. Basil. Opp. Ed. Bened. Recens. Tom. ii. p. 218.

received gifts at his pleasure; he was a harbour to the afflicted, and a shelter to the traveller; he was a cure to the sick, and the terror of evil spirits; though dead, he was addressed as sound and present in the body, and as an advocate with God; he had warded off the Huns, the relentless Scythians, he was entreated to ward them off still; he was to join to himself for this engrossing object the whole army of martyrs, and to remind St. Peter, and to arouse St. Paul and St. John for the defence of the Church. But the commemoration of the merits and power of the Saints interfered not (God forbid!) with that peculiar and ultimate end of all Christian service, "the adoration of our common Lord," or "the eucharistic thanksgiving to God," or the Invocation (*κατ' ἑξοχήν*) of the Name of Jesus Christ, with which St. Gregory concludes his beautiful discourse.

While our object has been to add to the evidence which Dr. Gilly supplies, we have assumed that his work is indirectly a real boon to the Catholic cause. Evidence, which abstractedly ought to be cogent and satisfactory, (if such abstraction can be imagined,) becomes often inefficacious in the hands of an advocate; whereas, much weaker proof adduced by an enemy as often carries persuasion with it. We do not say that this is as it should be; but we must take men as they are—we cannot make them philosophers at pleasure; and in the very attempt to enlarge their views, the importance of the evidence will be lost.

This is a consideration from which we are disposed to think that Dr. Gilly's work may indirectly tend to convey to the enquiring Protestant, a favourable impression of the Catholic cause. His representation of the fourth and fifth centuries, prejudiced as it is, will cancel of itself the poison of his deductions and principles. These last will be forgotten, or they will pass unheeded from their very triteness. The facts will remain; the broad and tangible truth of a substantial analogy between those ancient times and the actual Church Catholic, will outlive all individualities and niceties of opinion. Examples from "*Vigilantius*" will explain our meaning. The Church of Nola, for instance, is thus described by Dr. Gilly from the letters of St. Paulinus himself:

“The walls and pavement were of marble. The roof of the principal dome was worked in mosaic and was intended to repre-

sent the Holy Trinity and Gospel Dispensation. The Father was denoted by words proceeding from a cloud; the Son by a Lamb, and the Holy Ghost by a Dove. There was also a cross issuing out of a halo of light, and around it were twelve doves symbolizing the twelve Apostles. A rock from which four streams gushed out, represented Jesus Christ and the four Evangelists. All these objects were further explained by verses inscribed on the cupola. Under the cupola was the High Altar, enshrining the ashes of some of the apostles, bodies of the martyrs, and a small piece of wood, said to be a chip of the true cross. The nave of the church was lofty and wide, and had two aisles supported by two rows of columns. Attached to each aisle were four chapels, which served for private prayer and meditation, or for burial places for persons of eminent sanctity. Near the altar there were two sacristies, that on the right hand was provided with books for those who wished to study and read the scriptures, that on the left was set apart for the officiating priests; and here the sacred vestments and vessels, and the eucharistic elements, and every thing necessary for divine service were kept. Churches in the time of Paulinus, as they do now, generally looked towards the east,* but Paulinus, instead of following the usual custom, turned the chancel-end towards the tomb of St. Felix. This mausoleum opened into the oratory of St. Felix, by three arcades and three doors, and the new church was made to communicate with the mausoleum by three corresponding arcades and doors; and these being all of trellis work, the people could not only pass, but could see through, from one sanctuary to the other, which had a very agreeable effect. It was some years before the whole of the fabric was finished, but when it was completed, it looked like a little town, surmounted by three cupolas, encompassed with walls, and comprising within its circuit a cathedral and monastic establishment, with every suitable convenience and decoration."

A picture in the Church of Nola is described

"As representing a cross, standing in the midst of a garden of flowers. At the foot of the cross, Christ was painted under the figure of a white lamb. The Holy Ghost hovered above him in the form of a dove, and the Father appeared from a cloud, crowning the Lamb. In another part of the picture, the eternal Judge was seen sitting on a lofty rock, and before his tribunal were a flock of goats, and a flock of lambs. The Good Shepherd rejects the goats, and stretches forth his right arm benignantly towards the lambs. This picture, (adds Dr. Gilly,) reminds us of the twofold action in Raphael's celebrated Transfiguration."

* We think Dr. Gilly is mistaken, the basilicas were often heathen edifices purified and consecrated. The church of Tyre in Eusebius, looked the opposite way.

Specimens of private devotion occur in the following connexion. In St. Martin's monastery we are told,

"One was prostrate before a cross, another was on his knees, and another was standing with his arms folded and pressing a Relic to his heart."—p. 149.

Again, the eyes of another

"Were fixed on the holy symbol of his religion, while his left hand rested on a scull placed upon a small table; and his lips seemed to be repeating the well-known words, 'mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa.'"

Elsewhere :

"Vigilantius observed that the monk (St. Jerome) scarcely uttered a sentence, or gave him a direction without making the sign of the cross."—p. 237.

With the feelings which such acts betoken, it is not difficult to imagine the reverence with which the sacred wood of the True Cross, discovered some time before, was then regarded by Christians.

"St. Paulinus had a piece of the true cross, which he averred might be submitted to the flames without its being burnt."—p. 211.

"We have devised," wrote St. Paulinus to St. Sulpicius, "a suitable present for the consecration of the Church. The offering is a minute particle of the wood of the divine cross.....Accept a great gift in a small compass, and in the almost impalpable fragment of a little splinter, take to yourselves a defence for your present safety and a pledge of eternal salvation."—p. 58.

Indeed, we hardly know what characteristics of religious feeling and doctrine, since blasphemously called by Protestants, "rags of Popery," and the like, do not find their prototype in the partial exhibition of antiquity which Dr. Gilly places before us. Besides the Devotion to the Saints, Pictures, Relics, and the Symbols of the Cross, we have mention in various places of Processions, Incense in Churches, Lights in day-time, Ecclesiastical Vestments, the Celibacy of the Clergy, the Tonsure, Sacred Medals, Pilgrimages, Vigils, Fasts, Prayers for the dead, the general principle of Esthetics, as it is now called, and above all the Mass, the adorable Sacrifice of Catholics.

"Processions were formed at Nola, the relics of the Saint were displayed, incense smoked, and lights burned."—p. 215.

The special reverence paid to the altar and the sacrifice there offered, is not passed over by our author. St. Paulinus after his ordination as priest, thus expressed himself:

“It appears to me, that I am now admitted into the holy place, and to the contemplation of the mysteries of God, and that I am henceforth to participate in *the spirit, the body and the glory of Christ.*”—p. 74.

Elsewhere Dr. Gilly, if we remember aright, calls the blessed Eucharist by the name of the Mass, in compliance with the language of the fourth century. And that it was a sacrifice he repeatedly shows in such quotations as the following of St. Jerome:

“Does the Bishop of Rome act amiss when he offers to the Lord sacrifices above the bones of those deceased men, Peter and Paul; and regards their tombs as the altars of Christ?”—p. 404.

And in this connexion we cannot omit to mention that special end of the Eucharist, intercession for the dead, to which he gives similar evidence.

“The reason added by Paulinus is a curious proof that prayers for the souls of the dead were offered up at this early period as a part of the priest’s office, at the request of a benefactor to the Church. ‘I have done this that he (the intended priest) may perform the obsequies in memory of my parents in the Lord’s house.’”—p. 205, and 399.

And here in passing, we may also notice, for the sake of general readers, a very definite proof of the same practice, which St. Augustine incidentally furnishes in one of his Pelagian treatises. While he limits the proper application of the divine institution to the dead who had been baptized, which the Pelagians would have extended to the unbaptized, he sanctions the principle of his adversary, which was thus expressed by the latter: “In truth I believe that the priests of the Church ought to offer up for the dead continual oblations and sacrifices.”

We have had a threefold object before us in our remarks upon “*Vigilantius and his Times.*” It was proposed to certify the particular design of the author in its relation to the views of another party, and to the sense of the Catholic Church; to exhibit the result of his research into Christian antiquity; and lastly, to examine the logic and mora-

lity of his conclusions. The two first heads have already been in a way considered; the last still remains to be treated. Hitherto we may suppose the writer under certain restrictions, to have gone along with us in our remarks; since we have but attempted to show his professed polemical principles and the actual result of their operation. But be this as it may, we have now a different object in view; we have to determine why, upon the same data, our inferences are opposed to those of Dr. Gilly; or in a word, why his are false.

Dr. Gilly's conclusion from the survey of the fourth and fifth centuries, of which the preceding extracts are the land-marks, is, as we have seen, simple enough. It is merely that that period of ecclesiastical history is no authority with Christians. It is papistical, he would say, therefore it is unauthoritative. Mr. Palmer and the high Anglican divines reverse the formula: It is authoritative, therefore it is not papistical. We think the latter view is the more moral of the two; but the former the more wise and secure. We mean, that it is safer to say that facts are not referrible to certain laws and principles which in reason ought to influence belief and conduct, than to say that facts are not facts, are not what they are. Our author accordingly prudently gives to his protest against authority its widest application. He boldly and unreservedly espouses the cause of Vigilantius, whose singular privilege it is, that not a word of his sentiments and tenets is preserved but what is recorded by his opponents. We have already characterized this method, as the substitution of the negative for the positive evidence of history. It requires then our first consideration.

Without entering into details, it appears to us that there is this *primâ facie* objection to Dr. Gilly's method, that it implies a denial of Almighty God's Providence over the destinies of christianity, at least with regard to the first fifteen centuries. And here we must explain what we mean by Providence in this connexion. We believe then on the authority of Christ, his prophets, and his apostles, that to the Christian Church visible marks of an immediate direction of God, and of the presence of our Lord and the Holy Ghost, were promised and are secured, to which no other dispensation ever was entitled. This persuasion is founded upon such assurances as the following: Christ's parting words to his disciples, as the representatives of his

Church, were, "Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." (Matt. xxviii.) It is impossible to restrict such a promise to the lapse of one generation. The same may be said of the solemn words, "I will ask the Father, and He shall give you another Paraclete, that he may abide with you for ever." (John xiv.) Again, Christ declared, "Upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." (Matt. xvi.) In like manner St. Paul calls the Church, "the pillar and ground of the truth." (1 Tim. iii.) The Evangelical prophet, Isaias, is not less express. "This is my covenant with them, saith the Lord: my Spirit that is in thee, and my words that I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and for ever." (lix.) These are mere specimens of the Gospel promises which abound in the Scriptures. And it is the fulfilment of them which we believe to be recorded in the history of the Catholic Church, which is accordingly a continual evidence of God's Providence over the destinies of Christianity. But beside these securities of continuance and soundness which are granted to the Christian religion by its Divine Founder, a principle of expansion was from the beginning implanted in its essence and institution. The religion of Christ was to be no sect or school preserved in its original entireness alone; it was a persuasion which was destined to extend itself necessarily and by the very virtue of its existence. It was distinguished in this respect from the Jewish Church, of which it was the offspring and successor. The religion of the Jews was essentially national, it was properly confined to one land. Hence the Nations (*Gentes*) was with them an emphatic term to denote those out of their Church. Far otherwise was it to be with Christ's institution. The very promise of its continuance was joined to the obligation of adopting the Nations, "Go and teach all nations." And St. Paul appealed to the Psalmist's words as a proof of this principle of extension: "Their sound hath gone forth into all the earth, and their words unto the end of the world." (Rom. x.) Our Saviour compared His kingdom "to a grain of mustard-seed, which is the least of all seeds; but when it is grown up, it is greater than all herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and dwell in the branches thereof." (Matt. xiii.)

The fulfilment then of this promise and prediction also, we believe to have been realized in its measure in the fortunes of the Catholic Church, as they are presented to us by history. And here again we have not only the fulfilment, but the evidence also of the fulfilment.

To refuse, therefore, the testimony which history affords of the fulfilment of the promises, and to substitute no other, is, for aught we see, a virtual denial of Christ's providence over His Church. At the same time we can hardly imagine any class of Protestants, except professed rationalists, who, apart from the application of the principle, would not concede, and even insist, that Christianity was endowed from the beginning with an expansive power. To state the matter nakedly, it would shock even Protestant ears to affirm that the religion of Christ was not destined to extend itself and embrace the world; that it was not essential to its existence that it should develop and conquer all other religions, that for many centuries it might remain stagnant and ineffectual, nay, even shrink back into itself and leave itself without external mark. Accordingly, when they must needs witness to the triumphs of Christianity, whether in argument with unbelievers, or for the elementary edification of the uninstructed, they are forced to appeal to the annals of the Church, as the exemplification of the victory. And this is the reason also that Dr. Gilly with others is obliged to call the Church the Church, though he brands it with apostacy. Again, it never seems to be disputed that St. Paul was carrying out the intentions of his divine Master when he endeavoured so unremittingly to establish the Faith in almost every part of the known world. And yet by a marvellous inconsistency it is pretended, that the seed which he laboured so strenuously to disseminate should take no root, but wither away as soon as it was sown. Surely St. Paul did not contemplate such a result. The very expression of a *foundation*, which he often uses, implies a contrary expectation. A foundation involves a superstructure; were it intended to remain such as it is, it were useless to lay it at all; it is no foundation, it is a mere temporary institution. So confident on the other hand was St. Paul, that where the foundation was laid the building would rise of necessity, that he even considered the presence of an apostle as needless. "We are God's coadjutors," he said, "you are God's husbandry, you are God's building.....I have laid the foundation, and

another buildeth thereon.....Other foundation can no man lay, but that which is laid, which is Christ Jesus.....I have planted, Apollo watered, but God gave the increase." (1 Cor. iii.) And elsewhere the same apostle says, "I have so preached this Gospel, not where Christ was named, lest I should build upon another man's foundation; but as it is written, They to whom He was not spoken of, shall see, and they that have not heard shall understand." (Rom. xv.)

If then the object of the Christian religion was such as we have described, and as all who call themselves Christians must allow, it is no idle imputation, we repeat it, to charge Dr. Gilly and those of his school, with a denial, unintentional doubtless, of Christ's providence in the fortunes of His divine religion. A few examples from his book will explain the allegation.

"To the day-break of the Reformation were *permitted* to shine forth, *from time to time, sparklings and glimmerings* of the light."—p. 481.

Vigilantius was instrumental "in *reviving* the primitive doctrines."—*Ibid.*

"The *apostacy of the professing Church* was in its full career at the end of the fourth century."—p. 467.

"Bishops and Presbyters used the engine that was in their hands to give a *retrograde motion to the Church, and to carry it back into paganism and materialism.*"—p. 433.

The very existence of truth was known only by occasional "witnesses in sackcloth," such as Vigilantius, (p. 470.) and the "witnesses who have prophesied, clothed in sackcloth, during the ages of persecution from the earliest times of Christianity." (p. 482.)

Such was the miserable fate of our holy religion during fifteen centuries. Could Isaias have been inspired when he exultingly exclaimed: "Enlarge the place of thy tent, and stretch out the skins of thy tabernacles, spare not: lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes. For thou shalt pass on to the right hand and to the left: and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and shall inhabit the desolate cities?" (Isaias liv.)

But in the most irrational theories reason will assert its claims. Thanks to God, the Catholic tradition also is so firmly rooted in the minds of men, by virtue of those same fifteen centuries, that the nicest ingenuity cannot entirely

reverse its decision. 'The Apostles' Creed is still very generally held as the standard of religion in Protestant countries; and it is that creed which has ever proclaimed the existence of a Catholic Church, as ever it has been the profession of the Christian world. The necessity, therefore, of some kind of continuity in the Church of Christ presents itself in spite of theory. It comes before the disputant in the shape of a misgiving. He feels that some elucidation of so prominent a point of doctrine is required; some answer, however meagre, must be at hand, to dismiss the unpleasant appeal to the past existence of Christianity. A few words, a few examples, will go a great way; but they must be said, they must be mentioned. Dr. Gilly consequently, on the track of Milner the historian, does attempt to show the connection of Protestantism:

"If we consent to Vigilantius being enrolled among heretics, what are we to say for ourselves? Such as his are the tenets for which the martyr-reformers of the English Church died at the stake, [indeed we think Ridley would have shrunk from the comparison; and Cranmer himself bows to the Fathers in the Bishops' Book,] and which our Liturgy and Articles set forth in the plainest language. [Yet one of the Articles seems to claim 'Hierome.'] Such as his are the tenets which have been proclaimed at various times, and in various places, from age to age—by Claude in Italy, in the ninth century; by Waldo in France, in the twelfth century; by Wycliffe in England, in the fourteenth century; by Huss in Bohemia, in the fifteenth century; by Luther in Germany, by Calvin in Switzerland, by Cranmer in England, by Knox in Scotland, in the sixteenth century."—*p.* 455.

Here we have a specimen of the catena of Dr. Gilly. But a chain, if we understand aright, consists in an unbroken line of links; the links of a chain to be such, must be connected. We are not prepared then for such leaps as are here proposed, from the fourth century to the ninth, from Vigilantius to Claude, and again to the twelfth. The enumeration sounds imposing, but the sole value of an enumeration on a point of this kind, is either that it should embrace every period, or that its very form should exclude a contrary hypothesis. Hence the Catholic requires and gives no enumeration, to prove the continuance of his Church; for the stages of its progression through eighteen centuries are imperceptible, blending all into each other, and defying calculation; as time itself is incalculable. No pomp of style can conceal the defect of Dr. Gilly's chain

of connexion in this its first condition. Besides, the author himself tells us that the Protestant truth required "to be *proclaimed* at various times and places." And again,

"An unbroken line of clergy and doctors of the visible Church, avowing similar opinions from generation to generation, *has not yet been satisfactorily traced*, because when power and literature were in the hands of the dominant but erring Church, the voices of remonstrants were silenced, and their writings suppressed."—*p.* 456.

And once he is forced to admit, "That the chain is still broken." (*p.* 325.)

We have before remarked the unreasonableness of taxing history to contribute what the nature of the case precludes. It is like the obligation laid upon the Israelites to furnish bricks without straw. But to be brief, is it not trifling with his readers' sense and feelings to talk of a continuity and chain, when upon the authority of various historians of different opinions, he informs them that,

"The heresy of Vigilantius was finally crushed by the Vandal invasion;"

"It had apparently *no continuance*;"

"The efforts of Vigilantius were utterly ineffective;"

"His protest, though calm and reasonable, died away;"

"The good Vigilantius deemed it right to retire from the conflict,—and his heresy gained so little ground that the interference of a council was not required to extinguish it;"

"To all appearances, the remonstrants who argued with Vigilantius were silenced; and no wonder."—*pp.* 479-480.*

If secrecy of belief is all that need form the Protestant chain, any thing may be supposed to have existed; nor can Catholics pretend to deny what is buried in the depths of silence; nay, they are willing to admit that there is an

* It is very remarkable, too, and shows how little echo the Protest of Vigilantius produced in the Church of his age, that we have no trace of a *single council held against his doctrines*. The clear conclusion is, that he had no followers, and was unable to form anything like a party. Contrast this with the Arian controversy, the Macedonian, the Nestorian, the Eutychian,—all of which, besides innumerable local councils, were successively the occasion of general councils. Even Pelagianism, though it regarded an abstruse and, so to speak, *unpractical* point, was debated in little less than twenty recorded councils, within a space of under thirty years. (412—440.) Is it not clear that a heterodoxy like that of Vigilantius, assailing, *not one point*, but *the whole system*, would have thrown the whole Church into a ferment, had it found anything like a party to support it? It is plain that he stood alone.

à priori reason for believing that sceptics and cavillers, in a word, bad men, have always existed; they cannot refuse such a chain as this to Protestants.

Groundless as this theory of Protestant consent is, still as we before observed, it bears witness to an important principle, the providential preservation and extension of the Church. The light in which the Bible is viewed by communities out of her pale, is a similar acknowledgment. We believe that it is a very general custom among them to regard the integrity of the Bible as a providential preservation; and some will even ground its authenticity on the necessity of a divine superintendence. If the historical question concerning the human instruments of the Divine protection is proposed, it is alleged that they contributed against their will and interest. But the principle remains the same. In default of individuals and the Church, the providence of God will be chained, as it were, to the preservation of a book. Far be it from us to deny the divine agency in the preservation of the Holy Scriptures; but surely it is no unfair inference, to conclude that the immortal souls for whom the Holy Scriptures were preserved, were the proper objects of God's providence. The subject, indeed, does not in matter of fact come before Catholics in this form; for they first assume the Spirit's direction over the Church, and the integrity, with all other marks, of the Holy Scriptures, are but consequences of that persuasion. Yet in argument it is reasonable to conclude that if the Scriptures were preserved in and by the Church during so many centuries, the Church herself was the immediate object of God's care and protection.

To sum up these considerations on the general character of ecclesiastical history, the fortunes of the Church therein recorded bear the same relation to us, as the vicissitudes of the children of Israel bore to the Jews who came after them. The sole difference, perhaps is, that the latter were related by inspired writers, and the former have been left to human testimony. But even here the Holy Spirit which directed the definitions of Faith in the successive ages of the Church, seems to give a character different, but yet analogous, to inspiration, to parts of ecclesiastical history. We look upon our Martyrs and Confessors, as the Jews looked upon Abel, Jeremias, David, and Elias. The prophets and men of God in the Old Law have been suc-

ceeded by the Doctors and Lights of the Church. The worldly triumphs of heresy remind us of the successes of Baal. The oppressive hand of kings and emperors stands out as the profane violence of Achab and Manasses. No diminution of honour and privileges, no withdrawal of the Divine Presence, we believe, has been the consequence of the evangelical covenant. Rather, "De plenitudine ejus nos omnes accepimus, et gratiam pro gratia." A pillar of fire went before the Israelites to conduct them through the wilderness, and a similar beacon is raised on high for us in the See of St. Peter, to whom it was declared, "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not—strengthen thy brethren." The glory of the Shechinah filled the Holy of Holies in the ancient Temple, unto which the High Priest alone might approach. But we can claim the Divine presence in a Sacrament of Mystery, which all men may contemplate, and before which angels and men fall on their faces exclaiming, Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth. The law gave its last instruction, as the schoolmaster to the Gospel, when the Star of the East led the enquiring proselytes out of Jerusalem the seat of the divine oracles, towards the angel of the New Testament in Bethlehem; and lo! she who is emphatically called Stella Matutina, is ever shedding the rays of her glory upon the wayfaring Spouse of her Son.

We are thus led to consider in the last place those peculiar signs of the Divine presence in the Church, which are direct evidences to the spiritual nature of man. The marks of the Church hitherto presented, may in some sense be regarded as external, and through the produce of an internal principle, yet not the principle itself. They betoken an inward life to Catholics, but they afford no proof to those who reject them. But sanctity and devotion are things in themselves, which the natural sense of man associates with a divine influence, and the similitude even of which raises a religion above infidelity, and indeed constitutes a religion; though the reality belongs properly to the sole Church of Christ, which is His Body. Now it is clear that the tenets of Dr. Gilly impose on him the obligation to refuse the marks of genuine piety to the maintainers and representatives of that Catholic system which he endeavours to expose. And yet we will draw our evidence from the pages of his own work. First, however, let us verify the proper view of the author, whereby we shall have

occasion also to remove an important objection which he proposes.

The state of religion in the fifth-century is thus described according to his prejudiced view :

“ At this crisis, very different was the conduct of various professors of Christianity and ministers of the Gospel. Some of the latter, disgusted by the general depravity, desirous of flying from the contagion of evil, or alarmed for their personal safety, had deserted their parochial charges, and betaken themselves to the monasteries. Others had become negligent and careless, and were absorbed in the common vortex of iniquity. Many of the laics, who were religiously disposed, but who had no spiritual guidance to keep them in the right way, separated themselves from their domestic and social ties, put away their wives, abandoned their children, and professing a new kind of abstinence, occasioned *great scandal* (!) to the name of Christianity. Abandonment of some sort seemed to be the universal infatuation. The licentious, and they who cared nothing about religion, were given over to work all uncleanness with greediness. The pious were not satisfied with the precepts of the law and the Gospel, but tried to find out for themselves a more perfect way, and sought new means of propitiating the Divine wrath, of gaining for themselves supernatural protectors, and of appeasing a God, *who, as they were taught to believe, was not satisfied with the sacrifice of his only-begotten Son.* The uncontradicted accounts of Salvian, a priest of Aquitain, who wrote soon after the dreadful catastrophe [he means the barbarian invasion] had taken place, of which the distant sound of the Gallic trumpet was soon the alarm, give a graphic picture of the lovely aspect of the country, contrasted with the deplorable state of public morals.”

Dr. Gilly then proceeds to quote from Salvian. A few remarks therefore upon that writer's testimony are here required; inasmuch as, if he were found to afford real countenance to the preceding description, the exhibition of its counterpart would be materially affected.

When the invasion of Gaul took place, after which event Salvian wrote, scarcely a hundred years had elapsed since the Roman Empire had espoused the cause of the Church. Up to this last mentioned circumstance, Christianity had been regarded as a sect, one indeed, as Eusebius tells us, which was almost universally gaining the affections of the people, but still a *sect* in law. The Diocletian persecution came, to thin and to sift at the same time the ranks of the Cross. The remnant of Christians issued from the trial purified and disciplined. Suddenly a wonderful change

occurred. The Imperial Court became Christian, and the whole world assumed the badge of the Church, and Paganism fell into the minority and became the proscribed sect. The Church had never been composed of the mere elect, from the first bad intentions had mingled with the outward profession of faith. But, by comparison, during the reign of persecution the Church was composed of tried spirits and genuine children. Now when the restraints of the legislation were at an end, men of all descriptions thronged into the arms of the Church. Whatever were the various characters of individuals, in this one thing they all agreed, "Let us be thy sheep, let us be Christ's people." At this juncture, what course was the Church to have followed? Ought she to have said, "You shall not be mine; your overtures have no claim upon me; first prove yourselves to be christians in deed, and then you shall become christians by adoption and sacramental grace; prepare all, and then I will accept you; it is not my office to forestall your exertions?" Was this to be the language of the Spouse of Christ, who came to call sinners to repentance; who eat and drank with publicans and sinners; who suffered the despised Magdalen to wash his feet? Was this to be the rule of the successors of those who were bid compel men to come in, that the house of God might be full; who desired that even their judges might be even as themselves except their bonds; who made themselves every thing unto all men, that so they might gain some? Was it thus that St. Francis Xavier gathered the lost sheep of India into the fold of Jesus Christ; he who baptized ten thousand in a day; who even rejoiced in the wickedness of a city and people, that their conversion might redound to the glory of the Lord? And St. Augustine what would he have said, if sanctification was to be accomplished by heathenism, and the mere form of admission bestowed by the Church, when his great task was to dissipate the philosophical delusion that by morality and the appearance of piety, men might save themselves without the sacraments of the Church which give, restore and sustain life? And yet to this position we cannot but think Dr. Gilly is driven in parts of his book, whatever caution he may show in the expression.

"The prevailing want of true Christian feeling among many professing Christians, must be attributed to the too great readiness

which was now displayed to receive catechumens into the Church before they had given satisfactory proof of their belief.”—*p.* 40.

“The apostacy was exhibited in the admission of profligate and irreligious persons into the ranks of the Cross, who were received on worldly motives, because of their wealth and influence, when they were notoriously defective in repentance and faith, and gave no earnest of the conversion of their hearts; in the corruption of the holy sacraments, by exalting the symbol at the expense of the thing signified, and by treating the sacred rites as if they contained charms and amulets of infallible potency, inseparable from the outward administration.”—*p.* 467.

“A really faithful and believing servant of Jesus Christ would not think it desirable to admit ignorant and bigoted recruits, whom nothing but a show of miracles could add to the Church.”—*p.* 444.

The Church thought very differently. While she used due means to besit her catechumens for their solemn admission, she rejected none. Her first corporate act was to admit three thousand on their simple word.

It is not reasonable then to attribute to the Church the subsequent misbehaviour of her members, to whatever excess it may have been carried. And while we readily admit the truth of the deplorable picture which Dr. Gilly presents on the authority of Salvian, a picture which we think in its real application can scarcely be exaggerated; yet we are certain that he altogether mistakes the drift and foundation of Salvian’s strong language. Salvian was writing to Catholics, and describing the dark side of their condition, without fear of being misunderstood concerning the value of their christian profession. He was as one of them stimulating them to repentance and religion. Dr. Gilly echoes the sentiments of the author of “Ancient Christianity” when the latter observes that “no single indication does Salvian furnish of the existence around him, or anywhere within his knowledge, of domestic spirituality and peace; nothing like that which, thank God, adorns and blesses thousands and tens of thousands of British homes.” But we question whether the same impression would be left some centuries hence by the perusal of Mr. Bosanquet’s work on the moral condition of England, or by Lord Ashley’s reports. Now Salvian’s treatise, *De Gubernatione Dei*, different as it is in character, is at least in this one respect somewhat similar. It is, so to say, an *ex parte* statement, not disingenuous, but

economical, to improve one aspect of society by the isolated picture of its defects. Not that Salvian does not also allude to the other aspect, and that in unequivocal terms of commendation, as Dr. Gilly is forced to admit, (p. 370,) but he dwells not upon it, that the persons whom he addresses may not shift the charge from themselves, or plead excuse from the virtues and holiness of others.

Again, the visible Church was composed then, as it is now, of a few holy men, and a multitude of indifferent and wicked. The governing powers of the Church justly refrained from excommunicating whole nations on this account. They exerted themselves to stem the tide of licentiousness, and committed to the scourges of God, then so destructive, the punishment of the reprobate. It was better that, bad as men were, they should remain where they were, than add heresy, idolatry, polytheism, or atheism to their other sins. Great as was the scandal to the Church, while they outwardly submitted to her doctrines, she might hope to reclaim them through the ministry of her priests, and virtue of her Sacraments. Such was the burden of Salvian's appeal. He stood with the good in all parts of Christendom, and in their name and with their countenance, denounced the wickedness of an opposite class of men. His picture then is restricted to those whom he addresses. He throws no blame on the Church or her worthy children. He does not draw out a philosophical comparison, or a political table of statistics. He is not addressing enemies of the Church, for then would his tone be different. He is preaching to sinners, but to Catholics in the midst of their sins.

Once more; for the subject is become important from the unfair inferences to which it has been rendered obnoxious of late in different quarters. The promises which were made to the Church that the Holy Spirit should ever reside in it, that Christ Himself should be with it to the end of time, that the faith of Peter should never fail, and the gates of Hell not prevail against it, have never been understood to apply to the general conduct of men within the Church, fluctuating as that conduct has been, and always must be. It need scarcely be observed that the real scope of the promises was to secure to the Church a continual fountain of grace and truth, to preserve its doctrines ever entire, and its constitution and hierarchy visible and complete. It seems indeed necessary for the pre-

servation of such privileges that some few there should always be to profit by them and to be the channels and instruments of them ; that there should ever be the seven thousand who bow not in heart to Baal, to carry out the blessed dispensation ; and in matter of fact the most corrupt times of ecclesiastical history have never been deprived of such internal notes. But that the multitude of Christians should always present the same unvarying characters of holiness and zeal, and the practice of the Church never need reform: this was never expected from the intention of the evangelical promises. In a word, the Church has never had to reform her doctrine, but the reform of the hearts and practice of her children has been her endeavour from the beginning, and more particularly when prosperity has superinduced negligence, such as the end of the fourth century exhibited. This is precisely the principle and aim of Salvian. As his picture of the morals of Gaul and Africa was not intended to preclude the genuine effects of the Church's spirit upon the elect, still less was it meant to disparage the divinity of that institution of which he was a priest, or to throw a doubt upon the benefits of the doctrines and sacraments with their manifold developments, which were sanctioned by authority. Salvian, who was not writing for Dr. Gilly or Mr. Taylor, makes even use of the Catholic belief of his readers as an argument, not forsooth to reject their orthodoxy because of their profligacy, but to reform their lives because of their orthodoxy. There is heretical living as well as heretical doctrine. You disdain justly, he says, the latter ; do not at the risk of your souls adopt the former. "What can the prerogatives of a religious name avail us, what the profession of Catholics and Believers, and the contempt in which we hold the heretical creed of the Goths and Vandals, when we ourselves live in heretical profligacy?" (B. vii.) If such a mode of address be denied the Catholic preacher, lest he should seem to prove that piety is not the natural produce of the true Church, then there is an end of expostulation. St. Francis Xavier reproached the Portuguese with leading in India lives worse than those of the Pagans themselves ; did he on that account prove that Christianity was no better than Paganism ? did he deny another aspect of the religion of which he was so blessed an example ? It is affirmed that the Indians at this day are prevented from becoming proselytes to the Anglican

Establishment from the scandalous lives of professing members of that institution. Would it be just thence to infer that Buddhism is better than Protestantism, or that in India there are no zealous and sincere ministers and disciples of the Anglican Church? We are not so unjust.

Having removed the general imputation which the testimony of Salvian was supposed to authorize, we think we shall have proved how capable of defence is the Church of the Fathers, if finally we can show from Dr. Gilly's own work, that those very persons whom he considers as the types of the errors of their time were remarkable both for holiness and for enlightened understanding. It had been a task beyond the power of theoretical consistency to dwell long upon the lives of the ancient Saints and uniformly to refuse them the tokens of real sanctity. Magnified and extolled as are the merits of Vigilantius, yet they approach not to the shadows of the injured St. Martin, St. Paulinus, St. Jerome, St. Sulpicius. There is a field of admiration and praise for the latter which never seems to end; it expands as it is entered. New themes of wonder present themselves at every step. The feelings are exalted by the very associations of their presence in the world; every thing around them becomes hallowed; their actions have an echo through the lapse of centuries; each has stamped a mark upon the destinies of the Church; the ideal of human attainments is reached or surpassed; the power of grace is seen to triumph where human resolution and energy must fail. Such impressions as these seem to reach at times even the prejudiced heart of Dr. Gilly. But when Vigilantius becomes the subject of panegyric, the train of thought is ever diverting from its end and wandering into other topics. The extent of praise is apology; qualities are to be imagined when not recorded; defects are to be dignified by system and purpose, or explained by necessity. The little that remains is at best common-place, which adds no honour to the circumstances of its appearance, but pleads sufferance from the good which was external to it.

A period of the youth of St. Martin is thus described by the writer.

“During the whole time that Martin continued in the army, the beauty of Christian holiness shone forth in his life and conversation. He was kind and forbearing towards his comrades, while he refused to join in any of their polluting amusements and customs ;

and he secured their affections by acts of self-denial and generosity, of which they felt the benefit, although they could not understand the motive. His patience and humility were said to be beyond all human imitation. By the exercise of extreme frugality, he was able to save enough out of his pay to feed the hungry, and to clothe the naked, and to relieve those who run into debt from their embarrassments. When his military life was at an end, Martin took a journey into his native country for the conversion of his parents, and exposed himself to the resentment of the Arians by vindicating the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. He was banished from the land, after having been nearly scourged to death by the Arians."—*p.* 18.

But St. Paulinus and St. Sulpicius, as being perhaps the better known to Dr. Gilly, in spite of their alleged bigotry and superstition, forcibly and irresistibly extort from him the acknowledgment of their singular virtues and piety.

"It was impossible not to entertain the deepest love and veneration for such men. We feel the spell ourselves, even while we are dwelling on their faults, and tracing the unhappy consequences of their errors," &c.—*p.* 192.

Had St. Sulpicius but lived to the world, he would have been perfect.

"Had he mixed more with men, and carried his many virtues into public life, what a beautiful form of Christianity would he have exhibited in his own person! and how he would have enlarged his own mind [!] and corrected his confined notions, while he improved those of his associates! Had such a man as he is described to have been, moved occasionally from the bosom of a peaceful and religious family into the midst of society, how he would have rebuked vice and encouraged virtue!"—*p.* 50.

Nay, a laudable ambition would have improved St. Paulinus also, who had sold all and given to the poor.

"Had Paulinus mixed with general society, and made his charities and his devotions part of the business of his life, while he was taking his share in the public duties of the senator *and the land-owner, and the guardian of a great number of dependants, he might have been happy.*"—*p.* 209. See also *p.* 141.

We think that St. Paulinus and his contemporaries judged better of Gospel perfection. And without quoting a letter of St. Augustine in which this Father tells us that St. Paulinus and St. Therasia were the edification of all

Christendom, we are content to abide by the self-evident narrative of facts furnished by Dr. Gilly himself.

“In the year 394, Paulinus carried his long-cherished design into execution, and bidding a final adieu to all mundane things, established himself at Nola in Campania, with the determination of making it his abode for the rest of his life. Therasia, his chaste and devoted wife, accompanied him, but they had long since ceased to think of each other except as brother and sister, and in this relation they dwelt together, vying who should most faithfully enact the part of a servant of the Lord in prayer and supplications, in hospitality and almsgiving. Night and day they had their express hours for acts of devotion, and they endeavoured to fulfil every claim of charity to the very letter of scriptural admonitions. They washed the feet of pilgrims, and beggars, and wayfaring men; every traveller, whose road lay near their habitation, was at liberty to make the hospice at Nola his resting-place and house of refreshment; they provided granaries of corn, not only for the poor of the immediate neighbourhood, but of those also who were at a distance; they prepared decent clothing for the naked, and change of raiment for such as required them. Besides all this, money was laid out to enable insolvents to pay their debts, and to redeem captives from slavery. In fact, so boundless was their generosity, that abundant as were the means of Paulinus to meet the legitimate demands of charity, these means failed before the lavish expenditure which he imposed upon himself. He was so reduced at one time as to be unable to buy salt; and an anecdote is told of his having no money left to relieve a petitioner, until an unexpected supply came to the replenishment of his coffers. Here, then, was the man of consular dignity, who had lived amidst the choicest society of Rome and of the provincial capitals; and his wife, who had been nursed and educated in all the luxuries of that luxurious age, excluding themselves from the enjoyments to which they had been accustomed, and ministering to the wants of the indigent and squalid with their own hands; and denying themselves that they might clothe the naked, and feed the hungry, and visit those who were sick and in prison.”—*p. 77.**

On the other hand, it is curious to observe the awkward effect which the figure of Vigilantius produces, notwithstanding the art and colouring of the writer, in the midst of the Saints who are employed to give it relief. Thus we

* Our limits again will not allow us to extend these proofs of intrinsic holiness. But we would specially refer to pp. 196 et seq. for evidences of the extraordinary, indeed almost incredible, familiarity with Holy Scripture evinced by these men, whom Dr. Gilly accuses as the corrupters of Christianity. Their “Roman superstition” can hardly be regarded as the growth of ignorance of Scripture, or unfamiliarity with its letter as well as its spirit.

have seen a hideous pattern of tapestry in the middle of a rich ground-work ; or a daub of the painter enchased in a golden frame. The author himself feels conscious of the contrast.

“ I can only gather here and there a stray flower, wherewith to weave a garland for Vigilantius.”—*p.* 371.

At the same time, to avoid total silence, it was necessary to reveal the unfavourable aspect of the Reformer, with the caution to attribute its ungainliness to the design of his opponent. St. Jerome, the informer, relates that Vigilantius was “ an innkeeper of Calagurris,” a village situated near the Pyrenees. “ It was in keeping,” he says, “ with his pedigree, that he who was the offspring of a rabble rout of robbers, should pillage the Church of God.”* (pp. 390, 394.) “ From his childhood he had learned another trade, (i. e. not theology,) he had been accustomed to another kind of training. The same individual could not examine both gold coins and the Scriptures ; both sip wines and understand the Apostles and Prophets.” (p. 347.) His very appearance was against him, “ an ever-rubicund face, frothy lips, and unbridled railing.” (p. 410.) An incident moreover occurred almost under the eyes of St. Jerome, from which he seems to have considered Vigilantius as open to the charge of inebriety, showing that the epithets, “ tipsy and nodding,” were not random words. (pp. 304, 396.) “ He was moreover unskilled in speaking and devoid of information, and so unpolished in elocution, that he could not defend even truth itself.” (p. 393.) And perhaps a great proof of his ignorance was evinced in the interpretation which he hazarded on the second chapter of Daniel. “ The mountain,” he said, “ mentioned in Daniel, from which the stone was cut without hands, is the devil, and the stone is Christ, because having assumed a body from Adam, who formerly had adhered to the devil by sin, he was born of the Virgin, that he might separate man from the mountain, that is, from the devil.” (p. 358.) In this connexion St. Jerome calls Vigilantius an Origenist. Elsewhere he is likened to Jovinian, a heretic who, some years before, had been condemned by the Pope ; (p. 390.) and again to Basilides, a Gnostic heresiarch of the Ante-Nicene times, (p. 406.) and also

* The translation is by Dr. Gilly.

to Eunomius and Cain, notorious innovators. (p. 405.) After the fashion of all originators of error, he attempted to unite the poison of his heresy with the Catholic faith. (p. 390.) More than once he reminds us of Pelagius and his disciple Julian. Pelagius was also reproached with his sensual deportment and appearance. Julian, if any, had his share of the Rationalism of Vigilantius; and though he was much more learned and much more acute, yet he had the same abhorrence of continency, and the same practical common sense, with as little spirituality. We do not quarrel with Dr. Gilly for terming Vigilantius "sober-minded," "the reverse of what may be called visionary," (p. 438.) or for commending "his sensible way of showing the absurdity of a (Catholic) practice." (p. 439.) We only deny that this suffices to make a perfect character. We are willing to allow that he was "a premature Protestant," (p. 462.) but do not see what that proves. And we think he would have served the Protestant cause better by not appealing to an apocryphal book of Esdras. (p. 400.)

The only points, then, which we can collect from Dr. Gilly's work as tending at all to raise our estimation of Vigilantius, (for the merits of his cause are not in question,) are, first, that he was born in a mountainous country under the influence of a pure air,—a qualification which we must admit on the author's assertion.

"A mountaineer has many advantages over the inhabitant of a crowded city. He inhales a pure and invigorating air; he has magnificent and inspiring objects perpetually before him; he is invited to range amongst solitudes, and to commune with his own heart amidst those majestic features of nature, which declare the glory of God and the insignificance of man," &c.—p. 126.

In the second place he had read the Scriptures; but to what profit we have already seen.

Lastly, "he sung psalms, and cultivated sacred music." (p. 424.) But St. Jerome thought it was a profanation "to hear the songs of David, and Iduthun, and Asaph, and the sons of Chore, only in the midst of feasting." (p. 391.) And we are too strongly reminded of the poet Clement Marot, who wrote and sang his Protestant psalms in the liberal and profligate court of Francis I., to be much influenced by such evidence. Besides, Arius also made and sang hymns.

If the general view of Dr. Gilly's work, which has been given in the preceding pages, be correct, the inference which we are entitled to draw from it, is, not properly that the school of the author is erroneous, or that his own religious tenets are unfounded, but that they find no support in the history of Christianity, and that the whole work itself, however able and entertaining in its structure, is at bottom a clear proof of the impossibility of a defence, even negative, of Lutheran Protestantism by ecclesiastical history. The original standards of appeal with Dr. Gilly, namely, reason and the Bible, remain to a certain point, as standards, untouched; and it does not fall within our province to impugn him in these, although the denial of the fulfilment of prophecy and Christ's promises, to which we have drawn the attention of the reader, is a strong presumption against the solidity of his Biblical proofs. His book is an historical work, and was to be treated as such. At the same time, if we look at things in the abstract, so important is the argument from probability in all moral and religious questions, that a strong antecedent proof against the validity of the proper grounds of his tenets is presented in the unequivocal and consentient disagreement of history. Testimony and circumstantial evidence are among the chief principles of probability; and though it is often expedient to remove them from consideration, yet no one in reality ever builds his persuasion upon pure reason alone, or individual notions of right and wrong, true or false, for the plain reason, that man, as a social being, is dependant in almost everything upon external information, and that his interest is to adapt his ideas to the belief of mankind and to the dispensation, in all its bearings, in which by creation he has become an actor. And in matter of fact we do not believe that any serious Protestant could exclude an inward distrust of that creed which he has been taught, were he assured, and could he rightly understand, that it had had its origin in the fifteenth century. It is something so contrary to the notion of Christianity, that it should be taught for the first time since Christ and his apostles, at an epoch fifteen hundred years removed from their time, that no private interpretation of Scripture could destroy the force of an argument so practical. And yet to this does the question ultimately come. On the other hand, with regard to Catholics, who, perhaps, are the most likely to look into these pages,

though they are not directly addressed to them, it is doubtless a source of the deepest satisfaction that, in addition to the firm principles which are built upon the doctrines of the Holy Scriptures, exhibited in their due relation and connexion by an ever living and visible authority, they should be supplied with the unanimous consent of history; and instead of being left to the internal evidences alone of a Divine Faith, great and convincing as these are, they should be furnished with the most triumphant external marks of the fulfilment of those blessed promises, which were vouchsafed to them by their Founder and Master.

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- ART. IV.—1. *The Motives to Industry in the Study of Medicine; an Address delivered at Saint Bartholomew's Hospital, on Thursday, Oct. 1, 1846.* By JAMES PAGET, F. R. C. S. Warden of the College, and Lecturer on Physiology in the Hospital. London: 1846.
- 2.—*Reports on the Progress of Human Anatomy and Physiology, for the years 1841-2, 1842-3, 1843-4, 1844-5.* By JAMES PAGET, Lecturer on Physiology at Saint Bartholomew's Hospital, &c. London.
- 3.—*Records of Harvey, in Extracts from the Journals of the Royal Hospital of Saint Bartholomew, with notes.* By JAMES PAGET, &c. London: 1846.

WELL were it for the Schools of Medicine in England, if they all possessed a Warden and a Professor such as the highly-gifted author of the address, with which the winter session of this year was opened, as St. Bartholomew's Hospital. That venerable institution owes its origin to a poor monk, Rahere, who in the time of Henry II. was directed by the Saint whose name it bears, to undertake the foundation of a Hospital. The altar-tomb raised to his memory, with the recumbent figure of a monk on the slab, may still be seen in the ancient and, alas! desecrated church of St. Bartholomew the Greater. Another of wicked memory, has claimed the credit of being its second founder, and his arms, if we remember right, are set side by side with those of Rahere in a window of the church which stands within the hospital gates. But

Rahere is not forgotten, and it is singular that the wards of the hospital, which are shown to strangers in preference to any other, bear the names of the christian virtue "Hope" and "Rahere."

In the time of Abernethy, a School of Medicine was attached to the Hospital; and within the last few years contiguous houses have been included within the Hospital enclosure, and a college founded, of which Mr. Paget is the warden. The good which has resulted from this arrangement is incalculable: young men sent from the country to complete their medical education in London, find here a protection against the dangers of their new position, over and above the *professional* advantage of being within hearing of any occurrence, in the way of accident or operation, at which it would be for their improvement to be present. We speak as eye-witnesses of facts, we have seen the working of the new system at St. Bartholomew's, and we have no hesitation in affirming that (setting aside affectionate reminiscences) had we again to choose a School of Medicine for ourselves or to recommend one to others, St. Bartholomew's Hospital and College would have the preference.

The address delivered by Mr. Paget is earnest and impressive, full of the germs of high and noble thoughts. Witness his expression on the subject of Natural Theology: after remarking that it belongs to the medical student to be daily holding converse with all that is most beautiful in the works of God, "I do not mean," he continues, "that we should always be on the look out for evidences, as they are called, of this or that admitted truth, and then by the dry and unfruitful path of natural theology, should try to attain to an opinion, hardly to be called belief, of that which, on far better evidence, we may be sure of. This cannot be called a privilege to a christian man." Sentiment most *true*, wherever found and by whomsoever uttered, but *real* only in the mouth of a Catholic: not that Mr. Paget does not hold it to be real when pronounced by himself,—no one will accuse Mr. Paget of unreality,—but that it is in reality a sentiment consistent only with Catholicism. For what is the "better evidence," on which the truths, alluded to by Mr. Paget, as held by Protestants, rest? Precisely the evidence on which a bygone physiology rested and which Mr. Paget now rejects: a *stunted Tradition*. A man, say, is *born a*

Protestant and he continues one; this is one ground on which his religion rests; and the same may be said of the Catholic: he professes to prove his religion from *Holy Scripture*, this is another ground, and the Catholic has the same, only with advantage: finally, some few Protestants, appeal to Tradition, and here lies their grievous fallacy: they appeal to an authority and then arbitrarily define the limits of the authority to which they appeal: "doubtless," they will say, "Christ has promised infallibility to his Church, for *the gates of hell shall not prevail against it,** and it is *the pillar and ground of the truth,†* and he has declared that he will be with it *all days even to the consummation of the world,*"† but still their actions say, "the Church was infallible so long only as it forebore to condemn the denial of what we deny, and when it insisted upon the confession of doctrines distasteful to us, it ceased to be the church, and so ceased to be our teacher." Is not this to appeal to a *stunted tradition?* and a practical denial of the inherent life of the Church, which has fitted it for all times and all circumstances? And therefore, is it not denying to the Church the very thing which the physiologist claims as a perfection of his own science? "Study," says Mr. Paget, "your profession in a scientific spirit, and educate yourselves to that closeness of thought and argument in it, which is encouraged by its increasing connexion with the exact sciences." And is this aspiration after assimilating the seen to the unseen, the projection of truth to its prototype in the divine mind, the connexion of the faith as given to man with the "exact" and the unchangeable knowledge which has its origin in God; or again, the realization of the oneness of the church on earth with the church in heaven, and the intercommunion of its members;—all which points are analogous to the reduction of *mixed* science to *exact*, and wrought out by the philosophy of Catholicism, as prompted and illuminated by the Divine Spirit; is all this to be denied to religion, the mistress and end of all sciences? and are its vigorous energies for growth and expansion to be all stunted and crushed? What should we say to the physiologist who clung to the truths known to the father of medicine,—truths which of course by implication con-

* St. Matt. xvi.

† 1 Tim. iii.

‡ St. Matt. ult.

tained the latest results of modern enquiry, (reported so admirably by Mr. Paget,)—and rejected the accumulated stores of physiological knowledge, deduced by rightly applied reason and tested by experiment? And what is to be said of the theologian who acts no otherwise, and rejects the inferences of a divine logic, tested by the experience of saints? Protestantism is guilty of this error, and has brought obloquy on religion: and it is this very crime of Protestantism which has exalted “evidences of natural theology” to the undue position they hold in Protestant countries.

Throughout his address, Mr. Paget is speaking under constraint: he would fain emancipate himself from the trammels of his system, but he cannot: he is hampered on every side: he is tongue-tied. And Protestantism *does* hamper the energies of the soul and smother the utterance of the tongue. The eagle-eye (and we are hardly using a metaphor) *would* gaze on the sun of truth, but it is hoodwinked and cannot pierce the veil which a narrow religion has interposed between it and the fount of light. *Cum talis sis, utinam noster esses!*

It is our intention to enter somewhat at length into the subject of physiology which we have thus connected with a man who promises to be one of its brightest ornaments. He has already done much both in the way of oral instruction and through his invaluable “Reports,” which record the progress of the science in successive years from 1841. Much that we may say will have been derived from his labours, and we hope that he will allow this general acknowledgment to supersede the constant repetition which our obligations to him would otherwise necessarily involve.

The Church is so much occupied with the care of man as a moral and religious being, that the study of external nature, and of man as part of it, has been comparatively little pursued by her most faithful children. The time indeed once was when the whole circuit of science, moral and physical, lay within the grasp of a single mind. Now, however, it is a great thing for a man who seeks excellence in any one study even to understand the language of other sciences. Sciences have at once progressed and multiplied. New instruments have been discovered, the telescope has extended our view into space untraversed

before by the human eye, and the microscope still more recently has unfolded wonders, if possible, still more astonishing in our nearer neighbourhood and in our own frame. And he that has proceeded furthest in the study which he has chosen, feels that he is only on its threshold, and that a student of a few years hence will look back upon his labours as the strivings of a child. And thus it is that each science has become a world in itself: and men live in different worlds: the knowledge of Human Physiology possessed by the comparative anatomist, has not advanced beyond the point at which it stood at the time he heard the lectures of his pupilage, because he has been too much engrossed with his peculiar branch of study to keep pace with the progress of any other. And if it be so in cognate sciences, much more in sciences whose connexion is more remote: how many lawyers have heard of the science of *Histology*? How many divines have heard even of the names of men who are most looked up to in natural science? It must needs be so; and in some branches of knowledge the fact realizes itself more than in others. History, for example, must, from the nature of the case, be adding to its facts every day, both in point of extent of territory, as civilization gradually spreads into barren wastes, and in duration of time: the former is physically limited by the earth's surface: to the latter we see no limit; only, as physiology proves that to every thing that exists a certain natural term is given, so the divine decrees may determine the limit of *extension* to be the same with the limit of *duration*: or, again, as pathology proves that causes, moral or external, or both, may hasten the decay of whatever has being, so the divine decrees may coincide with the destructive influence (if so be) of a comet, and both the one and the other with the moment when the cup of iniquity is full and the number of the elect shall have equalled the number of the fallen angels and filled their vacant places.

Is it not so with the Faith itself? What need of learned divines when truth fell from the lips of very Truth, and the mysteries of the kingdom were lisp'd by hoary age in terms as simple as they were sung by babes and sucklings. The rude and prying eye and the uncontrolled tongue were checked between the Day of Pentecost and the Baptism of Simon Magus: there abode a consciousness of the unseen Divine Presence of the Holy Spirit after the visi-

ble presence of God with man had been withdrawn, and the faithful were happy in the doctrine and fellowship of those who had seen the Lord, in the celebration of the holy mysteries and in common prayers. How different did the aspect of things soon become! Nicolaitans, Gnostics, Hymenæus, and Philetus, were the means permitted by Divine Providence to render the Church (if one may so speak) conscious of the treasures she possessed: she was like a christened infant, innocent and pure, with faith unquestioning; like the happy ecstasica, she was absorbed in the contemplation of God, as he had revealed himself to her; she did not turn her eyes upon herself or criticise the words, which expressed imperfectly, as all words must do, the truths she fed on, or scrutinized their image as projected on her mind, and projected imperfectly, because the truths were infinite and the recipient was finite. This was left for unfaithful children, and as the human body grows to perfection through contending influences, heat and cold, light and darkness, disorganization and repair, so was the Church nurtured in its infancy, childhood, and youth: persecution from without contributed its safeguard against declension in morality, and heresy within, its stimulus to the elaboration of that wonderful system of doctrine which now expresses in words the Church's *consciousness* of the truths she held from the beginning. We have spoken of the Church's infancy, childhood, and youth, why do we not go on to speak of her decrepitude and decay? Does not physiology and the world around tell of this as happening to all things? They do; and it may be that in all which is not essential to her as the Spouse of Christ, the Church may share the fate of earthly things: the human body of her Lord was sensible of fatigue and pain, and his human soul of sorrow even unto death, and his whole manhood was subjected to the will of his enemies: is it strange then that the wickedness or the rebellion of her children should prevent her from exercising in fact, the authority to which she is by her character entitled? that Gregory VII. should be able to exact what Gregory XVI. could not? it is *their* loss and not hers, that kingdoms once devoted to her have now renounced their allegiance, and if the worst befall her, it cannot be so bad as that to which her Lord submitted; and should the worst befall her, it will only be the signal of her exaltation as it was of his. He died and rose

again, and so will she: she will put off that, which in its nature is liable to corruption, and continue for ever arrayed in the righteousness of the saints in the vision of God. Nor will this be, as appears at first sight, contrary to analogy even of the physical sciences; for in these we distinguish between the *facts* as we see them, and the *principles* of those facts: the facts are liable to corruption and constantly changing, but the principles persist: this organized body may possess life to-day, and being disintegrated, may lose it to-morrow; but as long as organization continues, so long will life continue independent of its existence in this or that particular recipient, just as gravitation continues so long as the objects of physical science exist.* And what in fact is meant by these principles? It is not enough to say, that facts are accounted for because they happen according to a *law*; this is playing with words and a concealing of ignorance, or a wilful blindness to unsavoury truths. Law, nature, principle, necessity, are abstractions, and abstractions can do nothing; they are but modes of acting, and all acts imply a personal agent. This personal agent who rules the world, is he who made it. We adore his power, instead of ascribing to him what is unbecoming, when we see his immediate agency in the evolution of the microscopic animalcule, (of which a number as great as there are men on earth, might be contained in the space of a single drop of water,) no less than in the creation of the Archangel Michael. The musical note produced by the gnat's wing in motion, proves that it strikes the air ten or twelve thousand times in a single second, yet every contraction of the muscle of the insect's wing is controlled by him who does nothing in haste, but orders all things in number, measure, and weight. Again, it has been proved that extensive mineral deposits are composed of the silicious shells of the minutest possible animals: those, for instance, of one species, (the *Gaillonella distans*,) constitute the Tripoli of Bohemia, or rotten-stone, an impalpable powder employed in the art of polishing metals, and of these little animals, while few are visible to the naked eye, it would require nearly a hundred and eighty-seven millions of the smallest to weigh a single grain: each act of friction with the rotten-stone reduces to atoms many millions of

* This idea was embodied in its application to politics in the Greek expression *ὁ αἰὶ βασιλεύς*, &c.

entire fossils: and in some species the power of multiplication is so great, that from a single living individual, a hundred and seventy billions may be produced in four days.* Life has existed at some time or other in every one of these animalcules, each has possessed the faculty of secreting the materials necessary for its flinty protection from the food by which it was nourished, and of perpetuating its species; and in each case, he supplied the power, “who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and weighed the heavens with his palm: hath poised with three fingers the bulk of the earth, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance,” before whom “the Gentiles are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the smallest grain of a balance, and the islands are as a little dust, and all nations are as if they had no being at all, and are counted by him as nothing and vanity.”† What then, though the visible fabric of the world pass into its original nothing, the Being, who is its life, endures for ever. The visible world has an external aspect which shrouds the operations of its ever and everywhere present Author, but He is no less truly there. It is so with the Church: externally, it looks, if so be, like other religions or systems of philosophy; one cunning sophist may proclaim it a form of Mithraism, another of Platonism, another of Essenism, and may reckon on its rise, its progress, and decay from the history of *theirs*; another, who pretends to the title of philosopher, may compare its infancy, its patristic, scholastic, and philosophic periods with the history of Buddhism and its revolutions in India; and yet over and above all that these would-be judges of the Church discern in her, it is possible that they do but see the outward form, and that the Divine agency which works in her and through her escapes them: for, he is a God that hideth himself.

But after all, may it not be said that our dispute with such persons as we have referred to, is but a question of words? Since we insist on the immediate agency of God in the physical world, do we deny his Presence and immediate agency in the moral and intellectual? and are not therefore the schools of philosophy to which Christianity

* Dr. Carpenter's General Physiology, § 147.

† Isaias xl.

has been compared, or from which it has been derived, as much the work of God as Christianity itself?

The answer to this objection is easier than appears at first sight. In speaking of the immediate agency of God in the works of nature, we have not excluded *all* notion of other agency than his, either co-operating with or setting itself in opposition to him. He that created the landscape gave the artist the faculty of imitation, and though his agency is immediate in enabling the human mind to act on matter, to guide the pencil or to lay on the colour, his agency in the entire act is only mediate. Mind is something over and above the power of gravitation or electricity in physics, and over and above life in physiology:* these, as such, are properties of matter inorganic or organized beings, and therefore, cannot originate action, but need his constant and immediate agency: mind is endowed with the power of origination, and man by possessing it is created in God's likeness. Man possesses the *forma subsistens*, or that which constitutes personality, as angels do, and both men and angels have applied to them, in consequence of this likeness, the title of gods.† Is it strange then, that when man found himself in a state where good and evil are in constant conflict, where the shadows of God's immediate agency appear in the facts of nature, where he finds within himself, though shattered and marred, some fragments of his original likeness to God, is it strange that by his very power of origination he should strive to invent what he had not, and of which he had no extant promise, the definition, namely, of his relations towards God and his fellow man, that is, systems of religion and morals, which after all should be to the true religion and to true morals, as the artist's painting is to the landscape? Nor is it strange that man's invention should often approach in external resemblance to the Divine exemplar: he that made man and intended his restoration, did not confine his goodness to his ordinary agency: his mercy overflowed, and wherever, even beyond the chosen people, he found the honest and true heart, he aided man's reasonings with hints and glimpses of the truth, which was here-

* *Intellectus noster vel angelicus, quia secundum naturam a materia aliquantulum elevatus est, potest ultra suam naturam per gratiam ad aliquid altius elevari et hujus signum est, &c.* Summ. 1. 12. 4.

† Psalm lxxxi. 6. Cf. S. Thom. Summ. Th. Pars. 1. § 76.

after to be revealed, and prepared the Gentile for the reception of that truth, committed by him in course of time to the keeping of the Church. Far more than this, wonderful to say, (though for the present we forbear to insist upon the subject,) he prepared in heathen Greece, the *instruments* by which St. Thomas and his companions raised bulwarks round the Christian faith. Our answer then is obvious; God has from the beginning had his witnesses of truth, though for 4000 years but partially revealed and shadowed in type and prophecy, till Christianity brought life and immortality to light, and in the fulness of time, the day-spring from on high arose in the East and has shed its benign influence over the world: this is the religion of God's immediate creation, the body quickened by himself, who is the life-giving Spirit: there are others, originated by man in the sense above explained, which vary in their resemblance to the true one, some being horrible grotesque shadows of it, and others almost as like as a soulless body would be to a man; not like a mere corpse, but like a body with all its chemical and physical and vital properties in full exercise, but still without a soul, and *forma subsistens*: like the creation of Prometheus, fair and beautiful, but wholly imperfect without the addition of fire from heaven for its completion.

It is not therefore difficult to account either for the neglect of natural science by the generality of divines, nor on the other hand for the general character of those who have devoted themselves to its study. The former results from the quantity which has to be learned; the latter from the quality or character of the study. Not that the study is in itself other than most sublime, for it is the contemplation of the works of God; and well might Galen speak of his description of the human frame as a hymn chanted in honour of the wisdom, power, and goodness of our Maker; more excellent an offering than hecatombs of bulls, an incense of sweet odour more fragrant than hundreds of precious spices and aromatic gums. But its very beauty constitutes its danger when pursued alone: are not the heavens beautiful? has not God set his tabernacle in the sun, and crowned his Mother with the stars, and figured in the moon his Church, and yet were the hosts of heaven the first objects of idolatry? Created beauty is a snare so soon as men regard it as self-dependent and apart from the uncreated, of which it is at best a shadow in dim

outline. Did not even she, whose single beauty outshines the united glory of angels and saints, and whose powerful intercession is the overthrow of heresy, become the object of idolatrous worship* in the earliest times with those who forgot the immeasurable distance between the Creator and the fairest and the spotless jewel of his creation? Eve looked on the forbidden fruit and saw that it was good to eat, and fair to the eyes, and delightful to behold, and created beauty captivated her and she was seduced. "Man," says Dr. Carpenter, quoting with approbation the expression of Burns, "is the god of the dog:" to the brute creation, even in its highest sagacity, the visible is all in all, and faith in the Invisible is not possible: the noblest faculty of man is his capacity of faith, by it more than by aught else he is distinguished from the beasts that perish, and if he resign this, he forfeits his peculiar dignity, he differs only in the degree of his organization and its consequent properties from the cattle around him; he continues indeed the highest of animals, because his mental faculties are higher in accordance with the development of his brain, but still he is *only* the highest among the vertebrata, the most elevated of mammals, the most intellectual among the spini-cerebrata.

But can it be so? Is it true that the study of physiology can lead to infidelity, when it is the study of those very objects which so strikingly shadow forth the Maker of all?

It is true, and most lamentably true: perhaps *tres medici, duo infideles*, is below, rather than above, the average account; and what has been already said explains the ultimate cause of so miserable, so degrading a result: but it may be asked, what is *practically* the cause, what are the circumstances of the study which lead to it? This question too, it is not difficult to answer.

If we look at Europe as a whole, and reflect on the disastrous consequences of the events of the 16th century, how the foundations of faith in certain countries, and in our own among the rest, have been sapped in the minds of individuals, though in themselves they stand as sure as when the promise was first given to St. Peter, it is no wonder that Protestants who begin with being critics, end with denying the Christianity to which in the first instance they have no rightful claim. Catholics have the faith and a

* αἰεσις εἰδωλοστοιός S. Epiph. Hær. 79.

creed, but it is not an easy thing for men to bear up against the superciliousness with which high-sounding philosophy treats the doctrines of truth as puerile, effete, and obsolete. Set in the midst of an unbelieving world, there is too much cause to fear that they may forget that the "foolishness of God is wiser than men," and may range themselves on the side of the "Friends of Light," who prefer a flickering flame of their own kindling to the sun which God has set in the heavens to illuminate the earth. But it is not the place here to speak of the predisposing causes which lay men open to the ill effects of physiological study. This will lead us away from the peculiar dangers we propose to define, the first of which may be stated as follows: The young man leaves school or college with certain religious principles, and with certain ideas of the Being and attributes of God; he is intended for a profession to which physiological science is preparatory, and he finds himself at a hospital or an institution established for the purpose. His theological knowledge is stationary: his scientific is progressive. Life and motion he learns to trace to secondary causes, of which, before, he had heard nothing. He had been taught that life is a gift of God, and that it rests with him to destroy it or to save; but now he finds that life expresses but an aggregate of properties, attached to organization and dependent for their exercise on the perfection of the organism and the presence of certain stimuli, as heat, and light, and electricity. His scientific knowledge grows into maturity: his religion is still that of his boyhood or his youth: he has found other causes of the facts he sees, besides those that he knew before, and the conceit of knowledge and superiority hides from him the fact that these causes are themselves effects: and then he ascribes a real power to his generalizations, personifies abstractions, and deifies nature.

He once spoke of the Almighty power of God, but that Almightyness received its character from his own ideas of power; and now that those ideas of power are expanded, his conception of it exceeds the idea he had before formed of God, and he substitutes for God this his newly acquired notion. And soon he learns that powers, forces, laws, not only regulate the existence of visible things, but that they themselves would have no existence unless embodied in these visible things, and so law and the frame-work of the world become correlatives; cause and effect imply each

other, and as creation could not be without God, so neither can his god exist without creation; his god is an *anima mundi*, and Pantheism his belief.

2. There is another danger in the study of physiology: its dependence on experiment and its uncertainty. It is remarkable how the peculiarities, both of the pure and the mixed sciences, are detrimental to the faith of the Christian, if they are pursued exclusively. The pure sciences have necessary conclusions, the mixed sciences have facts; the *ἀναγκαῖα* and the *ὑπάρχοντα* of Aristotle; the offsprings of induction and experiment. The objects of faith partake of the character of both; they rest on an infallible authority, and are therefore as infallible as the conclusions of necessary science; but the infallibility of that authority is not proved to man by mathematical demonstration, and the acceptance therefore of its enunciations becomes one branch of human probation. Theology refuses to be submitted to experiment on the one hand, and on the other requires the mathematician to repose the same confidence in the enunciations of the Divine mind as he does in the abstractions of his own, while she refuses to him the subjective certainty which he enjoys with regard to the latter. We know indeed that *after* probation and in the state of reward, evidence analogous to that of physical and of mathematical science may be possessed in respect of the present objects of faith, in a degree transcendently higher than it exists on earth in respect of the objects of either one or the other human science. Touching the one, the pure science, the mind of the creature will be made partaker of and like to the Divine First Mind, and will by means of Divine light (made by participation its own) apprehend (more distinctly than ever it did on earth its own principles and conclusions,) the Essence of God, and therefore all the truth of which it is capable, as though by subjective consciousness: and, touching the other, the objects now of faith will become the objects of sight, “not as though the acuteness of our bodily eyes were to be exalted to that of eagles, or that which some ascribe to serpents, (since no difference in degree alone could extend the power of vision beyond corporeal objects,) but the eyes of the glorified body shall (as may well be believed) so see the bodies proper to that new heaven and that new earth, as to behold God with the most clear distinctness, everywhere present, directing as a pilot does his ship, all things, even these

heavenly bodies; shall so see, not in the way in which we now behold the unseen things of God, understood, that is, by the things that are made, but in such sort as we now no sooner behold the men among whom we live, alive and exercising vital energies, than we at once *see*, we do not *believe*, that they are *alive*." God is, as we have before said, the life of all things; but on earth when we view his operations, we apprehend them only as the effects of *life*, and we discern them as *his* workings only "through a glass darkly;" in the state of reward, the purified vision will convey at once to the intellect the apprehension of God, no longer severing life, which is the *secondary*, from God, who is the *first* cause. The uncertainty of *physiological* science is very remarkable, and it is this branch of science with which we are specially concerned. In itself it is of course *not* uncertain, but we speak of it as at present existing: it is in its infancy, its laws are not deduced, and the difficulties which attend their deduction are far greater than those which accompany the deduction of the laws of mere physical science, as of astronomy or inorganic chemistry. Upon this point we cannot do better than refer our readers to the Preliminary Remarks in Dr. Carpenter's work on General and Comparative Physiology: it is enough by way of illustration to quote the following words: "In the mineral or inorganic world, *change* is the *exception*, and *permanence* is the *rule*; whilst in the animated kingdoms, *change* is constant and universal, and is indeed, essential to our idea of life." (§ 11.) It is this uncertainty, which accompanies the infancy of a science, that makes its study dangerous. The mind is moulded on an inquiring, a questioning, a sceptical type, and this is the very opposite to the character necessary for a Catholic: the Catholic's mind must be that of a little child, ready to believe, not eager to question. And this fully explains the almost excessive solicitude of the Church in warning her children, like a tender mother, to be on their guard against the snares of science. Take at hap-hazard any page in the valuable work just quoted, and see whether "probable," "likely," "perhaps," "seems," "appears," or some equivalent phrase is not found in almost every subordinate conclusion. This is far from being a fault in Dr. Carpenter, it arises of necessity from causes independent of him, and proves his faithfulness as a physiologist: still it is not the model on which a Catholic mind is to be moulded.

Is it any wonder then that the father of experimental science, Galileo, should have been an object of suspicion, especially when he obtruded, or seemed to obtrude, his physical deductions into the region of theology? If experimental science has so many dangers now, (though it has been proved that physical philosophers are but the Church's unconscious ministers in discovering new and wonderful analogies illustrative of the Church's truths,) it might well be mistrusted when it was an untried and novel system. To men who had been accustomed to take the word of Holy Scripture literally, when it spoke of physical facts, the bold, sudden admission of a contrary opinion though true, would practically have subverted other and far more important truth. It matters little whether the sun be more properly said to move round the earth or the converse: but the non-invalidation of the grounds of religion and morals, which teach us our relation to God and our fellow-men, is of prime importance. The Catholic does not now find the same difficulties in the progress of science: past experience proves, (as is *à priori* plain) that the word of God as read in nature, is in harmony with the word of God as written in Scripture or delivered by tradition; and, because it is in harmony, therefore illustrative of it and an additional proof of its truth. That he is still not without fear does not arise from a suspicion of science, but from the certainty that science will be a snare to many in consequence of considerations already spoken of. And in addition, it may be admitted that physical science external to the Church is, generally speaking, in advance of physical science within the Church. It is antecedently probable that it should be so. The Church has higher subjects for contemplation, and men who have not these will naturally look for the gratification of their innate love of knowledge in external nature. But they are labouring ultimately for the Church: they labour and the Church reaps the harvest: they are like the beings which inhabited the earth before it put on its present garb and became habitable by man, which existed not for themselves but for the human race, and through the course of ages followed each other in various succession, all for the sake of man: they are like the beings of the vegetable and the animal world, which gradually elaborate the simple elements, and combine them into organizable compounds and prepare food for man, while

he, in the meanwhile, is, if he lives as man and according to his higher nature, occupied with higher and worthier matters. Even so the observer of facts, if he be not also Catholic, is the Church's unconscious slave; whether he be physical philosopher, or metaphysician, his extremest ingenuity, his minutest observation, his most brilliant generalization, his profoundest lucubrations, are unprofitable speculations, or, at best but external FACTS, till they are illuminated by the light of TRUTH. And then, in the hands of the Catholic, they become a *living* and a breathing harmony and a canticle of praise, because they set forth the glory of God in adding their tribute of testimony to the truth of the Catholic faith, which is (in all respects in which created things can bear similitude,) analogous to "the constitution and course of nature." Hence it is that in our days we find a Catholic professor at Louvain, M. Waterkeyn, writing on the subject of geology, entering upon the Neptunian and Plutonian Theories, and not only speaking fearlessly on hypotheses which have terrified many a Protestant whose doctrines rest on his own private interpretation of Sacred Scripture, but entitling his book, "The Principles of St. Augustine on the Philosophy of Nature," as carrying out the process adopted by that holy Doctor of the Church in his Exposition of the Mosaic History of Creation. The Church has just so far kept up with the progress of science as to protect the intellectual who are sincere and earnest from its dangers; and just so far kept short of it as to try the faith of all, whether it will stand or no.

3. One more danger accompanying physiological as a branch of physical science, shall be mentioned. It is a bond of union. All men can appreciate the value of union; the object of the Church is that all men may be one. And the Church teaches the manner in which God will have all men united, namely, by union with His divine nature; "the only-begotten Son of God," says the angelic doctor, "would have us partakers of His Godhead, and to that end, assumed our manhood, that by being made man, He might make gods of men." This is the divine economy by which unity is to be effected; but just as man forsook God to worship the creature before Christianity appeared, so (now that the grossness of idolatry is excluded among the accidental effects of the presence of Christianity,) in these more refined times, this divine economy is rejected,

and man looks around for means of union, short of the divinely appointed one. Here again the truth of God is changed into a lie, and however one error may involve the other, the assault, at least in appearance, is made by the enemy, not so much on the being and attributes of God as on his Church, which is the appointed means of union with Him. We long for unity, man is not by nature a solitary being, he is drawn towards his fellow by sympathy and by necessity. And if the theory of the Church were set before any man, he could hardly deny that the fairest idea of unity is embodied in it. It would indeed, if fully realized, be the kingdom of God on earth, and its law would be the law of love. But whatever is the cause, men have refused this unity; nay, when in great measure it existed, they have risen in rebellion and shivered Christian Europe into fragments, and the tree, in which the sap still rises, and whose fruit still comes to perfection, has lost many a fair branch lopped off and withered; the heart beats vigorous as ever, the head remains unscathed, but the gangrene which could not reach the nobler parts, has separated off this or that extremity. Still however, man who has fallen from grace, retains his natural desire for unity, and so new bonds of union are sought, and not sought in vain. It seems the very artifice of the enemy of man, to put on the appearance of an angel of light, and simulate as near as possible the truth. The veriest unbelievers will now-a-days use Scripture language or the language of dogmatic theology to express their own impieties, and associations for this or that merely human object assume the appearance of the church's unity and the church's charity. It is so with free-masonry, and it is so with physical science. What we have already said of the extent to which the different sciences are carried, has shown how entirely each science is a little world in itself, each constitutes an association with a common object. And in the pursuit of this object there is no moral self-discipline required; impurity and vice are no obstacles to fellowship between physical philosophers as such; no rule such as that propounded by St. Paul for Christian communion, (1 Cor. v. 11.) is called for in an association for science; above all, here is no obtrusive external authority claiming obedience, and yet refusing to submit to chemical test or to be tried by the microscope. No man is interfered with by his neighbour; here at least is common ground where religious

differences may be forgotten ; here the zealot and the bigot are regarded from a distance with philosophic indifference, and sometimes with philanthropic pity ; here the greatest happiness of the greatest number is the watchword, and *that* happiness is such as this world gives ; here is no room for self-denial or bodily austerities, for it is contrary to common sense to deny the body what it needs for its most perfect physical development ; here no time is lost in prayer, religious exercises, or meditation on the shadowy and mystic enigmas of theology, for the physical philosopher's devotion and worship is coincident with his favourite pursuit, and he will tell you that the best adoration, the most "reasonable service," is to trace the operations of nature in the fair world around him ; here in fine are facts without truth, union without unity, a body without a soul, man without immortality, nature without God.

Such are the dangers to which the student of physical science is exposed ; so grossly may those manifestations of God's power and goodness in the visible creation be abused, which ought to be ever present memorials to excite our love, to advance our knowledge of him, and to shadow forth the life to come ; so easily can the creature, which is the object of sense, usurp the place of the Creator, who can reign in the heart by faith alone.

What then is the proper use of physical science ? And what its legitimate position as a study ? It is to trace the operations of him who is unchangeable, the author of nature, of morals, of religion, all which, as proceeding from him, partake of his unity and are analogous to one another. This vast system of God's creation is beyond our comprehension, and many things appear therefore to our limited capacities contradictory or irreconcilable with what we might have expected. Of the three, the book of nature lies before us and is most accessible ; the laws of morality are more recondite, and faith is the object of revelation ; of the three, in respect of importance, the first is most easily dispensed with, the second is essential to man as a mortal, the third is supreme : of the three, while we are baffled in all, the first has fewest difficulties, the second more, but against the third difficulties have been most multiplied : of the three, the first is recognized especially by sense, the second by reason, the third by faith : the first relates to the animate and inanimate creation and

to man in so far as he is merely animal, the second to man in reference to his fellow, the third to man in so far as he is partaker of the angelic and of the divine nature: experiment, conscience and authority prevail severally in each. Thus then stands the question: all three proceed from God and therefore antecedently we might expect a parallelism; we find in fact that there *is* a parallelism in many parts and this confirms our expectation that we shall find it in all; and the main point is this,—objections are brought against religion as containing difficulties which cannot be surmounted; we answer, Look at physical science, *it* too has the same difficulties, and notwithstanding, the constitution and course of nature really exists: the objections therefore against religion are groundless: nor is the argument merely elenctic and defensive, it is positive also and direct; the system of nature is laid before our eyes and we find ourselves subject to its laws and that we act in opposition to them at our peril; we find ourselves again in a social condition and subjected to the laws of society and morals, and the consequences of their transgression is still more fatal: and yet neither the one system nor the other is based on absolute demonstration, for it can be shown that our apprehension of both is ultimately founded upon faith. Again, the system of external nature is in itself insufficient for man in this life, and its deficiencies are supplied by the law of morals, and in like manner this moral law is insufficient for man as destined, if so be, for another life as much exalted above his present as his present life is above that of the world around him. As well then the nature of the evidence and the imperfections of the visible systems in which man lives, afford a probability that there is somewhere another and a perfect system (otherwise, he has been born with capacities and desires never destined to be satisfied) and that the evidence on which that system will rest, will be not demonstrative but probable.

The *analogy between sense, reason and faith* is therefore the highest object of contemplation for the physical philosopher.

PHYSIOLOGY is that branch of the study of nature which regards organization. Between a mass of lead or a stream of water and a growing plant or the body of a living animal there is a marked difference obvious to the eye. And the difference which appears to the eye is

attended with an actual difference in the constitution of the objects and in the laws to which they are subjected; or rather, over and above the kind of constitution in the simpler object, there is superadded something in the more compound; and over and above the laws to which the first is subject, there are others which have reference to the greater complexity in the constitution of the latter. We say familiarly that the mass of *lead* is inert and lifeless, but that it has some kind of existence notwithstanding that it has no life, that it possesses qualities such as hardness and form, and that, though inert, it still obeys certain laws, as that of gravitation. It is a simple substance, irreducible by means known to us, to more elementary parts, and it is homogeneous throughout. Our next example, *water*, is in appearance very different from the lead: it is still lifeless and inert, and the fact of its fluidity is merely accidental, for, absolutely, lead is as fluid as water, since the form in which we find both is merely dependent on the temperature to which they are exposed. They essentially agree in the fact of being homogeneous throughout, they essentially differ in that lead is a simple substance and water a compound (an oxide of hydrogen): this characteristic of water raises it above lead in the scale of being, and its superiority is manifested in the beautiful crystalline forms which it assumes in its solidification into ice. Not that this manifestation of a tendency to determinate form is confined to compound substances, for "as there is an evident tendency in particles of matter, especially when passing gradually from the gaseous or fluid to the solid state, to arrange themselves in a regular and conformable manner with regard to each other, so there is, perhaps, no inorganic element which is not capable of assuming such form, if placed in circumstances adapted to the manifestation of this tendency among its particles,"* but that the tendency is manifested in a higher degree in the compound than in the simple body; and with respect to the existence of the tendency in simple inorganic bodies, it may be remarked that there is nothing which will so constantly force itself on our observation as the fact that *gradual* progression in the scale of being is the rule: we find no rude gaps, no hiatuses unconnected with intermediate links. Whether the rule is without exception is

* Dr. Carpenter, ut supra, § 14.

matter for future consideration, or whether each step in the progression should rather be spoken of *as* a hiatus, though indefinitely small, and that therefore, if exceptions exist, they are reduced to differences only of degree, is likewise a question of extreme interest. It is on the confines of different orders of beings that the mind is most perplexed in determining the distinctive character of each, and it may be that the solution of its perplexities is beyond the reach of human science.

Leaving our two first instances and proceeding to those with which we contrasted them, the plant and the animal, (the examples not being taken from the confines of different kingdoms,) we are struck at once with this remarkable distinction from our first examples, namely that the plant and the animal are *not* homogeneous throughout; their parts differ from each other, and while in our first cases we could predicate "lead" and "water" either of the entire mass or of a filing of the one or a drop of the other, now we can no longer predicate in the same manner of the whole and of its part. There is, moreover, a greater complexity in the constitution of the parts; simple substances do not enter into their constitution in their simple state, (some of the simple substances not at all,) and indeed to a very limited extent in the simpler forms of combination; chemistry indeed has succeeded and *is succeeding* in demonstrating closer analogies between vegetable and animal compounds and inorganic compounds, than were heretofore imagined, so that the assertion that there is a *fundamental* difference between the two, is probably incorrect; but still the extreme complexity of organic compounds is characteristic. This variety of parts and this greater complexity in their constitution, require an analogously complex system of principles for their evolution. The laws of mechanics and of chemistry are not *suspended*, so that others take their place; but there are superadded to them, laws expressive of new operations, which are developed, at least fully, only in beings of which we commonly predicate life. The plant and the animal are living structures, and from the possession of life, are constantly undergoing change; the plant is the more simple object of the two, as becomes more evident when it is considered that it is an aggregate of different individuals, each off-shoot being capable of maintaining a separate existence when severed from the common stock. The more simple

the structure, the less complex as a natural consequence are the laws which describe its functions; hence in the plant there is, generally speaking, continuous growth to a certain point and then gradual decay, the latter being in all probability a consequence of the former. This growth is effected by the absorption of certain nutriment from the soil and atmosphere, and by its elaboration into a part of the living structure, by which elaboration it becomes itself endowed with the living properties possessed by the plant, and therefore capable of assimilating fresh nutriment as itself has been assimilated. The pliant stem of the young plant becomes consolidated into the solid trunk, by the deposit of woody substance, separated by a living process from the elaborated sap, and so the tree advances to perfection. But this living power does not continue to energize, longer than its operation is required, and when the trunk of the tree has become consolidated, it becomes obnoxious to the hurtful influence of external agents, and it is liable to rottenness and decay. The animal structure is far more complex than the vegetable. The metal is a mass of homogeneous units, each possessing an existence wholly independent of the rest; the crystallized salt is a collection of similar individuals, formed out of homogeneous units in determinate forms by the laws of crystallization, but when once formed, independent of one another for their existence; the plant is an aggregate of individuals, possessing life and independent of each other, if only their communication be preserved with the soil by means of the trunk, which itself differs not in reality from its branches, any more than they do from the boughs, or the boughs from this year's shoots, which are but the repetition of what the massive stem was when it first sprouted from the seed; but the animal is an individual of which the parts are necessary for its own perfection, and are incapable of separate existence.* Plants are fixed in the ground, animals have power of locomotion; plants are destitute of, but animals possess sensation; plants are influenced by the atmosphere by the extended surface of their leaves; in

* It must be remembered that, as has been before stated, we are not here speaking of the *confines* of the various kingdoms of nature. For clearness' sake our examples are taken from the ordinary and obvious instances of the several kingdoms. To introduce our subject with difficulties, which we purposely avoid for the present, would be as perplexing to our readers, as if we began with such hard names as *Vorticella Convallaria*, *Ciliobrachiata*, or *Diatoma*, and convey neither definite ideas nor truth.

animals the function of respiration is confined to a particular organ; plants have not to seek their food, but animals have; plants absorb nutriment from without, in animals it has to pass through a long process of mastication, insalivation, digestion, chyfication, before it is taken up by the absorbing vessels for the repair of the system. And when we speak of the *repair* of the system, we introduce a new characteristic of the organic world, and principally of animals. These numerous functions are performed by an *expenditure*, and that expenditure has to be replaced. Every contraction of a muscle is accompanied by its partial disintegration; and yet if it be not constantly exercised, and so constantly affected by a disintegrating influence, it will degenerate into fat. Change, therefore, pre-eminently is a characteristic of animals; their physical life is taken up with destruction and reparation. Most complex is the machinery by which this reparation is effected, and far more complex *its* laws than those of the vegetable world. The functions most distinctive of the animal from the vegetable kingdom, are those of locomotion and sensation; plants have no channels of communication with the world around, but animals have a special apparatus for this purpose; and this is the nervous system. The animals inferior to man possess this in various degrees of development, and by its assistance they are enabled to direct their steps in pursuit of prey and to shun the dangers which threaten them. It subserves the same purposes in man, but not these alone: it is the channel by which the otherwise dormant faculties of his reason are called into exercise. Let a man be imagined born without a single sense; he would die as he was born: because as a human being, man is part of an external world to which his nature must be correlative, and as it is the means of his probation, it is also the means by which the intellectual powers of his soul are elicited and brought into action.*

If we have made ourselves understood, it will now be plain what is meant by the science of physiology. It has for its special object, the *functions* to which the name of vital is given, and it therefore has particular reference to

* Per intellectum connaturale est nobis cognoscere naturas, quæ quidem non habent esse nisi in materia individuali; non tamen secundum quod sunt in materia individuali sed secundum quod abstrahuntur ab ea per considerationem intellectus.

the vegetable and animal kingdoms. These vital functions are exercised by certain *structures*, and a most important branch of physiology is the examination of these structures, their development, exercise, and decay. Every inferior science ministers more or less directly to the higher: chemistry, therefore, and physics, may not be neglected by the physiologist; rather they form a very essential part of his study; since the properties, whose examination is *characteristic* of physiology—that is, the *vital* properties—far from excluding the physical or chemical, leave them entire, and never trespass on their domain: That “nothing is done in vain,” is a principle as true now as when enunciated by the old philosophers, and where there already exists an instrument sufficient to effect a required end, that instrument is continued even in cases of higher organization, modified, it may be, and controlled by the peculiar and characteristic properties of this organization, but not superseded by them. “Organized being” is the study of the general physiologist; “Man, viewed as an organized being, in the normal or healthy exercise of his functions,” is the study of the human physiologist. There is another point of view in which we must regard the object of physiology. The more simple the body, the more free is it from the injurious effect of external causes or internal disarrangement. The units which compose an unorganized mass retain their integrity, though the mass itself be broken to pieces. The more complex the individual, the greater its liability to lesion. Plants, therefore, are exposed to this in a far higher degree than animals; and the consideration of these lesions, their causes, and their remedies, are a part of physiology in a more extended signification. This “morbid physiology” is distinguished by a peculiar name, *pathology*, and as the nature of the case would lead one to expect, it is practically confined almost wholly to the diseases, structural or functional, which are incident to the *human* frame. As an accessory to physiology it is often of the greatest service; for “certain diseased conditions occasionally lead to a disclosure of the internal structure of parts, much more complete than that effected by the knife and microscope of the anatomist;”^{*} and, as a science by itself, there is no need to expatiate on its value in ministering to the relief of

* Dr. Carpenter, *ubi supra*, § 527.

sickness and of pain. And it may be remarked that pathology cannot be with greater propriety separated from physiology, than the consideration of vice can be excluded from a treatise on morals.

Twofold, then, is the object of physiology: one has reference to this life, and the other to the life to come. It is the handmaid to two divine sciences, both of them hallowed by being practised, after a supernatural manner, by Him who deigned to clothe Himself in the wondrous structure which Himself designed when He made man in His own image: it is the handmaid of medicine and the handmaid of religion; and in its highest aspect, as the handmaid of religion, it belongs to us to consider it. Well were it if they, whose names stand pre-eminent in physiology, knew aright the dignity of their pursuit. Would that the estimable author, whose works stand at the head of the present article, whose pages delight us, and whose science we rather admire than attempt to criticize, and Lawrence, with his bright intellect, were conscious of their own dignity, or rather of the dignity which would be theirs, if they would claim it. Who knows not that physiology, and every noble science, is incompatible with Protestantism and its unrealities? No wonder that so many physiologists take refuge in the *facts* of the natural world, when *truth* is, in their Protestantism, beyond their reach: no wonder that they seek for the reality which eludes them in their religion, in their science. O that we might indeed see science no longer “pernicious to faith, but once more her handmaid: see her, after so many years of wandering from theory to theory, from vision to vision, return once more to the home where she was born, and to the altar at which she made her first simple offerings; no longer, as she first went forth, a wilful, dreamy, empty-handed child, but with a matronly dignity and priest-like step, and a bosom full of well-earned gifts, to pile upon its sacred hearth!”* and the Catholic can well rejoice at finding, even in the darkness of Protestantism, souls yearning after truth, even though yet they are excluded from its possession. Such an one is he who speaks to the pupils who surround him in the following strain: “It is a

* Bishop Wiseman's Lectures on the Connexion between Science and Revealed Religion; Lect. 5. ad fin.

privilege, and a lofty one, to be peculiarly instructed in the whole nature of the last and most glorious of the Creator's works; and then, by the combined lights of revelation and of science, mingled, like complementary colours, in a purer and more bright illumination, to be able to discern in our own bodies the expressions of His still guiding and upholding power and goodness; to study our relation to all other creatures, and to learn how truly we are, by the constitution of our frames, not less than by our mental force, adapted for dominion over all; to discern, as far as may be, the nature and operations of our material part; and to trace the workings of those laws of disease and death, by which so much of the moral government of the world is exercised."* And again: "If we survey the whole or any portion of the organic world, and see nothing there but what is formed in perfect beauty, and in perfect adaptation to its own purpose,—no creature but has laws ordained for its guidance and support, as good and appropriate as if it had been the only creature cared for, and half the world beside had been made for it; if, I say, we contemplate these things, and then ourselves, we must sometimes wonder at our own position: that, in all this world of beings, man alone,—one creature in a myriad,—should have knowledge of the things above himself. Surely, those who are admitted to the more intimate discernment of the plans of Providence towards all the creatures that have life, derive from their science a kind of sacred ordination to give thanks for all: surely to us, as physiologists, must peculiarly belong the office which George Herbert has assigned to man in his exaltation above the other creatures. 'Man,' he says,

"Man is the world's high priest, he doth present
The sacrifice for all: while they below,
Unto the service murmur an assent,
Such as springs use that fall and winds that blow."†

Our limits do not allow us to enter distinctly on the wide subject to which allusion has been made,—the office of physiology in illustrating the analogy between sense, reason, and faith. It may be that hereafter the task will be undertaken in some of its details; it will be enough

* Paget's Address, p. 20.

† Ibid. p. 21.

here to give a rapid sketch of the plan which might be pursued. And, first, it is to be observed, that the establishment of this analogy is no new thought. As Aristotle was raised up by Divine Providence in Greece to elaborate a system of logic, ethics, and metaphysics, which was subsequently to be enlisted in the service of the Church, by which means human reason was the means employed for providing the armour needed against the assaults of the same human reason in its antagonism to faith: so it may be that in the bosom of an heretical communion has been raised a mind, whose office it was, under the same Divine Providence, to promulgate an idea which the new character of the times has rendered necessary. The syllogistic process has been attacked on many sides, and attempts have been made to show that, notwithstanding all that can be said to the contrary, it involves a *petitio principii*, an assumption of the conclusion to be proved. It is maintained, moreover, that the mode of argument used in Holy Scripture is neither syllogistic, nor reducible to that form; that the Fathers of the Church do not employ it, (and, indeed, the perusal of a treatise of St. Athanasius on the doctrines of which he was the champion, cannot but leave an impression on the reader's mind that the assertion is true); finally, that in nature we do not find broad lines between different classes of beings, but that they are insensibly blended into one another, and that therefore few universal propositions can be stated truly in an unmodified manner. If this be so, and perhaps it is hardly more than saying that the abstract rules of mathematics are not capable of being applied by the finite mind of man to mixed science of whatever kind, because he cannot make allowance for the innumerable perturbations, the minute modifications, the endless varieties introduced by the subjection of matter to laws and its *information*; if this be so, we shall not be surprised to find that the method of analogy may be destined to supersede the syllogistic. Analogy was applied by one of whom no one can think without respect, the pride and ornament of a college at Oxford, (founded for the express purpose of doing service to God and His Church, under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin; and whose statutes, still in force, and read year after year in form, can be observed really by none but Catholics,) one of whom the Catholic has a lingering hope that he did not die an alien to the faith,—was applied to the

vindication of those doctrines which, though in schism, he confessed in common with the Church, by exhibiting side by side revealed and natural religion, and the constitution and course of nature. It was a long time before the pagan Aristotle found the place preordained by God for his labours in the system of St. Thomas ; if a St. Thomas is raised in the nineteenth century for the Church's need, it is possible that part of his office may be to adapt to Catholicism the principles of the Protestant Butler. It has ever been so ; "the preaching of the faith openly speaks out what nature showed by anticipation ;* and the poor essays of unaided human reason, when illuminated by the Church, have found themselves invested with a beauty, a meaning, and a dignity like that of the new-born babe when first raised from the waters of baptism, and made companion of angels, and entitled to a heavenly mansion. How pregnant with unfathomed truth, for example, are those words of the author to whom we have referred, when taken in a Catholic sense, in which he says, that "the whole system of Scripture is not yet understood ; it is not at all incredible that a Book which has been so long in the possession of mankind, should contain many truths yet undiscovered : " how entirely does it contain the Catholic doctrine, according to which even now, though eighteen centuries have passed over the history of the Church, even now the Holy Father may define a doctrine not yet defined, and the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Lady may become matter of faith, though St. Bernard and St. Thomas knew it not.

After attempting to determine the several provinces of sense, reason, and faith, with a view to determining the points in which the analogy between them is to be sought, it would be necessary to show that the whole subject, relatively to us at least, does not admit of demonstrative proof, and, consequently, that there exists no real difficulty in the fact that the necessity of *faith* cannot be brought home by demonstration to the Protestant and unbeliever ; it might then be proved that the apprehensions of sense, reason, and faith are in fact all reducible to the last, and that therefore the renunciation of faith ought, by consequence, to involve the renunciation of the evidence of sense and reason, while, contrariwise, the admission of the two

* St. Chrysostom, Hom. v. in Ep. ad Rom.

latter will render the rejection of the first unreasonable: the analogy would be continued by showing that of the three faculties the lower is in each case the appointed minister of the higher, requires the higher for its own perfection, and is required by the higher as an indispensable adjunct: the causes of the deficiency in each might be shown to be analogous throughout, and the mode by which such deficiency is supplied. The positive evidence for faith might be made to appear analogous to the positive evidence in the case of sense and reason; and, finally, the peculiar advantage of the principle of faith might be shown as supplying, in the concerns which are most deeply important to man, an ever present and immediate guide, employing a language intelligible to the meanest capacity, and presenting objects of contemplation far beyond the full comprehension of the most exalted, supplying to the most ignorant motives of the most perfect purity, which human reason in its highest flights has never reached, training peasants to be saints, unveiling the unseen world, leading monarchs to the cloister, and teaching the philosopher humility.

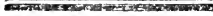
He that made man perfect, and devised the scheme of his restoration, knew where lay his utmost need: it was not that he might penetrate the secrets of nature, and therefore, though now the world, as man's habitation, is some six or seven thousand years old, we have physical sciences still in their very infancy; it was not that his intellect might be cultivated, for it was the lust of knowledge, the knowledge of good and evil, which caused his ruin; but it was reunion with God which was his utmost need, and from the first the means of this reunion were supplied by the promise that the woman's seed should bruise the serpent's head. Man, from the very first, has had religion and faith to guide him; sense and reason have too often led his steps astray, but powerful as they are for evil, they may become no less effective ministers of good.

And now we take leave of our subject, at least for the present; but, as we began with remarks on a document expressing the sentiments of a high-minded man on the nature and responsibilities of the physiological student, so we will conclude. The following are the words which he addresses to the students of St. Bartholomew:

“Above all, be sure that your knowledge be not polluted by any

irreligious. Oh, shame and eternal loss, that ever a gift so noble should be turned against the Giver! Shame, multiplied a thousand-fold, if one of us, admitted to the study of the noblest science, should profane our knowledge in mockery and scoffing! Yet not more shame than folly; for it is only by joining the study of revealed truth with that of science, that our science can be perfect. For we stand, as it were, in the centre of an area of light and truth; and whichever way we move, except in one, we come too soon to the twilight, and then to the deep darkness of that on which the light of science has not yet shone. But, in that one direction there is no twilight; there,—if we follow in the line of truth, and do not with a mad conceit refuse the proffered help, there is the path of Revelation, and there the light of science is not lost,—it merges into the more glorious light of truth.”*

May he who could speak thus be strengthened to follow the course he has himself described: may he see and feel that the words he uses in reference to total disbelief, apply no less to misbelief; that if the one is “deep darkness,” the other, in whatever form, whether Anglicanism or Socinianism, is but the dim “twilight,” and that if one man catches some few more scattered rays of truth from the Church Catholic than another, his responsibility is the greater, and the account he will have to render for his nearer approximation, but his alienation still, the more strict. “To whom men have committed much, of him they will demand the more;” and again: “From him that hath not, that also which he *seemeth to have* shall be taken away.”



ART. V.—*A Pilgrimage to the Temples and Tombs of Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine, in 1845-6.* By Mus. ROMER, author of “The Rhone, the Darro, and the Guadalquivir,” &c., 2 vols. London, Bentley, 1846.

WITH the temples and tombs of Egypt and Palestine, the English reader of the present day should be tolerably well acquainted. If he be not so, the fault must

* Address, p. 29.

be assuredly his own ; for there has been, we believe, no subject more frequently treated of, or more elaborately and perseveringly discussed, than they have been for the last forty years. The bare enumeration of the names of those who have written concerning these venerable monuments within that time, would occupy a considerable portion of our space ; and in whatever point of view the subject be studied, we doubt not that in the nearest book-shop the student will find more than one work capable of imparting the necessary information. Until the recent discoveries of Lepsius, we had supposed that the able work of Wilkison had exhausted the historical and scientific novelty of the Egyptian remains. But the recent explorations and discoveries of the German Savant, have convinced us that much light may yet be thrown upon many points of interest ; and we expect with much anxiety the conclusion of his labours. The present condition of Egypt and its people, has been most ably and minutely described by Mr. Lane in his "Modern Egyptians." And in the lighter treatment of the subject, what more pleasant or agreeable could be said, than was said by that most charming of travel writers, the American Stephens. The other and sacred department of the subject of our author's work has, as is well known, received an attention proportioned to its importance. The historical, poetical, and religious associations of the sacred and honoured land of Palestine, have enlisted the services of more than one great writer of the present day. When so much has been said and written, where the subject had been so variously and so ably handled, it should be deemed no ordinary presumption for others to interfere, unless the value of their information or the superior interest of their narrative, gave them a reasonable claim upon the attention of the public. Yet it is a remarkable fact, whether arising from the majesty and sacredness of the subjects, or from the prominent place which the events of late years and the frequency of commercial intercourse have given to these countries, or from both combined, that any communication from Egypt or Palestine, is capable of attracting notice, and obtaining some attention. The name of either country upon the title page, is as it were, a patent for its acceptance ; it comes to us invested with some sort of reverential character, and we take it in our hands as if it were a testamentary document addressed to us by Solomon or the Pharaohs.

We need not say how often we have been offended by the tone of several of our later tourists, who carry the silly flippancy of conceited ignorance, to the consideration of the most solemn subjects, and forget that the very ground on which they stand is holy. In this respect the author, whose work is mentioned above, is superior to many of those who have preceded her; and on the subject of Palestine especially, her feelings are creditable to herself, and in keeping with the sacred and venerable character of its monuments. Whether it was the conviction that such feelings were the most fitting to be brought to the consideration of such a subject, or that she wished to give her work a more attractive title, that induced her to designate it "a pilgrimage," we know not; but we confess, that in our opinion, the tourist who would catch the spirit that since its desolation pervades that solemn land, should be akin in heart and soul to those earnest men, who, in the olden time, left home and friends, and traversed many a sea, to pay the tribute of their homage to Him who suffered for their sakes, upon the very spot whereon he died.

The style of our author's work is epistolary. The letters are addressed, as far as we can discover, to no particular individual, and it is more than hinted, that they were from the beginning intended for publication. The epistolary style, is that which for many years females have claimed almost exclusively for themselves, and in which they are most fitted to attain perfection. This is their own department, and if some adventurous individual of the other sex has ventured within its precincts, it has been, except in some few instances, to acquire a very subordinate distinction. The reason of this is obvious. Letters are only conversations in writing. The same readiness of expression, felicity of observation, and graceful play upon words and passing incidents, which impart such a charm to the conversation of accomplished females, become when committed to paper, and directed to the passing incidents of the day, the substance of a most agreeable letter. The male portion of society, especially if occupied much with books or business, are more engaged with things than with words. They take a firmer hold of the substance, and are comparatively indifferent to the form. They have not directed so much of their attention to the mere art of pleasing, for they have not the same interest in doing so, and therefore they cannot be expected to attain in that art the same

success. To this also we must add another reason. Females are generally limited to the knowledge of the modern languages; in most instances to a knowledge of their own. They are not confused in the expression of their ideas by the capability of expressing them in several tongues; and therefore it is to be expected that their speech should be more racy, more thoroughly idiomatic, more pregnant with homely illustration and familiar phraseology than if they had cultivated the learned languages, of which the constitution is so essentially different; and who are thereby affected unconsciously to themselves, and to a greater extent than they imagine.

But we find that we have deviated unconsciously from the matter of our author to the style of her work, and inflicted upon our readers a dissertation upon epistolary correspondence in general, when we should be engaged in telling them when and how she sailed from Southampton or Marseilles, we know not which. Having lost time upon our way, we must be content with overtaking her at Malta, and accompanying her in the French steam-packet *l'Alexandre*, which sailed for Alexandria on the 27th October, 1845. After a short stay in that city she sailed in one of the Pasha's steamers (which, by the way, was curiously and prosaically denominated No. 4.) for Cairo, where she arrived on the evening of the third of November. The following lively description of her first impressions on the morning after her arrival in this city will give a good specimen of her powers of agreeable narrative.

“This morning I awoke in a new world! The sun, the bright sunshine of Egypt, streamed in golden rays through the curtains of the vast projecting window of my bed-chamber; strange unwonted noises were heard in the street below, and roused me from a dream of home; I jumped out of bed, not quite sure of where I was, and throwing open the casement, my eyes were greeted with such oriental groupings, as soon convinced me of my whereabouts, and rivetted me to the spot. Early as the hour was, the space before the hotel was already full of life, and movement, and noise (for nothing is here done quietly). Near the door were two camels laden with stones, and growling vehemently; notwithstanding the blows rained upon them by their drivers, they would not get up—they had been overloaded, or badly loaded, and refused to rise until their burthens should be more equitably disposed of; and this their firm determination they conveyed to their task-masters by sounds and gestures not to be misunderstood. It was evident from the various

intonations of the cries they uttered, beginning with a low plaintive grumble, and ending in an angry growl; that they had commenced by pitying themselves for being overtaken, that they then remonstrated against the injustice of the blows that were inflicted upon them, and ended by angrily defying their tyrants to make them move! And they were right, the sagacious brutes! for the men finding that violent measures availed them nothing in such a dispute, decided upon lightening their loads; and no sooner was that done, than the camels arose and cheerfully stalked away, turning their patient heads from side to side, and meekly looking down with half-closed eyes upon their drivers, as though they had never been at issue with them. Here a group of old Arabs in huge white turbans, squatted under a wall, were waving their fly-flappers over the heaps of flat cakes, and bread, and ripe dates, that were spread upon the ground before them for sale. There stood a serpent-charmer with a large living snake coiled twice round his neck, and a bag full of lively vipers in each hand, offering his services to whoever wished their premises to be cleared of such unwelcome guests. In the centre of the place were gathered together twenty or thirty donkeys, all ready caparisoned for hire with high-fronted saddles covered with red morocco, and carpets spread over them fit to carry gentleman or lady; and their noisy drivers standing by vociferating as only Arabs can do, their dark slender limbs covered merely with a blue cotton shirt, the sleeves of which are gracefully drawn up with cords that cross the shoulders, their swarthy faces surmounted by a voluminous white turban, scarcely one of them possessing two eyes. Such are the ravages of ophthalmia in this clime! And lo! immediately facing my window rises the tall minaret of a neighbouring mosque, and from its upper gallery sounded the deep-toned cry of the muezzin calling the Faithful to prayer—sounds long unheard by me, yet well remembered, and bringing with them happy associations of my past wanderings in the East! And now rushed by a half-naked Arab, running at the top of his speed, and loudly cracking a long whip to clear the way for the Caireen gentleman in silken robes, who followed upon a highly caparisoned steed all covered with velvet, and gold and tassels, his pipe-bearer riding close behind him. And hark! what shrieks and shouts are those that ever and anon rise above the noise and clamour of the scene below? The Moristan (or public mad-house) of Cairo is close by, and the frantic merriment and wild yells of its wretched inmates mingle in strange discordance with the busy hum of everyday life.”—p. 35.

Mrs. Romer left Cairo after a delay of some days, and ascended the Nile in one of those light boats which are generally used for navigating that river. She appears to have been perfectly contented with her servants, crew, and company, and succeeded in reaching, without any serious

accident, the second cataract of the Nile. She had thus an opportunity of visiting almost all the monuments that exist at both sides of the river, and her book is replete with descriptions of these interesting ruins. But, in this respect, her book has nothing new to add to the information possessed by the public, and as these subjects are tolerably well known, we shall pass them by, and confine ourselves to those glimpses of Egyptian society which are afforded us in its pages, on which we purpose drawing somewhat largely. The majority of tourists are not allowed a glimpse of the interior of the harem, so we shall follow Mrs. Romer into that of Seid Husseyn, father of the English consular agent at Kenneh, a small town on the opposite bank to Denderah, celebrated for the ruins of its temple. Her account will, we are confident, have an interest for our fair readers.

“The early part of the day was passed by me in the harem of Seid Husseyn, which contains four distinct families, all living together apparently in the greatest harmony; namely, his own young wife (a Circassian slave whom he has married within the last two or three years) and her young child; the wife of his eldest son, Seid Mehemet, the East-India Company’s Agent, and their several children; the wife of his second son, Ali Seid, who has no family; and the wife of Mehemet Husseyn’s eldest son, a youth of eighteen, and their child; and strange to say, the old great-grandfather, Seid Husseyn, has the youngest and prettiest wife of them all! I arrived there at noon, and was received at the entrance of the house by Seid Husseyn himself, who lifted me from my donkey, kissed me on both cheeks, and consigned me to the care of his chief eunuch, by whom I was handed across the court to the back part of the building, and up stairs to the harem. At the foot of the last flight of stairs, I was met by the Kadun, or chief lady of the harem, Seid Husseyn’s young Circassian wife, and was introduced by her into the innermost apartment, and placed in the corner of ceremony of the low sofa that runs round two sides of the room. This young woman has pretty features and a sweet countenance, but her face falls very short of English ideas of Circassian beauty; and her figure is already out of all manner of shape from a commencement of *embonpoint*, which bids fair to make a monster of her in the course of a very few years. Her dress was neither becoming, nor well put on, and partook of the fashion of Constantinople and Cairo mingled together. It was composed of a Turkish *anteree* (or long dress open at the sides,) of embroidered silk lined with crimson, a short vest and trousers of white cotton, English cotton stockings, and red slippers; which latter she kicked off at the entrance of the harem. She wore the Egyptian Tarboosh, (or Fez cap,) bound on with an

embroidered handkerchief; and a second handkerchief of another colour was pinned under her chin like a child's bib, the two corners of the upper end being drawn up so as to cover her ears, and the lower part falling over her bosom as low, as where the waist *ought* to be, (but waists are not to be found in these masses of flesh.) This part of the Egyptian ladies' dress is exactly like the *guimpe* worn by nuns. Her hair was cut short upon her forehead, and combed down straight to meet the eyebrows; the back part tressed into several plaits, and hanging over her shoulders, and over the whole head-gear was thrown a large red Indian shawl of very ordinary quality, which served at once for veil and mantle. When seated by my side she looked like a shapeless bundle of clothes thrown into a corner; but when she arose and walked about the room, there was something ludicrous in the way in which the ponderous machine rolled about; all the fleshy protuberances presenting themselves in front and quivering under the ungenial exertion. The Kadun's two daughters-in-law, considerably her elders, and arrived at a state of obesity that amounts to deformity, made their appearance soon after, attended by her granddaughter-in-law, whom I shall designate as Black-eyes, from the extraordinary darkness of her eyes; the only handsome pair contained in the whole harem, and which appeared still darker and brighter from the quantity of kohl round them, and the clear paleness of her complexion. All the children followed their respective mammas; some growing into lanky girls and boys, dressed like men and women; some toddling about in red bournouses, and some carried in the arms of negress slaves, but not one of them betraying a shadow of good looks. This family party squatted themselves on the ground in a semicircle before me. Then began a close examination of every thing I wore; and before it was concluded, I really feared that I should have been completely undressed. It was evident from the curiosity and surprise evinced by them, and their frequent exclamations of *Wallah!* and *Mashallah!* that I was the first European woman that had become their guest. Do not suppose, however, that I am going to give you the remarks elicited by my toilette; for although every body talked to me, and that I talked to all, not one word did we mutually understand, as I had no interpreter with me. That trifling impediment, did not however render us less loquacious; and at last every body spoke at once, and no one listened, and I really fancied that I had fallen into a nest of magpies."—p. 324.

A party of dancing girls are introduced for the amusement of the party. Our author, in more than one part of her work, speaks with merited censure of the licentiousness and effrontery of these degraded women. It is a sad proof of the degraded condition, in a social point of view, of Egypt, that these wretched and immoral women are not

only admitted into their domestic circle, but are actually permitted to exhibit these licentious dances before the female and junior branches of the family, and to join them in the intervals of the dance on terms of almost friendly intimacy. But while we condemn those whose melancholy condition, social and religious, blinds them to the impropriety of such things, are we altogether free from censure ourselves? Is our opera altogether immaculate? Are not the representations or the performances of many a fair *danseuse* deserving of censure? Are not the immense fortunes made in comparatively few years, by some whose names we could mention, a proof of the degraded condition of public taste, which, in a christian country, is more discreditable than even the exhibition of the Bayadère or the Ghawazee among the followers of Mahomet? The dinner, to which Mahometan wives are never admitted, was announced in due course, and relieved our author from the noise and curiosity of her female acquaintances. Turkish dinners are no novelty, at least in the manner in which the present is served up for us—on paper, and with it her visit at the house of Seid Husseyn terminated.

Having penetrated with our author into the sanctuary of social life, we shall follow her into that of religion. On her return to Cairo, she wished to visit the principal mosques of the city, of which two, without close disguise, are inaccessible to christians. These were precisely the ones which the lady most wished to see, because they were prohibited. We doubt whether, at the present day, there is any great risk in visiting the public mosques, provided that ordinary care be observed in adopting the costume of the country, and practising to some extent the usual observances, so as not to hurt the religious prejudices of the people; and we are very much disposed to think that the apprehension of danger is only brought in to impart additional interest to the account of her visit to the celebrated mosque of El Azhar.

“ This mosque may be termed the university of the East; for in the numerous colleges attached to it, are educated all the youths destined in this part of the world for the priesthood and the profession of the law, which are always combined in Mahomedan countries, where he who best understands the Koran, is the best lawyer. Formerly El Azhar sent out its pupils throughout the whole of Africa, and part of Asia, and it contains separate colleges under the same roof for the natives of the different provinces of Egypt, or of

other Mahometan nations who come to study there, and pay nothing for the instruction they receive. But the number of these has greatly diminished since Mohammed Ali seized upon the cultivable lands that belonged to the mosques, which in the case of El Azhar, formed a considerable portion of its revenues. It now contains from one to two thousand students, three hundred of whom form a college for the blind, which is maintained by funds bequeathed for that purpose by pious Moslems. The mosque is situated in the very heart of the city, and in such a labyrinth of thickly populated and narrow streets, that no good view of its exterior is to be obtained from any side. It has five entrances, the principal one leading into the vast court paved with marble, which we found full of students seated upon the pavements in little groups, and studying with their professors. I confess that I trembled as I walked through them, and fancied that every one who looked up at me would discover, from the colour of my eyes and the absence of kohl around them, that I was an European and even an Englishwoman; but nothing of the sort happened, and I got safely into the interior of the mosque. Its great space and the innumerable quantity of low slender columns by which it is supported, spreading in all directions like a forest, reminded me of the descriptions I have read of the Moorish mosque of Cordova; but there is no great beauty in El Azhar beyond that which magnitude and airiness produce. We seated ourselves at the foot of one of these columns, and I then made the best use I could of my eyes. The interior of the mosque was quite as full as the great court, and the groups were highly characteristic, and exceedingly picturesque; the base of each column being surrounded by a little turbaned conclave, busy in either the study of, or dissertation on, the Koran. Some with their eyes half closed, listened in a state of dreamy beatitude; others rocked themselves to and fro, or wagged their heads, as is common for Mahometans to do, when engaged in religious practices. Several cats sat by their masters, and looked as solemn and as orthodox as they did; and I am certain, could they have suspected my identity, would have scratched my eyes out, for the fraud I was practising on the followers of the Prophet. In the spaces between the columns, hundreds were engaged in their solitary devotions, and very many were stretched fast asleep upon the matting; the Korans, which had thus effectually transported them to the land of dreams, lying by their sides. A very few women were in the mosque, but just sufficient to prevent the presence of myself and my attendant appearing singular. After sitting some time at the foot of my column, while Mohammed (the servant) stationed at another one within sight of me, said his prayers. I made the circuit of the mosque, and then departed by the great court and the principal entrance, where I had deposited my slippers—very glad to effect my exit undiscovered, and unable to breathe freely, until I had paced several streets between the great hot-bed of Moslem fanaticism and

my infidel self—unable indeed even to laugh at the clever way in which I had *done* the grave Ulemas and Moollahs of Cairo, under their very beards.”—Vol. ii. p. 122.

We would willingly have extracted the description of the passage of the Cataracts, if it were not rather too long for our purposes. Indeed, far more interesting and important matter awaits us in that part of the work which treats of Palestine; for, with all its historical recollections, Egypt must yield in importance and interest to the latter country in the estimation of the christian. She went by sea to Beyrout. The following extract describes her feelings on approaching the city of Jerusalem from Jaffa.

“The hill country of Judea stretched before us to the East, and behind that mountainous barrier lay the city of Jerusalem! In about an hour after starting we entered the rocky defile and commenced our painful and difficult ascent along paths so rugged and narrow, as to be nearly impassable. The crowds of pilgrims that we fell in with, composed of Christians from all parts of the world, hastening to the sepulchre of Christ, in order to witness the commemoration of his Passion and Death on the very spot where he suffered, materially increased the difficulties of the way. The so-called road is so narrow, that in most places it will only admit of the passage of one loaded mule at a time; but although we could continue to keep our own cavalcade *en file*, we had no power to prevent the mules and camels of others from running past and jostling us, and endless was the confusion and displacing of baggage that ensued. I had imagined that when we had attained the summit of the chain of mountains that form a natural rampart to the land of Judah, we should obtain a view of the Holy City; but my expectations were disappointed. Arrived at the highest point, we could discern nothing before us but ridge after ridge of hills, a series of rocky undulations separated by gloomy valleys. The first of these is the Valley of Jeremiah, where the Prophet of the Lamentations first saw the light—and which is now known among the Syrian people as the country of the celebrated Abon Gosch, an Arab robber chieftain upon a grand scale, a sort of Moslem Rob Roy, who formerly laid the whole country under contribution, and enforced a black mail tribute from all travellers and pilgrims journeying to Jerusalem. But he has of late years settled down not only into an honest man, but a worthy and hospitable member of the social community; and has abandoned his vagrant life for a comfortable habitation, which looks solid enough to pass for a Christian convent—a transformation effected by Ibrahim Pasha, who made him understand that “two of a trade seldom agree,” and that he himself was going to carry on business on his own account in a way that would admit of no partnership. We descended from the Valley of Jeremiah into another

still deeper defile, the gloom and barrenness of the scene increasing at every step. A little further on the stream is pointed out, from whose pebbly bed David selected the stones with which he went forth to slay the great Goliah. Still advancing, all became desert around us; the rare and stunted olive trees, the thin herbage, which had hitherto been scattered on the hills, entirely disappeared, and nothing but loose stones encumbering the rocky soil were to be seen. Faint and weary with the excitement and with the difficulties of the road, I vainly strained my eyes, as height after height was passed by us, to obtain a distant glimpse of Jerusalem, and fancied that each ascent surmounted would bring it into view; but disappointment followed disappointment so repeatedly, that I began to think I should, like Moses, sink before reaching the Promised Land. At last an ascent of an hour brought us to an elevated plateau, from whence we looked over a dreary naked plain, without one spot of verdure or vestige of cultivation, to break the utter lifelessness of the scene. Before us on the edge of the horizon we distinguished a few minarets—then a castellated wall flanked with towers rose upon our view, all tinted with the same livid colouring that imparts such an indescribable melancholy to the whole landscape. Our hearts throbbed almost to suffocation, and our eyes became dim with tears as we gazed; for cold must be the bosom that preserves its tranquil equanimity in the all-exciting moment of first approaching the Holy City! Onward we rode for another hour through the desert plain, and then passing under a lofty gateway, guarded by Turkish soldiers, entered the narrow wretched streets of Jerusalem. Scarcely could our horses maintain their footing upon the broken rocks with which its squalid causeways are paved. ‘Is this the city that men called the Perfection of Beauty, the Joy of the whole Earth?’ involuntarily recurred to my recollection, as I cast my eyes around me upon a scene of melancholy, unequalled perhaps in any other inhabited city—for Jerusalem does not possess the dignity of a deserted ruin; living misery adds to the misery of its dilapidation;—the whole place looks like the illustration of an awful curse!”—Vol. ii. p. 181.

Our author arrived in the Holy City at the most favourable season, that of Lent; and after visiting the usual places of reverential interest in the immediate vicinity, was present at the ceremonies of Holy Week. It is not our intention to follow her in this excursion. The sites and objects which it embraced are already well known; and Mrs. Romer has added nothing to our previous information upon the subject. She seems to have visited them with the feelings of a pilgrim, and, making allowance for her religious opinions, in a spirit that in a great degree is deserving of our approbation. The Holy Week is always

a time of great excitement and bustle in Jerusalem, which is then crowded with multitudes of christians of all rites, that come to be present at the solemn religious ceremonies which are performed in honour of the Saviour's Death and Passion on the very spot on which they were endured. The animosity of the Greeks and Latins, which was productive of such evil in past times, is as strong at this day as it ever was, and frequently breaks out into angry and violent contention. If the most sacred place and the most solemn occasion could be a guarantee of tranquillity, the church of the Holy Sepulchre on Good Friday would be spared the profanation of such a sacrilegious contention. Yet, alas! even the Holy Week of the present year afforded the melancholy spectacle of one of the most violent and sanguinary quarrels that ever afforded the scoffing Moslem an opportunity of blaspheming the doctrines of christianity. Mrs. Romer was present on this occasion; and we shall allow her to tell in her own way what she witnessed. It is quite manifest that the dispute originated in the overbearing insolence and arrogant pretensions of the Greek schismatics.

“When we reached the church, the ceremony had already commenced. A sermon in Latin had been preached upon the spot where Jesus was scourged; a second in French at the place where he was crowned with thorns; and a third in German was just terminating at the chapel called *Impropere*, where he was spat upon and buffeted by the soldiers of Pilate; the effigy of our Saviour, borne aloft by a Franciscan brother, having made a station at each of these sites while the discourses were pronounced. The procession then ascended the staircase leading to Calvary, and a fourth station was made in the Latin chapel, to the right of the place of Crucifixion, on the spot where he was nailed to the Cross; and then while his effigy was laid upon the pavement, and that the ceremony of nailing it to the crucifix was enacted, a sermon in Greek was most impressively pronounced. Up to this time everything had proceeded smoothly; no sounds were heard save the deep tones of the several preachers, and the hushed whispers of the multitude, mingled with the sighs and sobs of the pilgrims. The ceremony of nailing to the Cross terminated, the procession chanting the ‘*De Profundis*’ proceeded in the most orderly manner to take its position upon Calvary, where a sermon in Italian was to be pronounced at the moment when the crucifix should be affixed to the identical aperture in which the Cross of the Divine Sufferer was planted. The chapel of the Crucifixion belongs to the Greeks, but they have always been constrained to lend it to the Latins for this occasion,

which has generally been a source of discord, although of a less formidable nature than in the present instance. The chapel was, as you may imagine, full to suffocation; everybody was drenched with rose water from the *censers* [Quære?] of the priests; the arm-chair of the Reverendissime had been placed exactly facing the spot where the Cross was to be planted; a large body of monks formed a semi-circle behind him, and I (by great good luck as I then imagined) had obtained a place at his left-hand, and so near to him as to support myself against the pressure of the crowd by leaning on the arm of his chair. He was deadly pale, and I observed a tremor in his hands, and a quivering of his lips, which I then attributed to the fervour of piety, and the emotion incidental to the solemn scene then enacting. For I assure you that, although I had gone to the ceremony contemning what I supposed would be a mummery little less than sacrilegious in the eyes of christians of the Protestant faith, and although when there my judgment revolted against this coarse imaging forth of the Redeemer's agony, yet the ideas it awakened—the time, the place, the contagion of the emotions I witnessed, all combined to act so powerfully upon my imagination, that I trembled and wept as I beheld the Cross reach the chapel of the Crucifixion: and the same sensations of indignant sorrow assailed me that in my childhood I had always experienced when reading the account of our Lord's Passion. An altar covers the spot where the step of the true cross rested; upon each side of it stood, like a sentinel, a Greek priest. This in itself was looked upon as an offensive proceeding; but when the Latin fathers approached, and attempted to remove the Greek altar-cloth, which had no business there on that occasion, the two priests interposed, and insisted on its remaining where it was. The Latins remonstrated, and persisted in uncovering the altar; but, instead of listening to them, aggressive measures were adopted by their opponents. They tore down one of the chandeliers, and breaking a branch from it, began dealing blows right and left. A crowd of Greeks, who had not before appeared, rushed in, armed with bludgeons; the Latin monks defended themselves as well as they could with their enormous *cierges*, which they converted into weapons; but some of them, in anticipation of what had occurred, had brought wooden staves concealed beneath their robes; a number of pilgrims rushed into the *mêlée*, and a general and bloody battle ensued."—Vol. ii. p. 268.

We cannot continue this description. She is rescued from the crowd by "an exceeding tall and very powerful-looking" Irish gentleman, who happened to be present, and with the characteristic gallantry of his country, proffered his services. The quarrel was suppressed by a regiment of Turkish soldiers, and the original cause of it removed by the Pasha's own hand.

The prospects of the Protestant bishopric of Jerusalem are not obscurely hinted at in the following short paragraph.

“During the whole of our stay at Jerusalem, we were attended by one of the late Bishop Alexander’s very few converts to christianity, as cicerone, and he was a *Druse*, and not a Jew! A fact so conclusive as to the anti-proselytism of the Jews requires no comment. The zeal and piety of the bishop led to his appointment to the new see; he was besides a converted Jew himself, and for that reason was perhaps better enabled to address himself to the sympathies of the Jews than one who had always been an alien to them. He was a man, too, of the most exemplary character, whose practice went hand in hand with his precepts; and yet, during the several years of his episcopal labours, he was unable to prevail upon the children of Israel to do as he had done!”—Vol. ii. p. 283.

We must make room for the following description of a locality that is second only to Jerusalem in the touching and sacred associations connected with it.

“After riding four hours across the plain of Esdaelon, and wondering that in such a splendid tract of land there should be neither villages nor detached habitations, we came to the hills among which is situated Nazareth, the country of Joseph and Mary, the place where almost the whole life of Jesus was passed. The little town is so placed that a distant view of it cannot be obtained; but, after scrambling along a difficult road for three-quarters of an hour, we came suddenly upon the valley on the western side of which it is situated. Peaceful, and primitive, and unworldly it looks, resting on the lower slope of the circular chain of grey, barren hills, that convert into a sort of basin the green vale of Nazareth, spreading at its feet; an air of sanctity appears to pervade the whole place, as though its pure and holy traditions had preserved it inviolate from all mundane associations. We gazed with reverence and love upon the sequestered nook where the youth of Mary had been passed; where the Divine Mystery which made God man had been accomplished, and near to which the first miracles of Christ had been performed. We knew that the localities over which our eyes wandered, had been His familiar haunts from the days of his boyhood to those of His sinless maturity; and again we felt, as upon the Mount of Olives, that we trod upon holy ground, concerning which nor error nor fraud could possibly exist. There is a Latin convent of Franciscans at Nazareth, where travellers are hospitably received; and the good fathers have fitted up a house detached from the convent in which women can be accommodated, the laws of their order forbidding the admission of our sex within their holy establishment. This detached house is arranged not only with great comfort, but

actually with an elegance which the celebrated convent of Mount Carmel does not exhibit. The Italian taste of the monks has decorated the walls with arabasques in *fresco*, such as are common in the country-houses of Italy, and the chintz hangings and sofas, as well as the bedding, were of the nicest description. Such an 'oasis in the desert' as this, is indeed inestimable, after five days' travelling without any other accommodation than that which tents can afford, with the fears of Bedouins from without, and the certainty of the monstrous insects, that the soil of Syria produces, crawling about within, perpetually before our eyes; (and I have no hesitation in owning, that, of the two, the latter appeared to me by far the most terrible visitation!) but, putting even the physical comforts of the place out of the question, the cordial and hearty welcome given by the good Franciscans would in itself alone suffice to render four bare walls attractive. Three days is the period that travellers are allowed to sojourn as the convent guests, and most warmly have the fathers pressed us to complete the given time here; but we have availed ourselves of the privilege for two days—we arrived yesterday before dinner, and we shall depart to-morrow on our way to Damascus. Every spot that the eye rests on here carries with it an interest, which, although of a less painful character than that experienced at Jerusalem, is in no degree inferior to it, and is besides more concentrated. The town is very small, and from its situation never could have been larger, being in the fork formed by two hills, which present an acute angle, so that every spot of ground must have inevitably been trodden by the feet of Him who for thirty years dwelt within its precincts."—Vol. ii. p. 305.

She has also, what many female travellers (aye, and male also) have not, a kind word to say in behalf of the poor Franciscans, who had been so kind to her.

"A considerable portion of the population of Nazareth are christians, and the respectful affection evinced by them for the Franciscan monks speaks volumes in favour of these latter. Whenever they appear in the streets with us, men, women, and children run to kiss their hands, and the good fathers seem to have something kind and encouraging to say to all. There is a school in the convent for the instruction of christian children, which is under the superintendence of Fra Stanislao, the brother to whom is deputed the reception of travellers; but he sighed heavily, and with an expression of unutterable weariness, as he described to me the ungrateful task he found the tutoring of those wild Syrian children to be. Poor fellow! he has only been here fifteen months, and his time of probation in Terra Santa is twelve years! 'Ma passa il tempo!' he exclaimed with the air of a martyr, as he told me this; 'Forse rivedrò la mia patria!' The only circumstance that seemed to

rouse him into animation, was the account we gave him of the fray in the church of the Holy Sepulchre on Good Friday. His face flushed, his veins swelled, his hands involuntarily clenched, he muttered between his teeth, 'Ahi Birbanti!' All the indications of a fiery temper for a moment became apparent in the bearing of the monk; but they were quickly repressed, and he resumed his characteristic air of resignation and mortification. He listened, however, with evident interest to our recital; and, as we are the first travellers who have reached this place from Jerusalem since that disgraceful affair, we have been regularly appealed to by all the brotherhood to describe the scene."—Vol. ii. p. 315.

The following is worth preserving, it is so thoroughly American.

"Last evening two American gentlemen arrived here who appear to be deeply read in Biblical lore, and quaintly enough told me they were '*spying out the Holy Land!*'"—Vol. ii. p. 316.

Mrs. Romer went from the Holy Land to Damascus, where, after some unpleasant adventures and accidents, (one of the latter had well nigh proved fatal,) she arrived in the month of April. As we have left the precincts of that holy and venerable land, which nought befits but deep thought and solemn reflection, we may be permitted to quote a passage of more every day character than those which we have hitherto presented to our readers. We have several before us, but shall prefer the lively description of Damascus shopping.

"I am never weary of rambling through the bazaars, and have found the shops of the silk-mercers very tempting lounges. The shopkeepers here, however, spare you very kindly the fatigue of going to their warehouses in quest of pretty things, for the moment they are apprized of a traveller's arrival, they hasten to the European hotel, followed by their servants, laden with packages of their best merchandize, which they open out, spread over all the sofas and cushions, and insist upon leaving that you may judge of the effect they produce by candle-light. Here has been such a concourse of these men since our arrival, that the great open recess in the court looks like a complete 'vanity fair;' and I never return to the house that I do not find five or six silk merchants and their attendants seated on the marble pavement, leaning on their bales of goods, and looking as patient as if they had nothing in the world to do but to wait my good will and pleasure to toss over their merchandize. You can imagine nothing more picturesque than the appearance of the court at such times; the graceful grouping of the men—the beautiful Syrian costume, in all its Moslem integrity

of most orthodox turban and loose silken robes—the glittering stuffs spread out to catch any sunbeam that steals through the quivering branches, and the lovely locality, with its fretted arches, its marble incrustations, its splashing fountains, and its fragrant flowers. And then the chaffering! such chaffering as is only found in the East. These merchants always commence by showing their *worst* goods, and asking for them the double of what they intend taking for their *best*. You may on all occasions be sure that there is at the bottom of their bale a little select parcel of superfine articles lying *perdu*; and it is only when you have disparaged and tossed aside all that has been previously spread out before you, that it is produced, and the most preposterous prices put upon its contents. Then the Dragoman is summoned to bargain for you, and the affair grows warm!

“When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war!”

“On these occasions Mohammed shines forth in all the lustre of Dragomanic pride, and of that rigid probity which is his never-failing characteristic. He opens and throws aside piece after piece of silk with superb disdain; he listens to the prices asked for them with an incredulous smile; then bursts forth an Arab explosion of indignation, in which the outraging terms, ‘Yahoodi’ (Jew), and ‘Kelb’ (dog), are prodigally applied to the unconscionable dealer. The poor man shrinks into the half of his natural dimensions, and expostulates; Mohammed, as if he did not even hear him, turns round to me, and asks me to point out the articles which I wish to purchase; I do so, and he then gathers them into a heap, and offers a price for them. The dealer refuses it, and recommences his deprecatory dialogue; but Mohammed, thrusting all the things back into the bundle, flings it into the middle of the pavement, takes their owner by the shoulder, and pushes him after it, and then, recommending me to retire into my own chamber, disappears himself. In about a quarter of an hour he knocks at the door of my room with a parcel in his hand; the affair is terminated, he has got the articles for something less than he himself first offered for them.”—Vol. ii. p. 349.

We have given a specimen of Mohammed’s commercial ability, we must also give an instance of his skill in cookery.

“I never tasted a better turkey than he gave us; and on complimenting him on its great delicacy, I learned from him the Egyptian secret of rendering the flesh particularly tender. Half-an-hour before the bird is killed, a glass of brandy is poured down its throat, which produces complete intoxication, and the flesh of the tipsy turkey acquires a tenderness superior to that which is produced even by long keeping—a system that would be impracticable in this climate. This method of condemning the unhappy

turkeys to go out of the world in a state of Moslem reprobation is a curious bearing out of the 'die and be d—d' principle."—Vol. i. p. 279.

He was equally clever in the interpreting department, as the following exquisite specimen will prove.

"I must tell you that whenever Mohammed is alluding to the Sheikh-ul-Islam, or head of the Mahometan religion at Cairo, he invariably calls him the archbishop of Canterbury, by which parallel he fancies he renders the functions of that personage more intelligible to us."—Vol. i. p. 218.

We can find room for but one passage more. It is a short one: and may prove interesting to naturalists.

"This morning Monsieur D'Arnault sent me a present of some beautiful ostrich eggs. They are found in the adjacent desert; and in a country where every article of food is both scarce and bad, they are esteemed a luxury for the table; but I had not the courage to make a trial of them. Monsieur D'Arnault tells me that the hen ostrich will lay upwards of thirty eggs at a time, which she deposits in the sand, and slightly covers up, but that it is an error to suppose that she takes no further heed of them; she returns at night to sit upon them, and it is only during the day-time that she abandons them to the fostering care of the sun."—Vol. i. p. 221.

It is time that we bring this notice to a close. When we say that Mrs. Romer is an agreeable and interesting writer—that her work, though possessing no claims to original information, yet pleases and interests the reader, and that it is put before the public with all the advantages of type and paper that an eminent London publisher can give, we have said all that truth requires of us in our critical capacity concerning "The Temples and Tombs of Egypt and Palestine."

ART. VI.—*The Faith of Catholics on certain points of Controversy, confirmed by Scripture and attested by the Fathers of the first five centuries of the Church.* Compiled by the REV. JOSEPH BERINGTON, and the REV. JOHN KIRK. Third edition, revised and greatly enlarged by the REV. JAMES WATERWORTH. 3 vols. London, Dolman's, 1846.

WE know an instance of an Anglican minister who has since become a Catholic, who, in obedience to the wish of his Church, as he conceived it then to be, took to studying the Fathers of the very centuries from which these useful volumes have drawn their materials. After working on for some time in this way, he began to find that it was rather a conceited thing to try and reconcile for himself apparently conflicting statements of the Fathers by some *tertium quid* of his own inventing. He found for instance such questions as the following present themselves to him: Is God the Father wise, owing to having the Son who is very Wisdom, or from some other cause? if God *is* His own Wisdom, as some Fathers tell us plainly, how comes it that others argue against the Arians, as if by depriving the Father of the Son these heretics made him unwise, or (to coin a word for the purpose) wisdom-less? What becomes of the numerical oneness of substance, if one of the Three Persons has a wise substance and the other not? Or again, if God is one God, why is the Holy Ghost and not the whole Trinity said to overshadow Mary at the Incarnation? If those joined to Christ are one spirit, how does this union differ from the hypostatic union? If the Son is to reign till subjected to the Father, as stated seemingly in 1 Cor. xv., how comes the Nicene Creed to say, *Cujus regni, non erit finis*? If the Father is greater than the Son, and early fathers ascribe this greatness to the Father because he is unoriginate, how is one to be sure this is the right way of explaining a passage which later fathers took in another way? If it was the Son who appeared to the patriarchs, as the early fathers seem to hold, how can I make out for myself that they did not hold the contrary of what St. Austin and the Athanasian Creed teach on the subject of the Son's equality to the Father? If the attributes of God are identical with God, as some fathers teach very plainly, in what precise way am I to keep clear of the infidel assertion that

God is pure benevolence, and that when Scripture speaks of his justice it is only a way of speaking exactly such as it uses when it speaks of his wrath? If God is everywhere, how is he everywhere? in substance or in operation only, or how?

Alarmed at having to settle, if not these very questions, (of such tremendous consequence,) at least very similar ones for himself, our Anglican friend determined to see if he could not get introduced to some learned Anglican writer, who should put before him, in a systematic form, whatever statements the Fathers had made in the course of controversy, reconcile apparently conflicting passages, and make him feel that he had some idea of God, the Trinity, and the Incarnation, such as he could depend upon for its orthodoxy and consistency. He had been taught to sigh for the times of Laud and Andrews, and look with compassion upon the beginning of the present century: and certainly with his aspirations after a knowledge only of God, the Trinity, and the Incarnation, the Anglican system viewed as a living agent did mighty little to teach him upon these most vital subjects or to answer the difficulties which the Fathers had created for him. He therefore hoped that, as the living system was so stupid as to furnish no aid to him, at all events the Church upon paper would give him a systematic view upon the subjects which a christian (as he thought he was) seemed to have a right to find a systematic view of. He enquired, but no Anglican dogmatic treatise was forthcoming: twice had his promised helpmate failed him; her voice was not a living voice: but even her paper existence would not give him any oracle.

“*Quid faceret? quo se bis raptâ conjuge ferret?
Quo fletu Manes, quâ Numina voce moveret?
Illa quidem Stygiâ nabat jam frigida cymbâ.*”

The Stygian oblivion of all the simplest doctrines of christianity into which he had been plunged by “his holy Mother in her love and care for her children,” left him fortunately vulnerable in his heels in which he was wounded by the immortal Petavius. This great divine showed him how to answer all his difficulties, and taught him a system, or rather such part of a system as he lived to finish, upon the very points on which Anglicanism left him in entire ignorance, viz., God, the Trinity, and the

Incarnation. The heathen had had dark hints of these truths and so had he: we are sure he does not mean entire ignorance in an absolute sense but in a relative one. Man's highest knowledge compared to what an angel has naturally, from being in God's presence, may fitly be called entire ignorance: an Anglican's highest knowledge deserves no better name if we consider what is furnished him by his establishment, and not what is borrowed by him from Catholic writers. He who steals light from the sun with a burning-glass, might as well say he had the sun, as Anglicanism might pretend to teach a system of theology: it is like Sir Hudibras seeing a star through a telescope at an infinite distance, and then fancying he had shot it.

Whoever then wishes to sap the Anglican system, as far as it deserves the name of system at all, must attack the victims of it as he might attack heathens, by showing that they have got a heap, a crude undigested heap, of truths, much as the heathen had. When God made the world, he made all things in a wonderful harmony and order; when it was sunk into ignorance and sin, he took flesh to undo the confusion which these had introduced: he brought a system into the world which, like a complicated piece of machinery, had a great many parts, all indeed bearing on each other, but not all fully seen to do so, till the church had had time to examine and state scientifically the parts of this machine and their wonderful bearing on the whole. At the Reformation a number of these parts were recklessly thrown away: solid original parts of the system were undeniably lopped off. When prayers for the dead were taken away, charity for the dead ceased, and the commandment to do to others as we would have others do to us, became narrower from having been so exceeding broad as to take in all the members of Christ's body. When men forgot the communion of saints, they thought very little of angels who were their fellow-citizens: when their mind was no longer peopled with these heavenly beings, they had nothing by contrast with which they could elevate their ideas of God. Hence they degraded God and thought of God the Son only as a ministering spirit, and could not bear the doctrine of the Incarnation, and were overrun in their lives with a Socinian chill, while their lips honoured Christ with orthodox words. They hated the reverence we pay to Mary, because they had lowered Christ to a

lower place than even she who is infinitely below him ought to hold.

People may say, this is an unfair view of things: that Anglicans *may* hold a great deal more: we allow it: they may hold any thing they like, heretical or orthodox, as far as we can find out. The actual living system does not prevent their holding any heresy, though it makes those inclined to orthodoxy feel exceedingly awkward when they hear their bishops battering down all they venerate with their triennial philippics. The fact is, that the principle of dogmatism has only just life enough in the Anglican system to make it lop-sided and incoherent, but not to make it a teacher, speaking with authority, even upon the most elementary truths of christianity.

Such a book then as that before us does not of course go quite to the bottom of the question. It is plainly of little avail, or at least, with some classes of minds, it is of little avail, to put before them passages of the fathers which might teach a person who held the rudimental doctrines of christianity we have alluded to, but will not come home to one who does not. Thus the finest passages which could be produced about the Blessed Virgin, would not tell much with a person who did not realize the doctrine of the Incarnation, because it is necessary to believe in a heart-felt way that God became flesh, before we can believe any thing great of her from whom he took that flesh. In other words, 'the certain points of controversy' which Mr. Waterworth treats of, do not take in what are in our opinion the real points of difference: the real difference between the faith of a Catholic and of a Protestant is on far more vital points than is commonly supposed. There really is no doctrine whatever commonly taught in the establishment, upon God, the Trinity and the Incarnation. Such a principle for instance as this—that the attributes of God are identical with his substance, and only distinct and yet necessarily so in our minds; or as this—that whatever God worketh external to Himself, that the whole Trinity worketh; or as this—that God the Son was not really ignorant even in his human nature; such principles are certainly not known or felt amongst the ordinary run of Anglican divines, nor put before their students in theology. He therefore who would set them right, must in most cases assume an ignorance of such principles, and

patiently condescend to acquaint them with these rudiments of theology.

Some statement of this kind has seemed necessary, to enable us to show what good Mr. Waterworth's book *is* likely to effect, by pointing out what it *is not* likely to effect. It will not do much for minds of a somewhat scientific cast, who have no real apprehension of the primary doctrines we have mentioned. They will only wince from passages which (they feel) contain a doctrine for which no foundation exists in their own mind. These will be acute enough to see that many of the passages Mr. Waterworth has given are very hard nuts to crack, but instead of risking any danger to their jaws, they will quietly drop them a little while after, and walk on much as unconcernedly as before. When then Mr. Berington, (whose preface Mr. Waterworth has reprinted,) speaks of "the doctrines of original sin, the trinity of Persons, the incarnation of the second Person and the atonement for sin," as "generally admitted by all societies of christians, the followers of Socinus excepted," (vol. i. p. 23,) it ought to be remembered that out of the Church the admission of these doctrines does not go much beyond words and wishes. The Catholic should be aware of this, as he may otherwise waste words and ply passages drawn from the learned collection before us to little purpose. There may possibly also be cases where it would be desirable, before admitting a person to the Church, to see that he has (not of course a scientific knowledge, but) some sort of knowledge of these doctrines: in general however those disposed to be converted would be better informed.

But the volumes before us were originally intended for Catholics, who might find it satisfactory "to trace by their own inspection that body of divine truths which from hand to hand has been brought down" (p. 6,) to us: but now-a-days they cannot but fail to serve as a most valuable repertory to the Catholic priest who may any day come across inquiring Anglicans, and be able to turn the weapons this work furnishes to great account in helping such persons to recognize the true church. For there are persons with no great time for acquiring exact theological knowledge, who have been told all their lives that Popery is something very shocking, and that amongst other sins it is guilty of inventing a prodigious number of new doctrines. Now we think fair-minded persons who can be

got to treat the question as one of vital concern to their eternal welfare, ought, if the case requires it, to be put upon reading these volumes. They may surely learn from them that it really is idle to pretend that any system of Protestantism is more like the church of old than the present church. They have here, in English, a number of passages upon the pretended novel doctrines, so that they have no excuse upon the score of ignorance of Latin or Greek for not making themselves acquainted with the real state of the case. Neither can they say, with any show of reason, that a Catholic may without intending it put a false translation upon a passage, and still more if he does intend it. For it would be quite impossible so to distort quotations of sufficiently ample scope to occupy three volumes, as to make them all speak Popery. Moreover, they are arranged under heads which make it easy to refer to any point upon which the testimonies of the fathers may be required. It is proper to add, for the information of those who may possess either of the former editions of this work, that the testimonies given in the present edition are very far more numerous than before! Mr. Waterworth has been at the pains to read through the whole of the fathers of the five first centuries for the purpose, and to retranslate nearly all the extracts, besides adding several notes and illustrations.

As for producing specimens from these volumes, it would be an endless task; where to begin and where to end, nobody could decide. But a little more may be said upon the use the Catholic may make of them. Puseyites, every one knows, try to go by the fathers, and fancy the fathers are with them and against us, in proportion as they do not read them or misread them. The controversial use of such volumes then is plain in the present day. But they may be very useful in other ways also, upon which other ways we should like to say a few words before we finish this short notice of them.

Scholastic theology, although quite necessary in order to the attainment of accurate definitions and precise notions, is very dry, and tends to make those who study it exclusively, dry and unyielding and apparently heartless, where they should be pliant, eloquent, winning, gentle, and affectionate. The latter qualities patristic theology is calculated to infuse, because it is natural theology so to speak, whereas scholastic theology is artificial theology. The latter reminds

one of the work of the anatomist, the former of that of the portrait-painter. Although painters study anatomy, they do not move mankind to admiration by the study of anatomy, but by the study of nature. The study of anatomy may keep them from representing human beings in postures incompatible with nature, but will never teach them how to catch the most favourable aspect of a countenance, the graceful mien, the "modest stillness and humility" written in some people's faces, or that undefined and undefinable beauty which we perceive in what is called expression. Now we think that the more the fathers are studied, the more it will be found that they teach us how to put theological truth in an attractive form. There is a spirit in them which we can catch, and which does not seem either to be found or to be expected in scholastic writers; what these last gain in precision, they necessarily lose in that unction which alone will move people's hearts. The want of this unction will make preachers clumsy, even when they do feel, in expressing their feelings; the artificial has become a second nature to them so to say, and they make us smile or bring ridiculous associations into our heads, when they intend to be touching and pathetic. Such volumes then as those before us, by giving people a taste of the fathers, have a tendency, to say the least, to correct the dryness and cold formality which the scholastic dissecting knife tends to impart to those who are habitually handling it. A little of patristic theology is better than none at all, though it cannot be gotten without some little industry, even with the help of Mr. Waterworth's volumes, nor its spirit appropriated and assimilated, without habits of meditation and devotion.

People engaged in active ministerial duties, have very little time for studying either fathers or schoolmen, although early habits of industry would often have increased this time most materially; to save and fill up odds and ends of time with useful reading, is a secret which few comparatively learn, whether they are or are not blameworthy for such neglect. Yet if even these might get a taste *of* the fathers, let us hope there are some to whom these volumes may give a taste *for* them. We of course have no wish to abridge the time given to a systematic course of theology, but yet we think if younger persons were taught early to acquire an active habit of mind, they might in many cases find patristic lore a relief to severer

study, of such a kind as to do away the necessity for such very copious doses of light reading, as people generally consider requisite for the vigour of their mental constitution. It would indeed be quixotical to prescribe St. Basil's epistles, as an excellent substitute for Nicholas Nickleby, or St. Athanasius's life of St. Antony, as more amusing than a novel of Sir Walter Scot's. Still, without going quite so far as this, we do think that the mind may be cloyed and made unwieldy by the bulky diet of light reading, when it would be braced and invigorated by a little more work. As far as common experience goes, the hardest workers are generally the most light-hearted. If then in an age when cheap and moderately good editions of the fathers are coming out, Mr. Waterworth's volumes shall do anything to give to rising theologians a taste for the study of them, he will in this case also have done an important service.

One word more and we have done. There are a vast quantity of sermons of the fathers, which might be studied with great advantage by all those (not who do think, but) who are capable of thinking, from which sermons many extracts will be found in the volumes we are recommending. These sermons we may regard in a light which will make them useful to many people of education; they may be considered as exhibiting specimens of that unction which we have before spoken of as abounding in the fathers, and here wish to recommend as so necessary in order to meditation. We have sometimes fancied that a collection of passages from the fathers arranged in the order of St. Ignatius' Exercises, would be a very useful book, as tending to form a good remote preparation for those who would go through the exercises. Being written at a great distance of time, such passages would not do the work of meditation for us, which is not desirable, but yet would, as being the work of our fellow Catholics, have sufficient community of feeling to suggest thoughts far deeper than we should find out for ourselves. If the specimens Mr. Waterworth has given, should induce any one to attempt this task, we should be very glad; here we mention it as helping us to render intelligible our wish that these volumes may lead persons who have leisure for study, to see of what great use patristic learning may be in helping them to meditate without dryness and weariness. Some people may overflow with unction as we have called it, so far as to

be able to throw it into drier forms of theology, which scholastic books put before them; but the majority of people are likely to find meditation dry work, simply because they have never had even a taste of those authors whose writings would give it ease, pliancy, and gracefulness, without depriving it of its sinews. Mankind cannot be moved by dry arguments, nor can arguments of a more moving kind be supplied to the preacher without meditation. Meditation again will not in ordinary cases be other than dry, without some knowledge of those great masters of unction, the fathers. Mr. Waterworth's book is a sort of introduction to these venerable writers, and so it is a useful book.

ART. VII.—1. *The Church in the Catacombs; a Description of the Primitive Church of Rome, Illustrated by its Sepulchral Remains.* By CHARLES MAITLAND, M. D., 8vo. London: 1846.

2.—*Monumenti delle Arti Christiane Primitive nella Metropoli del Christianesimo, Disegnati ed Illustrati per cura di G. M.* Distribuzioni, I—VI. 4to. Roma: 1844-5.

FROM the very first announcement of Dr. Maitland's work, we have awaited its appearance with a mingled feeling of hope and of curiosity. We were curious to observe the impression produced upon the mind of a zealous Anglican by a long, and, as we had heard, a careful study of the monuments of the early church of Rome; and we hoped that in the "Church of the Catacombs" a subject had at length been discovered which might be regarded as common christian ground, and in the consideration of which an English tourist might forget for a time the irritable and jealous feeling with which it has been customary to regard every thing Roman, or bearing, no matter how remotely, on the religion or the religious usages of Rome. We hoped that the subject might at length be treated as one with which the heart has to do as well as the intellect, and, (if it be lawful to apply to ourselves what Dr. Maitland has used with a different application,) that "amid the

paintings of the catacombs, generally so pure and peaceful in their object and intention, the Church ought to have met with no enemies, appearing so gentle and so ready to forgive."

Gladly, had this hope been realized, would we have devoted the space at our disposal to a calm and peaceful description of the interesting monuments with which the catacombs abound, apart from every controversial discussion which they involve. How abundant, how interesting the associations with which the very name is connected in every christian mind,—the infancy of our religion, its trials, its sufferings, its abasement, its struggles and its triumphs,—the memories of our early fathers in the faith, the simple records of their constancy and devotion, their customs, their feelings, their affections, their hopes, their fears, their every-day lives! We can hardly fancy a more delightful study than this particular branch of christian archæology—the monumental history, as it were, of the Christian Church. It is one to which we have long desired to call the attention of our readers, and when we shall have received the concluding Parts of Father Marchi's great work upon the catacombs,* we shall not fail to carry out the design. But for the present the plan which Dr. Maitland has adopted, renders it impossible to consider the catacombs in any other light than as a field of polemical controversy, and compels us to forget every more congenial consideration of subjects common to all christian minds, in the eternal discussion of points at issue between the rival churches.

Nor, on reflection, should we be surprised that this is the view of the subject which the author was led to take. The example had been set by almost every one who went before him. Even were it otherwise, the controversies which have agitated the Anglican Church during the last two years, could not fail to give a polemical turn to the enquiry in which he was engaged; and the memorable secessions from the ranks of Anglicanism which occurred a short time before the publi-

* The work which stands in the second place at the head of these pages. It is the fruit of many years of patient and laborious personal researches in the catacombs of Rome, especially that of St. Agnes, great part of which had never been explored before. The work is published in parts. As yet we have seen but the first six, but many more have appeared in Rome; and the engravings introduced into this paper, are copied from the plates of one of the most recent numbers.

cation of his work, naturally devoted it more immediately towards what are regarded as the peculiarly Roman doctrines. However much, therefore, we should have preferred a purely antiquarian work upon the catacombs, which is really a desideratum in English literature, yet we are far from condemning the view which Dr. Maitland has thought it advisable to prefer. On the contrary, it is one to the development of which, as from every enquiry into christian antiquity, we look confidently as a means of furnishing new evidence of the great truths of Catholicity.

The Church in the Catacombs, is professedly [p. 2,] an attempt to disprove the claim which Romanist writers make "to identity in discipline and doctrine with the church that occupied the catacombs," and to "show from these remains the more striking resemblance existing between the Reformed English Church and that of primitive Rome." Accordingly, the author has, in the course of his observations, addressed himself, either professedly or incidentally, to most of the leading topics of Catholic controversy: although (as he is a Doctor in Medicine and not in Divinity, we trust it is no disparagement of his powers to say this) he has not brought to the enquiry all the preliminary information which is indispensable for its full and satisfactory elucidation. And most unfortunately it happens that the descriptive and explanatory portion of his work, which is, generally speaking, executed with considerable judgment and taste, bears but a small proportion to the controversial part, for which we must be pardoned if we say he is by no means equally qualified.

Indeed, it would not be reasonable to expect any very profound or minute theological erudition in a popular work written by a layman; and had the author abstained from controversy altogether, we should willingly have overlooked every deficiency in this particular. But it is nothing more than justice to require that one who undertakes to instruct the public in theology, should take the trouble to inform himself therein; and that a writer who denounces the opinions and criticises the arguments of Catholics, should at least be acquainted with the principles which he condemns, and understand the arguments which he discards with contempt.

For instance, although we should be a little surprised at the blunder, yet we should not think it necessary to take Dr. Maitland to task for translating (p. 192,) the word *Levites*

(a Deacon*) a Priest; but we think it a little too much that he should make this false translation an argument against sacerdotal celibacy. So also, though it might be unreasonable to require from an unprofessional writer an explanation of every obscure historical fact, like the condemnation of the practice of adding the sign of the cross to the formula of the Trisagion, yet it is hard to tolerate the ignorance of a controversial writer who founds upon it an argument against the use of sacred images.† (p. 164.) In like manner, we should expect from a writer who professes to discuss theological and historical questions, a little more familiarity with church history than may be inferred from his thinking it (p. 209) "sufficient" (on a point, be it remembered, on which he declares that "the decrees of Councils and the opinions of the Fathers would fill a volume,") to "quote the *Quinisextan Canons*, A. D. 706!"‡ and that, before he ventured to conclude (p. 186) that *because* "St. Cyprian called together two synods and a council at Carthage without the concurrence of Stephen, the Roman bishop;" or even because "in these assemblies resolutions were passed in direct opposition to Stephen," *therefore* "of the many innovations forced upon Christendom by the Church of Rome, the doctrine of the supremacy is the most surprising and unfounded," he should at least have taken the trouble to enquire whether any "modern Romanist," even of the most extreme school, held that bishops could not call local councils, (as those of Carthage were,) "without the concurrence of the Pope;"

* It can hardly be necessary to prove, that this is the true meaning of the word. Its very etymology sufficiently establishes it. St. Laurence the deacon, is familiarly known in the legend, as *Levita Laurentius*. Facciolati, (in voce) quotes Sidonius (Lib. ix. 2.) for this signification, and also a verse from Arator, *In Acta Apostolorum*. "Albiso antistes Proculusque Levites," v. 553. We have never seen an instance of the contrary signification.

† This condemnation had as little to do with the veneration of sacred images, as with the problem of the quadrature of the circle. It was, in fact, simply and solely a condemnation of the monophysite heresy. Peter the Fuller, [Γναφως] for the purpose of embodying this heresy in the public liturgy of the Church, had added to the well known formula called the Trisagion—*Ἄγιος ὁ Θεός, ἅγιος ισχυρός, ἅγιος ἀθάνατος, ἕλισσον ἡμᾶς*—[Sanctus Deus, Sanctus Fortis, Sanctus Immortalis, miserere nobis:]—the words *ὁ ὤπις ἡμῶν σταυρώθεις*, [qui pro nobis crucifixus es,] thereby meaning to imply the *unity of nature* in Christ. The addition of the sign of the cross to the Trisagion, was a symbolical representation of the words, *qui crucifixus es*. As such it was employed by the Monophysites, and *as such alone* is condemned. It is well known, that even in the fiercest days of iconoclasm, the cross, (provided it were without a *figure of Christ*,) was permitted to stand.

‡ This date, by the way, is incorrect. The synod in question, called by the Greeks *πενθεκτη*, and by the Latins *Quinisexta* or *Trullana*, was held A. D. 692.

or even whether the refusal of the bishops of a particular country to receive a papal decree of discipline could be regarded as a denial of the papal supremacy. To a still more serious oversight or perversion, we shall have occasion to devote the greater part of our remaining space; but we must first offer a few observations in general criticism of Dr. Maitland's performance.

From the extent of the space devoted to dogmatical discussions, the reader will be prepared not to expect much of what is ordinarily looked for in a descriptive work. The truth is, that except a few pages in the chapter "On the Origin of the Catacombs," and a portion of the chapter "On the Origin of Christian Art," the work contains absolutely no information as to the extent, appearance, or present condition of the Catacombs of Rome. Even the little which is given is so general and vague, as hardly to serve any of the purposes of a description. The reader will find no account of the curious and interesting objects to be found in the several Catacombs, (of which, indeed, he will hardly find even a complete enumeration;) or of the extent to which they have been explored. And, what surprises us most of all, he will not find any account of the recent and most important discoveries of the learned Jesuit, Father Marchi, in the most interesting of all the Catacombs, that of St. Agnes. There is not in the entire volume, as far as we remember, a single allusion to his researches, although they have been attended with most important results, and are familiarly known by every person of common information in Rome. Indeed, the vagueness and generality of the author's references to the subject of the Catacombs, taken along with an observation which incidentally occurs in his work,* lead us to suspect that he possesses but little personal acquaintance strongly with them, and that he writes from the description of others, and these not the most profound authorities on the subject.† His quotations are, *for the most part, second-hand*; and his engravings, except those from the Lapidarian Gallery, appear, generally speaking, to be of the same character.

The work consists of seven chapters—the most impor-

* "As far as the writer has had an opportunity of examining the catacombs, there appears to be no trace, &c. &c."—p. 40.

† His favourite authorities seem to be Raoul Rochette, and Roestell.

tant of which are those on the Origin of the Catacombs, on the Symbols used therein, and on the Offices and Customs of the Ancient Church. The chapter on the Martyrs of the Catacombs, is a feeble and timid *refacimento* of Dodwell's well-known dissertation, *De Paucitate Martyrum*; and that upon the Origin of Christian Art, is vague and common-place in the last degree. But there is, throughout the entire work, a tone of dogmatism which will pass with the unlearned as evidence of erudition, and there is hardly a question controverted between Catholics and Protestants, which is not introduced in some portion of the work. Thus we have constantly occurring throughout the work, sometimes a discussion, sometimes a dogmatical declaration of opinion upon such questions as those of Prayers for the Dead, (p. 14 and 236,) of Saint-worship, (p. 152,) of Purgatory, (236,) Relics, (14,) the Blessed Virgin Mary, (279,) Transubstantiation, (220,) Clerical Celibacy, (199, &c.,) Papal Supremacy, (186 and foll.,) the withdrawal of the Chalice, (p. 310,) not to speak of many other minor controversies, as the use of lights in the Church, Monasticism, &c., &c. From this enumeration it will be sufficiently clear that to follow him throughout, would far exceed the limits of our article. It must be sufficient, therefore, to test his accuracy upon one or two of these topics, selecting those on which he has bestowed most labour and space.

We have said that the fact of Dr. Maitland being personally familiar with the Catacombs, appears to us much more than doubtful. Indeed, his great stronghold seems to be the Lapidarian Gallery—that is the long range of inscriptions which, as every visitor of the Vatican must remember, lines the walls of the great gallery leading to the Library and the Museum. As a specimen of his general powers of description, we shall transcribe his account of this Gallery.

“ At the entrance to the Vatican Museum is a long corridor, the sides of which are completely lined with inscriptions plastered into the walls. On the right hand are arranged the epitaphs of Pagans, votive tablets, dedications of altars, fragments of edicts, and public documents collected from the neighbourhood of the city; and opposite to them, classed under the heads of Greek, Latin, and consular monuments, appear the inscriptions of the ancient Christians. These have been collected indiscriminately from the catacombs about Rome, and have hitherto remained unpublished. To

this gallery, from the circumstance of its containing little more than sepulchral stones, the name of Lapidarian, or *delle Lapidi*, has been given. The inscriptions, amounting to more than three thousand, were arranged in their present order by Gaetano Marini. The consular monuments, principally comprised in a compartment at the further end of the corridor, are those containing the names of the consuls who governed during the years in which they were erected. Their value as chronological data is obvious; and their authenticity is the more to be relied upon, from their rude execution and imperfect orthography, often leaving us in doubt as to the very names of the consuls intended to be expressed. It would appear that the better class of Christians, especially those of the third and fourth centuries, were more in the habit of adding dates to their epitaphs than those of lower condition or of an earlier period."—pp. 8—10.

The contrast of the Pagan and Christian inscriptions is interesting.

"On the walls thus loaded with inscriptions we may trace a contrast between the state of Pagan and that of Christian society in the ancient metropolis. The funereal lamentation expressed in neatly engraved hexameters, the tersely worded sentiments of stoicism, and the proud titles of Roman citizenship, attest the security and resources of the old religion. Further on, the whole heaven of Paganism is glorified by innumerable altars, where the epithets unconquered, greatest, and best, are lavished upon the worthless shadows that peopled Olympus. Here and there are traces of complicated political orders; tablets containing the names of individuals comprising a legion or a cohort; legal documents relating to property, and whatever belongs to a state such as the Roman empire in its best times is known to have been. The first glance at the opposite wall is enough to show that, as St. Paul himself expressed it, "not many mighty, not many noble," are numbered amongst those whose epitaphs are there displayed; some few indeed are scarce to be distinguished from those of the Pagans opposite, but the greater part betray by their execution, haste and ignorance. An incoherent sentence, or a straggling mis-spelt scrawl, such as* 'The place of Philemon,' inscribed on a rough slab, destined to close a niche in caverns where daylight could never penetrate, tells of a persecuted, or at least, an oppressed community. There is also a simplicity in many of these slight records which is not without its charm, as in the annexed :

BIRGINIVS PARVM
STETIT AP. N

'Virginus remained but a short time with us.' The slabs of stone

* See Plate for fac-simile.

used for closing Christian graves, average from one to three feet in length. In this they differ remarkably from the sepulchral tablets of the Pagans, who being accustomed to burn their dead, required a much smaller covering for their funerary urn. The letters on Christian monuments are from half an inch to four inches in height, and coloured in the incision with a pigment resembling Venetian red. Whether this pigment originally belonged to all the letters is uncertain; many are now found without it. The custom of cutting in the stone is alluded to by Prudentius in his hymn in honour of the eighteen martyrs of Saragossa, in which he calls upon his fellow-Christians to wash with pious tears the furrows in the marble tablets erected to them :

‘ Nos pio fletu date, perluamus
Marmorum sulcos——’

The orthography of these epitaphs is generally faulty, the letters irregular, and the sense not always obvious.

“Another difference between the inscriptions belonging to Pagans and Christians of the early centuries, is too remarkable to be passed by unnoticed. While the heathen name consisted of several essential parts, all of which were necessary to distinguish its owner, the Christians in general confined themselves to that which they received in baptism. Thus the names of Felix, Sevus, Philemon, and Agape, are found on tombs, unaccompanied by any other of the designations which belonged to those individuals as members of a Roman family. Occasionally we met with two, and perhaps even three names on their monuments, as Aurelia Agapetilla, Largia, Agape; but these are not common. The first believers, when not forced by the multiplicity of persons christened alike, to add a further distinction, appear to have considered their Christian name as the only one worthy of preservation on their sepulchres.”—pp. 10—12.

From this interesting collection of inscriptions, Dr. Maitland has made copious extracts,—partly in illustration of the religious and social usages of the early Romans, partly in vindication of Anglican doctrines against the modern assumptions of popery. From what has been already said, it is hardly necessary to add that he vehemently denies the existence of any evidence of the distinctively Roman doctrines in the monuments of the Church in the Catacombs. A few short extracts will explain his opinions.

“It may not be amiss to premise generally, that in the inscriptions contained in the Lapidarian Gallery, selected and arranged under Papal superintendence, there are no prayers for the dead, (unless the forms ‘May you live,’ ‘May God refresh you,’ be so

construed,) no addresses to the Virgin Mary, nor to the Apostles or earlier Saints; and with the exception of 'eternal sleep,' 'eternal home,' &c., no expressions contrary to the plain sense of Scripture. And if the bones of the martyrs were more honoured, and the privilege of being interred near them more valued than the simplicity of our religion would warrant, there is in this outbreak of enthusiastic feeling towards the heroic defenders of the faith, no precedent for the adoration paid to them by a corrupt age."—p. 14.

"From these epitaphs, as well as from others scattered throughout this work, it is evident that the modern Romish notions on this subject, (prayers for the dead,) were entirely unknown to the ancient Christians."—p. 235.

"In a day when the Romanist claim to primitive resemblance is half credited by some who might be forward in furnishing a refutation to the assumption, it must be consolatory to every dutiful son of our Church, to find that most of the points on which the question of Catholicism turns, require no subtle refinement for their mastery."—pp. 308-9.

"We have but to examine the ecclesiastical remains of Rome to find that its past and present can in no way be identified; that we gain nothing in resemblance to the church of the catacombs by a movement towards modern Rome; and that no tendency to apostolic unity is implied in the profession.

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum
Tendimus in Latium.

To the present Church of the seven-hilled city we are indebted for nothing but excommunication and the stake."—p. 312.

This is precisely the view for the support of which Dr. Maitland has taken up his pen. He himself admits that it is a novel one; that the catacombs have hitherto been given up as hopelessly and irreclaimably papistical; and that from the day of the first discovery till the present, "Romanist writers have been suffered to claim identity in discipline and doctrine with the church that occupied them." (p. 2.) When it is remembered how abundant have been the sources of information regarding the catacombs—how endless the collections of inscriptions and engravings illustrating their condition—how universally the works of Bosio, Boldetti, Aringhi, Bianchini, Fabretti, Muratori, Mabillon, Marangoni, &c., claimed and received the attention of the learned of every country and of every persuasion, the *prima facie* value of this admission will be strongly felt; and however disposed the reader may be to admire the boldness, he will hardly venture to hope for the success, of an author who undertakes to de-

monstrate what hardly any of the learned of his forefathers in the anti-popish ranks had ventured to conjecture.

It will be seen at once that Dr. Maitland's plan embraces two points: first, a disproof of the identity of the Roman church with that of the Catacombs; secondly, a demonstration of the identity of the Anglican church therewith. The latter of the two Dr. Maitland appears to have overlooked altogether. Perhaps he found the negative side of the question more easy, if not more attractive, than the positive—the work of demolition more agreeable than that of reconstruction. However this may be, we should have wished to see him undertake, upon the same principles which he here employs against popery, an apology of the high-church doctrines against a dissenter. We fear he might find it difficult to prove from the inscriptions of the catacombs the doctrine of “apostolical succession,” of “baptismal regeneration,” or of “church authority:” nay, we should not wish to see him tied down to his favourite Lapidarian Gallery, (by which he would fain test every Roman doctrine,) and required by some sturdy Scottish divine to establish the Anglican view of the Presbyterian question, or even called upon by a subtle Arian to demonstrate, exclusively from these sources, the Trinity of Persons in its full post-Nicene acceptation. It is rather remarkable, that among all the inscriptions produced by Dr. Maitland, there is not a single one which will prove the distinction of the two orders of episcopacy and priesthood, still less the superiority of the former, and if we except the symbols of the Dove for the Holy Spirit, and the application of the terms Lord, Master, &c., (on which the Arian will suffer no argument to be founded,) to the Second Person, there is absolutely nothing to establish this great fundamental doctrine of christianity.

What inference would Dr. Maitland, in common with ourselves, draw from this? That these doctrines were unknown to the ancient christians? Assuredly not. But that the monumental inscriptions of the early ages not only are not sources to be relied on *exclusively* as embodying the creed of the times, but that from causes, partly sufficiently intelligible, partly unknown to us, many doctrines were habitually suppressed or but obscurely symbolized, not only in these but in all other public documents of the time. We will go farther. Even in the times when faith was most free and untrammelled, nothing could be more absurd

than to rely upon sepulchral inscriptions for a full exposition of the faith of the time. We should like to see Dr. Maitland sit down to reconstruct the Thirty-nine Articles from the monumental panegyrics of St. Paul's, or the fulsome epigrams of Poet's Corner; and we candidly confess that we should ourselves be very sorry to have to prove, of the principles which Dr. Maitland here lays down, from the gravestones of any modern Catholic cemetery, that Roman Catholics of the present day believe in Transubstantiation, Papal Supremacy, Confession, Invocation of Saints, Purgatory, or even Prayers for the Dead. But we shall have to say a few words more on this subject before we close, and we shall therefore proceed to consider how Dr. Maitland deals with these materials, such as they are, in the enquiry which he proposes to himself.

The first thing which will strike every well-informed reader, is the strange fact, that although, where there is need of any classical, or critical, or artistical illustration, he freely avails himself of the inscriptions contained in the collections of Boldetti, Fabretti, Muratori, &c., yet, in controversial questions, where he wishes to argue from the silence of the inscriptions as to some "modern Roman" doctrine, he *confines himself* (p. 14.) *to the inscriptions of the Lapidarian Gallery*. This is done upon the implied presumption that, as the inscriptions in this gallery have been "collected indiscriminately from all the catacombs of Rome," and "arranged under papal superintendence," therefore they must embody every evidence of peculiarly Roman doctrine, which has been discovered in the catacombs since they first became an object of attention with ecclesiastical antiquaries. By his proceeding on this assumption, it would appear that Dr. Maitland does not know, or has overlooked, the history of the formation of this Lapidarian Gallery. It will be necessary, therefore, to say a word regarding it.

It is perfectly true that from the first moment of the rediscovery of the catacombs, the historical monuments with which they abound have been an object of the liveliest interest with the Roman Pontiffs. Eugene IV., Callixtus III., Nicholas V., and Leo X. successively issued the strongest prohibitions against the destruction or mutilation of the monuments. Under the auspices of the last-named pope, Mazochi published the first collection of inscriptions which appeared after the invention of printing;

and in order the better to consult for the judicious preservation of all the objects of interest which might be discovered, his holiness resolved to place them under the care of the painter Raffaele. Clement XI. renewed the prohibition issued by his predecessors. Benedict XIV., at the instance of Maffei, formed a museum for their reception. The celebrated antiquarian Bianchini, and afterwards Bottari, proposed the plan, which has since been adopted, of arranging the inscriptions along the walls of the great gallery which leads to the museum of the Vatican; but the proposal was not adopted for many years afterwards, nor was it till the pontificate of Pius VII. that the present admirable arrangement was carried out. Meanwhile, however, the work of disentanglement had been for three centuries carried on, and though the pontifical prohibition had the effect of preventing to a great extent the destruction of the inscriptions, yet, as they were discovered from time to time, they were appropriated by different communities or individuals, and sometimes set up in the various collections in the churches or monasteries of Rome, sometimes transferred to other cities or convents of Italy: and it is hardly necessary to observe, that those inscriptions which contained some doctrinal testimony of importance, would be the most special objects of curiosity and of interest, and, consequently, would be most likely to be appropriated as soon as they were discovered. It requires but little examination of any of the numerous collections of inscriptions, (especially of that of Marini,) to enable one to see how signal and complete, despite all the precautions which have been adopted, has been the dispersion of the tablets discovered in the catacombs of Rome. To each inscription, generally speaking, is prefixed a notice of the cemetery in which it was discovered, and of the place where it was deposited at the time of the author; and from this enumeration it will appear that there are few cities, and even minor towns, which have not been enriched by the sacred spoils of the Roman cemeteries. Even in Rome itself there are still in existence several independent collections, far inferior in number, of course, but still possessing great interest for an antiquarian. Dr. Maitland seems to have overlooked them altogether; but those who in visiting Rome have turned their attention at all to such matters, can hardly fail to remember the inscriptions at Sant' Agnese, San Paolo, San Lorenzo, San Giorgio in

Velabro, San Clemente, S. Maria in Trastevere, Santa Cecilia, not to speak at all of the collections in the Villa Panfilii, Villa Albani (we think), and, most of all, that of the Roman College.

From all this it will clearly appear, that the collection of inscriptions in the Lapidarian Gallery, far from containing, as Dr. Maitland would have his readers conclude, *all* the monumental evidences which "Romanists" have it in their power to produce, in point of fact, comprise but the gleanings which remained within *immediate* reach of papal influence at the commencement of this century, after three, or nearer four, centuries had been spent in exploring and selecting the most important and interesting of the contents of the catacombs.

With this prefatory remark we shall proceed to examine Dr. Maitland's assertion, "that it is evident from the ecclesiastical remains of Rome that its past and present can in no way be identified" (p. 312.); but as, from what has been already stated, it would be impossible to run through all the topics of controversy which he has introduced, we shall confine ourselves to a few of the most prominent, on which he dwells at greatest length.

To commence with Prayer for the Dead; Dr. Maitland declares that it is evident that the modern Romish notions on this point were entirely unknown to the ancient christians. (p. 235.) Now, if the reader will follow us through a few observations on this point, he will understand how far the author's prejudices have blinded him to the real facts of the case, and will be able to estimate the amount of reliance to be placed upon his other statements.

For the fact is, that *there is hardly a single form of phrase in which it is possible to embody a prayer for the dead, of which we may not discover the prototype in the epitaphs of the catacombs.* We have been at some pains to classify a few of the most ordinary ones under the several heads which occurred to us, and though they are far from exhausting the subject, yet they will suffice for our purpose. We shall commence with that which *modern* popular use has consecrated for the purpose, and which it is needless to say, would, in the eyes of every Anglican, not to say Protestant dissenter in the empire, at once stamp as "popish" any cemetery in which it might occur; we mean the prayer for PEACE or REST to the departed, in its several forms.

CLASS I. PRAYERS FOR PEACE OR REST TO THE DEPARTED.

The reader must bear with us, if, in the necessity of compressing within our narrow limits as large an amount of evidence as may be practicable, our page should become little more than a long catalogue of inscriptions, with hardly a word of comment or explanation.

We begin with the most simple form of the prayers reducible to the first class.

(1.) The following inscription is from the catacomb of St. Priscilla. It is hardly necessary to observe upon the rudeness of its orthography. The *κιτε* for *κειται* is not peculiar to this inscription.

ΕΝΘΑΔΕ ΚΙΤΕ (κειται) ΖΩΣΙΜΟΣ
ΔΙΔΑΣΚΑΛΟΣ ΕΤΩΝ ΝΗ
ΕΙΡΗΝΗ ΣΟΙ ΗΤΩ*

“Here lieth Zosimus, a teacher of fifty-eight years. PEACE BE TO THEE !”

(2.) A very similar inscription was found accompanied by the phial of blood,—the ordinary symbol of martyrdom.†

ΕΖΗΣΕΝ ΜΑΡΤΙΡΙΟΣ
ΕΤΗ ΕΙΚΟΣΙ ΔΥΩ
ΕΙΡΗΝΗ ΣΟΙ †

“Martirius lived twenty-two years. PEACE TO THEE !”

(3.) The corrupt orthography is not confined to the Greek inscriptions. The following was found in the catacomb of St. Callistus.

GENSANE PAX ISPIRTO (spiritui)
ΤΥΟ.§

“Gensanus, Peace be to thy Spirit !”

* This and many of the following inscriptions are selected from Marini's collection, which is published by Cardinal Mai, in the fifth vol. of his *Scriptorum Veterum Nova Collectio*. We have employed this collection along with others, partly because it is hardly known in this country, partly because it is of the very highest authority. We shall cite it as “Marini,” the pages being those of the fifth vol. of Cardinal Mai's *Scriptorum Veterum*. The above is from p. 416.

† Nothing could be more weak than Dr. Maitland's attempt to disprove the value of this symbol as a note of martyrdom. We must take some other occasion to return to this and other points for the present omitted.

‡ Marini, p. 416.

§ Marini, p. 418.

(4.) A similar one was discovered in the catacomb of St. Priscilla,

BESSULA, SPIRITUS TUUS IN PACE.*

“Bessula, thy Spirit be in Peace !”

(5.) Sometimes the form is different.

In the same catacomb were found the following rude lines, accompanied by the phial of blood.

MATRONE DULCISSIME QUÆ
VIXIT ANNOS XVII. P. M. (post maritum)
TE IN PACE.†

“To a most dear matron who lived seventeen years after her husband. Mayest thou be in Peace !”

(6.) The following gives no detail whatever regarding the deceased, but barely the prayer. There is probably some mistake or mutilation of the name.

RERITE 
TE IN PACE.‡

A similar inscription occurs at page 445 of the same collection, and another in Boldetti, page 420.

(7.) Very frequently we meet with a prayer for REST instead of PEACE. Thus in the following, which is from the cemetery of St. Pretextatus. We need not observe upon the false construction.

MARIA BONA FEMI-
-NA QUÆ BENE BIXIT (vixit)
CUM CONJUGEM SUUM
ANNOS PLUS MINUS IIII
BENE CESQUE.§ (quiesce.)

“Mary, a good woman, who lived with her husband four years, more or less. REST THOU HAPPILY !”

(8.) Or more briefly.

LEA, BENE CESQUAS.|| (quiescas.)
“Lea, mayest thou rest happily !”

* Boldetti, *Osservazioni Sopra i cimiteri*, p. 420.

† Marini, p. 441.

‡ Marini, p. 441.

§ Marini, p. 440.

|| Boldetti, p. 482.

Sometimes both prayers are combined, as in the very form which "papists" still preserve, *Requiescat in pace*.

(9.) Thus in the following tablet found with the relics in the cemetery of Santa Cyriaca,

JULIO FILIO PATER DOLIENS (DOLENS) FECIT
BENE MERENTI QUI BIXIT ANNOS XVI.
MENSES VII. DIES X. ANIMA INNOX
CESQUAS (quiescas) BENE IN PACE.*

"To his well-deserving son Julius, who lived sixteen years, seven months, and ten days, his mourning father erected this. O, innocent soul, MAYEST THOU REST HAPPILY IN PEACE!"

(10.) Sometimes the prayer is in the imperative, as in the following, found in the cemetery of San Callisto, with a phial of blood.

LEGITIMUS ET AMANTIA AURELIO URSO
FILIO DULCISSIMO QUI VIXIT ANNOS XVIII.
DIES XV. PARENTES FECERUNT DECESSIT XI. KAL.
OCTOBRES QUESCE IN PACE
EXIBIT (EXIVIT) DE SECVLU INBENTIS (probably *juvenis*.) †

"To Aurelius Ursus their sweetest son, who lived nineteen years, fifteen days; his parents, Legitimus and Amantia, erected this. He died the eleventh of the Kalends of October. REST THOU IN PEACE. He departed from life young."

(11.) It would be easy to multiply, almost without limit, examples of the subjoined form, which may, at first sight, appear to be simply *future*, and not *optative*. When taken in connexion, however, with those which we have produced, and with many others of the classes to be specified hereafter, we think it will be easy to believe that *cesquet* is but a false orthography for *cesquat*, both of them being parts of the verb *quiesco* in the rude form in which it occurs in the Latinity of the early christians. Still, as there is a doubt, we shall leave the benefit of it, whatever it may be, to Dr. Maitland, and content ourselves with a single specimen, found in the catacomb of S. Cyriaca, with a phial of the martyr's blood.

* Marini, p. 335.

† Marini, p. 366.

AURELIO NATALIO AL.
 CONJUX FECIT QUI VIXIT
 MECU BENE ANNOS XXXII.
 QUIESQUET IN PACE.*

"To Aurelius Natalius, his surviving wife erected this. Who lived happily with me thirty-two years. MAY HE REST IN PEACE!"

(12.) Sometimes we find the scriptural idea of sleep introduced, as in the following from the cemetery of St. Hermus.

EN EIPHNH KOIMHΣEIS

ΜΟΔΕΣΤΟΥ (ταφος.)



†

"Mayest thou (or thou shalt) sleep in Peace. (The tomb) of Modestus."

(13.) Or in the following still more explicit inscription from the cemetery of St. Callistus.

DOMINA DULCISSIMA
 STERCORIA FILIA QUI (quæ)
 BIXIT AN. II. MENS. III. IN
 PACE DOMINI DORMIAS.‡

"My daughter Stercoria, sweetest lady, who lived two years four months. MAYEST THOU SLEEP IN THE PEACE OF THE LORD!"

Sometimes the same prayer is found with the additional idea, "in the company of the Saints," or "of the just." Examples of this form may be seen in Marini, p. 362, and in Boldetti, p. 58.

(14.) It sometimes happens, also, that both these forms are combined in the same epitaph. A very remarkable example may be seen in an inscription discovered in the cemetery of Calepodius. It is mutilated at the commencement, but the name appears evidently to have been *Δωροθεος*.

[ΔΩ] ΡΟΘΕΩ ΤΤ (τη) ΓΑΤΚΥΤΑ-
 ΤΤ (γλυκυτατη) EN EIPHNH H ΨΥΧΗ ΑΤ-
 ΤΟΥ ΜΕΤΑ ΔΙΚΕΩΝ (δικαιων) Η ΨΥΧΗ ΑΤ
 ΤΟΥ ΕΤΩΝ Ν ΜΗΝΩΝ ΤΡΙΩΝ§

"To dearest Dorotheus. His soul be in Peace! His soul be with the just! Aged fifty years and three months."

* Marini, p. 366. If any person should desire further examples of this form, (sometimes varied to *quiescet in pacem*.) we refer him to Marini, pp. 369. 383. 437. 439, (both of which however being in the abridged forms, *QUESQ. IN PA.* may be as well read in the optative as in the future,) also to Boldetti, pp. 397. 808, &c. &c., and to Aringhi, ii. 260, 261, 262, &c.

† Marini, p. 415.

‡ Boldetti, p. 418.

§ Boldetti, p. 420.

But, instead of delaying further on this class of inscriptions, we shall pass to inscriptions of another form.

CLASS II. — PRAYERS FOR THE ETERNAL LIFE OF THE DEPARTED.

(15.) This form would seem to be less obnoxious to Dr. Maitland than the preceding; at least he supplies us with several examples. As,

FAUSTINA DULCISS BIBAS (vivas)
IN DEO.

“Sweet Faustina mayest thou live in God!” (p. 234.)

(16.) The following is from a tablet in the Lapidarian Gallery.

ZOTIKE
ZΗΣΑΙΣ ΕΝ
ΚΥΡΙΩ ΘΑΠΠΙ. (θαγγελί)

“Zoticus, mayest thou live in the Lord! Be of good cheer!”

(17.) The following inscription is interesting as having been discovered in the Basilica of the SS. Apostoli at Milan by St. Charles Borromeo.

D.EDALIA, VIVAS IN CHRISTO.*

“D. edalia, mayest thou live in Christ!”

(18.) Sometimes we find a mixture of Greek and Latin in the epitaph. Thus in the following from the cemetery of St. Priscilla.

HERMIONE FILIÆ
CALLISTE MATER
[ζη] ΣΗΣ ΕΝ ΘΕΩ.

“Caliste to her daughter Hermione. MAYEST THOU LIVE IN GOD!”

Indeed, this form of prayer is perhaps more frequent of recurrence than any other. It would be easy to accumulate examples. As,

(19.) OLIMPIODORE, VIVAS IN DEO.†

* Marini, p. 427.

† Boldetti, p. 340.

(20.) STRATONICE VIVAS IN DOM.*
Dep. XVII. Kal. Oct.

(21.) REGINA, VIVAS
IN DOMINO JESU.†

(22.) In this class of prayers, also, the imperative form is occasionally employed. Thus, in the following tablet from the cemetery of San Callisto.

BONDATOVE (probably *bono atque*) DULCISSIMO CONJUGI CASTORINO QUI VIXIT ANNIS LII. MENSIBUS V. D. X. BENEMERENTI, Uxor fecit, VIVE IN DEO.‡


“To Castorinus, her good and dearest well deserving husband, who lived fifty-two years, five months, and ten days, his wife erected this. LIVE THOU IN GOD.”

(23.) Another inscription, especially interesting from the circumstance of its having been engraved on a signet-ring, is given by Dr. Rock in his *Hierurgia*. (ii. p. 460.)

ΑΦΘΟΝΑ. ΕΝ. ΘΕΩ
ΖΗΣΗΣ.

“Aphthona, mayest thou live in God!”

(24.) In the following a new idea is introduced.

ZOSIME, VIVE IN NOMINE.  §

“Zosimus, live thou in the name of Christ.”

(25.) Still more remarkable is the introduction of the name of the apostle St. Peter into a similar formula, in which it appears to take the place of that of Christ in the inscription last cited. An example occurs in a tablet found in the cemetery of St. Priscilla, accompanied by the phial which ordinarily designates the martyr's tomb.

RUTA OMNIBUS SUBDITA ET AFFABILIS, BIBET (VIVET) IN NOMINE PETRI IN PACE.∥

“Ruta, obedient and affable to all. MAY SHE LIVE (OR SHE SHALL LIVE) IN PEACE IN THE NAME OF PETER.”

This is the very form of expression which, when applied

* Marini, p. 449.

† Boldetti, p. 266.

‡ Marini, p. 363.

§ Marini, p. 455.

∥ Marini, p. 446.

by Catholics to the Blessed Virgin, is regarded as absolute blasphemy—a usurpation of the peculiar privilege of the name of Christ. (Acts iv. 12.)

(26.) There is another variety of form in this class of which it is hardly worth particularizing. But we may as well give an example of it before we pass to the next class.

ULPIA VIVA SIS CUM FRATRIBUS TUIS.*

“Ulpia, mayest thou be living with thy brethren !”

CLASS III.—PRAYERS FOR THE HAPPINESS OF DEPARTED SOULS.

Dr. Maitland unhesitatingly asserts, without, however, attempting any proof, that “the custom of adding an ejaculatory prayer was derived from the pagans.” (p. 233.) We should be curious to see a pagan parallel for those which we shall now subjoin. It is rather singular that both should contain precisely the same strange blunder in orthography, *tus* for *tuus*, and the same peculiar form *ispiritus* for *spiritus*.†

(27.) The first is from the cemetery of St. Callistus.

DRESALONICE ISPIRITUS
TUS IN BONU.‡

“Dresalonicus, may thy spirit be in happiness !”

(28.) A counterpart of this, so like that we might easily imagine them the work of the same rude sculptor, is given by Marini.§ It is from the cemetery of St. Saturninus.

ROMANE
ISPIRITUS
TUS IN BONO SIT.

“Romanus, may thy spirit be in happiness !”

CLASS IV.—PRAYERS FOR ACCEPTANCE OR REMEMBRANCE FROM GOD.

(29) Sometimes we find a direct prayer for merciful accep-

* Boldetti, p. 419.

† Is this the germ of the modern peculiarity of Italian pronunciation, (which every foreigner must have observed,) of introducing vowel sounds—what are commonly called *tails* (code)—at the end of words ?

‡ Boldetti, p. 418.

§ p. 446.

tance in the sight of God. This form is generally found in brief epitaphs, for the most part containing little but the name of the deceased, and the prayer. Such is a very simple tablet found within the catacomb of S. Cyriaca, with the martyr's phial.

URSULA
ACCEPTA SIS
IN CHRISTO.*

“Ursula, mayest thou be accepted in Christ !”

(30.) Still more interesting, both in a controversial and a critical point of view, is an inscription found in 1742 in the cemetery of St. Hermes. It is preserved by Marangoni in his most curious and learned work, *Delle cose Gentilesche trasportate ad uso delle Chiese*.† Besides some peculiarities of orthography, which illustrate the correlative sounds of the Greek and Latin vowels and diphthongs, it is further remarkable, not only as containing a medley of both the languages, but as having both written in the Greek character.

ΔΗΜΗΤΡΙΟ ΕΤ ΛΕΟΝΤΙΑ
ΣΕΙΡΙΚΗ ΦΕΙΛΙΑΙ ΕΒΕΝΕΜΕΡ-
ΤΙ ΝΗΘΗΚ [μνησθη σου] ΙΗ. ΟΥΤΟ (Ιησους)
Ο ΚΥΡΙΟΚ ΤΕΚΝΟΝ. (Demetris et Leontia, Siricae
filiae benemerenti. Μνησθη σου Ιησους ο Κυριος τεκνον)

“Demetris and Leontia to Sirica their well-deserving daughter.
THE LORD JESUS REMEMBER THEE, O CHILD !

But we feel that it is a work of supererogation to multiply examples of these forms. In order therefore to leave more space for the most important of all the classes, we shall be content with a single illustration of

CLASS V. — PRAYERS FOR ETERNAL LIGHT TO THE DEPARTED.

(31.) If the reader will remember the “popish” prayer, “*Lux perpetua luceat eis*,” he will have no difficulty in recognizing its type in the subjoined epitaph, found

* Marini, p. 454.

† p. 463.

with the bones of the deceased in the cemetery of St. Callistus.

AETERNA TIBI LUX

TIMOTHEA IN



QUE VIXIT ANN. XIII. MENS VIII IN PACE. (DEP) OS. VII ID. AUG.*

“Eternal light in Christ to thee Timothea! who lived thirteen years, nine months in peace. Buried on the seventh of the ides of August.”

We shall add one other class of monumental prayers used very frequently by the early Christians, and possessing special interest in the present enquiry as indicating very plainly the primitive belief of a state of suffering or discomfort after death, from which it was lawful to pray that the soul might be released. We shall dwell, therefore, at some length upon this topic.

CLASS VI. — PRAYERS FOR RELIEF, REFRESHMENT, OR RELEASE FROM SUFFERING.

(32.) The following inscription is from the catacomb of San Callisto.

AMMERINUS
RUFINE CONJUGI
CARISSIME BENEMERENTI
SPIRITUM TUUM DEUS
RE. FRI. GERET.

“Ammerinus to Rufina, his dearest well-deserving wife. MAY GOD REFRESH THY SPIRIT!”

Dr. Maitland, who supplies two examples of this form of prayer (p. 236.), indignantly rejects the idea of its conveying the notion of release from a state of suffering. We shall devote a few words to the enquiry.

Of the classical meaning of the phrase, we presume there can be no question. Cicero (*De Senectute*, xvi.) uses it to signify the relief obtained after excessive heat by the bath or the shade, — *Umbris aquisve refrigerari*. Its natural meaning therefore, the very idea of refreshment by being cooled after excessive heat, is a strong confirmation of the notion of a purgatorial fire.

But we shall not rest exclusively upon this. Its value in

* Marini, p. 450.

these christian inscriptions will be best ascertained by a reference to its use in the popular christian Latinity of the period, and especially (as the allusion is clearly a scriptural one) in that of the old Vulgate; and this every biblical scholar will admit to be "a relief from suffering or discomfort."

Not to multiply examples, it is used (Eccles. xxxi. 25.) for *the relief obtained by discharging the stomach after excessive eating*—"surge e medio et evome; et refrigerabit te;" for *a place of shelter and refreshment, after passing through fire and water*—"transivimus per aquam et ignem; et eduxisti nos in refrigerium" (Ps. xlv. 12.); for *relief after toil and fatigue* (Exod. xxiii. 12.); and generally for *relief or assistance in necessity*. (2 Tim. i. 16.) But, perhaps, the most remarkable instance of all is the prayer addressed to Abraham by the rich man, when he was "tormented in this flame." (Luc. xxvi. 24.) The word which he uses to express *the release from torture for which he prays*, is no other than *refrigeret*. (καταψύξη.)

Again, if we examine the meaning of the word in the Latinity of the Fathers of the second and third centuries, we find it precisely the same. Tertullian (with whom, for conciseness, we must be content) uses it for the relief of *those who are in distress*, (Ad Scap. c. iv. p. 71.)* *indigentibus refrigeramus.*" In a like sense he employs it in the Apology, "*Inopes quosque refrigerio isto juvamus*" (c. xxxix. p. 32.); and, in general, for *the assistance, relief, and countenance* afforded by the bishop to the widows supported at the expense of the Church, "*cui si quid refrigerii debuerat episcopus,*" (De Vel. Virg. c. ix. p. 178.)

In truth, the etymology of the word, its scriptural use, and its use in the remains of the Latin Fathers, establish beyond the possibility of doubt the meaning which Catholics recognize as implied by it; and though we shall not choose to define precisely *the nature* of the suffering, relief from which it is used to express, yet no unbiassed scholar can doubt that the word necessarily supposes *a release from some suffering*, whatever may be its nature or its object. The following epitaphs require no commentary. Their rude orthography and barbarous con-

* Paris, 1675.

struction furnish an affecting illustration of the poverty and lowly condition of the poor christians of those days.

(33.) AUGUSTE, IN BONO REFRIGERES (SIC) DULCIS.*

(34.) ANTONIA ANIMA DULCIS IN PACE TIBI DEUS REFRIGERIT.†

(35.) NICEPHORUS ANIMA DULCIS IN REFRIGERIO.‡

(36.) From a long and very rude, indeed, in some parts, scarcely intelligible inscription, found (1719) in the cemetery of St. Urban, it will be enough to extract the prayer. It is not easy to conceive anything more barbarous than the construction of this curious epitaph, but it is full of interest for a student of Christian archæology.

SILVANA REFRIGERA CUM SPIRITA SANCTA. DEP. KAL. APR. TIBERIANO II. ET DIONE COSS.§

The above-named consulship falls on the year of our Lord, 291.

(37.) Dr. Maitland || supplies us with three such inscriptions. We shall be content with the following:

BOLOSO DEUS TIBI REFRIGERET. QUÆ VIXIT ANNOS XXXI. RECESSIT DIE XIII. KAL. OCT.

It is not necessary, we should hope, to go farther for the purpose of establishing to demonstration the identity of the "modern Romish notions" with those of the christians of the catacombs, on the subject of prayer for the dead. We have enumerated no less than six different modes of expression, each of which is the representative of a large class of inscriptions. It would be difficult to devise a form of prayer which is not here anticipated; or a modification of the idea admissible into the Greek and Latin languages of which we have not some exemplification; and certainly it would be impossible, in any modern cemetery of the most "popish" capital in Europe, to find more rank popery than we have produced from the catacombs. In truth, what are these epitaphs but so many types of the modern "Requiescat in pace," "Requiem æternam

* Marini, p. 420.

† Ibid. p. 419.

‡ Maitland, p. 234.

§ Boldetti, p. 87.

|| p. 234.

dona eis, Domine," "Lux perpetua luceat eis," "Defunctus seculo tibi vivat," "Da eis refrigerii sedem," "Da eis locum refrigerii, lucis, et pacis?"

And yet, with this mass of evidence before his eyes, Dr. Maitland has the hardihood to write that, "From these epitaphs, as well as from others scattered throughout this work, it is evident that the modern Romish notions on this subject were entirely unknown to the Ancient Christians." (p. 235.)

In order to undo the effect of such expressions as have been cited above, he adds—

"The absurdity of construing such ejaculatory prayers as we have just seen, into a support of the doctrine of Purgatory, is the more evident, when it is known that the early Church was in the habit of offering commemorative prayers for all the dead, apostles, prophets, martyrs, and even for the Virgin Mary, whom no one will affirm to have been submitted to the purifying flames. A prayer to this effect is quoted from the so-called Liturgy of St. Chrysostom by Basnage."—p. 236.

Now this is a statement which has been repeatedly put forward in the course of the recent controversy, and which undoubtedly, if it were true, would very much weaken the force of the argument from this and similar commemorations of the dead. But what is the fact? We willingly acquit Dr. Maitland of all bad faith in the citation, for it is plain that he took this, like most of the other "learning" of his book, at second-hand; but we must add that it has seldom been our fate to meet a more gross and unpardonable instance of dishonesty than in Basnage's quotation from the Liturgy of St. Chrysostom. He represents (Hist. de l'Eglise, II. 120,) in a formal and circumstantial quotation in which the page and column are noted, the commemoration of the Liturgy as offered up for the Fathers, Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, and the Blessed Virgin herself, "*for the repose and remission of their souls, in a place of light whence pain and grief are driven away.*" Will it be believed that the passage which he thus professes to cite, is actually the following? We translate it literally from the very page of the Liturgy to which he refers.* The priest prays in secret,—

"We also offer this reasonable service to Thee for those who are

* Goar, Rituale Græcorum, p. 143.

at rest in Christ, the ancients, fathers, patriarchs, prophets, apostles, preachers, evangelists, martyrs, confessors, virgins, and every spirit made perfect in the faith.

“(In a loud voice.) Especially for most Holy Mary, immaculate, blessed above all, our glorious Queen, Mother of God, and ever Virgin.

“(The choir singeth.) It is meet that we praise thee, Mother of God, who art ever to be glorified and exempt from every guilt; who art the Mother of our God, venerable beyond the cherubim, incomparably more glorious than the seraphim, who without stain didst bring forth God the Word. We magnify thee, who art truly the Mother of God.

“(The priest bowing down prayeth in secret.) Of Holy John the Prophet, Precursor and Baptist, of the Holy and illustrious apostles, of Holy N. whose memory we are celebrating, and of all the saints, BY WHOSE PRAYERS PROTECT US, O Lord, and remember all those who have fallen asleep before us in the hope of the resurrection of eternal life.”—p. 143.

So far the Liturgy, in its relation to the departed saints. It does not contain one word of prayer “for the repose or remission of their souls.” What follows is of general application. It goes on—

“(Here the priest maketh a commemoration of those persons living or dead for whom he would pray. For the living he saith,)

“For the salvation, preservation, and remission of sin of N. [ἔειπός.]

“[For the dead he saith.]

“For the repose and remission (ἀφέσεως) of the soul of thy servant N. in a place of light whence grief and mourning are removed (ἔνθα ἀπέδρα λύπη καὶ στεναγμός.) Grant rest to him (ἀναπάσσοις αὐτόν) O Lord, and grant him rest where shineth the light of Thy countenance!”—Ibid. p. 143.

Could anything be more dishonest than the distortion here practised by Basnage? It will be seen that the Liturgy, (which, though interrupted apparently by the chanting of the choir, is yet continuous in sense,) makes a clear distinction between the two classes of commemorations which it comprises. The first, that of the prophets, apostles, martyrs, &c., is entirely distinct from the general commemoration of the living and the dead, in which the priest prays for whomsoever he pleases; and not only does the former not contain the clause “for the repose and remission of their souls in a lightsome place where grief and pining are unknown,” but it actually contains a clause of

the opposite import, "BY WHOSE PRAYERS PROTECT US, O LORD!" And yet this dishonest writer not only suppresses the clause which explains the nature of the commemoration made of the departed Saints, but actually appends to the commemoration of the Saints the clause which contains the prayer for the remission of sin and release from pain, and which exclusively belongs to the *general* commemoration of the living and the dead!

If there could be a shadow of doubt as to the construction of the entire, it would be removed by the well-known passage of St. Cyril of Jerusalem in his xxiii (Mystagogic) Lecture. And be it remembered that these lectures contain the authoritative exposition of the Liturgy, (which they follow clause by clause,) delivered by the bishop to his flock. How, therefore, does St. Cyril understand the double commemoration—that of the Saints, and that of the living and the dead? Does he regard them both as of precisely the same import? both offered for the remission of the sins and the repose of the departed? Let us hear him.

"Then we commemorate also those who have fallen asleep before us, (*εἶτα μνημονεύομεν καὶ τῶν προκεκομηένων*) first, patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, *that at their prayers and intervention, God would receive our petition* [*ὅπως ὁ θεὸς ταῖς ἐυχαῖς αὐτῶν καὶ πρεσβεία προσδεξήται ἡμῶν τὴν δεήσιν.*] Afterwards, also, *on behalf of* [*ὑπὲρ*] the holy fathers and bishops who have fallen asleep before us, and in a word, of all who in past years have fallen asleep among us, believing that *it will be a very great advantage to the souls for whom the supplication is put up while the holy and most awful sacrifice is presented.*"

And then to meet an objection, such as is still made against the Catholic view of this question, he adds—

"And I wish to persuade you by an illustration. For I know that many say, What doth it profit a soul which departs from this world either with sins or without sins, if it be commemorated in the prayer? Now surely, if when a king had banished certain who had given him offence, their connexions should weave a crown and offer it to him on behalf of *those under his vengeance, would he not grant a respite to their punishments?* In the same way we, when we offer to him our supplications for those who have fallen asleep, *although they be sinners, weave no crown, but offer up Christ sacrificed for our sins, propitiating our merciful God for them and for ourselves.*"—*Cyrilli, Opp.* p. 328. [Bened. Ed.]

And yet this is the authority on which Dr. Maitland ventures to scout as intolerable and extravagant, "*the absurdity* of construing the ejaculatory prayers of the Catacombs into a support for the doctrine of Purgatory!"

We have dwelt so long on this topic, that we shall be compelled to pass very hastily over the evidences of the practice among the Christians of the Catacombs of addressing prayers to the Saints. Dr. Maitland, it will be remembered, explicitly denies that the inscriptions of the Lapidarian Gallery, (p. 14,) and in general "the ecclesiastical remains of Rome," (p. 312,) give any sanction to this practice. To judge from the impression produced by his account of the Catacombs, their monuments are entirely silent on the subject of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and of the Apostles and the earlier Saints. He does not tell us a word of the frescoes still visible in the Catacomb of Saint Agnese, nor of the painted sepulchral glasses preserved in the Gregorian Museum, the Museum of the Propaganda, and the Museum of the Roman. Into these and similar details we shall not enter at present, especially as we shall have an early opportunity of returning to the subject, when Father Marchi's great work on the Catacombs shall be completed. But we cannot resist the temptation of presenting our readers with copies of a few of the illustrations of the recent numbers of this most interesting work, which have come into our hands through the kindness of a friend. For the present we can hardly afford space even for a description.

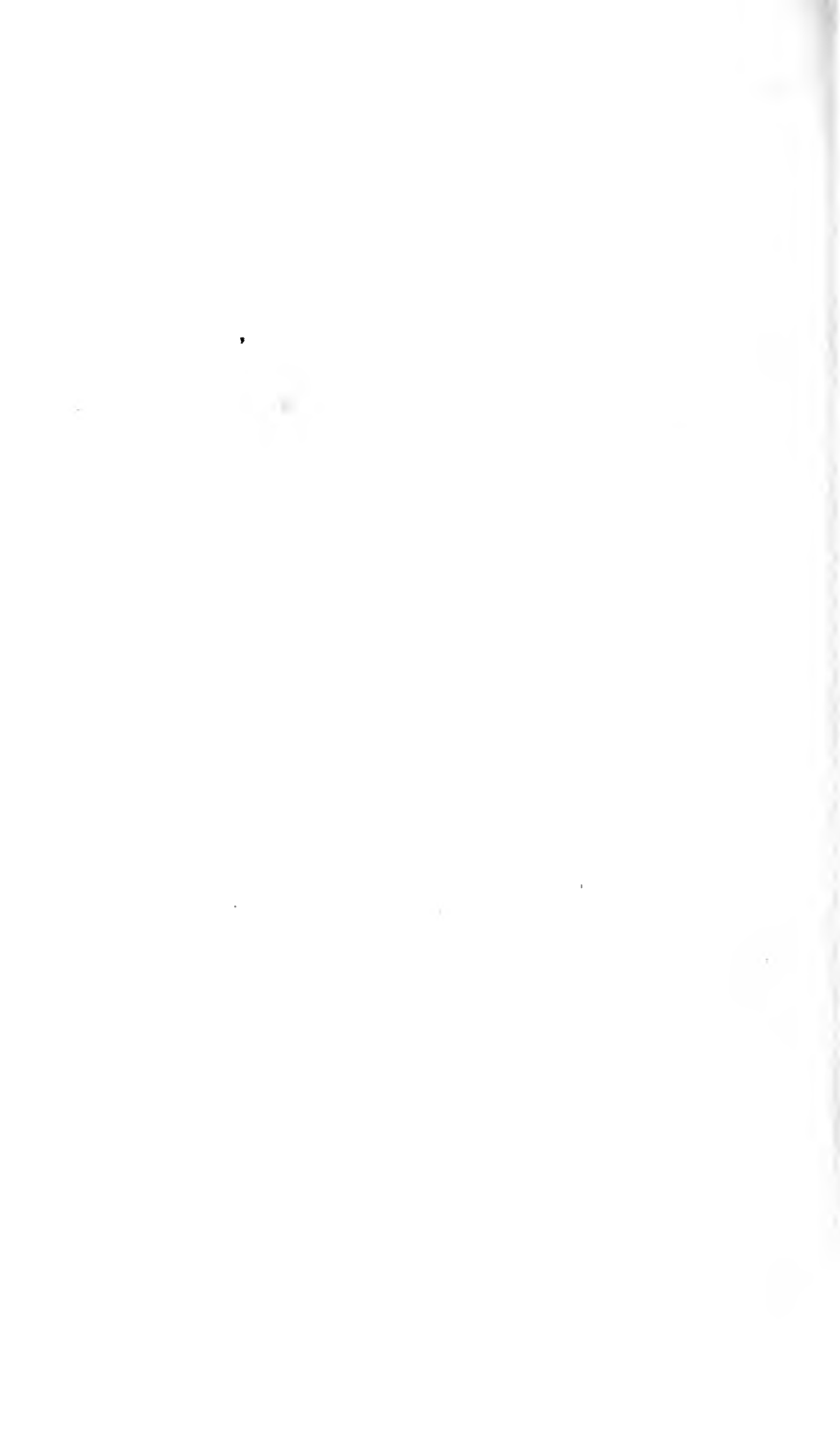
The figure marked No. 1 is extremely curious. It is one of the many representations of the apostle Peter with which the early monuments abound. That this apostle was peculiarly, in some way, an object of the religious veneration of the christians of the catacombs, is clear from the inscription (No. 25.) already cited. But the plate before us represents him in a new relation. This rude sketch, by showing St. Peter under the figure of Moses in the act of striking the rock, very clearly conveys that he bore to the new christian dispensation the same relation which Moses had held towards the old; and, as far as symbolism can furnish materials for argument, is a very interesting evidence of the primitive belief in the headship of St. Peter.

The three remaining figures may serve as indications of the feeling with which our blessed Lady was regarded; all

SPECIMENS OF EARLY CHRISTIAN ART.



ΤΟΥ ΟΥ ΦΙΛΗΜΟΝΙΣ



three, by representing her with uplifted hands in the attitude of prayer, show that, then as now, she was looked up to as an intercessor; and that her peculiar office was believed to be that of prayer for the children of the Church. The figures marked 2 and 4 do not seem to embody any further idea; but figure 3, the original of which is in the museum of the Propaganda, is exceedingly curious and interesting. The Blessed Virgin appears in the attitude of prayer as before; but she stands between the two lesser figures of SS. Peter and Paul. Her central position, (the place of honour,) and the greater size of her figure, would in themselves convey the idea of superior dignity and rank; but Padre Marchi further suggests a very natural and beautiful explanation of the group.

It is well known that the paintings of the catacombs abound with Scriptural allusions, especially allusions to the Old Testament. Thus we constantly meet Daniel in the lions' den, the three Hebrews in the furnace, Jonas in the sea, Noah in the ark, Tobias with the angel, the loaves of proposition, the seven-branched candlestick, and many other representations from the same source. In accordance with this usage, Padre Marchi very beautifully explains the present group as an allusion to the prayer of Moses for Israel, described in Exodus xvii. 12. And as, in figure 1, Peter symbolically holds the place of Moses, so here SS. Peter and Paul are represented in the character of Aaron and Hur; and as the office of their prototypes, Aaron and Hur, had been to hold up the wearied arms of Moses as he prayed for the people, so the office of Peter and Paul is to assist and support our blessed Lady in her work of intercession for the Church.

The explanation is extremely beautiful; and though, perhaps, to a cold and critical mind, it may wear the appearance of being forced and overstrained, yet to those who are acquainted with the highly symbolical character, not only of the monuments, but even of the language of the early Church, it will appear natural and easy of acceptance.*

But we must proceed, as our present business is rather with the inscriptions which illustrate the practice of

* See also a very interesting and curious engraving of the blessed Virgin, the Infant Jesus, and the three Kings, (from a fresco in the catacombs,) given in the frontispiece of Cardinal Mai's *Scriptor. Vet. Nova Coll.* Another (from St. Agnes) is given on the illustrated cover of Father Marchi's work.

direct invocation. We shall endeavour to crowd in a few of the most interesting.

(38.) The following is but little known. It is preserved in the church of the Trinitá at Velletri, and was first published by Clemente Cardinali in 1820.*

ΑΝΑΤΟΛΙΣ [ε] ΕΜΩΝ ΠΡΩΤΟΠΟΚΟΝ
 ΤΕΚΝΟΝ ΟΥΤΙΣ ΗΜΕ. ΙΝ ΕΔΟΘΗ
 ΠΡΟΣ ΟΛΙΓΟΝ ΧΡΟΝΟΝ ΕΥΧΟΤ ΠΕΡ ΗΜΩΝ.

(Α'νατόλιος ἡμῶν προτοτόκου τέκνον ὅστις ἡμῖν ἐδόθη πρὸς ὀλίγον χρόνον. Εὐχῆ ὑπὲρ ἡμῶν)

"Anatolius, our first born son, who was given to us but for a brief space. PRAY FOR US!"

(39.) From the cemetery of SS. Gordian and Epimachus:—

SABBATI, DULCIS ANIMA, PETE ET ROGA
 PRO FRATRES ET SODALES TUAS.†

"Sabbatius, sweet soul, pray for thy brethren and friends."

This inscription, (for it is hardly possible to suppose that it is another,) is given by Boldetti, (p. 490,) without the closing words—

SABBATI DULCIS ANIMA, ROGA ET PETE.

(40.) The following most interesting tablet was discovered by Father Marchi in the catacomb of Sant' Agnese. It is preserved in the Museum of the Roman College, where it was copied by the writer of these pages with the permission of the learned father—†

ΔΙΩΝΤΣΙΟΣ ΝΗΠΙΟΣ ΑΚΑΚΟΣ
 ΕΝΘΑΔΕ ΚΕΙΤΕ (κειται) ΜΕΤΑ ΤΩΝ ΑΤΙΩΝ
 ΜΝΗΣΚΕΣΘΕ ΔΕ ΗΜΩΝ ΕΝ ΤΑΙΣ ΑΤΙΑΙΣ
 ΤΩΝ ΠΡΕΤΧΑΙΣ [προσηχαις] ΤΟΥ ΓΑΥΨΑΤΟΣ
 [γλυψαντος] ΚΑΙ ΤΟΥ ΓΡΑΨΑΝΤΟΣ.

"Here, with the Saints, lieth Dionysius, an innocent infant. Remember, in your holy prayers, us, the sculptor and the writer."

* See Rock's Pherurgia, II. p. 352.

† Marini, p. 402.

‡ Dr. M. makes no allusion to this and many other interesting objects in this Museum, though he had the use of a MS. account of it, drawn up by "a young Italian friend."

The plural form appears intended to embrace in the invocation, not alone Dionysius, but "the Saints" with whom he is united in happiness.

(41.) Muratori, in his *Novus Thesaurus*,* gives a Latin inscription in which a similar prayer for parents is implored of the deceased—

ATTICE, SPIRITUS TUUS IN BONU, ORA PRO PARENTIBUS TUIS.

"Atticus, thy spirit is in bliss, pray for thy parents!"

(42.) Other inscriptions combine a prayer for the deceased, with a petition requesting his intercession for the supplicant. Thus,—

JOVIANE, VIVAS IN DEO et ROG.†

"Jovian, mayest thou live in God and pray."

(43.) Sometimes the form imitates even more closely the modern prayer—

ANATOLIUS FILIO BENEMERENTI FECIT, QUI VIXIT ANNIS VII. SPIRITUS TUUS BENE REQUIESCAT IN DEO. PETAS PRO SORORE TUA.‡

"Anatolius erected this to his well-deserving son, who lived seven years. May thy spirit rest well in God. Pray for thy sister!"

(44.) Or again, on the contrary, the prayer is founded on the belief that the deceased is established in bliss. Thus—

ROGES PRO NOBIS QUIA SCIMUS TE IN CHRISTO.§

"Pray for us, for we know that thou art in Christ!"

(45.) We shall add one other from a tablet discovered some years since at Autun, which formed the subject of a special dissertation in this Journal at the time.|| As it is somewhat more lengthy than those which we have been considering, we shall be content with the closing lines.

Ἀσχάνδειε πατερ τῶμυ κεχαρισμένε θυμῶ
Συν μητρὶ χλυκερῇ σύγε καὶ δακρῦοισιν ἐμοῖσιν
Ἰ'λασθεῖς ὑε σέο μνήσειο Πεκτοριόιο

"Aschandeus, my father, cherished in my soul, do thou with my sweet mother, expiated by my tears, remember Pectorius!"

* p. 1833.

† Rock I. p. 351.

‡ Ibid.

§ Marini, *Iscrizione Albane*, p. 37.—cited by Dr. Rock.

|| Vol. ix. p. 527. We refer to this article for an enquiry into the date, authenticity, &c., of the tablet.

It is now time, however, to draw to a close; and we feel the less difficulty in leaving undiscussed the other points on which Dr. Maitland undertakes to establish the non-identity of ancient and modern Rome, because the reader will see from the evidence adduced on the two points which we *have* considered, how strangely he has overlooked, not to say suppressed, the real opinions of the Christians of the Catacombs. Indeed, Dr. Maitland's arguments on other topics, are sometimes of a character which it would not be easy to discuss seriously. There would not be much satisfaction in a discussion with a writer who mistakes the nature of the questions at issue so strangely, as to fancy that the existence of the Aquarian heresy, is demonstrative evidence that transubstantiation was unknown to the ancients, (p. 220;) that Gregory the Great's disclaimer of the title of Œcumenical Patriarch, overturns the modern pretensions of Rome, (p. 186-7;) and that he settles the whole controversy on clerical celibacy, by producing (what he represents* as) inscriptions commemorating the wives of two priests, (p. 191-2.)

There is one objection to our proof, which Dr. Maitland, though not expressly, yet at least equivalently makes, and which at all events it may be well to anticipate. The inscriptions embodying prayers for the dead, which we have cited, though they be tolerably numerous, yet bear no proportion to the vast body of Christian inscriptions, in which no such prayer can be traced.†

But on the other hand, it must be recollected, that whereas the silence of the inscriptions would be at best but a negative argument, the testimony of one single inscription is positive, and, so far at least, decisive of the existence of the practice. Much more, of course, is this true, of such a mass of monumental evidence as we have

* His proof, even of this, (which would prove nothing, after all) is most incomplete. He alleges two inscriptions.

The first is *Locus Basili, Presb. et Felicitati ejus, sibi fecerunt*. Now Felicitas, as far as this inscription goes, may have been the *mother*, the *sister*, the *aunt*, or the *cousin* of Basilius, as well as his *wife*. Not a word of *uxori* is found in the tablet, though Dr. Maitland translates it so without scruple,

The second inscription is still more fatal, inasmuch as it is the epitaph of the wife of a *deacon* (*Levitæ*.) though Dr. Maitland finds it convenient to translate it "*priest*," (p. 182.) Can it be that Dr. Maitland ever took the trouble of reading any Catholic writer on the question of clerical celibacy?

† We have already explained why this should naturally be expected in the Lapidarian Gallery particularly; this collection was not formed until long after the most interesting and important of the inscriptions, had been appropriated and placed elsewhere. It is hardly thirty years in existence.

produced. How triumphantly does Dr. Maitland argue against clerical celibacy, from his (alleged) *two* inscriptions out of a collection comprising above three thousand! And how unwillingly, on the other hand, would he permit a Presbyterian to conclude anything against episcopacy from the silence of the inscriptions on this point, although as forming part of the title of the deceased, it is one which would enter naturally into any inscription recording the burial of such functionaries, had they existed in the primitive church!

All, therefore, which could be concluded from the fact that very many of the epitaphs discovered in the Catacombs contained no such prayer for the dead, is, that in those ages of difficulty and of simplicity, there were many who thought it enough to preserve the name of their departed friend, and trusted that the charity of their fellow Christians would need no invitation to pray for his soul. How many Catholic epitaphs at the present day, are not alone without the ordinary formula of prayer for the repose of the deceased, but destitute of every indication of the existence of such a practice among Catholics. And if there were any evidence required to prove that the omission of the prayer was accidental, it would be found in the fact, that *in the inscriptions of the fourth and fifth centuries*, (a period when there is not the slightest doubt that the practice of praying for the dead was established,) the formula *is just as frequently absent as in those of the earlier ages*. Indeed, it will be remembered, that almost all the epitaphs cited above, and certainly the most striking among them, were found accompanied by the ordinary symbols of martyrdom, and therefore are to be referred to the ages of persecution.

But the truth is, that the number of inscriptions containing the prayer, is infinitely beyond what Dr. Maitland would have us believe. In addition to the six classes which we have already enumerated, there is a seventh, vastly more numerous than any of the others, and indeed almost universal in the Catacombs. We mean those which contain the simple formula, *Εν ειρήνῃ*—IN PACE—IN PEACE. This form, (which is of course elliptical,) is clearly susceptible of two constructions, (affirmatory or deprecatory.) It is either a simple declaration that the deceased *is in peace*, or it is a prayer *that he may be received into peace*. That the form is frequently used in the first sense, we are

far from denying; and if there were not many explicit formulas, which show that it was also employed in the deprecatory sense, we should readily consent that it might be uniformly interpreted as declaratory. But we contend that the frequent use of the forms "*Quiescat in pace,*" "*quiesce in pace,*" "*in pace sit,*" *ἐν ἐρήνῃ ἦτω.* "*Pax tibi,*" "*Pax spiritui tuo,*" &c., is quite sufficient to determine the formula (in itself elliptical and ambiguous) to the deprecatory construction, and to show that in the numberless epitaphs containing these words, the intention, generally speaking, was to embody a prayer for the deceased. Indeed, as we have already suggested, it would argue but little familiarity with the highly symbolical and suggestive character of all the remains of the early Christians, to limit thus by the bare logical or grammatical construction, the sense of the symbols or the words which they were in the habit of employing. How many, even of modern Catholic epitaphs, will be found to content themselves with expressing, by even less significant symbols, the doctrine which no one surely will deny to be received universally among them.

It is time to draw these lengthened and we fear dry and uninteresting observations to a conclusion.

Very different would have been the spirit in which, had the selection been our own, we should have discussed this delightful subject. But the confident and dogmatical, not to say contemptuous tone, in which Dr. Maitland attempted to set aside the evidences of Catholic doctrine, which until his time, the early monumental remains of Christianity had been admitted to afford, left us no choice; and the necessity of compressing into our brief limits as great a mass of evidence as might be possible, compelled us to eschew all the interesting historical and critical questions which the subject involves, and to reduce the argument almost to a bare compilation of inscriptions, often repeating one another, and at best only embodying some very slightly varied modifications of the same idea. For the dulness and heaviness thus necessarily induced, we have no apology to offer, beyond the importance of the subject itself; but we shall take some other opportunity of returning to it in a very different spirit, and of supplying many omissions which have been unavoidable under present circumstances.

ART. VIII.—*The Scandal of Permitted Heresy, and a Violated Discipline. An address delivered to the Congregation of St. Martin's, Liverpool, on Sunday before Easter, 1846. By the REV. CECIL WRAY, M. A. Liverpool: 1846.*

ASSUMING that the Catholics and the Anglicans have been, or have considered themselves, in a state of conflict for some three centuries on matters of religion, a curious change has certainly taken place in their relative positions. Till the other day, it was thought by all who chose to enter into controversy against us, a notable distinction, a real honour, to be able to put the whole heavens between themselves and us. The wider they could show the gulf between us and them, so that they might not come to us, nor we go to them, the more praise they believed they were giving to their own establishment. They were, moreover, always the aggressors; we were put on the defensive.

Now, however, it is quite otherwise. By far the most respectable of those who write in defence of Anglican doctrines, now plainly sail on an opposite tack. They attempt in every way to prove how much, not how little, of Catholic (Roman) doctrine their church retains; they exaggerate points of resemblance, not points of difference; they strive to make their opinions look as Tridentine as possible; they catch hold of every stray expression in their formularies, or prayer-book, or catechism, and build top-heavy theories of faith upon it. In this way priestly absolution and sacramental confession, the Real Presence, communion with the Church triumphant, and many other such doctrines are vindicated to the establishment. For it is thought a great gain to prove merely that the English church has not condemned certain doctrines and practices; and this is even considered equivalent to sanctioning them. We think it needless to refer to examples, or to quote direct proofs. Every one acquainted with the recent controversies, whether dogmatical or liturgical, about the articles or the surplice, will remember many instances of the small grounds that sufficed, for concluding that the Anglican church had not rejected, or disapproved of, a given doctrine. And even yet, some unlucky curate is now and then caught in spiritual trespass upon Roman ground, and

called to task, not by the owner of the land, but by his own master, the bishop given him by the law. Such has lately been the misfortune, as we shall see, of the Rev. Mr. Bittleston at Leamington.

We cannot but think, that the more such dreamy theorists are undeceived, the better for themselves, and for those whom they lead in their errors. And there seems to us to be one plain and common-sense way of doing this. The readers of this Review, and of almost everything which recent converts have written on theology, must have been struck by the frequent use of a word, but lately introduced into religious discussion, in its various grammatical forms.

The noun is REALITY; the verb to REALISE.

It is by means of these words that we intend, in this article, to bring the question between us and the would-be Anglo-catholics to issue. They are the talismanic formula whereby we desire, God helping, to dispel their delusion. But we are aware that these words want explanation; and especially to Catholics, who have had no experience of their contraries (their best interpreter)—of *unreal* doctrine, of *unreality* in religion. We trust, however, that in explaining the terms, as we shall do by illustration more than by definition, we shall show in what way they may become controversial tests.

Strange as it may seem, we can with propriety apply their negative forms to things as solid as stone, and as palpable as a church-steeple. The stone altar set up in the round church at Cambridge was *unreal*; the crosses on the gables or spires of newly-erected Anglican churches are *unreal*. One and all the Camden Society's prettinesses and quaintnesses, and mediæval restorations, with their accompanying discussions and essays, were and are, so far as regards Anglicans, an *unreality*. How? it will be asked. Why simply thus: That stone-work was real enough to cost a great deal, and almost to sink the Society which erected it, like to a mill-stone round its neck; but as an *altar* it represented nothing, it was a symbol of nothing, it obeyed nothing; it connected itself with nothing true in the minds of beholders, which could at once make them feel it right, and necessary, and full of meaning that it should be of stone. Ten thousand Protestants may have looked at it, and only wondered *why* there was a stone *communion-table*: it would seem to them *uncomfort-*

table, cold, unsuited for its purpose, different from what was usual. Perhaps some would like it because it was pretty, others because it looked old, a few more because it was solid and business-like: alas! how few would enter into the *real* feelings of the question! Probably not one Camden-man, in a hundred regular subscribers, ever got beyond the mere archæology of the thing. Was there one who rejoiced to see an *altar* of stone, because the Church from the beginning celebrated her mysteries upon the slab which covered a martyr's tomb; one who therefore bethought him of the mystical altar from beneath which the souls of the slain for Christ cry aloud?* [If such a one there was, how *unreal* his feeling in a church which despises, carps at, and has destroyed such relics.] Was there one who saw in this stone altar the *reality* of which the symbol and prophetic type were in the anointed stone of Bethel,† in the built-up altar of Moses in the wilderness,‡ in the altar of hewn and unpolished stones on Mount Hebal,§ and in the twelve stones built into an altar by Elias on Carmel?|| one who, considering the whole-burnt offerings offered on these as typical only of the spotless Lamb immolated daily in true sacrifice on the Church's altar, looked on *this* as likewise a reality compared with those, and saw the propriety of carrying out the relation between them, even in material resemblance? Or was there one who more simply and catholicly held and felt, that [the altar should be of stone because the Church of old, for the foregoing or any other reasons, decreed, and still enforces the decree, that *sacrifice* shall not be offered up on any altar save one of stone, anointed like that of Jacob, enriched with martyr's relics, like those of the catacombs;¶ making but one glorious exception in favour of the wooden altar of the Lateran basilica, as being that whereon St. Peter performed the sacred rites, according to the Roman liturgy?

In other words, a Catholic altar *must* be of stone; a Protestant communion-table *should* be of wood. To make the latter of stone, because our ancient Catholics did, without one feeling or principle which obliged them to do

* Rev. vi. 9.

† Gen. xxviii. 18.

‡ Exod. xxiv. 4.

§ Deut. xxvi. 5, 6.

|| 3 Reg. xviii. 31.

¶ Cap xxxi. et xxiv. De Consec. Dist. i.

so, is *unreal*: it is making a plaything of religion. If a man were to make himself a crown, however costly, and put it on his head, and think that this made him a king, we should either pity or laugh at him; we should tell him that, in spite of gold, and jewels, and shape, his crown was not a *real* crown; and so, in spite of materials and workmanship, the stone altar at Cambridge was no reality.

In like manner the practice, now becoming general, of placing the Cross on the top of church gables and spires is no less unreal. It has no meaning in a religion which shows no honour to the Cross. A cross so placed speaks nothing to the people; the passer-by never salutes it with uncovered head; the clergyman has no "O crux, ave," as he looks upon it: it is an ornament, a finish to a point, and nothing more—a fleur-de-lis, a finial of any sort would do as well, and mean as much. And the same must be said of the entire mass of Camden restorations: *sedilia* on which no one sits, *piscine* into which no ablution is poured, candlesticks which never hold a light, crosses which dare not bear the effigy of Him who gave the symbol its worth, screens that enclose nothing hallowed or mystical. They are but unmeaning toys, as completely out of place as an open kiosk would be in a Swedish house. It is not long since we entered a Protestant church, built according to the full rules of church restorers. We found there all these appurtenances, and enquired of an intelligent clerk, who showed the place, what was the meaning of the *sedilia*. He did not know. Did any one sit there? The bishop did in one at the consecration. No one since? No. Then what are they for? "I don't know," was the natural answer. This proved that, as "*sedilia*," the three seats in the chancel wall had no *reality*.

But this is a low standard of the meaning of this term; we will therefore ascend from mere material objects to religious practices; and it will not be difficult to show that the attempt to transplant these from the Catholic, to the Anglican, Church, deprives them at once of reality. Let us, by way of illustration, suppose, that a physician were to say, according to the assertion of all his friends, that he possessed a sure, unfailing remedy for a baneful disease—the Asiatic cholera for instance. The disorder, in course of time, assails the town in which he resides, and commits fearful ravages on every side. Rich and poor fall a prey to

the fatal pestilence. The physician, through his friends, is still boasted of, as holding the secret of cure. Now surely is the time to test how far he *really* believes himself to have it. Does he proclaim aloud that he possesses it? Does he invite all who are sick to come to him if able, to send for him if not? Does he seek for patients, run to and fro in search of opportunities to heal? Does he instruct all who apply to him, and even all who are exposed to the infection, how to employ his medicine, so that its effects may be secured? And do those who comply with his prescriptions feel that they recover, and regain strength? Let us say that he does nothing of the sort: that on the contrary he remains with his arms folded; that in general his exhortations to his fellow-townsmen are confined to such common-place instructions as any one else would give, on the fatal character of the complaint, the necessity of avoiding contagion, and a simple treatment by common methods; though occasionally and very guardedly, he does seem to intimate that he *could* cure, if he chose. But when any one applies to him for this special remedy, he only very sparingly and most cautiously and secretly attempts it. Would any one in his senses believe, that unless that physician was an arrant rogue, he did not in his heart and soul think himself to possess that wonderful secret—in other words, that he *realised* his own assertions of belief in it?

Now let us apply this to the Anglican and to the Catholic Church respectively. Either Church is the physician; sin is the disease. It has spread like a pestilence—it is almost universal. Each Church says: “I have the power to forgive sins,” to heal every one attacked by this plague. Which *realises*, shows perfect confidence in the belief of holding this power? The Catholic Church loudly proclaims it; from the child at the font, to the dying man of fourscore, she claims all for her patients. She tells them that she can, and she will, forgive them in God’s Name. Every catechism, every pious book, every retreat, every mission, almost every sermon, teaches and preaches like John, remission of sin. Every condition is definitely stated, every form accurately set down, every circumstance minutely detailed. Her ritual contains the full description of the mode of acting for physician and patient: her libraries are full of learned tomes on every case that may present itself: her disciples are trained in schools expressly

for the purpose of treating each with discriminating accuracy. Every church and chapel has a place for the administration of this remedy, at all hours; the confessional is as visible and intelligible as the font. A child of seven knows what it is for; the prince and the beggar kneel side by side at it, (real sickness levels all ranks,) and both leave it with equal assurance of cure.

Now for the Anglican Church we have only to put a negative before each member of the foregoing paragraph, and we have its claims to consciousness of a similar power. She tells her ministers that "whose sins they shall forgive, they are forgiven;" but how, when, where, heaven knows: she does not condescend to tell them. Her friends say: "Oh, certainly she gives us the form of absolution in her Visitation of the Sick, and this is meant to be our guide. The absolution is there to follow confession, *ergo*, in every other case. Therefore confession is not only permitted, but enjoined, by our Church." Contrast *this* proof with the clear, definite, universal, loud and varied proclamation of the Catholic Church, and see which acts with real conviction of possessing this heavenly power. But the best of it is, that so soon as any of those who say this venture to act upon it, they may expect to receive such enlightenment upon the subject as the following, which the Bishop of Worcester has just addressed to one of his clergy for venturing to absolve after confession.

"So with regard to Confession: our Church, in the invitation to Communion, certainly recommends those 'whose consciences are burthened, to open themselves to some discreet and learned minister,' but it is equally certain that it discourages the practice of *private* Confessions, except in such cases of *burthened* consciences. This appears, as I before stated to you, from the omission in the second prayer-book of Edward the Sixth, (which only is our guide at the present day,) of those words which originally stood as part of the rubric, immediately antecedent to the form of absolution, directed to be used in the service for the Visitation of the Sick, 'And the same form of Absolution shall be used in all private Confessions,' which words occur in the first prayer-book of Edward the Sixth, but were *designedly omitted* in the second. But, besides, no one can be acquainted with the history of the Reformation, without being aware that the abuses of private Confession were among the principal causes of it; and it cannot, therefore, be supposed that our Reformers intended to sanction a practice which, in their estimation, had been so fruitful of baneful consequences, as to justify such a division in the Church. When, therefore, a clergy-

man, on the strength of the passage in the invitation to Communion, to which I have referred, holds a sort of private confessional in his own house, and admits thereto young females, however careful he may himself have been distinctly to avoid any allusion that could be a cause of offence, yet he thereby opens a door to a practice, in which indiscreet or ill-disposed persons might teach others evil hitherto unknown to them, by questioning them upon those points which have justly given such umbrage in the practice of the Roman Catholic Church; and in so doing, he must surely be considered guilty of indiscretion."

* * * * *

"So also the form of Absolution in the service for the visitation of the sick, was probably retained with a view to the case of those who might derive comfort on their death-beds, from the use of a form to which they had been accustomed. That clergyman is, however, guilty of indiscretion, who upon the authority of this form, and by partial or overstrained statements, conveys the impression to his hearers that he is authorized personally to absolve from sin, instead of simply declaring and pronouncing such absolution to be promised and conveyed through him by God, in the event of our faith and repentance."*

When a bishop thus chides those who act upon the assumption of power being in his Church to forgive sins, and even explains away the grounds, crumbling as they are, on which the fragile theory reposes, who will say that this Church, as such, realises the doctrine of forgiveness being with her? No call no instruction for the people, no training no teaching for the pastor, no place no time appointed for the two to meet—surely all this is incompatible with a real belief in the heart of the English Church, that she is the depository of so marvellous a gift, so sublime a ministry, so needful a medicine, so universal a boon; a power not given to angels, nor to angel-like men in either dispensation, but reserved to her. It is cruel to believe that she is conscious of such power, and does not use it, and has not used it for three hundred years. It is awful to think that anything calling itself a Church could fold up such a talent in a napkin, and bury it. And yet the only alternative to this is, putting it out to use and interest, which clearly she has not done.

The contrast however between the conduct of the two Churches will abundantly show which *realises* a belief in

* Letter to the Rev. H. Bittleston, date 1 Nov. 17, 1846; published by authority in the *Leamington Courier* of Nov. 23.

the power ministerially to forgive sins: which gives proof of consciousness and confidence; which carries out these feelings into perfect action, and gives them *reality*.

Passing over many illustrations which we might here introduce, let us rather go on to the more important part of our subject, that which regards more directly dogma, or abstract belief. It is in reference to this, that the two systems are most strongly contrasted. We see in the one every evidence of true, thorough, brim-full, and overflowing conviction of a doctrine; a conviction which speaks not in set phrase or on given occasions, but which betrays itself in a thousand casual expressions, in words dropped almost unthinkingly; in gestures, in attitudes, in dumb signs: which comes out as it were by chance, or rather naturally, where men cannot be supposed to be thinking of theology; and not only where *men* speak and act, but where children, yea babes and sucklings lisp thoughts, that seem rather instilled and inspired by baptismal faith than taught by human agency: in fine, which has become so completely a part of the stock of every-day thought with all, that it comes out unawares, and in such vivid, truth-bearing phrase as startles one of less lively apprehension and conviction, and seems to him almost profane. This is the character of Catholic belief.

On the other side we find the same doctrine perhaps taught, or said to be taught: but the expression of it is equivocal, balancing between contraries, vague, hazy, and perplexing to disciples, as well as embarrassing to teachers: and the supposed belief in it does not pervade the system, does not show itself in indirect words, but depends upon certain formal (real or imaginary) declarations, perhaps on some dubious phrase made out by ingenious inductions. It affects only the learned; common minds and common men hardly know it, little care about it; no one acts upon it, or by it, unconsciously, as if it were a first principle, a necessary root of action; it never comes out as it were by accident, never shows itself in homely ways. Such is the character of Anglican or Anglo-Catholic doctrines:

The first is evidence of *reality*, the second of unreality. Let us prove this.

As we have done before, we will illustrate this part of our investigation by an example. A Hindoo says he believes in the transmigration of souls of men into the bodies of animals. Now if he really believes, the natural

consequences of such belief must be so varied as to give us a good test of its reality. It follows that the soul of a friend, a relation, or an ancestor may be animating any animal that comes in his way: he must naturally forbear to hurt it: and this he does. But kindness towards our fellow-beings will carry us much further; and it is the soul, not the body, that is the object of real sympathy: Therefore when sick or wounded, the meanest brute will be thought worthy of tender care: for it contains the soul of a fellow-man, perhaps of a former friend. And this is even so. But further, this will make the taking of animal life, even for the purpose of food, little better than murder; and consequently the believer in this absurd doctrine is content to live on his rice, through all his days, rather than commit so dreadful a crime. But besides all this consistency, which proves his belief to be so real, that it carries him, without effort, but as by a natural principle, through all these consequences, you cannot take him unawares on the subject, so as to entrap him into expressions at variance with his creed. It is as natural to him as if born with him; he speaks by it, he acts on it, he lives in it. It gives rise to a thousand incidents, rites and feelings in his religious, civil, and domestic life. Now, on the other hand, we once knew a German gentleman of education, who pretended at least to believe this doctrine. We say pretended; for it would only be by discussion and formal discourse on the subject, that one could have learnt that he held it. At other times, he would shoot his bird, eat his mutton, or flog his horse, like any good Christian. Who does not see that the one has a *real* belief in the doctrine, and the other only a fancy for, or an affectation of, it?

But let us come to an example of what we have asserted, an example that will make it good on both sides. And we will choose no unimportant one—the doctrine of the Eucharist, as held in the Catholic Church, and as attributed by the High-churchman to the Anglican. To a certain distance we may run the parallel together between them; but after that we shall find but negatives or silence on one side, with an ever-flowing stream of evidences on the other.

I. If any one wishes to know the Catholic doctrine respecting the Real Presence of our Blessed Lord in the Eucharist, he can have no difficulty in getting at it.

From the penny catechism put into the child's hand, to the ponderous folio of theology over which the scholar pores, and through every intermediate stage of Catholic literature, of whatever country, in whatever language, you find the same clear, explicit definition of our doctrine. You are told that the sacred Body and Blood of our Divine Lord and Saviour are truly and really *present* in the Eucharist, that He is whole under each species or form, and that the substance of the bread and wine are changed into that Body and Blood. In other words, and more compendiously; where before were bread and wine, there is in their place Christ our Lord. A presence is thus taught as real and complete as was visible to the eyes of the Apostles, when our Lord was on earth.

Now let us look on the other side; and we do not hesitate to say that the Catholic hymn, "*Lauda Sion*," in spite of the trammels of very short verse and frequent rhyme, gives a more clear dogmatic statement of our doctrine, than Anglican Catechism, Articles, and Prayer-Book put together, do of their's. For rather, these only help to dilute and even neutralize each other. The Catechism tells us that the "Body and Blood of Christ are verily taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper;" and the Articles inform us that this "Body of Christ is given, taken, and eaten, in the Supper, *only* after an heavenly and spiritual manner. And the means whereby the Body of Christ is received and eaten in the Supper is Faith." Out of these two texts, the Anglican has to make out the doctrine of his Church on this most vital doctrine, the one on which individual holiness may be said to depend. So beautifully balanced are the two authorities, so nicely contradictory, that they lead to the holding in the same Church, with perfect impunity, of exactly opposite doctrines. The Puseyite maintains that his Church teaches as real a presence of our Lord in "the Supper," as the Catholic Church asserts in her "Blessed Eucharist;" the Evangelical on the contrary, is as positive that there is no real presence at all, but only a symbolical and spiritual. Now it is true that we have not to deal, at present, with the latter, but only with the former, the easily satisfied believer, who asserts that these two passages blended together, produce a sufficient definition of our Saviour's real Presence; but yet we may ask, can any one bring himself to think that a Church which *really* believed

in so awful yet so sweet a mystery, in so sublime a combination of might and love, would teach it to her children in so slovenly a way, would put weights so equal into each scale of the balance, as should give it a perfect see-saw motion if touched, and lie quiet and level if let alone? Is not this the proof rather of total indifference, a declaration that each one may take either the positive or the negative side, and still be a good churchman? And is this compatible with a *real* belief on one, and that the nobler side?

But we will let a high authority in this Church speak again; it is a bishop instructing a curate upon the meaning of the definition which forms our first quotation; and what Churchman, however *High*, will presume to accuse a bishop of not knowing his Catechism? Thus then writes the Bishop of Worcester.

“So in regard to the *vexata questio* of Transubstantiation; if a clergyman, founding his teaching upon the passage in the Catechism, that ‘the body and blood of Christ are verily and indeed taken and received by the *faithful* in the Lord’s Supper,’ instructs his people, without qualification or explanation, that when they eat the bread and drink the wine, they actually eat the body and drink the blood of their Saviour, he conveys an impression which, perhaps, he may not have intended, but the result of which is the persuasion, on the part of his hearers, that our doctrine upon this point is so nearly akin to that of Rome, that he who admits the one, may without inconsistency admit the other. You say that you receive this doctrine as explained by Bishop Ridley, and if you always preached it with the qualification and explanation which he uses in the passage to which you refer, you would have nothing to reproach yourself with in this respect; but if you have been wont, (as I know is the custom of some clergymen,) to preach the doctrine of the Body and Blood of Christ being in the Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper simply and without explanation, you have conveyed a false impression to your hearers of the doctrine on this head entertained by our Church, and have been guilty of the indiscretion of thereby rendering perversion to Rome, on the part of those among them who might be weak and unstable, more easy to them.”—Letter *ut supra*.

The *vexata questio* of Transubstantiation! As if it were the reading in some Greek chorus, or the mode of solving some strange equation that was under consideration! A Catholic bishop would as soon think of applying to the Trinity or Incarnation this term expressive of worse than mere doubt, as to the Mystery of Love.

II. But belief in the real Presence must have its consequences. Any one who on earth believed the "Son of Man" to be also the Son of God, must have spoken, acted, dealt, in regard to Him in conformity with that belief. If we believe the same Holy One to be truly before us in the Blessed Eucharist, can we shrink from similar consequences? The first of these is adoration: Every Catholic child is taught this fearlessly and naturally. Our Divine Redeemer is the object of adoration wherever He is: now he is on the altar in the Blessed Eucharist, therefore he is there to be adored.

If the Anglican Church, as her zealous friends assure us, holds equal belief in His presence in her communion, will that belief stand this test of reality? Let us hear her teaching: "The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not by Christ's ordinance reserved, carried about, lifted up, or *worshipped*." (Art. xxviii.) This is about as cold as ice, a fair damper upon all devotion, but it is nothing to the horrible but decisive warrant at the end of the Communion service; wherein apology is made for kneeling at communion, and the following explanation given of it: "Yet lest the said kneeling should by any persons, either out of ignorance, infirmity, or out of malice and obstinacy, be misconstrued and depraved, it is hereby declared, That thereby *no adoration is intended, or ought to be done*, either unto the Sacramental bread or wine there bodily received, or unto any corporal* Presence of Christ's natural Flesh and Blood. For the Sacramental bread and wine remain still in their very natural substance, and therefore may not be adored; (for that were idolatry, to be abhorred of all faithful Christians;) *and the natural Body and Blood of our Saviour Christ are in heaven, and not here*; it being against the truth of Christ's natural body to be at once in more places than one." This very business-like declaration does away pretty completely with all notion of the Church, which allows it to stand, without protest, in her authoritative liturgy, sanctioning or countenancing any adoration of the Eucharist. May we not

* It has been sometimes remarked, that this declaration is a modern and unauthorized addition to the Prayer-book, dating from 1662. This is not correct. It formed part of Edward the Sixth's second book, A. D. 1552, with one remarkable variation in this place. Instead of "any corporal presence," it has "any real and essential presence." (Keeling *Liturgiæ Britannicæ*, p. 233.) This shows that not only a corporal, (as has sometimes been said,) but any real presence was rejected from the beginning by the Anglican church.

therefore reason thus: "Wherever our Blessed Saviour is, He is the direct and proper Object of adoration; but according to the Church of England there is nothing to be adored in the Eucharist, therefore according to it, He is not there." And this we think may alone decide the matter of reality in the belief imputed to it.

But we are told that such a conclusion is not correct: and that the Anglican Church will not warrant this adoration, simply because there is no authority, "no ordinance of Christ," for it. Waiving all argument from the declaration quoted above, which gives as a reason for *not* adoring, that our Lord is not in the Lord's Supper, we must really say, that for such nice reasoners, it is well that God has made it a commandment that we love Him. For otherwise they might just as well have refused Him love, on the ground of "want of orders." But surely it needs no new commandment or ordinance to adore the Son of God wherever He is, *if* we believe and know Him to be there. Samaritans worshipped Him when on earth,* and Canaanites,† without any ordinance for it; and surely Christians who believe him to be "very God of very God," cannot require any more warrant than they. We must conclude, that those who so require, cannot or dare not realise their belief in His Presence, if they have it. It is so weak, indefinite, and undecided, that the fear of idolatry is stronger than it, and prevails.

III. If such be the unreality of Anglican belief that it will not face the first natural consequence of real faith, let us try it on another ground. How does each Church speak of this Sacrament and what it contains, when not directly declaring doctrine, but only giving rules and prescriptions about it, or in the actual administration of it? It is true that in the prayers of the Communion Service, the Body and Blood of our Saviour are occasionally mentioned as about to be received, but seldom without such a qualification as leaves it quite uncertain how they are to be received, or if so as to constitute a real Presence. Thus: "Grant that we, receiving these thy creatures of *bread and wine*, in remembrance of His death and passion, may be partakers of His most blessed Body and Blood." But a clearer instance of this wavering and ambiguity occurs in the act of receiving, as compared with its correspondent

* Luke xvii. 16.

† Matt. xv. 22.

act in the mass. In the latter, the priest simply says: "The Body [*or* Blood] of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve my [*or* thy] soul to life everlasting." This intimates at once that what is received *is* the Body or Blood of our Lord. In the Anglican liturgy, an additional clause is subjoined, which destroys all such assurance. "The Body of Our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life. Take and eat *this* in remembrance that Christ died for thee, and feed on *Him* in thy heart by faith with thanksgiving." That which is eaten is clearly distinguished from Christ, who is to be fed on in the heart only by faith. And the Body referred to in the first clause is not necessarily that which is eaten, but the words seem to have reference to the Passion: "The Body of Christ preserve thee—but eat *this*, &c."

But carrying this enquiry a little further, let us see how the rubrics or directions in the two liturgies speak, when mentioning the sacred elements. The Anglican prayer-book says: "And when he delivereth the *bread* to any one, he shall say," &c. "If the consecrated *bread and wine* be all spent," &c. Now, never shall we meet with such terms in the Missal. The use of the words '*hostia*' (literally, of course, *victim*) and '*chalice*' often occurs, but the names of the elements are never employed. But, instead, frequently, the names of the *realities* contained in the sacred mysteries are used. Thus, in the Ordinary of Mass, the communion of the chalice is thus described: "Sumit totum sanguinem," "The priest receives the whole of the Blood." And in the Good-Friday service: "The deacon opens the ark in which the Body of Christ is laid up.....He (the priest) kneels, and receives the paten with the Body of Christ.....and he receives the Body reverently." Possibly such bold and straight-forward terms, which admit of no variety of interpretations, may sound harsh in Protestant ears, but they are most decisive proofs of a *real* belief in our Lord's Presence, and the presence of nothing else.*

* Our old English Liturgies present even stronger passages to the point. Thus in the Sarum and Bangor rites we have, "*Ad corpus...dicat; Ave in æternum sanctissima caro Christi; mihi ante omnia et super omnia summa dulcedo. Corpus D. N. J. C. sit mihi peccatori via et vita.*" Again in the York Missal: "*Hic sumat Corpus, cruce prius facta cum ipso Corpore ante; deinde ad Sanguinem dicens, &c.*" Maskell's Ancient Liturgy of the Church of England, 2nd Ed. p. 122. Every thing in these texts, and many others like them, proves how fully

IV. Before we take leave of the Common Prayer, we will notice one more distinction between the two modes of viewing this mystery. Extending our examination beyond the mere liturgy, to prayers and meditations, and "Companions to the Altar," we find on the Catholic side what is totally absent on the Protestant, a clear and definite view of the personal relation between our Lord and the communicant. "Corpus tuum, Domine, quod sumpsi, et Sanguis quem potavi adhæreat visceribus meis." Such are the words which the priest uses; and in all the prayers of thanksgiving for priest or people, the thought reigns throughout, that an awful but most sweet communion has taken place between the Master and disciple, more intimate than that of John when he leaned his head upon his Lord's bosom, more akin to the sublime privilege of Mary than to any other grace. Hence the Catholic who, before communion, had ardently addressed his Lord as upon the altar, after it, adores, loves, and speaks to Him, as now truly enshrined in his own breast. Hence those outbursts of affectionate tenderness, that sense expressed of individual favour, that conviction repeated in glowing language, that the very Source of grace is ours, that the Body from which virtue goes forth, and whose very touch is consecration, is intimately incorporated into our very being, that the God-Man, with the fulness of His Divinity is appropriated completely to ourselves; and hence that close and familiar converse with God, as no longer worshipped from afar, but actually embraced by the heart which He visits, that form the chief substance of Catholic thanksgiving after communion. And are not all these evidences that we realise our doctrine, that is, act upon it precisely as we should do if its object came under the senses: we act towards our Lord *believed*, as we should act towards Him *seen*, to be present. Of these feelings we find not a trace in Anglican authorized works.*

V. But now we can no longer follow parallels. For here ends the power of testing the reality of the English Church's alleged belief in the real Presence from her own state-

the ancient English Church agreed with us in our belief. The same may be said of the Oriental Liturgies. Thus in the Liturgy of St. James, published in Syriac by Assemani, (Cod. Liturg. Ec. Univ. tom. v. pass.) the rubrics always call the elements after consecration, simply "the Body and Blood."

* We of course do not include late works, professedly written on the assumption that the Anglican Church holds the Catholic doctrine, which are generally copies or imitations of Catholic books of devotion.

ments. What remains must be all one side; but the simple negation, on the other, will afford abundant proof of unreality. If the Body and Blood of our Lord exist after consecration, it is clear that their presence does not depend upon the quantity of the elements employed for it. If a hundred communicate where ten were expected, or ten where a hundred, no Anglican can doubt that each receives exactly the same under either circumstance, each portion or fragment of that bread, each draught of that cup affords the same gift as the whole consecrated matter. A belief in the Real Presence, therefore, implies that every crumb and every drop of the elements is more precious and more holy than anything on earth or in heaven. This belief, as a corollary of the Catholic doctrine, necessarily leads to a reverential treatment of such, even the smallest, particles—a care and anxiety lest any profanation befall them, severity towards those who are guilty of culpable negligence regarding them.

Before going into proof that the Catholic Church realises her belief to this extent, we may ask, is it credible that the English Church, if she does believe in the same real Presence, can have totally overlooked the care of these precious fragments, beyond ordering that what is over shall be partaken of by the communicants in the Church: that nothing should be prescribed by it in case aught be dropped or spilt? And yet the one seems inevitable where ordinary bread is used, and the other to be seriously dreaded where the old and rude partake. We have indeed been told that a certain Vicar of High-Church celebrity had adopted the plan of pouring out, on the pavement, the unconsumed wine; which, if true, must appear horrible to every Catholic: that is on the supposition that he who acted thus really believed that which he left to be trodden under foot, to be the Blood of Christ.

Now let us see how fully the Catholic Church gives proof of her sincere belief in her doctrine, by meeting all its consequences.

1st. She not only clearly proclaims that every minutest particle is the same as the perfect Host, and is to be equally venerated, but she gives the same name to both; the word "particle" being equally applied to the Host given in lay-communion, and to the smallest visible fragment. But in the more lively and imaginative language of the East, the name given is still more beautiful. The

minute fragments are familiarly called "Pearls"—the common scripture term for the most precious gems. We will give two examples out of many. In the Coptic Liturgy we have the following expressions—After the division of the Host, the priest "shall take one *pearl* (or particle) of the three above-named.....When he has done all these things, the priest shall purify his hands within the paten, lest by chance the smallest particle or *pearl*, should adhere to them."* Here we see too the carefulness respecting these small fragments. The second example shall be from a Greek source. The Archbishop of Corinth, asked by St. Luke the Younger (tenth century) how communion was to be received by solitaries, describes minutely its being received under one kind, and thus concludes, "Then thou shalt collect all the remaining particles into a vessel, by means of a linen cloth, using all diligence, lest a *pearl* fall and be trodden on."†

2nd. The Rubrics of the Missal give the minutest directions, what has to be done in every possible case of accident. After the priest has been instructed in the Ordinary of the Mass itself carefully to collect every particle visible or discoverable on the paten or corporal, these rubrics prescribe as follows: "If a consecrated Host, or any particle of one fall on the ground, let it be reverently received, and the place cleaned and somewhat scraped, and the scrapings cast into the *sacrarium*. If it fall on a linen cloth, let it be carefully washed, and the water be poured into the *sacrarium*. (Rubr. gener. x. 15.) If any of the Blood of Christ," (mark the simple word,) "shall fall; if on the ground or on a board, let it be licked up with the tongue, and the place scraped as much as shall be needful, and the scrapings burnt, and the ashes put by into the *sacrarium*. If upon the altar-stone, let the priest suck up the drop, let the place be washed, and the water thrown into the *sacrarium*. If it fall on the linen cloth of the altar, and the drop reach the second, and

* Cod. Liturg. tom. vii. p. 71.

† Vita S. Lucæ Jun. ap. Combefis. Auctuar. Bib. Pat. tom. ii. p. 986. This expression was used by the Latins also, when speaking of the Blessed Eucharist. Fortunatus, (Lib. iii. Carm. 25.) thus applies it,

———ut Corporis Agni,
Margaritum ingens aurea dona ferant.

This same phrase "Margaritum ingens," we find also in Prudentius, though differently applied, (*Psychom.* 873.)

the third cloth, let each be washed three times, where the drop has fallen, a chalice being held under it, and let the water be poured as above." (Ib. 12.) Now surely all this care does show a reality of belief in the worth and holiness of what it regards.

3rd. The Rubrics just quoted seem to have been copied from the Canons of Theodore of Canterbury: where however the penalties are added, to be inflicted for every negligence leading to the accidents above detailed. These penalties have been incorporated with the Canon-Law, and are as follows, If "a drop of our Lord's Blood" shall fall on the ground, the priest shall do penance for forty days; if on the altar, for three days; and he shall undergo a penance of four, nine, or twenty days, according as the precious drop shall reach the second, third, or fourth cloth.*

To an Anglican accustomed to see no account taken of the remains of his sacramental elements, or of accidents that may happen to them, such care and anxiety, such severity may appear excessive: and he may say that such minuteness is of modern growth, and was unknown in the early Church. Such however is not the case. Tertullian testifies that in his days the Christians were grievously pained ("anxie patimur") if any particle or drop of the holy Eucharist fell on the ground.† Origen likewise says: "When you receive the Body of Christ, you keep it with all care and reverence, lest any little of it should fall. *For you consider yourselves guilty*, and that rightly, if any of it through your negligence should fall."‡

VI. Another natural consequence of the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist is the belief in its intrinsic holiness and power of consecration. This may be expressed in another way, as a belief in the Presence of the Person of our Lord. The Protestant doctrine, when it goes furthest seems only to consider the Body and Blood as distinct elements, without reference to the doctrine that Christ suffers no more, and is living, and that consequently cannot exist in parts.

1st. When we consider how all Christendom took arms

* Cap. xxvii. De Consec. Dist. ii.

† De Cor. mil. cap. iii.

‡ Homil. iii. in Exod. See many decrees of Councils and other ancient authorities on this subject, in Martene De antiquis Ecclesiæ Ritibus. tom. i. lib. i. Cap. v. Art. v.

to rescue and worship the "holy sepulchre" in which His sacred corpse was laid, because Its contact steeped in holiness the very rock, we cannot wonder that Catholics should look upon every thing that has immediate connection with the Blessed Sacrament as thereby made holy, and deserving of reverence. Hence the sacred vessels, which are used at the altar, and those linen cloths which touch the sacred Body, are kept with extraordinary care, and are not allowed to be touched by lay persons: nor are the latter washed by them, until a subdeacon has thrice washed them, and the water is poured into the *sacrarium*.

2nd. This same feeling shows itself in another way; by the formal blessing or consecration of whatever has to be employed in the service of the Blessed Sacrament: so that It may truly be considered the source and root of all consecration in the Church. This feeling of the personality of our Lord naturally suggests the thought that the Church is His House; and hence the long and sublime office by which this is consecrated. Then the Altar which is His throne, as well, receives its own still more peculiar and minute consecration. The sacred vessels also must be similarly consecrated; and to prepare for these solemn dedications, of which the holy anointing is an essential part, another beautiful service is necessary, that of the blessing of the holy Oils on Maunday-Thursday.

3rd. Then again this same sentiment leads us naturally to another result—the enriching, to the utmost, whatever is thus employed. The Church is decorated, because our Blessed Lord dwells there; the sanctuary is made more splendid because it contains the Holy of Holies: the sacred vessels are made as rich as possible; nothing but gold or silver is properly permitted for the paten or the cup of the chalice. The tabernacle also will be often richly adorned, where no eye can see it, but that of Angels.

Now we know of nothing in Anglican practice or rule, which exhibits any consciousness of the real Presence in this sense, or a belief that our Saviour's sacred Person communicates consecration, and is to be treated with outward honour. Yet how can that faith be real which does not lead to such results?

VII. This "personal Presence," if we may use the term, naturally implies that our Divine Lord bears with Him all the dignity and pre-eminence which belongs to

Him. He is there King, Lord, Supreme Bishop, sole, exclusive, Object of attention and worship. And this conviction, and the feelings to which it gives rise, will show themselves in every way that they can, referably to the humbled and disguised form in which it pleases Him to exhibit Himself. The illustrations which we shall give of this may appear almost trifling; but they will even be thereby more striking, because more natural, and the result of simple conviction.

1st. Within the tabernacle in which the Blessed Eucharist is placed, no other object, however sacred, is allowed to be placed. It must be kept in a tabernacle, the Ritual prescribes "ab omni alia re vacuum,"* Neither the holy Oils, nor the chalice, nor any other thing, however sacred, can be allowed to be placed within the same receptacle:

2nd. As within, so without, the tabernacle must belong exclusively to Him who deigns to dwell within it: Hence, while the Blessed Sacrament is there, nothing else is allowed to be placed upon it: not even a relic of the Holy Cross, much less the altar-crucifix. For it is clearly unbecoming to make the place of the Lord's own abode merely a base or pedestal for an inferior object. The Congregation of Rites has expressly and strongly reprobated the contrary abuse.†

3rd. When It is exposed to public adoration, no relics are allowed to be placed upon the altar.‡ For relics have to receive veneration; but nothing is allowed to receive any regard in the presence of our Lord, Who must alone absorb all honour and worship.

4th. It has been doubted whether when the Blessed Eucharist was exposed during Mass (for of other occasions there never was a difference of opinion) the crucifix should remain on the altar, in obedience to the general Rubrics. The question was referred to the Congregation of Rites at Rome; in permitting either practice, its answer gives the

* Rit. Rom. De SS. Eucharistiæ Sacram.

† We have been often pained to see the disregard shown to this injunction in England, especially in new churches; for it is a most natural result and realisation of belief in the real Presence. We do not know an instance in which Rubric is departed from without a sacrifice of real beauty, which must consist in the outward expression, to its utmost perfection, of the inward beauties of Catholic faith. We may have soon to return to this subject; for disregard of Rubric in our sacred buildings or other accessaries to Divine worship seems to cry out for a check.

‡ Decr. S. R. C. Aquens, 2 Sept 1741. Gardellini, tom. iv. p. 278.

opinion of the great Basilicas at Rome against its being there, in these words, “Supervacaneum enim adjudicant *Imaginis* exhibitionem, ubi *Prototypus adoratur.*”^{*} How clearly do these words realise the belief in our Saviour’s personal presence.

5th. We should say something on the beautiful practice of having a lamp ever burning, day and night, before the place where the Blessed Sacrament reposes, if we had not written concerning it in a former article.

6th. It is the rule, in all functions, that when any thing is handed to the celebrant, the thing itself and his hand are kissed. But if a superior is present this mark of respect is not shown. Thus a priest’s hand is not kissed in the presence of a bishop; nor a bishop’s if officiating before his archbishop, nor an archbishop’s or patriarch’s before the Pope. But in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, no one’s hand is kissed, and no mark of respect can be paid to any one.† In whatever dignity any one may be placed, even in that of Christ’s Vicar, he then stands in the presence of One still and infinitely greater. Is not this a true realisation of the belief that a greater than the greatest of men is there; by the same form of outward expression as the superiority of the sovereign above his courtiers, however noble, would be shown, viz. by the reservation of all marks of respect to him?

7th. In like manner, all blessings which occur in the service, are reserved to the highest in dignity present. A priest does not bless the incense or anything else in the presence of the bishop, nor a bishop before the Pope. But when the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, no blessing can be given to anything:‡ another clear recognition of the acknowledged superiority of One present:

* Ubi sup.

† Dec. S. R. C. 31st Aug. 1793. “Exorta controversia...super nonnullis reventiis seu capitis inclinationibus fieri solitis coram SS. Sacramento publicæ venerationi exposito: S. Congregatio...rescribendum censuit: *Nemini deberi reverentiam, et amplius.*” Gardellini, tom. v. p. 147.

‡ “Episcopus...ponit incensum...absque benedictione, et sine osculo manus Episcopi.” Cœrem, Episcop. lib. ii. c. xxiii. (On Maundy-Thursday.) “Absque osculo cochlearis et manus...Episcopus sine benedictione imponit thus.” xxxiii. (On Corpus Christi.) It is true that the bishop’s ring is kissed when he gives communion, by each one before he receives: but it must be observed, 1st. That the hand thus revered, holds at the time our Lord’s sacred Body, towards which the salutation is directed: and 2nd. That this is probably the kiss of peace given to communicants. Hence the deacon and sub-deacon, at a pontifical High Mass, kiss the bishop’s face just before receiving communion, with the words “Pax tecum, &c.” In the Syriac Liturgy, the expression, “the priest gives peace to the altar,” signifies that he kisses it.

In these two instances the realisation of faith takes place by the simple carrying out of a general rule or rubric; acting straight-forward and naturally to the recognition of a real Presence of our Divine Lord.

8th. It may seem almost superfluous to give the following example. It is usual for the clergy in foreign countries to cover the head with a small cap, (our ancient *coif*,) called in French *calotte*, in Italian *zucchetto*, and in Spanish *solideo*, because taken off in honour of God alone. It is not removed from the head even, we believe, in the presence of the sovereign. In Italian this name is given only to the corresponding cap worn by the sovereign Pontiff, because in his presence every one else uncovers. But before the Blessed Sacrament every one, even he, must be bare-headed. Thus is plain acknowledgment made that He who is God is there revered.

VIII. This feeling of the presence of our Blessed Lord, in His real personality "Christus totus," is expressed in ordinary language by the people in ways, which, the more simple they are, and so sometimes almost startling, the more they evince the full realisation of their faith. In English, frozen not a little by a protestant atmosphere, we are accustomed to speak, even on more formal occasions only of the "Blessed Sacrament," or the "Blessed Eucharist," and Its exposition and adoration. This seems almost to wrap up our belief in mystery; as though the *disciplina arcani* had not yet left us, and we feared to convey to unprepared ears, to which the "*Ephpheta quod est adaperire*" of Catholic baptism has not been addressed, the full extent and meaning of our belief in this sublime institution. But the Italian at once speaks of It, so as to express belief in the personality of our Lord in It, when he familiarly applies to it the term *Gesù sacramentato*. The Portuguese to express that the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament is coming in its turn to a church, will familiarly say "Our good Father (*nosso bom Pai*) "is coming to His house." The Spaniard hesitates not to use a still stronger phrase. To express that Mass, or any other office, or function, will take place, with the Blessed Sacrament exposed, he will say, it has to be, *con Dios manifesto*, "with God manifested." Another familiar phrase we will illustrate by a little anecdote.

It happened to us once to be of a party waiting in a Spanish drawing-room, for the announcement of dinner.

In the *plaza* or square before the house was a parish church. It was pouring rain, yet the bell announced that communion was about to be borne to some person. All were busy, talking in various groups, till one of the little children of the family suddenly exclaimed, "*Salé Su Magestad*," "His Majesty is coming out," when all was instantly hushed, every one fell on his knees, and remained in adoration till the sounds of the procession had died away. What a simple expression! yet how full of energy, reality and life! How fully and firmly that child had hold of the whole Catholic doctrine, and how unwaveringly, unflinchingly was he sure to keep it, while it remained embodied in so brief yet so ample, so simple yet so sublime a phrase! This is not an uncommon expression among Spaniards. In fact, the ordinary way of stating that the Blessed Sacrament is or is not in a given altar, is by saying, "His Divine Majesty is" or "is not here."

We trust that our readers will now understand what we mean by realising a doctrine; i. e. the acting upon a doctrine as a man does on anything that he really knows to be true: the naturally following it to all its practical consequences, without effort and without restraint, quite as a matter of course. We do not see what more a person could do in regard to the Blessed Eucharist, who should have the evidence of his eyes to our Lord's Presence in it, than the Catholic naturally and almost instinctively does. At the same time, we flatter ourselves that we have given ample tests, in the contrasts proposed, for deciding in which Church is really the belief of our Lord's Presence in the holy Eucharist. With the variety of demonstrations which we have given of reality of belief, on the Catholic side, let the reader compare the following summary of "significant ceremonies" enumerated in the pamphlet at the head of our article, as those which clergymen alter, and thereby, according to the Rev. Mr. Wray, grievously interfere with "*the highest act of Christian worship.*"

"In the public service many decent ceremonies, expressly enjoined in canons and rubrics, are omitted: such as *bowing the head* at the holy name, and "*reverently bringing*" all charitable collections "*to the priest,*" and the "*humble presenting*" of these alms, and "*placing them upon the holy table:*" and *then*, also, and *not till then*, the placing of the elements on the altar, to be consecrated; and *after consecration*, and *not before*, the covering what remains of them reverently with a fair linen cloth."—p. 8.

Really if the placing of the elements on the holy table after the collection of the alms, and the covering their fragments with a linen cloth after consecration, is all that his Church has done to secure the reverence that a real faith would suggest towards our Lord truly present; and if these are the vital forms, the tolerated neglect of which constitutes the scandal of "a violated discipline and permitted heresy," the poor church of England has but little to show in evidence of any real belief in a real Presence. We might almost defy any unbelieving priest of the Catholic Church, so to mutilate her service, without actually breaking it to pieces, as to remove its pervading evidence of our Faith.

But we have said enough on this subject. There are many other topics which we might select for further illustration of our position. We will however briefly touch upon only two or three.

The first is the Unity of the Church, as affirmed to be believed in the Creed. Let any one bring the faith of the two churches to the test of reality, and see which truly holds a dogma, in these words. What does a Protestant mean to say, when he pronounces the words: "I believe in One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church?" Does he profess by this, belief in the Church of England? or in a church composed of all christian communities? and if so, does it include the Church of Rome? that of Russia and Greece? the Nestorians, and Monophysites of the East? Does it include Dissenters? and if so, unbaptised Quakers, Unitarians who deny our Lord's Divinity? Swiss Calvinists and German Lutherans, who call themselves Christians, but follow Strauss or Paulus into the depths of rationalism? Or is it in the Church not of the present day, but of former ages, Bishop Ken's universal Church, before the separation of East and West? and if so, of what period—that of Photius, or Nestorius, or Arius? Or does he believe in an abstract Church of all times and places, a spiritual and invisible body? If so, what *does* he believe in? and what does he believe about it?

Again, what does he mean by *One* Church? One in number? or one in Unity? If the former, which and where is the One Church? If the latter, let him tell us what he means by unity. What constitutes its essence? Oneness of doctrine, or intercommunion, or common

government, or union with the same centre? If any of these, which is the one church that has the mark, and in which he believes?

We will not trouble him to tell us what he means by catholic or apostolic, but shall be satisfied if he will tell us what he believes in, when he professes belief in "the Church." What means he by "the Church?" Not, of course, in the material church, he cannot mean that; but in what else? in the bench of bishops? or in them and the clergy? or in the houses of convocation, and in nothing till they are restored? or in the bishops of all christendom? or only in Dr. Pusey's views, or Mr. Bennett's? or in Mr. Simeon's, or the Hon. Baptist Noel's? Then what does he mean by believing *in* the Church? Merely in its existence? or in its teaching? If so, how and when does she teach him? Does he stand close to the Thirty-nine? or does he take the Prayer-book and Homilies in? or does he judge them all by Scripture, and decide for himself? Does he take bishops' charges for part of the Church's teaching? If so, what does he believe in on recent controversies? If not, when and how do the bishops publicly teach? Then we may ask him, how does the Church enforce or vindicate her teaching? what is heresy, and what schism? what the sin of either? how punished in the Church?

Really, these are all questions necessary to be definitely answered before any sensible meaning can be attached to the article of the Nicene Creed above quoted; yet we have no doubt that it would perplex and worry even a well-educated Anglican to answer them; and if several were asked them, we are sure that we should have, "*quot capita tot sententiæ.*"

But any Catholic child, well instructed in his catechism, would be able to answer them, if the historical names were explained. By the "One Church," he understands at once the union of churches in communion at the present time with the Holy See. This includes and excludes all that is requisite. The Church is one, by perfect unity in doctrine, by communion, by common headship, and indivisible government. All out of union with its centre are excluded from our belief. We believe all that she teaches, and know how she teaches it. She is an infallible guide, and whoever refuses her obedience is cut off from her, and must perish if he repent not. The Catholic realises his faith; it is clear and definite before his mind in every

respect; and he at once seizes naturally on its developments, and follows them to their utmost limits. It may be said to be restricted and exclusive; but all faith in the Oneness of anything is necessarily so.

Let us, secondly, take the belief in "the communion of saints." How does an Anglican realise it? In what way does he satisfy himself that, by these words, he gives utterance to a definite belief in his mind, embodies an image and idea which has a clear existence there? But, still more, communion between persons is more than an idea, it is a fact, an action, carried on by some intelligible process or other. We cannot be said to be in communion with the inhabitants of the Carribee Islands, because we read of them, or think of them; but the trader who gives them glass beads in exchange for water and provisions, (though the former are worthless, and the latter most valuable,) is in communion with them, though they may negotiate at a distance and by signs. How does the Anglican then satisfy his conscience, that when he professes belief in "the communion of saints," he is stating a belief in something that really can be called by that name? He firmly holds, certainly in practice, that he has nothing to say to the saints, nothing to do with them. We are not, of course, speaking of Tractarians, but of the mass of church-christians. His prayer-book does not direct him on the subject; his teachers only touch on it to warn him against its danger. He is taught to pray and to act just as if there were no saints with whom to be in communion; nay, he probably often hears that we do not even know where they are till the last day. He must not address them, for he is told they can neither hear nor help him. All respect, or love, or confidence, or other feeling, whereby communion with holy and beautiful beings must needs be accompanied, are interdicted; as so much taken from Christ, which belongs to Him exclusively. The saints, therefore, neither give nor receive; neither know nor are known; neither can hear, nor are to be addressed, according to Anglican practical teaching. Then, where is the reality of any communion between them and the reciter of the creed in that establishment? We cannot imagine how he considers himself to declare belief in a reality; for a reality must have an existence, and here we find no traces of any, not even in the imagination.

But with the Catholic the whole is a truth, a substan-

tial, consistent, *real* thing. In moments of danger or anxiety, or in his ordinary prayers, he addresses them just as if they were before him; no more doubting that they can hear him, than he would if they were visible. He feels familiar with them, as though he had known them on earth; he communes with the martyr of the first ages, as with holy men of his own time; reminds him of his torments and his crowns, as if the memory of these were still fresh in our minds, and bids him plead on his behalf with his and our Master. Heaven is as our common country; the saints of all ages and of all countries have there their home, and with all who are there we have present and actual communion. And in like manner does the Catholic treat as a reality what they do for us. He takes it completely for granted, that those whom he addresses, whether individually or collectively, exert themselves for him, and really obtain him blessings. And even farther than this does his realisation go. He naturally considers the blessed in heaven as carrying on the work which they loved on earth, and interested in its safety or its completion. It never crosses his mind, that nearly two thousand years have elapsed since St. Peter mounted from his cross to heaven; but he considers him still seated at the helm of his life-bark, that defies every storm, steering it with unerring skill over every shoal, through every billow, round every rock, letting down his ample net, just at the right time and in the right direction, to draw in his marvellous draught of entire nations. Do the inhabitants of Milan think that St. Charles, or even St. Ambrose, is far away from them, and not rather ever most present, watching over their common church, which both loved so dearly as their spouse on earth? This is, in fact, but the sentiment expressed so vividly by St. Chrysostom and other ancient Fathers, that the martyrs still hovered over the cities whose tutelary guardians they were, and protected their very walls against invading foes.

Surely in all this (and we omit much that might be added*) we have the fullest possible carrying out of a real belief in a real communion between beings that ordinarily communicate invisibly.

* As the belief in visions or apparitions of saints, in the miracles wrought by their intercession or their relics. Even they who may be sceptical on such subjects, or inclined to think that credulity prevails among Catholics, especially the ignorant, respecting them, must acknowledge that the existence of such an easy belief is evidence of the reality of the faith which prompts it.

Our next and concluding illustration will be of a more abstract character, but one that has considerable influence upon devotional feelings and practice in the two churches. We had indeed wished to carry our examination, into the belief of the sublimer mysteries of faith, so to have seen how far the Protestant, following the teaching of the Anglican Church, can be supposed to realise his belief in the Trinity or the Incarnation of our Lord. But we own that we shrink from this portion of our subject: for we might be thought desirous of affixing a deeper stain upon that unfaithful witness to the truth than we have till now imputed. We therefore rather take a subject necessarily connected with those great truths, but coming more within the limits of familiar controversy, and less likely to wound any one's feelings.

The Church of England, in accordance with the Catholic Church, teaches that the B. Virgin Mary was the mother of our Lord, Incarnate for our salvation. Does, or can, a Protestant realise the truth of their mutual relationship; in other words, the Motherhood of the ever-blessed Mary? Does he, or dare he, contemplate it to its full extent? We ask the question because, again and again, we have heard hesitation expressed about allowing her the fulness of her awful prerogative; we have seen Anglicans shocked at her being called the "Mother of God." Yet they were persons who confessed Jesus Christ to be God. But they divided His Person, because they could not realise the idea that she could be more than the mother of man. Now it is not this view precisely with which we wish to deal; for it implies what we have before hinted, inability to realise faith in the Incarnation, the very essence whereof is the indivisible union of the two Natures, the Divine and Human, in only One Person. But, supposing this difficulty not to exist, what idea does the Anglican entertain of the character of this Maternity? Does it come to his mind and heart with all the accompanying tendernesses that bind a mother and child, or as a dry, abstract, almost unnatural relationship? Can he bear to dwell upon the thought, without fearing that it is profane, of the Only-begotten of the Father before all ages being the Infant of woman, however pure; caressed, nursed, borne, as if helpless, in her arms; lulled, as if wearied, to slumber on her breast; fed, as if hungry, from her living stores; led in His first tottering steps, as if weak, by her

gentle hand; taught to lisp His first accents, as if ignorant, by imitating the sweet sounds of her lips; smiling when smiled upon, weeping till soothed, swathed and clothed,* and in all things treated as another child? And can he bring himself to analyse, and contemplate in detail, the emotions which such mutual relations must have excited; the many strong and inseparable fibres which formed the cord that linked two such hearts as these, when feeling them; hearts wherein could be no pretence or fiction, and wherein the reality of whatever was virtuous, holy, godly, could have no bounds short of the perfection whereof each was capable? And what is more deserving of those names than the love of mother for child, or child for mother? Between them, therefore, in this instance there must be assumed to have existed such mutual reliance, affection, conformity of will and desire, oneness of thought, identity of feeling, as could not possibly exist between any two other Beings, such as may be said necessarily to have blended their two hearts into one, incapable of separation.

But besides this natural tie, (if one may so speak of that which is all above nature's reach,) the title of Mother—which the doctrine of the Incarnation secures to Holy Mary, takes in the eyes of a real believer the form of an incommunicable privilege, as regards all other creatures; a solitary prerogative, of which none other is capable, which is essentially ennobling above every possible order of Angelic dignity, necessarily and directly sanctifying beyond the reach of any acquirable holiness, which consequently separates her, and elevates her above every other class of God's best creatures, whether preserved in integrity, or redeemed from sin. It is impossible to realise a belief in the Maternity of the Blessed Virgin, without thus considering her.

Again, let us view this relationship through the light thrown on it by holy writ. The Catholic will at once see all his conceptions of it justified. Let us view it first in dishonour. To expiate the crimes of Saul and his people,

* "Vagit infans inter arcta
Conditus præsepia;
Membra pannis involuta
Virgo mater alligat:
Et Dei manus pedesque
Stricta cingit fascia."

Hymn for Passion-tide, R. B.

and arrest the famine which they had brought upon the nation, it was decreed that seven of his children should be crucified. They were accordingly crucified "upon a hill before the Lord."

Two of the victims were the sons of Respha; let us see the mother's place at such a scene of agony and of ignominy. "And Respha, the daughter of Aja, took hair-cloth, and spread it under her upon the rock, from the beginning of the harvest, till water dropped upon them out of heaven; and suffered neither the birds to tear them by day, nor the beasts by night. And it was told to David what Respha had done."* How touchingly venerable is this picture of maternal affection, of that *στοργή* which requires a name of its own; that patient, calm, resigned breast, which endures unsubdued, shame, grief, fatigue, not to speak of the quivering agony of a mother's heart, witnessing torment in the best-beloved—all from that very love. Now exactly such a picture does the realisation of the Motherhood of Mary place before a true believer's imagination and heart; as he contemplates the closing scene of *her* Son, crucified on a hill before the Lord, for expiation of others' sins. And to what does the comparison lead? Why let the Protestant first bring himself to apprehend, by the standard of nature, the communion of eye and heart, if not of word, which took place between Respha on her rocky seat, and Armoni on his cross. Were the bonds now broken or weakened, whereby his heart in infancy had clung to her's, or did they clasp and curl around it more tenderly and more mightily than ever? Did he reject her rights over him, now that all else was dark and dismal, and not feel more than ever a son, when she could so show herself a mother? Did not his last glance seek her there, and was it not as soft as a child's could be? For very humanity's sake, who could have it otherwise. Then change the scene to Calvary, and who will fear to realise there all that has seemed necessarily true on the hill of Gabaa? Surely no one will think it less than blasphemy to imagine, that because our Lord was more, therefore He was less, than Man: that because He was God, He dispensed with the virtues of humanity. On the contrary, we must intensify, to an infinite degree, whatever our judgment, according to the

* 2 Reg. xxi. 10.

standard of nature, shall have shown to be a necessary result in the other case.

And now let us shift the scene, from sorrow and disgrace to gladness and glory. The Word of God shall again furnish the parallel. Solomon has just been raised to his throne; a petitioner, who has offended him, is afraid to approach him. He accordingly seeks the intercession of Bethsabee, the king's mother. Let us hear how he addresses her. "I pray thee, speak to king Solomon; *for he cannot deny thee anything*.....And Bethsabee said: Well: I will speak for thee to the king. Then Bethsabee came to king Solomon, to speak to him for Adonias: and the king arose to meet her, and bowed to her, and sat down upon his throne; *and a throne was set for the king's mother, and she sat upon his right hand*. And she said to him: I desire one small thing of thee, do not put me to confusion. *And the king said to her: My mother ask: for I must not turn away thy face.*"* This scene is again a real one; and the king who speaks and acts in it, is the wisest of men, and the particular type of Christ our Lord. It may be said to present to us the scriptural realisation of the relative position of mother and son, when the latter is raised to highest honour and power; even though he be of right kingly birth, and she but of much humbler origin, and taken out of low rank. It is in virtue of her *motherhood* alone, that she has a throne set at her royal son's right hand; and that he bids her ask, as he must not turn away her face. Is a Protestant ready to realise his notions of Mary's maternity to the extent that Scripture here warrants us? The Catholic is to the very letter. Which then looks upon her, as though really believing her to be our Saviour's mother, and therefore naturally attributes to her all the distinction, honour, and power of intercession, which this example shows to flow naturally from the title of Mother? Nor should we weaken the strength of our case, if we supposed the actors in both the scriptural scenes quoted to be the same; and that the son raised to the throne, was the same as had previously seen his mother assert her rights at the foot of his cross.

Whatever, therefore, Catholics may say or do in regard to our Blessed Lady, it is nothing more than a simple giving of reality to belief in her Motherhood; nor is it

* 3 Reg. ii. 17-20.

easy to see on what principle bars or limits can be put to stop the flow of those feelings, towards her which this view necessarily sets in motion. We must either not love her at all, or we must try to love her as her Son did and does; for His virtues are to be our measure. Now, who can ever reach the affection of such a Son towards such a Mother? Again, she must either have no influence at all, or it must be boundless. If she have a throne anywhere, it *must* be at her Son's right hand: and if she be allowed to open her mouth, the Son cannot "turn away her face."

In this simple view we have at once the key to all the affectionateness and all the confidence which devout Catholics entertain for her. We have, moreover, the explanation of another general rule of a devout life: that the more holy a person is, the more warm and tender will his feelings be towards her. Perfection consists in the imitation of our Lord's virtues; the closer the imitation, the greater the perfection. As His love for His Mother was doubtless a virtue, and as we are bound to love all that He loved, the nearer we come to Him in this, the more we advance towards His perfection. And as all growth in perfection is general, that is, cannot be in one point and not in another, so must this virtue increase along with every other.

We will only add a few words more; words which perhaps some Catholic experience can alone make intelligible. The most effectual antidote to the seductions of sense is perhaps the spiritualizing of their natural tendencies. He who is brought to hunger after and to labour for spiritual food, cares little for the meat that perisheth. They who covet treasures in heaven, soon learn "*perituras calcare divitias.*" And nothing will more purify the affections of the soul, and make them proof against the taint of a corrupt and sinful nature, than the fixing of them early upon objects which, on the one hand, brook no association with frail and perishable beauty, and yet, on the other, can feed, and fill, and absorb all the power of love. Blessed indeed is the heart of him, "*qui pascitur inter lilia!*" Now, there is no other object so able to effect this as the affection which Catholic devotion—that is, the realisation of Catholic faith—inspires for our Redeemer's Virgin-Mother. It fills the mind with an image of loveliness so pure, so chaste, so ætherial, so transcending all earthly

combinations of the beautiful, that all else seems but gross and paltry. For it is the beauty of holiness that it reflects upon the soul, in which there is nought of worldly levity or of remorseful pensiveness, no such mere comeliness as painters or poets can express; but there is that grave and calm sweetness which tells of humility, and meekness, and modesty, and tender-heartedness, and love for all, mingled with that unspeakable majesty and sin-reproving earnestness, which become the Mother of a God made man. It is an image which ever comes before the soul, not surrounded with the alluring accompaniments of worldly forms, but enshrined in a soft atmosphere of light celestial, warm and glowing, but too holy to be nearly approached. No carved and gilded frame sets off its fairness, but cherubs smiling from golden clouds, and gazing in wonder at the Miracle of Grace, in which heaven and earth first met, surround and adorn it. And then, to make good her title of Mother, upon her bosom rests that wondrous Babe, with arms expanded and wide-open eyes, as though to show that every dart of holy affection from our souls must pierce both hearts, and finds not its way to hers except through His. Fill, we say unhesitatingly, the youthful imagination betimes with the chaste love of beauty such as this, and he that bears it will walk through life in safety, treading on the asp and the basilisk of a treacherous and a poison-breathing world. It will prove a charm to foil every spell of this brutalizing land of Circe.

We must now take leave of our subject; though we have by no means exhausted it. We will only remark, that most of the instances which we have given of realisation of faith, will serve to show how much this resembles *Developments* of doctrine. In fact, the two are nearly the same, though viewed in different lights. A doctrine may be fully realised, that is, practically exhibited in its consequences, by degrees in the Church; and the process by which it is brought to this is called its development. But neither for a moment supposes or allows the introduction of a new doctrine.

ART. IX.—*The Emigrant*. By Sir FRANCIS B. HEAD, Bart. Murray, 1846.

THE author of this interesting volume has contrived, indeed, to make it up of two most heterogeneous materials, not combined nor blended together, scarcely interwoven. The one—the political—element seems for a time suspended in the other—the descriptive. The two flow on for a while thus together, but it is clear that the lighter holds the heavier in its current; till gradually this precipitates, the other washes off, and leaves a dry hard deposit behind it. And thus the credulous reader, who on beginning thinks that he has entered on a most delightful voyage, after pursuing for a time a course which fully bears out his anticipations, finds himself stranded, after partial misgivings, amidst official despatches, protests, and protestations, on the most unpoetical shores of Downing-Street. The author has himself in his short Preface taken care to warn his readers. “As the common crow,” he tells us, “is made up of a small lump of carrion, and two or three handfuls of feathers, so is this volume composed of Political History, buoyed up by a few light sketches, solely to make a dull subject fly.” After this modest announcement, no one has a right to complain of treachery. But we feel sure, notwithstanding, that many a reader will act unfairly towards Sir Francis, will cheerfully accept, and pleasantly digest the bait which he has held out to them, and yet eschew the pointed hook of crooked politics whereon it is hung. By which we mean, not Sir F. Head’s politics; for he seems to us throughout to have acted honestly, boldly, and zealously. Now on our parts we must make solemn asseveration that we belong not to this discriminating class of his readers: we have dealt conscientiously with Sir F. Head; and we fully sympathize with him in his troubles, and in the hard treatment which he received. But we are selfish enough to regret that he ever had patience to break his head against a colonial governorship, (about the surest *post* to run it foul against,) for we should have much better liked to see him travelling about the world to tell people what he had seen and heard, in his own lively, good-natured, and good-hearted way.

It is not, therefore, towards the political part of his book

that we are going to call the attention of our readers, at the close of a number sufficiently stocked with grave matters. For these we will refer them to the work itself, with this alternative: that if they will not take the trouble of going to it, they must, in honour and conscience, after reading our extracts from it, take it for granted that Sir Francis was right.

The following description of the cold of Canada, and its unpleasant effects, is particularly consoling at this moment, that we are complaining of an early winter severely setting in.

“Even under bright sunshine, and in a most exhilarating air, the biting effect of the cold upon the portion of the face that is exposed to it resembles the application of a strong acid; and the healthy grin which the countenance assumes, requires—as I often observed on those who for many minutes had been in a warm room waiting for me—a considerable time to relax.

“In a calm almost any degree of cold is bearable, but the application of successive doses of it to the face, by wind, becomes occasionally almost unbearable; indeed I remember seeing the left cheek of nearly twenty of our soldiers simultaneously frost-bitten in marching about a hundred yards, across a bleak open space, completely exposed to a strong and bitterly cold north-west wind that was blowing upon us all.

“The remedy for this intense cold to which many Canadians and others have occasionally recourse, is—at least to my feelings it always appeared—ininitely worse than the disease. On entering, for instance, the small parlour of a little inn, a number of strong able-bodied fellows are discovered holding their hands a few inches before their faces, and sitting in silence immediately in front of a stove of such excruciating power, that it really feels as if it would roast the very eyes in their sockets, and yet, as one endures this agony, the back part is as cold as if it belonged to what is called at home ‘Old Father Christmas!’

“Of late years, English fire-places have been introduced into many houses; and though mine at Toronto was warmed with hot air from a large oven, with fires in all our sitting-rooms, nevertheless the wood for my grate which was piled close to the fire, often remained till night covered with the snow which was on it when first deposited there in the morning; and as a further instance of the climate, I may add that several times while my mind was very warmly occupied in writing my despatches, I found my pen full of a lump of stuff that appeared to be honey, but which proved to be frozen ink; again, after washing in the morning, when I took up some money that had lain all night on my table, I at first fancied it had become sticky, until I discovered that the sensation was caused by

its freezing to my fingers, which in consequence of my ablutions were not perfectly dry.

"Notwithstanding however this intensity of cold, the powerful circulation of the blood of large quadrupeds keeps the red fluid, like the movement of the waters in the great lakes, from freezing; but the human frame not being gifted with this power, many people lose their limbs, and occasionally their lives from cold.

"I one day inquired of a fine ruddy honest-looking man who called upon me, and whose toes and insteps of each foot had been truncated, how the accident happened? He told me that the first winter he came from England he lost his way in the forest, and that after walking for some hours, feeling pain in his feet, he took off his boots, and from the flesh immediately swelling, he was unable to put them on again.

"His stockings, which were very old ones, soon wore into holes, and as rising on his insteps he was hurriedly proceeding he knew not where, he saw with alarm, but without feeling the slightest pain, first one toe and then another break off as if they had been pieces of brittle stick, and in this mutilated state he continued to advance till he reached a path which led him to an inhabited log-house, where he remained suffering great pain till his cure was effected.

"On another occasion, while an Englishman was driving one bright beautiful day in a sleigh on the ice, his horse suddenly ran away, and fancying he could stop him better without his cumbersome fur gloves than with them, he unfortunately took them off. As the infuriated animal at his utmost speed proceeded, the man, who was facing a keen north-west wind, felt himself gradually as it were turning into marble, and by the time he stopped both his hands were so completely and so irrecoverably frozen, that he was obliged to have them amputated.

"Although the sun, from the latitude, has considerable power, it appears only to illuminate the sparkling snow, which, like the sugar on a bridal cake, conceals the whole surface. The instant however the fire of heaven sinks below the horizon, the cold descends from the upper regions of the atmosphere with a feeling as if it were poured down upon the head and shoulders from a jug."—pp. 10—14.

The wonderful phenomenon of the breaking up of the ice on the great American rivers, is familiar to most readers, and is very well described in the present work. But there is an anecdote connected with the description, which does such credit to the hero of it, that we must give our readers the gratification it has afforded us. We hope that Sergeant Neill is by this time a captain at least;

and we can hardly doubt that he is a true-born Irishman.

“In the middle of the great St. Lawrence there is, nearly opposite Montreal, an island called St. Helens, between which and the shore the stream, about three quarters of a mile broad, runs with very great rapidity, and yet, notwithstanding this current, the intense cold of winter invariably freezes its surface.

“The winter I am speaking of was unusually severe, and the ice on the St. Lawrence particularly thick; however, while the river beneath was rushing towards the sea, the ice was waiting in abeyance in the middle of the stream until the narrow fastness between Montreal and St. Helens should burst and allow the whole mass to break into pieces, and then in stupendous confusion to hurry downwards towards Quebec.

“On St. Helens there was quartered a small detachment of troops, and while the breaking up of the ice was momentarily expected, many of the soldiers, muffled in their great-coats with thick storm-gloves on their hands, and with a piece of fur attached to their caps to protect their ears from being frozen, were on the ice employed in attending to the road across it to Montreal.

“After a short suspense, which increased rather than allayed their excitement, a deep thundering noise announced to them that the process I have described had commenced. The ice before them writhed, heaved up, burst, broke into fragments, and the whole mass, excepting a small portion, which remaining riveted to the shore of St. Helens formed an artificial pier with deep water beneath it, gradually moved downwards.

“Just at this moment of intense interest, a little girl, the daughter of an artilleryman on the island, was seen on the ice in the middle of the river in an attitude of agony and alarm. Imprudently and unobserved she had attempted to cross over to Montreal, and was hardly half-way when the ice both above, below her, and in all directions, gave way. The child's fate seemed inevitable, and it was exciting various sensations in the minds, and various exclamations from the mouths of the soldiers, when something within the breast of Thomas Neill, a young sergeant in the 24th regiment, who happened to be much nearer to her than the rest, distinctly uttered to him the monosyllables ‘*Quick march!*’ and in obedience thereto, fixing his eyes on the child as on a parade bandarole, he steadily proceeded towards her.

“Sometimes just before him, sometimes just behind him, and sometimes on either side, an immense piece of ice would pause, rear up an end, and roll over, so as occasionally to hide him altogether from view. Sometimes he was seen jumping from a piece that was beginning to rise, and then, like a white bear carefully

clambering down a piece that was beginning to sink ; however, onwards he proceeded, until reaching the little island of ice on which the poor child stood, with the feelings of calm triumph with which he would have surmounted a breach, he firmly grasped her by the hand.

“ By this time he had been floated down the river nearly out of sight of his comrades. However, some of them, having run to their barracks for spy-glasses, distinctly beheld him about two miles below them, sometimes leading the child in his hand, sometimes carrying her in his arms, sometimes ‘ halting,’ sometimes running ‘ double quick ;’ and in this dangerous predicament he continued for six miles, until, after passing Longeuil, he was given up by his comrades as—lost.

“ He remained with the little girl floating down the middle of the river for a considerable time ; at last, towards evening, they were discovered by some French Canadians, who, at no small risk, humanely pushed off in a canoe to their assistance, and thus rescued them both from their perilous situation.

“ The Canadians took them to their home ; at last, in due time, they returned to St. Helens. The child was happily restored to its parents, and Sergeant Neill quietly returned to his barracks.”—pp. 57—61.

This gallant adventure recalls to our mind the Governor’s own rather awkward situation when almost escaping from his province. Anxious to return home, he had two routes to choose ; a circuitous one by Halifax, or a short one through the “ States.” But he received certain information of an intention to assassinate him on the former ; and a large reward had been offered for his apprehension in the latter, on account of the known affair of “ the Caroline.” Of two such alternatives he chose the *shorter* ; and so with one friend, (Judge Jones,) and no servant, he started for Kingston, and there crossed the St. Lawrence, after a fashion which he himself shall describe.

“ The ice, which had covered the St. Lawrence during the whole winter, had only a few days ago broken up, and, by the force of the current, had been carried out to sea. The river, however, during the whole of the three preceding days, had been nearly covered with moving fragments of ice, of various shapes and dimensions, which had floated down from Lake Ontario ; and, as soon as the sun had set, these fragments had adhered to each other, and the stream, which is here nearly four miles broad, had remained during the three nights frozen, but had again broken up so soon as the heat of the morning sun had disjoined the pieces of ice which the low temperature of the night had frozen together.

“When, a little after sunrise, we reached the beach, the river was in the congealed state I have just described; and as I had never for a moment reflected—so I was totally unable to conceive—how it could be proposed that we should cross the wide rough mosaic pavement which was before us; for the river beneath this ice was running with extreme rapidity, and therefore, if, in the operation of crossing, we should happen to break in, it appeared to me that the current must inevitably carry, and then carefully keep us, most uncomfortably, beneath the frozen surface.

“The mode, however, in which we were to cross, though strange, was divested of the smallest particle of danger, and, as there was no time to be lost, we at once commenced the operation.

“Our two portmanteaus were put into a small boat which was lying in readiness on its side on the ice. Two active able-bodied men, placing themselves on each side of this little craft, balanced it on its iron keel, and the four men walking forwards pushed it along, towards the United States, at the rate of between three and four miles an hour.

“As soon as they started, the few faithful friends who had accompanied me to the beach bade me farewell, and this little ceremony having consumed a few seconds, Judge Jones and I had to run upon the ice till we overtook the boat, which we then closely followed.

“When we got about a mile from the Canada shore, we passed several parts of the river which were unfrozen, and at which the current was rushing and boiling up with great violence. In a short time as we proceeded the ice began to crack slightly, then violently, upon which the men steadily continuing their course told me to keep one of my hands on the side of the boat. We thus advanced merrily along amidst most awful cracks, until it became quite evident that we had reached a portion of the ice which, to use a common phrase, had resolved ‘to stand it no longer,’ and accordingly, with a loud crack of execration, the surface for some distance around gave way; so we all gently placed our stomachs on the sides or gunwale of the boat, and without even wetting our feet we found ourselves afloat, and very shortly were all standing up in the boat. Nothing could be more perfectly secure than our position. The men, with long hooks in their hands, propelled the boat until it reached strong ice, when we leisurely got out, hauled the boat out of the water on to the frozen surface, and then, the men cheerfully pushing on as before, we proceeded, sometimes a quarter of a mile, when a second succession of little cracks and great cracks again ended by our throwing ourselves horizontally on our stomachs, and the boat beneath us again sinking souse into the clear water.

“This occurred to us about half a dozen times, until, as we approached the opposite shore, we found the ice considerably stronger.

“As soon as we reached the land, the four men who had pushed us along took our portmanteaus out of the boat, tumbled them on the beach, and then for reasons that may be easily understood, treating us with apparent neglect, and as if they were heartily glad to get rid of us, they veered the boat’s head round, and, pushing her towards the Canadian shore, they left Judge Jones and me behind them.

“Our first object was to hire a conveyance, and as my companion kindly undertook this piece of errantry, I remained quietly with the luggage ; and I was sitting on my portmanteau, and with mingled feelings gazing on the Canada shore, when I saw, about a hundred yards on my right, a tall thin man, who was looking at me with quite as much attention as under the circumstances of the case I could possibly desire.

“In about two minutes he walked very leisurely towards me, and at last coming close up to me, he said to me slowly through his nose, ‘*Stranger ! ere you from Canny-day ?*’ I told him I was ; but not wishing to prolong the conversation, I took up a stone, and as if to amuse myself, threw it along the surface of the ice. He then asked me ‘how the trials were going on ?’ to which I replied that they had not commenced. He then after a pause said, ‘Is your new Governor come yet?’ ‘Oh yes!’ I replied ; ‘he came the day before I left.’ The man asked me a few other insignificant questions, and from sheer inquisitiveness would have gone on till sunset ; but Judge Jones arriving in a rough carriage he had hired, we put our portmanteaus into it, and then drove away.”—pp. 272—277.

In the same spirit we find Sir Francis trying to do every thing which any body else did of a daring character ; going on a raft down the “slide” of the Ottawa, (p. 108,) darting in a canoe through the rapids of the Trent, (p. 112,) and instead of going in state to a great Indian gathering of tribes, sailing through the Canadian lakes, in an open boat, and roughing it with his Indian crew ; if sailing in crystal water, amidst fairy scenery, landing every night on, and taking possession of, a new island, as if it were your own, fishing by torch-light, shooting by day, and getting good fare, can deserve that name. One enemy alone seems to throw a damper on this luxury of savage life, the armies of mosquitoes, which surpass to all intents and purposes the most envenomed of those little pests that Europe can boast of. And that the reader may have the full benefit of our authority, we will give it in Sir Francis’s words ; though no doubt it is not exactly such as he would have quoted in an official despatch.

“An American living near the Grand River, Michigan, told the

following story concerning the musquitoes : Being in the woods, he was one day so annoyed by them, that he took refuge under an inverted potash-kettle. His first emotions of joy at his happy deliverance and secure asylum were hardly over, when the musquitoes, having found him, began to drive their probosces through the kettle. Fortunately, he had a hammer in his pocket, and he clenched them down as fast as they came through, until at last such a host of them were fastened to the poor man's domicile, that they rose and flew away with it, leaving him shelterless!"—p. 133.

It must however be spoken to Sir Francis's praise, that all his romantic adventures and pleasant excursions were connected with official objects. He always travelled to visit some district of his province, or to inspect some public work or other. It was in the course of one of these journeys that he visited a colony, or settlement, his account of which cannot fail to interest our Catholic readers.

"We had arrived very nearly at the eastern extremity of Upper Canada, and had been trotting for some time through the forest, when, on reaching some cleared land, we found in the road, at some little distance, waiting to receive us, a fine athletic body of men. The instant we reached them a bag-pipe gave us a hearty welcome; and in a few moments, very much to my satisfaction, I found myself surrounded by the muscular frames and sinewy countenances of the Glengarry Highlanders.

"About fifty years ago Bishop M'Donell brought one thousand eight hundred men of that name to the settlement which I had now reached, and their religion, language, habits, and honour have continued there ever since, unaltered, unadulterated, and unsullied. Their loyalty has always been conspicuous, and I need hardly say with what reverence they remember the distant land of their forefathers. In short, so far as I was competent to judge, there exists no difference whatever between these people and their clansmen in the old country, and they certainly most strongly exemplify the old remark—

"*Coelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.*"

"I received from these fine fellows not only a hearty welcome, but every possible attention.

"During the time I remained in the settlement a Highlander guarded the door of the house at which I stopped, and the piper, with no little pride, during the whole period, continued marching up and down as he serenaded me with various tunes, the soul-inspiring meaning of which he no doubt considered that I as fully understood as himself.

"As the inhabitants of the township of Glengarry speak nothing but Gaelic, there exists scarcely a stranger among them; and as

their names are all alike, they must, one would think, occasionally have some difficulty in designating each other; for instance, a cause was lately tried there in which not only the names of both plaintiff and defendant were M'Donell, but each had selected from the Canadian bar a counsel of that name; the jury, twelve in number, were all M'Donells or M'Donalds, and so were almost all the witnesses. The four members of Parliament for the county and town bear the same name; their sheriff is a M'Donell, so is their vicar general, so are most of their priests, and so was their late bishop.

"However, by whatever name they may be designated, the Glengarry Highlanders in Upper Canada may well be proud of it.

"They are devotedly attached to British institutions, and when I had afterwards occasion to send them to Lower Canada to assist Sir J. Colborne, they showed the rebels in that province very clearly that Highland blood is not to be trifled with; indeed there was so much of Rob Roy in their dispositions, that it is whispered of them that though they went down infantry they came back cavalry!"—pp. 115—118.

A more melancholy scene was visited by him in the same expedition, that of the death of the Duke of Richmond, Governor of Canada, in 1819; which took place not "in the worst inn's worst room," but in a miserable untenanted log-hut, amidst the woods. The account is too striking, as a moral lesson, not to be quoted.

"As I was journeying towards the banks of the Ottawa, I trotted some miles out of my way to visit a low shanty, which nearly thirty years ago witnessed the death of an English nobleman under circumstances of unexampled fortitude, which have often been repeated to me, and of which I believe the following to be an accurate account.

"In the latter end of August, 1819, the Duke of Richmond, who was then Governor-General of the Canadas, after visiting Niagara and other parts of the upper province, reached Kingston on his return to Quebec.

"He had pre-arranged to inspect a new set of recently settled townships; that is to say, blocks of the wilderness which had been designated on the map as such, on the line of the Rideau canal, between the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa.

"The expedition was to occupy three or four days.

"On the morning of the first day, as the duke, accompanied by his staff, was rumbling through the forest in a light waggon of the country, he observed that he felt unwell, complained of a pain in his shoulder, and mentioned to the officers who were with him that

he had had great difficulty in drinking some hot wine and water that had been recommended to him.

“On the evening of this day, he called the attention of a trusty servant who had been accompanying him to an unfinished letter he had addressed to a member of his family at Quebec, and which the man was to deliver when they all arrived there !

“The next day he became so much worse, that some of his staff would fain have persuaded him to relinquish his expedition, and make for the St. Lawrence as the easier route to Quebec. He, however, determined to make his inspection according to his appointments.

“On the following day he was evidently extremely unwell, and he so far consented to alter his plan, that he stopped short of the village he had intended to reach, in consequence of there being a swamp through which he would have had to walk.

“Colonel —, therefore, went forward to make preparations for the next day, and the duke remained all night at a cottage.

“Colonel — saw how ill he was, and earnestly advised him to stop ; but the duke feeling unwilling to disappoint those who were to meet him, persisted in proceeding.

“On the following morning he crossed the swamp ; and it was observed that whenever the water was disturbed he was very much agitated, and occasionally jumped upwards. On reaching the settlement he was met by Colonel —, who was struck with his altered looks and manner, and begged him to endeavour to obtain some rest ; but he turned the subject by saying he should like to walk round the village, and he accordingly proceeded to do so.

“In the course of their walk they reached a small stream which crossed the road, on which the duke turned suddenly, and said to Colonel —, that though he had never been nervous, his feelings were then such that he could not cross it if his life depended on it. Nevertheless, though so ill, and though he was pressed to remain quiet, he persisted in desiring that he should not disappoint the chief officers of the settlement from dining with him, and begged they might be asked as usual.

“To one of his party he calmly remarked, “You know —, I am in general not afraid of a glass of wine, yet you will see with what difficulty I shall drink it.’ During dinner the duke asked this officer to take wine with him, and it was evident that from some unaccountable reason it required the utmost resolution and effort on his part to bring the glass to his lips.

“The party retired early, but as the duke, in consequence of certain feelings during the preceding night, expressed a great horror and disinclination to go to bed, it was not till late that he did so.

“Early the next morning he was found calmly finishing his letter to a member of his family, which he sealed, and then delivered to Colonel —, with a desire that it might be delivered at Montreal, a request at the time utterly incomprehensible.

“Colonel ——, on receiving this letter, naturally enough observed that they should all proceed there together; on which the duke mildly but firmly observed, ‘*It is no use deceiving you, I shall never go down there alive.*’

“Colonel ——, considering this to be delirium, entreated him to remain quiet, and to send for medical advice. The duke, however, persisted in going as far as he could, and inquired what arrangements had been made for his proceeding to the Rideau Falls, where a birch canoe belonging to the North-west Company was waiting for him.

“In reply, he was informed that it was proposed he should go by himself in a small canoe down a little stream which meandered through the forest for some miles, after which he would have to ride and walk. The duke made some objection to the canoe, intimating that he did not believe he could get into it; but he added, ‘*If I fail you must force me.*’ Now all this was deemed by the officers of his suite to be the effect of over excitement, fatigue, and the extreme heat of the sun. However, after breakfast the duke’s party, attended by all the principal inhabitants of the little settlement, walked down to this stream, where they found the canoe in waiting manned by a couple of half Indians.

“After taking leave of the assembled party and attendants, the duke with an evident effort forced himself into the canoe, and he had scarcely sat down when the frail bark pushed off, and almost immediately afterwards was lost sight of in the dark forest.

“So remarkable however was the appearance and effort he had made in approaching and in seating himself in the canoe, that a gentleman present immediately exclaimed, ‘*by Heavens! gentlemen, the Duke of Richmond has the hydrophobia!*’

“This appalling observation conveyed to the minds of his devotedly attached attendants the first intimation or suspicion of the awful fact which they had so unconsciously witnessed; and then flashed upon them the various corroborating circumstances which for the few preceding days had been appearing to them unaccountable; namely, the spasms he had suffered in drinking—his agitation in crossing the swamp—his inability to pass the stream, &c.

“The agony of mind of the officers of his staff at such overwhelming intelligence was indescribable; and while the object of all their thoughts was threading his way down the stream, they proceeded along a new road that had lately been cut through the forest to the point at which the duke was to disembark.

“They had proceeded about a mile, bewildered as to what possible course they should pursue, when to their horror they saw the duke running with fearful energy across the path, and then dart onwards into the forest.

“They immediately ran after him, but he went so fast that it

was some time before he could be overtaken, and when he was—he was raving mad!

“They secured him and held him down on a fallen tree for a considerable time. At last his consciousness returned, and the very first use he made of it was to desire that they would take no orders from him, and that he would do whatever they determined for him.

“What to do was of course a difficult point to settle; they at last resolved to return to the settlement, and accordingly in that direction they all proceeded on foot.

“Close to the settlement, they reached the little stream which he had arrived at the previous day, and which he had told Colonel —— he could not cross.

“At this point the duke stopped short, and turning round said, that as the last request he should have to make, he begged they would not require him to cross that stream, as he felt he could not survive the effort.

“Under the difficult circumstances in which they were placed, they could not resist such an appeal, and they therefore turned back along the path which led into the forest, not knowing where to go, or on what plan to proceed.

“They at last arrived at the little shanty I have mentioned, and it being the only place of refuge for many miles, his staff requested the duke to remain there.

“After looking at it for a short time, he said he would prefer to go into the barn rather than into the hovel, as he felt sure it was farther from water. His attendants of course immediately assented to his wish, and he then sprang over a high fence and walked in.

“He remained in that barn the whole day, occasionally perfectly collected, with intermissions of spasmodic paroxysms, which affected both mind and body.

“Towards evening he consented to be moved into the hut, and accordingly such a bed as could be got ready was speedily prepared. The officers in attendance anxiously watched over him throughout the night, and he became so much more calm that they suffered themselves to hope that he might recover.

“The duke, however, who from many circumstances which afterwards transpired, must, for several days, have been clearly sensible not only of the nature of his malady, but that he could not survive it, was now perfectly aware of his approaching end, and accordingly, after calmly expressing to those around him that his greatest earthly consolation was that his title and name would be inherited by a son of whose character he declared the highest opinion and confidence, he died expressing calm resignation to the will of God, and without a struggle.

“His body was brought down in a canoe from the Rideau to Montreal, where his family, who had scarcely heard of his illness,

had assembled to welcome his return ; and was subsequently removed in a steamer to Quebec, where after lying in state for some days his remains were interred close to the communion table in the cathedral of Quebec.

“ Nothing could exceed the affliction, not only of those immediately about him, but of the inhabitants of both Canadas, by whom he was universally beloved.

“ The bare facts of his illness, which I have purposely repeated as nearly as possible in the words in which I have often heard them detailed by those on whose hearts his name is indelibly recorded, form the simplest and best evidence that could be offered of the unexampled power of the human mind to meet with firmness and submission the greatest calamity which can assail the human frame.

“ As I remained for a few minutes on horseback before the hovel which commemorates, on the continent of North America, the well-known facts I have just related, I deeply felt, and have ever since been of opinion, that there exists in the British peerage no name that is recollected in Canada by all parties with such affectionate regard as that noble Englishman and English nobleman, Charles Lennox, the late Duke of Richmond.”—pp. 98—107.

The duke's attack was caused by the bite of a tame fox; though it has been currently reported in Canada, and is yet believed by some, that he died from an assassin's pistol. This instance of strength of mind, and the scene of the consummation of the tragedy, will justify us in making another quotation from humbler life, presenting a no less striking proof of presence of mind, and accounting for the existence of decaying settlements in a new country.

“ In riding through the midland district I passed a log-hut which stood about one hundred yards from the road, in the centre of a clearance of about four acres.

“ As it had evidently been deserted many years, I inquired, as usual, of the person belonging to the township, who happened to be riding nearest to me, to whom it belonged ? in reply to which I received the following little story, which has since very often flitted across my mind.

“ The British emigrant who had reared this humble shanty was one day engaged in a remote part of his two-hundred-acre lot in ploughing a small space of ground which he had but partially cleared, and he was proceeding without his coat close to his plough, driving a yoke of oxen, when the animals, starting at some wild beast or other object which they saw in the forest, suddenly dragged the plough between an immense fallen tree and a stump, by which the driver's right foot and ankle were so firmly jammed, that the plough was not only completely stopped, but immoveably fixed.

“For a considerable time the poor fellow, standing with his left leg on his plough, suffered excruciating agony, from which he saw not the slightest chance of release. At times he almost fainted; but on recovering from his miserable dreams he always found himself in the same position—in the same agony—in the same writhing attitude of despair.

“In a fit of desperation he drew his knife from his belt, and for a few seconds meditated on endeavouring to release himself by cutting off his own foot; but reflection again plunged him into despair, and in this agony he remained until he bethought himself of the following plan.

“Stooping forwards, he cut the band that connected his oxen to the plough. As soon as they were at liberty he drew the patient animals towards him by the rope-reins he had continued to hold, and when their heads were close to him, he passed his hands down his naked arms, which for some time had been bleeding from the musquitoes that had been assailing them, and then daubing the points of the horns of both his bullocks with his blood, he cut their reins short off, and striking the animals with their reins they immediately left him, and, just as he had intended that they should, they proceeded homewards.

“On their arrival at his log-hut the blood on their horns instantly attracted the attention of a labourer who lived with him, and who, fancying that the animals must have gored their master, hastened to the clearance, where they found him, like Milo, fixed in the cleft oak, in the dreadful predicament I have described, and from which it was with the utmost difficulty that he could be released.

“I cannot accurately recollect whether or not the poor fellow suffered amputation; but his deserted log-hut, as I trotted by it, bore melancholy evidence that he had been unable to continue to labour as a back-woodsman, and that accordingly he had deserted it.”—pp. 92—94.

Did we not fear that our readers would think we were going to transcribe half the volume, we would gladly copy the simple, but touching little history of the emigrant's lark (p. 69.), which we heartily commend to our readers. But we must not close the volume without a word or two about Paddy across the Atlantic. Two or three anecdotes of him, told by Sir F. Head, show him to be the same thoughtless, fearless, heedless, good-natured, pugnacious, patriotic, rollicking “boy,” whether hunting, with a straw halter to his nag, over the stone walls and crags of Galway, or dashing along on a sledge, at rail-road speed, over the glare-ice of Canada. Here goes for him.

“The various forms of sleighs which are used in Canada, it

would be impossible to describe; some are handsomely painted bright scarlet, highly varnished, richly carved, and ornamented with valuable black bear-skin "robes," as they are termed; others are composed of an old English packing-case placed on runners. However, whatever may be their construction, their proprietors, rich or poor, appear alike happy.

"One healthy clear morning, accompanied by a friend, I was enjoying my early walk along the cliff which overhangs the bay of Toronto, when I saw a runaway horse and sleigh approaching me at full gallop, and it was not until both were within a few yards of the precipice, that the animal, suddenly seeing his danger, threw himself on his haunches, and then, turning from the death that had stared him in the face, stood as if riveted to the ground.

"On going up to the sleigh, which was one of very humble fabric, I found seated in it a wild young Irishman, and, as he did not appear to be at all sensible of the danger from which he had just been providentially preserved, I said to him,—*'You have had a most narrow escape, my man !'*

"*'Och ! your honour,'* he replied, *'it's nathing at arl. It's jist this bar as titches his hacks !'* And, to show me what he meant, he pulled at the reins with all his strength, till the splinter-bar touched the poor creature's thigh, when instantly this son of Erin, looking as happy as if he had just demonstrated a problem, triumphantly exclaimed,—*'There't is agin !'* And away he went, if possible, faster than before.

"I watched him till the horse galloped with him completely out of my sight; indeed, he vanished like a meteor in the sky, and where he came from, and where he went, I am ignorant to this day."—pp. 22—24.

The following must be genuine. When the insurgents were marching on Toronto, multitudes of loyal peasants poured in, and Sir Francis told them in the public square that they should immediately have arms and ammunition. "*If your honour will but give us ARMS,'* exclaimed a voice from the ranks, in a broad Irish brogue, *'the rebels will find LEGS !'*" (p. 173.) The next no one can doubt of: there are too many of Paddy's unmistakeable characteristics mixed up in it, to be a spurious imitation of the true Hibernian.

"*'What animals are those ?'* said a man through his nose on St. George's Day, as he pointed to the congregation of Lions with fists clenched ready to box, and of Unicorns quite as eager to butt, that were waving over his head [on the Union standard]. *'Is it animals you're spaking after ?'* sharply replied a young Irishman, who like the querist had been standing in the crowd, waiting to see the pro-

cession of Englishmen arrive : 'one of thim animals I till ye is THE IRISH HARP; and so get out o' that, ye —— Yankee, or I'll bate the sowl out o' ye!'

"Now it so happened that by the time the last words were ejaculated, the young Irishman's white teeth had almost reached the middle-aged querist's eyebrows; and as they were evidently advancing, and as the surgical operation proposed strongly resembled that of taking the kernel out of a nut, or an oyster out of its shell, the republican naturalist deemed it prudent instantly to decamp, or, as it is termed by his fellow countrymen, to '*absquantilate.*'"—pp. 193, 194.

We must now close the book, though not willingly; for we have left much that will fully repay perusal.

ART. X.—*Tales of the Century, or Sketches of the Romance of History, between the years 1746 and 1846.* By JOHN SOBIESKI and CHARLES EDWARD STUART. Edinburgh: Marshall, 1847.

THE authors of this little volume are two brothers, already known for their researches into Highland history. They inhabit a beautiful little river-island, given up to them by the good Lord Lovat, surrounded by scenery such as a romantic mind may desire—wild, broken, and richly wooded; "vitrified forts," waterfalls, ravines, and, not far off, one of the many concealments of the still-remembered Charles Edward, qualify it still farther for a residence to lovers of old days of chivalry and depositaries of their traditions. Upon this island is a house of fair and antique architecture, designed by the brothers themselves. All around it bespeaks good taste and quiet elegance, nor does the interior belie this promise. Ancient armour and old furniture, paintings and drawings by the owners' pencils, books in abundance, and implements of every engentling art, with symbols and tokens of religious thought, show at once that the inmates of the house, be they who they may, pretend to no aspiring fancies, and seek to honour the name which they bear, and the tartan, which they ever wear, by refined pursuits and unostentatious cultivation of the arts of life, rather than by any assumption of what the love of friends may attribute to

them. Only the motto carved over the porch records a thought upon it; and that is too deeply imbedded in a sacred feeling to be considered of the earth, earthly—

“DOMINUS DEDIT, DOMINUS ABSTULIT; SIT NOMEN DOMINI BENEDICTUM.”

The present volume will, therefore, be naturally considered by many as intended for a family history: but with this we have no concern. We are content to look at it, as it comes before the public, as a series of passages in the history of “bonnie Prince Charlie” and his family, worked up into the form of romance by means of personal narratives of inferior personages. We own that there is some confusion thus produced in the story, which loses connection, and becomes entangled. Moreover, the occasional length of dialogue and the Scotch phraseology, especially when downright Gaelic and explained, add still further to the embarrassment. However, leaving this far-found fault, we will give our readers a specimen of the powers of description exhibited in the work. It is a storm scene, of which the “Iolair-Dhearg,” that is, the “Red Eagle,” the idol of Highland hearts, is the hero.

“I folded my plaid about me, and hastened out towards the shore. As I approached, the deafening roar of the beach came like thunder through the darkness, and for a moment I could see the dim white mountain of foam and surf burst upon the rocks. The strand was crowded with people, and all the boats were drawn up high above the water. Numerous lanterns moved quickly along the craigs, or shone with a dim stationary glimmer through the storm-haze; but it was so dark, that I could scarce discern the white sheet of the surge which broke at my feet. The voice of the fishermen could scarce be heard through its roar, and it was only where the lanterns shed a dusk glimmer among the plaids and bonnets that I could discern the dense, still crowd which was gathered about me.

“All at once the broad glare of a fire-beacon rose up on the cliff, and shed its dusk red light over the rock, and the dark shadowy figures along the strand. As the tall fitful flame wavered on the wind, it threw its momentary flashes upon the tops of the mountain breakers, but all beyond was one black empty line of void darkness.

“I now discovered the pilots making signals at the tide-post. ‘Is it yet near the flood?’ said I to an old man who stood beside me.

“He stooped his lantern to the ground, and I saw that we stood upon the *green turf*, though the waves washed up to our feet. ‘A chial!’ I exclaimed, ‘is *this* the high-water-mark?’

“ ‘Never before, since the great flood of the world,’ replied the fisherman, ‘there’s no the oldest man on the coast has seen such a tide—at the highest she does na come to the bent hill, and now she’s gone ovr the *Brugich-mar*, and is out on the hail carse o’ Moi.’

“ ‘My God!’ I exclaimed, ‘and where are the cattle—the people?’

“ ‘Gone to the great deep!’ answered the fisherman.

“ ‘I stood silent and appalled. ‘To-night,’ said the old man, ‘is the anger of God in yonder water—and, ou! ye’ll see a sight when the morn breaks!’

“ ‘While we spoke, the heavy report of the guns continued at steady intervals, and I saw the red flash not above two hundred fathoms before us. As I listened for the shot, a feeble old man pushed through the crowd to the brink of the water, and as he looked upon the surf he clasped his hands and exclaimed, ‘O! Dhia! Dhia! an Eilean! an Eilean!’*’

“ ‘None had thought of it before—‘Who! who are *there?*’ cried several voices at once.

“ ‘Mo Nighean! Mo Nighean!’† exclaimed he.

“ ‘A murmur of horror rose from the crowd, and I remembered the light which I had seen at the hut as I returned home.

“ ‘It was on the wee green bank in the sand bent,’ said the old man to whom I had first spoken. It will be ae fathom under the water e’neu!’

“ ‘The father stood with his hands fast clenched, his eyes fixed in the darkness—he had no plaid nor bonnet, his breast was open to the rain, and his long grey hair whistled in the wind. Donald took off his own bonnet, and covered his head, but he did not move, nor speak, nor turn his face. The crowd gathered about him; but after the first inquiries, none spoke to him, for he did not answer. I turned away, for I could not look on his despair—and what could I say to him?’

“ ‘The people continued to reply to the minute guns with their lights; and there was now a distant fire burning on the opposite foreland of the sound, to direct the ship between the main and the isle. Before daylight the guns ceased; and we watched with intense anxiety for the dawn, to discover the situation of the ship. At length the day broke; the ridges of the waves came out to the grey light, but as the narrow channel appeared, *nothing* could be seen but the white terrific hurricane of water, and the black solitary head of Eilean-Marabh!’

“ ‘The little island was almost buried in the waves, and only the black point of its sharp rock could be distinguished amidst the surf. As the light advanced, however, I distinguished a white

* ‘The island! the island!’

† ‘My daughter! my daughter!’

object upon the summit; at first I thought it was but foam, but at length I saw it move, and taking the glass from the old pilot, discerned the shape of a human figure. The old fisherman snatched the glass out of my hand, and pointed it on the rock. It shook in the blast, but for a moment it came steady. The old man dropped it on the grass, and falling on his knees clasped his hands—‘Praise to God! praise to God! praise to God!’ he exclaimed! ‘She is *yet alive!*’

“I snatched up the glass, and distinguished the white slender figure of a girl upon the rock—her long pale hair flew uncovered in the blast, and as her white earasaid fluttered fast in the wind, she stood straight, fixed, and motionless, her hands clasped, and her face bent towards the shore; suddenly she waved her little slender hand in the wind, and the pale earasaid fluttered up towards us.

“‘*Am bàta! am bàta!*’ cried the old man with a terrible voice.*

“A sharp, deep, biorlinn lay drawn up beside us, and several powerful young fishermen leaned upon the gunwale—but none moved nor answered. The old man tottered forward to the stern—‘Donald! Aonghas! Eachain!’ he called, but none spoke out of the crowd. He wrung his hands—‘Men! *brothers! fathers!* he cried, ‘Will *none* go!’

“‘Alas!’ said Donald, ‘if they had the *blessed ship of Clanranald* they could not go!’

“At this moment the venerable priest of Port-Michael pressed through the crowd towards the old man.

“For a moment he stopped and spoke to the people, but they shook their heads and lifted their hands, and I could hear—“*A chial! a chial! cha n-e Fionn mòr féin!*”†

“The priest came forward to the old man, who had thrown himself on the turf, and strove to raise and console him; but he did but clench the grass, and shake his grey hair, and turn his face to the ground. The pastor looked suddenly to the crowd. ‘I have steered a boat myself,’ said he; ‘it is *possible*—with the help of God!’

“The water was still rising on the grass, and I looked anxiously towards the island. The white slender figure stood dim and motionless upon the rock; but at times I could see the fluttering earasaid waved up in the wind. Suddenly a tremendous breaker burst upon the island, and for a moment all seemed buried in the foam; a loud clamouring murmur went up from the crowd, and both Lord Grandton and the priest redoubled their incitement to the boatmen.

“At this moment the *Iolair-dhearg* came through the crowd—

* “A boat! a boat!”

† “Alas! alas! not the great Fingal himself!”

we stood motionless about the boat, and the old man knelt and clasped his hands, and cried—‘Ochòn! Mo ’Nigheann féin! Is mise tha sean, an-diugh, cha n-urraim mi ’n stiùir a chumail ni ’s mò.’*

“The priest stretched out his hand to the rock,—‘In the name of God, the God of battle and the storm,’ said he, ‘let some go to the help of that poor child!’

“The stranger laid his hand on the boat: ‘*Launch her away!*’ said he.

“The old man sprung on his feet, and the priest came eagerly forward. ‘Will you *indeed* go?’ exclaimed he. ‘But oh! *who* will go with you?’

“‘God and these good fellows,’ said the stranger, pointing to six young fishermen who had followed him; and throwing off his plaid, he leaped into the boat. The crowd gathered about the galley, and in a few moments the rudder was shipped, the sail unfurled, and the Iolair-dhearg stood with the sheet in his hand watching for the next wave. It came tumbling, foaming, roaring forward like a mountain, and burst along the coast in a hurricane of foam and thunder; the white froth lipped the the boat’s keel, but the next moment it retired, and the broad, smooth, foaming sheet swept raking down the beach. The stranger dropped into the stern sheet.

“‘*Let go!*’ cried he, and the long, black, slender galley shot down like an arrow amidst the receding water. In an instant the ebb took her away twenty fathom into the white tumult of surf; for a moment nothing appeared but the black rolling mast and the heads of the men—now up—now gone; but suddenly, the short white storm-sail rose in the wind. The boat shot up—away—over the next wave before it broke, and flew out through the terrific surf like a bird.

“The old man sunk on his knees, and clasped his hands, his sharp rigid face fixed towards the boat, and his low eager voice repeating,

“‘*God hold the helm! God hold the helm! God hold the helm!*’

“A deep breathless silence rested in the crowd, but at every interval, as the little white storm-sail shot up above the black gulf, by which it seemed momentarily buried, a hoarse deep murmur rose from the throng, and I heard,

“‘A chial! a chial! the terrible hand! the terrible hand on the helm!’

“Whenever we could see her, the boat held her course upon the island, without losing half a point from the wind; at last we could discern her approach the white head of foam.

“For a few moments it hovered round the black rock like a sea

* “Alas! my daughter, it is I that am old to-day and cannot hold the helm!”

swallow, till suddenly she went down the wind like a dart—‘She’s awa’ for the lea water!’ exclaimed a pilot—‘she’s awa’ for the lea water! and yon’s no the hand o’ man on the helm!’

“As he spoke, she disappeared behind the island, and we could see the little fluttering figure turn towards it—‘*A nis! a nis! a nis! a Dhia! a nis!*’* exclaimed the old man.

“At this moment a terrific explosion of lightning and thunder burst together over the island, and land, rock, water, vanished in one dazzling confusion of light. I opened my giddy sight; the white fragile figure was gone, and there appeared only the low, black, solitary helmet of the rock amidst the mountain of foam and spray.

“There was a fearful pause.

“Suddenly the white sail shot like a bird into our sight, and, free to the wind, flew towards the shore. Often it was lost for several moments, but again shot up nearer, and nearer, till at last we could see the long black boat riding like a witch-bark over the waves. The people crowded down to the water—the wave hid her from our sight—another—and another—again she shot up not sixty fathoms distant, and one long fearful roaring shoot came up twenty yards upon the smooth grass. In an instant, a hundred hands run her up out of the water, a loud bursting thunder of shouts rose up through the storm, the crowd parted asunder, and the *Iolair-dhearg* bore out the pale, weeping, fainting girl, and laid her in the arms of her father.”

We have no room for further extracts; but we shall be happy again to meet the brothers of *Eilean Agais*, whether in the wild regions of romance, or in the quieter field of literature. We believe that we are right in observing that this is about the first work, not of a religious character, that has issued from a Catholic publisher in Edinburgh. If so, we hope that it will be followed by others from the same quarter, which we heartily attest, deserves all our encouragement:

* “Now! now! now! O God, now!”

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

I.—*Annals of the Four Masters.* Dublin : 1846.

THIS most interesting and important volume, has come to our hands at too late a period for lengthened notice in the present number of the Dublin Review. We cannot, however, let the opportunity pass, without expressing our sense of the deep obligation which students of history in every country, but especially in Ireland, are under to the enterprising publisher, for the zeal which he has exhibited in carrying on such an arduous undertaking without interruption, the handsome style in which the book is brought out, and the moderate price at which, considering all things, it is offered for sale. To the work itself we shall return in our next number.

II.—*Euclid's Elements of Geometry, chiefly from the Text of Dr. Simpson, with Explanatory Notes; with a selection of Geometrical Exercises from the Senate House and College Examination Papers.* By ROBERT POTTS, M. A., Trinity College. Cambridge and London: 1845.

An Edition of Euclid's Elements is not a work in which to look for much originality, or from which to expect much beyond accuracy and simplicity. The present Edition, as far as we have examined it, is entitled to considerable praise in both particulars, and possesses besides many advantages for members of Cambridge University, some of which indeed will be found well worthy of the attention of students generally.

The Edition possesses a new feature, a historical introduction which contains a brief, but solid and interesting history of the science of Geometry.

III.—*The Life and Speeches of Daniel O'Connell, M. P.* Edited by his Son, John O'Connell, M. P., Kilkenny city; author of "An Argument for Ireland," "Repeal Dictionary," &c. Vol. II. Dublin: 1846.

WE have been agreeably surprised by the appearance of the second volume of this Memoir of our great Leader, in so short a time after the publication of the first; and our gratification

is increased by observing that the third volume is already in the press. We shall reserve, therefore, till the work shall have been completed, the notice which we have long contemplated.

The present volume embraces ten years of Mr. O'Connell's Life, (1814—1824,) years both personally and politically, among the most momentous in his eventful career. In truth, when we consider the vast amount of matter compressed into this *honest* volume, (it makes nearly six hundred crowded 8vo. pages,) we cannot withhold our commendation of the indefatigable energy of the Editor, who, amid his varied occupations, has found time for a work, which, though it be a labour of love, yet is at once so gigantic, and, from the imperfect nature of his materials, so full of difficulty.

The public interest of this portion of Mr. O'Connell's Memoirs lies chiefly in the memorable debates upon the Veto Question, in which he took a prominent and energetic part, and in the history of the formation of the Catholic Association—the first of those gigantic engines of constitutional agitation which he has taught the world to employ, and by which, in their various successive forms, he has extorted from an unwilling government so vast an amount of political amelioration for his country. But we doubt whether the reader will not turn with even more of curiosity, if not of interest, to the personal portion of the memoir—to Mr. O'Connell's encounter in his professional capacity, (in the case of Magee, Proprietor of the Dublin Evening Post,) with the notorious Saurin, at that time Attorney-General—to his unhappy and fatal duel with D'Esterre—and his interrupted "affair of honour" with Mr. Secretary Peel.

We cannot resist the temptation of transcribing the concluding passage of the Speech in the Magee case—a passage, which for dignified irony, and concealed but withering sarcasm, has never been surpassed in the annals of ancient or modern oratory.

"I conclude by conjuring the Court not to make this a precedent that may serve to palliate the acts of future and perhaps bad times. I admit, I freely admit, the Utopian perfection of the present period. We have every thing in the best possible state; I admit the perfection of the bench—I concede that there cannot be better times, and that we have the best of all possible prosecutors. I am one of those who allow, that the things that be could not be better. But there have been heretofore bad times, and bad times may come again; there have been partial, corrupt, intemperate, ignorant, and profligate judges; the bench has been disgraced by a Bilknap, a Tressilian, a Jefferies, a Scroggs, and an Alleybown. For the present there is no danger, but at some future period, such men may rise again, and if they do, see what an advantage they will derive from the precedent of this day, should it receive your lordship's sanction. At such a period it will not be difficult to find a suitable Attorney-General; some creature, narrow-minded, mean, calumnious, of inveterate bigotry, and dastard disposition, who will prosecute with virulence and malignity, and delight in punishment. Such a man will, with prudent care of himself, receive merited and contemptuous retort. He will safely treasure up his resentment for four months. His virulence will, for a season, be checked by his prudence, until at some safe opportunity, it will explode by the force of the fermentation of its own putrefaction, and throw forth its filthy and disgusting stores to blacken those whom he would not venture directly to attack. Such a man will, with shameless falsehood, bring sweeping charges against the population of the land, and afterwards meanly retract and deny them; without a particle of manliness or manhood, he will talk of bluster, and bravado, and courage; and he will talk of those falsely, and where a reply

would not be permitted. If such times arrive, my lords, the advocate of the accused will be sure not to meet what I should meet from your lordships this day, were I so attacked. No, my lords, the advocate of the accused will then be interrupted and threatened by the bench, lest he should wipe off the disgrace of his adversary—the foul and false calumnies that have been poured in upon him. The advocate then will not be listened to with the patience and impartiality with which, in case of a similar attack your lordships would listen to me. The then Attorney-General may indulge the bigoted virulence and the dastard malignity of an ancient and irritated female, whose feelings evaporate in words; and such judges as I have described, will give him all the protection he requires; and although at present such a dereliction of every decency which belongs to gentlemen would not be permitted, and would rouse your indignation, yet in such bad times as I have described, the foul and dastard assailant would be sure, in court and beyond it, to receive the full protection of the bench, whilst the object of his attack would be certain of meeting imprisonment and fine, were he to attempt to reply suitably. My lords, you who would act so differently—you who feel with me the atrocity of such a proceeding—you, my lords, will not sanction the attempt that has been made this day to convert the speech of counsel against the client, lest by doing so, you should afford materials for the success of any future Attorney-General, as I have endeavoured to trace to you. Before I sit down, I have only to add, that I know the reply of the Solicitor-General, will as usual be replete with talent; but I also know it will be conducted with the propriety of a gentleman, for he is a gentleman—an Irish gentleman; but great as his talents are, they cannot upon the present document injure my client. With respect to his colleague the Attorney-General, I have only to say, that whatever relates to him in my speech at the trial, was imperatively called for by his conduct there. As to him, I have no apology to make. With respect to him, I should repeat my former assertions. With respect to him, I retract nothing. I repent nothing. I never will make him any concessions. I do now, as I did then, repel every imputation. I do now, as I did then, despise and treat with perfect contempt every false calumny that malignity could invent, or dastard atrocity utter, whilst it considered itself in safety.”—pp. 57, 58.

In conclusion we repeat our hope that a very few months more may bring us the concluding volumes of this long-expected work. It is hardly necessary to repeat in addition, a hope which we have already expressed, that its publication may prove an additional stimulus to our venerable Leader himself, to prepare for the press those personal memoirs of which Mr. John O'Connell's first volume held out a partial promise.

IV.—*The Life of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, with those of St. Bridget and of St. Columba, Abbot and Apostle of the Northern Picts.* London, Dublin, and Derby: 1846.

EVERY addition to our stock of popular Hagiology is especially welcome at the present moment. These lives of our three national Patrons, though they cannot lay claim to any great merit, and indeed make no pretension to anything beyond accuracy and simple piety, are yet a step in the right direction. They may be taken as an evidence that the want is felt, and may incite others with more leisure and opportunity than the compiler, to supply what he has left unfinished.

When may we hope to see a series of the lives of our national Saints, similar in tone and in execution to those lives of the English Saints, whose appearance was the forerunner of the memorable

accession to the ranks of the Church which last year saw in England. Never was there a moment more propitious than the present. Never was the public mind directed to the study of our antiquities in a spirit of liberality if not of reverence, so remarkably as at the present time. Let it not be said that we lack the spirit or the capacity to avail ourselves of it.

V.—1. *The Book of Irish Ballads*. Edited by D. F. M'Carthy. (Duffy's Library of Ireland.) Dublin: 1846.

2. *Specimens of the early Native Poetry of Ireland in English Metrical Translations*. With Historical and Biographical Notices by HENRY R. MONTGOMERY. Dublin: 1846.

THE anticipations which, about twelve months since, we ventured to express in introducing "The Library of Ireland," and recommending it to public favour, have been, in many respects, far more than realised. Some of the volumes, it is true, bear marks, as might easily have been foreseen, of haste, and perhaps of over-enthusiasm. But it is impossible even for the most indifferent, we would even say, bigoted reader, not to acknowledge that the series as it stands contains a vast amount of most varied and useful matter, and that the works which it comprises, all, without exception, bear evidence of an energy of mind and an earnestness of purpose which afford the surest promise of permanent good.

Mr. M'Carthy's Book of Irish Ballads is intended as a sequel to the Ballad Poetry of Ireland already noticed in this Journal. The crowded state of our pages compels us to forego the pleasure of selecting a few specimens of its contents; and indeed we trust that the work itself is in the hands of most of our readers already. For those who may chance to recollect our notice of its companion volume, "The Ballad Poetry," it will be enough to say that Mr. M'Carthy has fully realised the expectation which his predecessor had created; and that his collection evinces the same refined taste, the same skill in selecting those points which may be fairly regarded as characteristically national, and the same delicate appreciation of the true spirit of poetry even when overlaid by verbiage, or marred by rude and inartificial versification. We have closed his charming little volume with but one regret—that his unduly sensitive modesty has excluded from the collection too large a proportion of his own sweet and simple poetry.

The "Specimens of Native Irish Poetry," though in title and appearance it closely resembles Mr. M'Carthy's volume, forms no part of the series, but is an independent publication, and compiled on a somewhat different plan. It does not comprise, like the former collections, any original pieces, but is confined to translations of Irish poetry, unaccompanied, however, by the originals. The

poetical specimens are illustrated by a running historical and biographical commentary, which, generally speaking, is executed with great taste and accuracy. The translations are selected chiefly from Miss Brooke, Drummond, Ferguson, Clarence Mangan, Walsh and Anster. We can only afford space for a single specimen, which (though the author was a foreigner) we choose as well for its own historic interest as for the strangely literal, and yet perfectly characteristic version which Mr. Mangan has contrived to give us.

This simple old piece is in the Irish language, and seems to have been written about the year 684.

PRINCE ALDFRID'S ITINERARY THROUGH IRELAND.

I.

"I found in Inisfail the fair,
In Ireland, while in exile there,
Women of worth, both grave and gay men,
Many clerics and many laymen.

II.

"I travelled its fruitful provinces round,
And in every one of the five I found,
Alike in church and in palace hall,
Abundant apparel and food for all.

III.

"Gold and silver I found, and money,
Plenty of wheat and plenty of honey;
I found God's people rich in pity,
Found many feast and many a city.

IV.

"I also found in Armagh, the splendid,
Meekness, wisdom, and prudence blended,
Fasting, as Christ hath recommended,
And noble councillors untranscended.

V.

"I found in each great church moreo'er,
Whether on island or on shore,
Piety, learning, fond affection,
Holy welcome and kind protection.

VI.

"I found the good lay monk and brothers,
Ever beseeching help for others;
And in their keeping the holy word,
Pure as it came from Jesus the Lord.

VII.

"I found in Munster unfettered of any,
Kings, and queens, and poets a many—
Poets well skilled in music and measure,
Prosperous doings, mirth and pleasure.

VIII.

"I found in Connaught the just, redundance
Of riches, milk in lavish abundance,
Hospitality, vigour, fame,
In Cruachan's land of heroic name.

IX.

"I found in the country of Connall the glorious,
 Bravest heroes, ever victorious;
 Fair complexioned men and warlike,
 Ireland's lights, the high, the starlike.

X.

"I found in Ulster from hill to glen,
 Hardy warriors, resolute men;
 Beauty that bloomed when youth was gone,
 And strength transmitted from sire to son.

XI.

"I found in the noble district of Boyle,
 (M. S. *here illegible*.)
 Brehons, Ercnachs, weapons bright,
 And horsemen bold and sudden in fight.

XII.

"I found Leinster the smooth and sleek,
 From Dublin to Sleumargy's peak;
 Flourishing pastures, valour, health,
 Long-living worthies, commerce, wealth.

XIII.

"I found besides, from Ara to Glea,
 In the broad rich country of Ossorie,
 Sweet fruits, good laws for all and each,
 Great chess-players, men of truthful speech.

XIV.

"I found in Meath's fair principality,
 Virtue, vigour, and hospitality,
 Candour, joyfulness, bravery, purity,
 Ireland's bulwark and security.

XV.

"I found strict morals in age and youth,
 I found historians recording truth;
 The things I sing of in verse unsmooth,
 I found them all—I have written sooth."—pp. 61-5.

We feel the more pleasure in recommending this pretty volume to the patronage of our readers, because it proceeds from a quarter which, though diametrically the opposite of ours both in religion and politics, yet has done a great deal in a variety of ways for the advancement of literature and art in Ireland.

VI.—*Cantica Spiritualia: oder Auswahl der Schönsten Geistlichen Lieder alterer Zeit, in ihren originalen Sangweisen.* Zweiter Band. 4to. München, 1846.

[*Cantica Spiritualia: or a Selection of the best Sacred Hymns of the Olden Time, arranged to the Original Airs, Vol. II.* 4to. Munich, 1846.]

THE Germans have long been famous for the variety and beauty of their sacred music, and for the purity and excellence of the hymns in popular use in their congregations. The present collec-

tion, if we may judge from the specimen of it now before us, appears fully to sustain this character. It comprises about twenty hymns, — all of them, without exception, exceedingly beautiful. The words, it is hardly necessary to say, are German ; but so simple, generally, is the structure of the versification, and so easy and natural the train of thought, that we can hardly imagine a less difficult task than to translate them into equally effective English verse. We have not had an opportunity of examining any of the other parts which have been published ; but if they be equal in merit to that now before us, we would earnestly press upon our German students the propriety of translating, at least a selection, for popular use in our own congregations.

VII.—*The Life of James Gandon, Esq., Architect, with original Notices of Contemporary Artists and Fragments of Essays.* From materials collected by his Son. Prepared for publication by the late T. J. MULVANEY, Esq., R. H. A. 8vo. Dublin, 1846.

WE have received this volume at so late a period that we can do no more than announce its appearance, which is another evidence of the progress of national art in Ireland.

At first sight it might seem that the life of a private individual, published many years after his death, however it may be regarded by his personal friends or those of his family, can possess but little interest for general readers. But this would be a great mistake in the case of the present memoir. Mr. Gandon's connexion with our city, as the architect of the noblest of our public edifices, has associated his name with the history of art in Ireland ; and the volume, besides the details of his own private life, is filled with interesting notices of the contemporary artists, Hone, Ashford, Waldre, Fisher, Hamilton, Barry, and Comerford.

It contains, moreover, several interesting essays, or fragments of essays, from the pen of this eminent architect ; and from the number of letters, diaries, and memoranda, which it includes, possesses nearly all the interest of an autobiography.

VIII.—*A Manual of Gothic Architecture.* By F. A. PALEY. With nearly Seventy Illustrations. London : 1846.

MR. PALEY'S neat and useful manual, like the work which we have just been noticing, may be taken as an evidence, though in a very different direction, of the tendency of the public mind beyond the channel. It is one of the many publications which have resulted from that movement in favour of antiquity to which we owe so much of the good which has been effected in England.

The Manual, though compiled chiefly for "those who desire to

learn a little of ecclesiastical antiquities," appears to us, as far as we have been able to examine it, very complete, accurate, and comprehensive; and at a time when Gothic architecture is so universally studied and admired, we regard its appearance as a great public advantage. A correct taste can only be the result of accurate knowledge; and if we wish to stimulate artists to a thorough study of their profession, we know no surer course than to place within the reach of the public who employ them, the means of ascertaining, without much labour, the principles of the science—at least those which are essential to the preservation of its true character.

IX.—*Thoughts on some Important Points relating to the System of the World.* By J. P. NICHOL, L.L.D. Edinburgh: 1846.

EVERY reader of Dr. Nichol's former volumes, "The Architecture of the Heavens," and "The Solar System," will join with us in welcoming any work upon astronomical subjects from his brilliant pen. But the present is especially interesting, because it is intended as a supplement of the author's previous works, and as a modification, or rather retraction, of certain views contained therein. This modification chiefly regards his theory of the nebular hypothesis. We have already adverted to this subject,* and we shall probably have occasion to return to it at no distant period. For the present we can only record the following explanation of Dr. Nichol's view in the composition of this treatise;

"The action, although only began, of the great telescopes which science owes to the genius and labour of the Earl of Rosse, have somewhat altered the views which I formerly gave to the public as the highest then known and generally entertained regarding the structure of the heavens; and I deemed it a duty, to offer, by way of supplement to my previous work, a brief and early account of the modifications thereby impressed on the questions it undertook to discuss. These modifications are in every way remarkable in detail; witness the extraordinary revolutions regarding the shapes and internal constitution of the stellar clusters, which through the kindness of that noble Earl, I am enabled very fully to present; but in regard of one especial and very important point, his Lordship has wholly subverted the opinion of his illustrious predecessor. The supposed distribution of a self-luminous fluid, in separate patches, through the heavens, has beyond all doubt been proved fallacious by that most remarkable of telescopic achievements—the revolution of the great Nebula in Orion into a superb cluster of stars: this discovery necessitates important changes in previous speculations in cosmogony."—*Preface*, pp. 5, 6.

We must abstain for the present from any discussion of Dr. Nichol's present views of this most important subject. The style of his new volume is much more declamatory and discursive than that of its predecessors, though they also were open to objections in this particular. But his facts are highly interesting and valuable, and his illustrations are very numerous, and in the highest degree satisfactory.

* See vol. xviii. pp. 34-40.

X.—*De Regularium et Sæcularium clericorum Juribus et Officiis, liber singularis.* Auctore MARIANO VERHOEVEN. Fonteyn, Louvain: 1846.

THE object of the learned author of this work, who is Professor of Canon Law in the Catholic University of Louvain, is to define clearly the rights and exemptions of regulars, according to Canon Law, since the Council of Trent; so as to show in what matters, and in what degree respectively, they are subject to Episcopal authority, and where they are not. It is not a book written to favour one side or the other; it is a mere legal essay, in which every modern decision and authority is conscientiously collected and brought to bear upon the question in hand. We consider it, therefore, a valuable addition to our practical treatises on Canon Law: and recommend it to the notice of all, who from position have ever to deal with the delicate matters of jurisdiction there treated of.

XI.—*La Lecture de la Sainte Bible en langue vulgaire.* Par J. B. MALOU. 2 vols. 8vo. Fonteyn, Louvain: 1846.

THIS is the fullest treatise yet published on this most important question. The learned author is Superior of the principal Theological College in Louvain, and Professor of Theology in the University. We have no room here for any analysis, still less for any copious and detailed account of its various important parts. We have good reason to believe that a translation into English will soon be prepared for publication; but we trust before its appearance to make the merits of the work more fully known.

XII.—*The Topography of Rome and its vicinity.* By SIR WILLIAM GELL. A new Edition, revised and enlarged by E. H. BUNBURY, Esq. London, H. Bohn: 1846.

WE are glad to see this new edition of a most useful and interesting work: one almost equally necessary to the scholar at home, as to the traveller abroad. It consists of a topographical dictionary of all places, ancient or modern, which come within the range of a moderate-minded antiquarian, who makes Rome his centre. It was originally intended as an index to Sir W. Gell's Map of the Campagna Romana, and we believe suggested the idea of Nibby's more learned work on the same subject. We know not whether Lord Chesterfield's hounds have marred the true "sport" of a resident in Rome, the hunting for ruins, beating cover for substructions, unearthing a water-course, and giving chase over hill and dale to a villa which somebody has seen somewhere, he believes

near the Latin road, but has lost it again ; till you think you have it in sight, when on you pursue, and come up to it, just to find that it is only that horror of an unenthusiastic antiquarian—a reservoir for water. No one but a brother of the angle can, we should think, compare with a thorough-bred archæologue, in patient contentment with very slight remuneration for a day of what any but himself would call toil. A very few bricks, which nobody else has before seen, found under a bush in the inexhaustible Campagna, or among the *dumeta* of the Alban hills, quite satisfy his appetite for the old, after a day's forage. And thrice happy does he return home, if he can have carried one away, with the imprint of some ancient brick-maker still on it ! Seriously however, it is a pleasant occupation, this antiquarianizing over that splendid Campagna, with its brown hillocks, its fringe of sea on one side, and its frame of lovely hills on the other, with its bestriding aqueducts, and straggling lines of tombs, and broken masses of ruins, and stiff old feudal towers, and slovenly but picturesque *casales*, and oriental-looking patches of pines, and little blue lakes in *tufo* basins, and hidden nooks of verdure and shade, fit for hermits, and known only to the initiated, to those who have cropped the water-cresses of the Oso, and filled their cauldron from its bubbling stream. And those strange Osterias on the old road sides, with such savoury names, the *Aglia*, and *Finocchio*,* connected with all sorts of bandit tales, so that they almost seem haunted by the shades of sugar-loaf hats and well-thonged sandals, with nothing but a blunderbuss mouthed like a speaking-trumpet for a body to join them ; how delicious does the "small-wine" taste at them, vinegar though it be, as you come home from your ramble. Then, if ever you have been on a torch-light expedition to carry away half an old amphora, and a couple of broken pipkins, in which may be Cincinnatus cooked his turnips or bean-porridge, you will know what a zest antiquarianism can give to the exercise of acquisitiveness on archæological remains. But seriously once more, it is a delightful occupation. We pity the man who has not seen the sun rise behind the Sabine hills, himself standing on the summit of the Mons Albanus, nor seen it set in the azure Mediterranean, through the cypresses of Mondragone ; who has not looked down into the mirror of Nemi from the Cappuccini of Genzano, or gazed on lordly Rome, basking in the sunshine, from the bulwarks of the Tusculan hills. And yet each and every of these, aye and a thousand more such pleasant sights, invariably connect themselves in memory with some antiquarian object, sought through them, some dark *emissarium*, or pavement, or bit of ruin. And when we further associate with them the means of getting at them, the strange beasts and the strange caparisons above which one finds oneself placed, and all the small romance of a troop so appointed dashing through puddle and over

* Garlick, Fennel.

rock, truly the quest after antiquarian adventure looks no unpleasant thing.

But really we are forgetting poor Sir William Gell, and his meritorious labours. Not thus pleasant to him was the task which he undertook. When he made his Map of the Campagna, it must be remembered that he was not only a martyr to gout, but a cripple by it; that he never was exempt from suffering, and that his enemy sometimes had possession of seven different points in his bodily dominions. He was generally obliged to go in a carriage to take his observations; and he certainly made such a vehicle go where none had probably gone before, unless it was some ancient *rheda*. Sometimes, however, this was impracticable; a litter, or a horse, was his only resource; and then arming himself with his own cheerful courage and a good dose of colchicum, he quietly took his triangles, and his fortnight of extra-twinges of gout. This was indeed a "pursuit of learning under difficulties," which justly calls for our praise; and this circumstance will fully excuse any imperfections that may be found in his work. Mr. Bunbury's improvements too deserve the thanks of every scholar, as they add great value to Sir William's original.

XIII.—*The Works of Frederick Schiller. Historic and Dramatic.*
2 vols. II. Bohn, London: 1846.

THESE form two additional volumes of Mr. Bohn's Standard Library, other portions of which we have already noticed. The historical works now published are "The Thirty Years' War," and "The Revolt of the Netherlands." The poetical volume contains the three parts of "Wallenstein," and "William Tell." Of Wallenstein, the two last parts are Coleridge's translation, with corrections, as parts were omitted by him. But the first part, "Wallenstein's Camp," is the version of the late Mr. Churchill, published originally in Fraser's Magazine. It certainly triumphs most remarkably over extraordinary difficulties. As an instance we may notice the happy rendering of the Capuchin's sermon, which seemed to defy translation. Mr. Bohn's services to literature by the publication of this series cannot be too highly prized.

XIV.—*Conversations on some of the Elements of Natural Philosophy.* By
MAMMA. Intended for the Use of Young Persons. Richardson
and Son, London: 1846.

THERE is an agreeable hour's reading in this little work, which seems to be a record of the miscellaneous information of an intelligent person; as such it may amuse, and probably excite a desire for further information in young people; but as an elemen-

tary work, or one calculated to convey regular instruction it must not be considered. Botany, mineralogy, horticulture—the bee, the rainbow, the Giant's Causeway, are treated of and dismissed in a few chapters. The subjects are thrown together without arrangement, and scientific terms introduced without an attempt at explanation.

XV.—*The Christmas Holydays in Rome.* By the Rev. WM. INGRAHAM KIP, M. A. Edited by the Rev. W. SEWELL. London, Longman: 1847.

A CATHOLIC will not take up a book edited by Mr. Sewell, from the slightest expectation of having his feelings much gratified. As well might he look for grapes on the thorn, as for favour from *him*. Mr. Kip, whose work he edits, is an American clergyman, who visited Rome about Christmas, that he might witness some Church functions. We naturally expected that the main part of his volume would be occupied with detailing the success of his researches. Such, however, is not the case. If he really did want to see the offices of the Church, at that holy season, and went all the way to Rome for that purpose, he did not take much pains for its accomplishment. We could enumerate a multiplicity of very interesting and beautiful ones, which he clearly overlooked—either knew nothing of, or took no trouble to go to them. But this is not the worst. While attending at those which he did see, he acknowledges total ignorance of what was going on; so that at Mass on Christmas night, he did not know what better to do than to examine first the Cardinals' heads (cranioscopize them we suppose) and then Michael Angelo's picture. And on the next day at the great High Mass, the thing which interested him most was hearing the Nicene Creed sung in Greek, after it had been sung in Latin, which he most certainly did not hear. For it is not the Creed, but the Gospel, that is sung in two languages: and even that was not done on that occasion, because the Pope did not himself officiate, but only a Cardinal. Though, sooth to say, we could not take Mr. Kip's bungling statements as evidence even of this simple fact. Then too he did not like the Pope's choir in his chapel, because they had no organ accompaniment, which he says they had in the choir of St. Peter's one afternoon that he heard Vespers there—the poor good soul having imagined that he had there heard the same choir, and moreover seen a Cardinal officiate—all which we beg to tell him was a fancy of his own.

Really from beginning to end of the book, there is hardly one thing set on its right end; there is ignorance, impertinence, bigotry, and self-sufficiency enough for three protestant tours; and a total inability to appreciate or comprehend the merest elements of Catholic feeling. There is one advantage, however, in all this;

and it is, that when such a writer as this does say anything favourable to us, there can be no danger of flattery, and no suspicion of undue kindness. We will therefore conclude, in as good humour as we can, with two extracts, even in which, however, the evil leaven will show itself.

“But in the wide Transepts is a sight which cannot but arrest the attention of every one who is sighing for Catholic unity, and remind him of those days when every nation acknowledged the same faith, and with one voice professed the same creed. There, are arranged the boxes for the confessional in every language. Not only are those of Europe to be seen inscribed over these places, but also its various dialects, and the strange tongues of the East. Thus the wanderer from every land, who worships in these rites, beholds provision made for his spiritual wants. ‘There is one spot where the pilgrim always finds his home. We are all one people when we come before the altar of the Lord.’* Such are represented as the words of Marco Polo, in the thirteenth century, and here, to the member of the Church of Rome, they are realised. He comes to what he regards as the Mother Church of Christendom, and learns that he is not a stranger or an alien. He can unburden himself to a priest of his own land, and the consolations of his faith are doubly sweet when conveyed to him in the familiar words of ‘his own tongue, wherein he was born.’ With the errors of Rome we have no sympathy; we feel and realise how much she has fallen from the simplicity of the faith; yet Catholic traits like this, none but the most prejudiced can refuse to admire. They show the far-reaching wisdom of that church—that, overlooking the distinctions of climate and country, and recognising her field of labour to extend wherever there is a degraded being to listen to her message, she is resolute to ‘inherit the earth.’”—pp. 27, 28.

“They still use those old austere chants of surpassing beauty, which have been handed down to them through centuries—the Lydian and Phrygian tunes, first introduced into the Western Churches by St. Ambrose. St. Augustine listened to them in the church of Milan, when he represents himself as being melted to tears, and even expressed the fear lest such harmonious airs might be too tender for the manly spirit of Christian devotion.† Mingled with these were the richer Roman chants which were collected by Gregory the Great, and bear his name. They sang the Psalms for the evening, and I rejoice that I knew they were uttering inspired words; for the music, as it swept by us in a perfect flood of harmony, seemed too sweet and heavenly to be addressed to any but God alone. The organ mingled its rich mellow tones with the voices which were thus pouring out their melody, sweet incense filled the chapel as they flung high their golden censers, and we remained listening to the delicious sounds until the whole was over, and the procession once more took its way through the church.”—pp. 32, 33.

XVI.—1. *A Voice to Protestants.* London, 1846.

2.—*The Catholic Bouquet.* By a Lady, a convert. London, Dublin, and Derby, 1846.

3.—*A Wreath out of the Roses of Loretto, or Rhymes to our Lady: being a Paraphrase of the Litany.* Derby: 1846.

THESE are slight but interesting tributes to our holy faith from souls whom it has pleased God to make happy by enabling them to

* Sir Francis Palgrave's *Merchant and Friar*, p. 133.

† “Sometimes, from over jealousy, I would entirely put from me and from the church the melodies of the sweet chants which we use in the Psalter, lest our ears seduce us; and the way of Athanasius, Bishop of Alexandria, seems the safer; who, as I have often heard, made the reader chant with so slight a change

embrace it. We recommend them heartily to all our readers ; and as an additional inducement to the purchase of the pretty little volume of poetry entitled "The Catholic Bouquet," we may add that the profits of its sale are to be applied to the benefit of a charity school.

XVII.—*Reasons for declining to sign the Thirty-nine Articles.* London, Dublin, and Derby, 1846.

WE have seldom experienced more gratification than in the perusal of this short, but original, and extremely solid pamphlet. We regret that our narrow limits render even an outline of the argument impossible. It must suffice for the present to say, that the chief ground of exception which the writer takes against the Articles is their *negative* character, and the fact that, "upon points of faith which have received the testimony of holy men, they require the subscriber to pass negative judgments."

To this negative class he refers the sixth, fourteenth, nineteenth, twenty-first, twenty-second, twenty-fifth, twenty-eighth, thirty-first, and thirty-seventh. By these articles the subscriber's faith is merely limited, not directed.

"From their restrictive force then, all the foregoing Articles concerning Transubstantiation, and the Ordinances of Confirmation, Penance, Orders, Matrimony, and Extreme Unction, the infallibility of the Church, the Divinity of certain accredited Books, the inspiration of Councils, the availability of the Mass,—all these foregoing may be properly called (according to the sense above attributed to the word) negative propositions, i. e. propositions containing privative judgments concerning the faith, or doctrines connected with the faith.

"Now these judgments are of such a kind, that they never can be certainly said to be just by any man when asserting them, deciding as men do, and must do, when so asserting them, upon the grounds of the contrary being impossible; for in this they are presuming from a faculty of judgment circumscribed to cases of *ascertained* conditions, to pronounce against positions whose possibility (however strange and unaccountable they may appear, when couched in human language,) lies in an *infinite and all-sufficient* condition—and that is the power of God, which is Almighty: and therefore to oppose, on the ground of its being impossible, a position of faith, is to touch that article (the 6th in our Creed) concerning the Lord's ascension into heaven, and session, wherein God, at whose right hand he sits, is declared "Almighty." Wherefore there is nothing too hard to be believed on account of its stating something that addresses our wonder only."—pp. 6, 7.

That this character of negation was common to every form of heresy and unbelief, and that, in fact, the heresy or infidelity consisted in the denial, (the positive points of their system being for the most part orthodox,) he shows by an analysis of all the ancient and modern heresies. Thence he concludes,—

"The facts then concerning the statements of heterodox teachers fully esta-

of note, that it was more like speaking than singing. And yet, when I call to mind the tears I shed when I heard the chants of Thy Church in the infancy of my recovered faith, and reflect that at this time I am affected, not by the mere music, but by the subject, brought out, as it is, by clear voices and appropriate tune; then, in turn, I confess how useful is the practice."—*Confessions*, x. 50.

blishes what the cavilling, undermining bias would lead us to suspect of men when injuring the faith.—That, as the judgments which they pronounce are just contrary to the faith they impugn, which is substantial, dogmatic and tangible, instead of counter positions being made, and fables invented by them, they have uniformly attempted to lower, to lessen, or to deny positive doctrines, either by paring them down, or substituting deficient propositions, or lower principles, sometimes omitting the truth, or else giving a partial statement of it: in one word, all that is positive in their tenets is (though without acknowledgment,) purloined from the common stock, which they despise, while nothing can be called their own but the hole they make in it.

“Heresy, therefore, which is only a partial infidelity, denying some points while infidelity denies the whole, has this same feature inseparable from it: ‘That while it offers nothing new to the belief, it takes away from the former property of the faith, its formal positions only offer something as food for disbelief.’ The characteristic of all these is that of a *negation*.

“If such then is the constant and unavoidable attendant of denying doctrines, how can we presume to judge of Articles of faith which have been attested by wise and holy men?”—pp. 33, 34.

We can only find room for the closing paragraph.

“How then, when such is the end of faith, its indispensable necessity, can we any longer hesitate to throw ourselves fully, and freely into that frame, so agreeable to our dependant nature? and if we are not, (as indeed we are not,) capable to know the truth of things previous to a belief of them, if there be nothing so seemingly exceeding possibility, which should transcend our belief of it, shall we in such a mind make ourselves a party to a condemnation of those parts of faith, received as they have been by the wise and good of so many ages, which we see have been discountenanced in such of the thirty-nine articles, as I have before quoted as negative, (some of which Bishop Burnet has designated in the same manner,)—the articles of ‘No Works of Supererogation,’ ‘No Infallibility,’ ‘No Security in General Councils,’ ‘No Purgatory,’ ‘No Sacramentality in Confirmation, in Penance, in Orders, in Matrimony, in Extreme Unction,’ ‘No Transubstantiation,’ ‘No Papacy?’

“Being of the class of privative judgments, upon points of faith, which have been accredited by the holiest and wisest of men, it is not safe to set up one’s own judgment against them; for whoever, in this life, rejects a dogma, should mind that he is not taught by any warrant of religion, to expect to partake of the good things, the first veiled and humble manifestation of which he has on earth scorned, nor of the knowledge of those mysteries whose existence he has denied. If we ‘now know not the Lord by faith,’ we are not to hope for ‘the fruition of his glorious Godhead’ hereafter. Seeing, then, such dangers pending on a disbelief of those very things, which these articles gainsay, I cannot, I feel, become a party to them, until I am satisfied that I am capable of taking the condemnatory office assigned to him who signs them, of pronouncing as untrue the doctrines they impugn.”—pp. 46, 47.

XVIII.—*Tracts for the Improvement of our Popular Literature.* London, 1846.

We know not the quarter from which this little series emanates, and it would not be prudent to pronounce an opinion from so small a specimen as that which lies before us; but if the tracts be written upon the principles laid down in the preliminary dissertation, and if care be taken to avoid offensive religious topics, we should augur much good from the success of such a publication.

Of the popular literature of England—even the very best class—the author observes with very great justice:

“The greater part of even Shakspeare’s pieces amuse or impress, but do not

instruct or improve us. Now, the original and proper end of Tragedy at least, was, even with the ancients, to *improve*. We derive little advantage from knowing how Romeo and Juliet cherished an unfortunate attachment; how Hamlet wavered long before he made up his mind to an equivocal enterprise; how Othello, jealous and deluded, committed a horrid crime. More benefit ever results from cheering rather than from terrifying men; more from exhibiting others enduring patiently their misfortunes, and borrowing succour from religion and philosophy, than from representing them pusillanimously succumbing to fortune, passionately accusing it, or wildly avenging themselves. Samson Agonistes has been, or is calculated to be of more use to the world, than the Masque of Comus, or any other of Milton's writings, simply because it abounds in magnanimous reflections, adapted to support men under misfortune. The best Christian may, for the same reason, read with no small advantage, the Tusculan disputations of Cicero and parts of Seneca's writings. Fancy and taste can scarcely be more idly employed than in merely delineating the passions or in aimlessly showing how these may, by ambition, love or misfortune, be blown into storm. Fancy and taste can scarcely be more usefully employed than in representing a good man maintaining purity, simplicity and honesty amid surrounding corruption, and consoling himself under misfortune, suffering and obloquy, by just reflections, by mild sentiments of his fellow-men, by confidence in God, and by unwavering and calm performance of all his religious and social duties. Literature has almost entirely neglected and contemned such illustrations and such scenes, which however, besides their capability of being rendered of the greatest practical use, furnish materials of truer and loftier sublimity than all heroic and romantic fiction. This world is, as I shall elsewhere endeavour to show, very much one of suffering and probation, and those works will ever be most suitable and profitable, which teach men content, patience, self-restraint, moderation in desire, calmness, fortitude, hope."—pp. 5, 6.

"In these respects, some of the most distinguished of our modern novelists, have pursued, unhappily, a widely contrary plan. Pelham, for example, is the sketch of a character, whom the world had better never been formally brought acquainted with. A man disagreeable by heartlessness, conceit, and by the meanness of his ambition in his early years, turns out at length a character in no ways better than multitudes who have never been disfigured by his early sickly failings and affectations. But why depict a character so ordinary, so unimportant, and which, if fitted to exert any influence at all, is most likely to exert a pernicious one? Is Pelham drawn as a warning, or as a model? One might almost suspect that the author meant it for the latter, and that he had a secret affection for his subject. If it was drawn as a warning, besides that it does not sufficiently appear this was the author's design, it seems to me that the best reproof for characters so trivial and insipid, were to neglect, were not to depict them. An artist should not select a subject unworthy of his pencil, nor should a satirist give perpetuity to errors, the very frivolity of which, affords a security against their becoming deeply or widely dangerous to propriety or morals. There is something revolting, too, in being called upon to witness in works of mere fiction and entertainment, a minute and elaborate anatomy of human nature's most loathsome degenerations, and, under the pretence that it is to amend and correct, to be invited to endure a prolonged exhibition of the follies, degradations, basenesses of our fellows! When Scripture or high moralists expose, for an end that excuses the means, the vices of our race, we can support it. The occasion is painful, but it is also grave and useful. It is different when an author who writes at once for his own *amusement* and that of the public, blends, in incongruous and unnatural connexion, the most humiliating and sobering views of his fellow men, with efforts at mirth and jesting."—pp. 16, 17.

We regret that it is not in our power to transcribe a few extracts from the Sacred Drama, "Elijah the Tishbite." which forms the first number of the series. It evinces very considerable genius, and the versification is agreeable. But our disposable space is already exhausted, and, at all events, we shall be doing our readers a real pleasure, if we refer them to the little volume itself, both for the Introduction and the Drama.

- XIX.—1. *The Life of St. Vincent of Paul, translated from the French.* London, Dublin, and Derby: 1846.
- 2.—*Catholic Biography; or Lives of many Persons eminent for Sanctity in various states of Life.* London, Dublin, and Derby: 1846.
- 3.—*The Benefits of Religion; from the French of Delacroix.* By C. C. London: 1846.

WE have classed these books together, though the last is of a very different character from its companions, because the object of all is the same—to convey instruction and edification in an agreeable and interesting form.

The Life of St. Vincent of Paul is an extremely well-written abridgment of Pere Collet's large life of this great saint. His virtues were precisely of that order the consideration of which is most suited to the spirit of the present time—active, yet animated by the holiest and most sublime aspirings—combining almost the extreme of self-mortification and self-abasement, with the most tender charity for the frailty of others, and the most unaffected sympathy for all the wants and wretchednesses of human nature. The admirable brotherhood of this great saint has extended itself into almost every Catholic circle throughout the country, and this biography of their great patron will form one of the best manuals from which to draw those lessons of charity and virtue which his life exemplifies.

What the life of St. Vincent is to the members of his brotherhood, the Catholic Biography is intended to be to Christians of every class. The title will sufficiently explain the nature and object of the work. We would gladly offer some specimens of the manner in which it is executed; but we are forced to content ourselves with the following lines on the death of St. Francis Xavier.

“O earth, behold him here!
The light that lit these eyes seems scarcely fled;
His lips still seem as burdened with a prayer,
But, ah! he's dead.

“He's dead!—alas, he's dead!
O God! how precious such a death as his!
To Thee now full of praise—to us of dread—
To him of bliss.

“Now is his glory's height;
Ne'er did it beam so brilliantly as now:
Never did life shed such a brilliant light
Upon his brow!

“Here, on this island strand,
The scene of his last glorious works, he dies!
The ocean, that oft crouched beneath his hand,
Before him lies,

“Rolling beneath his feet,
As if in homage it would own his sway;
Kissing where he had trod, as if to greet
His lifeless clay.

“ Peaceful his sleep to-day;
See Heaven’s own calm is beaming thro’ his smile,
Lighting, with its mysterious saintly ray
This lonely isle.

“ Land of his dying love!
Land of his fevered dream and calm intent;
Oh! that it had been given thee to prove
That love’s extent!

“ And orphaned India weep;
Thou who didst prove him, can thy tears be dried?
Where wilt thou find a father now, to keep
Watch by thy side?

“ To bear thee on his breast,
To watch thy tottering footsteps lest thou fall,
To lead thee sweetly to thine only rest,
Thy God and all?

“ Lord, India calls for aid!
He too who loved her stands before thy throne,
Pity her for the sake of him who made
Her griefs his own.”—pp. 41, 42.

“ The Benefits of Religion ” is an interesting sketch of the various religious orders devoted to works of mercy, which have from time to time arisen in the Church. It is impossible to place in a stronger light the practical charity which is the great characteristic of all the institutions of the Church. The translation is very judicious, and well-timed.

XX.—*Introduction to Zoology.* For the Use of Schools. By ROBERT PATTERSON. Part I. Invertebrate Animals. With upwards of 170 illustrations. London: 1846.

THE propriety of introducing such treatises as this into the ordinary educational course of schools, may perhaps be questioned; and there is no doubt that upon a large proportion of children it would be entirely thrown away. But there are many children to whom the study must not only prove interesting for its own sake, but an agreeable incitement to the pursuit of knowledge generally.

The present treatise appears to us admirably adapted for the use of young students. It is extremely simple, and full of that quiet interest which attracts without exciting the young mind. The arrangement is excellent; the illustrations are well chosen, and executed with great care and sufficient elegance; and the price is such as to place the book within the reach even of the humblest student.

XXI.—*The Art of Dying Well.* Translated from the Latin of Cardinal Bellarmine. By the REV. JOHN DALTON. London: 1846.

CARDINAL BELLARMINÉ’S fame popularly rests upon his immortal

Controversies. But his memory is still more endeared to the religious Catholic by his inimitable spiritual and ascetic works. "The Art of Dying Well" has long been popular on the continent. It would be presumptuous to offer a word of commendation of it; but we cannot omit to express our gratitude to Mr. Dalton for his very pleasing and solid translation.

XXII.—1 *The First Feast of Corpus Domini, with a Tale of the Civil Wars.*

2.—*The Mass Catechism; being an Easy and Simple Explanation of the Ceremonies and Prayers of the Holy Sacrifice.*

3.—*The Knowledge and Love of Saint Joseph.*

4. *Nine Days' Devotion; or, a Novena preparatory to the Feast of St. Patrick.*

5.—*The Golden Book; or, Humility in Practice.*

6.—*Devout Prayers, in Honour of the Holy Name of Mary.*

7.—*The Life of Brother Martin, of Jesus Crucified.*

8.—*The Old Fashion Farmer's Motives for Leaving the Church of England, and embracing the Roman Catholic Faith.*

9.—*The Conversion to the Roman Catholic Faith, and Edifying Death of Andrew Dunn.* Derby: 1846.

THESE little volumes are among the latest fruits of the industry and zeal of the Derby Society. They are, with one or two exceptions, new treatises, and though so small and unpretending as scarcely to require anything in the way of criticism, are yet a valuable addition to our stock of devotional works.

They are especially intended for gratuitous distribution, and the neatness and beauty of the typography are such as to compensate for the smallness of the gift.

XXIII.—*A Picturesque Guide through Dublin.* By N. WHITTOCK, Esq. London and Dublin: 1846.

WE have just had time to glance at this neat and portable Guide book. The author having been employed for some time in the preparation of engravings of the principal public buildings in Dublin, for one of the illustrated London newspapers, has turned to account in the publication before us, the opportunities which he thus enjoyed. The illustrations are not very numerous, nor are they remarkable for great elegance or delicacy of finish. But they

are on the whole sufficiently accurate for the purposes of a guide-book; and the letter-press description seems to be, though brief and condensed, sufficiently correct and comprehensive.

XXIV.—*Mores Catholici.* Parts XVI—XXIV.

WE congratulate the numerous admirers of this work on the near prospect of its completion. The Part now before us, (XXIV.) brings it within a few parts of the close, and we trust we shall be able at our next publication to announce that the entire work, which, two years back could hardly be procured at any price, shall have been placed within the reach even of those humble individuals whose limited means debar them from the more expensive literary rarities.

XXV.—*Battersby's Catholic Tracts.—The Conversion of the Men of Oxford, Cambridge, and other Colleges in England, to the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church.* By W. F. BATTERSBY. Second Edition. Dublin.

THIS appears to be a collection of tracts, entirely controversial, and amongst the best of their class; we know not whether the series has been continued. The present volume contains four tracts, 'Father Campion's Ten Reasons for embracing the Catholic Faith,' 'Gother's Papist Mis-represented and Represented,' 'The wanderings of the human mind in searching the Scriptures,' by the Very Rev. John M'Eneroe, V. G., Sydney—and an address to the Protestants of England, the object of which appears to be to strike the mind with surprise, and as it were to overpower and lead it captive in the train of the long and splendid list of converts, with which God has enriched his Church in these last few years. Each of these tracts are valuable; that of Dr. M'Eneroe is admirable, and we think little known. And we much approve of the reprint in a popular form of Father Campion's tract, which has a raciness and energy, such as men gained in those days of warfare.

XXVI.—*The Voice of God to the heart of his Servants who aspire to Perfection.* By the Rev. J. PERRY. London: S. Perry, Red Lion Square, C. Dolman, and T. Jones.

WE know no more useful work on meditation than this little book, which is taken in part from the Latin of R. P. Daniel Pawlowski, and arranged according to the plan of the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius Loyola. It is intended for daily meditation, not too severe or long even for the weaker members of Christ's fold; they are in the highest degree holy and spiritual.

XXVII.—*A Peep into Toorkisthan.* By CAPTAIN ROLLO BURSLEM, Thirteenth Prince Albert's Light Infantry. London: Pelham Richardson, 23 Cornhill.

This is a slight but most agreeable narrative, of an excursion made by Captain Burslem through a portion of India little known to European travellers, and rendered more interesting as being the scene of many of the fatal reverses of the army of Affghanistan. Captain Burslem travelled with Lieutenant Sturt, and every incident, every trifling trait recorded of him, increases the regret felt for this young officer so fruitlessly sacrificed; and alas, how many shared his fate! The object of Lieutenant Sturt's expedition, was to survey the passes of the Hindoo Koogh, and it was undertaken during that period of profound peace which preceded the Affghan campaign; the allusions to the events of the war are therefore slight and incidental, in recording spots since rendered mournfully illustrious by some act of daring, the fall of some gallant and regretted chief, or some scene of suffering, over the details of which many a heart is still pondering and grieving. Amongst the gallant names introduced, is that of the unfortunate Colonel Stoddart. Captain Burslem met a messenger bearing a letter to Sir Alexander Burnes from the Vakeel or native Ambassador, sent by that officer to Bokhara, to endeavour by some means to obtain Colonel Stoddart's liberation. This courier, who had received the account from the Vakeel, whether true or false he could not inform them, stated,

"That Colonel Stoddart accompanied the Persian army to Herät, and finding they could not make the desired impression on the walls, raised the siege, and the Colonel left the army and proceeded across to Bokhara, whether to endeavour to effect the release of the Russian slaves, (there being many in the dominions of the Bokhara king,) or merely for amusement, he could not say; but that the latter was the generally received opinion. On approaching the city of the tyrant king, he met a man riding furiously away with a woman, and as she passed, called out to the colonel Amaun, Amaun! mercy, mercy; whereupon he immediately galloped up to the ravisher, and securing the deliverance of the woman, told her to keep under his protection until he entered the city. On the first day after his arrival, the king passed as the colonel was riding on horseback, and although the latter gave the salute usual in his own country, it did not satisfy the ruler; moreover he, the Feringhi, was on horseback without permission, and therefore the Khan ordered him the following day into his presence. Messengers the next morning were sent, who abruptly entered the colonel's house, and finding he would not willingly submit, dragged him before their chief. He was asked why he had infringed the customs of the country by riding on horseback in the city, and why he did not pay the recognised submission to the ruler of a free country. The reply was, that the same compliment had been paid to the king of Bokhara, as was customary in Europe to a crowned head. And why have you presumed to ride on horseback within the city walls, where no Feringhi is allowed? Because I was ignorant of the custom. It's a lie; my messengers ordered you to dismount, and you would not. 'Tis true, they did order me and I did not, but I thought they were doing more than their duty. After this the king ordered him into confinement, where he now is."—p. 131.

Thus the upholding of his country's dignity, and the generous defence of the helpless and oppressed, are amongst the last acts recorded of this gallant soldier. It seems that subsequently, at the

time of this excursion, Dost Mahommed Khan and his son Akbar, were prisoners at Bokhara,

“ But the means taken by their friends to release them, were more successful than those adopted by our politicals at Cabul. It appears that the chief at Shere Suby had for some time been at enmity with his Bokhara neighbour, and wishing to do Dost Mahommed a good turn, he picked out fifty of the most expert thieves in his dominions, a difficult selection where the claims of all to this bad pre-eminence were so strong, but the Shere Suby chief was from experience a tolerable judge of the qualifications of an expert rogue, and having pitched upon his men, he promised them valuable presents, provided they effected, by whatever means they might choose to adopt, the release of the Dost; hinting at the same time, that if they failed, he should be under the necessity of seizing and selling their families. The thieves were successful, and at the expiration of a month the Dost was free.”—p. 133.

Thus were let loose the scourges of our army, whilst two noble-minded English gentlemen were butchered, in spite of efforts to save them, which (feeble as they were,) should have gained weight from the sympathy and good wishes of the whole of civilized Europe. But we are not doing justice to our author's narrative, which is but slightly tinged with sadness, when here and there some passing recollection calls forth a soldier's tribute to the memory of the brave. In general, his account of his journey is full of animal spirits and of keen observation; he seems to have delighted in the characteristic stories of the country, (of which he has given several very amusing,) and to have had a passion for exploring the wildest spots of this wild but most luxuriant land. His account of the cavern of Yurmallik was new to us, and we believe will generally be found so. How strange and sad it is, that the horrors there perpetrated by Genghis Khan the Tartar, and of which the grisly traces still remain, should have been re-enacted in our own days in Algeria, by the armies of one of the most civilized (and Catholic!) nations of Europe. We presume it is to Algeria that “Sheitan” has transferred his especial residence, since of the cavern of Yurmallik, the narrator emphatically informed Captain Burslem, that “The devil *does not* live there now, it is too cold.”

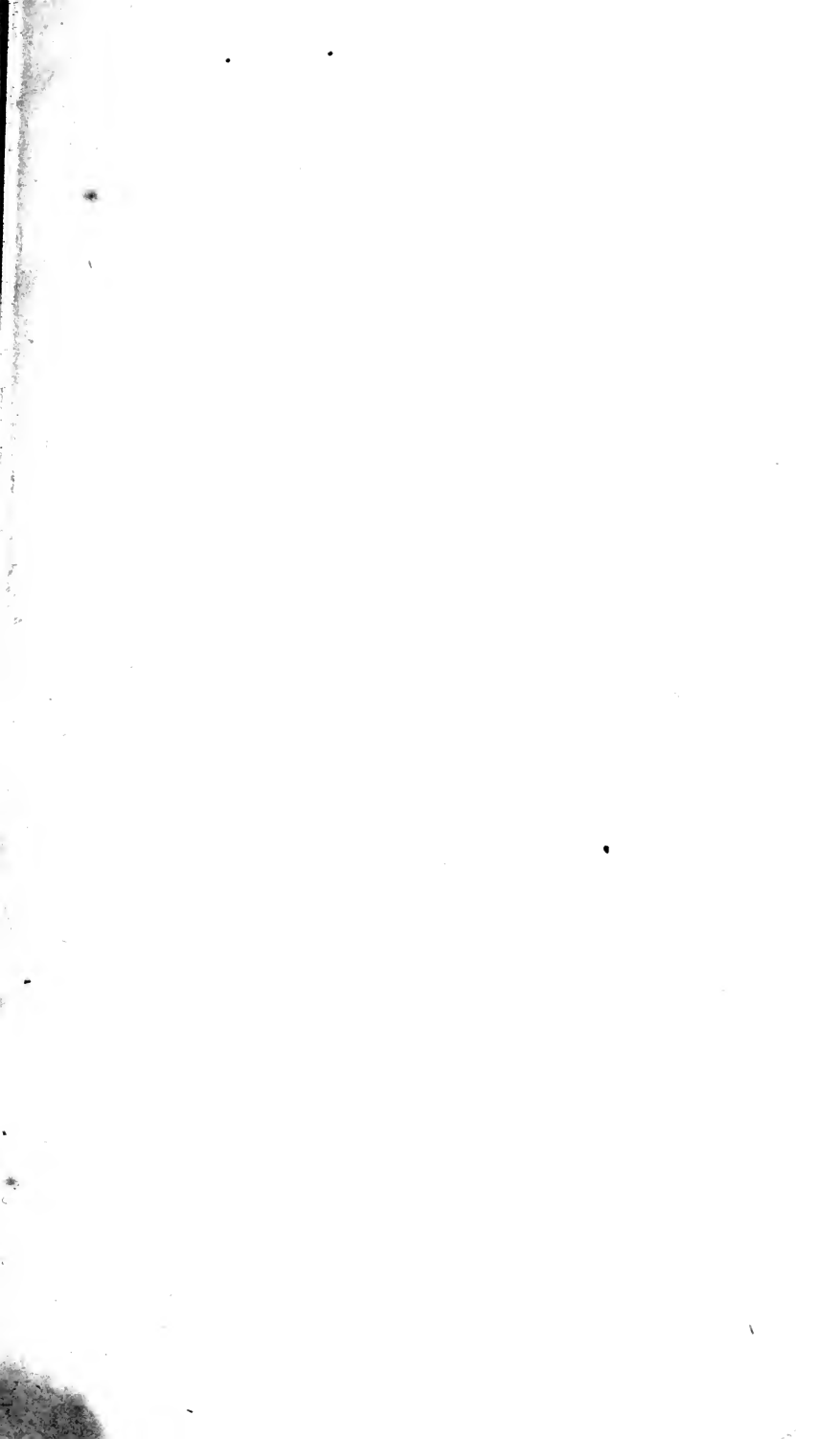
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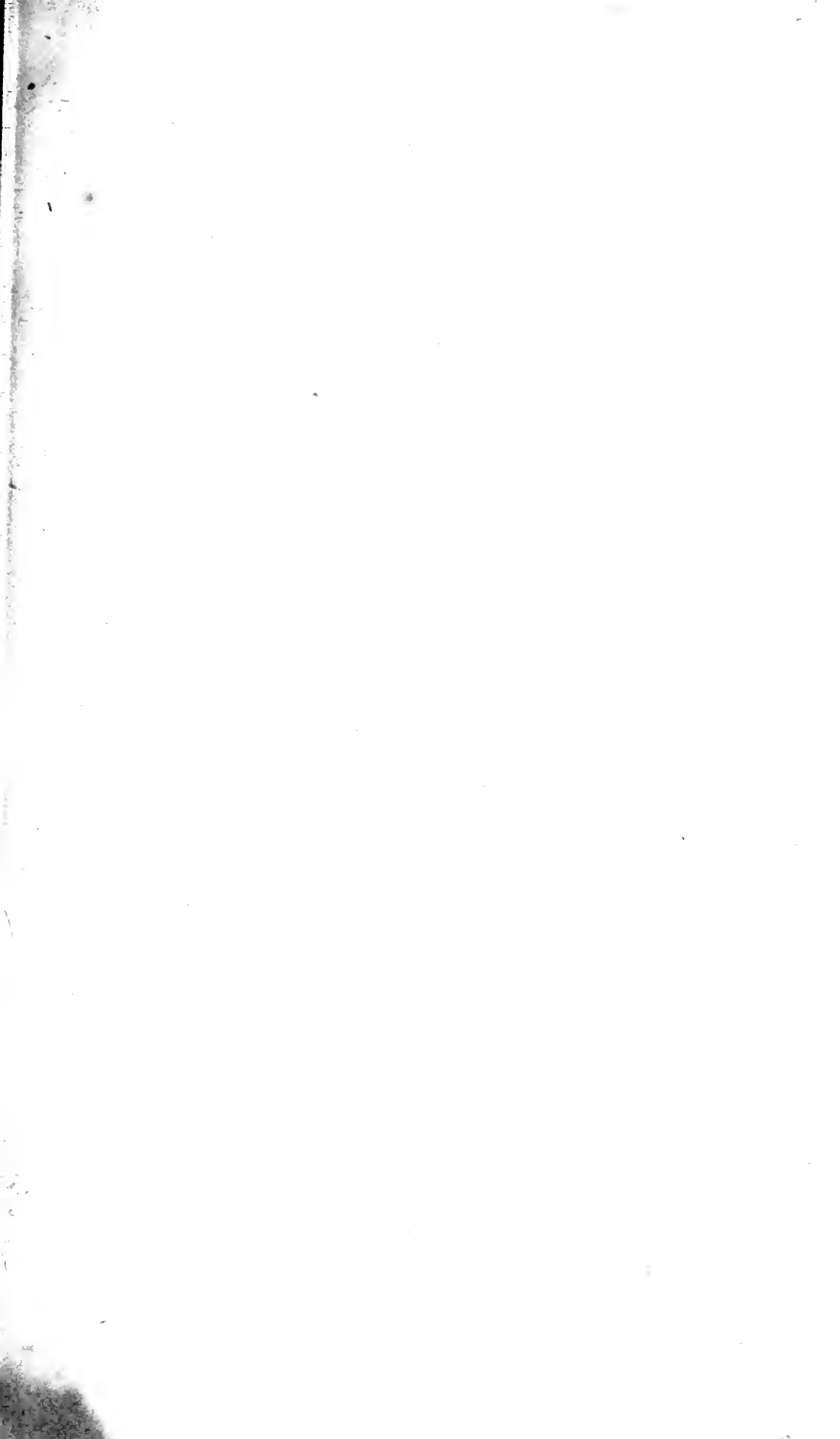
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