











THE  
R A M B L E R ;

A

Catholic Journal and Review

OF

HOME AND FOREIGN LITERATURE,  
POLITICS, SCIENCE, MUSIC,

AND

The Fine Arts.

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VOLUME FIFTH.

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# The Rambler.

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## PART XXV.

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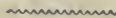
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### To Subscribers to the Rambler.

IN consequence of the strongly-expressed wishes of various friends, who have represented to us the dislike to *double columns* felt by all classes of readers, we have adopted with our present Number the ordinary size and type of periodicals of the same class as the *Rambler*. Various other arrangements, including additions to the number of contributors, have been made for increasing the general efficiency of the Journal. The Quarterly Edition of the *Rambler* will be published as usual, on the 1st of March, June, September, and December respectively, price, in a stiff cover, 4s. 6d.

Applications having been frequently made for complete sets of the *Rambler* from its commencement, and some few of the earlier Numbers being out of print, they will be reprinted as soon as a sufficient number of orders are received to pay the expense of reprinting. Subscribers wishing to complete their sets are therefore requested to give immediate orders to the Publisher, 17 Portman Street, Portman Square, and 63 Paternoster Row, London.



### To Correspondents.

*Peregrinus*.—Will our correspondent favour us with his name and address, in confidence?

*Erratum*.—In our last Number, page 501, line 45, for *three* read *two*. The mistake was obvious.

# The Rambler,

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

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VOL. V.

JANUARY 1850.

PART XXV.

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## HOPES AND FEARS FOR 1850.

It is a wonderful thing to be a Catholic. It is more than wonderful: it is so awful, that, were it not for the consolations which the Catholic religion confers, it would be overwhelming and appalling. What Catholic can realise, even in a faint measure, all that is involved in the fact that he, personally, *is* a Catholic, and not tremble at the thoughts on which he dwells? Take any one of us—the writer of these lines, or any one Catholic who reads them—and think for a few moments what that person is, and the spiritual condition in which he is at this moment existing. On every side he touches on the Infinite and the Eternal. Himself a mote in the sunbeam, a speck in the universe, his past, his present, and his future are all bound up in ineffable intimacy with the will and the glory of the everlasting God. From the most venial of his sins, with which he, the mere breath of his Creator, is permitted to insult the majesty of the Omnipotent, to the never-ending chant of praise with which he hopes to make the very heavens resound hereafter—all that he does, all that he thinks, all that he *is*, begins, is carried on, and is ended in incomprehensible connexion with the attributes of the Eternal.

Oh, wonderful thought! mysterious, indescribable, unfathomable destiny! A few years ago this creature had no existence; he simply was not; and *now*, what is he? Think only upon one of the circumstances of his present state—look at him as he kneels before the little tabernacle upon a humble altar. What is it that this poor, helpless, sorrowing, sinning one is engaged in? He is adoring God; he is commencing the occupations of eternity. Nothingness is resting upon Omnipotence; a sinner is bathing in the blood of God. Who can comprehend it? We can but believe, and believing, while we tremble, rejoice.



Then turn to the light in which the Catholic is regarded by the world about him, and the wonder becomes more wonderful still. Go forth from the church where you have left him prostrate before his God, and observe the throng that fills the streets without. See that restless stream of human beings, careworn, eager, sad, or boisterous—see how the tide of life surges to and fro in the thoroughfares of a vast city such as London—and, amidst the countless variations of individual interests and passions, how they are *all* united in one delusion respecting that Catholic worshipper. Single out one of them as a type of his kind, and pause to realise *his* state also. Beginning from nothingness, he has been created and redeemed by God, and perhaps also was once made the living temple of God in baptism. His existence once commenced, it will never end. Eternity is before him; and what an eternity! If he is not one of the few who may know and love God without knowing and loving his Church also, who can steadily contemplate the coming eternity of that one solitary being, and not shudder at the picture which faith reveals? And now that person is habitually regarding the Catholic and his religion with pity and dislike, if not with horror and hatred! We are as unknown to the millions amongst whom we live as are the actions of unborn generations to the men of this present day. Some fear us, some abhor us, some despise us, some wonder at us, some pay us a trifling measure of respect or regard; but none comprehend us. We share the lot of Him who has made us his own, and are strangers to our very brethren. The Jews accounted the Son of God to be an ignorant mechanic, an impostor, a dealer in unholy arts, a destroyer of all that is pure and honourable; and Englishmen account us, in our degree, what the Jews accounted Jesus Christ. “The Gentiles rage; the people devise vain things; the kings of the earth stand up; the princes meet together, against the Lord and against his Christ.” Who can count the multitude of the delusions which fill the souls of the people of this country against the Church of God? Who can walk along the crowded streets, or look down upon the dense mass of human beings that is gathered together in a great public assemblage, and reckon the sum of the hatred, the error, and the contempt which fills the hearts of almost all those thousands against each one of us?

Yet where is the Catholic, in whose heart faith is strong and love is ardent, who is conscious of one thought of *fear* towards this innumerable host of foes? At the beginning of this new year, when the Church prepares to celebrate her thirty-seventh jubilee, what is the sentiment that animates the breast of every English Catholic who deserves the name?

While all is marshalling for the battle; while signs and portents multiply, and betoken the fierceness of the coming conflict between the Church and her foes; while we hear the trumpet summoning us to a far harder trial than our fathers endured—the trial, not of patient endurance, but of mingled prosperity and warfare;—who is there who is conscious of one single thought of dismay, or dreads to encounter any weapon which the skill of man or of Satan can fashion and wield against us? While kingdoms are falling, and old institutions are swept away, and new devices spring up to delude, and we perceive that the very fabric of English life is crumbling and tottering beneath our feet, what is it that the Catholic feels when he turns in upon himself, and estimates the position in which *he* stands prepared for the shock and the struggle? Does the thought ever cross his mind that the society to which he belongs is about to fall to pieces and perish? Is he moved with apprehension when he hears the raging of the voices which proclaim that the Papacy is about to yield to the common lot of mortal kingdoms? Does he dread lest *faith* should lose its vital power because every science of man's devising seems less trustworthy every age that passes? Does it appear to him to be within the limits of possibility that a time should come when the Catholic religion and the Catholic Church shall be no more? Are not his thoughts like those of one who watches the tumult of the elements above, and sees the heavens black with clouds, and rent with lightning, and echoing with thunder, and deluged with rains, and swept with hurricanes, and yet never for one instant conceives that the bright and glorious sun will be driven by the storm from its place in the firmament, or shorn of one ray of its ceaseless light?

Such are *our* thoughts for futurity. We know not what is at hand. We can no more pierce the gloom with prophetic gaze than with our feeble eyes we can discern the azure heavens through the thick blackness of a thunder-cloud. We cannot guess at the circumstantial peculiarities of our own fate. What shall be the sufferings or the triumphs of the Pope; what nations shall apostatise, and what become Catholic; who amongst ourselves shall fall away, who shall persevere, and who amongst our friends shall have grace to submit to the truth; what shall be the precise issue of Anglicanism, Methodism, and every other phase of religious variation; and even how, or by what exact means, we shall fulfil our own calling, and sustain the Lord's battle against his foes;—all these things are hidden from our knowledge: yet, as the sun above us rises in its majesty, unmoved and untouched by the tempests of this nether sky, so does our faith display to us the



undying life and beauty of her whose children and soldiers we are. So surely as we expect that the Creator of the universe will uphold the vast orb of light in the place where He has hung it, until the last day; so surely do we know that the Creator of the Catholic Church will uphold her upon the earth on which He set her up, till the day when the sun and moon pass away for ever, but when *she* still abides, and enters upon her eternity.

Still, joyful and bold as we are, and as we ought to be, we can scarcely let the opening of such a year as this go by without recurring for a while to our anxieties respecting ourselves. Encouraging as is the present position of the Catholic body in England, when contrasted with its lot for many a past year, it were folly to overlook the reality and weight of the disadvantages under which we still labour; for we cannot forget that the promise of perpetuity and victory which has been given to the Church is *not* given to any one individual branch of the whole. It matters not that for three hundred years of persecution the Catholics of this country have held firm the faith of their fathers, and that in our own time a movement is in progress which half a century ago was deemed impossible. In a year, or a month, all may be changed. Notwithstanding the infallible nature of the Divine promise to the Church herself, the conversion of England depends in no little degree upon ourselves—upon our zeal, our piety, our wisdom, and our prayers. With our hopes for the coming year we therefore mingle many a fear lest our own carelessness or errors should ruin the glorious cause we have in hand. The sight of that vast array of foes who are drawn up for the battle against us awakens such bitter thoughts of our own shortcomings, that we are almost tempted to cast away our new-found hopes in despair, and to believe that Catholicism, such as it is in our hands, can never master that terrible adversary with which it is summoned to contend.

That English Catholics, indeed, are not alive to their want of preparation for the conflict, cannot be said with any truth. Go where we may, the very air resounds with our lamentations and complaints. Every body has his grievance; every body has some terrible defect to be remedied; every body cries out against some one else, and wonders, or declaims, or sits down in despair. There is not an element in our Catholic existence which does not furnish food for sadness. Education, church-building, money matters, the poor, the rich, the clergy, the laity, the bishops, the colleges,—every where somebody finds matter for serious complaints, serious remonstrances, and serious dismay. On many of the subjects which call for our



most searching investigation, and which *must* be amended if we are to do our duty as we ought to God and man, we have already so often enlarged, that we need now say no more upon them. There is, however, one special ground for anxiety, which, as it may be said to be the great standing subject of lamentation amongst us, can scarcely be passed over without a few rapid thoughts at the commencement of our new year of jubilee. In every Catholic society, where Catholic affairs are talked of with earnestness and candour, on this one topic our complaints are on a par with our helplessness to remedy the mischiefs over which we grieve.

This topic is, our want of Catholic organisation. *Why* are English Catholics never united? *Why* is it that, agreeing in faith beyond all the rest of the world, we disagree in every other matter more than ordinary Protestants and unbelievers? *Why* will not the bishops, and the clergy, and the laity pull together, and write books, and publish periodicals, and build churches, and found schools, and superintend ecclesiastical education, and confer and contend with the State, and, in short, do every thing with one hand, as we trust they all have one heart? *Why* do we waste our energies and our money till we are ashamed to look one another in the face? *Why* do we stand with our eyes and mouths open, staring at our difficulties, wondering, wishing, hoping, fearing, grumbling, and fault-finding; and repeating, till the whole heart is sick, the old story of Catholic mismanagement, Catholic disunion, Catholic extravagance, and Catholic impotence? This, we say, is a scarcely overcharged picture of the doleful strains of sorrow with which we are wont to console ourselves for our misdoings in every part of this island.

Now, then, let us look the fact in the face; and in place of dreaming of a Catholic Utopia, such as never existed upon this earth, even in the days of the Apostles, let us ask ourselves, as men, what *can* be accomplished, and what it is perfectly hopeless to attempt. Is this perfect organisation a possibility? Is it as possible among Catholics as among Protestants? Is it more so, or is it less so? And if it is less so, how comes it so to be?

For ourselves, we have no hesitation in avowing our conviction that the perfect organisation for which so many cry out is utterly impossible in the Catholic Church, not only in England at the present time, but in all countries at all times; and we cannot perceive the shadow of a proof that such a thing ever did exist, except in the stories of romancing idealists, who, finding that this world is a rough and thorny place, even for Christians, must needs believe that a millennium did once

exist, if not in the days of the Apostles, at least in the middle ages. Christianity does not mould and fashion the intelligences and feelings of its children to such a uniformity of type as to admit of this faultless unanimity in action. It does not obliterate the peculiarities of individual character, or confer a semi-omniscience even on the most saintly souls. Men of different degrees of ability, of different classes of mind, and possessing different amounts of information, *must* often act against one another, even when most closely united in aiming at the same end. We may mourn over this necessity, if we will, as we mourn over the existence of evil and sorrow. Nevertheless, so Almighty God has created man, and the Church, which consists of men. No doubt, if we had planned the universe, we should have devised something very different, and, if dreamers are to be believed, something far more unexceptionable than that strange system of which we find ourselves to be component atoms. From the law of gravity downwards, we should have changed all. There would have been no doubts, no fears, no quarrels, no earthquakes, no pestilences, no death, and no hell. But as we are simply the creatures of the unfathomable purposes of the Eternal, it is mere child's-play to weep and mourn after a supposed perfection, instead of vigorously attempting what is practical, and suited to this working world.

To expect, therefore, that all our vicars-apostolic should act in every Catholic affair as if all the eight together were in possession of identically the same faculties and the same knowledge, is absurd. To find fault with the clergy of a town or city, and with the laity of their congregations, because nobody will give up his private opinion on matters which he conceives to be of vast moment—to put forth our own pet schemes, and then marvel that they have no charm in the eyes of all living British Catholics—in a word, to call upon people to devote their purse and their energies to the furtherance of means of which they personally disapprove, is worse than useless. Why should I give up my own view to another man, when I conscientiously believe that I am as well informed in the matter as he is, and when I conceive the practices he would enforce to be not only unprofitable but mischievous? Bishops are men—priests are men—lay-folk are men; and when we say they all are men, we do not mean to say that they all are shameful sinners, and act from mixed motives (for we *have* a right to expect Catholics to triumph over these obstacles to union), but we mean that their natural intellects are differently constituted by Almighty God himself; that they have been educated in different feelings and habits, and can-



not (except by inspiration) possess equal information on all subjects on which they are called to act; and therefore we *never* shall agree to the extent which many persons require of Catholics. We must take the Church and ourselves as God has made us, and act together where we can; not suffering our differences to thwart our united action in points where we are united in judgment, and ever differing as brothers, and not as foes.

Again: it is undeniable that English Catholics have not only been distinguished for their disunion, but that they have been, and still are, *more* disunited in many practical matters than many Protestants and Infidels. But why is this? Is it not to our indelible disgrace and shame? cry the very parties sometimes most marked for their disagreement. Is it not a want of Christian love and singleness of purpose which fosters this abominable and exaggerated independence of character? Ought we not to labour to root out this personal self-dependence, not only as a defect, but almost as a sin? We think not. We do not believe that this positiveness in personal opinion, which is our characteristic, does necessarily spring from any thing that is sinful, even in the most venial degree. Our uncharitable imputations upon one another's motives, and our headlong public attacks upon each other, are too often the result of the uncured evils of our own hearts; but we do not believe that our opposition in action is generally to be imputed to any such source; nor do we concur in another explanation of its origin, which is frequently brought forward. It arises, according to the theory of many persons, from the natural reaction of the mind, which, being *compelled* to submit itself to authority in matters of faith, makes up for the control to which it thus submits by an unbounded license in all other questions on which it exercises itself. We do not believe that this *is* the true solution of the problem. We suspect our disagreements to have a less dishonourable origin. We are more than ordinarily dogmatic and unyielding, because we are more sure of the groundwork of our actions—namely, our faith—than any species of unbeliever can possibly be. *Every* Catholic can attain a certainty of religious knowledge, and a purity of aim in his acts, which are utterly impossible in the most admirable or accomplished of the world around him. Strenuously disowning that strange sort of quasi-inspiration which Protestants claim, the humblest Catholic is yet more confident of the truth of all the separate articles of his creed than those who are not Catholics can conceive. What single Catholic doctrine is there which may not be as well known to every one of our Catholic readers as to the most

learned doctor of the Church? Religious certainty with us not being a matter of intellectual study, or biblical criticism, or acute reasoning powers, but simply a gift from God, granted alike to us all, we stand on terms of equality towards one another to which Protestants are total strangers. "What does the Church teach?" is the question put by profound theologian and ignorant layman alike; and when this very easily ascertainable fact is settled, all are on the same footing for commencing action. Hence that weight of *personal authority*, which is the grand instrument for producing united action among Protestants, has far less power amongst ourselves. The Catholic Church does not swarm with self-constituted Popes, like the theological, scientific, and political world. Were individual Catholics, whether prelates or laymen, to attempt to enforce that intellectual slavery on their fellows, without which this utopian union cannot be, they would be laughed at and scouted for their pains. The wisest and most learned amongst us are compelled to tolerate differences of view among their fellow-Catholics, which they would over-ride and beat down, were we not all on equal terms as regards the articles of our faith.

At the same time, also, this very positiveness in his creed communicates itself to the whole practical character of the Catholic. He does not love individual independence because he *abhors* the controlling power of authority in faith, but because he *loves* the certainty which that authority bestows. He is so sensible of the blessings of law and government in purely doctrinal questions, that he is tempted to seek for the establishment of a similar unanimity in all practical matters. It is not a love of disunion that makes us disagree, but—paradoxical as it may seem—it is a love of union. Our error lies in expecting too much; in hoping for so much from co-operation, that we both neglect individual action, and refuse to act together when we can, because we cannot act together in every minute detail, and on every separate question. We long so ardently for unity, that we will not agree to differ. We are so fully possessed with a conviction of our own independence, that we will not allow to others what we claim for ourselves. Instead of commencing by organised action in points where we *are* already united in opinion, we must needs struggle and pant after an impossible unanimity, and talk without ceasing, while we ought to be silent and begin at once to act.

A union, then, or organisation, of English Catholics for *general* Catholic purposes we account to be a baseless vision. It is beyond the attainment of human faculties. Such a thing never was, and never will be. But, at the same time, an or-



ganisation, if not of our whole body, at least of considerable numbers amongst us, for *specific* purposes, is not only possible, but is of the highest importance at this present juncture. In a subsequent article of our journal will be found suggestions for such an organisation for one particular aim; and though it contemplates the union of but one small locality, we see no reason why even the whole of England or of Scotland should not be organised for purposes of similar character. Nevertheless, we venture once more to press upon our readers the absolute necessity for *individual* energy and self-sacrifice for the attainment of the ends in which we all agree. Take, for instance, this very question of Catholic organisation. The Catholic body cannot organise itself by one simultaneous, self-originating impulse. It must be done by individuals, and commence with small beginnings. No one can tell from what quarter and from how humble an origin it might not at any time arise. One thing only is certain—we never shall *find* ourselves organised. It must be a thing of slow degrees. It must be tried on a small scale, and on certain limited objects, and prove itself a working system by success, before Catholics in general will take it up, or believe it any thing better than one of the innumerable schemes of all kinds which the last century has seen attempted amongst us and come to nought. It is idle to talk of Bishops correcting every abuse, and wielding the whole strength of the Catholic body, pecuniary, intellectual, and moral, with superhuman wisdom and might. It is as unreasonable to expect such a miracle in England, as to be amazed because Rome, under the rule of the Sovereign Pontiff, is not a paradise of immaculate saints. Every man must do not only his duty, but more than his duty, in the sphere in which he is placed, uniting with those who are willing to unite, and rousing others to do the same by a holy emulation. Thus, and thus only, shall we master the obstacles that oppose our onward march; and thus, and thus only, shall we attain to that unanimous action, which, if not all that idealists yearn for, is yet all that can be attained on this side the grave.

And now, with one word of cordial thanks to our readers, and to all who have in any way aided us in carrying forward the work of our journal, we conclude our opening address for the New Year. All the sympathy, all the aid we could reasonably have looked for, we have found, and unquestionable success is gradually crowning our efforts. The commencement of our fifth volume finds us with a rapidly increasing circulation, with additional contributors, and with expressions from all quarters of the esteem in which our humble efforts are held. We have at least the satisfaction of being able to

say that we have practised what we have just now been preaching, and that the results we should anticipate in the case of others have come to pass in our own. Even the most cautious and long-headed are now convinced that the *Rambler* is so far established that it must be its own fault if its ultimate success is not all that its well-wishers can desire. Relying upon none of those sources which are ordinarily counted necessary for the establishment of a new periodical, such as a well-filled purse, a powerful bookselling interest, or a numerous array of great names as patrons; with no authority to back it, and not coming into the world as the recognised organ of any powerful party or class of opinions; but trusting only to what could be effected by a single individual and a few friends, animated by courage, and abstaining from personalities, we have now, at the end of two years, fairly made good our footing; and in requesting our friends to continue their exertions in our behalf, and to do all that lies in their power to increase the number of our subscribers, we know that we appeal to sympathies already warmly kindled in our favour, and ask a boon which will not be refused. At an epoch so pregnant with mighty results as this very year may be, it is of no little moment that a journal which attempts, with whatever faults, to meet the terrible questions of the time, should be maintained amongst us with the utmost practicable efficiency. All around is in fitful motion; men's hearts are failing them for fear. Thousands and tens of thousands of longing eyes are turned wistfully to that Church of which it is our unspeakable privilege to be children. In her they hope to recognise the lineaments of that true mother from whom this nation was stolen in the days of their forefathers. The millions of our countrymen are walking to and fro, and seeking for some to guide them; while science, and philosophy, and politics are failing to give rest to their souls, and a dark unfathomable future presents itself to their shuddering gaze. The old feeling towards Catholicism is well nigh extinct. New thoughts towards us are springing up; perhaps more friendly, perhaps more ferociously hostile, but still not the same as hitherto. The malignant spirit who rules this world is beginning to cry aloud before the approach of the Church, as the devils of old cried out before the presence of Christ. "Torment me not!" is the fierce remonstrance of that power which even now feels the awful touch of the hand of God; and with shouts, and mockings, and blasphemies, would fain scare away his messengers when they bear the gospel of peace to the souls which have been groaning under its infernal sway.



What need have we, therefore, of every instrument which may inform us of the subtle snares which Satan is preparing! How momentous it is that we should be accurately informed of the nature of that system of delusion which, under the endless guises of Protestantism, Infidelity, and Sensualism, is perpetuating the reign of sin among men, and blinding its victims to the claims of her who comes with power to save. To aid our brother Catholics in some little measure in this mortal strife, will be, as hitherto, our strenuous endeavour; and we are assured that, in requesting those who share our feelings, our hopes, and our fears, to strengthen us in the responsible office we have ventured to undertake, we are not asking in vain.

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### TOWN CHURCHES.

WE want from twenty-five to thirty new Catholic churches in London only. How many more we need throughout Great Britain may be gathered from the necessities of the metropolis. As we slowly proceed to supply this awful want, what kind of churches shall we build, and how shall we pay for them? We do not mean, shall they be Gothic or Roman, for in this every man should follow his own predilections: but what should be their ordinary size, and what extent of splendour should we permit ourselves to aim at in their construction and decoration?

First, then, as to their size. Shall we mimic the old cathedral or collegiate church, or content ourselves with the ancient parish church as a model, suited to our practical necessities? Now, what are the purposes which, as Catholics, we are *bound* to accomplish in church-building, for the sake of our fellow-Christians? A glance at our spiritual condition shews us that, except in rare cases, we are not in a position to raise magnificent structures, rivalling the most gorgeous edifices of our days of ecclesiastical and secular wealth. We must do what our forefathers would have done in our circumstances. They first raised a sufficient, and more than sufficient, number of churches for the general spiritual necessities of their whole population; and then, when the clergy and monks were multiplied, and the treasury overflowed with gold, they pulled down the humble cathedrals and abbeys where saintly prelates had delighted to dwell, and reared in their places the noblest fanes which art and piety could devise. And

thus it is that we find that wherever a cathedral or collegiate church was surrounded by a dense population, it was also surrounded by a cluster of smaller churches, which served for the ordinary spiritual purposes of the people.

In fact, churches beyond a certain size are practically useless for the daily and weekly necessities of Catholics. They serve for the more splendid and extraordinary functions of the Church; but if we depend upon them for lifting up our vast masses of the poor from the depths of their ignorance and sin, we shall bitterly be disappointed. We account, then, that, with certain exceptions, our new churches should be of such a size as to permit a preacher with average voice to be distinctly heard by the whole congregation; and also to bring the altar so near to all, that no one shall *feel* himself, as it were, driven away even from the sight of that spot where his heart delights to dwell. There is something positively ludicrous in attempting to instruct a countless mass of human beings, of whom one-half can barely see the preacher enacting what is to them a dumb show. There is something most chilling to one's devotion to be compelled to hear Mass so far from the altar, that a pocket telescope is almost needed to discern the movements of the celebrating priest; and when, as at the present time, the immense majority of our people are poor, dull, and ill-instructed to the very last degree, it becomes a cruel mockery thus to tantalise them with dim, distant visions, and with the voiceless gesticulations of a preacher, of whose words scarce one in ten can penetrate through their ears to their inmost souls. There may be something superficially grand in addressing a multitude of some two or three thousand people, but there is something also intrinsically absurd, considering that the human voice is not created to fill an area in which such throngs are collected; and that all the zeal and all the piety in the world will not alter the laws of sound which God has created. It is quite a different thing in the case of the more rare and magnificent ceremonies of the Church. In these last, however profitable it may be to assist at them when we can, they are not *necessary* to our spiritual life; but when the Church positively commands us *all* to hear Mass with devotion on certain days, and when the instruction received in sermons is practically the sole instruction which is within the reach of the great body of the poor, it becomes an absolute duty in us to take care that our churches are so planned and multiplied that *all* may really fulfil the obligations under which they are laid.

Now it is certain that few preachers can make themselves intelligible to an audience of more than eight hundred or



a thousand persons, especially of the poor, who are slow of apprehension, and therefore require to hear more distinctly than the more educated. Those who doubt this statement have only to make the experiment themselves. They need but to place themselves in the extremities of our churches and chapels, to be convinced that even in these there are many of the poor who by no possibility *can* comprehend what the preacher says. Let us, then, suppose the case of a church to contain eight hundred persons, in order not to be above the mark. Indeed, we know well, from many examples, that there are hundreds of our clergy who have not lungs to make themselves distinctly heard even by eight hundred people. However, let us see what can be done with a church of this size, and how such a church can be built.

Such a church will adequately supply the necessities of a Catholic population of about four thousand persons. We may take it for granted that it has three priests attached to it; or that, if it has but two, one of them duplicates on Sundays and days of obligation, so that three Masses are said within its walls. Three times 800 being 2400, it follows that 2400 persons may thus hear Mass every Sunday, and that (it being supposed that there is both an afternoon and an evening service in the church) a considerable number may have the benefit of a second service, with a sermon or catechising. But 2400 persons must be taken to represent 4000; for in every family we can only expect about three-fifths to be able to come to church, on account of old age, infancy, or sickness. In each *family* there are, further, on the average, five individuals; therefore, a church holding 800 persons supplies the wants of 4000 individuals, and of 800 families.

In the next place, can 800 families build *for themselves* a church of the size they require? If they are rich, of course they can; but can our average English Catholic population do this? We have no doubt that, by a judicious organisation and zealous superintendence, few districts could not raise a sufficient sum to build a church, which, if not gorgeous, should be at least substantial, and should look like a church, and not like a barn, or one of the old-fashioned Methodist conventicles. We do not say that in London, or other cities where ground is frightfully dear, our average population could purchase the site as well as pay for the building. For this they *must* look to the charity of the few and the wealthy; and we are confident that, were our poor once brought to do *their* utmost, the few and the wealthy would not be called to their aid in vain.

But *what* will a town church (for we are not speaking of

country churches) cost, exclusive of the site, but including every other expense? Of course we do not mean a church with a stately tower or spire, and a peal of eight or twelve bells; but a church to which these additions may be made hereafter, and which *at the first* contains all that is necessary for the reverent and edifying celebration of the worship of God. In these necessities we include not only proper vestments and the like, but an organ and a fair amount of pictures or images, and other such peculiar characteristics of a Catholic church.

Such a church, unquestionably, can be built for 4500*l.*, and not only can be, but has been not unfrequently built. For it must be remembered that, in a town church, there will generally be but one front—namely, the entrance. The difficulty of procuring ground will generally make it necessary to block up the other three sides of the building, and to obtain all the requisite light from the upper story; and this necessity, if it is disliked as a matter of taste, at any rate diminishes considerably the cost of a church, though at the same time it renders a certain increase in internal decoration especially desirable. Can four thousand Catholics, then, ordinarily raise 4000*l.* to build the mere fabric. That they should do this at once is clearly impossible, but in four years they surely may do it with ease. Four thousand individuals, as we have seen, represent eight hundred families; and therefore, in estimating their powers to bestow, we must reckon them at eight hundred only, remembering at the same time that there are many families in which two or more persons have separate and independent sources, from which they can contribute.

In eight hundred families we might surely reckon upon fifty who could contribute 2*s.* per week, upon a hundred who could give 1*s.*, upon two hundred who could give 6*d.*, upon two hundred more who could give 3*d.*, upon a hundred who could give 2*d.*, on fifty who could give 1*d.*, and on a hundred who could give nothing. Upon this we might calculate in round numbers; not indeed supposing that the sums might be collected by magic, or by merely holding a public meeting and making a few speeches, or by putting an advertisement in the newspapers. Such a collection would demand the combined energies of a small body of collectors, and a large body of sub-collectors, aroused and taught their duty by zealous and indefatigable superintending clergy; and it would require also that our clergy should force upon the consciences of their flocks far different ideas on self-denying alms-giving from those which are now too common among the Catholic laity of England.

Of such an organised system of collection the annual produce would be as follows:—

50 families at 2s. per week	.	.	.	£260	0	0
100 „ 1s. „	.	.	.	260	0	0
200 „ 6d. „	.	.	.	260	0	0
250 „ 3d. „	.	.	.	162	10	0
100 „ 2d. „	.	.	.	43	6	8
70 „ 1d. „	.	.	.	15	3	4
Total	.	.	.	£1001	0	0

In four years this would pay for the church. The first year might be spent in organising the system, and collecting the first year's payments; half of the second year in making arrangements with architect and builder; and the remaining two and a half years in building and completing the fabric.

That the sum here named would, when judiciously laid out, pay for a very creditable structure, and all necessary decorations and fittings, the series of designs of which we now present the first to our readers will abundantly shew: while the names of the able architects who have furnished them are a full guarantee that the designs and estimates are genuine and honest, and that their designers consider themselves competent to carry out these, or similar designs, into actual effect. They are so estimated as to devote 4500*l.* to the fabric, including lighting and warming and architect's commission. This sum, however, includes the cost of the tower, and also 300*l.* for decoration and pictures, &c. In a town church these latter would most advantageously be employed upon the lower walls, where no window would interrupt or distract the sight; and small as the sum may appear, it would go far towards procuring a series of excellent copies of the greatest masterpieces of foreign artists. We should not even be surprised to find that, considering the low cost of copies made abroad, 200*l.* would provide a very satisfactory series of the "Stations of the Cross," each of a large size, after such admirable works as Führich's Stations, recently painted in St. John's Church at Vienna. How infinitely useful, as aids to Catholic devotion, would be such pictures, in comparison with a mere multiplicity of costly "patterns" and unreadable inscriptions, every religious mind will perceive; while, as a pure question of art, the two species of decoration will not bear a moment's contrast. Monograms, stencilled leaves, stars, and heraldic emblems, are all very well in their way, though they generally cost a prodigious sum; but they are not to be compared for a moment with those pictures and images which lift the soul



from earth to heaven, and please us, not only as artists and antiquarians, but as Christians and fellow-citizens with the saints in glory.

The church now before our readers, which is designed by Mr. Matthew Hadfield of Sheffield, who has also supplied us with the following description, is arranged for a plot of land about 34 yards square, or for an irregular plot of about the same area. The form of the ground being imaginary, it is probable enough that in actual execution some little modification of the plan might be necessary. It has but one frontage, and that to the south.

The style here illustrated is generally called *Byzantine*, from the circumstance of its having taken its origin from Byzantium, after the seat of empire was removed thither from Rome, whence the ancient form of the Basilica was carried to the "Mistress of the East." The Christians in the new imperial city not finding, as in Rome, a crowd of ancient buildings—heathen temples, halls of justice, and the like—to convert into churches for the worship of the true God, they raised churches which still remain, and are familiar to most persons from the sketch-book and the narrative of travellers. Stone not readily presenting itself, brick proved the most available for use; and the artists of that age succeeded in developing, with this comparatively humble material, a style of ecclesiastical architecture peculiarly suited to the wants of the time, and which, with some modifications, rapidly spread into Italy, and, beyond the Alps, to Germany. In reaching this latter country, features were introduced which so changed its aspect, that it deserved and required a new title; and as it came from and through the Lombards, the name Lombardic has been given to it. The Rhine churches, which have afforded the principles upon which the present design is founded, are carried out in a fashion peculiarly suited to the habits and feelings of many of our own countrymen.

The plan consists of nave, double aisles, tower, and apsidal termination, embracing a choir and an ambulatory beyond. The reasons for this peculiar arrangement will be at once recognised. First, it gathers the people together in a compact mass, so that all may see and hear both precentor and celebrant; and, secondly, it presents great advantages for light and ventilation, points to which too great attention cannot be paid.

The level of the choir is raised some 4 feet or more above that of the nave; and behind it passes an aisle or ambulatory, for processions, at a lower level, giving entrance to the crypt beneath the choir. The choir is duly fitted with stalls for



choristers; and pulpits, or *ambones*, are on either side of the ascent of steps from the nave.

At the eastern end of the northern aisle, as being the most secluded portion of the edifice, is placed the chapel of the blessed Sacrament.

The baptistery is at the east end of the southern aisle. This departure from ordinary custom and the rules of symbolism was necessary under the peculiar circumstances of the site and design.

Above the baptistery, in a chamber opening into the choir, should stand the organ; and beyond this stands the spacious sacristy, at the south-east corner.

The principal entrance to the church is beneath the tower, the lower portion of which would form the porch. There is a double doorway, with the rich mouldings and elegant foliage-work of the period. Should the funds not prove sufficient in any case for the carrying out of this portion of the design, the tower might be postponed, and merely the Sanctus bell-turret, in connexion with the sacristy and apse, be raised, as shewn in the external view.

The confessionals might be conveniently placed in the eastern ambulatory. Chairs for 600 worshippers would be provided by the estimate, no benches being used. The floor would be tiled, and the roofs framed in open timbers, stained in the usual way, or decorated with colour, &c., according to the amount of funds which might eventually be available for such purposes. The glazing would be wrought in mosaics of coloured glass, or painted with foliage.

The exterior would be built of particoloured bricks, with stone dressings and enrichments. The south aisle would be lighted by circular windows, cusped, a form familiar to those acquainted with the churches of Cologne and other German cities, the clerestory-wall on both sides being pierced with large semicircular-headed windows. The interior view shews that additional light is gained by a lower clerestory, so to speak, over the arches of the second north aisle. The pillars would be of stone, all the walls of brick, plastered in plain broad surfaces for future pictorial decoration, much of the interior effect depending upon the judicious treatment of the field here laid open to the artist. All the appointments for altar, sacristy, &c., as far as regards the fabric, would be included, exclusive, however, of furniture, such as lamps, candlesticks, organ, vestments, &c.

The estimated cost of such a building would, we believe, not exceed 4500%. The 300% which is reserved for decorative painting must be expended at the beginning, in order to give

the interior a tolerable appearance; though to do adequate justice both to the building and the artist employed, a much larger sum would, of course, be necessary.

In furnishing this design and estimate, Mr. Hadfield requests us to state, that he by no means wishes to be understood as regarding the Byzantine style as in every respect the *best* which can be employed for Christian churches, setting aside peculiar circumstances; but merely as considering it well fitted for practical use in the present exigencies of the Church in this country.

We must further remind our readers that the merits of the accompanying designs, and of those which are to follow them, are not to be tested by a comparison with works on which a large outlay has been expended. They are adapted to the wishes of those who would undertake only what they can pay for, and who, like St. Chrysostom of old, account the splendours of Divine worship a species of dishonour to Almighty God, while the poor, *who are his special representatives*, remain untaught and unfed with the bread of life. They are strictly churches for a time of poverty and overwhelming pressure, like our own; and we cannot but think that the architect of the designs now before us has attained very considerable success in his plan for meeting our difficulties. Those whose religious associations are connected with the most venerable Catholic churches of Germany and Italy will at once recognise their peculiar character; nor need they be reminded of the gorgeous mosaics and paintings, many of them among the most interesting relics of Christian antiquity which yet survive, which make the foreign churches of this style almost as interesting to the ecclesiastical historian and the artist, as they are impressive to the devout private Christian. In many of these ancient churches also, it will be recollected that the altar still retains its first position, and is brought forward to the front of the chancel, the choir and the clergy having seats round the chancel, behind the altar. Such is the position of the altar at St. Peter's, and such a position would probably be preferred by many Catholics in our own time.

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## CATHOLIC PAROCHIAL MINISTRATIONS.

## VISITATION OF THE SICK.

THE visitation of the sick is either the most comforting or the most disheartening part of a priest's duty. At times he will feel that he is sent for merely as a matter of routine, his ministrations will be coldly accepted, and his visit evidently regarded as rather a call for patience than a subject of satisfaction. Even where the sick themselves are glad and thankful (as is most commonly the case) to see him, the by-standers and attendants may possibly contrive to impress him with the painful sense of being in the way. This discomfort is apt to be found particularly in hospitals and workhouses, where the frequent sight of misery has an unhappy tendency to blunt the feelings of compassion, and to induce a business-like way of regarding the ministrations of religion, as well as of corporal charity. And yet we have been told by more than one priest, that the exceptions to this rule are more numerous than might at first be supposed; and that where the clergy act with their accustomed moderation and forbearance under those trying circumstances, waving their rights in things indifferent (where they would certainly have but a poor chance of vindicating them), and making friends, by kind and gentle ways, of that very influential body, the nurses, they will be exposed to few serious hindrances, though to some trials of humility; nay, that they will commonly meet with a great deal of civility and attention. It happens not unfrequently, as we are told, that these stern officials are struck by the power which the priest exercises over the patient in matters affecting their own comfort and convenience, such as calmness of demeanour and thankful acceptance of services. For it is a fact not less observable than true, that the most clamorous opponents of sacerdotal influence are always glad to avail themselves of it as a means of securing their own ease.

On the other hand, the joy with which the priest is hailed by the wretched and suffering inmates of these charitable institutions is no small compensation to him for what he loses in another way. If any where the ministers of the Church are felt as our guardian angels, surely it must be in a Protestant hospital or union workhouse. What a contrast our Mother's words of loving tenderness to the language alter-



nately of profane jeering and peremptory insolence to which the ears of pious Catholics are exposed in those receptacles of unbefriended poverty! And if the very sight of a stole, or the sound of a "Dominus vobiscum," seem to lull the ruffled spirit into calm and hopeful peace, what, it may well be conjectured, must be the effect, in such a place, of that sweet Presence which can convert earth's loneliest dungeon into a paradise of delights!

And, in truth, it is only by considerations such as this that the priest is reconciled to the most painful necessity (incident to England) of carrying the blessed Sacrament, and giving communion, without any outward accompaniments of solemnity. The transmission of the Adorable Victim from the church to the houses of the sick without attendants and lights, or any thing to denote its presence to the multitude through which It passes, is a proceeding so acutely repugnant to the heart of our dear Mother the Church, that it is said to go on with the passive acquiescence, rather than under the explicit sanction, of the Holy See. May our good Lord, in his mercy, expedite the day when we may bear or escort Him through the streets like a Sovereign, instead of having (oh, shame and blasphemy!) to muffle Him like a prisoner, or smuggle Him like some contraband treasure! How beautiful is the mode in which the Church provides for this august transit, so full of blessing to the people which, unlike our own, are holy enough to rejoice in it, or at least wise enough to suffer it! How have we seen the crowd awed into silence and subdued into humble devotion, as the well-known signal has announced, in some foreign city, the approach of the Living God, on his way to the chamber of the sick and dying! Though veiled from the eyes of the multitude, He is recognised by the white robe of the priest who bears Him, by the canopy which shelters Him, and by the lamps of the attendants who escort Him. We have ourselves seen the busy hum of a market-place suddenly hushed at the sound of the bell, as it denoted the approach of the little procession; and, as the Adorable passed, the military presenting arms, and the by-standers falling on their knees to make the blessing of the people their own. We have followed the train, and found ourselves at the entrance of one of the poorest of the poor houses in the city, where, when the priest had passed within the open door, the torch-bearers formed a guard around it, continuing the recitation of appropriate psalms. And as the passers-by observed these signs of the Divine Presence in that lowly dwelling, they bared their heads in acknowledgment of Its majesty. Meanwhile, not a

Catholic inmate of any house along the line of the procession, but, as it neared his dwelling, fell down and said his Pater and Ave, or other devotion, in honour of the adorable Sacrament, or, as he would naturally say, "le bon Dieu." They who accompanied the procession with lanterns were generally the members of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, who gain an indulgence of one hundred days by performing this act of respect. In a beautiful article which appeared some time back in the *Dublin Review*, and which was attributed to the eloquent and graceful pen of Dr. Wiseman, it was said how vividly the presence of our Lord in the blessed Sacrament is realised in Spain, where the procession of the holy Viaticum is described in the language of the country as a kind of royal progress. "His Divine Majesty is coming;" such is the account which a devout Spaniard would give of its approach. If the earthly sovereign encounters the King of Heaven on his way to the sick, he quits the royal carriage and resigns it to the priest. If a party of guests is assembled at a dinner-table, and the bell is heard outside, denoting the approach of the procession, immediately the feast is interrupted, and the company betake themselves to prayer.

How miserable the contrast to these doings in our own degenerate England! Here, instead of exposing the blessed Sacrament to devotion, we must hide it from blasphemy and insult. With the treasure buried in his bosom, the priest must quicken his steps through the crowded thoroughfare to avoid the rude jostle or anticipate the flippant jest. After night-fall the danger of irreverent riot or impudent molestation is increased to a frightful extent. How deplorable truly is the condition of a country which expels the Lord of power from its infected streets, and will have none of those gracious ministrations which He is ever impatient to dispense towards it!

The reception with which the priest is apt to meet in the dwellings of the poor, especially when he goes to give communion to the sick, is often a compensation and relief to the distress of bearing the Holy Victim in such sorry guise through the public streets. Whatever else the poor Irish lose in this Protestant country, they rarely lose their faith, at least all traces of it; and cold and dead must be the heart of that Catholic who feels no emotion of tenderness and reverence at the entrance of his Lord under his roof. Ordinarily, He receives a hearty, although outwardly but a sorry welcome. The little table set by the sick-bed, covered with as clean a cloth as the scanty wardrobe of the house supplies, a phial of holy water for the "asperges," a glass or cup for the ablu-



tion of the priest's fingers, and a blessed candle ready to be lighted on the entrance of the adorable Sacrament, constitute the simple and touching preparation for the domestic ceremonial. The members of the family often gather round, on their knees, and the languid eye of the sick or dying sufferer is sometimes seen to assume a preternatural brightness as he listens, in the presence of the Holiest, to the sweet words of consolation, "Ecce Agnus Dei, ecce, qui tollit peccata mundi." And not less observable is the heavenly composure which, in favourable instances, is often seen to pass over the worn and pallid countenance during those few moments of highest earthly privilege, in which the sacred species, as yet unconsumed, indicates and involves the immediate presence of Christ in the tabernacle of the body. "Both after the viaticum and after extreme unction," says a priest, "I have witnessed the most inexpressible, yet most unmistakable, evidences of internal peace upon the countenance of the recipient."

It was a sad attendant on the late dreadful pestilence, that, in the vast majority of cases, the patient was debarred from receiving holy communion by the vomiting which almost always accompanied the disease. It is well known that, where this symptom has not intermitted for a sufficient time to give the best moral security against its recurrence, the blessed Sacrament is required to be withholden, for fear of accidental profanation. The compensation which Divine Providence supplied in the case of the cholera was found in a calm and clear possession of the intellects, almost as universal, on the one hand, as the symptom to which we have just referred, on the other. And, in some favoured instances, it seemed to have been allowed as the reward of an extraordinary devotion to the blessed Sacrament, or of an unusual frequency of communion during health, that the sickness was either wholly wanting, or was withdrawn a sufficient time before death to allow of communion being given.

In all extreme cases the act of communion is followed by the administration of the last unction; and where communion (as so often in the case of cholera) is impracticable, divines observe, that the obligation of giving and receiving extreme unction is even more than ordinarily indispensable. The three holy oils, that of the sick, that of the catechumens, and the chrism, are blessed (we may add for the benefit of some readers) during the Mass on Holy Thursday, in conformity to a tradition, which records that the oils were thus blessed by our Lord after the Last Supper. The solemn accompaniments of this rite shew how highly the Church esteems it. The Bishop alone is the officiant, although the clergy of all orders assist; and the



priests, after solemnly greeting the sacramental oils on their knees, infuse the Holy Spirit into them by the breath of their mouths. The Church has made no provision for the benediction of the oils except on Holy Thursday. If, therefore, they begin to fail before the year is out, the deficiency is to be supplied by natural oil in lesser quantity than the sacred substance to which it is added. Of these holy oils, that of the sick is used in extreme unction alone (with the exception of the ceremony for blessing church-bells). It has to be preserved, of course, with the greatest care; and any material with which it has come into contact must be burned, and the ashes should be thrown into the *sacrarium*, or drain for all sacred *reliquiæ*. Of all the phenomena of the event called the Reformation, none is more remarkable than the fact, that the compilers of the Anglican Prayer-book should have rejected a rite so plainly (as the phrase goes) "scriptural" as that of Extreme Unction. But so they did; and together with it passed away from the minds of Protestants every idea of oil (so often commemorated in the Psalms and other parts of holy Scripture) as a symbol of joy and a sacramental medium of benediction.

The sacrament of Extreme Unction, from the very circumstances under which it takes place, is so little likely to have fallen under the observation or experience of the reader, that we shall make no apology for giving a particular description of it. It is administered by the priest only, and never but in case of mortal danger, at least presumed. It ought properly to follow, and not precede, the reception of the holy viaticum. Where it immediately ensues upon the latter sacrament, the priest (who should properly be habited in surplice and attended by a minister) exchanges the white for a purple stole, and, after the preliminary prayers, pronounces, with the accompanying sign of the cross, a benediction over the sick, praying that, by the imposition of hands and the invocation of the holy angels and saints, all the power of the devil (that is, all the remnants of sin, and especially all venial sins) may be extinguished in the soul of the recipient. He then proceeds to the anointing, which is made with the thumb, or with a style (in contagious diseases), upon the eyes, ears, nose, mouth, hands, and feet, in succession, with the form of words, "By this holy unction, and through his most merciful compassion, the Lord grant thee indulgence for whatever sin thou hast committed by the sight;" and so in the other cases. As the mouth is the instrument of two sorts of sin (of the taste and of the speech), these are both specified in the prayer applicable to that member. As the words are used, the oil is applied, and afterwards carefully wiped off with

cotton wool, which is subsequently burned, and the ashes cast into the *sacrarium*. The office concludes with several prayers, in which the restoration of the bodily health is made the object of definite petitions. The instances of recovery after extreme unction are numerous, and so remarkable, as to preclude any hypothesis but that of a special grace annexed to the worthy reception of the sacrament.

The ministerial offices of charity to the sick do not end here, because neither, on the other hand, is there as yet an end to our earthly trial. On the contrary, it is the opinion of divines, that the whole power of the Evil One is concentrated in one vast effort to get hold of his reluctant victim in the hour of death. If, as is necessarily often the case in a country like our own, the priest be unable to give the benefit of his personal presence at the bed of the dying under these awful circumstances, he must commend him to the care of our dear Lady, by all the Aves which the sick has ever said to her for the grace of a happy death, and leave her to supply his place. But the Church lays the greatest stress upon the attendance of the priest, if possible; and in Catholic countries, no doubt, he would sin grievously by absenting himself. Has the reader ever studied the instructions which the Church gives to her priests for the discharge of these last duties to the sick? If not, let him refer to the Ritual. Such gentleness, such wisdom, such motherly care! He shall exhort the sick man, first, to excite his faith, and, as it were, collect all its energies for the great struggle; "to believe all the articles of the holy Catholic and Roman Church;" his hope, "by trusting in the mercy of Christ, the effect of his passion, the merits of the blessed Virgin and saints;" his love, "by desiring to love God with all the fervour of the blessed saints;" his contrition, "by grieving from the heart for all the sins of his life, and by forgiving all men the injuries they may have committed against him." He shall further move him "to seek their forgiveness of the offences he may have committed towards them, and to bear for God, and as a penance on sin, the pains of sickness and the bitterness of death." He shall say psalms with him, and, above all, remind him continually of the most holy Name. When the last agony comes on, the priest is to begin the Litany of the Saints, and prefer requests to the whole court of heaven to smooth the passage of the struggling soul. Even in England, at least among the poor Irish, it is customary for the neighbours to assemble round the bed, and to join with the priest in saying the litanies. A lighted candle is held in the hand of the dying, "as a token of departing with the sign of faith." The priest passes on to that wonderful "com-

mentation of the soul," perhaps, in its mere wording, among the sublimest and most touching of all sacred compositions. In the Roman Ritual, the "Passion according to St. John" is appointed to be read in this place. When the moment of expiring comes, the priest is with a loud voice thrice to repeat the most holy Name, adding, if he pleases, the words, "Lord, unto thy hands I commend my spirit," "Lord Jesus Christ, receive my spirit," "Holy Mary, pray for me," "Mary, Mother of grace, Mother of mercy, do thou protect me from the enemy, and receive me in the hour of death." Then, where customary, the "passing bell" should toll, summoning the faithful to unite with the prayers of the Church. On the departure of the soul, the priest begins, "Come to his aid ye saints of God, meet him ye angels of our Lord; receive his soul, and offer it in the sight of the Most High. Christ receive thee, who called thee to his service, and the angels carry thee into Abraham's bosom." And then, for the first time, are said the words for the departed: "Eternal rest give him, O Lord, and let perpetual peace shine upon him." In a moment the soul which had been with us has passed into the world invisible. Its everlasting doom is sealed!

It is not uncommon, even in England, to clothe the corpse in the dress of the confraternity of which the person was a member, while the crucifix is meekly laid on the breast, and the presence of lights betokens that the soul still lives in that part of the Church which is hidden from the eye of flesh, but to the eye of God, as also to our spiritual eye, is one with the militant body of which it was late a member, and in which we remain to fight the battle of faith.

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## A SUNDAY IN LONDON.

[Continued from p. 498, vol. iv.]

## CHAPTER V.

## PREACHERS AND TEACHERS.

As soon as T. had finished his extraordinary story, which he solemnly assured me was true in every respect, we rose from our seats and walked back into the heart of the houses and streets. The Park was thronged in almost every part; and I observed that the farther we advanced from the road where the carriages were driving up and down, the less aristocratic looked the pedestrians, until, in parts, the whole place seemed in possession of nursery-maids and children, private soldiers in undress, and vulgar, swaggering youths, evidently just emerged from the back of second and third-rate shops, and dressed out in all the flaring finery of advertising tailors. I don't know whether my impressions were correct; but I certainly thought the men of this class were far more coarse and vulgar-looking than the women. There was a sort of effrontery in their looks, and an ungainly roll in their step, which, in my eyes, contrasted strikingly with the more modest and really respectable look of the girls and young women. These latter were many of them good-looking, and often really well-dressed; though you know that even among us Germans the women *put on* their dress with an air unattainable by the English. Of course, they had none of the graceful smartness of our Gallic friends, who certainly beat the world in this not unimportant respect.

T. confirmed my opinion in this matter, and said that he thought there were many more *ladies* than *gentlemen* in England; and that among persons of honest character, whether rich or poor, you seldom met a woman of thoroughly offensive vulgarity; while their male companions are often conspicuous for an intolerable "I'm-as-good-as-you" manner and bearing, which I must confess struck me as very frequent among the people I saw walking about me. He said also, that Sunday is not at all a fair day for judging of the real character of English people; for that many a man who conducts himself with unexceptionable propriety behind his counter, or in his place of business, cannot take his pleasure, or come into mixed company, without losing all his self-respect, and giving himself odious airs.

This, T. thinks, arises from the almost universal wish these islanders have to be thought to belong to a class in society higher than that of which they really are members. Certainly, as far as my experience has hitherto gone, an Englishman is by no means seen to the best advantage when he is amusing himself.

“Let us walk back through some of the less frequented streets,” said I to my companions, when we had reached the dense mass of houses which are skirted by the large expanse of the Parks. And accordingly we soon turned into some bye-ways, whose names I did not care to note ; and I looked about me, to see if aught could be discerned to shew what the world about us was occupied upon. Presently such a sound of singing smote my ears, as never before had visited them. It was more like the braying of a jackass than any thing else I can compare it to. If you can conceive a “donkey-stop” in an organ, you will have some notion of the marvellous nasal tones which rose in vigorous cadence upon the air, issuing forth from the open windows of a house we were now approaching.

“Oh, shade of Beethoven !” cried I, “what unearthly groanings are these I hear ?”

“Look up there,” replied Valentine, as he pointed to some large letters painted on the wall, which announced that the place was a “Strict Baptist Meeting ?”

“And pray what is a ‘Strict Baptist Meeting ?’” I inquired ; “can you expound the mystery, T. ?”

“Not I, indeed,” replied my friend ; “but, if you like, we’ll go in, and listen to what is going on.”

“Oh, horror of horrors !” I exclaimed again as we entered the building, and a stifling gale of hot and foul air actually struck us almost with a blow. Within the building was congregated a dense mass of human beings, the majority being women, though not with so large a preponderance over the male sex as in the church we had visited in the morning. They were nearly all apparently of one class in society, of what may be called the small shop-keeper’s grade ; and, to judge by their countenances, were all in a violent condition of mental and physical excitement. Such an assemblage of red-hot faces I never beheld in our phlegmatic and philosophical Germany. Every man, woman, and child seemed to be singing at the loudest pitch of the voice ; and one of the most vociferous of the vocalists, by whose side I planted myself, without ceasing for a moment to pour forth the turbid tide of his song, handed me a little black-looking well-thumbed volume of hymns, pointing out to me at the same

time the particular stanzas now in process of execution. They were a vehemently and familiarly expressed invocation to Jesus Christ, and seemed to imply that every individual who used the words considered himself as infallibly elected to eternal salvation, without the possibility of mistake. In short, so extraordinary a bellowing forth of sounds, intended to be musical, surely nowhere else could be found tormenting the ear ; and in no other country under the sun could be seen a more rudely zealous mode of giving utterance to feelings apparently sincere.

As soon as the singing was ended, a sort of sound, partly groan, partly sigh, partly cough, issued forth from the whole assemblage, indicating that their lungs were as much fatigued as their feelings were animated ; and sitting down, they all turned their eyes to a pulpit which rose up nearly in the middle of the building. An individual dressed in black, and wearing the peculiar badge of the clerical order in this country, a white cravat, but not having on the black gown which was worn by the Church minister in the morning, mounted this pulpit, and kneeling down, while some few of his audience stood up, some few knelt, and the greater part sat still, proceeded to utter what, after a few sentences, I perceived to be a prayer. Honestly, however, I must own that to me it was an almost incomprehensible production. Never before had I listened to or read any thing at all approaching it either in sentiment or diction. I wish I could give you a few sentences as a specimen ; but I find it impossible to recall the speaker's precise words ; and his ideas were so strange, that unless I could call to mind the exact phrases he used, I could do nothing towards conveying to you a conception of his wonderful harangue. I term it an harangue, for such, in fact, it was. It was no more what you and I, with all our free-thinking notions, would term a prayer, than this long letter of mine is a prayer. *Who* was the person for whose special benefit it was designed I could not conceive. Whether it was meant to convey information to the Deity respecting the exalted piety, and at the same time the uncured and incurable wickedness, of all the people present in whose name it was uttered, or whether it was meant to admonish the said audience respecting their faith and practice, I was at a loss to divine. At last I concluded that the individual who thus expressed himself must have in his eye a certain body of scoundrels or reprobates present in the congregation, whom he was lecturing under the guise of an invocation to the Deity. Certainly he never seemed to be addressing the Divinity in simple supplication, either on his



own part or on those of his audience, especially as the tones of his voice were not in the least those which are natural to a person addressing a superior Being. Valentine and T. said that his mode of speaking was what people call *spouting*; a curious word, but not inexpressive of the flood of sound which poured forth from his lips. I was the more confirmed in my idea, because every now and then he wound up with a species of climax, or grand rhetorical flourish, at each of which a kind of unearthly sound was emitted from the breasts of his hearers, at the first of which I almost fancied they were all suddenly taken ill; but which by and by I perceived to be a mere conventional mode of expressing sympathy with the speaker, similar to the applause given to public orators and actors, and which, I am told, used in the early days of Christianity to be given in the churches to preachers who spoke well.

After this there was a fresh singing, and after that a sermon, of which we only heard a portion, as I could endure no more. How any sane man could utter such a string of contradictions as this person poured forth, it is difficult to comprehend. At one moment I imagined that he looked on himself and his hearers as unquestionably about to be tormented eternally; but the next moment I perceived that he and they regarded themselves as the elect of the world, immaculate and pious beyond compare. At one instant he praised the text of the Bible to the skies, and then again asserted that, to the great body of men, it was dark as night, and only comprehensible to the chosen few (among whom he included himself and his audience) who were enlightened from on high. I was curious to hear who else this worthy individual supposed to be illuminated; but on this point I was left uninformed, though I ascertained pretty clearly that in his view not only Jews, Turks, Pagans, and Papists would be damned for ever, but also most Protestants besides, including most especially Dr. Pusey and the members of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. However, we could not stay to hear his farrago to the end, but left the place in company with another stranger, who, like ourselves, was sick of the bewildered nonsense he had been hearing.

As we stood outside to breathe freely a few moments after escaping from the noxious exhalations which had nearly poisoned us in the suffocating meeting-house, this same person, guessing by my dress and beard that I was a foreigner, addressed us, with an apology for the intrusion.

“I hope, gentlemen,” said he, “that you will not conclude that *all* our dissenting ministers are like the worthy preacher we have

just been hearing. I am myself a dissenter, though a liberal one, I trust, and I deeply lament to hear the bigotry and fanaticism which I doubt not has offended you as much as it has myself."

My companions, however, did not seem much to relish this un-called-for address from a stranger, which I found afterwards they both looked upon as somewhat impertinent. Nevertheless I, not knowing the customs of the country, thought little of it, and went on conversing with the individual who addressed us. He told us that the body to which he belonged was becoming more and more educated and enlightened every day ; and that the influence of our German theology and philosophy was exercising a more marked influence among them than upon the members of the Established Church. I soon found that he and I were wonderfully agreed in our first principles, though we differed as to the details in which we developed them. He walked with us on our way onwards, and as his manners were polite, and he was an intelligent person, I perceived that T. and Valentine gradually relaxed a little of their stiffness, and vouchsafed to join in our conversation. It quickly grew animated, and became an actual discussion of the claims of three distinct schools of thinking. Young Valentine represented the old-fashioned school, which cleaves to theological dogmas as literally representing real spiritual truths, and in a certain sense inspired ; T. spoke the sentiments of a thorough man of the world, the modern Epicurean ; and our new acquaintance united with me in urging the claims of that new and enlarged system of thought, which embraces in one glorious whole every religion that man ever possessed, while it rejects the narrow dogmatism of polemics, as the mere husk which encloses the kernel of pure philosophy and truth.

I cannot say, indeed, that we made much progress in convincing or enlightening one another ; for, to be candid with you, we were more successful in shewing the inconsistencies and groundlessness of each other's theories, than in establishing our own. T., our new friend, and I, proved incontrovertibly that Valentine was a bigot and a timid reasoner ; he thought we were atheists and destroyers of all morals ; T. accounted me and my supporter to be dreaming simpletons ; and we told him, laughingly, that he was a mere beast of the field, and, what was worse, no true philosopher.

"Well," said our companion, who on our requesting to know his name, informed us that it was Billington ; "if you want a proof of the folly of all religious dogmas, pray come with me to a great school for boys not long ago opened near my house. It is not very



far from here, and I know the master well. He is a stiff Churchman ; but you know, on my principles, that makes very little difference, as I look upon the doctrines of all religious denominations as mere mythical representations of the same great principles of universal humanity. So wherever I meet with either priest, preacher, or parson, who does not cast me out as altogether vile, I like to cultivate his acquaintance, and observe the workings and weaknesses of his practical system. As I make it a point never to insult any man for his creed, and give them all credit for their sincerity, you would be surprised how many people I have scraped acquaintance with ; and as this gentleman—as I gather from what he says—wants to see what we English are like, I think I can introduce him to one or two people and places worth seeing as specimens.”

“With all my heart,” replied I, delighted at Mr. Billington’s goodnature and openness of disposition. T., however, did not seem to enter very cordially into the proposition, and pleaded the dinner-hour. Nevertheless, as I had fully satisfied the cravings of nature at Mrs. Valentine’s hospitable table, I was resolved not to lose the offer now made me ; and Valentine sharing my curiosity, we bid farewell to T. for an hour or two, and while he went to feast his body, we accompanied Billington in hopes to feast our minds. And I did this the more readily, as I found we should be passing near Sir Stephen Wilkinson’s, where I was bent on calling, to learn what tidings I might of the unfortunate William Harman. A casual remark also served to get rid of the awkwardness my English friends evidently felt in associating on friendly terms with a perfect stranger. It appeared that Billington was intimately acquainted with many of T.’s nearest relations, and was indeed known by name to T. himself, so that they were now without further delay on that agreeable footing to which a formal “introduction” is accounted indispensable by English etiquette.

We soon reached the school-room to which we were bound, and, inquiring for the master, were directed by one of the boys to a desk where sat a tall, thin individual, pale in countenance, bald, with shoulders a little bent, and with a benevolent look that at once prepossessed me in his favour. The scene I beheld was certainly amazing to one of my previous life, and after the brilliant display I had just witnessed in the Park ; and most forcibly it impressed me with the conviction of the boundless varieties which exist in London life. The apartment was very long and very broad, but by no means proportionately lofty. On the contrary, it was extremely low, and the



atmosphere made the foul odours of the Baptist meeting I had left seem like gales of Arabian perfumes. It was perfectly murderous. It was not merely its heat, nor the actual nauseousness of its smell, but it literally *felt* thick and clammy; and the moment I entered, it produced an uncomfortable sensation in my throat and head, which speedily extended itself throughout my whole system. Had it not been for the interest I felt in what passed, I am sure I should either have fainted, or been taken really ill. Every window in the room was closed; and afterwards I learnt from the master that this closing was the least of two evils, for that when the windows (which looked into a back court, and not into the street from which we had entered) were opened, such intolerable exhalations from drains and dung-heaps entered the school-room, that the stifling air within was preferable to the mephitic vapours which would infallibly pour in upon them, and make matters ten times worse.

As far as I could judge, there must have been above 500 boys in the place, of all ages, but certainly not of all classes, for almost every one looked poor and half-starved, and there was scarcely a jacket or pair of trousers not abundantly patched in the entire assemblage. The fittings of the school were of the rudest kind, but seemed useful and substantial; and the moment I entered, it struck me that there was a certain *bonâ fide* reality and life about the whole thing, that made me anxious to inquire into its inner workings.

"Mr. Herder, from Berlin," said Billington, introducing me to the schoolmaster, whom he introduced to me by the name of Townley. "Mr. Herder wishes to see all the sights of London, Mr. Townley," he continued; "and as I call your school one of the sights best worth seeing, I have taken the liberty of bringing him."

The schoolmaster bowed politely.

"Mr. Townley is not a professional schoolmaster," Billington pursued; "he does this work, including the endurance of this horrible atmosphere, which I perceive has nearly upset you already, all for love."

"All for love!" cried I in amazement.

"'Tis an easy work after all, sir," interposed the schoolmaster, "when one's heart is really in one's task."

"Undoubtedly," I replied; "but I confess I could hardly bring *my* heart sufficiently into such a task as you seem to have undertaken, to enable me not to feel it an intolerable burden. I can understand persons doing this kind of thing for the sake of getting their daily bread; but short of ultra-religious fanaticism, I can

hardly fancy any motive powerful enough to counterbalance such toils in such a state of physical discomfort."

"I am certainly not a fanatic of any kind," rejoined Townley, "but a sober old-fashioned Church-of-England man; and yet I have contrived to get on with this labour for some time past, and find myself happier rather than otherwise for it."

"Then, sir," said I, "I fear you must have been singularly miserable before you commenced your undertaking."

"Far from it," replied he. "I am a man of some little private property; I have no wife or family, and have jogged on through life with as little sorrow as most people. I have had good health, a few good friends, and, thank God, I trust a good conscience. The only thing that ever really pressed upon my heart was the misery, ignorance, and sin of the poor children in this great metropolis; so that in one way, indeed, in doing what I can for their education, I am rather diminishing my previous cares than adding to them."

"Then you do not belong, sir, to any one of the various classes of enthusiasts whose different philanthropic schemes I hear so much about?"

"No," said he, "to none of them. I am neither of the Oxford school, nor the Evangelical school, nor the philosophical school, nor the liberal school, nor indeed of any school at all, except that I was brought up in. I teach my boys the Church Catechism and the Collects, and the Old and New Testament history, and besides that, all the secular learning I can get them to acquire. That is not much, indeed, for they only come on Sundays."

"Do you find them generally slow and heavy?" I inquired.

"The very reverse," said he. "You can have no idea how low London life sharpens the intellect, and gives it even a premature keenness and quickness. I verily believe that the ordinary range of London boys are far ahead of most men of the same class in the country in all intellectual acquirements. Just look at that row of faces; there, down on the right-hand side; and see what an extraordinary degree of readiness of apprehension they display."

And so in truth they did. There was not one of them who seemed really and hopelessly stupid. One or two had a splendid development of forehead for so young an age; and the eyes of half the number gleamed with vivacity and intelligence. Their mouths also, for the most part, displayed a great degree of firmness of character, and a steadfastness of purpose which might stand its possessor in good stead, if only well directed in its aims.

"I can't say, however, sir," I observed, "that they prepossess me in their favour in other respects. I confess I don't *like* the looks of most of them. They hardly look like children, but have all the restless, careworn eagerness of grown-up men, which, to my taste at least, is anything but fascinating."

"I agree with you," said Townley. "Their intellectual advancement has been acquired at an awful cost. Their wits are for the most part sharpened by contact with habitual, daily, hourly vice and crime. When these boys first come to the school, they are mostly worse than heathens. They hardly know they have souls, or that there is a God in heaven. If I ask them about Jesus Christ, it is just as likely that they tell me that he was once king of England, as anything else. Their earliest moral code may be summed up in one phrase, Get as much as you can at all costs, for every body about you is your enemy."

"And you teach these wretched children your Church Catechism and other theological dogmas?" said I.

"Of course," he replied, "what else could I do? It is the right thing, and I learnt it myself when I was a child; and it did *me* good, I am confident."

"Pardon my repeated questions," said I. "Permit me to ask whether you think dogmatic teaching has any influence upon these boys, and whether you find it really does the same good work which plain moral teaching would do?"

"Why, to say the truth, sir," replied Townley, "I never thought of making the comparison. I am sure *something* does the boys great good while they are here, for they learn to conduct themselves decently, by degrees they acquire a taste for personal cleanliness, and I am confident that in some cases a very decided difference takes place in the expression of their countenances; and they come to be more open and honest, without losing one whit of their intelligence."

"Might I take the liberty," I said, "to ask you to let me hear how you instruct your pupils in religious knowledge, both in doctrine and morals?"

"By all means," replied Townley. "Here is a class ready to begin."

And accordingly a class of the elder boys was transferred from the assistant-teacher, who was superintending it, to Mr. Townley himself; and I had the satisfaction of hearing the process by which he strove to initiate those youthful minds into the recondite mys-



teries of his creed. His efforts, I have no hesitation in saying, were a total and palpable failure. The children learned the words of their catechism, and gabbled through several sentences of the Bible ; but when the good man, at my instance (somewhat reluctantly, I thought), proceeded to try whether they comprehended what they uttered, the unilluminated darkness of their understandings was absolutely ludicrous. I saw in a moment that the excellent man was a victim to forms and ceremonies in religion, and that his notions of orthodoxy were confined to the learning sentences by heart. He made also rather a lame affair of his expositions of morality, and sorry should I be to be condemned to such a system of inconsistencies as he drove into the heads of his bewildered pupils. The plain historical facts of Bible history were all that they really *learnt* from him.

As I was wondering how any actual influence for good could be exercised by such a shallow and unsatisfactory mode of disciplining the young mind, a little incident revealed the mystery. A sudden scream arose from the other end of the room, followed by a violent crying and the confused murmur of many children's voices, scolding and remonstrating with one another. In a few seconds the good schoolmaster was in the midst of the disturbance, and we followed him to the scene of action. The calamity that had happened was not very serious. One boy, perceiving that the ragged trousers of a companion were held together with a large pin, had quietly abstracted the pin, and then thrust it sharply into the legs of the tattered urchin himself, very naturally producing the shriek and hubbub we had heard. And then we perceived the secret of Townley's power over the boys. His manner with the culprit and with the injured child was beautiful to witness. Such a mixture of sadness, sweetness, firmness, and gentleness, I have rarely beheld. He spoke not one word of passionate anger, scarcely a word of calm and self-controlled indignation ; but in two minutes, so magical was the effect of his voice, and his quiet affectionate determination, the disturbance of the whole school was hushed, and a perfect silence reigned, broken only by the weeping of the culprit himself, humbly entreating for pardon.

"Well," thought I to myself, "I will forgive all your old-world follies and superstitious creed a hundred times over for the sake of one-half the true spirit of humanity and wisdom I now see. This is something better than priestcraft and polemics ; and I don't care how many Church Catechisms are thrust down the throats of gaping

children, if love and wisdom unite in this way to make the dose palatable and fit for digestion."

My companions now both hinted that we should be interfering with the duties of the school if we stayed longer; so, with many thanks to its admirable superintendent, we took our leave.

"You agree with me, Mr. Herder, I see by your looks," said Billington, when we reached the street. "I think I can now complete the impression on your mind by a short visit to a school of another class, where you shall see a specimen of a system as diametrically opposed to our good friend Townley's as you can conceive."

"With all my heart," said I; and Billington lost no time in conducting us to another seminary for the poor, attached to one of the London churches, where the minister boasted of the purity of his Protestantism, and of his hatred to Tractarianism, Romanism, and Dissent of all kinds.

We entered the room without any ceremony, and stood a while at the door gazing at its inmates. It was crowded with boys and girls, the boys at one end, the girls at the other. One ceaseless hum and din rose from the classes, which were very numerous, and each presided over by a well-dressed person of the same sex as the pupils under instruction. A group of four or five young men and women was collected together at one end of the room, seemingly highly delighted with each other's conversation, and enlivening the pure scholastic buz of the place with an occasional merry laugh or exclamation. Nobody seemed to preside over the whole, and a spirit of *higgledy-piggledy*, as my companion termed it, manifestly guided the proceedings of the entire assemblage.

A class of girls near the doorway was superintended by two teachers, instead of one; and as they both were acquainted with our guide, and bowed to him on our entrance, we walked close up to them, and begged them not to suffer our coming to disturb their labours.

"I'm sorry to say we have disturbed them ourselves," said one of the ladies, as pretty a specimen of a lively young Englishwoman as I would wish to see. "You are a liberal man, Mr. Billington, and, I am sure, will take my part in a dispute I have been having with our friend Miss Mangrove."

"I should be loath to believe that either of two such fair ladies could be in the wrong," replied the party appealed to, with a somewhat mischievous smile. "Any theological difficulty is it, pray? I trust not; I do not like theological disputes."

“But, sir,” exclaimed Miss Mangrove, “consider the interests of gospel truth. They must not be perilled through fear of man, especially when so pious and scriptural a minister as Mr. Longbow takes my view of the case.”

“Nonsense, my dear Miss Mangrove,” retorted the other damsel; “Mr. Longbow is not the pope.”

“God forbid!” cried Miss Mangrove.

“Why God forbid, Miss Haliburton?” exclaimed the other. “It would not be for want of will, I suspect, if Mr. Longbow had his own way. I don’t believe there ever was a pope who wanted to have his own way so much as this Longbow, with all his pure Protestantism. Will you believe it, Mr. Billington, at a meeting of us class-teachers the other night, he insisted upon our telling these children that they were not regenerated in baptism; and yet he makes us teach them the catechism, which forces them to say they were. What does Mr. Longbow take us all for, that he bids us make such fools of ourselves?”

Mr. Billington’s eyes twinkled with delight at the zealous young lady’s declamation, and the whole class dissolved into one promiscuous gossip while the disputation continued.

“Baptismal regeneration is contrary to the gospel,” rejoined Miss Mangrove, slowly and solemnly.

“But, my dear Selina,” retorted the more lively Haliburton, “it’s not contrary to the catechism, and that’s what I am saying. Here’s our minister, a good man enough in his way, I dare say ——”

“Really, Sarah, you should not speak of a minister of the gospel in this way before the school-children,” interposed the other, greatly shocked.

“Well, then, our minister, who is *not* a good man enough in his own way, preached a sermon some time ago, and begged and prayed all the young ladies and gentlemen of the congregation to become teachers in his Sunday-school. A great many of us immediately consented, for we want to do something for the poor; and the first thing he did was to insist on our all teaching the catechism, and yet now I find there’s hardly one question and answer in it that he does not disapprove of. All I can say is, that Mr. Longbow is making fools of us all, both teachers and children. He really would have us believe that it’s not a Christian catechism after all, and complains that it’s as bad as the Apostles’ Creed, and makes no mention of the atonement.”



"I cannot argue with you, Sarah," here interposed the other lady; "and I am sure Mr. Billington will agree with me, that we ought to do what our minister tells us."

"Unquestionably," replied Billington; "if that is your agreement when you undertake to teach."

"We don't make any particular agreement at all," exclaimed Miss Haliburton; "and the consequence is, that there are at least fifty different systems of doctrine and interpretations of Bible texts taught in this single school."

"Well, ladies," responded Billington, with a shrug, "I am sorry for you, but I cannot interfere. Perhaps you will kindly introduce us to one of your other teachers, as my friend here wishes to see the working of the school."

"With great pleasure," said the lady; and leading us to an energetic-looking youth who was discoursing loudly to his class, she introduced us, and returned to her own duties. The youth bowed silently, and continued his harangue.

"My dear children," said he, "it is of the utmost importance, that in these days of Tractarianism, Romanism, Latitudinarianism, and Dissent, your views of your privileges, and of religious doctrines in general, should be clear, well defined, and profound. The true middle path of Church-of-England Protestantism will ever be your surest guide through life; and this invaluable catechism, which you have now completely learned, will prove your best informant as to the doctrines of this pure Protestant faith. I trust that you have profited by the expositions I have given you of its various portions, and are prepared with adequate and intelligible replies to offer to all queries which may ever be put to you respecting your creed as Christians. Edward Wickens," he continued, addressing the tallest of the boys before him, "tell me what is the doctrine you have learnt respecting baptism. First of all, what are the errors you are to guard against on this important subject? I have often told you that the best way to find out truth is by first learning to avoid error. This I account the fundamental theory of our faith. What, then, are the two chief errors on the subject of baptism, against which you are to be on your guard?"

Edward Wickens, thus appealed to, stammered, hemmed, looked first on the ground, then at his teacher, then at his fellow-pupils, blushed, looked down again, and said nothing.

"This is the fifth time I have asked you this very simple question," said the teacher to the taught; "and not once have you

answered it. George Stubbs, can you answer it? What, have *you* forgotten the right answer? The next boy answer it, then.—The next.—The next.”

At last a little boy with a red face (a rarity in the school) cried out, “Please, sir, baptism’s not one of the seven sacraments.”

The teacher shook his head, and asked another urchin what he was *not* to believe on the subject. “What is baptism *not*?” said he. But no oracle came forth; and the young gentleman was forced once more to expound his views.

“The two great errors of the day,” he said, “are these: the belief that regeneration is synonymous with conversion, and the belief that baptism is not regeneration. Regeneration is the admittance into a state, according to the doctrine of Church-of-England Protestantism; and hence both the extreme opinions of the ultra-Protestants and of the Romanising section are equally erroneous. Let this be your unflinching satisfaction, my dear children, that by being baptised you are in a state to be forgiven. You have received ecclesiastical regeneration, but not spiritual regeneration. For this you must earnestly pray, especially guarding yourself against the dreadful doctrines which are taught on all sides, whether by those who teach you that you are children of God *because* you are baptised, or by those who look upon baptism as a mere form, conveying no great Christian blessing whatsoever.”

Such was the extraordinary farrago of nonsense which this hopeful guide of the blind was instilling into the wretched children of poverty and sorrow. Billington, when it was concluded, growled forth a half-audible “Bah!” and looked so supremely disgusted, that I thought it better not to enter into conversation with this lucid expounder of spiritual mysteries, and, bowing to him, I followed my companion to another class, where a middle-aged lady in spectacles was instructing a number of the elder girls. She was addressing her pupils as we approached in terms of reproof.

“I am sorry to find that you have been very ill taught by your last teachers, my good girls. You do not even know how you are to be justified. Tell me again, now, each of you, how a sinner is justified.”

The girls thus questioned gave each a reply in the order in which they stood.

“By faith,” said one.

“By good works,” said another.

“By being baptised,” said a third.

“By going to heaven,” said a fourth.

“By doing my duty to my pastors and masters,” said a fifth.

“By my Bible,” said a sixth.

“By Jesus Christ,” said a seventh.

“By being converted,” said an eighth.

“By coming to school,” said a ninth.

“By going to church,” said a tenth.

“All wrong but one,” exclaimed the lady, greatly shocked; “and that one is not fully right. We are justified by faith only. This is the sum and substance of the Gospel; and all else is immaterial, or comparatively so.”

I must not, however, linger more in repeating all the multifarious doctrines I heard broached by this regiment of amateur theologians. Suffice it to say, that, until then, I had not conceived it possible for human beings to utter such an enormous quantity of words without attaching any meaning to them. Whether Mr. Longbow, who was responsible for it all, was aware of the Babel of confusion which reigned in his scholastic domain, I cannot tell; but I frankly confess, that of all that I have seen inexplicable in this country, the *most* inexplicable is this system of turning a crowd of amateur teachers loose upon a mass of children, and bidding them teach whatever they please about religion to their unfortunate pupils. Any thing must be better than this.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE BURLEIGHS—SCEPTICISM AND FAITH.

“TELL me, now, honestly,” said I, as soon as we found ourselves once more in the street, “may I consider these schools as fair specimens of English religion and English education?”

“Not for the world,” exclaimed Valentine, in a voice of indignation; “they no more represent the true genuine Church-of-England system and piety, than they represent the system of Mahometanism.”

“I thought they could hardly be genuine representatives of the faith of your country,” said I. “Surely you must have something more sensible and more profound than all this nonsense. If all your various denominations had nothing better than this cant and ignorance to rest upon, they must long ago have mouldered to dust before the spread of knowledge and the realities of care and trouble.”

“Sir,” rejoined Valentine, “you would go away with the most



false conceivable notion of our country, if you took these caricatures of all that is good, as types of what we really are. Amidst all the boundless varieties of opinion which exist amongst us, there is a certain genuine Church-of-England character prevailing among multitudes, which constitutes our religious strength, and which is as unlike Dissent as it is to Romanism. Of course, I am speaking of the Established Church, for of the Nonconformist communities I know little."

"Pray describe this character to me," said I.

"It cannot be described," replied Valentine. "To comprehend it, you must see it in action, or rather in quiet life; for *action* is the very thing which least of all distinguishes it."

"You would confer on me a great favour," said I, "if you could introduce me to some family, or person, or school, where I might glean some notion of this genuine Church-of-England character."

Valentine reflected for a few moments, and then promised to call with me at the house of a friend of his, before we rejoined our companion T.; and towards the dwelling of this individual we at once turned our steps.

"Can you not tell us, Mr. Valentine," said Billington, as we walked along, "what you really consider the genuine essence of this pure Church-of-Englandism of yours, of which I know many of your Establishment make such boast? I confess it is a puzzle to me, for I see nothing but interminable divisions and subdivisions among you; and if you insist upon shewing Mr. Herder your type of perfection, I shall certainly take the liberty of adding a few sketches of my own, that he may judge fairly between us. Besides, I've heard gentlemen of your school from Oxford shouting with laughter at their own witty descriptions of the variations in their own body, and shewing up Church-of-Englandism more bitterly than any Nonconformist I ever met with."

"That may be all very true," retorted Valentine, "but nevertheless there is undeniably a clearly defined and deeply ingrained character of *sobriety* about your genuine Church-of-England person, which I seek for in vain in the whole religious world elsewhere. Defective as it may be in some respects, I maintain that in this religious *soberness* lies the strength of the Anglican Church. Quiet, unobtrusive, reserved, and steadfast, it shrinks alike from enthusiasm, from rash innovation, from familiarity, from fanaticism, from Romanism, from Dissent. It is eminently domestic; I wish you could see it at work daily in the ordinary life of some respectable middle-class family in London,

or in some obscure country parsonage ; how calmly and peacefully it goes along its way, Sunday after Sunday, listening to the Church's prayers, hearing the good old style of preaching, rearing generations of sons and daughters in all the delightful respectability of the English fireside, and forgetting alike the storms of theological and political revolutions. Its spirit is to be found embodied in the morning and evening services of the Book of Common Prayer, and in that book of verses whose circulation is still a marvel in the history of poetry, I mean the *Christian Year*."

"A very pretty picture indeed," said Billington, as our young friend waxed ardent in defence of this principle of soberness. "And now look on this other portrait. Let *me*, though an avowed enemy, tell *my* tale too, and let Mr. Valentine deny its accuracy if he can. I shall just give you the names and descriptions of the various parties in the Church as by law established, as I drew them up for a certain purpose not long ago."

"And is not this diversity in unity the very mark of our rare excellence?" demanded Valentine. "I care not a rush for all that can be alleged of our divisions, so long as the branches all hold fast to the tree. Is not variety one of the marks of the Divine wisdom and power? And in these variations in our beloved Church, so long as they stop short of actual schism, and are pervaded more or less by this true Church-of-England spirit of soberness, I find only sources for consolation, and prognostics of an unchanging stability. But, however, you shall have your fling at us ; only be quick about it, for you have no time for any very eloquent tirade."

"Well," rejoined Billington, "I divide your English clergy and laity, apart from the Dissenters and Papists, into some fifteen or sixteen distinct sections ; and I assure you, Mr. Herder, that in making this division I received the aid of more than one Anglican clergyman, not to count hints from the writers in one or two of the most popular Church-of-England periodicals. First of all come your unblushing Romanisers, and a most dishonest set I take them to be. A good many of them have turned Papists, and saved their characters for consistency ; but as for the rest, they are the most impudent rascals breathing. Denounced by their own Church, and anathematised by Rome, they copy the Papist wherever they dare, edit Romish books, visit Romish churches abroad and sometimes in England, call the Church of Rome their sister, talk about Catholic saints and ceremonies, avow their belief in Transubstantiation, revile the Reformation, hate to be called Protestants, and even get up a sort of sham

High Mass in their churches and chapels. For these men I have no respect. I don't mean to say they are all consciously scoundrels, far from it ; but I do mean, that, with their views, it is monstrous for them to refuse to submit to the commands of Rome.

"Then we have the Anglo-Catholics ; men who really and heartily dislike Popery, I believe, though, for my life, I cannot see how it is that their views do not lead to Popery. These persons devoutly believe that the Reformation was conducted on what they call 'Church Principles.' They have a set of dogmas, which are a sort of Popery-and-water ; some notions or other about the Real Presence and the sacramental character of ordinances, fasting, absolution, and all the rest of it. They don't thoroughly like the union of Church and State, but they dare not denounce it. Their boast is, that they descend from the Primitive Church, before the separation of the Greeks from the Pope, though by what exact line of ancestors they do not trouble themselves to inquire. This school is respectable and honest enough in its way, but it is entirely confined to the wealthy and the professional members of the Church.

"Then comes the old High Church, now comparatively a small section of the whole body. These are mighty shy of the word 'Catholic,' even when tacked on to a thoroughly Protestant designation. They believe in baptismal regeneration, a sort of special grace in the Lord's Supper, and in the non-validity of Dissenting orders. They cannot stomach the Evangelicals ; they hold Nonconformity in abhorrence ; they abominate Popery ; but most of all they abhor Romanising Protestants.

"Akin to them are the high and dry ; a class of respectable, dowdy, prosy, jog-trot parsons and people ; turning up their noses at Dissent, scarcely tolerating family prayer, shelving saints' days, and never fasting except after a good dinner. By the way, I should tell you that both Anglo-Catholics and High Church uphold and practise fasting ; more moderately than the Romanisers, the High Church especially having a marked dislike to severe austerities. The high and dry, however, would as soon fast as pray to the Virgin Mary (which latter practice, I am told, is common enough among the Romanising school). They are the embodiment of the most prosaic portion of England, and what they hate above all things is enthusiasm.

"No very distinctly marked line divides the high and dry front parsons of the port-wine school, or old-fashioned Church and King ; a jolly, burly, feasting, sporting set of dogs ; often coming from



the ranks of the aristocracy, and filling family livings. They are as guiltless of book-learning as of asceticism or fanaticism. They are mostly Tories to the back-bone, and nevertheless believe in King William III. and the 5th of November. They are eloquent at dinners, electioneering and agricultural; and patronise all sorts of sports in the country, and plays and assemblies in London. A generation or two ago the whole kingdom swarmed with these modern missionaries and martyrs, though the only lands they ever traversed were the fields where they shot partridges and hunted foxes, and their only martyrdom was a martyrdom to the gout. Happily for the people, the breed is now comparatively gone, though by no means entirely extinct. They are no longer a recognised portion of the Establishment; and even their old organ, the *John Bull* newspaper, has taken to theology and Sunday observance.

“While talking of these wine-bibbing divines, I must not forget the disreputables and the scandalous clergy. Both of these are wonderfully diminished. Indeed, it is marvellous to what an extent the respectability and the professional zeal of the clergy of the Church has increased of late years. The genuine disreputables are now quite scarce. They still throng certain haunts in the city, ready to do any body’s work who will pay them half-a-guinea for a Sunday’s duty. How they live, and where they live, nobody knows. They have no great blots on their moral character, but a certain hang-dog look, and seediness of apparel, that bespeak late hours not passed in study, and company not of the most learned or respectable grade. As to the thorough scoundrels, drunkards, loose livers, and so forth, there are still plenty of them, as the records of the Ecclesiastical Courts betray; but I admit that they are few indeed to what they were; and it would be unfair to make much of their existence, so I shall let them pass.

“Besides, I must turn again to the more distinctly theological sections, of whom there is a handful yet to tell of, beginning with the Evangelicals, properly so called. The Archbishop of Canterbury is a very fair specimen of this school. They are modified Lutherans in opinion, and a very decent and reputable class of persons in general; having a little learning, and a great horror of Popery and Puseyism; a fondness for hymns and sermons, and a word of cold approval for fasting and Church-discipline. They praise Baptism and the Eucharist, and like decency in public worship, and subscribe to the Bible Society and the Church Missionary Society, and take in the *Record* (which, however, they think too violent). They have

a high sense of the advantages of a good income, and the favour of the great, and the amenities and comforts of life in general.

“These are the Evangelicals, as such. But others, sharing the same substantial doctrinal views, tack on to them sundry and different additions. Some fraternise eagerly with the Dissenters, and laugh at the notion of Episcopal ordination; others boast of their apostolical succession, and shake their heads solemnly at the union of Nonconformists, Papists, and Socinians, in a supposed Anti-Church League; others are violent Predestinarians or Millennarians, conceiving either that the whole Bible is an exposition of the Divine decrees, by which some men are lost and some saved, without any fault or merit of their own; or else that the whole Christian life consists in looking out for the conversion of the Jews, and the personal reign of the Messiah, to commence in a certain given year, to be ascertained exactly by reading any of the books published at Nisbett’s shop in Berners Street.

“Another school is the Latitudinarian, with its subdivisions. This is the Whately, Arnold, and Hampden section, now swarming in numbers up the high-road of Church preferment; patronised by the Whigs, approved by the Parliament, tolerated by the nation, and half-loved by the Evangelicals. These divines disbelieve the inspiration of Scripture, and are cool about all doctrines whatsoever. Their great hatred is to priestcraft of all sorts. This, I take it, is the school now making the most progress.

“However, I must not tell you too long a story, so I shall pass over the remaining schools pretty quickly. Such are the real old Church-of-England school, such as our friend here lauds so loudly, and which I agree with him in esteeming highly; and the good sort of people, who have no theology on earth of any species whatsoever, though they read the Bible, and go to church, and can’t bear the idea of any body being lost eternally. Then, too, there are all the local schools of Oxford and Cambridge, and the city and town parishes: the don, the tutor, the fellow, the “gentleman” that preaches, and the “man” that reads prayers; and I know not how many modifications and variations besides. All these, I assure you, are to be found within the ample bosom of the Church of England; and so they will ever be, as long as she retains the incomes of some 12,000 churches and livings. And every one of these classes is at this time preaching in this great metropolis.”

“And a very pretty story you have made of it, in faith, Mr. Billington,” interposed Valentine, whose discomfort, as he listened

to this exposition of the weakness, or, as he thought it, the strength, of his Church was truly amusing. However, he took it all very good-humouredly; and as we had now reached his friend's abode, wished Billington good-day very cordially, regretting he could not ask him to accompany us, and hoping to meet him at T.'s in the evening. This he promised to do, if we would agree to accompany him to a scene of another kind, where he promised we should witness something which would complete my day's observations of a London Sunday with true tragic grandeur.

The family of Mr. Burleigh, to which I was now about to be introduced, lived in a very respectable house in a very respectable street. We knocked at the door, which was thrown open with that vigorous swing which I have noticed to be among the various accomplishments of the genuine London footman. The entrance-hall looked almost as *comfortable* as a continental dining-room. A gay mosaic oil-cloth covered the floor, on which stood a brilliantly-polished mahogany table, and some equally brilliant chairs, with umbrella-stand, and shining hat-pegs; a bright-looking handsome fire-place shewed that the inmates delighted in warmth; neatly brushed hats and smart gloves betrayed their fastidiousness in dress, and a rich carpet was spread upon the staircase. I note all these details, because, if there is any thing that strikes the eye of a foreigner more than any thing else in these English mansions, it is the luxury with which they carry out their notions of comfort, even to their staircases and passages, while in many a superb palace on the continent, an avenue of positive filth leads the way to gorgeous chambers.

We found the Burleigh family, as we expected, all at home, having just concluded an early Sunday dinner. There was the father of the house, a portly, good-humoured, bald-headed, and moderately intelligent-looking man; there was his wife, thin and anxious-looking, and handsomely but not showily dressed; three or four boys and girls sat at a large table, reading and writing; while a fair-haired, blue-eyed child, of some six or seven years old, played with a large Persian cat upon the hearth-rug, and made the room ring again with her merry laugh. I received a polite and friendly welcome from both father and mother, and was asked to take wine and cake, and which I had some difficulty in being suffered to decline. While I was reiterating my inability to profit by their hospitality, the good lady of the house turned to her children, and gently bade them continue their occupations.



"I am sure you will excuse them, sir," she said, turning to me. "We keep up the good old-fashioned custom of spending our Sunday afternoons with our children. They write out an account of the sermon they have heard in the morning, and learn the collects by heart, and read a chapter out of Mant and Doyley's Bible; and we always have an early dinner and an early tea, and then go to church again in the evening."

"I trust, madam, you find great benefit from the system," I rejoined, as politely as I could.

"Why, yes, sir, altogether we do," said Mrs. Burleigh; "but children, you know, will be children, and we must not expect a superhuman perfection."

"I confess," I replied, "that I do not quite enter into your English notions of spending Sunday; and am greatly puzzled to make out on what general plans or rules you shape your conduct in the different classes of society. Mr. Burleigh, I dare say, could throw a little light upon the subject."

"Why, as to that, sir," responded the master of the house, "I am not a man of much speculation, or many theories. I am what you know we English glory in being, viz. a practical man. My wife and I cultivate the domestic affections as far as possible; we endeavour to make their home always delightful to our children, as the best safeguard against the evils and temptations of life. We bring them up to do their duty to their Maker, and to fill their station in life with honour; and as to all the religious disputes of the day, to tell you the truth, we do not concern ourselves much with them. Our motto is, 'Fear God, honour the king, and meddle not with them that are given to change.' And, thank God, though all of us have our troubles, our children reward our love to them very gratefully. You foreigners, Mr. Herder, I fear, hardly understand the feeling with which we family-people look back two or three generations in our households, and bring up our children in the same sober way that we ourselves were brought up in."

"But do you really mean, sir, that in these days of the revolution of the human mind, you find your sons and daughters willing to submit to what every body else calls a cruel trammel, if not a tyranny?"

The good man here shrugged his shoulders a trifle, and replied, "As to that, I must own that my eldest boy seems just a little touched with some wild notions or other. But, poor fellow, it's only his Oxford acquaintances who have misled him for a time; and

his affection for his mother and myself is as warm as ever. Ah, here he comes, I hear his voice in the hall."

A youth of some twenty years old now entered the apartment; and, notwithstanding all his father's eulogies, I saw plainly enough a look of anxiety and sadness cloud their amiable and honest countenances, and mingle with their gaze of fond affection, as their first-born child came in, and was by them both simultaneously introduced to me. With Valentine he was already acquainted.

"Well, Charles, where have you been all this morning?" inquired the mother tenderly, and somewhat sorrowfully. "You were not at church with us, and lost Mr. Goodenough's beautiful sermon."

"Oh, I can't stand Mr. Goodenough, mamma," cried the youth; "he's too much of the old school for my taste. These old stagers, with their ancient dogmas, will never regenerate England."

"Charles, Charles, my dear, what do you mean?" cried the father, amazed.

"Why, my dear father, you don't suppose that the great revolution of modern times is to be accomplished by a set of men that take the Athanasian Creed for pure gospel, and preach the original corruption of human nature."

"Good heavens, Charles!" exclaimed Burleigh, "where in the world did you learn these shocking ideas? You distress me beyond measure. Is this really the kind of notions that you young men are taking up at Oxford just now?"

"Ay, indeed, sir," rejoined Charles; "and you may rely upon it, there are thousands and thousands who think as we do, if only they had the courage to avow it. I wish you had heard Mr. Warton's lecture this morning, as I have."

"Mr. Warton!" said the other, "and pray who is Mr. Warton? I never heard of him; where is his church? I wonder what the Bishop of London will say to him, if he really teaches his flock what you suppose!"

"The Bishop of London!" echoed Charles, with a loud laugh. "Why, my dear father, don't you know who Mr. Warton is? He's Member of Parliament for one of the large Yorkshire boroughs,—I forget which,—and is delivering a series of lectures on 'Christianity for the Present Age,' in Sidmouth-Street Chapel."

"And do you really mean, Charles, that you, the grandson of a clergyman, the great-grandson of a bishop, who are to be ordained a clergyman yourself, have actually been to hear a Socinian and

radical Member of Parliament *preach*? Where is the world going to, when these things take place!"

"And why not?" asked Charles, somewhat contemptuously.

"Why not?" replied Mr. Burleigh. "Can I believe my ears, that my own son, brought up from his infancy in the strictest orthodoxy, should now be ruining himself with such conduct, and should not even blush to avow it?"

"My dear father," answered Charles, a little more respectfully, "orthodoxy is all humbug. We are too wise for it now-a-days. It did very well for darker and more unscientific times; but you know that the discoveries of geology have put an end to it, once for all."

"Geology! discoveries! Put an end to it? Am I dreaming when I hear you say all this? Sarah, my dear, has Charles ever said anything of this to you before?" continued the father, turning to his wife.

"Not much, my dear," replied the mother; "and I had no idea Charles would go so far as he now seems to be going."

"But now, Charles," said Burleigh, in an affectionate and forbearing tone, "do be open with us, and say what you mean by all these rash words. Surely you are not serious."

"I never was more so in all my life," rejoined Charles. "Don't you know that it's now a received fact, that the human race did not spring from a single pair, so that the whole Christian system, as formerly understood, falls to the ground?"

A cry of painful amazement broke from the youth's parents at this avowal, in which the elder children joined, while the little fair-haired girl, before mentioned, went up to her brother Charles, and taking his hand, as he grew more and more excited, looked up into his face with silent wonder. After a pause, Mr. Burleigh addressed his son.

"Where did you first learn these notions, Charles?" he said, kindly and gently.

"I can hardly say where," responded Charles; "sometimes in one place, sometimes in another."

"And do your tutors at Oxford know that you hold them?" asked the father.

"That I can't say," said the young man; "but I know this, that the very first thing that put them into my head was what one of them said himself in a lecture, in which he tried to prove the inspiration of the Bible on grounds which I soon saw to be rotten and self-contradictory."



A deep sigh here broke from Mr. Burleigh, but he restrained himself, and went on to question his son.

"And are there many young men at Oxford who think as you do, Charles?" he said.

"Numbers, I am confident," said Charles; "almost every undergraduate that cares for anything of the kind is disposed to reject the old-fashioned orthodoxy. Now Puseyism is done for, and the heads of houses have it all their own way, philosophical Christianity spreads like wild-fire, and by and by we shall see a glorious blaze will burst forth."

"God preserve me from living to see it!" ejaculated Mrs. Burleigh in a voice of anguish.

"My poor dear boy," the father continued, "have you ever asked any of your old friends about these new views of yours? Why don't you talk about them to Monsieur Malmont? He's not an Englishman, to be sure, and I never heard him say much about religion, but he seems very learned about it, and he knows all about these new geological fancies, and would satisfy your mind, I dare say."

"I can't make out M. Malmont at all," rejoined Charles. "He's the most mysterious man in the world. Who is he? and what is he? I never could conceive how you and my mother could be so fond of a Frenchman, as you all are of this M. Malmont. There's little Mary loves him, and calls him grandpapa, till I'm quite tired of his very name."

"For shame, Charles!" cried his mother, indignantly. "You know that M. Malmont has been a friend to us in our need, such as few friends are. And what business have we to inquire into the secrets of his heart, when they are bound up with sorrows as deep as those he suffers evidently are?"

"That's true enough," retorted the youth; "but nevertheless M. Malmont never could convince me that the old hum-drum ways of the past generation are not all hypocrisy, and a tyranny upon the mind besides."

"Really, Charles," exclaimed the father, "you forget yourself most seriously. You forget that you are condemning your own father and mother in what you say about hypocrisy and tyranny. What has our education of you been but all that is wise and kind and open?"

"Kind enough, sir, I admit; but as to the wisdom and openness, that is another thing."

“And pray let me ask you, Charles,” said Burleigh, deeply hurt, “what we have ever taught you inconsistent with wisdom and openness?”

“Why, sir, you have taught me to believe all your old Church-of-England scholastic follies about dogmas, and made me pin my unreasoning faith upon creeds and articles, when you did not believe them yourself.”

“Not believe them myself, Charles!” exclaimed Burleigh, in amazement. “Do you take your father for a scoundrel?”

“Then why did you not explain and prove them all to me, instead of teaching me like a parrot—never telling me all the opinions of other sects, and concealing all the rational objections against the inspiration of the Bible, against miracles, and so forth?”

“I am aghast at what you say,” cried the father. “And is all this new? How long have you thought like this, Charles? Why have you not unbosomed yourself to your mother or myself long ago?”

“Because you never would give me a clear intelligible answer to my difficulties whenever I did hint them, but put me off with talking about radicals, and atheists, and Tom Paine; and how shocking it would be to disbelieve the religion of my ancestors; and of all the good and great men who had filled the highest offices in Church and State, and were now gone to their reward.”

“Charles,” replied his father, solemnly, “you will break my heart in my old age. And you think nothing of saying all this before your sisters, and before strangers too. Why, here’s dear little Mary herself confounded at what you say, and shocked to listen to such terrible words from her own brother.”

“Nonsense, sir,” cried the youth, impatiently; “I don’t believe that Mary has one whit more faith in these fantastic dogmas than I have. Come here, Mary, and answer me a question or two.”

The child again came near her brother, half terrified, half gladly, and gazed up with a sweet and sad smile into his excited face.

“Do you believe in God, Mary?” asked Charles, taking her fair little hands between his own.

“I don’t know what you mean, Charles,” replied the child.

“Do you believe there *is* a God, then, Mary?” said her brother.

The child looked puzzled, blushed, and looked first at her questioner, and then at her parents, who watched the scene with the deepest anxiousness.

“I told you so,” at last cried Charles; “Mary is as great a sceptic as I am.”

Before a reply could be made, the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a visitor. A venerable man, his hair white as silver, dressed in a very old-fashioned costume, his countenance presenting a mixture of sadness and cheerfulness, was ushered in by the servant as M. Malmont. He shook hands with the elders and the boys, kissed the girls affectionately, bowed politely to Valentine and myself, and, sitting down, took Mary upon his knee.

"Why, my little pet," said he to the child, with a very perceptible French accent, "what's the matter? Is she not well to-day?" he continued, addressing her mother; "she seems out of spirits."

"Charles was asking her a question that she did not understand, or did not like—I don't know which," said Mrs. Burleigh.

"Eh, what? Charles is at his old tricks," exclaimed Malmont good-humouredly. "Always making difficulties, and puzzling yourself and everybody, Charles? It's not fair, Mary, you should tell him, to bring his Oxford logic to bewilder my little Mary's brains."

"It's not Oxford logic, sir," said Charles, solemnly and bluntly; "I asked Mary if she believes there is a God, and she could not answer."

"Impossible!" cried Malmont, evidently shocked.

"By no means impossible," rejoined Charles; "she could not, or would not, answer me."

"I don't mean that," replied the other; "I meant that it was impossible that you could have put such a question to a child like Mary."

"And why not, M. Malmont?" asked Charles.

"That I leave to your own conscience to settle, Charles," said Malmont, in a tone of displeasure.

"It is partly our fault, I believe, my dear friend," here interposed Mr. Burleigh. "The question arose out of a rather painful discussion; and now you are come, on the whole I should prefer that Charles should continue his questioning to his sister."

The father then desired the child to go back to her brother; and Charles repeated his question, and Mary still found no reply.

"You put the question in an improper way," said Malmont to the young man. "You talk to Mary as if it was a matter of opinion with her whether there is a God or not. She does not understand a state of mind which could consider as a matter of opinion what with her is a subject of *faith*. It is as absurd to ask her such a question, as it would be in me to ask you whether you ever had a father and mother. You would think me mad if I asked



such a question, because you *know* you have both father and mother. Just so it is with your sister: she does not think or believe that a God exists; she knows *that she has a God.*"

"But how does she know it?" asked Charles, triumphantly.

"Because God has revealed Himself to her," replied Malmont.

"What *do* you mean, sir?" asked Charles, puzzled in his turn. "When, or how, do you suppose that God revealed Himself, as you call it, to Mary?"

"By the mouth of her father and mother," said Malmont, "and by infusing into her soul the divine gift of faith, which brought her both to know and to love that God of whom she heard her parents speak."

For some moments Charles could not reply: he was lost in thought. At length he said:

"How am I to find out whether what you say is truth or fiction? Can I see into a child's heart, and observe its workings?"

"If you wish to learn the fact, Charles," rejoined Malmont, "observe whether or not Almighty God is not a present reality to your sister's soul. Try her on any one of those subjects which she has yet been taught, and see whether she does not *live in them*, so to say, in a way to which, I fear, you yourself are a stranger."

"Question her yourself, M. Malmont," retorted the other.

Malmont then took Mary again on his knees, gently stroked her delicate hair, kissed her forehead, and then said:

"Tell me, Mary, where God is."

"Here, grandpapa," replied she, with the sweetest of smiles.

"If you went out of the room, should you leave God behind you?" continued Malmont.

"Oh, no, grandpapa!" cried Mary, surprised, but clearly not confused.

"Should you find Him where you went to?" said Malmont.

"Yes, that I should," said the child.

"Why, my child?" asked Malmont.

"Because God is everywhere," replied she.

"Did you ever see God, Mary?"

"No, never, grandpapa."

"Did any one ever see Him?"

"Yes, once."

"Think again, Mary; no one *can* see God."

"Yes, grandpapa, they can. You told me last time you were

here that God was once a little child, and grew up, and was killed by wicked people; and I suppose *they* saw God."

"True, my dear child, it was so. In that way persons *have* seen God. Should you like to see Him yourself, Mary?"

"Yes, *that* I should," cried the child; "and some day I shall, if I am a good girl, when I die. Should you not like to see Him, grandpapa?"

The old man's eyes filled with tears. For a moment he lifted them up towards heaven, and a gleam of extraordinary expression shot across his countenance; and he then went on with this singular conversation.

"You love God, Mary, do you not?" he said.

"Yes, grandpapa."

"Why do you love Him?"

"*Why?*" said the child, again surprised. "Because He's very kind to me. Some day we shall all see Him, shall we not, grandpapa?—Charles, and sisters, and Edward, and papa, and mamma—all of us. And poor pussy, too—will *she* go and see God some day, grandpapa?"

Before Malmont could reply, the Persian cat I before mentioned, hearing itself spoken of, came up to little Mary, and putting its face up against her legs, as they hung down from the old man's knees, made the child start backwards with the sudden touch. Malmont stretched out his hand to save her from falling, but too late. She lost her balance, and fell from his knees; and as he was sitting near the fireplace, her head struck against a projecting sharp point in the iron fender, and she lay motionless on the floor. The father and mother started up affrighted; but before they could reach their child, Malmont had raised her from the floor, and had commenced examining her head to see what hurt she had received. Observing the look of alarm which immediately clouded his countenance, we all rose from our seats and gathered round him. The mother knelt down at the old man's side, and, taking the child in her bosom, gazed for a few moments into her face; and perceiving that she had received a severe blow on the temple, cried aloud to Charles to run for the doctor, or Mary would certainly die. Charles, however, stood trembling and pale, and incapable of moving; and Valentine, seeing his state, hastily inquired where the doctor lived, and himself ran to fetch him. The father continued apparently calm, but the tightly-drawn muscles of his lips, his restless eyes and painfully subdued voice, betrayed his inward terror. The servants were summoned, and every common

remedy for fainting was rapidly tried. All was vain; and at last, having some little knowledge of medicine, I ventured to ask to be allowed to feel the child's pulse, and whispered to Charles to fetch a looking-glass. I could detect not the faintest pulsation; and when the glass was placed to the mouth, not a breath dimmed its surface. The doctor now came in, and examined the little girl's state. I watched his countenance, and saw all my fears confirmed.

"Perhaps it would be better to take her up stairs at once," he said to the mother.

The mother lifted up the lifeless frame in her arms, and tottered out of the room, supported by her husband, and followed by her children. The doctor gave one or two trifling directions, and said he would join them up stairs in a moment or two. When all were gone but Malmont, Valentine, and myself, he turned to Malmont and said, that, knowing his intimacy with the Burleighs, he thought he might be able to break the truth to them better than any one else. The child, he said, was unquestionably dead. Malmont uttered not a word, but, taking the doctor's arm, led him out of the room, and we heard them mount the stairs together. Valentine and I then first thought we might be in the way at such a terrible hour, and prepared to depart; but I felt so shocked with the occurrence, that I found it necessary to rest a few minutes before going. Besides, we could not bear to go without hearing of the state of the poor bereaved parents.

We had not waited long, when Charles Burleigh rushed wildly into the room, followed by M. Malmont, and, throwing himself upon a sofa, burst into a violent fit of weeping, and sobbed as though his heart would burst. His kind-hearted old friend sat by his side, not speaking, but silently watching the progress of his anguish. As the youth grew calmer, Malmont took his hand affectionately, and spoke a few words of consolation. What followed I will now relate as faithfully as I am able.

[To be continued.]

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## AD PIOS DIV. PHILIP. NERI FRATRES,

CUM PRIMUM, POST LONGAM AB EUROPA ABSENTIAM, NOVUM ORATORIUM  
CONSPEXISSEM.

Ἄρα οὖν οὐκέτι ἐστὲ ξένοι καὶ πάροικοι, ἀλλὰ συμπολίται τῶν ἁγίων καὶ οἰκείοι  
τοῦ Θεοῦ.—*Ephesians* ii. 19.

O GRATA cælo sacra silentia,  
Ac auspicati relligio loci,  
Salvete post longos labores  
Et pelagi varias procellas!

Hic sospitalis gloria Numinis  
Pacisque fulget lumen amabile,  
Hic pectus oblitum doloris  
Intuitu proprio spectat

Deum latentem : nam hic Deus excubat  
Atque impeditos compede carnea  
Lutoque submersos profundo  
Evehit et reficit benigne.

Cum jam recludens mens sua vulnera  
Æterna solvit vincula criminum,  
Et labe peccati remota  
Spernit lumum meliore penna.

Quæ palpitantis gaudia pectoris  
Audire cantus, laudis adorem,  
Cum Diva respundet Maria  
Luminibus roseisque sertis!

Ardore matris pulchra tenellulum  
Molli Puellum jam gremio fovet,  
Et dulce ridens luctuosos  
Advocat ad Patriam perennem.

Hic et levamen rebus in arduis,  
Hic victa mundo vita reffloruit,  
Nam Christus instauratus ardet  
Luce nova reparare gentes.

Affulget ætas nunc melior : breve  
Lucremur ævum. Non studium lucri,  
Non spes honorum, nec micantum  
Picta juvant simulacra rerum.

Surgamus! instant aurea sæcula,  
Fidesque tandem, clade superbior,  
Assurgit, infaustosque ritus  
Atque supervacuum quietem

Pellit triumphans! En novus arbiter,  
Testisque verax eloquio potens  
Addictus et sancti vereri  
Consilium sapiens Philippi.

Surgamus! adsunt magnanimi viri  
Et militantes ense Catholico,  
Cunctique portantes tropæa,  
Impavidæ monumenta pugnae.

Regnans per annos innumerabiles  
Ter gloriosa Ecclesia vos tenet,  
Nec sæcla crescentem vigorem  
Imminent hominumve jussa.

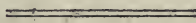
Vos separavit de grege gentium  
Quos ducit error, lumine gratior,  
Cœtuque eo qui vanitatem  
De tenero meditatur ungue.

Gaudete fratres! agricolas seges  
Matura fortes undique conclamat:  
O ite; turbas et fideles  
Vivifico recreate verbo!

JAMES MORRIS,

Late Head Classical Professor and Professor of  
Languages in the Royal College, Mauritius.

*Calend. Decembris 1849.*



[We have pleasure in inserting the following paper, with which we have been favoured by Mr. Wardell, without, of course, expressing any opinion as to its views and calculations.—ED. RAMBLER.]

### A FEW REMARKS ON GOTHIC ECCLESIASTICAL BUILDING, AND ITS COST,

COMPARED WITH THE ROMAN AND NINETEENTH CENTURY STYLES.

Mr. PUGIN's eloquent and animated advocacy of Pointed Ecclesiastical Architecture leaves but little to be said in its behalf; but as its revival has been objected to on the plea of its excessive cost, compared to the rival systems, and as this question has not been suffi-

ciently discussed to satisfy many, I venture to offer a few words, in the hope of shewing that a Gothic church, *cæteris paribus*, will cost very much less than one built in the Roman or classic style. With those who love Gothic architecture, this will be an additional argument in its favour; to those who like it, but fear the expense, this will remove their difficulties; and to those who prefer the other, this fact, in these utilitarian days, will go far to gain their suffrage.

For a Gothic church, any material is admissible; and whether it is built in rubble, or rag-stone, or hewn stone, or brick, or wood, the eye will discover nothing harsh, unharmonious, or displeasing. The best of these materials, both for durability and effect, is the rough rag-stone; and its cost, in and about London, is the same as brick-work,—in the neighbourhood of the quarries, of course, very much less. Our ancient churches were, as a rule, built of the stone or material most easily obtainable in their neighbourhood; but for a classic building, on the contrary, nothing but what is technically called “rubbed stone” can with propriety be used, because the other materials are totally contrary to the genius of a style that delights in large masses and great breadths. The Parthenon in brick would never have had an admirer.

Professor Cockerell, R.A.—whose prejudices in favour of the works of ancient Greece and Rome are as well known as our own great master’s (Mr. Pugin) for those of our Catholic forefathers—has aptly described the principles of the two in a recent lecture. “The one,” he says, “is the triumph of physical force; the other, of human ingenuity and completeness of adaptation to any material.” The trabeated system, the essential genius of classic architecture, requires always large, sometimes immense, blocks of stone; and as the difficulty of obtaining stones of large scantling is exceedingly great, and often impossible, it follows, that the style which makes them necessary is totally unfit for the large and spacious areas required in a church, without at all referring to the enormous expense such huge materials entail. The arch-system, on the contrary, shrinks not at any span, but adapts herself to all necessities and requirements, heeding not what materials are employed in the development of her beauty and power. I must here quote a learned writer on our ancient architecture, Dr. Menes; he says, and how truly, “The Gothic cathedral, contemplated in its native character and principles, established in unmoved security by the very agency of those forces which tend most directly to destruction, displays an evidence of science the most wonderful in the whole history of intelligence. Never have the stereometric principles of building, one of the most difficult branches of the art, been better exhibited than in these piles: mass counteracts mass, the very confliction of downward efforts upholds the reed-like column, and hangs on high the ponderous vault; self-balanced, the entire system contains within itself the essence of its own existence, in the chain of means and end, of minute contrivance, and of one purpose. Yet, amid all this, no effort is apparent; even while the mind starts at its own ingenuity



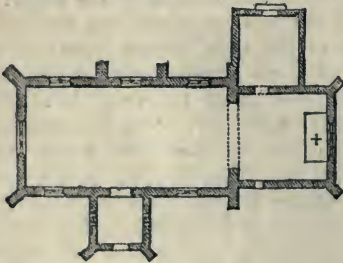
over the properties of matter and the laws of nature, the artist seems to sport with his subject, and to tempt the prostration of his airy fabric. Here come into aid the principles of Gothic ornament, than which nothing pertaining to the style more merits admiration, whether as enabling the architect to extend the phantasy of his plans, or, still more, as essentially producing those effects which the plans contemplate. In no system of architecture do the ornamental so completely integrate and harmonise with the necessary modes. Ornament could not be removed without destruction both of stability and beauty; it strengthens yet conceals the necessity of support, and, like the garniture of herbage and flower and twining plant upon the rugged face of the earth, it spreads to the delighted eye its mazy error, where would else be only a frightful and unformed mass of nodding masonry."

Now the most vast and majestic of all our Gothic cathedrals can be constructed of stones, the heaviest of which, so to speak, a man may carry; but in a Greek or Roman edifice the case is far otherwise. Take, for instance, the great Temple of Selinus: although its length, 331 feet, was but little more than half that of Canterbury Cathedral, yet the porticos alone required a hundred columns of marble, each 60 feet high and 30 feet in circumference; and these, placed at only two diameters apart, would require a stone for the architrave of the entablature 30 feet long, 10 feet wide, and 3 feet deep. The arch, it is true, was applied to many purposes by the Romans; but it was far from being the genius of their system,—indeed, it was but a very secondary feature in it. To return, however, to a more practical subject for consideration than either a Gothic cathedral or a Grecian temple—a parish church, and we shall find that here too the same character is maintained by the different styles, the difference alone in the materials requisite would make a Classic building far exceed the expense of the other. The entablatures and cornices, which in a Classic building must be continued round the sides as well as the ends, form a large item in an estimate; while in a church of quite equal pretensions in Pointed architecture, a small stone cornice under the eaves is all that is required; indeed, even this is not necessary. The difference of cost in this particular is startling: the one would be worth perhaps 2s. 6d. per foot run, and the other at least 27s. 6d. in a very small building. Then, in a Classic edifice, the walls are required to be at least one-third as high again as those of a Gothic building containing the same number of cubic feet; and in this item is not only to be taken into account the extra height, but an increased thickness; for a high wall with a flat roof, where the lateral thrust is enormous, requires to be much stronger than a low one with a high roof, where the pressure is almost vertical. A Classic building also requires a roof of much more expensive construction, and larger timbers: here is an additional expense; then the ceiling has to be constructed, and is one of the most expensive features of a Classic edifice. The Pointed system, on the contrary, decorates the construction of its

roofs; and a much finer effect is obtained at half the cost of the other. A small porch at the side is the ordinary entrance to a Pointed church; but a porch is an unknown feature in Classic architecture (for the stupid enclosures of cockneys' villas' doors are no precedents); the portico is therefore required, and the cost of this will be certainly six times that of the porch. These remarks are made, to account for the difference the two following estimates shew in favour of Gothic buildings.

It has been endeavoured to confine the comparison to buildings affording equal accommodation, and of equal pretensions in their respective styles. The Pointed building is supposed to be built of rag-stone, with Caen-stone windows, doorways, &c., and two rich niches and canopies, with figures: the Classic building, built of brick-work, faced with rubbed stone ashlar; and no fittings are taken in either.

Now, the Gothic design *has been* completed for 818*l.* 10*s.*, and the estimated cost of the Roman plan is 1321*l.*,—making the Gothic



plan the cheaper by 503*l*. Here, therefore, in two buildings offering the same accommodation, and of equal architectural pretensions, is a difference of no less than about 62 per cent in favour of Gothic building; and a sacristy is included in the Gothic plan, and not in the other: it will also be borne in mind, that a large Classic building will always cost more in proportion than a smaller one, because of the increased scantlings of the materials used. For further proof, a list of a few churches and chapels is added, with the numbers they accommodate, and their cost respectively; and should any inaccuracy be discovered in this latter, much indulgence is craved, as the writer can only vouch for those erected under his own professional direction; but he has no doubt himself as to the proximate correctness of all.

<i>Gothic.</i>			<i>Pagan, 19th Century, &amp;c.</i>		
	No. of Worshippers.	Cost.		No. of Worshippers.	Cost.
S. George's, London, including tower and spire, but not fittings . . .	3000	£28,000	S. Mary's, Moorfields*	1800	£26,000
S. Wilfrid's, Manchester	800	5,000	S. Elizabeth's, Richmond	300	20,000
S. Mary's, Farm Street	700	8,000	S. Mary's, Hampstead .	250	2,000
— S. John's Wood .	800	6,000	Protestant Church at Wilton (Byzantine) .	1000	30,000
— Henley . . . .	400	4,500	Ditto in Euston Square	2500	66,90 <i>l</i>
— Greenwich . . .	850	5,700	Ditto, called All Souls', Langham Place . .	1000	17,713
S. John's, Hackney . .	350	2,000			
	6900	£59,200		6850	£162,617

So that in Pointed buildings, 6900 worshippers are accommodated for 59,200*l*., or for an average of about 8*l*. 10*s*. per head; while in Pagan structures, an outlay of 162,617*l*. has been required to accommodate 6900 persons, or an average of about 23*l*. 10*s*. per head; and many other examples might be added but for space. Surely this is sufficiently convincing for all who are willing to be convinced. I shall not, of course, be understood to imply, that because Gothic architecture is less costly, that therefore it is not capable of the same, or rather greater grandeur, beauty of outline, grace of proportion, and richness of detail, than the other. This it is not my business here to prove—in truth there needs no proof of it; I am only endeavouring to shew what advantages may be gained from the use of our own Catholic architecture, which bends to all necessities and wants, and is alike beautiful and true, whether in a wayside oratory, or when glowing in all the luxuriance of Amiens or York.

W. W. WARDELL.

*The Green Hill, Hampstead,  
Feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1849.*

\* It is hardly fair to quote the cost of Moorfields, because it is as sham and unreal as Roman cement and stucco can make it; and the other Pagan buildings are at least honest in their materials.



## Reviews.

## NEWMAN'S DISCOURSES.

*Discourses addressed to Mixed Congregations.* By John Henry Newman, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Longmans.

THIS remarkable volume will possess attractions for readers of very different kinds. Those Catholics themselves who have had no special interest in the author's past career, nor even any thing beyond the most general knowledge of his history, may yet well be anxious to see the one doctrine they have ever learned illustrated and enforced by a most powerful and original, yet most humble and loyal, mind. Even the oneness and unchangeableness of Catholic dogma is not a more wonderful phenomenon than is the infinite variety comprehended in that oneness; or rather, the union of those two qualities is that very fact which constitutes the characteristic property and peculiarity of the true religion, considered as a doctrinal system. And it is among the strongest proofs of the depth and reality of Catholic truth, that it admits of being regarded from such various points of view, and illustrated by such various analogies, and enforced by such various arguments, and compared with such various philosophies, and harmonised with such various classes of phenomena, and brought into the closest contact with such infinite varieties both of social circumstances and of individual character; that its constituent parts will bear being dwelt on one by one, or again viewed in their relations to each other, according as an individual mind is drawn to consider them, and the whole does but gain increased light and persuasiveness from every one such close and accurate investigation. Consider, for instance, the light accruing to the Christian scheme from the labours of such as St. Augustine or St. Thomas; a light so great and manifold, that learned Protestants or unbelievers continually represent these great saints as *authors and inventors* of this or that Catholic tenet; while we within the Church, who see these tenets by the light of faith, and have practical experience of the indivisible oneness and consistency of the Christian system, yet are able to recognise with boundless gratitude the services of these and other such illustrious doctors, in giving us deeper and more diversified insight into its various parts and their mutual relations.

And we may fearlessly assert, without any danger of error or exaggeration, that there can be few minds, in this or in any other

individual age, from whom such services may be expected towards the illustration of Catholic doctrine, as from the present author's. Rare indeed is the union of such profound and various learning with such originality, vigour, freshness, and elasticity of mind: few are they who are so deeply read without being thereby cumbered and dulled; few so highly gifted, without being led into more or less of unbridled speculation. For an illustration of the first-named danger, we may point to Dr. Pusey, who, with not one half of Father Newman's learning, is yet cowed, perplexed, and fettered by his reading, like a weak man in cumbrous armour; for an illustration of the second, we need go no further than the very current literature of the day, to writers who seem to have been permitted to inflict their crudities on the world almost contemporaneously with the present volume, as if for the very purpose of displaying the broad contrast between the results of great intellectual power respectively subjected and not subjected to the obedience of faith.\*

But indeed, not only as compared with Protestants and unbelievers, but as compared with most recent Catholic writers, Father Newman has taken singular and unusual pains to saturate his mind with the wisdom of the past. Such writers, for example, as De Maistre, and again Gerbet, have rather occupied themselves with throwing out brilliant and attractive views of their own than with reproducing ancient writers. We are not mentioning this in any way to their blame; the nature of their subjects led them in a different direction; but such a circumstance cannot but indefinitely lessen the interest of their works in a strictly theological point of view. De Maistre's principal work has indeed always struck us as partaking far more of a historical than of a doctrinal nature; and in the former character is indeed beyond all praise. But for Father Newman, even if his own bias and habits had not led him to more purely theological studies, the very nature of his position would have done so. The work of the Oratorian Fathers is, not to arouse one congregation after another from the sleep of sin, and then deliver it over to its regular pastors to be maintained in its new state of wakefulness; but, as we observed a few numbers ago, it is the no less indispensably necessary task of feeding and sustaining the flame of devotion in single congregations. Now it is impossible to address the same congregation week after week, and day after day, without falling into the most miserable vapidty and self-reiteration, unless

\* We do not mean for a moment to compare the intellectual ability of such works with that of the present volume; in truth, human reason is most contemptible when most audacious, and never shews itself to so little advantage as when stepping out of its own limits, and encroaching on the province of faith.

the mind be continually replenished by the stream of theological study; and no one can hear the various discourses of the Philippines without observing how thoroughly persuaded they are of this truth, and how energetically they act upon it.

Another characteristic of Father Newman's mind, eminently fitting him for a theologian, is implied in what has already been said, but needs special mention. He is not only most deeply versed in both ancients and moderns, so as, like a good householder, to bring from his treasure things both new and old, but he is unusually endued with that very rare gift, intellectual modesty. He appreciates and defers to *greatness*. He not only knows what eminent theologians have said, but feels keenly the respect and submission *due* to what they have said. And as he ungrudgingly and eagerly tenders to doctors and eminent thinkers that full measure of respect which they may fairly claim, so does he, most entirely and without measure, submit his reason and his judgment to that which *claims* such submission without measure, the voice of the ever-living Church. A more simply humble and deferential son of the Church has never lived.

Another source of intellectual strength, if it do not appear paradoxical to say so, is to be found in the author's past intellectual wanderings. This is a very parallel matter in the intellectual order, to what he himself observes in the moral order. Speaking more especially of the great St. Augustine, and his former excesses of sin, "Do you not think, my brethren," pursues the preacher, "that he was better fitted than another to persuade his brethren as he had been persuaded, and to preach the holy doctrine which he had despised? Not that sin is better than obedience, or the sinner than the just; but that God, in his mercy, makes use of sin against itself; that He turns past sin into a present benefit; that while He washes away its guilt, and subdues its power, He leaves it in the penitent in such sense as enables him, from the knowledge of its devices, to assault it more vigorously, and strike it more truly, than other men; that while He, by his omnipotent grace, can make the soul as clean as if it had never sinned, He leaves it in possession of a tenderness and compassion for other sinners, an experience how to deal with them, greater than if it had never sinned" (pp. 58, 9). Now, without speaking as if we could with any certainty attribute *sin*, in the present miserable state of England, to the mere fact of one born of Protestant parents remaining for a long time blind to the Church's claims, still, is there not at least on the side of advantage, much in past habits of Protestantism, which affords a very parallel power with that here attributed to past habits of sin? It is the very blessedness of



those who have ever been within the Church's happy embrace, that they are unable fully to analyse their various grounds of conviction, and to assign to each its respective strength; it is their very blessedness that they cannot, by ever so violent an effort of the imagination, conceive the appearance presented to many Protestants by great part of the Church's doctrines; and that, in their astonishment, they answer almost at random, and so as quite to miss the mark, when assailed by difficulties which, to Protestant minds, are most real and influential. The great question of reason and faith, again, is to them an uninteresting point of metaphysics; may it not possibly be more profoundly fathomed by one to whom for years it has been matter of life and death? Church History is to them hardly more than a literature, their conviction of the Church's divine authority resting on a far deeper and more spiritual basis; may there not be points in that history which will be more carefully marked, and more rightly apprehended, by one to whom that study has been the ladder whereby Catholicism was attained? And so with many similar instances which might be mentioned.

Lastly, Father Newman possesses that highest and crowning gift of a theologian, the most keen and ardent appreciation of sanctity. The present volume is an amply sufficient proof of this; but a still more undeniable proof is afforded in that admirable series of hagiography which it is the high honour of the Oratorian Fathers that they have been the instruments of bringing before English Catholics: a series which, while it more and more imbues our own body with a relish for the holy and the supernatural, tends also more to attract towards the true Faith those without whom we may most hope to gain, than volumes of argument and controversy.

Thus it is, as we started by saying, that even apart from any special concern or conversance with the author's past history, this volume is yet an object of the deepest interest to all Catholic minds. Those, however, of course, who *have* been more or less bound up with Father Newman's antecedents, those who have been fellow-members with him of a schismatical and heretical body, nay, who have haply been for some time retained there by his advice or example,—such as these will naturally be led to examine with peculiar interest this publication. They will wish to compare his present style of writing with his past, and to trace the effect produced, whether on his argumentative or rhetorical powers, by an introduction to the full truth and an initiation into the mysteries of the Catholic Church. As for those unhappy men who endeavour to console themselves in their exile from their true home of light

and peace by fond notions that he whom they formerly revered is, somehow or other, hampered in his new position; or who talk of it, forsooth, as denoting deterioration of character, that in writing a *tale* he adopted a less severe style than in delivering a *sermon*;—to these the present volume will indeed be a mortification. To speak of these sermons as sympathising with a less high standard for ordinary life than did the author's former ones, would be a simple absurdity; while there *does* appear here (as might have been expected) a glowing and rapturous exaltation of the unspeakable tenderness of God, and the unapproachable marvels of his grace, and there does appear also a keen and discerning appreciation of the highest mysteries of the saintly character, such as you would look for in vain in any of his earlier productions.

But in the matter of *intellectual* ability and consistency, the superiority is even far more striking. What contrast, indeed, can be greater than between the direct, steady, and equable march we here find, as of one thoroughly well acquainted with his ground, and sure of his stepping, and fearing no stumble, and, on the other hand, those implications, and innuendos, and vague generalities, which abounded in his former volumes, as though he knew not how far he might venture to follow out his own premisses to their legitimate conclusions, or of the conclusions which he *did* admit, how much he might venture, and how plainly, to declare to the world? It was on no subordinate or merely theoretical matters that we used to witness these strange manœuvres, but on the most practical questions that can be possibly conceived. Compare, for example, his direct statements in the present volume on the sacrament of Penance, with his ceaseless and wearisome marching and countermarching, saying and unsaying, of old, as to the means of forgiveness open to a penitent Christian, and the state of such an one in God's sight; that is, in all probability, on the state before God of the very best and most exemplary of all his hearers. Or compare his most beautiful passage on Purgatory (pp. 86-8) with his old questionings, and doubtings, and suggestions of the possibility of an unknown something, not perfectly pleasant, in the intermediate state. Or take his simple and straightforward exposition of the Church's office, as standing unrivalled and unapproached among religious bodies, it being the one which alone bears constant witness to the unearthly and supernatural (p. 109),—the one which alone sustains the angelical life on earth (p. 63), nay, the one which alone so much as *claims* to be herself the one prophet of God (p. 244); and then look back for a moment on his feeble and almost grotesque attempts to draw some line of essential dis-



inction between Anglicans and Dissenters, or to translate into the language of ethical teaching that most wonderful theory, which would represent the English Establishment as making up one Catholic Church with the Russian schismatics and the true Catholics.

We are far indeed from wishing to speak disparagingly of the author's former sermons; so far from it, we regard them (to take them only in one point of view) as an invaluable mine of the deepest Catholic philosophy; and we consider that the Catholic student may with the greatest benefit read and ponder them again and again. In truth, it is precisely because the philosophy implied in them is so Catholic and so consistent that its external development was so stunted and distorted by the author's uncatholic position; and we have only been wishing to draw attention to the fact that (in strong contrast with the present volume) it *was* so stunted and distorted. And, moreover, there is one large and general exception to these remarks altogether; we allude to his former treatment of the great mysteries of the Trinity and the Incarnation. But then this very exception emphatically proves the rule; because those were precisely the subjects on which he was able to submit himself to the very same oracles who now rule him consistently in all things. For so it is, that grossly heretical as is the great body of the Establishment on these primary Christian truths (a fact continually urged by our author on his then hearers), still its formularies recognise them in their Catholic shape, and a preacher is permitted, without fear of incurring persecution, to state them accurately and fully. Accordingly our author was enabled, without let or hindrance, to exercise on these high themes his admirable and almost unrivalled power of dogmatic statement and disquisition; and the result has been, in such works as his translation, with notes,\* of St. Athanasius's treatises, a contribution to Catholic theology which will last so long as that theology itself shall have existence. And yet, even when dilating upon these themes, the change in his position is very apparent; for though his sermons were quite singular, among those of his brethren, for the personal love they expressed towards our adorable Lord and Saviour, yet no one can be insensible to the very far more glowing and rapturous tone of tenderness and devotion to be found in his Catholic discourses.

As an instance of Father Newman's power of theological statement on a class of subjects which he never before was in

\* The substance of some of these notes was translated into Latin by the author after his conversion, and published at Rome.



a position to treat theologically, we may take, almost at random, the following passage, where he handles a theme of St. Augustine; the part we especially refer to is the latter part of our quotation, in which he rescues the saint's doctrine from the jansenistical perversion of it—the *delectatio relative victrix*.

“It is the manifestation of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ; it is the view of the attributes and perfections of Almighty God; it is the beauty of his sanctity, the sweetness of his mercy, the brightness of his heaven, the majesty of his law, the harmony of his providences, the thrilling music of his voice, which is the antagonist of the flesh, and the soul's champion against the world and the devil. ‘Thou hast seduced me, O Lord,’ says the prophet, ‘and I was seduced; Thou art stronger than I, and hast prevailed;’ Thou hast thrown thy net skilfully, and its subtle threads are entwined round each affection of the heart, and its meshes have been a power of God, ‘bringing into captivity the whole intellect to the service of Christ.’ If the world has its fascinations, so surely has the altar of the living God; if its pomps and vanities dazzle, so much more should the vision of angels ascending and descending on the heavenly ladder; if sight of earth intoxicate, and its chants are a spell upon the soul, behold Mary pleads with us, over against them, with her chaste eyes, and offers the Eternal Child for our caress, while sounds of cherubim are heard all round singing in the blessedness which they find in Him. Has divine hope no emotion? Has divine charity no transport? ‘How dear are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!’ says the prophet; ‘my soul doth lust, and doth faint for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh have rejoiced in the living God. One day in thy courts is better than a thousand: I have chosen to be an abject in the house of my God, rather than to dwell in the tabernacles of sinners.’ So is it, as a great doctor and penitent has said, St. Augustine; ‘It is not enough to be drawn by the will; thou art also drawn by the sense of pleasure. What is it to be drawn by pleasure? ‘Delight thou in the Lord, and He will give thee the petitions of thy heart.’ There is a certain pleasure of heart, to which that heavenly bread is sweet.”

“Such are the means which God has provided for the creation of the saint out of the sinner: He takes him as he is, and uses him against himself: He turns his affections into another channel, and defeats a carnal love by inspiring a heavenly charity. Not as if He used him as a mere irrational creature, who is impelled by instincts and governed by external incitements without any will of his own, and to whom one pleasure is the same as another, the same in kind, though different in degree. I have already said, it is the glory of his grace, that He *enters into* the heart of man, and persuades it, and prevails with it, while He changes it. He violates in nothing that original constitution which He gave him; He treats him as man; He leaves him the power of acting this way or that; He appeals to all his powers and faculties, to his reason, to his prudence, to his moral sense; He rouses his fears as well as his love; He enlightens him in the depravity of sin, as well as in the mercy of God; but still, on the whole, the animating principle of the new life, by which it is both kindled and sustained, is the flame of charity. This only is strong enough to destroy the old Adam, to dissolve the tyranny of habits, and to waste the fires of concupiscence, and to burn up the strongholds of pride.”

The following is upon a still more pregnant and important subject, and calls for still greater theological accuracy.

“ God is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, as of all things, so of our salvation. We should have lived and died, every one of us, in the absence of all saving knowledge of Him, but for a gift which we could not do any thing ourselves to secure, had we lived ever so well,—but for his grace; and now that we have known Him, and have been cleansed from our sin by Him, it is quite certain that we cannot do any thing, even with the help of grace, to purchase for ourselves perseverance in justice and sanctity, though we live ever so well. His grace begins the work, his grace also finishes it; and now I am going to speak to you of his finishing it; I mean, of the necessity under which we lie of his finishing it; else it will never be finished, or rather will be reversed; I am going to speak to you of the gift of perseverance in grace, its extreme preciousness, and our utter hopelessness, in spite of all that we are, without it. \* \* \*

“ This is what we find to be the case, not only in matters of religion, but of this world, viz. that, let a person do a thing ever so well, the chance is that he will not be able to do it a number of times running without a mistake. Let a person be ever so good an accountant, he will add up a sum wrongly now and then, though you could not guess beforehand when or why he was to fail. Let him get by heart a number of lines ever so perfectly, and say them accurately over, yet it does not follow that he will say them a dozen times and be accurate throughout. So it is with our religious duties; we may be able to keep from every sin in particular, as the temptation comes, but this does not hinder its being certain that we shall not in fact keep from all sins, though that ‘all’ is made up of those particular sins. This is how the greatest saints come to commit venial sins, though they have grace sufficient to keep them from any venial sin whatever. It is the result of human frailty: nothing could keep the saints from such falls, light as they are, but a special prerogative, and this, the Church teaches us, has been granted to the Blessed Virgin, and apparently to her alone. Now venial sins do not separate from God, and are permitted by the Giver of all grace for a good purpose, to humble us, and to give us an incentive to works of penance. No exemption from venial sin is given us, because it is not necessary for us to be exempted: on the other hand, it is most necessary that we should be preserved from mortal sins, yet here too that very difficulty besets us in our warfare with them which meets us in the case of venial. Here too, though a man may have grace sufficient to keep him clear of all mortal sins whatever, taken one by one, we may prophesy surely, that the hour will come, sooner or later, when he will neglect and baffle that grace, unless he has some further gift bestowed on him to guard him against himself. He needs grace to use grace; he needs something over and above, to secure his faithfulness to what he has already. And he needs it imperatively, for since one mortal sin separates from God, he is in immediate risk of his salvation, if he has it not. This additional gift is called the gift of perseverance; and it consists in an ever-watchful superintendence of us, on the part of our all-merciful Lord, removing temptations which He sees will be fatal to us, succouring us at those times when we are in particular peril, whether from our negligence or other cause, and ordering the course of our life so that we may die when we are in a state of grace. And, since it is so simply necessary for us, God grants it to us; nay, did He not, no one could be saved; He grants it to us, though He does not grant even to



saints the prerogative of avoiding every venial sin ; He grants it, out of his bounty, to our prayers, though we cannot merit it by any thing we do or say to Him, even with the aid of his grace.

“ What a lesson of humility and watchfulness have we in this doctrine as now explained ! It is one ground of humiliation, that, do what we will, strive as we will, we cannot escape from venial sin while we are on earth. Though the aids which God gives us are sufficient to enable us to live without sin, yet our infirmity of will and of attention is a match for them, and we do not do in fact that which we might do. And again, what is not only humbling, but even frightful and appalling, we are in danger of mortal sin as well as in certainty of venial ; and the only reason why we are not in certainty of mortal is, that an extraordinary gift is given to those who supplicate for it, to secure them from mortal, though no such gift is given to secure them from venial. In spite of the presence of grace in our souls, in spite of the actual assistances given us, we owe any hope we have of heaven, not to that inward grace simply, nor to those assistances, but to a supplementary mercy which protects us against ourselves, rescues us from occasions of sin, strengthens us in our hour of danger, and ends our days at that very time, perhaps cuts short our life in order to secure a time, when no mortal sin has separated us from God. Nothing we are, nothing we do, is any guarantee to us that this supplementary mercy has been accorded to us ; we cannot know till the end ; all we know is, that God has helped us hitherto, and we trust He will help us still.”

The author proceeds to enlarge on this most awful subject ; and introduces, in reference to it, at some little length, a most beautiful comment on the history of Solomon. He then brings the matter to a practical conclusion as follows :

“ I do not wish to sadden you, but to make you cautious ; doubt not you will be led on, *fear not to fall, provided you do but fear a fall. Fearing will secure you from what you fear.* Only ‘ be sober, be vigilant,’ as St. Peter says, beware of taking satisfaction in what you are, understand that the only way to avoid falling back is to press forward. Dread all occasions of sin, get a habit of shrinking from the beginnings of temptation. Never speak confidently about yourselves, nor contemptuously of the religiousness of others, nor lightly of sacred things ; guard your eyes, guard the first springs of thought, be jealous of yourselves when alone, neglect not your daily prayers ; above all, pray specially and continually for the gift of perseverance. Come to Mass as often as you can, visit the Blessed Sacrament, make frequent acts of faith and love, and try to live in the presence of God. And further still, interest our Blessed Lady in your success ; pray to her earnestly for it ; she can do more for you than any one else. Pray her by the pain she suffered, when the sharp sword went through her ; pray her by her own perseverance, which was in her the gift of the same God of whom you ask it for yourselves. God will not refuse you, He will not refuse her, if you have recourse to her succour. It will be a blessed thing, in your last hour, when flesh and heart are failing, in midst of the pain, the weariness, the restlessness, the prostration of strength, the exhaustion of spirits, which then will be your portion,—it will be blessed indeed to have her at your side, more tender than a mother, to nurse you and to whisper peace. It will be most blessed, when the evil one is making his last effort, when he is coming on you in his might to pluck you away from your Father’s hand, if he can,—it will be blessed



indeed if Jesus, Joseph, and Mary are there, waiting to shield you from his assaults, and to receive your soul. If they are there, all is there; angels are there, saints are there, heaven is there, heaven is begun in you, and the devil has no part in you. That dread day may be sooner or later; you may be taken away young, you may live to fourscore; you may die in your bed, you may die in the open field; but if Mary intercedes for you, that day will find you watching and ready. All things will be fixed to secure your salvation; all dangers will be foreseen, all obstacles removed, all aids provided. The hour will come, and in a moment you will be translated beyond fear and risk; you will be translated into a new state where sin is not, nor ignorance of the future, but perfect faith and serene joy, and assurance and love everlasting.

“Jesus, Joseph, and Mary, I offer you my soul and my heart!

“Jesus, Joseph, and Mary, assist me in my last agony!

“Jesus, Joseph, and Mary, let me breathe out my soul with you in peace.”

This great and solemn truth is placed by Father Newman at the very centre and turning-point of his practical teaching; following in that respect all the best ascetical writers, and, in particular, St. Alphonsus, who, in his admirable work, *Il gran mezzo di Preghiera*, bases the whole duty and practice of prayer upon a theological exposition of the doctrine of perseverance. It is incalculable, indeed, how much greater warmth and liveliness is thereby thrown into the whole exercise of prayer, when, instead of the mere inculcation of it as a duty at stated times, we are rather reminded how absolute and entire is our dependence upon God for salvation from first to last, and the consequent necessity of keeping up the spirit of prayer throughout the day. And this is beyond question the Church's own method. Prayer at regular stated times, such as morning and evening, is most assuredly not binding, even under venial sin; whereas the indissoluble connexion between prayer and perseverance is the undisputed and uninterrupted teaching of the whole Church.

There is another matter on which our author brings the same doctrine to bear with singular force and power, viz. on those who allow themselves in deliberate habits of venial sin. It is from their ignorance of our doctrine on Perseverance that Protestants imagine our distinction of sins into mortal and venial to lead us, of necessity, into a cold and technical religion; and there is no doubt that if individual Catholics forget the doctrine in question, there will be in their case a real ground for the charge. But let us once put before our mind the helpless and (absolutely) slavish relation in which we stand before God as to our hopes of heaven, what wild and frantic imprudence (to say no worse) will it appear to insult and as it were defy Him by deliberately declining his service beyond a certain point! In our last quotation, the

author reminds his hearers, "that the only way to avoid falling back," *i. e.* to obtain perseverance, "is to press forward." Take, in connexion with this, the following passage:

"Let me now turn to others, and let me hear what they will say, when the question is asked them;—why, they will parry it thus:—'You give us no alternative,' they will say to me, 'except being a sinner and a saint. You put before us our Lord's pattern, and you spread before us the guilt and the ruin of the deliberate transgressor; whereas we have no intention of going so far one way or the other; we do not aim at being saints, but we have no desire at all to be sinners. We neither intend to disobey God's will, nor to give up our own. Surely there is a middle way, and a safe one, in which God's will and our will may both be satisfied. We mean to enjoy both this world and the next. We will guard against mortal sin; we are not obliged to guard against venial; indeed, it would be endless to attempt it. None but saints do so; it is the work of a life; we need have nothing else to do. We are not monks, we are in the world, we are in business, we are parents, we have families; we must live for the day. It is a consolation to keep from mortal sin; that we do, and it is enough for salvation. It is a great thing to keep in God's favour; what, indeed, can we desire more? We come at due times to the Sacraments; this is our comfort and our stay; did we die, we should die in grace, and escape the doom of the wicked. But if we once attempted to go further, where should we stop? how will you draw the line for us? the line between mortal and venial sin is very distinct; we understand that; but do you not see that, if we attended to our venial sins, there would be just as much reason to attend to one as to another? If we began to repress our anger, why not also repress vain-glory? why not also guard against avarice? why not also keep from falsehoods? from gossiping, from idling, from excess in eating? And, after all, without venial sin we never can be, unless, indeed, we have the prerogative of the Mother of God, which it would be almost heresy to ascribe to any one else. You are not asking us to be converted; that we understand; we *are* converted, we were converted a long time ago. You bid us aim at an indefinite vague something, which is neither perfection, nor yet sin, and which, without resulting in any tangible advantage, debars us from the pleasures, and embarrasses us in the duties, of this world.'

"This is what you will say; but your premisses, my brethren, are better than your reasoning, and your conclusions will not stand. You have a right view why God has sent you into the world, viz. in order that you may get to heaven; it is quite true also that you would fare well indeed, if you found yourselves there,—you could desire no better; nor, it is true, can you live any time without venial sin. It is true also that you are not obliged to aim at being saints; it is no sin not to aim at perfection. So much is true, and to the purpose; but this is no proof that you, with such views and feelings as you have expressed, are using sufficient exertions even for attaining to purgatory. Has your religion any difficulty in it, or is it in all respects easy to you? are you simply taking your own pleasure in your mode of living, or do you find your pleasure in submitting yourself to God's pleasure? In a word, is your religion a work? for if it be not, it is not religion at all. Here at once, before going into your argument, is a proof that it is an unsound one, because it brings you to the conclusion, that, whereas Christ came to do a work, and his Apostles, and all saints, and all sinners, you, on the contrary, have no work to do, because, forsooth, you are neither a



sinner nor a saint; or, if you had once a work, at least you have despatched it already, and have nothing upon your hands. You have attained your salvation, it seems, before your time, and have nothing to occupy you, and are detained on earth too long. The workdays are over, and your perpetual holiday is begun. Did, then, God send you, above all other men, into the world to be idle? Is it your mission only to enjoy this world, in which you are but pilgrims and as sojourners? are you more than sons of Adam, who by the sweat of their face are to eat bread till they return to the earth out of which they are taken? Unless you have some work in hand, unless you are struggling, unless you are fighting with yourselves, you are no follower of those who 'through many tribulations entered into the kingdom of God.' A fight is the very token of a Christian. He is a soldier of Christ; high or low, he is this and nothing else. If you have triumphed over all mortal sin, as you seem to think, then you must attack your venial sins; there is no help for it; there is nothing else to do, if you would be a soldier of Jesus Christ. But, O simple souls! to think you have gained any triumph at all! No; you cannot safely be at peace with any, even the least malignant, of the foes of God; if you are at peace with venial sins, be certain that in their company and under their shadow mortal sins are lurking. Mortal sins are the children of venial, which, though they be not deadly themselves, yet are prolific of death. You may think that you have killed the giants who had possession of your hearts, and that you have nothing to fear, but may sit at rest under your vine and under your fig-tree; but the giants will live again, they will rise from the dust, and, before you know where you are, you will be taken captive, and slaughtered by the fierce, powerful, and eternal enemies of God."

There is another truth, for whatever reason, intimately bound up (as is evident) in the author's mind with this, as it was in St. Augustine's, who first systematically treated them, viz. the fewness of those who live as the elect. No one, indeed, would imply that, for certain, none will be saved, except those who exhibit to *us* works meet for salvation; for who shall tell what amount of probation, or what means of recovery, may be crowded into the very last moment of earthly existence, when their inward life is debarred from all external manifestation? This is a thought we are naturally prompted to cherish, when our attention is turned to those vast multitudes, who seem, almost without fault of their own, to sink into the abyss yawning to receive them; and who, plunged from their very birth in an atmosphere of impurity, seem never to have had any fair chance of seeing the beauty of holiness, and learning the obligation of virtue. Without the consolation, indeed, of some such possibility as this, it would be hardly possible for a good Christian to preserve his senses in the midst of this dreary and desolating world; nor would any one blame the cherishing of such a hope, so long as we bear in mind that such thoughts belong to the *region* of hope and conjecture, not of faith. But taking the undeniable fact as it stands, that the world around us *is* thus frightfully unchris-



tian, what a lesson does it read us of careful watchfulness, and guarding our senses against contagion, and frequent retirement! With what a melancholy must it tinge our brightest hopes and our fondest affections here below! Our author's keen sense of this almost overpowering misery, always intense, seems to have derived even increased intensity from his experience of such a place as Birmingham, as several passages in the volume indicate; nor is there any particular which shews more characteristically his own sympathy with the saintly mind, than the manner in which he mourns and suffers under it, as under the heaviest personal calamity.

“O misery of miseries! Thousands are dying daily; they are waking up into God's everlasting wrath; they look back on the days of the flesh, and call them few and evil; they despise and scorn the very reasonings which then they trusted, and which have been disproved by the event; they curse the recklessness which made them put off repentance; they have fallen under his justice, whose mercy they presumed upon;—and their companions and friends are going on as they did, and are soon to join them. As the last generation presumed, so does the present. The father would not believe God could punish, and now the son will not believe; the father was indignant when eternal pain was spoken of, and the son gnashes his teeth, and smiles contemptuously. The world spoke well of itself thirty years ago, and so will it thirty years to come. And thus it is that this vast flood of life is carried on from age to age; myriads trifling with God's love, tempting his justice, and, like the herd of swine, falling headlong down the steep! O mighty God! O God of love! it is too much! it broke the heart of thy sweet Son Jesus to see the misery of man spread out before his eyes. He died by it as well as for it. And we too, in our measure, our eyes ache, and our hearts sicken, and our heads reel, when we but feebly contemplate it. O most tender heart of Jesus, why wilt Thou not end, when wilt Thou end, this ever-growing load of sin and woe? When wilt Thou chase away the devil into his own hell, and close the pit's mouth, that thy chosen may rejoice in Thee, quitting the thought of those who perish in their wilfulness? But, oh! by those five dear wounds in hands, and feet, and side—perpetual fountains of mercy, from which the fulness of the Eternal Trinity flows ever fresh, ever powerful, ever bountiful to all who seek Thee—if the world must still endure, at least gather Thou a larger and a larger harvest, an ampler proportion of souls out of it into thy garner, that these latter times may, in sanctity and glory, and the triumphs of thy grace, exceed the former.”

A similar train of thought is found in a later sermon, on the Passion; where again he repeats the most touching and overpowering fact, found in St. Bridget's Revelations,\* that our Lord's death was caused immediately by mental anguish.

“There, then, in that most awful hour, knelt the Saviour of the world, putting off the defences of his divinity, dismissing his reluctant angels, who in myriads were ready at his call, and opening his arms, baring his breast, sinless as He was, to the assault of his foe,—of a foe whose breath was a pestilence, and whose embrace was an agony. There

\* Revelations of St. Bridget, i.-x.

He knelt, motionless and still, while the vile and horrible fiend clad his spirit in a robe steeped in all that is hateful and heinous in human crime, which clung close round his heart, and filled his conscience, and found its way into every sense and pore of his mind, and spread over Him a moral leprosy, till He almost felt Himself that which He never could be, and which his foe would fain have made Him. Oh, the horror, when He looked, and did not know Himself, and felt as a foul and loathsome sinner, from his vivid perception of that mass of corruption which poured over his head and ran down even to the skirts of his garments! Oh, the distraction, when He found his eyes, and hands, and feet, and lips, and heart, as if the members of the evil one, and not of God! Are these the hands of the immaculate Lamb of God, once innocent, but now red with ten thousand barbarous deeds of blood? are these his lips, not uttering prayer, and praise, and holy blessings, but defiled with oaths, and blasphemies, and doctrines of devils? or his eyes, profaned as they are by all the evil visions and idolatrous fascinations for which men have abandoned their adorable Creator? And his ears, they ring with sounds of revelry and of strife; and his heart is frozen with avarice, and cruelty, and unbelief; and his very memory is laden with every sin which has been committed since the fall, in all regions of the earth, with the pride of the old giants, and the lusts of the five cities, and the obduracy of Egypt, and the ambition of Babel, and the unthankfulness and scorn of Israel. Oh, who does not know the misery of a haunting thought, which comes again and again, in spite of rejection, to annoy, if it cannot seduce? or of some odious and sickening imagination, in no sense one's own, but forced upon the mind from without? or of evil knowledge, gained with or without a man's fault, but which he would give a great price to be rid of for ever? And these gather around Thee, Blessed Lord, in millions now; they come in troops more numerous than the locust or the palmer-worm, or the plagues of hail, and flies, and frogs, which were sent against Pharaoh. Of the living and of the dead and of the unborn, of the lost and of the saved, of thy people and of strangers, of sinners and of saints, all sins are there. Thy dearest are there, thy saints and thy chosen are upon thee; thy three Apostles, Peter, James, and John, but not as comforters, but as accusers, like the friends of Job, 'sprinkling dust towards heaven,' and heaping curses on thy head. All are there but one; one only is not there, one only; for she had no part in sin, she only could console Thee, and therefore is not nigh. She will be near Thee on the cross, she is separated from Thee in the garden. She has been thy companion and thy confidant through thy life, she interchanged with Thee the pure thoughts and holy meditations of thirty years; but her virgin ear may not take in, nor may her immaculate heart conceive, what now is in vision before Thee. None was equal to the weight but God: sometimes before thy saints Thou hast brought the image of a single sin, as it appears in the light of thy countenance, a venial sin, perhaps, and not a mortal; and they have told us that the sight did all but kill them, nay, would have killed them, had it not been instantly withdrawn. The Mother of God, for all her sanctity, nay by reason of it, could not have borne one company of that innumerable progeny of Satan which compass Thee about. It is the long history of a world, and God alone can bear the load of it. Hopes blighted, vows broken, lights quenched, warnings scorned, opportunities lost; the innocent betrayed, the young hardened, the penitent relapsing, the just overcome, the aged failing; the sophistry of misbelief, the wilfulness of passion, the tyranny of habit, the canker of remorse, the wasting of care, the anguish of shame, the pining of



disappointment, the sickness of despair; such cruel, such pitiable spectacles, such heartrending, revolting, detestable, maddening scenes; nay, the haggard faces, the convulsed lips, the flushed cheek, the dark brow of the willing victims of rebellion; they are all before Him now; they are upon Him and in Him. They are with Him instead of that ineffable peace which has inhabited his soul since the moment of his conception. They are upon Him, they are all but his own; He cries to his Father as if He were the criminal, not the victim; his agony takes the form of guilt and compunction. He is doing penance, He is making confession, He is exercising contrition with a reality and a virtue infinitely greater than that of all saints and penitents together; for He is the one victim for us all, the sole satisfaction, the real penitent, all but the real sinner. He rises languidly from earth, and turns around to meet the traitor and his band, now quickly nearing the deep shade. \* \* \*

“The seizure, and the arraignment, and the buffeting, and the prison, and the trial, and the mocking, and the passing to and fro, and the scourging, and the crown of thorns, and the slow march to Calvary, and the crucifixion, these are all to come. A night and a day, hour after hour, is slowly to run out, before the end comes, and the satisfaction is completed. And then, when the appointed moment arrived, and He gave the word, as his passion had begun with his soul, with the soul did it end. He did not die of bodily exhaustion, or of bodily pain; his tormented heart broke, and He commended his spirit to the Father.”

The following passage would be suitable for meditation in a retreat, and should be read over and over again by us laymen living in the world.

“Oh, what a moment for the poor soul, when it comes to itself, and finds itself suddenly before the judgment-seat of Christ! Oh, what a moment, when, breathless with the journey, and dizzy with the brightness, and overcome with the strangeness of what is happening to him, and unable to realise where he is, the sinner hears the voice of the accusing spirit bringing up all the sins of his past life, which he has forgotten, or which he has explained away, which he would not allow to be sins, though he suspected they were; when he hears him detailing all the mercies of God which he has despised, all his warnings which he has set at nought, all his judgments which he has outlived; when that evil one follows out the growth and progress of a lost soul,—how it expanded and was confirmed in sin, how it budded forth into leaves and flowers, grew into branches, and ripened into fruit,—till nothing was wanted for its full condemnation! And, oh! still more terrible, still more distracting, when the Judge speaks, and consigns it to the jailors, till it shall pay the endless debt which lies against it! ‘Impossible, I a lost soul! I separated from hope and from peace for ever! It is not I of whom the Judge so spake! There is a mistake somewhere: Christ, Saviour, hold thy hand,—one minute to explain it! My name is Demas: I am but Demas, not Judas, or Nicolas, or Alexander, or Philetus, or Diotrephes. What? eternal pain! for me! impossible, it shall not be.’ And the poor soul struggles and wrestles in the grasp of the mighty demon which has hold of it, and whose every touch is torment. ‘Oh, atrocious!’ it shrieks in agony, and in anger too, as if the very keenness of the infliction were a proof of its injustice. ‘A second! and a third! I can bear no more! stop, horrible fiend, give over; I am a man, and not such as thou! I am not food for thee, or sport for thee! I never was in hell as thou, I have not on me the smell of fire, nor the



taint of the charnel-house! I know what human feelings are; I have been taught religion; I have had a conscience; I have a cultivated mind; I am well versed in science and art; I have been refined by literature; I have had an eye for the beauties of nature; I am a philosopher, or a poet, or a shrewd observer of men, or a hero, or a statesman, or an orator, or a man of wit and humour. Nay,—I am a Catholic; I am not an unregenerate Protestant; I have received the grace of the Redeemer; I have attended the Sacraments for years; I have been a Catholic from a child; I am a son of the martyrs; I died in communion with the Church: nothing, nothing which I have ever been, which I have ever seen, bears any resemblance to thee, and to the flame and stench which exhale from thee; so I defy thee, and abjure thee, O enemy of man! Alas! poor soul;—and whilst it thus fights with that destiny which it has brought upon itself, and those companions whom it has chosen, the man's name perhaps is solemnly chanted forth, and his memory decently cherished among his friends on earth."

It must not be supposed, however, that all the discourses are of this severely practical character; on the contrary, there is considerable variety of subject. They seem to fall, with more or less propriety, into three divisions. The first division, reaching to the eighth discourse, is mainly of a hortatory and practical nature; and the foregoing extracts will give a sufficient idea of its spirit. The second division, reaching from the ninth to the thirteenth inclusively, is occupied in different ways in handling fragments of that great subject, the relation of faith and reason. It needs but little discernment to observe, that the Church's progress on English ground, at the present time, will necessitate more and more strongly a full and deep discussion of this question; that it will be found more and more necessary, as time advances, to treat this theme with especial reference to modern philosophies, to illustrate and make clear the grounds whereon our great theologians have proceeded, and to shew how truly consistent with the genuine claims of reason are various particulars of the Church's discipline which are made matter of special objection; such particulars, we mean, as the prohibition to *all* Catholics of ever doubting the faith when once received; the prohibition to all, except the instructed few, of so much as reading the arguments alleged against it; the ready reception into the pale, on their application, of indefinite numbers of rude and uneducated men, in regard to whom the very notion is wildly absurd of their being able to appreciate the historical evidence for the faith. In five sermons, and these too partly relating to other matters, it can only, of course, be a small incursion into so vast a ground that Father Newman has made; but he has brought together most valuable materials for future elaboration. The nature of the case precludes us from individual quotations under this head; we will only,

therefore, select two passages, as powerful against his own old friends.

“And now I have explained sufficiently what is meant by saying that the natural man holds divine truths merely as an opinion, and not as a point of faith: grace believes, reason does but think; grace gives certainty, reason is never decided. Now it is remarkable that this characteristic of reason is so felt by the persons themselves of whom I am speaking, that, in spite of the extent to which they carry their opinions, whatever that be, conscious that they have no grounds for real and fixed conviction about revealed truth, they boldly face the difficulty, and consider it a fault to be certain about revealed truth, and a merit to doubt. For instance, ‘the Holy Catholic Church’ is a point of faith, as being one of the articles of the Apostles’ Creed; yet they think it an impatience to be dissatisfied with uncertainty as to where it is, and what it says. They are well aware that no man alive would put undoubting faith and reliance in the Establishment except he were in a state of gross ignorance, or by doing violence to his reason; they know that the great mass of its members in no sense believe in it, and that of the remainder no one could say more than that it indirectly comes from God, and that it is safest to remain in it. There is in these persons no faith, only an opinion, about this article of the Creed. Accordingly they are obliged to say, in mere defence of their own position, that faith is not necessary, and a state of doubt is sufficient, and all that is expected. In consequence they attribute it to mere restlessness, when their own members seek to exercise faith in the Holy Catholic Church as a revealed truth, as they themselves profess to exercise it in the Holy Trinity or our Lord’s resurrection, and hunt about, and ask on all sides, how they are to do so. Nay, they go so far as to impute it to a Catholic as a fault, when he manifests a simple trust in the Church and her teaching. It sometimes happens that those who join the Catholic Church from some Protestant community, are seen to change the uncertainty and hesitation of mind which they shewed before their conversion into a clear and fearless confidence; they doubted about their old community, they have no doubt about their new. They have no fears, no anxieties, no difficulties, no scruples. They speak as they feel; and the world, not understanding that this is the effect of the grace which, as we may humbly trust, these happy souls have received, not understanding that, though it has full experience of the region of the shadow of death in which it lies, it has none at all of that city whereof the Lord God and the Lamb is the light, measuring what Catholics have by what itself has not, cries out, ‘How forward, how unnatural, how excited, how extravagant!’ and it considers that such a change is a change for the worse, and a proof that the step was a mistake and a fault, because it produces precisely that effect which it would produce were it a change for the better.

“It tells us that certainty, and confidence, and boldness in speech are unchristian; is this pleading a cause or a judgment from facts? Was it confidence or doubt, was it zeal or coldness, was it keenness or irresolution in action, which distinguished the martyrs in the first ages of the Church? Was the religion of Christ propagated by the vehemence of faith and love, or by a philosophical balance of argument? Look back at the early martyrs, my brethren; what were they? Why, they were very commonly youths and maidens, soldiers and slaves;—‘a set of hot-headed young men, who would have lived to be wise had they not chosen to die; who tore down imperial manifestos, broke the



peace, challenged the judges to dispute, would not rest till they got into the same den with a lion, and if chased out of one city, began preaching in another!' So said the blind world about those who saw the Unseen. Yes! it was the spiritual sight of God which made them what they were. No one is a martyr for a conclusion, no one is a martyr for an opinion; it is faith that makes martyrs. \* \* \*

"True, there is one class of persons to whom we might seem to be sent more than to others, to whom we could naturally address ourselves, and on whose attention we have a sort of claim. There are those who, like ourselves, were in times past gradually led on, step by step, till with us they stood on the threshold of the Church. They felt with us that the Catholic religion was different from any thing else in the world; and though it is difficult to say what more they felt in common (for no two persons exactly felt alike), yet they felt they had something to learn, their course was not clear to them, and they wished to find out God's will. Now, what might have been expected of such persons, what was natural in them, when they heard that their own friends, with whom they had sympathised so fully, had gone forward, under a sense of duty, to join the Catholic Church? Surely it was natural,—I will not say that they should at once follow them (for they had authority also on the side of remaining), but at least—that they should weigh the matter well, and listen with interest to what their friends might have to tell them. Did they do this in fact? Nay, they did otherwise; they said, 'Since our common doctrines and principles have led you forward, for that very reason we will go backward; the more we have hitherto agreed with you, the less can we now be influenced by you. Since you have gone, we make up our minds once for all to remain. Your arguments are a temptation, because we cannot answer them. We will turn away our eyes, we will close our ears, lest we should see and hear too much. You were so single-minded when you were with us, that party spirit is now your motive; so honest in your leaving us, that notoriety is now your aim. We cannot inflict a keener mortification on you than by taking no notice of you when you speak; we cannot have a better triumph over you than by keeping others from you when they would address you. You have spoiled a fair cause, and you deserve of us no mercy!' Alas, alas! let them go and say all this at the judgment-seat of Christ! Take it at the best advantage, my brethren, and what is the argument based upon but this,—that all inquiry must be wrong, if it leads to a change of religion? The process is condemned by its issue; it is a mere *absurdity* to give up the religion of our birth, the home of our affections, the seat of our influence, the wellspring of our maintenance. It was an absurdity in St. Paul to become a Christian; it was an absurdity in him to weep over his brethren who would not listen to him. I see now, I never could understand before, *why* it was that the Jews hugged themselves in their Judaism, and were proof against persuasion. In vain the Apostles insisted, 'Your religion leads to ours, and ours is a fact before your eyes; why wait and long for what is present, as if it were to come? do you consider your Church perfect? do you think its teachers infallible? do you profess to have attained? why not turn at least your thoughts towards Christianity?' 'No,' said they, 'we will live, we will die, where we were born; the religion of our ancestors, the religion of our nation, is the only truth; it must be safe not to move. We will not unchurch ourselves, we will not descend from our pretensions; we will shut our hearts to conviction, and will stake eternity on our position.' Oh, great argument, not for Jews only, but for Mahometans, for Hindoos! great argument for heathen of all



lands, for all who prefer this world to another, who prefer a temporary peace to truth, present ease to forgiveness of sins, the smile of friends to the favour of Christ! but weak argument, miserable sophistry, when a man may know better, in the clear ray of heaven, and in the eye of Him who comes to judge the world with fire!"

The remaining sermons are more concerned with the great objective truths of religion,—the attributes of God, his Son's Incarnation and Passion, the glories of Mary. On the second point, it may interest our readers to hear that Father Newman, in more than one passage, expresses the doctrine which has ever to our humble selves appeared the more conformable to Scripture and to pious expectation (though the weight of authority is, to say the least, equally divided on the matter), viz. that by the force of the very same decree of God whereby our adorable Saviour took flesh, He would equally have taken flesh, though impassible, had man not sinned.

We will make two extracts from these later sermons, and so conclude. On the Incarnation :

" Well, my brethren, your God has taken on Him your nature, and now prepare yourselves to see in human flesh that glory and that beauty on which the angels gaze. Since you are to see Emmanuel, since 'the brilliancy of the Eternal Light and the unspotted mirror of God's majesty, and the Image of his goodness,' is to be born of a Virgin; since the manifold attributes of the Infinite are to be poured out upon your souls through material channels and the operations of a human soul; since He, whose contemplation did but trouble you in nature, is coming to take you captive by a manifestation which is both intelligible to you and a pledge that He loves you one by one; raise high your expectations, for they cannot suffer disappointment. Doubtless He will take a form such as 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard of' before. It will be a body framed in the heavens, and only committed to the custody of Mary; a form of light and glory, worthy of Him who is 'blessed for evermore,' and comes to bless us with his presence. Pomp and pride of men He may indeed despise; we do not look for Him in kings' courts, or in the array of war, or in the philosophic school; but doubtless He will choose some calm and holy spot, and men will go out thither and find their incarnate God. He will be tenant of some paradise, like Adam or Elias, or He will dwell in the mystic garden of the Canticles, where nature ministers its best and purest to its Creator. 'The fig-tree will put forth her green figs, the vines in flower yield their sweet smell;' 'spikenard and saffron' will be there; 'the sweet cane and cinnamon, myrrh and aloes, with all the chief perfumes;' 'the glory of Libanus, the beauty of Carmel,' before 'the glory of the Lord and the beauty of our God.' There will He shew Himself at stated times, with angels for his choristers and saints for his doorkeepers, to the poor and needy, to the humble and devout, to those who have kept their innocence undefiled, or have purged their sins away by long penance and masterful contrition.

" Such would be the conjecture of man, at fault when he speculated on the height of God, and now again at fault when he anticipates the depth. He thinks that a royal glory is the note of his presence upon

earth; lift up your eyes, my brethren, and answer whether he has guessed aright. O incomprehensible in eternity and in time! solitary in heaven, and solitary upon earth! 'Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozra? Why is thy cloak red, and thy garments like to them that tread in the wine-fat?' The Maker of man, the Wisdom of God, has come, not in strength, but in weakness. He has come, not to assert a claim, but to pay a debt. Instead of wealth, He has come poor; instead of honour, he has come in ignominy; instead of blessedness, He has come to suffer. He has been delivered over from his birth to pain and contempt; his delicate frame is worn down by cold and heat, by hunger and sleeplessness; his hands are rough and bruised with a mechanic's toil; his eyes are dimmed with weeping; his name is cast out as evil. He is flung amid the throng of man; He wanders from place to place; He is the companion of sinners. He is followed by a mixed multitude, who care more for meat and drink than for his teaching, or by a city's populace which deserts Him in the day of trial. And at length 'the Brightness of God's glory and the Image of his substance' is fettered, haled to and fro, buffeted, spit upon, mocked, cursed, scourged, and tortured. 'He hath no beauty nor comeliness; He is despised and the least of men, a Man of sorrows and acquainted with feebleness;' nay He is a 'leper, smitten of God and an abject.' And so his clothes are torn off, and He is lifted up upon the bitter cross, and there He hangs, a spectacle for profane, impure, and savage eyes, and a mockery for the evil spirit whom He had cast down into hell."

The following passage will shew how devout a child of Mary is the author; nor will the reader omit to notice the graceful and touching allusions towards the close, to that hope of a dogmatical decree on the Immaculate Conception which now fills the hearts of the faithful with anticipatory exultation, and which is especially in one's mind at the particular time when we are penning these lines.

"You will find, then, in this respect, as in Mary's prerogatives themselves, the same careful reference to the glory of Him who gave them to her. You know, when first He went out to preach, she kept apart from Him; she interfered not with his work; and even when He was gone up on high, yet she, a woman, went not out to preach or teach, she seated not herself in the apostolic chair, she took no part in the priest's office; she did but humbly seek her Son in their daily Mass, who, though her ministers in heaven, were her superiors in the Church on earth. Nor, when she and they had left this lower scene, and she was a Queen upon her Son's right hand, not even then did she call on the faithful people to publish her name to the ends of the world, or to hold her up to the world's gaze; but she remained waiting for the time when her own glory should be necessary for his. He, indeed, had been from the first proclaimed by Holy Church, and enthroned in his temple, for He was God; ill had it beseemed the living Oracle of Truth to have withholden from the faithful the object of their adoration; but it was otherwise with Mary. It became her as a creature, a mother, and a woman, to stand aside and make way for the Creator, to minister to her Son, and to win her way into the world's homage by sweet and gracious persuasion. So when his name was dishonoured, she forthwith was filled with zeal; when Emmanuel was denied, the Mother of God came forward; the Mother threw her arms around her Son, and let herself



be honoured in order to secure his throne. And then, when she had accomplished as much as this, she had done with strife; she fought not for herself. No fierce controversy, no persecuted confessors, no heresiarch, no anathema, marks the history of her manifestation; as she had increased day by day in grace and merit, while the world knew not of it, so has she raised herself aloft silently, and has grown into the Church by a tranquil influence and a natural process. It was as some fair tree, stretching forth her fruitful branches and her fragrant leaves, and overshadowing the territory of the saints. And thus the Antiphon speaks of her: 'Let thy dwelling be in Jacob, and thine inheritance in Israel, and *strike thy roots* in my elect.' Again: 'And so in Sion was I established, and in the holy city I likewise rested, and in Jerusalem was my power. And I *took root* in an honourable people, and in the fulness of the saints was I *detained*. I was exalted like a cedar in Lebanon, and as a cypress in Mount Sion; I have stretched out my branches as the terebinth, and my branches are of honour and grace.' Thus was she reared without hands, and gained a modest victory, and exerts a gentle sway, which she has not claimed. When dispute arose about her among her children, she hushed it; when objections were urged against her, she waved her claims and waited; till now, in this very day, should God so will, she will win at length her most radiant crown, and, without opposing voice, and amid the jubilation of the whole Church, she will be acknowledged as immaculate in her conception.

"Such art thou, Holy Mother, in the creed and the worship of the Church, the defence of many truths, the grace and smiling light of every devotion. In thee, O Mary, is fulfilled, as we can bear it, an original purpose of the Most High. He once had meant to come on earth in heavenly glory, but we sinned; and then He could not safely visit us, except with shrouded radiance and a bedimmed majesty, for He was God. So He came Himself in weakness, not in power; and He sent thee, a creature, in his stead, with a creature's comeliness and lustre suited to our state. And now thy very face and form, sweet Mother, speak to us of the Eternal; not like earthly beauty, dangerous to look upon, but like the morning star, which is thy emblem, bright and musical, breathing purity, telling of heaven, and infusing peace. O harbinger of day! O hope of the pilgrim! lead us as thou hast led; in the dark night, across the bleak wilderness, guide us on to Jesus, guide us home."

We know not whether we have overburdened our pages with quotations; our own difficulty has been to restrain ourselves from putting down many more. And now, on looking back at what we have written, we fancy ourselves to observe a restraint and almost coldness in our tone, which ill accords with the deep admiration and gratitude wherewith we have received this volume. But we were unwilling to use the language of mere general eulogy; and therefore (as often happens in more serious matters) in following argument we have lost fervour. Yet, on the other hand, this is not a volume to be received on its first appearance with exuberant delight, and then to be forgotten; no: most striking and most beautiful as are very many of the individual passages, most engaging in poetry, most glowing in eloquence, it is not at first reading that its adequate and deeper effects will be realised.



It is in proportion as an individual studies these Discourses again and again, and drinks in their very turn of thought and expression, that he will receive into his innermost heart an ever deeper and more chastised image of true religion, and will become other than he was.

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## TATE'S ALGEBRA.

*Algebra made easy, chiefly intended for the use of Schools.*

By T. Tate, Mathematical Master of the National Society's Training College, Battersea. Published by the Committee of Council on Education. Longmans.

THE appearance of this little work will be welcomed with satisfaction by all those whose duty it is to teach youth the first elements of algebra. All who have had any experience have felt how difficult it is to instil into the minds of young boys, who devote to the study of algebra but a few hours in the week, a clear and *firm* knowledge of the simplest principles of this science. To the number of such students belong most of the boys in our schools and in the lower classes of our colleges. Their opportunities of applying to the study of mathematics are few, and occur perhaps at considerable intervals; and hence it is easy to perceive that they will often have entirely forgotten, by the time of the second lesson, what they learnt in the previous one. The books generally used in our elementary classes are, for the most part, drawn up in a scientific manner, well adapted to more advanced students, but totally unfitted for the tender intellects of beginners. The language is generally precise and technical, expressing the idea clearly and correctly indeed, but better suited to embody an idea already formed than to convey a knowledge of it to a mind previously uninformed. This defect is easily remedied during the hours the pupil is with the master, by the explanations and developments which the latter will naturally give; but it appears to us that this is not sufficient; that something else is required; that books containing explanations, expressed in plain and familiar terms, should be in the hands of the pupils when their master is not with them.

A common mode of remedying the deficiencies of class-books, in this and other studies, is dictation. It will not be necessary for us to point out the inconvenience and insufficiency of this method. Mr. Tate's book promises to render

all such dictation, required for understanding those parts of algebra of which he treats, quite unnecessary.

Many may be inclined to imagine that nothing new can be written upon the elementary rules of algebra, that all that can be said on the subject has been said long ago; but Mr. Tate's book proves that the contrary is the case. His great merit consists in the prominence which he gives to *principles*, making every thing else subservient to their full and complete comprehension. He will have the pupil take these as his guides in every step of his progress; and he makes him depend upon them, instead of relying exclusively upon *rules*; a practice which too often exercises the memory rather than the reasoning faculties, and thus deprives the student of the great advantage to be gathered from mathematical studies. The importance of enforcing principles cannot be too highly estimated; a simple statement of them is not sufficient; they must be frequently repeated, and illustrated in various ways. And though practical rules are not to be neglected, it is evident that it should be the chief care of a student to make himself master of the principles upon which the rules depend.

A second admirable feature of this work is, the order in which the subjects are proposed for study. The usual mode is to take a boy through at least the four elementary rules, before introducing him to the beautiful doctrine of equations. A more certain method of disgusting him with the study could scarcely be found. He is forced to spend hours perhaps in adding or subtracting  $a$ 's and  $b$ 's,  $x$ 's and  $y$ 's; all the while remaining in an utter state of bewilderment as to what is the meaning or use of these  $x$ 's and  $y$ 's. Again, when he comes to multiplication, there is the constant confounding of the index with the coefficient, and, indeed, of the rules of one process with those of another; nor can we be surprised at this, for until the *idea* that a letter really represents some definite quantity—even though unknown—is fairly mastered (and this mastery can, in the great majority of instances, be acquired only by the study of equations), the very foundation is wanting upon which any thing substantial can be erected. Mr. Tate proceeds very differently; scarcely has the pupil learnt the meaning of the signs of  $+$  and  $-$ , and how to collect like letters into one sum, than he is at once taught how to apply this newly acquired knowledge in obtaining the most interesting results. By these means two important advantages are gained: the boy obtains a clear and distinct idea of the power of letters to express quantities; and again, what is equally important, he is interested in the study, and finds a motive for application in the science itself.

This naturally leads us to speak of a third excellence of this little treatise,—the beautiful mode of illustrating and unfolding the abstract principles of the science. We may instance the manner in which the rule for transposition is explained at p. 17; but the explanation of the rule for subtraction is so very complete, that we prefer to extract it entire, that our readers may judge for themselves.

“ Let it be required to subtract,  $c - e$  from  $a$ .

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{From } a \\ \text{Subtract } c - e \\ \hline \text{Remainder } a - c + e \end{array}$$

Here we have not to subtract  $c$  units from  $a$  units, but  $c$  units less by  $e$  units. By taking  $c$  from  $a$  we have the remainder  $a - c$ ; but this result is too little, for we have taken away  $e$  units too much; therefore the true remainder will be obtained by adding  $e$  to  $a - c$ ; that is, the remainder will be  $a - c + e$ .

The following questions may be put by the teacher in the course of the demonstration :

*Teacher* (writing down  $a - c$ ). What have I taken away from  $a$ ?

*Pupil*. You have subtracted  $c$ .

*Teacher*. Have I taken away too much or too little?

*Pupil*. You have taken away too much.

*Teacher*. How much too much have I taken away?

*Pupil*. You have taken away  $e$  too much.

*Teacher*. What must I then do to make this the correct answer?

*Pupil*. You must add  $e$ .

*Teacher*. What have you to say about the signs of the quantities to be subtracted ?”

Many and many a time has the writer of these lines gone through this proof, and asked these questions, and received almost these very answers, and yet found that all had to be done over again the next time he entered the schoolroom, because his pupils had not in their books, before their eyes, the dialogue which had passed between them and their master.

In speaking thus highly of Mr. Tate's book, we must not omit to point out what we are afraid may prove obstacles to a general adoption of this valuable little manual as the first introduction to algebra. And first, we miss greatly a concise and formal expression of the practical rules for the different algebraical processes. To us—and our opinion is founded on the experience of many years' teaching—the fullest explanation, the most complete development of the principles involved in an algebraical process, seems insufficient, unless the rule, embodied in a short clearly expressed form, be committed to memory. The attention of young students so quickly flags, the impressions on their minds are so soon effaced, and, in fine, they possess so much firmer a hold of words than ideas, that it is hazardous to discard altogether the use of formulæ



to be learnt by heart. Our own experience has fully convinced us of this truth; and Mr. Tate himself occasionally gives us the old well-known form of words, as, for example, in the rule for subtraction, and again in multiplication in the rule for the product of quantities with like and unlike signs. We would suggest that after the discussion of the principles, which we would not have shortened by a single line, the rule should be added, expressed in brief and general terms. For our own part, we should prefer them in a different type, the better to attract the attention of the student. Thus the rules for multiplication of compound quantities, with respect to letters, coefficients, indices, and signs, might very properly be introduced in a somewhat larger type at page 55.

The rules for division are dismissed by Mr. Tate very cursorily. He works one example, then gives seven questions for practice; but nowhere does he give any general statement of the process to be followed in such cases. A rule for the extraction of square roots is also required. A learner would enter upon the study of quadratic equations with greater confidence, and greater prospect of success, if he were familiar with the practical part of this process; but without this familiarity, he will frequently be at a loss how to proceed, even in comparatively easy examples.

An instance of a deficiency of a very different character occurs at p. 57, where he ends division. After giving the formulæ

$$(a+b)^2 = a^2 + 2ab + b^2$$

$$\text{and } (a-b)^2 = a^2 - 2ab + b^2$$

he does not attempt to convey the import of these two very useful formulæ in the language of ordinary life. Does he imagine that every student would at once be able to tell him, that the first formula means that "the square of the sum of any two quantities is equal to the square of the first, together with twice the product of the two quantities, and the square of the second?" And similarly of the second formula.

In treating of fractions, Mr. Tate does not seem to think it necessary to go over again in algebra the ground which he supposes has been already gone over in arithmetic. We are of quite a different opinion, and think that, to say the very least, it is highly advantageous for the junior student to have his attention again directed to the subject, and we should wish the rules for the more common processes to be here briefly stated. We more particularly miss the rule for reducing fractions to a common denominator.

We were more surprised to meet with in the work, gene-

rally so accurate, even in the typographical execution of it, a questionable definition of the exponent. At p. 2, speaking of the symbol  $6^3$ , he says, that the 3 "shews the number of times that the quantity is to be multiplied by itself." At p. 55, he says of a similar symbol,  $a^3$ , that there are 3  $a$ 's multiplied together. The latter definition is correct, the former is erroneous, and conveys a false notion, against which we cannot too carefully guard. We may also here remark, that Mr. Tate, contrary to his usual custom, and, indeed, to his professions in his preface, introduces the *index* before he has any need of it; nor does he mention the index again until he comes to speak professedly of the multiplication of compound quantities. We much prefer that the index be not mentioned at all, until its use can be fully illustrated by practice.

In general, Mr. Tate appears not to think it necessary to give definitions of terms common to algebra and arithmetic. This we regret, as a habit of defining terms is one which greatly tends to produce a correct mode of thinking and speaking; and besides, frequently a definition involves the principle upon which a rule depends. Thus the definition is of the greatest importance in investigating the operations made use of in subtraction and multiplication.

With this last remark we close our list of objections to the details of this little work. Mr. Tate will perhaps pardon us, if we express a wish that his plan had been a little different. He seems to have had in view a boy who wishes to learn the first elements of algebra, and those operations which algebra has in common with arithmetic; but never to have contemplated the case of those who wish for such a knowledge of pure mathematics as will enable them to read a popular course of physics, without pretending to the more difficult parts of the science. We are of opinion that Mr. Tate's book will so easily admit of being altered to meet this view, and at the same time feel such a confidence that he is highly qualified to carry out this suggestion, that we feel encouraged to hope that he will undertake the task. It cannot be denied, that there are numbers in this country who belong to this class of students, who wish to sip, but not drink deep, of the waters of science. They are even rapidly increasing, while too frequently they lay aside their studies, in consequence of the difficulty of finding an easy yet sufficient introduction to algebra. Again, the additions which are required are but few; were Mr. Tate to add some fuller remarks on ratios and proportions, a brief chapter on variable quantities, and the principal properties of variations, such as is to be found in Hindé's *Introduction to the Elements of Algebra*, we feel not a doubt

that the sphere of the usefulness of this manual would be very widely extended. Ten or a dozen additional pages would be abundantly sufficient to do these subjects full justice. They might either be printed separately and be bound up with the present work, or, if a new edition is called for, be arranged in their proper place.

We now take leave of Mr. Tate; but with the hope that we shall soon be called upon to renew his acquaintance. We have every confidence in recommending to all masters, who do not wish for a more extensive work, to introduce his manual into their schools.

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#### SHORT NOTICES.

*A Call to pray for Unity in the Truth; addressed to every one who nameth the Name of Christ*, by the Rev. W. Dodsworth (Masters), is the most interesting publication which for some time has issued from the Anglican press. It is nothing more than a sermon of scarcely a dozen pages; but if the sentiments of its author are to be taken as representing those of many of his brethren, it shews that the good seed is germinating in many a soil, hitherto regarded as barren rock, as choked with weeds, or as trodden under foot by men. Without one word of anger or even complaint against the Catholic Church, Mr. Dodsworth exhorts his people to pray earnestly for unity among all who call themselves Christians. He views the normal state of his own body and those sects which surround it, as in direct opposition to the words and commands of our Blessed Lord; and without wishing to press his expressions beyond their natural meaning, it is clear that his own heart—perhaps unknown to himself—is filled with a suspicion that, after all, there is no *possible* unity to be attained, except by unconditional submission to the Church of Rome.

The sermon is further remarkable for a feature, new even in Mr. Dodsworth's school. He has openly adopted the Catholic practice of offering certain prayers to Almighty God with a certain specified *intention*. He requests his congregation to say the Lord's Prayer daily for unity in the truth. From the exposition he has given of the Lord's Prayer, at the end of his sermon, we think he does not yet clearly comprehend what Catholics mean when they offer prayers with certain fixed "intentions;" but, nevertheless, the fact is not a little remarkable; and as we cannot doubt that it is prompted by an excellent motive, we trust that it may call forth the prayers of many Catholics for such a gift of grace to Mr. Dodsworth and his followers, as may lead them *into* that fold about which they now linger with wistful gaze.

At the same time, we trust that Mr. Dodsworth, and others who



think with him, are aware of what *Catholics* mean when they urge upon Protestants to pray for unity. When we pray for unity, we simply offer an intercessory prayer, entreating Almighty God to convert unbelievers, whatever be their title or creed. We do *not* pray for ourselves, except in so far as we ask for grace and wisdom to enable us to make our light shine more brightly before the eyes of our unenlightened fellow-creatures; and when we desire one of *them* to pray for this great gift, we merely urge him to pray for his own salvation; we do not recognise in him the slightest title to act as an intercessor for his brethren. It is the same as if we said, "You know that you are a sinner, and need salvation; you are not *sure* that your creed is right, or that you are in the body to which salvation is promised. To your daily prayers for grace and mercy, add, therefore, a prayer that, if you are wrong, God would shew you *where* salvation is to be found, and give you courage to follow your convictions at all costs." The Catholic Church, while she recognises the efficacy of the sincere prayers of those who pray for themselves that they may be led to know and do the will of God, does not for one moment countenance the idea that the intercession of Protestants is of any avail. She says nothing whatsoever on the subject, either for or against. The virtue of intercessory prayer is purely a matter of revelation. God *has* revealed to her, that the prayers of her children for one another are fruitful of abundant blessings; but this is all. To those who are without she says nothing, as God has not commissioned her to judge them. Over such men as Mr. Dodsworth, who we may hope have been rightly baptised, she claims jurisdiction, regarding them as heretics, or as schismatics, or as both; but while they continue separate from her, with whom lie the treasures of grace, and to whom *alone* God's promises are given, she declares that their privileges as baptised Christians are in abeyance. She bids them believe and obey, and not cease to call upon God to save them *in His own way*.

We do not remember to have seen, in any recent work, the arguments contained in a very interesting pamphlet, *A Christmas Gift for Thoughtful People* (Burns); at least, they are not elsewhere to be found drawn out at such length, or stated with such immediate application to the present aspect of religious affairs. The writer has traced the supposed meditations of a reflecting and well-intentioned person, who has become partially acquainted with the Catholic movement of the time, and has gained some slight insight into the real doctrines and practices of the Church. He imagines such a person acting like an honest and intelligent man, impressed with a sense of the worth of the soul and of the futility of popular misrepresentations, and pursuing his investigations until he learns what Catholicism, as it exists at this hour in England, really is. The idea is a happy one, and is worked out with much care and knowledge, at times with considerable force, and always earnestly and well. A better "Christmas gift" cannot be named.

Some kind-hearted individual has published a *Book of Mediæval Alphabets* (Masters). Some of them quite surpass our anticipations of unintelligibility, and are more like the cabalistic Chinese signs imprinted on chests of tea than any letters comprehensible by ordinary Christians. We trust that the author, or some fellow-labourer, will carry out the good work by furnishing us with a complete series of books printed and spelt in the good old style in use before the invention of printing. If we cannot hope—since the *Fonetic News* has ceased—to reform the spelling of the world, at least we ought to have a few manuals for the commonest affairs of daily life printed and spelt in a Christian way. It is intolerable to be obliged to have our dinners cooked from receipts printed in the “Revived Pagan Style” of classical Rome, and to have our doses of physic measured out by heathen numerals. Let us hope shortly to receive a copy of *Y<sup>e</sup> Englyshe Ladyes Boke of Cookerie*, adapted from Soyer, and bound in wood, with brazen clasps. A Gothicised pharmacopœia is also a *desideratum*, in which we might learn how to take “*Y<sup>e</sup> Oyle of y<sup>e</sup> Codde-Fysshes Liver*,” and other fashionable medicines, after a Christian and truly national fashion. The Catholic Poor-School Committee should certainly take up the subject, and issue spelling-books freed from our modern Pagan transformations. A cheap *Garden of the Soul*, also, for the poor, printed with mediæval letters and spelling, should not be forgotten. A book of Gothic fashions for dress we need scarcely specify, as its want has long been painfully felt. Our only fear is, that as in the affairs of the *body*, whether it needs feeding, dressing, or physicking, people insist upon understanding what is set before their eyes, some of these plans will scarcely meet with general encouragement. It is only in the affairs of the *soul* that it becomes unnecessary to aim at being intelligible.

Mr. Nicholson’s edition of the *Life and Death of Margaret Clitheron, the Martyr of York* (Richardson), is now first published from the manuscript written by her spiritual director. The outlines of her martyrdom, under Queen Elizabeth, are given by Chalonner; but the present work contains some striking and affecting details of her heroic constancy, and of the frightful madness and sin of her murderers. Even her judge and a Puritan preacher cried out against their wickedness. Nevertheless they yielded, and she was pressed to death. Respecting the judge, the editor has the following note: “It is a curious circumstance, that within the last twelvemonth a relative of Judge Rodes’ latest descendant in the female line (who possessed the family property, assumed the name, and subsequently died childless), remarked to the editor, that she did not know how to account for the constant failure of immediate descent in his family, and the singular loss of male heirs therein, save by the fact that the crime of sacrilege hung over some one or other of its founders.”



Mr. Bishop's *Introduction to the Study of the Mind* (Longmans) contains many curious thoughts and suggestions, partly his own and partly taken from writers of all kinds and countries. He writes with an impression of the vast moment of religious knowledge, as compared with secular. "What," he says, "to every man is of so much importance as his internal state?" On his title and on the following page he has also quotations from the Père Girard, Dugald Stewart, Channing, Shakspeare, St. Augustine, the book of Genesis, and the Psalms! From St. Augustine he quotes the words, "There is but one object greater than the soul, and that one is its Creator." Yet Mr. Bishop seems as yet to be far from recognising the great truth, that from that Creator alone can be learned all that is to be believed respecting the soul. We do not mean that he overlooks the Christian revelation as a fact; but he would go to the soul, interpreting the Bible by its own deceptive predilections, to ascertain *what* that revelation is. Can an intelligent, and, as far as we may judge, sincere thinker, like Mr. Bishop, honestly assert that he *knows for certain* any thing respecting his own soul and respecting Almighty God?

Though few comparatively have suffered from *tic douloureux*, every one knows that it is one of the most agonising continuous pains which afflict the body. Dr. C. T. Downing, in an essay *On Tic Douloureux, and other painful Affections of the Nerves* (Churchill), explains the construction and use of an instrument which he has invented, and terms the *Aneuralgicon*, and which he has often found to cure when all ordinary remedies have failed. It is a fumigating apparatus, in which dried herbs of a sedative quality are burnt, and which applies the heated vapour to any part of the body. He gives the particulars of several cases of successful treatment. We can well conceive that its efficacy may be great, and we should suppose it could do no harm.

*The Life of St. Cuthbert* (Burns), by Monsignor C. Eyre, is a very handsome volume, containing all that is known of the Saint. We reserve it, however, for further notice in a subsequent number. We must reserve also M. l'Abbé Busson's most interesting *Letters on the Estatica of Niederbronn, and her Revelations*.

The authentic edition of *The Discussion on the Affairs of Rome*, in the Assembly at Paris, containing not only Montalembert's magnificent speech, but those of De Falloux and De la Rosière, and Thiers' report, is now ready, issued by the Electoral Committee of Religious Liberty, and may be had at our publisher's. It is unquestionably one of the most remarkable episodes in the history of parliamentary debates that was ever known. The squeamishness of the Assembly, including its President, who called M. de Montalembert to order for his opening phrase—a phrase which nobody could have condemned as "unparliamentary" in an English House of Commons—is curious.



## Correspondence.

## MADEIRA.

*To the Editor of the Rambler.*

Funchal, Madeira, All Souls, 1849.

I PROMISED you some account of this most interesting island,—its people, productions, customs, and physical aspect, and its ecclesiastical buildings. It is true that a residence of less than a fortnight has not qualified me to give a very full or accurate description of any one of these matters; but as I am unwilling to lose the next post (letters to England being conveyed by the packets only twice in the month), I shall give you my first impressions at least, and perhaps write again on some future opportunity.

We arrived off Funchal on the 18th of October, after an unusually stormy and trying voyage of eleven days. Instead of landing at once, we found ourselves condemned to five days' quarantine, in consequence of the cholera in England. Fortunately, we had very fine weather during our imprisonment on board the ship; and as communication with the shore was pretty freely permitted, we had abundant supplies of the beautiful fruits, flowers, vegetables, &c. of the island. Nothing can exceed the magnificence of the view of Funchal, seen about a mile distant, from the bay, or rather roads, where we lay at anchor in twenty fathoms water. The main part of the city lies low, almost level with the sea; but it rises in numerous scattered villas and suburban streets to the height of about 600 feet up the sides of the mountains which form a vast amphitheatre on the south side of the island. The sun is perpetually shining on the snow-white houses, convents, and churches, and on the vine-clad hills which stretch far above them; while at the same time the summits, about 3000 feet above the sea, are almost continually enveloped in fleeting clouds. The climate is truly delightful; hot, even in October, the thermometer standing as high as 70°, with very little difference in temperature between night and day; yet by no means enervating or oppressive, at least not at all more so than a July or August day ordinarily is in England. The brightness of the sun, and the indescribable softness of the moon over the still and perfectly windless groves, vineyards, and gardens, of which the whole country, except the mountain-tops, may be said to be composed, is charming beyond anything that I have ever seen, or even imagined: the first burst of such a landscape upon the sight of one who has never before set foot on foreign soil is almost bewildering, from its loveliness and its novelty. There is nothing here to remind you of England; people, trees, plants, flowers, costumes, faces, and even houses, are thoroughly strange: the tropical idea, so to speak, per-

vades every thing. The tall feathery palm, the umbrageous wide-leaved banana, the cork-tree, tulip-tree, ginger-tree, stone-pine, and chestnut; the trellised vineyards, almost smothering the houses, and overarching even the lanes with their luxuriance; the orange and lemon groves; the coffee-tree, with its green varnished leaves and fragrant white flower; with countless other unfamiliar shrubs and plants—all combine to give a delightful character to the island.

The flowers are said to be over at this season, which makes me wonder what Madeira must be during the spring and summer months; for we have hedges of geraniums, heliotrope, fuchsias, and roses, all in bloom, and growing as commonly and as wildly as the brambles do at home; we have the fragrant datura, with its white bell-shaped flowers a full foot in length; the oleander of rosy hue, not a stunted exotic shrub, as we see it in hothouses, but a goodly tree, growing in the open air; we have the laurel-leaved coral-tree, with its ponderous bunches of blood-red blossoms; the magnolia, the splendid red hibiscus, the malopia, which produces both red and white flowers, resembling hollyhocks, from the same cluster; hydrangias, mostly *blue* (a desideratum in England); mimosas, bamboo canes, and another very common and very useful kind of cane, or reed, which is thick, strong, and tall, and is much used for fences and trellises. We have every kind of cactus; the Indian fig, or prickly pear, which grows luxuriantly from every crevice in the rock; the aloe, a wild plant, but cultivated and grown to a great size; camellias every where, but not now in blossom; the fragrant wax-plant, a great blue convolvulus, magnificent passion-flowers, and several beautiful creepers, red, blue, and yellow, of which I do not know the names.

The fruits are comprised in the following list, as far as I have yet seen and tasted them,—probably there are several more: Pine-apples (which grow in the open air, just like turnips and cabbages), pomegranates, guavas, bananas, oranges, lemons, citrons, grapes (of five or six kinds, at least, both red and white), figs in great plenty and perfection, both black and green, almonds, walnuts, chestnuts, apples, pears, peaches, apricots, Cape gooseberries (very fine for preserves), cherries, tomatoes, custard-apples, the “*chu-chu*” (a sort of vegetable marrow), pumpkins of great size and weight, often measuring four feet in circumference; and of vegetables, to which the pumpkin introduces me, every kind known in England, with the addition of yams and sweet potatoes. The chief culture of the island is that of the vine; albeit the wine-trade is in a very depressed state, from the caprice of modern fashion, which has preferred sherry to Madeira at most tables, European and American alike. Still, a very great quantity of wine must annually be made, but principally, perhaps, for home consumption. You get first-rate Madeira for about 2s. 6d. a bottle; and the same is paid for a wine called “*tinta*,” a sort of common and rather poor port. There are other kinds of light wine, much cheaper, and consumed, probably, only by the poorer classes, or exported to Germany for the compo-



sition of "genuine hock." Wine-shops are even more plentiful in Funchal than beer-shops in England; but I do not believe the people can afford to get drunk; at least I have not seen or heard of such a vice as yet in this city. It is surprising that the olive has not yet been introduced; it would grow well on the rich volcanic soil of the island, and might be made to compensate for the decline in the wine-trade. The people, in fact, are but indifferent and unenterprising gardeners; they do indeed make available every foot of ground, even on the sides of ravines and crevices, where you may see a vineyard and a thatched low cottage wherever you go; but there is no appearance whatever of *science*, and not much of neatness and industry in the cultivation of these plots. The bananas and oranges require no pains, and for that reason, perhaps, are the most common of all. Indeed, the latter are so abundant, that one cannot but fancy the old legend of the gardens of Hesperus, and of the golden apples guarded by his three fair daughters, may relate to some ante-Homeric voyage of discovery to Madeira, where the astonished adventurers first beheld the beautiful yellow fruit which hangs in such abundance (even ten yards from me as I now write) on the fragrant evergreen orange-trees.

But I have been botanising so long that I am forgetting the much more interesting and important subject of the people. The inhabitants of Madeira are, as you know, Portuguese by descent, and speak a *patois* of that language. The island was discovered and colonised by that nation (I believe) in the beginning of the fifteenth century; it was called *Madeira*,\* from the woods with which it was densely clothed; Funchal is said to take its name from the *ferns* which are, or rather were, abundant around it. The men are a very good-looking race; tall, well-made, with olive complexion, dark eyes and hair, and generally with a cheerful, civil, and courteous demeanour. The women are almost invariably ill-looking; I must not, I suppose, say *ugly*, though no other term will apply to those past forty years of age; the old women are not unfrequently actually hideous; they are also slovenly and ill-dressed, while the men are particularly clean in their linen and persons. Washing seems the perpetual occupation of the women; which operation they perform in the cold water (which is soft, from the absence of lime) of the mountain-torrents. As several of these latter intersect the city, you may at all times see them at work (exactly in the manner described in the *Odyssee*, as performed by Nausicaa and her attendants), the smooth stones in the torrent-bed being covered with whole acres of shirts, trousers, and sheets, laid out to dry. Strange to say, with such primitive means only at their command, they "get up" linen very much better than you are accustomed to have it done in England.

There is not a carriage, nor a cart, nor any wheeled vehicle (that I have yet seen) in Funchal. Consequently, there is a repose and a quiet, even in the busiest part of the city, which is quite unknown

\* Corrupted, it may be, from *materia*, timber.



in the mercantile towns of England, where drays, and carts, and omnibuses, create a perpetual din. In truth, I doubt if there is such a thing as a carriage-road in the whole island. The town itself, and all the roads leading out of it to the adjacent hills, are often beautifully, and always carefully, paved with hard black basalt—a material every where abundant in a volcanic island, and superior even to granite for the purpose. There is a neatness and a cleanliness about these streets which I have nowhere seen equalled; the very best English pavements fall short of the elegant geometric patterns in which the small sea-coast pebbles are worked in front of the doors, in courts, and in some of the principal *ruas*. Goods are carried about on very primitive-looking sledges, drawn by pairs of stout little oxen. These vehicles glide so noiselessly over the polished basalt, however heavy the load, that they are actually inaudible a very few paces from you; and altogether they are so efficient and convenient, that so far from thinking them barbarous and uncivilised, as I at first did, I begin to wonder that the English have not had the good sense to adopt them, even though the *yoke* be the very same as that described by Homer, and the sledge nothing more than a rude plank appended to a pole. The *βοηδάται*, or drivers, have a droll custom of carrying a coarse cloth, or skin, which they now and then dip in the gutter, and place before the sledge, for the purpose of allowing it to glide over and contract the wet underneath, so as to facilitate its passage over the stones.

The houses are very substantially built, of a hard scoriaceous rock, partly black, partly of a dusky iron-red—both kinds igneous, and extremely durable. The basalt is so hard that it cannot be worked, like these two varieties, which are well adapted for the chisel; it is, however, extensively used for walling, *more Cyclopeo*, *i. e.* of great and small pieces cleverly fitted together. All the houses, villas, and churches are white-washed, one or two here and there having a pink or a yellow coating, which serves to diversify the effect. The houses generally are good; but the streets are narrow, and the shops very poor. The villas are for the most part fitted up with a view to the comfort of English residents, who hire them at the high rate of from 150*l.* to 250*l.* for the season of seven months.

It is impossible not to be struck with the absence of those offensive sights so well known as *nuisances*, both in England, and still more, I believe, in France and Italy. The churches are perfectly clean, the streets almost equally so, even the by-ways and alleys have their bright black pavement unsullied by dung or filth. Nothing approaching to indecency meets the sight; the beggars are neither numerous nor importunate; and perhaps the singular and somewhat revolting spectacle of a head reclining in a friendly lap, while subjected to the process of vermin-hunting, is almost the only disagreeable that is of frequent occurrence. Fleas, it must be told, are considered the pest of Madeira; they cannot, however, be very bad, for I have knelt in the churches, been into shops, houses, and

convents, slept in an inn and a villa, and been in close contact with the lowest, without as yet having either felt or seen the annoyance in a single instance. A small ant infests houses, and is very troublesome.

Both the men and the women wear a scanty blue cloth cap, which perches on the very top of the head, and terminates in a sharp peak, or erect pigtail, of most unusual appearance. The women, however, as often cover their jet-black hair with a white or a coloured kerchief. The weather being too hot, and the streets too steep for the most part, for walking, the gentlemen almost always ride on very tolerable horses, the women (English ladies and the better class of natives) in palanquins, and invalids in hammocks. Both these vehicles appear to be very convenient and comfortable; certainly much more so than the old-fashioned English sedan-chair. They are both suspended on a long pole, borne on the shoulder of a man at each extremity.

Small as the island is, and destitute of any considerable towns besides Funchal, it is very thickly peopled. The size of the whole is but forty-five miles long by fifteen wide, and the greater part is occupied by almost inaccessible mountain-peaks (the highest point being more than six thousand feet above the sea); yet there are considerably more than a hundred thousand inhabitants. Wherever you go—along the most secluded ravines and the most difficult mountain-paths—you are sure to meet great numbers of people. Where they all dwell appears an inexplicable problem, till you gradually discover the countless number of thatched cabins which peep above the vineyards in every part. A few country churches are here and there erected among them in the neighbourhood around Funchal; but of the interior I cannot speak, not having as yet visited it.

The rides along the mountain-passes are, as may be supposed, magnificent. I ascended a paved road to the height of about two thousand feet, to visit a large church, which forms a conspicuous object from below. It was a long, steep ascent, and the sweat literally poured from our horses when we at length alighted at the platform on which it stands, embosomed in chestnut-trees. It was worth a visit, but we found nothing particularly deserving of description;—a large building, with paintings and gilded altars; once, I imagine, better served and more attended than it now is. It stands on the edge of a deep ravine, beyond which, in the distance, rose many jagged peaks, with harsh yet softened outline, and strongly shadowed in the glorious sunset immediately behind them; while nearer to us, on the opposite bank, we beheld terrace upon terrace, with vineyards and pine-woods, and isolated chateaux. These mountain-torrents, by the way, (which are numerous, and made very serviceable for supplying water to the vineyards,) though quiet and harmless rivulets at present, exhibit sufficient proofs of their size and power during the rainy season, in the width of their beds, the depth to which they have cut their

way through the solid rock, and in the immense water-worn boulders of basalt which they have brought down from the mountains. Their channels are confined between very high and strong walls where they pass through the heart of the city into the sea, and bridges are thrown across them in many places, from which it must be a striking scene to contemplate the foaming and turbid current below. Serious and alarming inundations have occurred, before these water-courses were securely enclosed.

The hills are of remarkably bold and irregular outline; nothing is seen of the undulating sweep and the rounded summits of our English chalk and mountain-limestone; but peak and cliff, precipice and point, just as they were tossed up from below by volcanic throes, or consolidated from the liquefied matter which was in all probability originally discharged at the bottom of the sea, and subsequently upheaved by some terrific subterraneous convulsion. At the present moment I have a glorious prospect before me: the summits are clear of clouds, and glowing in the golden light of the sun, while deep shadows invest the sides in comparative gloom. The verdure is scanty on the highest points; but all is green, from the sea-level upwards.

I cannot avoid venturing a few words on the geological features of the country, though I speak with diffidence on the subject. This is undoubtedly one of its most extraordinary and interesting characteristics. As much of the island as I have yet visited is wholly and entirely volcanic. The rocks are for the most part masses of basalt, more or less marked by the action of fire on their external surfaces. There is nowhere any sign of stratification or aqueous deposition, if we except the very superficial alluvium which has been brought down from the mountains. The basaltic rocks are in many places worn through by the torrents, so that an exact knowledge of their nature and thickness may often be obtained. They abound in vertical joints, and in some few instances have an irregular cleavage, like coarse slates; but they are not in any case arranged in horizontal or tilted strata, which would be the case with metamorphic rocks. Beneath them there generally runs a band of intensely-burnt earthy matter, which sometimes takes the form of conglomerate, sometimes of breccia, sometimes of very heavy and partially metallic lumps of half-liquefied matter, not unlike the slag or refuse of iron-foundries. In many places a dark cinereous rock protrudes through the surface, scorched, contorted, and more or less porous in its composition. This it is which is principally used for building houses; it is very hard, and may be obtained in blocks of considerable size. Some of the lesser hills which rise from the sides or roots of the mountains are covered with a stiff red clay, others with indurated sand or mud; in some places there are regular strata of comminuted pumice-stone, all which appear to have been discharged in a liquid state, or thrown up with boiling water. In some parts the action of fire is appalling and terrific; a whole precipice of cinder, which



must have been incandescent; half-fused beds of eruptive matter, and streaks of red, yellow, or brown lava, irregularly interposed,—every thing sered, and blighted, and convulsed. The soil is extremely rich, and in most places of considerable depth. It is of a fine brown colour, sometimes passing into a deep ochrous red, and very crumbling to the touch,—what the Latins called *putris*. It is evidently *alluvium*, brought down from the mountains, and formed of the *detritus* of the volcanic rock, with but little admixture of vegetable matter. This, however, must not be confounded with the deep beds of indurated yellow mud, which have been poured forth, sometimes to the depth of ten or twelve feet, from subaqueous vents, and which still occupy their original position. There is an extinct crater among the highest group of mountain-peaks, besides several cones and isolated hillocks which seem to have been active at a remote period. A few miles to the south-east of Madeira are several smaller rocky islets, wholly bare of vegetation, and composed entirely of volcanic matter. The depth of the sea all round Madeira and its lonely satellites is very considerable; close to the shore, or rather to the edge of the rocks, the soundings give from seven to ten fathoms; a mile and a quarter from it, thirty and forty fathoms; increasing to 200 fathoms at a distance of three or four miles. The view of the smaller islands, called “the Deserters,” whether at their first misty appearance from out the bosom of the waste of waters, the vasty Atlantic, or as you sail close by them, is strange, mysterious, and *awful*. That was the prevailing impression left upon my mind; they are something not of our exterior world, but matter escaped from the raging lake-fires which are supposed still to occupy the central regions of our globe.

Madeira has no sea-coast; no sands, no shells, no sea-weeds. Here and there is a narrow margin of shingle, formed of basaltic pebbles; but in general there are very high cliffs and escarpments rising abruptly out of the deep sea. The tide is almost imperceptible, ebbing and flowing only two or three feet. The fishery is good and abundant. The red and the grey mullet are excellent; also a fish like a perch; the John Dory, the mackerel, and a few others unknown on our coasts. The tunny is particularly plentiful, and grows to an immense size. I have seen ten or a dozen in the fish-market in one day, each seven or eight feet long. They are sold in slices, at about a halfpenny a pound, and form the chief food of the poorer classes. The body of the fish is very thick and muscular, and cuts exactly like coarse beef. When cooked it is as good as salmon, and very like it in flavour, though not in colour, it being as brown as roast meat. On this fish, on chestnuts and on pumpkins, the poor almost entirely subsist. Meat is both scarce and indifferent; beef, the best, about 4*d.* a pound; mutton hardly catable. Poultry is abundant and cheap; butter and bacon nearly double the price which they bring in England; cream not to be had, and milk not without difficulty. Red-legged partridges are obtained on the mountains; they are inferior to those fed on our

English stubbles, and have dry white meat, more like that of a pheasant.

The native manufactures are all of a trifling and unprofitable description; wicker-baskets, bird-cages of reeds, lace, preserves, dried fruits, and artificial flowers made of stained feathers. The three last-named articles are made and sold at the convents of Funchal, which are now few, and much impoverished; and it is to be feared that they form an essential part of their very scanty livelihood, the Portuguese Government having embezzled all the conventual funds upon which it could lay its impious hands.

There is no deficiency of churches; the city of Funchal, with its environs, contains ten or twelve large and magnificent ones, besides a cathedral. To begin with the latter: it is a fine building, about the size of a first-class parochial church in England. It was built, I believe, early in the sixteenth century, in a very tolerable style of Italian Gothic. Externally it is white-washed and painted; the tower is plain, occupying the place of a northern transept, and is surmounted (as are several other churches) by a low pyramidal spirelet, covered with glazed tiles. The nave is divided from the aisles by pointed arches. The side walls of the former are occupied by richly gilded and carved altars, in place of windows; there is no triforium, but a row of clerestory lancet-lights. At each end of the transeptal cross there is a very large and magnificent gilt altar; one of them only has a dressed image: this feature (of which I, for one, am by no means an admirer) is but seldom to be found in Funchal. The ceiling of both nave and choir is extremely magnificent; of carved cedar, painted and gilded in a sort of Moorish fashion. The choir is fitted with handsome carved stalls, and has a splendid high altar, and many paintings. It is well kept, and clean; there are neither benches nor chairs (except a very few of the former, for the use of the infirm, or of the better classes), but the people kneel and sit on the floor, which is boarded. The church of San Pedro is also very fine, and rich in curiously carved and gilded altars, walls, and paintings. The Lady Chapel and the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament in this church are among the most beautiful things I ever saw; even Pugin would admire them, though not of a very orthodox Gothic detail. The "College Church" is another large and very fine building, formerly belonging to the Jesuits; it was seized by Government, the seminary attached to it turned into barracks, and the church used solely for the military. I attended a "military Mass" in it last Sunday;—a strange performance, to my eyes, the band playing loudly the whole time, and a soldier in his uniform serving at the altar. There is a particularly interesting church attached to the convent of Santa Clara; with some ancient monuments, some good paintings, and the walls wholly covered, internally, with glazed tiles disposed in mosaic patterns. The effect of this is particularly good: we might borrow a hint from it for our churches in England; indeed, it has already been partially adopted at Cheadle. The church of Santa Lucia is also handsome



and spacious; that of the Encarnacion (conventual) is old, and rather dingy, with a vaulted roof. But all that I have seen are very well and reverently kept; lamps are always burning before the Blessed Sacrament; and (with one or two exceptions) there is less of the shabby *millinery* look about them—in a word, less of bad taste and of paltry frippery, than is sometimes found in modern Catholic churches. Most of these buildings seem to date from the seventeenth century. The money expended upon them must have been enormous, arguing both more wealth and more religious fervour than is now to be found on the island.

One very large church and convent in this city, that of the Franciscans, was long ago shut up by the Government, the monks expelled, and the buildings suffered to fall into decay. Other churches were sacrilegiously plundered of their plate and movables of value. The military, as I said, have the sole possession of what was the Jesuits' church. There is a strong fort above the city, and a palace, the residence of the Governor, both strongly garrisoned by Portuguese troops. There is also a corps of the more modern, and far more effective, police, and, on the whole, good order is observed.

Believe me, ever truly yours,

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### TITHES.

*To the Editor of the Rambler.*

Jesu, Maria!

MY DEAR SIR,—The subject of tithes having been laid before the public in your last *Rambler*, and expounded as commanded by the canon law of holy Church, it would seem expedient to make a few practical remarks on their applicability to England, and the mode of carrying out that ancient and approved method of providing for the temporal wants of those who minister to us spiritual things.

When we speak of tithes, we are met at the outset on every side by the laity with such exclamations as, "Oh, tithes! those are things of the past, and can never be renewed amongst us. No; the payment of tithes to the Protestant clergy has rendered them odious. We can never think of re-establishing them."—"As well, my dear sir, might you object, that because a thief picks your pocket, you are not bound to pay your just debts." Excellently observed; for tithes, in some shape or other, are really and truly just debts, according to the doctrine laid down in the article in question; and that they are not mere alms, and hence can have no possible connexion with the precept of almsgiving, is clear from the proposition of Wiclif, art. 18, condemned by Martin V. in the Council of Constance. And hence it is clear, that until something better is provided in place of what we freely admit to be the objectionable system of bench-renting, that system, approved of by our



Lords the Bishops, must be retained as, in default of something better, the only means of obtaining any thing in the shape of tithes from the people.

The offertory, excellent as an auxiliary, is merely an alms for the immediate wants of the pastors, and must necessarily be left to the discretion of the givers; but the Church, when she commands tithes, leaves nothing to the discretion of the givers: hence it is quite in the spirit of the Church to have some compulsory payment or other. Now it might be difficult, perhaps impossible, to re-establish tithes, precisely as tithes; but it would be far from difficult to make, under episcopal authority, a commutation of tithes, apportioning to the Catholic souls of every Catholic parish or district, the quota they should be called upon to pay annually, quarterly, or at Christmas and Easter, according to their respective means and profits. Such, since the Irish Church has been deprived of her temporalities, has been the practice of that truly Catholic nation. But we may instance a case as more fully coming home to our own doors.

When the late Primate of all Ireland, Dr. Crolly, Lord Archbishop of Armagh, first went to that town as parish-priest, he found the number of Catholics so small that they could all be packed in a small room. After he became Archbishop, Metropolitan, and Primate, he began to beat about him for the means of extending religion; but this could not be done without a large body of clergy, and these could not be had without the means of supporting them. Accordingly he introduced bench-rents, as one means of providing for this (if they did not previously exist); and, more than this, collections every Sunday. Three Sundays in the month this collection went to support the fabric and the wants of the chapel; the fourth Sunday, to the support of the clergy; but with this difference, that on this fourth Sunday the collection was not voluntary, as on the other days, but, according to the system in other parts of Ireland in receiving the Christmas and Easter dues, nothing but gold and silver was taken, and this in a regular proportion, according to the means of each one; and as the sum was paid, the amount was announced by the collectors to the congregation. This was afterwards equally divided amongst the clergy, with this sole difference, that the parish-priest, who had the trouble and responsibility, received thirteen-pence for each shilling received by the others. This quickly produced its results in a short time, in place of one priest, twelve were to be found, together with a flourishing archiepiscopal seminary, and religion increased accordingly; so that now the Catholics in Armagh form a no inconsiderable body, and that in the very hotbed of Irish Presbyterianism; and they who for centuries have been condemned to worship their God in the see of St. Patrick without the limits of the city, are now about to build a church within its walls. This has been brought about by increasing the clergy, and at the same time providing for their support by a substitute for, or a commutation of, tithes. When, then, we have so excellent a model as the Irish Church to look

to, we need not walk in the footsteps of the vulgar herd of English Dissenters.

That which is our right has been usurped by the established heresy : it is now our duty to find a substitute for it that shall at once provide for the wants of the Church, and shall at least be coloured with the signification of what the Church expressly commands for the support of her ministers, who minister spiritual things to the children of her bosom. Let us get rid of bench-rents to-morrow, but let us do all things in reason and in prudence. It is for our Lords the Bishops to ordain, and then for the clergy to act on that ordinance, the laity of course co-operating. A friend of ours, to whom we mentioned the subject the other day, said these precise words : " I, for instance, pay five pounds a-year for my bench : abolish the system of bench-rents, which is atrocious, and I will give you ten pounds a-year, and will of course give in the offertory in addition according to convenience." This liberal spirit, we are convinced, would spread if only properly understood, and if the laity at large are given to understand that they do not support their clergy as they would a beggar to whom they give their alms, but as those to whom they are justly indebted : " the labourer is worthy of his hire." In fact, a priest engaged in the salvation of souls has clearly as distinct a right to all that is necessary to maintain him in the position he is called upon to fill in his particular town, as a physician or a lawyer has to his fee, as a merchant has to be paid for his merchandise, as a servant to his wages. And I am sure that any clergyman would feel himself insulted who was told that what he received was given him as an alms to a beggar; nor, I am convinced, would he consent to receive it on such terms. The secular clergy have not taken vows of poverty; the canons of the Church, and especially the holy Council of Trent, do not admit of their living as paupers; they must either have a patrimony or a benefice in order to be ordained; and where, as in this country, they are ordained *ad titulum missionis*, they are not supposed in these times to go out, as did the Apostles, without either scrip or staff; but that acme of evangelical perfection is reserved to those favoured souls who devote themselves to it in the holy bonds of a religious life; and even with regard to these it is an extreme case, and, amongst the most illustrious and elastic of the religious orders of these latter centuries, is a special vow added to the others in particular cases.

In conclusion, I cannot help remarking on that absence of regard for the mass of the people which but too often peeps out in the semi-Protestantism of our Catholicity in England; and this, instead of being amended, seems to threaten to increase. In those old ugly chapels which necessarily meet with the anathemas of every sincere lover of Christian art, we do indeed see a provision for the people, the *πολυβοι*, which is not always found in more modern erections. You have your overgrown ugly gallery added to from time to time, to meet the exigencies of the increasing swarms



of the people, before a swarm moves off to a new hive : this is filled by a cleaner, perhaps, if not a higher, class than the body of the chapel : but then it is beautiful to see the poor of Christ filling the vast space below with its seats, and not only this, but every available spot, up to the narrow and confined space railed off, and which bears the name of a sanctuary, so that you see the poor in their rags actually elbowing the priest as he sits down at the *Gloria, &c.*, and frieze coats mingled in admired confusion with the gorgeous vestments of the officiating clergyman, or the snow-white surplices of his servers. Go, on the contrary, into one of our new Gothic churches, in which we think we have done so much to restore religious feeling amongst us, and a taste for that brotherhood which is the natural offspring of the Catholic and Christian principle. What do we see? A nave filled with a long-drawn row of benches, partially filled by the *quality* of the place, and the poor or less favoured in a distant vista, beyond the extent of the preacher's voice, or in the long-drawn aisles, hidden ever and anon by some intervening pillar from the sight of the preacher, and thus prevented from following that glance of the eye, or that motion of the arm, which would supply the meaning of something he but indistinctly apprehends in his *nascondiglio*. Truly *pauperes evangelizantur* in these splendid piles, constructed indeed with a view to ceremonial, but scarcely with a view to the indoctrination of the poor in the lessons of that Gospel in which it is said, "Qui major est inter vobis fiat sicut minor." God forbid that I should be insensible to the noble service done to us by those who have restored true Christian art amongst us ; but I only contend for this, that in the erection of our churches, the aisles should be constructed solely with a reference to processions and the devotion of the *Via Crucis*, and should consequently be totally unprovided with seats. Let the nave be so large as to be able to contain the whole congregation, except such few stragglers as for their own private devotion choose to stand about in the aisles. And if there must be those atrocities, benches, in the name of goodness let us confine them to the lower half of the nave, and at least have chairs in the upper half, by which means we secure the advantage of having the preacher placed half way down the nave, as in the great churches in Italy, and especially in Rome, while those who occupy the chairs can turn about to the preacher, and afterwards settle down for Mass in such corners as may best suit their devotion ; or if they choose to hear a succession of Masses, at different altars, can carry their chair about with them, and take up such new position as is most favourable to the object they have in view. But these English are such matter-of-fact people. I heard a priest reproved the other day for making the children laugh at catechism ; yet in old times preachers were often applauded with a universal clapping of hands. "Oh, tell it not in Gath." Really these good people will require a separate heaven ; they cannot endure to go there in company of Italians, Belgians, or Irish ! I remain, &c.

THE WRITER OF THE PAPER ON TITHES.



## Ecclesiastical Register.

### PAPAL RESCRIPT IN FAVOUR OF THE CATHOLIC POOR-SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

THE substance of the following we gave in our last Number.

Beatissimo Padre,

I Cattolici d' Inghilterra hanno formata, sotto il titolo di Comitato della Scuola dei Poveri, una commissione, la quale invigila sotto la direzione dei Vescovi alle collette ed alle altre cose che possono promuovere l' educazione Cattolica dei poveri Cattolici I Vescovi hanno stabilito che le collette se dibbano tutti gli anni della Domenica dopo l' Ottava del Corpus Domini, festa in Inghilterra del S. Cuore.

I Vicarj Aplici. dell' Inghilterra e per essi Niccola Wiseman Vescovo Melipotamense Vicario Aplici. del Distretto Londinese, umilmente supplicano che Vra. Santità si degni, undò favorire a questo oggetto pio, accordare in perpetuum l' Indulgenza Plenaria applicabile anche alle anime Sante da Purgatorio a tutti quelli che in qualunque Distretto dell' Inghilterra, in quel giorno ad entro la sua Ottava, confessati e comunicati daranno qualche limosina per l' educazione dei poveri Cattolici nelle Fede Cattolica da erogarsi nel modo approvato dei rispettivi Vicarj Aplici. Come pure l' Indulgenza Plenaria perpetua ed applicabile alle anime Sante da lucrarj da tutti gli associati contribuente alle collette del sudetto comitato sotto la dipendenza dei Vicarj Aplici. li quali nella Festa di S. Giorgio Martire e di S. Edoardo Re e Confessore e nelle loro Ottave, previa la confessioni e la S. Comunione pregheranno in qualche Chiesa, Cappella, o pubblico Oratorio giusta la mente del sommo Pontifice. Che ed.

Utendo facultatibus a SSmo. Domino Nro. Pio Div. Provid. PP. IX. Nobis specialiter tributis annuimus in omnibus pro gratia juxta petita. Contrariis quibuscunque non obstantibus.

Dat. Romæ ex. Aed. S. C. de Pnda. Fide, die 31 Octobris, 1849.

Gratis si ne alla omnino solutione quocunque titulo,

ALEXANDER BARNABO, a Secretis.

By this Rescript, his Holiness, Oct. 31, 1849, grants perpetually—

1. A Plenary Indulgence to all who, on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, the Sunday after the Octave of Corpus Christi, or within eight days after, shall go to Confession and Communion, and subscribe to the Poor-School Committee's Fund.

2. A Plenary Indulgence to all contributors to the same who, on the Feasts of S. George or S. Edward the Confessor, or during their octaves, shall go to Confession and Communion, and pray for some time for the intention of his Holiness the Pope.

3. Both Indulgences are applicable by way of suffrage to the Faithful departed.

NICHOLAS, Bishop of Melipotamus.

(By order of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop)

SCOTT NASMYTH STOKES, Secretary to the  
Catholic Poor-School Committee.

CATHOLIC MIDDLE SCHOOL, 6 JOHN STREET,  
BEDFORD ROW.

THE Committee of the Catholic Middle School have just issued the following letter and notice :

SIR,—I beg to lay before you, as one of the contributors to the fund for establishing the Catholic Middle School, the details of a measure which the Committee have resolved to adopt, with the view of increasing the attendance at the school, and extending its advantages to a deserving class of Catholic youths.

You are probably aware that the ordinary charge for each boy is 8*l.* 8*s.* a-year, payable quarterly in advance. It has now been determined to admit exhibitioners—the number of whom receiving instruction in the school at the same time shall never exceed twenty-five—at half the regular charge, or 1*l.* 1*s.* each a-quarter, and to bestow upon the contributors to the Guarantee Fund the privilege of nominating candidates for exhibitions in the proportion of one candidate for every 5*l.* contributed.

From the boys so nominated exhibitioners will be selected after an examination, which will embrace an inquiry into the moral character, intellectual attainments, and pecuniary circumstances of the candidates.

The Committee, as they desire by this arrangement to reward genuine merit, are determined to attach chief weight to moral qualifications; and it is essential, therefore, that every candidate should produce a certificate of good character from at least one priest having faculties. Similar testimonials from other parties, and especially from previous teachers, will receive the attention which they deserve.

Examiners appointed by the Committee will carefully ascertain the merits and attainments of the respective candidates.

In reference to pecuniary circumstances, it will be required that the candidates produce from their parents or guardians a written assurance of their inability to meet the regular school-fee.

As a contributor of            to the School fund, you are entitled to nominate            boys, who, before admission to the examination, will be expected to shew a letter from you attesting your belief that they are, with reference to the qualifications above mentioned, fit and proper candidates for election to the exhibitions.

I may be permitted to add, that the interests of the school and of the Catholic public will be served by your nominating boys of promise, belonging to poor but respectable and virtuous parents; and that, in case of your being unacquainted with candidates answering this description, the Committee have reason to believe that the clergy generally will be glad to recommend for nomination deserving youths of whom they have personal knowledge. You will not fail, however, to observe, that your nomination does not confer an absolute title to an exhibition, but simply a right of admission to an examination, at which the merits of the different candidates will be tested, with a view to the selection of the most worthy as exhibitioners.

The examinations for exhibitions will take place twice a-year, viz. on the first Tuesdays after the Christmas and the Midsummer holidays respectively; and it is desirable that the necessary papers should be sent in to the Secretary at least a fortnight before the day of examination.

I am yours faithfully,

EDWARD HEALY THOMPSON,  
Honorary Secretary.

## NOTICE.

Every candidate for an exhibition, duly nominated by a contributor to the Guarantee Fund, will be required to produce testimonials to character from at least one priest having faculties; a certificate from his parents or guardians, attesting their inability to pay the regular charges of the school.

The candidate will also be examined in the rudiments of an ordinary classical and commercial education.

It is distinctly understood that the success of candidates will depend chiefly upon moral and religious character, with due regard to talents and social position.

## ROME.

RETURN OF THE POPE.—The *Constitutionnel* publishes the following letter from Rome, 10th inst. :—"The arrival of the Pope for the 20th of this month is announced in the most formal manner. All difficulties have been removed. A loan of six millions of crowns has, it is said, been negotiated. Preparations have been commenced for the entry of his Holiness." The Paris correspondent of the *Chronicle* believes the above assurance is correct. "His Holiness," he says, "will make his solemn entry into his capital on the 20th of the present month. The preparations for the reception of the Pope have been going on for some time. The terms upon which the Pope has consented to take this important step are not known, beyond the fact that, if concessions have been made, they are not upon his side. The fact is, that the position of the French troops in Rome has for some time past been so embarrassing, that the Government is glad to induce the return of his Holiness on his own terms. In going to Rome at all the French took a false step; into which they were led partly from their ignorance of the true state of public feeling in the States of the Church, and partly by their national vanity, which has so often induced them to meddle in matters with which they have no concern. They have now nothing for it but to get out of the scrape as best they can."

THE CARDINALS' COMMITTEE.—EXTRAORDINARY SUICIDE.—The *Roman Gazette* publishes the following :—"The Cardinals of the Committee of the Government, who allow free access to all persons who have any thing to say to them, admitted this morning a certain Ceccarelli, ex-adjutant of the disbanded Civic Guard. He presented a petition, in which he demanded, in imperious language, employment and the immediate advance of 100 dollars. Without waiting for a reply, he drew a dagger, and threatened to stab them if they did not give him the money. The Cardinals endeavoured to calm him, but called for assistance, whereupon he plunged the dagger into his own breast." According to another version he did not threaten the Cardinals, but on his demand being rejected, stabbed himself. He was taken away by the police.

RETREAT AT ST. ANNE'S, MANCHESTER (given by the Fathers of the Immaculate Conception).—St. Anne's Church is situated in a poor but densely populated district of Manchester, in the midst of the factories. Its congregation are principally Irish, or the descendants of Irish parents. Corrupt as are the morals of many of them, still their faith is not wholly



destroyed, and their respect for the old religion and its ministers is great. On the evening of Sunday, the 7th of October, the Very Reverend Dr. Aubert, accompanied by Fathers Cooke and Noble, commenced a spiritual retreat in the church; the order of the exercises of the Mission being as follows:—Mass at five o'clock, followed by instruction (for the factory people, who were obliged to be at their work at six.) Second instruction at nine. At seven in the evening the Rosary, followed by instruction. At eight a sermon, after which the *Miserere*, and Benediction of the most holy Sacrament. The retreat, of which we regret that want of space prevents our giving the details, continued for three weeks, and produced the happiest results.

SCHISMATICAL MOVEMENT IN FRANCE.—Public attention among the Catholics of France is at present much absorbed by a so-called petition, addressed by the Abbé Chantome to the Pope, to Councils, and to Bishops, regarding ecclesiastical education, exterior worship, the Liturgy, &c. &c. The spirit of this new form of heresy may be judged from the following specimens, which we translate (slightly abridging them) from extracts given in the *Ami de la Religion*. 1. The Abbé Chantome pretends “that the want of contact with society, arising from sacerdotal education as it is generally practised in the Church, and especially in France, produces in the clergy a moral feebleness which makes them despised by the young, and by the ardent and influential classes of society. The knowledge of the clergy is narrow and often absurd. Their piety is based on false monastic practices, devoid of their vigorous spirit; the young clergy, shut up in their cloisters, know nothing of the storms of popular life, and the duties of a Christian people.” The Abbé therefore demands:—“That the teaching given the clergy be public; that the young clerks be sent to secular schools chosen by the Catholics, to breathe therein public life and love for the institutions of their country. That almost all the elementary books placed in the hands of ecclesiastics in the seminaries be withdrawn. That ecclesiastical teaching from its commencement exhibit the well-harmonised degrees of catholic or universal science; that it accept artistic studies, and place itself *en rapport* with all the branches of human science.” The Abbé further demands:—“That preaching be not abandoned by the Bishops to the parochial clergy, and left in an arbitrary, anarchical state, both as regards its subjects and its method. That public worship be recalled to its ancient forms, worthily carried out. That the French language, and the vulgar tongues which are in a forward state, be gradually and prudently admitted into all parts of the Liturgy specially destined for the people; as the principal motive the Church had for the retention of the old languages in the Liturgy no longer exists. That the use of Communion in two kinds be re-established. That all ecclesiastical vestments be reformed and restored to their ancient patterns. That the old *agapæ*, or reports taken in common in the parishes, be restored. That the religious efforts of the middle ages be carried out, by opening halls for the representation of national or religious historical dramas. That the Church put far away from her all endowments, all revenues; and that the salaries proffered by the State be refused. That the principle of the communion of the *solidarité* of Catholics, in regard to material goods, be proclaimed in a striking manner by the Church, the fundamental principle of private property being also admitted.”

The Archbishop of Paris has received from the Pope an immediate condemnation of M. Chantome's propositions; and has solemnly and urgently called on M. Chantome to retract them.

COUNTRY ATHEISM IN FRANCE.—In the canton of Mielan, department of Gers, is a little town named Hugat, of scarcely 800 inhabitants, which has the happiness of having for mayor a terrible Republican, and moreover a *bel esprit*. The town-councillors do not yield to their mayor in contempt of royalty, and what they term superstition; they regard their municipal as a second Voltaire, and themselves as the successors of the Encyclopédistes. In the first days that followed the promulgation of the republican form of government, the mayor, who it is said had been a hedge schoolmaster, believing that the eyes of the world were upon him, and wishing to strike terror into all the Catholic Powers of Europe, came to the resolution of decreeing the abolition of the Catholic religion. Desirous of planting a thorn in the Pope's side, he proceeded with his council to the village church, which in the name of civilisation he took possession of. He confiscated the crucifix and the censer, and planted the republican banner on the steeple. Aiming a mortal blow at the College of Cardinals, he issued an interdict on the curate of the parish, and threatened with awful pains and penalties such priests of the neighbouring district as should dare to touch the soil of the terrible little commune over whose destinies he presided. With Machiavellian cunning, however, he and his auxiliaries consented to perform certain duties which are usually those of the ecclesiastical order; he proposed to baptise the new-born children himself, and even to confer the nuptial benediction at the same time that he performed the civil rite for the newly-married couples. But his compliance with human weakness descended no lower; and he scoffed at and menaced the ignorant peasants who demanded that the rites of the Church should be performed over the graves of their deceased relations. It was whispered that the mayor deeply meditated on imitating the example of the Convention, and, while abolishing Christianity, to decree the existence of the Supreme Being, the worship of Reason, of Proudhon, and the *Triad* of Pierre Leroux. It will scarcely be believed that such things, even in a remote and almost unknown corner of France, should be allowed to go on; yet it is a fact that it is only since the nomination of the new Prefects, a week or ten days since, that a stop has been put to these acts of stupid impiety. These village Chaumettes and Heberts amused themselves with a burlesque imitation of the ceremonies of religion. So late as the 19th of last month they were entreated by the widow and friends of a farmer, remarkable for his piety, and who had just died, to allow prayers to be read in the church over his coffin. The mayor consented to open the church and receive the body, but when the funeral procession arrived they found the sacred edifice occupied by these miserable buffoons, who insisted on allowing no one but themselves to read the prayers for the departed. The friends of the deceased, disgusted at their profanity, withdrew the body, and interred it in the burial-ground.

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# The Rambler.

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## PART XXVI.

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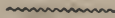
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To Subscribers to the Rambler.

APPLICATIONS having been frequently made for complete sets of the *Rambler* from its commencement, and some few of the earlier Numbers being out of print, they will be reprinted as soon as a sufficient number of orders are received to pay the expense of reprinting. Subscribers wishing to complete their sets are therefore requested to give immediate orders to the Publisher, 17 Portman Street, Portman Square, and 63 Paternoster Row, London.



To Correspondents.

Y.—We are unable to find room for our correspondent's letter.

# The Rambler,

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

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VOL. V.

FEBRUARY 1850.

PART XXVI.

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## COMMUNISM.\*

FOR evil or for good, the Communistic theory is spreading in every part of the Western world. England and Ireland, France, Germany, and Switzerland, and we know not what other European countries besides, not to speak of the vast American continent, are doing homage to the fact that this system has a living *power* in it, either for cursing or for blessing, which defies alike the sneers of newspapers, the laws of despotic kings and still more despotic republics, and the musket-balls and bayonets of armies.

But what *is* Communism? It would be a curious speculation for the lovers of statistics to ascertain how many of the opponents of Communism could furnish an intelligible definition of that theory from which they recoil with dismay. Communism is revolution, says the Tory. Communism destroys the influence of wealth and rank, says the Whig. Communism is opposed to the laws of political economy, says the Radical. Communism means something foreign and French, says John Bull. Communism means burglary, says the timid old housekeeper. Communism means that *I* am not to do what I like with *my own*, says the respectable gentleman. Communism is Socialism, says every body else who knows nothing better to say. What, then, *is* this new, and terrible, and far-spreading thing?

In a word, Communism is that system which advocates a joint and equal sharing of the products of united labour. The ordinary, but by no means universal, system of the present social fabric is not Communism, but Individualism.

\* Since the following pages were written, an Encyclical Letter has been issued by Pius IX. condemning with authority those revolutionary schemes which we have here, as a theory, attempted to overthrow by argument.

Individualism, indeed, practises united labour, but it upholds an unequal division of profits, and urges each individual person to obtain as large a share as possible of the productions of human industry for himself. *Competition* is the watchword of Individualism; *union* is the watchword of Communism.

The chief instrument by which Individualism maintains its sway, and exercises its overwhelming power over the destinies of man, is what we technically term "capital;" that is, an accumulation, more or less large, of the products of the labour of man, which enables its possessor to *employ* his fellow-creatures on such terms as he pleases to make with them, and to take for himself a certain portion of the results of their toils, leaving to them the remainder. This capital is for the most part possessed in the shape of money, either in actual gold or paper, or in such a species of property as can be readily turned into money whenever its proprietor pleases.

The inevitable result of this use of capital, when acted upon for a few successive generations, is to widen to a frightful extent the distance between rich and poor. It makes the rich richer and the poor poorer, until the entire community is divided into two classes, one of which consists of a small minority holding gigantic possessions, and the other of an overwhelming majority for the most part sunk into miserable poverty or abject pauperism. This, we say, is the natural result of the system of Individualism, when not powerfully counteracted by one or both of the two systems which are its irreconcilable enemies, namely, Christianity and Communism. Christianity checks the suicidal operations of Individualism by controlling and lessening the selfishness of human nature, and making men less anxious to heap up wealth, and more ready to part with it when it is gained. Communism checks it by practising expedients for dividing the profits of human toil as nearly as possible in proportion to the amount of labour expended by each individual.

Capital, however, be it remembered, is not the *cause* of Individualism; nor yet is it the *cause*, in any strict sense of the word, of the miseries resulting from its uncontrolled influence. Capital is the result of the differences which exist between one man and another man, between one family and another family, between one nation and another nation. In other words, to use the language of a Christian, it is the consequence of the fall of man, either wholly or in great part. If the paradisiacal state of innocence had continued unbroken, all men would perhaps have been equal in bodily health and strength, in physical necessities, and in intellectual powers. But whether or no the intellects of all the children of Adam



and Eve would have been equally perfect, or nearly so, it is undeniable that capital is practically the result of the sins, the infirmities, the incapacities, and the ignorances of man. It results from his sins, whenever the strong man seizes, either by force or fraud, the productions of the toils of the weak, and adding it to the productions of his own toil, possesses more than he is compelled to consume for his immediate necessities, and lays it up as *property*. It results from man's infirmities, incapacities, and ignorances, whenever one man being unable, or unwilling, to produce as much by his own labours as his fellow-man produces, is compelled to resort to the aid of that fellow-man, and by the help of his superabundant possessions, to obtain either present support or the necessary means for labouring for the future. Thus, pressed by circumstances, the infirm, the ignorant, and the dull, *make a bargain* with the strong, the well-informed, and the clever, by which they agree, in return for their present aid, to hand over to them some portion of the good things they may produce. And thus the rich become still richer than before.

It is manifest, further, that as this process goes on incessantly repeated, the capitalist becomes every day more and more the master of his fellow-creatures' abilities and toils. Every day he adds to his own store, and thus is enabled more and more to make his own terms with those who seek his aid in order to employ their natural powers of labour. Exactly in proportion to the depth of a man's purse can he make advantageous bargains with his fellow-creatures. He can offer them whatever terms he pleases, because, without his help to start with, they have no means for labouring at all; and if they cannot labour, they must starve. For the moment a country becomes fully inhabited, a man *must* commence with some considerable capital, in order to work at all. When the land is not all parcelled out among proprietors, a poor man has simply to dig, sow, plant, and reap, on some vacant spot; although even here he must go to the capitalist and bargain for his implements of husbandry. But when the land is all occupied, and, as population increases, the social state swarms with human beings, who must labour or die, it is clear that a wealthy man can make any terms he pleases with those who cannot labour without his help. If the labourer recoils from an agreement by which almost the whole of his production goes to his employer, the employer turns round, and falls back upon his own accumulated wealth, and bids the labourer starve and perish. And the more vast is that accumulated wealth, the longer can the capitalist hold out against the poor man. If the labourer will not work for

him, "Very well," replies the capitalist, "I can live upon my present property;" and the poor man dies. At the same time, also, the capitalist is hardly ever driven thus to live upon his capital; for as the multitude of the poor increase, if he cannot find one labourer to accept his terms, another will. And thus, the moment the wealth of the rich is sufficiently large to enable them to hold out against the demands of the poor, that moment the rich are enabled to reduce the wages of the poor to the point which just touches upon starvation.

Such was the condition of the Roman empire before it fell. Imperial Rome, while her armies swept the plains and scaled the mountains of Europe, Africa, and Asia, became at home a nation divided between enormous capitalists and paupers. Her strength thus passed away from her, and she fell. Then all was broken up; property fell into different hands, and was subdivided into innumerable portions. Misery the most horrible was the immediate result; but when the season of conflicts, spoliation, and carnage was past, by degrees a new civilisation arose; order and law prevailed; property began by degrees to assert its power, and, in the end, we were brought to that social state in which we now find ourselves placed.

And now again the old headlong course is being run. Money, the root of all evil, is eating into the heart of the social fabric. In Great Britain, especially, we are rapidly passing into a nation of capitalists and paupers; while there is scarcely a European people which does not betray the same tokens of a tendency to dissolution and ruin. They who can look backwards only a quarter, or a fifth of a century, can well discern how much poorer the poor are becoming, in comparison with the rich; how strikingly the average means of the vast middle class have diminished; and how portentously awful are the fortunes of the few and the great. Every where the land is becoming the property of a few enormous proprietors. Estates, of from ten or fifteen acres, up to 200 or 300, are rapidly disappearing from the kingdom; and it is almost within the memory of living persons, that there were three times as many landed proprietors in this nation as at present, while the actual population is now twice as large as it was then. Law, police, benevolent institutions, machinery, means of production, means of conveyance and transit, every thing that can add to the actual amount of national wealth, continue to improve and add to the actual possessions of the kingdom; but capital, with its iron rule, goes on dividing these possessions in proportions ever more and more unfavourable to the producing classes; and in the end, if its

tyranny be not overawed and controlled, it must turn round upon those whose bidding it has done, and overwhelm them, with their slaves, in one gulf of ruin. The wealth of the nation will increase until its strength is gone from it. Thus, while *giving* is twice blest, both to him that gives and to him that receives, *gaining* is twice cursed, both to him that gains and to him that suffers loss.

Writhing, groaning, and tortured beneath this adamantine sway of capital, the vast universal mind of the labouring classes of Europe is turning to the system of Communism as the cure for all its evils. None but the blind can avoid perceiving that in spite of the overwhelming odds against which it has to contend, the spirit of Communism is rapidly advancing in almost every civilised people. The obstacles it has to contend with are mighty indeed, but still it makes its way. It has to struggle with the grasping covetousness of the great capitalist, against whose system it wages war. It has to fight with the natural disinclination of every conservative mind to accept any thing which looks like a theory. It is bitterly denounced by the votaries of the modern science of political economy, embracing all that numerous and powerful class which in England comprises the Whigs and Whiggish Radicals, and in France the *juste-milieu* of Louis Philippe, Guizot, and Thiers. And still more to its disadvantage, it is taken up and upheld by a large portion of the scum of Europe; by that refuse of mankind who put it forth as a pretext for revolution and plunder, and who would be the first to disdain the yoke it would impose upon them. Nevertheless, all around us it yet lives and gathers strength, none can tell how fearful. And therefore, though now at length condemned by an authority to which all Catholics must bow, it must still be met with those arguments to which alone they who disown the rights of the Pope will consent to yield.

Let us, therefore, if we would test Communism itself to its foundations, and ascertain whether any thing that is good may be wrung from it, begin by separating it from its mischievous and justly detested adjuncts. In the first place, let us mark that necessarily it has nothing whatever to do with spoliation, or robbery, or revolution, or violent change. It seeks in no way whatsoever to alter the present social system, except by peaceable means, and by inducing its opponents to give it their support of their own free accord. It would not touch a single guinea of the millionaire, or alienate a solitary acre from the proprietor of whole parishes and districts, except by coming into the market, and paying the fair price to those who may wish to sell. It has nothing on earth to do



with any of those horrible theories which would attack the sanctity of the marriage bond, or destroy the privacy and purity of the domestic hearth. All this, its advocates say, is no part of Communism as such. Doubtless, these and other monstrosities, crimes, and absurdities, have been perpetrated by its advocates, and many an ill-judged experiment has been made in its furtherance which has brought loss and shame to its devisers. But, they assert, these things are no more a necessary part of Communism than tyranny is a necessary part of government, or a hatred for the poor the consequence of the possessing an income of 500*l.* a-year. And, as our readers will see, we have enough to allege against the Communistic principle without charging it with the crimes of men who only make it a stalking-horse for their iniquities, or the follies of its more rash and headstrong, though zealous, friends. Moreover, if Communism is a terrible evil, and is therefore to be confronted and subdued, it must be met, not with misrepresentations, or by imputing to it excesses which are equally chargeable upon every thing human that ever existed; but by fairly, calmly, and charitably investigating its real nature, and by extracting from it whatsoever it may contain that is good, practicable, and Christian.

Apart, then, from its perversions, exaggerations, and baneful accompaniments, Communism, pure and unmitigated, advocates an equal division of the products of united labour in all things. Whatever is produced by joint human toil, whether it be in the way of agriculture, or manufactures, or the arts, or literature, Communism would make all parties contribute an equal amount of labour, all bring their productions to the common stock, and all share by an equal division of the entire contributions. This, we say, is professed Communism, carried to its fullest limit, and free from the corruptions and crimes with which it is accompanied.

The upholders of the system in this its naked form defend it by such arguments as the following. They allege that in the nature of things there is no reason why the whole result of a man's labour should not go to himself, or why, when he and others unite in labour, and divide the character of their occupations, the joint produce should not be equally divided. Such, they assert, *would be* the state of things, were there neither crime, sickness, nor grovelling ignorance among men; and *therefore*, say they, true wisdom urges us to endeavour to reconstitute the social fabric on a system as nearly as possible similar to that of a state of paradisiacal innocence. The miseries and horrors of the opposite system, they assert, no man can deny; let us, then, in order to remedy them, seek by all

peaceable means to adopt principles to the utmost extent opposed to it. They do not say, be it observed, that no individual man is to be possessed of any property at all. They do not ask—at least this is no *necessary* part of Communism—to have every thing cast into an indivisible common stock, from which each person helps himself according to his needs. This is not *their* theory, though it is the theory often imputed to them by their enemies. They say, let every thing that a society of workers produces be first put together in one vast common property, and then *equally* shared amongst all who have equally laboured in its production. Such, they profess, is the natural dictate of unsophisticated reason and common sense; and such would be a sure remedy for the miseries of modern times.

Then, further, they remind us that a species of Communism was practised by the earliest Christians, under the sanction of the Apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ. “All they that believed,” say the Scriptures, “were together, and had all things in common. Their possessions and goods they sold, and divided them to all, according as every one had need.” This communistic system was also sanctioned by one of the most awful judgments upon sinners recorded in Holy Writ. Ananias and Saphira were members of this Communist society, and professing to contribute to the common stock the whole of their property, they kept back a part of it, and were struck with instant death for the deception. And it is to be observed, that so truly did the Communist principle of the first Christians receive the sanction of Almighty God, that when Ananias and Saphira uttered their falsehoods to St. Peter, the Apostle, the chief ruler of the Church himself, told them that they had lied to the Holy Ghost. All this, say our modern Communists, proves that their system is not only permitted and sanctioned, but enforced by the rules of the Christian religion.

Again, they recall to our recollection the fact that Communism is not merely a theory, tried for a brief space and on a small scale by the primitive Christians, and then given up as impracticable; but that for 1500 years the Catholic Church has practised it, in its utmost unmitigated extent, in innumerable instances, and that at this moment she is practising it with undiminished consistency and unvarying success in every nation under heaven. Every monastery and convent is a Communist society, in its most unmodified form. Each member works according to his abilities, and contributes his productions to the common stock; and to such an extent is the Communist principle carried out in these establishments, that

it is only by a species of necessary relaxation of the ordinary rule that any individual monk or nun is permitted to use as his or her own any portion of the common property. And to the wonderful results of this system in creating wealth, both material and intellectual, the Communists point, in reply to the sneers of the political economist, who pretends that in a Communist society there would exist no sufficient motives for labour. Look, say they, at the marvellous results of monastic labour, in whatever direction it is exerted. See what the Benedictines and Jesuits have done, and still are doing, in the world of letters. Read the history of the dark and middle ages, and see what monastic Communism did for agriculture, science, architecture, and all the arts of civilisation. Look around you at this moment, and mark with what sure though slow steps the Catholic religious houses are creating and laying up property in England, while overwhelming money difficulties press upon all the rest of the English Catholic body. Visit Mount St. Bernard in Leicestershire, said a Protestant clergyman, when recently advocating the principles of Communism to a Protestant audience; see there how a society of monks have converted one of the most desolate and irreclaimable of spots into a blooming garden, fertile to an extent that again and again supplies all the necessities of those who have thus almost created bread from stones. Or again, remember Paraguay. Where else has the world beheld so blessed a picture of regenerated man as in those extraordinary Jesuit missions among the Indians, where Communism was consistently practised, and where peace, plenty, and holiness flourished, until the ferocity and jealousy of neighbouring states burst in and swept the new Eden from the face of the earth? How, then, can men of sense; and still more, how can men who profess to reverence the Bible; and still more again, how can Catholics, oppose the spread of these principles, sanctioned as they are by Apostles and by the most devoted Christians of every age, and confirmed by the experience of fifteen centuries?

Again, they say to us, See how your boasted Individualism is powerless to sustain itself without calling in the aid of Communism in repeated instances. What is a partnership between two or more persons but Communism? Do not the partners agree to lay aside all personal competition, each contributing his share of labour, and dividing the produce, either equally or on some definite agreement fundamentally opposed to the principles of Individualism? What are life and fire insurances, friendly societies, club-houses, and unions of all possible kinds, from a country book-society upwards, but



adoptions of the Communist system? Above all, what is the poor-law but rank, unmixed Communism? What is it, in the eyes of Christians at least, but an admission of the principle that man has a right to live from the produce of the earth which God has made, unless he refuse to labour; that there *is* a point at which the system of competition must stop, and fall back upon Communism, unless we would be guilty of our brother's blood, and at the same time destroy ourselves and the social fabric which we have created, by every man's seeking his own and not another's wealth?

These, and such like, are the arguments urged by the intelligent Communist; and we think few of our readers will deny that at the very least they demand a calm and clear reply. A theory which has as much as this to say for itself, is not to be put down by a turning up of the nose, by a few hard names, or by an exhibition of the ridiculous antics or outrageous enormities of many of its supporters. Common prudence bids us look the matter fairly in the face, and never rest until we have either found a fair, consistent, and Christian reply to its claims, or have resolved at all costs to adopt views to which we can furnish no reasonable objection.

To Communism, then, even as expounded by its own best advocates, we conceive that an unanswerable objection exists in the very nature of man himself. If the nature of *things* recommends Communism, the nature of *man* makes it an impossibility; at least until all the world are devoted and self-denying Christians. Believing, as Catholics, that mankind is corrupt, not merely by accident and by education, but by nature, we are confident that the intense selfishness which is its ruling principle will ever make Communism an impossibility, except as a modification of its opponent system, or in a few isolated instances in which the ordinary laws of human life are held in check, or are changed. The love of self and of possessions which is born with every child of Adam, and which nothing but the renewing grace of the Holy Ghost can conquer, much less eradicate, will, as a general rule, burst through every regulation which a Communist society might set up for the equal distribution of the products of its industry. The weak will be crushed by the strong; the healthy will not endure to toil for the sickly, on the condition that he is to give up to him any thing more than a bare subsistence; the cunning will defraud the simple; those who lose their all by accidents will be regarded with an evil eye by those who prosper; while the differences in intellectual and physical ability will perpetually cast an apple of discord into the midst of the most closely

united friends, and produce jealousy, anger, hatred, and every evil passion. Unmixed Communism is a fair-weather system. It will be prostrated by the first storm of adversity. The moment the natural and unavoidable ills of humanity touch its structure, it will totter, fall, and crush those who are dwelling beneath its shadow.

The very instances which are brought forward in its support do in reality prove that its adoption as the basis of society is impossible. If it was found to answer by the primitive Christians, why did they give it up? If St. Peter and the other Apostles considered it desirable that Communism should become the *permanent* system of the Christian Church, why do we find no hint of its adoption in their writings, and in the writings of their successors? Why, on the contrary, do we find so many directions for the guidance of rich and poor, which presuppose the continuance of Individualism? And as the Catholic Church has ever maintained an ardent devotion to the monastic system, and has had already fifteen centuries to enable her to watch its results, why has she never thought of extending a pure Communism beyond the limits of her religious houses, except in the very unusual combination of circumstances which enabled the Jesuits to establish it in Paraguay? Why is this, but because she has found it impossible, with all its advantages, to carry it out in a world of which the majority care little or nothing for religion and the good of their fellows; and in which none, even the most holy, are free from infirmities? We would advise the maintainers of unmixed Communism to put this question to the superiors and other inmates of any monastic establishments in the whole world:—"Would it be possible for you to enforce your system of community of goods without the aid of your other two vows of celibacy and obedience?" We are confident that there is, perhaps, not a monk or nun in the whole of Christendom, of average intelligence, who would not unhesitatingly reply that, from their own experience, they were confident it would be an utter impossibility. The argument drawn from monasticism does not, indeed, hold good for a moment; because it overlooks the triple vow which gives to monastic Communism all its strength. Take away that solemn consecration of self, by which the monk binds himself, not only to give up his claims to individual property, but to abstain from marriage, and to obey his superior with absolute obedience, and the whole edifice falls to the ground.

At the same time, we most fully and gladly admit that the parallel drawn from the monastic system is an unanswerable confutation of the assertions of political economists, that

Communism is adverse to the creation of wealth. It proves, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that where Communism *can* be established, it is the deadliest foe of pauperism. If it diminishes the mad ardour with which the selfish system of competition drives men on to heap up a boundless treasure, at the same time it not only adds to the actual amount of production, but it provides for the sick, the infirm, the aged, the ignorant, and the imbecile. At this present moment there are perhaps no human beings who, judging by the ordinary course of affairs, are so sure of never falling into abject want, as the members of those Catholic religious houses who have had time to carry out their principles to any fair extent. It is easier for a duke to become a beggar than for a monk; except, of course, in those orders whose rule it is to hold *no* property whatsoever.

Nor, further, can any thing whatsoever in the way of proof of the possibility of permanent Communism be drawn from the wonderful fruits of the Jesuit missions in Paraguay. In the first place, those missions only lasted for a comparatively brief period; and though it is true that they were destroyed by violence from without, and not by decay within, yet, as a matter of fact, they were *not* permanent, and therefore cannot be employed as a proof in favour of the permanence of such societies. But even supposing that these wonderful missions had endured for centuries in all their pristine perfection, how would they shew that a similar perfection was attainable under the influence of a different religious faith? It was not its Communism which gave its vital energy to the Indian society in Paraguay, but its religion. It was the personal innocence and devoted Catholicism of its members, it was the skilfully exerted energies and ruling wisdom of the Society of Jesus, which thus planted a paradise in the midst of a heathen world. Had the Jesuits left Paraguay; had the uncorrected worldliness and selfishness of humanity once found a footing among those civilised Indians; had their faith been taught to waver, or their devotion waxed cold; farewell in a moment all the blissful realities in which they lived. The day that lowered their character as Christians would have destroyed for ever their character as Communists.

Except, therefore, in a state of society approaching the perfections of millennial piety, we account Communism, as the general foundation of civil society, a baseless vision. Man's natural heart, Satan, and sin, are too strong for it. It is only possible in such circumstances as those of monastic houses, where the souls of the inmates are bound by the most solemn



vows to aim at the noblest and most self-denying perfection ; where virginity is held in the highest honour ; and where the will of a superior, and the rule of an elaborately framed body of statutes, guide the daily and hourly life of every member, and exercise over him a military command.

At the same time, we cannot but hope and believe that a modified system of combination is not only a possibility, but an admirable means for elevating the condition of our poor, which has but to be wisely essayed to bring forth the happiest results. We can see no reason in the world why the very same principle on which attorneys, doctors, bankers, and men of every species of trade, combine to labour in common, and to divide the fruits of their industry, should not be put into practice by the poor man with equally beneficial consequences. Why a deadly struggle in the way of competition should be wisdom in the mechanic and the peasant, while it is generally fatal to the manufacturer and the farmer, we cannot conceive. That the products of toil are, under our present system, divided in a frightful disproportion to the labour and risk undergone by those who share them, no reasonable man can deny. It is an awful thought to reflect that millions of our fellow-countrymen barely contrive to exist ; and that the vast multitude of our artisans and field-labourers are in such a state of poverty, that—to mention only one feature of their case—they are compelled to inhabit dwellings destructive alike of health, of decency, and of morality. The most zealous lover of things as they are, if he have but a Christian heart beating in his bosom, must grant that the distance between our rich and our poor is too great, and that the present system takes from the sons of toil too large a portion of their earnings, or what ought to be their earnings. And such a man ought to hail with delight every institution which should diminish the number of paupers, and lift up the labouring man a step or two in the scale of society, and distribute the enormous wealth which this country annually produces, with a little less benefit to the millionaire, and a little more benefit to the ploughman and the factory-girl. Wages, in almost every occupation, are—it cannot be rationally doubted—too low ; and therefore, while we maintain the absolute impossibility of prudently revolutionising our social system, we yet are bound to cherish every practicable scheme for bettering the condition of the working man, even though it be conducted upon that principle of combination which hitherto we have claimed for our own use alone.

This, then, is at present the practical difficulty of the labouring classes, commonly so called. They have no means

of employing the little capital they may possess to any great advantage; and they have no means of escaping from that ruinous competition among themselves, which enables the great capitalist to use them as his slaves. One slight alleviation of their troubles is all they can rely upon, and one insane measure of violence is all they can adopt, to ensure, as they imagine, a better state of things. The savings-bank, with its low interest, is the only practicable and safe instrument by which the poor man can employ his savings to any advantage whatsoever; and a combination to strike for higher wages is all that he can betake himself to with a view to increase his weekly gains. The madness of the system of strikes, and the ruin it brings both upon master and workmen, together with the intolerable increase of power which it confers on the most wealthy of the wealthy, is known to all the rich, and, we trust, to many of the poor also. But—to dwell for a moment on that one single and real alleviation of poverty which we have specified—let any man, not of the ranks of the toiling multitude, be asked how *he* would endure a state of society in which, whatever his savings and whatever his industry, there existed no possible means by which he might gain more than about three per cent for the capital he had accumulated, and in which he was surrounded by a countless crowd, all offering to do the work which he does at the lowest price which his employer thought fit to give. We should like to inflict this state of things for one single day upon our enormous trading, commercial, and professional world of England, that we might only hear the universal cry of horror and anger which would shake our shores from Cornwall to Caithness. We should like to involve our tens of thousands of barristers, solicitors, physicians, apothecaries, architects, engineers, bankers, and all the rest of their class, in one tumultuous struggle of competition, in which the present rules of professional honour and mutual forbearance were trodden under foot, and gentlemen were forced to bring their labour to market on the same terms as mechanics and husbandmen. We should like to behold the countenances of the grocers, the butchers, the haberdashers, the farmers, the clothiers, and the merchants, if they were suddenly to learn that the great and glorious privilege of investing their capital in a savings-bank was the only means remaining to them for employing their wealth to the utmost possible advantage.

Why, then, we ask, is that privilege of profitably employing his capital, and making the most of his labour, which all Britons conceive to be their inalienable right, to be denied to that class who the most need such help in their necessities?

Surely, if the law of justice and mercy swayed our hearts, we should desire to see the poor man in possession of *greater* facilities for employing his savings and selling his labour for a good price, than those which the wealthy possess. The shop-keeper, the professional man, and the merchant, at any rate live in tolerable comfort, if not in enervating luxury; while the mechanic can barely clothe, house, and feed himself and his children; so that if a distinction is to be made in favour of one class, every Christian feeling would plead for its being granted to the children of poverty and sorrow. How much more, then, have we a right to be heard, when we ask only that some small measure of those advantages hitherto exclusively the property of the rich should be extended to the poor, and that without the slightest shadow of detriment to the wealthy!

But it is only by a modified application of the principle of combination that the labourer *can* employ his savings to advantage, or make a better bargain for his own personal toils. The savings of the poor are so small, that it is only by *co-operation* that they can turn them to any use whatsoever as capital. When they stand alone, having little or nothing to fall back upon, and none of that *credit* which is the soul of trade and commerce, they are ever compelled to purchase what they need *at a higher price* than is paid by the rich; while the few shillings or pounds they can sometimes lay by are totally unequal to the task of serving as a foundation on which to buy and sell with a better profit. It is only by erecting an immense partnership that they can create any sum worthy to be termed capital, and which can be employed so as to yield a reasonable commercial return for the investment. And it is only by employing one another in the active use of such subscribed sums that they can ensure for themselves a larger share in the results of their industry than is possible elsewhere. They cannot *force* the wealthy to employ them on their own terms. When they seek to do this, and "strike" for higher wages, defeat, misery, and starvation are the inevitable results. They must throw their savings into one common stock, and employ one another as far as possible in the labour necessary to turn that stock to profit, and divide their gains on equal terms. In a word, they must do on a larger scale of numbers what is done by innumerable houses of trade and business in every civilised country in the world. Such a partnership as this, controlled, as it now may be, by legal enactments, and protected by the acts of Parliament which protect such institutions as Friendly-societies, we cannot but believe to be both practicable and easy of accomplishment by well-informed and energetic men. If united labour is both possible



and advantageous in Paternoster Row and Lombard Street, why is it not both possible and advantageous among the operatives of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the peasantry of every county in the empire? If a vast and most profitable trade can be carried on by a capital subscribed in hundreds of pounds, why cannot the same be done, on a smaller scale, by a capital subscribed in sovereigns and shillings?

We can see but one necessary condition of its success; men themselves above the condition of the poor must superintend and encourage the formation of such associations. The poor are too ill informed in the laws of trade and speculation to be able to conduct such affairs unaided by the advice of men of leisure, education, and experience. We have seen already what was the fate of innumerable clubs and benefit societies, until a few zealous and intelligent gentlemen resolved not to see the poor man plunging himself into still deeper poverty, through mere ignorance and mismanagement. And similar disasters we should expect from any association of labouring men for the purpose of trade or agriculture, when not strictly governed under Acts of Parliament, and assisted by men of wealth, station, and experience. But that the system of Friendly-societies *cannot* be so far extended as to enable the poor to make use of their savings to some real commercial profit, we are indeed slow to believe.

Our readers are further, perhaps, not generally aware that there already exist instances, both in this country and in France, and in other parts of the continent, in which this combined action has been attempted with the happiest results. To the foreign cases we shall not now refer, contenting ourselves with citing the progress of a society of this kind which has been established in Leeds, and up to this time has shewn every sign of vitality and prosperity. The Leeds Redemption Society is an association of working men, aided by others of a higher class in life, who subscribe certain small weekly and annual sums, and employ the sum subscribed in agriculture, with a view ultimately to combine with it both manufactures and trades. It has now existed for four years, and is in possession of a large farm in Wales; and it appears to be steadily progressing on its way. Of course this is but a single case, and we know too well how little can be calculated upon from the fairest of beginnings, to build much upon a single instance. Unlike, however, those schemes which the Chartists attempted, and in which they signally failed, the Leeds Redemption Society appears to be founded on sure business principles, and its supporters of various ranks are perpetually increasing.

On the whole, we are disposed to expect that such partnerships as we have described will ultimately spread throughout England, to an extent little contemplated by those who start from the very idea, as though such a system were as hateful as it is new. And a curious thing it will be to watch the progress of popular opinion in its regard, as represented by its recognised organs of the press. At the present hour, scarcely one of the influential and popular newspapers vouchsafes a word in favour of any such scheme. They all rant and clamour about Chartism and Revolutionism, forgetting that hardly a newspaper exists which is not upheld by the very system they denounce. Of the more respectable portion of the general English press, the *Spectator* alone regards this union of labour with a favourable eye. But by and by the tide will turn, and they who follow its ebb and flow will be forced either to swim with or to stem the torrent. We shall see the *Times*, with that exquisitely clever and ridiculous self-complacency which is its great characteristic, gravely assure its readers that to *this* movement it has *always* been friendly. Before the *Times*, however, ventures on this announcement, we shall behold either the Tory *Post* or the reforming *Chronicle* come vigorously forth in defence of the poor man's claims and savings. The *Examiner* will wait till the upholders of the system are in office in Downing Street; while the *Herald* nails its ragged colours to the mast, and dies complaining; and the *Daily News*, faithful to the cotton lords, its only friends, demonstrates to the meanest capacity that the system on which Richard Cobden and John Bright have grown wealthy as nobles, and which has given to the names of Rothschild and Baring a world-wide celebrity, is fatal to the destinies of every human being whose hands are black with smoke and hard with labour, and who is clothed in fustian or velveteen.

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## TOWN CHURCHES.

WE present our readers with the second of the promised series of designs for town churches. It is from the pencil of Mr. Wardell, of Hampstead, and of its merit we think there can be but one opinion. Mr. Wardell has favoured us with the following description of the building and its details.

The plan consists of a nave and two aisles, chancel, chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, a chamber for the organ

and choir, an inner and outer sacristy, a porch, with a room above from which the church may be watched; three rooms, with a fire-place in each, for confessionals, and for receiving persons for instruction, &c. It is designed for a piece of ground about 70 feet wide and 90 feet deep, and is calculated to accommodate 800 persons. There are no galleries of any kind. The ground plot is supposed to be enclosed on both sides by houses, so that light can only be obtained from the clerestory and the east and west windows. If light could not be had from the east end, the difficulty would be met by having a clerestory to the chancel; which, as it is, is not necessary. The west window, under ordinary circumstances, is a little too large for its position, but its size is here essential for light. The confessionals and outer sacristy are lighted by openings pierced in their southern wall, which is raised above the roof of the aisle. The arrangement for the organ, &c. it is believed will be found both effective and convenient, as it is not so enclosed as to prejudice the sound; and being placed on the floor, and adjoining the chancel, is easy of access, and is directly under the eye of the officiating clergy. If, however, it should be desired to have a third altar (for the Blessed Virgin, for instance), this might be made a chapel, and the organ and choir moved to the westernmost bay of the south aisle (opposite the baptistery); and this would be certainly the next best place for it. The baptistery is at the west end of the north aisle, near the porch. The small door from the inner sacristy to the chancel is proposed for the convenience of the priest or sacristan at certain times; but the doorway for the clergy going to the altar, or for processions, &c. would be that which leads from the outer sacristy into the aisle. It will be observed that the rooms adjoining the north aisle being used for confessions, or for persons requiring interviews with the priests, the sacristies may be kept free from intrusion, and used exclusively for their proper purpose. The parvise or small room over the porch would have a window opening into the aisle, to afford means for watching the church when left open. There is no rood-screen shewn, that the chancel may be seen better in the drawing; and although the architect himself thinks no church can be considered complete or finished without a screen, yet whether there shall be one or not is of course a question for the clergyman to decide who builds the church.

The design would be much improved by substituting one central doorway to the nave for the two as shewn; but the two doors opening directly into the church are proposed more for the facility of egress than of ingress, as the pressure and



crowding at the doors when a large congregation is leaving the church is most inconvenient. There is a third doorway through the porch. It is presumed that chairs alone would be used, and benches altogether excluded. There is ample space on the side walls of the aisles for pictures and images; and this position is recommended as being much more desirable than the clerestory walls, as pictures placed there are not only too far off for ordinary sight, but cannot generally be even looked at without pain to the eyes, from the glare of light from the neighbouring windows.

The church would be built of Kentish ragstone, with Caen stone dressings; and the architect is of opinion that its cost would not exceed 4000*l.*, including altars, two bells, and *fabric* fittings, but exclusive of organ, vestments, altar-furniture, pictures, &c.

As has been stated, the arrangement here made for the position of the organ is that which we have reason to believe to be best adapted for the purposes of a Catholic choir. Unfortunately this is a point which has been often grievously neglected by modern church-builders. It has been forgotten that in Gothic times organs were so scarce, that no provision whatever is made for them in the old churches. The very first organ which was built in England dates with the reign of King Charles II. Hence, for this reason, as for various others, a mere copy or revival of a building of the fourteenth century is practically extremely ill adapted to the wants of the Church of to-day.

We should also, in justice to the architect, again request our readers to bear in mind, that the present series of designs is merely put forth to shew what *can* be done with extremely limited means. Nothing could be more unfair, either to the various styles illustrated, or to the architects themselves, than to look upon these humble suggestions as designs for model-churches, or as intended to answer any other purpose than that for which they are specially proposed. In every separate instance, also, many alterations might be made, according to the necessities, or taste, or wishes, of those who might be disposed to adopt it, or something very like it, for actual use. In fact, the drawings are little more than hints, intended to furnish the non-professional church-builder with some idea of the kind of structure which he might hope to raise when pinching necessity—and who is not pinched in these days?—compels him to adopt an economy as rigid as it is disagreeable.

## A SUNDAY IN LONDON.

[Continued from p. 55.]

## CHAPTER VII.

## MONSIEUR MALMONT.

FOR some time Charles Burleigh remained without uttering a word. By degrees he grew a trifle calmer, and as soon as it seemed wise to speak to him, his venerable friend attempted the task of consolation.

“Remember, my dear Charles,” he said, “that what is a bitter loss to you is unquestionably an indescribable gain to the little one who has just left us.”

“Oh, do not speak to me about consolation, sir,” cried the young man; “it was *I* who killed her, with my folly and madness in talking to her as I did.”

“Indeed, Charles, you are most unreasonable. You were no more the cause of Mary’s accident than I was. I might as well say that *I* killed her, as that you did. And certainly it *does* pierce me to the heart to think that she was sitting upon my knee, and that *I might* have saved her if I had been more careful to prevent her from falling. But my common sense tells me that this is but a vain adding to a sorrow already sufficiently bitter, and serves only to make us forget that the hand of God is to be recognised in death as well as in life, and that our dear Mary is already enjoying a happiness compared to which her happiest moments while she was alive were care and anguish.”

“Ah, M. Malmont,” replied Charles, “if that were only a certain truth, instead of one of those delightful fancies which we conjure up for ourselves to make death seem less dreadful than it is!”

“It is no fancy, Charles, you may rest assured,” replied Malmont; “I am as confident that our dear child is at this moment enjoying an unspeakable bliss, as that you and I are now talking together.”

Charles shook his head in doubt and disagreement; and Malmont continued.

“Why do you doubt, Charles?” he asked.

“It is all an unfathomable mystery,” said the youth. “The more I think on the secrets of the unseen world, the more terrible

does its darkness appear. I *cannot* realise it as a truth that Mary is now in a state of bliss."

"Where, then, do you suppose she is?" asked Malmont.

"I cannot tell," said Charles; "I know nothing about it. It agitates me, it maddens me to think on all these things. I reason with myself; I argue with others; I read; I listen to what other people say; but there is a horrible weight on my heart, and a deadly gloom upon my mind, when I try to believe that *any thing* exists, except what my senses shew to me."

"I am not surprised, Charles, at what you say," rejoined Malmont, "and, considering all things, I am scarcely shocked at it; so do not be afraid to speak all your mind without reserve."

"Tell me, then, sir," said Charles, suddenly, "on your honour, what do you believe to be the condition of my sister at this moment?"

"I will tell you not only what I believe, but what I know," he replied. "Mary is, at this moment, contemplating that, to which all that mortal soul ever conceived in its loftiest imaginings is folly and vanity. Her young soul is absorbed in beholding, in loving, in adoring that Infinite and Incomprehensible Spirit, who originally called her into existence, and by whose will she, this very day, was taken away from amongst us. Not only are all her infantine faculties developed and perfected in a most wonderful manner, so that she is enabled to look upon God himself, and in some degree to comprehend his nature and his glory, but a joy and happiness has taken possession of her, filling her, and inebriating her with sensations so sweet, so transporting, that in our happiest moments on earth we can literally not even conceive of any thing so rapturous. That ineffable sight which is hidden from *our* eyes, the nature of God, and all his boundless perfections, is actually spread out before the marvelling gaze of her who, but an hour ago, was busied with the toys of infancy. O my God! may I one day join her before thy throne!" cried the old man, as his thoughts overcame him. Then he went on:

"And more than all this, Mary at this moment sees Him of whom you heard her speak to me so truly and lovingly not an hour ago. She sees Him who, though He is a man, and was once an infant like herself, was then, and still is, the Almighty God himself. She sees Him who shed his blood for her; she marks the prints of the nails and the wounded side, and she looks up into that countenance which beams with a more than human love; while He



contemplates *her* with divine complacency, as one of those whom He died to save, and whom his Father has given Him to be with Him where He is for ever.

“And still more, she looks around her, and sees the whole company of saints from Adam until now, with the angels of God, all sharing one common and never-ceasing happiness. She sees the mother of Jesus Christ, the patriarchs, the apostles, the martyrs, and, among the rest, her own infant brother, who went before her to his home, as you know, some years ago. Still more, also, she sees you, and me, and all of us, in this lower world; for as she sees God, in Him she sees all that He thinks fit to make manifest to her knowledge. And as she is not changed in herself, except so far as to be made perfect, she has not lost her identity, or her former love for you, and her parents, and for all she loved amongst us; and as she contemplates the infinite glories of her God and Saviour, she prays to Him on our behalf, that we may come and join her, and share her blessedness.”

“Oh, that all this were indeed a truth!” cried young Burleigh. “Oh, why, why is it all so dark and mysterious? why cannot I know whether all this is true, or only a pious dream, a mockery to my soul, a fancy with which men have been deluding themselves for generations and generations?”

“It *is* true,” rejoined Malmont, “if any thing in this world is true. You doubt it—I know it. You doubt it, and on no reasonable grounds whatever; I not only believe it on proofs such as no rational man ought to deny, but I know it from reasons in which I fear I should have little sympathy from you. Still if my words can be of comfort to you in your misery, you may take the assertion of one who has devoted his whole life to thoughts of another world, that your little sister is, at this very time, in happiness indescribable.”

“Do you really mean, then, M. Malmont,” asked Charles, “that every person who dies passes into this glorious existence? Why, that is the very thing which I *want* to believe; and yet in some way or other, I find it just as impossible to believe this as a reality, as to put my faith in all the dogmas of orthodox Christianity.”

“Far from it, indeed,” replied Malmont. “It is not all who are saved, but I know that our dear little Mary is one of those who are so.”

“Why?” asked Charles. “Who told you so? You speak in riddles.”

"Because I know she has been baptised, and was too young to have forfeited the gifts which her baptism conferred on her."

"What!" exclaimed Charles, "is *that* your only reason? Do you really mean to tell me that you, a man of sense and learning, and some seventy years of age besides, suppose a child's future destiny to depend upon the pouring a little water upon its head?"

"I am not now proving my faith to you, Charles," said Malmont; "nor even explaining it. I am only telling you what I believe, and what I know."

"Well, I *have* heard that you attribute great efficacy to these kinds of things," said the other. "I recollect, now you speak on the subject, hearing something or other about your actually baptising Mary yourself. Was it not so?"

"Yes, it was so, indeed. The child, when about a month old, was suddenly taken ill, when I was in the house, and seeing it was likely to die, I took it in my arms, and baptised it on the spot. As it happened, the child recovered; and your father and mother, with their old-fashioned Church-of-England ideas, were not satisfied without taking it to be christened by their regular minister at church. So, you see, I have the best reason for knowing that your sister received the grace of baptism."

"And supposing she had not been baptised," said I, here interrupting the conversation, to which Valentine and myself had been listening, with some little shame at the thought that we might be considered as intruders;—"supposing she had not been baptised; do you really mean to say, sir, that you imagine the innocent babe would have perished eternally?"

"Not so," replied Malmont; "I do not believe she would. I believe that she would have entered on a lower state of existence, perhaps some such as we enjoy in this life when we are freed from pains; but that she would not have been admitted into the actual presence of Almighty God."

"Ah, well!" interrupted young Burleigh; "it is well for you, M. Malmont, to be happy in these ideas of yours; but I cannot bring myself to believe any of these things. I feel nothing but terror and dread when I would pierce the veil that hides futurity from my eyes. Believe me, sir, with all my foolish and rude sayings to my poor father and mother, my heart is torn and shattered by agonising thoughts on these questions. I see my parents disposing of all the most awful and mysterious subjects coolly, and with no more knowledge of their mysteriousness than if they were so many

common, newspaper, every-day facts. I question them as to the grounds of their belief, but I get no satisfactory replies. The more deeply I try to probe their minds, the more am I convinced that they do not realise the meaning of their own words; and so, while I reverence their simplicity and humble content, I am disgusted with all they would fain make me believe. Indeed, M. Malmont, when I try to think over my real state, belief, and prospects, I feel as if I was standing upon the brink of a tremendous cliff, in the darkest midnight. I hear the raging of the waves below me, but I see nothing. Every now and then I fancy I hear voices calling me, sometimes in anger, sometimes in mockery, sometimes in love; and then I strain my ears with a wild energy to catch the sounds they utter; but all is vain. I listen and listen; but there is no sound except the rushing of the sea beneath my feet. And as there I stand, I feel tempted to cast myself down headlong, closing my eyes, and striving to embrace the vast, illimitable void before me; and to find, by an awful experiment, what are indeed the realities that encompass me; and even at the cost of death,—ay, death eternal!—to know, instead of being torn in pieces by this fearful doubt.”

“Do you mean that you sometimes contemplate suicide?” asked Valentine, terrified at the youth’s vehemence.

“God forgive me for it,” exclaimed the youth; “but so it is. I am literally frenzied with the tortures of thought within my breast. Wherever I turn, I find no rest; for I find no knowledge. I perceive that I *can* learn what is true and prudent in all that is most transitory and worthless; but I wander, in thought at least, through the universe, and find none to guide me, or to unfold to me the awful mysteries of my being. But I only shock and distress you, M. Malmont; you never heard such sentiments from a young man before, I dare say.”

“Far from it, indeed, my poor young friend,” said the old man, gently and affectionately. “I understand you, and feel for you with all my heart. I know, I may say, by experience, how terribly powerful are such thoughts when once they have possession of the mind; but I know also the remedy for them, though perhaps you could not, or would not, seek your cure in the same way that I have found mine.”

Charles made no reply, and I therefore again took up the conversation myself.

“I confess, sir,” I said, “that I am little enough predisposed to the ideas you seem to entertain respecting these subjects. Never



theless, the way you speak of yourself interests me excessively ; and if you would not think it impertinent, I should esteem it a great favour if you would tell us now at once by what steps you have come to regard matters in the light in which you appear to view them. I am sure my friend Mr. Valentine feels with me ; and though I cannot pretend to the same intense feelings on religious questions with Mr. Charles Burleigh, yet, believe me, it is from more than mere curiosity I put this request."

"I am not particularly fond of talking about myself," replied Malmont ; "but yet, as perhaps what I have to say may interest both you and my friend Charles, I will just give you a brief sketch of what I passed through when I was a much younger man than I am now.

"About thirty years ago, I was living in the place where I was born and bred, a small country town in the south of France. I inherited a moderate fortune, for a Frenchman, from my father, and passed my life in my own chateau, looking after my vineyards, and troubling myself little enough about politics, of which we were all rather tired at the time I speak of. My father was one of the few landed proprietors who had escaped without ruin during the troubles of the Revolution, the Consulate, and the Empire. He was a quiet and devout old man, who cared little for this world, if only he could go to church peaceably, and gossip a little with the curé of the parish ; and I believe he had few troubles after he had recovered from his grief at my mother's death. His chief plague arose from myself, for I was a hot-headed vehement youth, independent in spirit, and, though I always abhorred the atheism and laxity of the times, yet my proud judgment often caused my gentle-minded father sore perplexities ; and I loved to puzzle him and the venerable old curé with questions, theological and philosophical, which their wits could never solve. On the whole, nevertheless, I was certainly a model to the usual young men of the times, and I despised them quite as much as I disliked their principles. The worst of it was, that I knew my own comparative worth, and cherished in myself an overweening confidence in my own integrity, faith, and piety, in an age when almost every youth was an infidel and a scoundrel of the first water.

"All went on pretty quietly with me, however. After a time I married, and was happy in my marriage. I had three children, and the longer I lived, the more I loved them and my wife, and the happier I grew. Still, there was an aching at my heart that I could never

cure. I tried all sorts of means, except positive vice, but in vain. I read, and talked, and meditated; I strove to be a great philosopher as well as a good Christian. I took to sporting, in our quiet French way. I altered my house, and relaid out my grounds. For a time I was a fanatic in growing vines, and in trying to improve the quality of the wine produced in my neighbourhood. I was tolerably diligent in my religious duties of all kinds, but I *could* not throw my whole heart into them as I desired. I knew the folly and vanity of life and all earthly happiness, but my mind seemed chained down, not to positively vile things, but to worthless trifles, and I could not burst my bonds. I strove to reason myself into more fervent devotion, and perfect peace of mind. I scorned infidelity and licentiousness. I saw through its mockeries. I read the philosophy then on the increase in Germany, and detected, with triumphant delight, its sophistries and self-contradictions. As to the more wild and open atheism of my countrymen, I laughed at it, I abhorred it, I trampled on it. In short, I was as proud of being a Christian as they were of being unbelievers. I could not conceive how any man of common honesty and independence of judgment could doubt the faith in which I had been educated; and as to all the separate objections to its individual doctrines, I treated them with contempt and pity, as the reveries of fools and ignorant persons.

“When my father died, I felt his loss a good deal; and, for a while, the very sadness his death produced was a positive addition to my happiness; for it softened my heart, and took me away from that perpetual self-contemplation which was my bane. After a time, however, this temporary gentleness wore off; and I became more haughty than before. I grew irritable to my wife and family, and my days were sometimes spent in alternate fits of anger and repentance; for I abhorred myself for my ill-humour and impatience, and strove to the utmost to make amends for my excesses of self-will.”

“That is just what I am; or, rather, what I was,” interrupted young Burleigh; “for I am getting worse than this every day that passes.”

Without noticing the interruption, Malmont continued:—“One day in particular, I was overwhelmed with my own tormenting thoughts. The weather was superbly beautiful, and I passed several hours by the side of a stream, overhung by thickly-wooded banks, on the top of which I sat, and watched the unceasing flow of the

clear waters below me. Not a sound broke the stillness of the summer morning, except the chirping of the birds, the hum of the bees, and the occasional splash of a tiny fish in the stream. There was that kind of feeling of peace and love pervading all around me of which one is conscious on some of the glorious days of June and July, and which, even in this colder country, I have sometimes experienced. But bright and tender as was all without, in my heart I was more bitterly conscious than ever of a want of harmony between myself and nature, or, rather, the God of nature. What to do, I knew not. My very soul ached and struggled, and I almost cried aloud with that undefinable anguish which the heart endures when she is not thoroughly at peace. I meditated, I prayed, and that fervently. I asked for rest, and power over myself, at all costs; and though I certainly little knew what I asked for, yet I have reason to believe that I was sincere in my prayers, and that, had the future been visibly set before my eyes, and a choice been given to me respecting my coming lot, I should have embraced that which was at once bitter and purifying, rather than the sweet and the deceptive. Still, with all my efforts, and all my sincerity, nothing more than a mere passing gleam of joy irradiated my soul. The old restlessness and want of self-command still clung to me; and almost more excited than usual, I walked home at the hour of dinner.

“The moment I entered the house, I perceived that something unusual and serious had taken place. An old servant came up, and saying, ‘Oh, Monsieur, have you seen Madame?’ urged me to seek my wife without an instant’s delay. My wife was not in the room where she was generally to be found at this hour of the day, and I ran with a beating heart upstairs to her bedroom. There she lay, insensible, upon the bed, with nearly the whole household crowded round her, and my children in tears, entreating the servants not to let their mother die. A doctor and a priest had been sent for, and soon arrived, but my wife never spoke again. Apoplexy had struck her in the midst of her health, and she never opened her eyes, nor breathed even a sigh.

“For myself, I was stunned, and was long time scarcely conscious of my loss. I went about my ordinary duties apparently calmly and regularly, and comforted my poor children as best I might, and not without success. By degrees their young hearts revived, and I watched them pass their days in alternations of grief and cheerfulness. But I remained the same. Sometimes I wept, sometimes I smiled, nor did I shun society; but in my secret heart I felt that



terrible sensation which had oppressed me before my wife's death more cruelly than ever. My faculties seemed leaving me. Intellectually, by efforts of thought, I comprehended my state, I reflected on the truths of religion, I rejoiced to believe that my wife had died in the faith, and with true penitence, for such she had always lived. All that the Church taught me to do for her, for myself, for my children, I carefully performed, not exactly mechanically, but yet not realising what I did. In fact, *nothing* seemed real to me. My own existence seemed almost a delusion or a dream. I felt as a drowning man must feel, who clings to the rock upon which he has not strength to climb, by a fragment which every moment threatens to be crushed beneath his grasp. The visible and the invisible world alike seemed hidden from my sight. Every now and then most awful temptations shook my soul. I was tempted to curse God and die. I was tempted to disbelieve, not only my faith as a Christian, but the very existence of God Himself. My health meanwhile was good, and few persons on conversing with me, or observing my daily life, would have supposed that I suffered more than was natural to one whose loss was as grievous as mine. At length I could scarcely pray at all. I did continue my regular prayers indeed, and even communicated oftener than before, for I was conscious of a greater religious sincerity than before my bereavement; but I became less and less able to bring myself to believe in any thing that was invisible, though in *my will*, I believe, my faith was quite unshaken. At the same time I stretched out my arms to embrace the cross that was given me to bear, striving to do so with a true heart, and with such joy, peace, and humility as I could command. Nothing, however, gave me any real satisfaction, except a brief prayer I frequently uttered that God would do *any thing* He pleased with me, if only He would save me from myself.

"I often used to ponder, too, in a sort of cold, speculative way, about my future lot. I thought over all things that might possibly occur to me, and strove to arm myself against every contingency; but in some way or other I never thoroughly contemplated the probability, or even possibility, of the affliction which next befel me. In one week my children all died, and I was left alone. A contagious fever, which broke out in my own house, carried them off one after the other, and I stood on earth as in the midst of a desert. The good curé of my parish strove most affectionately to console me; but for some reason or other, his words passed over me like a breeze upon the woods. They stirred the leaves, but left the deep-rooted

trunks unmoved. He praised me for my resignation; he exhorted me not to murmur or repine; he bade me contemplate the cross of Jesus Christ, and find consolation in his sufferings; he pointed out to me the benefits of tribulation; but when I tried to explain to him the inward state of all my thoughts, I soon found that, excellently as he replied to me when I confessed to him my positive and more grievous sins, he was unequal to fathoming the depths of my mental malady. At last I ceased to consult him, and struggled to bear up as best I might, trusting to those general directions which I knew that the best spiritual writers gave to persons in perplexity and affliction.

“It was not long, however, before my state became altogether unbearable. A bewildering and universal scepticism was day by day gaining more complete possession of my soul, and I was beginning to think how possible it was that all I had hitherto believed was nothing more than a delusion and a superstition. These thoughts haunted me like a spectre. A voice seemed ever whispering to me that it was impossible that the religion in which I had been brought up *could* be true. All the difficulties which I had ever heard infidels urge against Christianity occurred to me with tenfold strength, until my whole imagination was possessed with a fear that nothing existed which was not cognisable by the senses. I shuddered, and was agonised at the thought, and struggled to cast it from me as the most horrible of sins. Still it assailed me again and again, and I was foolish enough to suffer my mind to dwell upon such ideas, though I did not willingly consent to them or embrace them, and never ceased my ordinary devotional exercises.

“At last, one day I was sitting at the very spot where I had passed the morning of the day that my wife died, and was thinking over all that had since befallen me, when the horrible supposition struck me, that if my religion were true, it would have supported me more powerfully and efficaciously in my season of sorrows. Then, I thought, it *is* a delusion. And why not a delusion? How monstrous to suppose that I am really living in the midst of that supernatural world which I have been accustomed to believe in! Is it not incredible, that if all this immense sacramental system, in which I have put my trust, were what it pretends to be, it would not commend itself openly to the judgments of all mankind? What! I thought, am I positively surrounded with invisible agencies, and see no token of their presence? Can I believe that the infinite and eternal One should be literally working miracles upon tens of thou-

sands of altars every day, and that a divine effluence is pouring forth upon every member of this Christian Church, and upon them alone? Surely, it is but a dream. And why not a dream? Has not man been subject to the maddest of frenzies from his earliest times? Why should I and others be exempt? All this, I say, passed through my mind with awful energy and swiftness; and I lay there upon the greensward aghast and trembling. Yet I am confident that not for a moment did I give full consent to the thoughts, or lose my conviction, that, nevertheless, my faith was true. I strove, indeed, to pray, and, with my *will* I did pray; though it was with the utmost difficulty I could realise the fact that I was speaking *to* such a being as God. Long time my mind continued to wander, and be agitated with storms of thought. By and by, mechanically, I plucked a flower that grew by my side, and looked intently at its structure, scarcely knowing what I was doing. I pulled it to pieces, and examined its minute structure, and admired the exquisite beauty of its delicate tints, and thought of the marvellous organisation by which it was brought to the perfect state in which I saw it. Then, with the rapidity of lightning, an overwhelming thought struck me, and pierced me through and through. This flower, I thought, is but one of millions and millions and millions. And I strove to conceive of the multitude of flowers and leaves which I *knew* to exist in this earth alone. Often and often as I had pondered on the countless multitude of individual plants and animals which exist, never before had the fearfulness of that multitudinous quantity so completely seized upon my mind. I looked upwards into the branches of a vast oak, under which I was sitting, and beheld its myriad leaves sparkling in the sun, and waving beneath the breeze. The boundless complication of the organisation which was employed in the structure of that single tree absolutely appalled me. It came like an avenging power, and smote my intellect to the earth. I positively trembled at the contemplation of the wisdom, the skill, and the power which was exerted by the Creator of those gigantic boughs and innumerable leaves. Then it seemed as if a voice said to me, 'What greater miracle than this is there in the faith thou art despising and disbelieving?' In a moment the madness of my pretending to criticise a religion, because its mysteries were unfathomable, struck me with overwhelming force. There, before my eyes, I saw that which baffled all my utmost comprehension. What cannot *He* do, I thought, who made this tree? Then there swept across my brain a recollection of the truth, that



this tree was but one of such multitudes, that mortal mind cannot even conceive their number ; and that the omnipotent agency which I saw at work in the flower in my hand was equally exerted through the minutest details of every individual vegetable in creation ; and yet, that all these wonders were hidden from almost all my fellow-creatures, and, as far as man is concerned, were seemingly useless, and a waste of Divine power and wisdom. The more I reflected, the more insane did it appear that such a being as I, or any other man, should presume to criticise a faith which, in my calmest moments, I knew was supported by unanswerable proofs. I perceived that the frightful thoughts which had been haunting me were but fond and foolish deceits, impressions made upon my imagination, and snares from which, as a rational being, I was bound to flee. Nevertheless, a terrible agitation still possessed me ; and all I could do was to cry aloud, again and again, ‘O God, have mercy on me ; for I am nothing, and Thou art all in all !’

“ In this mood I returned to my house, and strove to regain my calmness, and to preserve the impressions I had received. The next day I had an unexpected visit from an old friend, whom I had not seen for many years, and who had been a missionary in China, but had returned in order to recruit his health. In our youth we had been on the most intimate terms, and that very evening I unboresomed to my friend all my sorrows and trials. To my surprise, he thought far less of what I told him than I had anticipated, and told me that my case was but one of a multitude ; and he assured me that the day would come when all the clouds that had so long darkened my soul would disappear. With all the freedom of friendship, he made no attempts to conceal from me his conviction, that the real source of my perplexities lay in an intense pride of intellect, and a subtle attachment to the world, which united to paralyse my religious life, and though they did not actually destroy my faith, and separate my affections from God, yet were of fatal tendency, and kept me ever on the brink of falling away. In most cases, he said that nothing availed to break down the senseless pride of intellect of such persons as myself, except some such trials as those I had undergone, in which the utter powerlessness of the human mind to fathom the mysteries of its own being, or to force itself to act according to what it knows to be reasonable, is, as it were, burnt into the soul. My terrible domestic calamities he also regarded as a merciful chastisement, sent to make me feel the absolute *necessity* of some supernatural strength to support the mind in its agonies ;

so that the combined result of my religious doubts, and of the rending of the affections of my heart, was such a practical conviction of the mingled wretchedness and impotence of man when left to himself, as could be wrought in me by no mere arguments or reflections.

“And when I asked him how long he thought my sufferings would endure, he told me that he could form no conjecture, that God alone knew what was in me, and what was necessary for me ; but that, in the end, if I would but steadfastly *act* aright, according to what I *knew* to be the truth, all would assuredly be well. Therefore he counselled to continue all my religious exercises more diligently than ever, and the more vehemently I was assailed by sceptical doubts, the more vigorously to put my faith to the test of practice, in order that my reason might have fair play, and I might not be duped by the illusions of sense, and the phantoms of that imagination which I could clearly see was not a safe guide to be relied on for a single moment. On this advice I acted. What had passed in my mind had *convinced* me of its wisdom, though as yet I could scarcely *realise* it. However, I did act upon it, and, by degrees,—slowly, indeed, but surely,—all took place as my friend had foretold. From that hour until the present, my faith has strengthened, deepened, and become ever more and more clear ; and though I have endured many a sad hour since the time of which I tell you, and gone through much of which I could not speak, yet never have my feet moved off from the rock ; and my sorrows are now for others’ sake, and my pity for those who know not the peace which I myself enjoy. This, my dear young friend, is *my* experience ; and such would be yours too, if you were to follow in the steps which I have trod. However, we will say no more of the subject just now, for an engagement calls me elsewhere, and I must say farewell.”

Such was M. Malmont’s story. Whether he was an enthusiast, or a man of sense and enlightened piety, I leave you to judge. His words seemed to make but a slight impression upon young Burleigh, who only sighed, and said he wished he was like his kind adviser. As for Valentine and myself, we did not know what to say, and were almost relieved to remember that we had been staying in the house an extravagantly long time ; and, with a few commonplace words of consolation, we left at the same time with Malmont, he turning in one direction, and we in another.

[To be continued.]

## Reviews.

## THE TWO KINGDOMS.

*Mornings among the Jesuits at Rome.* By the Rev. M. Hobart Seymour, M.A. Seeleys.

*The History of St. Cuthbert.* By the Very Rev. Monsignor C. Eyre. Burns.

*The Apparition at La Salette: L'Ami de la Religion.* Paris, 1848.

*La Politique de Satan au dix-neuvième Siècle; Rapport confidentiel adressé au Diable sur les Hommes, les Institutions, et les Œuvres du Catholicisme à Paris.* Par A. de Saint Cheron. Paris, Sagnier et Bray.

AMONG the many mysterious mercies of Almighty God towards his creatures must be reckoned his concealment of the invisible world from our ordinary sight. It is not the face of his own incomprehensible Majesty alone which would be unendurable by mortal eyes. Such as we now are, we could not bear to have faith at once transmuted into vision. The soul would sink terrified, crushed, and despairing, were the most common facts of her own inward life and circumstances revealed to her with all the distinctness of their unveiled reality. Who could endure, without miraculous support, to behold the saints in glory, the just in purgatory, or the damned in hell? Who could bear the agony of the sight of himself and his sins? And who could go about his daily duties, and fulfil his appointed course, were he suddenly illumined so as to perceive that warfare of angels and devils in the midst of which he is ever, without a moment's cessation, most deeply involved? The whole life of society must be palsied, and the heart stricken with helpless anguish, were that fearful conflict seen as well as known, were it as powerfully manifested to our senses as it is habitually realised by our faith.

Yet ever and anon the fearful stillness is broken, and the voice of a trumpet rings in our ears, and betokens the mortal fierceness of the strife that is going on. Now here, now there, some great law of nature is suspended, and the eye of the believer penetrates for a moment into the world unseen, and marks the hosts of the contending armies engaged in the



fight. To some chosen one, yet not perhaps to such an one as *we* should have chosen, a saint comes down from his celestial home, and bears a message from his Lord to his brethren yet militant among men. Nor are signs altogether wanting, to bespeak the powers which the spirit of evil exercises unseen around us. Some demoniac possession, some inexplicable and antichristian physical phenomena, or some strange portent in heathen lands, gives warning both of the reality and the deadly nature of that struggle which is waged between the hostile hosts of the invisible world.

Still, these things are comparatively infrequent. The daily life of the immense majority of Catholics is purely a life of faith alone; and it is in the various characters and actions of the men amidst whom their lot is cast that they have to seek for signs of the warfare which is ever going on between the friends and the enemies of God. Miracles are, on the whole, rare; that is, they are rare in the Church taken as one vast body; though in certain individual cases they are more frequent, and even become, as it were, the very laws of their combined spiritual and physical life.

Nevertheless, in order to attain a distinct and complete view of the undying hostility which reigns between the kingdom of Jesus Christ and the kingdom of the world, it is necessary to include in our range both the ordinary and the extraordinary operations both of divine grace and of infernal malice. A true history of the Church of Christ from its first day until now, with all its boundless variations in detail, is simply a record of the two different modes in which this strife has been carried on. And such as is the complete chronicle of the fortunes of the Church, such is every fragment of her story, such the sight which meets our view when we glance at her state in our own days, or take up a chance collection of the Catholic and anti-Catholic publications of any one period in her existence. Such is the tale told by the few books just now before us, and which have come together in our hands more by accident than from any other cause. It is the old story still. The Church and the world; Almighty God now holding his hand and suffering his enemies to do their pleasure, now imprinting upon the visible universe some sudden token of the omnipotence of that will without which the "laws of nature" must sink into primeval chaos; the wisdom and organisation of the Church; the miracles of Saints; the apparition of Mary before the eyes of mortals; the frenzy and the folly of man; with an endless variation in the weapons he wields against the Church which he abhors; and all these varying only in their form, yet ever the same. Now it is Herod, now Julian,

now Luther; now it is the old Ephesian unbeliever who hardens himself against the miracles wrought by the handkerchiefs and aprons from an Apostle's body; now it is a Hobart Seymour making merry with the thought of such power residing in images in modern Rome. It is the old story still, and so it will ever remain until the door of hell is closed, and the number of the jewels in the Redeemer's crown is completed, and the Church in glory knows nothing of Satan and his instruments, save that the smoke from their place of torment "ascendeth for ever and ever," while in heaven "again they say, Alleluia."

The first book on our list is, indeed, scarcely to be classed with the more openly antichristian weapons which are forged by the enemies of the Church. Many a person will account us guilty of uncharitableness when we ascribe it to that evil one who is ever employing his servants in his miserable cause. And of course, when we speak of Mr. Seymour, we speak of him only as he appears in his writings and past public acts. Of himself we say nothing, as we know nothing of his private history. It is not *absolutely* beyond the range of possibility that he should be in a state of invincible ignorance; though in all honesty we must admit that a less creditable and honourable publication we have not often seen. It has indeed so little to recommend it, either in the way of ability or candour, that we had no thoughts of noticing it, until we heard that it had made some noise in the Protestant world, and that persons of sense considered that "it ought to be answered." A hasty glance at its pages, also, so clearly betrayed its character, that—to tell the whole truth—we were unwilling to wade through Mr. Seymour's lengthy descriptions unless absolutely compelled. However; to our surprise, we learnt that the book was accounted unanswerable; and some of our own readers, both Catholic and Protestant, wishing to see it reviewed, unwillingly we undertook the task.

But first we took the very natural precaution of ascertaining how far Mr. Seymour's fictions were even *founded* on fact. Having a lively recollection of the author's affair—not of *honour*—with a certain brother Protestant clergyman a few years ago, and, moreover, being tolerably sure that Mr. Seymour knew little or nothing of the Italian language, we wrote to one of the Jesuits with whom he held his conversations, and with whom we happen to be acquainted, and put to him one or two questions respecting Mr. Seymour's interviews. All our suspicions Father Mazio has confirmed. He informs us that the very title of this book was an untruth, for that there had been but *two* Mornings' Discussions be-

tween Jesuits and Mr. Seymour; that though he himself had paid Mr. and Mrs. Seymour a few visits of courtesy, in which religious subjects had been among others talked of, yet that the real disputations were simply two. Mr. Seymour also, he tells us, was totally unable to converse in Italian, especially on subjects of any importance, such as theological controversy; while though he himself, Father Mazio, both writes and speaks English well, yet the Jesuit father with whom Mr. Seymour chiefly disputed does not understand a word of English! The consequence was, that the conversations—which, further, were cut short by the Jesuit's dinner-hour—were affairs of interpretation, in which necessarily the interlocutors had much difficulty in understanding one another, and the more so, as Mr. Seymour (as his book shews) is totally ignorant of the real doctrines taught by the Church of Rome. All this is studiously concealed in the *Mornings*. In order to give more importance to his book—we quote Father Mazio's remarks almost word for word—and to glorify himself by shewing that he has fought with and foiled many of the ablest Jesuits at Rome, he has, by a romantic fiction, multiplied his opponents. Of one Jesuit he has made no less than five. The Jesuit of the first chapter, who is represented as describing at large the Institute of the Society; the Jesuit in the second chapter, who was first introduced to Mr. Seymour; the *priest of considerable attainments, who held a position of great influence in the Church*, and who forms the subject of the fifth chapter; the professor of Canon Law spoken of in the whole seventh chapter; the other Jesuit of whom so much is said in the eighth chapter; are but different representations of one poor Jesuit, *Padre Mazio!* It is false that he after his first introduction to Mr. Seymour introduced *two other* Jesuits to him, *who remained with him for some hours* (p. 39). The only persons whom Father Mazio introduced in subsequent and different times were Mr. Connelly and Dr. Grant the rector of the Scotch College at Rome, who were not Jesuits, besides Father Passaglia, with whom, as has been said, *two* conferences were held. When visiting the Roman College, Mr. Seymour was presented to the librarian, Father Secchi, with whom he spoke very little, and then to Father Marchi, in the Museum, with whom he had a rather long conversation. Father Mazio is not aware that Mr. Seymour had any intercourse with any other Jesuit in Rome.

As to Mr. Seymour's notion that Father Mazio was selected for his opponent, with all the conclusions he would draw from this idea, let us again hear Father Mazio's observations. First of all, he was *not* sent by the General, who, as



far as Father Mazio can judge, *knew nothing whatever of the whole matter*. He went, of course, with his immediate Superior's leave, but at the proposal of a lay-brother of the Gesù, who was acquainted with Inspector Farina, a distinguished officer, in whose house Mr. Seymour lived, and who expressed Mr. Seymour's wish to converse with some Jesuit. Nor was Father Mazio applied to because he was a *most influential* member of the order (he had been a Jesuit only eight years, and had entered the society a layman, and thirty-two years of age), but because it was known that he could speak English. He had translated Lingard's *History of England*, Dr. Wiseman's *Conferences on Science and Religion*, and many other English tracts; and he was in the habit of conversing with Englishmen, Americans, and Germans.

The method in which our author has detailed the conversations is just such as might be anticipated from a person whose notions of truth and falsehood are—to say the very least—so extremely *confused*. Father Mazio thus characterises these ingenious misrepresentations. Not only has Mr. Seymour generally misunderstood, misconstrued, and misstated the sayings of his opponents; not only has he put together things which were hardly touched upon, on different occasions, and given them the air of a regular polemical discussion; not only has he represented things in a curtailed way when it suited his purpose,—but he has introduced subjects of discussion in his narrative which Father Mazio never spoke of; he has attributed to him answers which he knows nothing of; he has arrayed against him objections in a developed form which were either but slightly mentioned on the actual occasion, or never opposed at all. By this way of arranging and disposing of the whole matter, he has found it easy to make it appear that his opponents were sottish, inconsistent, and quite beaten by him. Mr. Seymour, when conversing with Father Mazio, was extremely cautious and reserved. He would not appear, as he avows it himself, a controversial opponent, but only a modest inquirer. Accordingly, if he mentioned an objection, it was without urging it much; and he seemed, as it were, to acquiesce in the answer he received (except in the two regular conferences with Father Passaglia): so that the manner in which he has represented the conversations in his book is totally unlike the real facts.

Such is the confirmation we have received of our suspicions of this writer's veracity and competence. Surely it is more than sufficient to convince any upright and honest Protestant that his work is a worthless calumny. It bears on its face

the proofs of its fictitiousness; and would not be accepted as *true* by any person who really cared for truth, even when the characters of Jesuits are concerned.

That we ourselves were justified in entertaining our suspicions of Mr. Seymour's veracity, a brief recital of the facts of the affair to which we have already alluded will abundantly prove. About three years and a half ago, Mr. Seymour stated at a meeting of the Protestant Association, that some years before that time he had been informed by the Rev. Francis Merewether, the Rector of Cole-Orton in Leicestershire, that forty or fifty clergymen of the Established Church had been secretly reconciled to the Church of Rome, while they retained their position and emoluments as ministers of the Establishment. Mr. Merewether, as Mr. Seymour stated, had given him this information on the authority of a letter of Mr. Ambrose Phillipps, of Grace Dieu, a well-known convert to the Church of Rome. This astounding story coming to Mr. Phillipps's ears, he lost no time in calling Mr. Seymour to account for a fabrication, or, in plain words, for a falsehood. Mr. Seymour, however, refused to retract, asserting that Mr. Phillipps was not to be believed, and that unless the actual letter written by him to Mr. Merewether could be produced, he should continue to reiterate his charge. Upon this Mr. Phillipps went to Mr. Merewether, in the hope of finding the letter still existing; a vague hope, of course, as most people burn their letters. The letter, however, was found, and being examined was found not to contain one syllable which by the utmost ingenuity could be tortured to any such story as Mr. Seymour had propagated; and consequently Mr. Seymour, in the usual ungracious manner in which persons of his stamp confess their faults when found out, retracted his accusation. How shameless a man he is, however, may be guessed from the circumstance of his positively insinuating in this book now before us the very same falsehood of which he was convicted by Mr. Phillipps and Mr. Merewether. At p. 181, he says that when he had these professed conversations with the Jesuits, "Mr. Ward and Mr. Newman had not *openly* joined the Church of Rome."\*

After this incident in our author's career, coupled with what he shewed of himself in his *Pilgrimage to Rome*, it will scarcely be wondered at that we should have hesitated to believe one word of his statements. Of his first book we have already expressed our opinion (see *Rambler*, vol. iv. p. 144); but there is one passage in it, in which he speaks of our

\* The whole correspondence on the subject we have detailed will be found in the *Guardian*, the *Tablet*, and other newspapers of the time.

friend Father Mazio himself, to which we cannot refrain from referring, especially as Father Mazio has favoured us with his own remarks upon Mr. Seymour, and which we shall give to our readers as nearly as may be in his very words. The subject is connected with the old foolish and unscholarly mis-translation of the Jesuit vow, by which a promise to obey *except* in cases of sin, is made to mean a promise to obey *even* in cases of sin. Here, however, are Father Mazio's reflections on Mr. Seymour's attack :

“ In this chapter (in the *Pilgrimage*) Mr. Seymour has represented, or misrepresented, a rather long conversation which I had with him on the Society of Jesus, in the presence of Mrs. Seymour and a friend. It was not enthusiasm for my order which prompted me to speak at large on this subject, but a real wish I had to inculcate upon them the great value of two virtues, so little known to Protestant minds, that is, *humility* and *obedience* ; and to make them understand how in the Catholic religion the love of Christ and the desire of imitating Him may induce so many men to sacrifice all for his sake, and embrace a life of self-denial. I spoke really with warmth, because I did aim at being impressive. I declared at first, how humility and obedience had been recommended by our Lord both by his example and doctrines. I shewed how our Society was founded on both these virtues ; how we are trained to them by our Constitutions, and how the Exercises of St. Ignatius chiefly conduce to that end. I insisted on the fact, that our obedience was not paid to man and for man, but to Christ Himself, and for Christ's sake : that we aimed at a full indifference about places, employments, and conveniences, in order to attain, through holy obedience, to our end, which is the salvation and sanctification of ourselves and our neighbours.

“ They were most silent and attentive to my speech, nor did I hear, as far as I remember, a word of disgust and disapproval on their side. Now let us come to Mr. Seymour's narrative. He states that he could very easily, in my excitement and enthusiasm for the order, bring me by successive inquiries to the plain declaration that, according to our rules, we feel obliged to obey our superiors, even then when the order might be against our *religious convictions*, our *moral feelings*, and *conscientious scruples* : in a word, when there would be a real SIN. This is, I must say, a plain falsehood. I don't remember that he addressed to me any query of such a kind : but if he had, how could I have replied in the way he pretends, since in our Constitutions we are more than once expressly taught and directed, that we ought to obey *in all things* wherein no



SIN is to be found? “in omnibus ubi peccatum non cerneretur.” (*Summarium Constitutionum*, No. 31.) This very same charge against our Society had been made some thirteen years ago,\* brought forth by Ranke in his *History of the Popedom*; and a refutation of it, through the original passages of our Constitutions, was inserted in the Roman periodical, *Gli Annali delle Scienze Religiose*, of which I was a *collaborateur*. How, then, could I have so lost my wits as to express such an opinion as Mr. Seymour attributes to me?

“Again, he says that, according to my confessions, a Jesuit must be prepared, and may expect, to be sent by his superior as a *messenger*, or a *servant*, or a *footman*, to act as a *spy* in some important family, or as a *private secretary* or *minister* of a prince in Germany (pp. 216, 217). When speaking of our indifference to all offices, I alluded of course to such offices as are within the range of our institute, and connected with our *religious* vocation. But the offices mentioned by Mr. Seymour were never heard of in the Society, and are mere fancies of his own brains.

“Further, I may have said that when we are ordered to do something, or employed in any office by holy obedience, after having done our best to fulfil it well, we are not accountable to God for the success. But Mr. Seymour has so misconstrued my meaning, as to state, ‘that in all the sayings and actions of the members, they are saying and acting in obedience to authority; and that in almost every thing in which individual Jesuits are the objects of praise or censure, they deserve neither the one nor the other, the praise and the censure belonging properly to the General and council of the order, and not to the individual Jesuit’—as though the Jesuits were quite stripped of every personal merit or demerit, and their personal actions and exertions were of no account. A pure nonsense! I really spoke of the manner in which every one in our Society is as far as possible directed to cultivate and foster those natural abilities, energies, and dispositions, which are discovered in each; a proof, truly, that the Society proceeds towards her subjects with wisdom and motherly care, not with a despotic sway. But Mr. Seymour comments on it, by mentioning that even *political intrigue* is fostered by the General in those who shew a taste and aptitude for it. He should be aware that by our Constitutions we are most strictly *forbidden to meddle with politics* at all. Upon the whole, he describes us (and

\* Those who have lived much in England know that this charge has been so repeatedly brought forward here, that Catholics are tired of refuting it. See the whole matter stated in the *Rambler*, vol. iv. pp. 259, 260. See also vol. iii. pp. 41 *et seq.*

always appealing to my statements) as the mere tools of the General and his council for any even dark design and crime. I would have referred him to the very excellent pamphlet of F. Ravnian, *De l'Existence et de l'Institut des Jésuits*, chiefly in chapters 4 and 5, on obedience, and on the government of the Society. Mr. Seymour, who speaks of the Society as a great conspiracy to bring the nations under the ecclesiastical empire of papal Rome, must learn to understand that the Society has only one great object, that of saving souls, of winning souls to Christ, and consequently to the true Church of Christ, but by those means only which Christ has recommended, and the Apostles and apostolic men have employed. There is no dark design, no mischievous engine in her. The book of the *Exercises*, which is really her most powerful weapon, has been translated and circulated in England; it has been tried by the Anglicans themselves; so all is in the full light of day. But the ignorance of Mr. Seymour about the order of which he speaks so confidently is capital."

Father Mazio then mentions Mr. Seymour's extraordinary perversion of the Catholic doctrine of *intention*, and then continues:

"I have two remarks more. Mr. Seymour declares that the Jesuits he has dealt with *have commanded his respect*, and by *their personal character won his regard*; that the Jesuits enjoy *the repute of the strictest morality* at Rome, and *no whisper* is ever heard against them on this account. How could he, then, make up his mind to such a judgment of them as he has brought forth, that they are unscrupulous, and apt to be made tools for any crime? Moreover, he professes that the Roman Jesuits have been very courteous, kind, and obliging to him, that he is under many obligations towards them, and calls me his friend, and a sincere friend too. Now, is it creditable to him, is it fair, is it honest to have made such a use, or rather an abuse, of their friendly and unsuspecting conversations (though they have indeed said nothing to blush for, or to reproach themselves with), to publish them in print, with such comments and additions as should make them obnoxious to public opinion, and cast blame (what Mr. Seymour really aims at) on the Roman Catholic Church, to which they are heartily devoted? What would a Protestant say, if a Catholic had so dealt with him? But let's have an end of it."

Such are the remarks of Father Mazio upon his assailant; and we feel assured that, for once in their lives, our non-Catholic readers will be of the same opinion with a Jesuit. A Catholic, indeed, needs none of these particulars to convince him that Mr. Seymour has been at his old game, and

been playing with the credulity of his honest Protestant fellow-countrymen. In the first place, if the Jesuits talked to him as they are here represented, of all the pious fools that ever lived, they are pre-eminent for their folly. Are Englishmen prepared to believe that some of the most distinguished members of the vast Jesuit Society, that Society whose name is synonymous in their ears with craft, and skill, and learning, and diabolical cunning, were actually beaten out of the field, and brought to talk the most insufferable nonsense, by the Reverend Hobart Seymour? Truly the giants have become dwarfs, and the word "Jesuit" must henceforth be appropriated to the silliest and most ignorant of mankind. Excellent, good, harmless simpletons; believing, like babies, every thing that is taught them, and waiting only for the advent of some country parson from England, to be held up to ridicule;—surely the Society of Jesus has been shorn of its terrors, and the penal laws against them may at length be repealed.

Will Catholics believe us when we tell them that Mr. Seymour says that the Jesuits "never see the Holy Scriptures?" They will hardly realise the puzzleheadedness of a man who can make such a statement. If the Jesuits never see the Bible, may we ask *who* it is that keeps it from them? Mr. Seymour must rejoice that, at any rate, there have been so many of them driven to take refuge in England and America, where they may at last meet with a Bible, and learn what the Gospel is.

Again, he makes his Jesuit opponent confounded at being told, for the first time in his life, that the Mass is called an *unbloody* sacrifice, which he conceives is a manifest contradiction to the doctrine of transubstantiation, which teaches that the *blood* of our blessed Lord is actually offered. On this mare's nest of our author's we cannot forbear quoting Father Mazio's remarks. "I will only say a few words," he says, "on that terrible *dilemma* on the sacrifice of the Mass, which, according to his affirmation, puzzled me so much, that I declared I would consult some professor of theology on it, though I never afterwards gave a solution; nay, no divine, however eminent, could even attempt to give an explanation of it. It is at p. 218. How is the Mass called an *unbloody* sacrifice, if the wine is transubstantiated into *blood*? It is on one side all *blood*, and on the other all *unbloody*! . . . When I read first this objection (because I never heard it from him), I laughed very heartily; and surely every sensible Catholic must do so. I would ask Mr. Seymour what he means by *bloody*? Is it the presence of blood, or the effusion of it,



which makes a thing *bloody*? If the former, then a scholastic debate would be a *bloody* conflict, because the contenders have living blood in their veins, and very hot too. If the latter, then how could he propose an objection such as the above-mentioned? In the sacrifice of the Cross there was a real effusion of all the blood from Christ's body, so that his blood was separated from it, and He died. But no such real effusion of the blood is there, or can there be, in the sacrifice of the Mass. It is, indeed, the Catholic doctrine and belief, that by the words of the consecration the substance of the wine is changed into Christ's blood; but this is *by way of concomitance* with the body, soul, and divinity of Christ; because Christ cannot suffer any more—*non confractus, non concisus*: He is in a glorified state, and his blood cannot exist without the whole humanity and divinity. The effusion, then, and immolation, is but a *mystical* one; that is, the words of the double consecration have, by Divine institution, such an efficacy as to make *directly* and distinctly (though not separately) present, by the transubstantiation of the bread and the wine, the body of Christ in one case, the blood of Christ in the other, though by concomitance *the whole Christ* is present in both. By this distinction of consecration and double *direct* presence, Christ is represented dying as a victim; and so, as the Council of Trent expresses it, the victim offered is the same with that on the cross, viz. Christ really, truly, and substantially present; though the manner of offering it is different, the one being bloody, the other unbloody."

Again, Mr. Seymour tells us that his opponent told him that he believed that not only the Blessed Virgin, but Jeremias the prophet and John Baptist, were conceived without original sin! Again, Mr. Seymour informs his readers, that it is a Catholic doctrine that *every one* who takes a part in a novena, or any other devotion, to which a plenary indulgence is attached, will be exempted from purgatory, and pass to immediate glory. Why did he not ask his Jesuit acquaintance how many *they* thought, or how many Catholics generally thought, would thus reap the full benefit of a plenary indulgence? Perhaps he did; and, as in other points, concealed their reply. We can tell Mr. Seymour, however, what that reply would be, whether made by a Jesuit, or by any priest in the world. It would have been to this effect: that those who really obtain this great blessing are so few, that at times they *may* even be *none*; that the Church teaches us that so perfect is the purity and so ardent the love that are necessary for the immediate passage of the soul to Paradise, that it is extremely difficult of attainment.

One of the most novel portions of Mr. Seymour's book is his account of the way in which he makes it appear that the Jesuits admitted that the Catholic Church does not claim infallibility. As it happens, Father Mazio, before he had read Mr. Seymour's account of the conversation, had mentioned to us Mr. Seymour's *conduct* on the morning when this subject was discussed, as strikingly shewing the dishonesty and captiousness of his mind. Comparing his account with Mr. Seymour's, we find that the latter has studiously concealed the greater portion of the reply which was made to his charge against the Church of Rome. Mr. Seymour positively declares that his opponent was unable to shew him that the Church *does* claim infallibility, and therefore is not the true Church of Christ. He insisted upon having shewn him the particular words of some document *absolutely binding upon all Catholics*, in which it is dogmatically stated that the Catholic Church is infallible.

Now, those who are really acquainted with the facts of Catholic history and discipline are aware that the only documents to which all Catholics are *absolutely bound* are the decrees of Councils, and the subsequent dogmatic bulls. And it is quite true that in these documents there is no precise dogmatic statement on the subject of the infallibility of the Church. And therefore, when Mr. Seymour, starting aside from the real questions under discussion, insisted on receiving nothing less than such a decree as a proof that the Church really held the doctrine, the Jesuit Fathers of course told him there was none such. The Father, however, who was, through the interpretation of his companion, arguing with Mr. Seymour, immediately pointed out to him that the Church herself never professes to hold and teach *only* what is stated in her documents of absolute authority. He told him—we again quote Father Mazio—"that the Church expresses her claim to infallibility by all her dogmatic facts and documents in which this principle and tenet is either implied, supposed, embodied, alluded to, insisted upon, or more or less expressed. She has expressed such a claim by the implicit belief which she has always exacted in all her doctrines and dogmatic decrees, under penalty of falling off from faith, and of damnation; *just in the same manner as the Apostles proceeded*, who were avowedly endowed with the gift of infallibility. She has expressed it by her method of condemning and anathematising all who raised the least doubt on any of her doctrines, never allowing what has been once defined by her to be called in question again. She has expressed it in all those documents in which she has declared, through her general Councils and

Popes, that she is protected by Christ and guided by the Holy Ghost, always appealing to the Divine promises, that the gates of hell shall not prevail either against her or her doctrine. She has expressed it by the voice of so many of her fathers, who have borne testimony expressly, or in equivalent terms, to her unerring authority, conferred upon her in matters of faith and morals, though no formal dogmatic definition exists, *because this is not necessary to constitute any thing an article of faith.* 'That, and that only' (says Veron, in *The Rule of Catholic Faith*, c. i. § 1), is an article of Catholic faith which has been revealed in the word of God, and proposed by the Catholic Church to all her children, as necessary to be believed with divine faith. Whether a doctrine be *proposed* by a general Council, and confirmed by its definitive decree, or *rest on the universal agreement of the faithful*, its authority is the same. The above rule comprises two parts: the first requiring that a doctrine, to be received as an article of faith, be revealed by Almighty God; the second, that it be taught by the Church, *either in her general Councils by an express and definitive decree, or practically confirmed by the unanimous assent of the pastors of the Church and the faithful.* The second condition, however, presupposes the first' (so continues at § 2); 'for as Christ promised his Church the assistance of his Holy Spirit to teach her and lead her into all truth, it is impossible—unless, as they cannot, these promises fail—that this heavenly-guided Church can ever propose any thing as revealed which really has not been so.' . . . . When, therefore, we are asked, how does the Roman Church *express her claim* to infallibility, since there is no definitive decree of hers on the point, we answer, she does it just in the same way, by the same channels, as the Church of God, the Catholic Church, has ever done in every age."

Now all this Mr. Seymour, in his professed account of the conversation, slurs over or entirely omits. He would have us believe that the Jeuits were actually silenced by him; that the idea he urged was a novelty to them; that it was the first time in their lives they had ever reflected on the fact that the Church has never formally decreed her own infallibility; in short, that if they would but have followed out the difficulty he so acutely brought forward, they would at this moment have been Protestants of the stamp of Mr. Hobart Seymour himself! In fact, he has discovered a mare's nest, and none but those who are agape for every wonderment and absurdity which can be concocted against the Jesuits, will discern any thing in the affair except a proof of Mr. Seymour's want of candour in argument and of honesty in narration. Those who would know how



strongly and repeatedly the Catholic Church has implied and asserted her claim to infallibility—though she has not issued any formal decree—need but read the canons and decrees of the Council of Trent, or the Catechism of the same Council. The Catechism, indeed, does positively assert that the Church is infallible; and considering how great is its authority, its declaration comes as nearly as possible to a distinct dogmatic decree, absolutely binding on all the faithful. “Etenim Spiritus Sanctus,” says the Tridentine Catechism, “qui Ecclesiæ præsidet, eam non per aliud genus ministrorum quam per apostolicum gubernat. Qui Spiritus primum quidem apostolis tributus est, deinde vero summa Dei benignitate semper in Ecclesia mansit. Sed *quemadmodum hæc una Ecclesia errare non potest in fidei ac morum disciplina tradenda, cum a Spiritu Sancto gubernetur, ita cæteras omnes, quæ sibi Ecclesiæ nomen arrogant, ut quæ diaboli spiritu ducantur, in doctrinæ et morum perniciosissimis erroribus versari necesse est.*” (De Symb. Fid. art. ix. c. 19.) These words also, it will be observed, not only assert that the Church is infallible, but declare from what source her enemies, such as Mr. Seymour, draw *their* inspiration.

In one of his chapters Mr. Seymour has endeavoured to shew that, by Father Mazio’s admission, Catholics are the most unfortunate people in the world, in having no satisfactory means of ascertaining *even what their own Church teaches!* He passes before our eyes a phantasmagoria, in which bulls, decrees, Popes, Bishops, canon law, and we know not what besides, are mingled together in bewildering confusion, till our eyes and thoughts are dazzled, and we feel something like the astonishment of a clown, who should have it *proved* to him by the irrefragable logic of a philosopher, that he himself did not exist at all. If any of our readers have had perseverance to read through Mr. Seymour’s mystification, they will perhaps be glad to be refreshed by Father Mazio’s commentary. What Mr. Seymour says (he remarks) about the reception of papal bulls, in which all countries do not agree together, is only true in regard to matters of discipline. There is no *dogmatic bull* of the Popes which is not received and accepted by the universal Church. We may say the same of the Council of Trent, whose decrees in matters of discipline are not *de facto* received in England and in some other countries, but whose canons in matters of faith are a necessary standard of doctrine and belief for all Catholics in every country.

*Conflicting bulls and opposite decisions* of the Popes may be found in matters of discipline, not of faith. Discipline is frequently changing in a great many points, according to the

variations of times and places; but faith must be, and has always been, one and the same in the Catholic Church.

The twenty, and more, volumes in folio of the *Bullarium* contain for far the most part laws on ecclesiastical discipline. The dogmatic bulls of the Popes are very few in number. There is no need for Catholic believers to apply either to the *Bullarium*, or to the Collection of Councils, to ascertain what they are to believe. What is universally taught in the Catechism of the Church is sufficient for general believers, provided they believe all the remaining truths *implicitly*, submitting to every thing defined, or to be defined, by the authority of the Church.

The testimony and the fact of each Bishop's receiving a papal bull as a dogmatic bull *ex cathedra*, is the clearest and firmest evidence to people at large that the bull is so. This consent of the episcopacy, of the teaching body with their head, can be very easily ascertained. The bull *Unigenitus*, and the bull *Auctorem Fidei*, are instances of it. Surely the party which is condemned will oppose, will contrive every way of eluding the dogmatic decree passed against them, as the Jansenists did; but the voice of Catholic episcopacy will ever come forth to pay homage and support to the papal decision. We may take, as a new instance, the dogmatic subject of the Immaculate Conception. Would it be a matter of doubt to any one, that the Catholic episcopate has been applied to by the Pope for advice; that solemn prayers have been offered every where; that the Bishops have expressed to the Pope their opinion on the subject? And if a decree on this subject, at its coming out, were announced and received in every country by all Catholic Bishops, or even by the far greatest part of them, could any Catholic entertain a doubt as to its being *ex cathedra*? Mr. Seymour takes delight in heaping up difficulties and perplexities when there are none, or they are very easy to overcome; and cares not for all the invincible difficulties and perplexities which beset the rule of faith which Protestants follow. Moreover, he did not express his Protestant sentiments so strongly and so fully in his conversations, but, by his reserve, or deceit, prevented Father Mazio from giving him those further explanations and answers which he would have given if he had expressed himself as he has in his book.

We can, however, linger no more over our author and his work, except so long as to refer briefly to one passage, in which, in a strangely distorted way, he repeats a Catholic doctrine which, we believe, even when it is not misrepresented, is a source of great amazement to the more candid classes of Protestants. At pp. 110, 111, he speaks thus of a

Catholic priest, who, by the way, by the sleight of hand which is the secret of all Mr. Seymour's feats, he leads the reader to suppose to have been a Jesuit. "He repeated," says Mr. Seymour, "what he had said before on this point, expressive of the greater leniency, the gentler compassion, and the closer sympathies of Mary; adding that he was borne out in such an opinion by that of the Fathers, of whom many were of opinion that even Christ himself was not so willing to hear our prayers, and did not hear them so quickly, when offered simply to Himself, as when they were offered through the Blessed Virgin." This abominable calumny our author makes still more spicy by the heading of his chapter, in which we read, "Prayer through Mary heard sooner than through Christ."

Now, whatever this good priest *did* say to Mr. Seymour, we are quite willing to believe that Mr. Seymour did not in the least *understand* him; and therefore we acquit him of any invention of a pure unmixed falsehood. The doctrine of intercession is practically as strange to our author as invocation of saints itself. Therefore, when he contrasts antithetically prayer *through Mary* with prayer *through Christ*, he doubtless believes that these two phrases, if ever thus used by Catholics, are really used *in the same sense*. If he were in the daily habit of asking and rejoicing in the prayers of living fellow-Christians, and of the saints in glory, as Catholics are, he would have known that the Catholic Church accounts it a *damnable heresy* to pray "through Mary," or any other saint, in the same sense as we pray "through Christ." And there does not exist a Catholic priest in the world who would not say the same to Mr. Seymour, if he were to put the question to him.

What, then, was the doctrine which this nameless priest doubtless did express, and what is the Catholic belief on this subject? We have very little more space to spare for Mr. Seymour; but a few words will shew, that if we once admit the true divinity of our blessed Lord, and the efficacy of intercession, with invocation, at all, this doctrine, which so startles the candid Protestant, is undeniably true. For if, in the first place, the intercessory prayer of a Christian, whether he be on earth or in glory, be of any real power in drawing down the grace of God upon us, surely we are *more* likely to be heard, and attain *greater* blessings, when this intercession is added to our own prayers, than when we simply pray for ourselves. If words have any meaning, and intercessory prayer is not altogether a delusion and a pious fraud, this *must* be the case. And what is true of the virtue of intercession in the case of ordinary saints, is of course especially true in the case of the Mother of Jesus Christ himself.



Again, in one sense the blessed Virgin Mary *is* more sure to hear our prayers than our blessed Lord. To suppose that her tenderness, her love, her compassion, are equal to his, or that they can even be compared with his, is most awful blasphemy. She is but a creature, though the first of creatures; while He is the Almighty God, eternal and infinite. His love and compassion for sinners are therefore as boundless as all his other attributes. No created thought can comprehend them in their immeasurable glory and extent; even to Mary herself they are, in their unfathomable greatness, utterly incomprehensible, and the object of her eternal adoration and love. But, at the same time, let it not be forgotten that Jesus is God in all things, as well as in love for the sinner. In becoming the sinner's Saviour, He does not cease to be his God, or absolutely merge his infinite justice and holiness in that unmixed benevolence which is the one idea that infidels entertain of the Creator of the universe. Though He does not shew to men and angels the *full* terrors of his justice and holiness, as judge of all, until the last dreadful day, still not for an instant does He cease to exercise judgment upon the children of both Church and world.

To the saints in heaven, and to his own beloved Mother, He has not, however, committed the charge of rendering justice to those who are still upon earth, in the same way in which He exercises it Himself, just as He has not given it to us to exercise over one another while we yet live here below. "Revenge is *for me*; I will repay; saith the Lord." It is the privilege of Mary to share the loving-kindness of her Son towards sinners, and not to execute his wrath upon them. And therefore she is *all* mercy, while He is both mercy and justice. Her mercy, indeed, is but the mercy of a creature, while his is that of the omnipotent God; her love is that of an intercessor, his is the love of a Redeemer; but nevertheless, the only office she is commissioned to fulfil towards us is one of pity. And thus, in one sense, a sinner's prayers are more sure of being heard by her than by her Son. She is not called to judge him; she simply knows that he is in misery, and that he asks her to pray for him; and this is enough. Her whole soul overflows with love. "My son," she says, "I am not thy judge, as I am not thy Saviour. Whosoever thou art, and whatsoever thy guilt, it is for me to pray for thee to Him who owns me for his mother."

And, in truth, how does this differ from our conduct one to another here upon earth? What have *we* to do to judge the sinner who calls upon us to intercede for him with our God? It is not for us to institute an inquiry into his past

life, and because of the enormity of his conduct refuse him our prayers. What if Mr. Seymour himself were one day to come to some Catholic, repenting of his enmity against the Church, and say, "My eyes are opened: I see what awful sin I have been guilty of: I have spoken falsehoods against my brother; I have mocked at the Church of Christ; I have maligned his ministers; I have insulted his Mother; I have derided his own adorable presence; pray for me, for my guilt is great, and though I cry to God for mercy, I may perhaps be still deceiving myself, or have sinned beyond hope of forgiveness." Should such be his entreaty—and we know that to God nothing is impossible—would it be for one of us to reply, "No, it cannot be; you have clearly sinned against the Holy Ghost; you have shut your eyes wilfully against the light; the hour of mercy is past, and the moment of judgment come: I cannot forget your blasphemies, your irreverences, your dishonest dealings with both God and man; and I will not pray for you." Who does not see that such a rejection of the poor penitent's prayer would be shocking in any living Catholic? Such as our pity and compassion are, we must be *all* pity and compassion to him. God alone must be his judge, though that God is also the only Saviour of sinners.

But we can dwell no more upon this writer's errors and calumnies. They pervade nearly every page he has written, and we trust that no one will imagine that the points we have selected for remark are the *only* untruths or misrepresentations which we can deny or refute. We give them but as a specimen of the rest, and as a warning to every candid man that he beware how he estimates Catholicism or the Jesuits by any thing that he reads in the book before us. Let those who are in earnest about the truth, and who would know what is the real nature of that incessant conflict which is waged between the powers of light and darkness, turn awhile to those other records of its history which we have here classed together. Let them take up this new Life of St. Cuthbert, the great saint of northern England and southern Scotland, and observe how precisely similar this struggle has ever been to what it is now. In the days of St. Cuthbert, all was tumult, violence, and semi-barbarism in this island, so far as civil society was concerned. The storms of worldly passion troubled also the Church within her own boundaries, to an extent now unknown. In those times, all who called themselves Christians were Catholics; and however odious were a man's real feelings, he counted himself a son of the Church, and sought to exercise all his privileges as such. Many an ecclesiastic too was found, who threw himself eagerly into the race for wealth,

power, and station; so that scenes of turbulence and dissension not unfrequently dishonoured the church of God, and even blood was shed in the very sanctuary itself. The warfare between the two kingdoms was not carried on with our modern weapons,—pamphlets, books, reviews, sermons, and platform-speeches. One can scarcely imagine a state of things more dissimilar from our own than that of the seventh and immediately following centuries. Still, in its essential nature the conflict was the same; and few more interesting illustrations of its features can be found than the chronicle of St. Cuthbert's life, and of the wanderings of his body, of its translation, and subsequent concealment from the knowledge of the world. All that is known upon the subject is here collected by Mgr. Eyre, who has spent many years, and has been aided by the labours of many others who share his devotion to the saint, in gathering together the materials for his work. The result is a very valuable contribution to the hagiology of this country.

Not the least interesting portion of the volume is that which relates the history of St. Cuthbert's body after its deposition in Durham Cathedral, including the attempt made in 1827, by the Protestant possessors of that venerable pile, to ascertain whether or no the holy relics were still reposing in their ancient tomb. Tradition had long declared that the body had been removed from its grave after the Reformation, to guard it from sacrilege, and that the secret of its present resting-place is known only to some few of the English Benedictines, who hand it on from generation to generation; and Mgr. Eyre has here stated the proofs which shew that the skeleton found by the Protestant clergy and antiquarians was not the bones of the saint. Certain it is, also, that when the grave was opened in 1537, by order of Henry VIII., the body and vestments were found *wholly untouched by corruption*, after 840 years' abode in the tomb. Such was the will of God, who thus testified to the sanctity of his servant, and extorted from his enemies a confession of his mysterious power.

“Before the Crown,” says our author, “took possession of the church and monastery of Durham, the royal commissioners, who went through the length and breadth of the land to destroy the monuments of Catholicity, had defaced the shrine of St. Cuthbert. The exact date of their visit is not given; but a marginal note in the manuscript of Harpsfield assigns the date A.D. 1537. The commissioners sent to Durham were Dr. Lee, Dr. Henley, and Mr. Blythman. Their evidence clearly proves that the body of St. Cuthbert was yet incorrupt in the year 1537.



“ ‘ The sacred shrine of holy St. Cuthbert, before mentioned, was defaced in the visitation that Dr. Ley (Lee, H. 45), Dr. Henley, and Mr. Blythman, held at Durham, for the subverting of such monuments, in the time of King Henry VIII., in his suppression of the abbeys, where they found many worthy and goodly jewels; but especially one precious stone (belonging to the said shrine, H. 45), which, by the estimate of those three visitors and other skilful lapidaries, was of value sufficient to redeem a prince.

“ ‘ After the spoil of his ornaments and jewels, coming nearer to his sacred body, thinking to have found nothing but dust and bones, and finding the chest that he did lie in very strongly bound with iron, then the goldsmith did take a great fore-hammer of a smith, and did break the said chest; and when they had opened the chest, they found him lying *whole, uncorrupt*, with his face bare, and his beard as if it had been a fortnight's growth, and all his vestments upon him, as he was accustomed to say Mass, and his met-wand of gold lying beside him. Then when the goldsmith did perceive that he had broken one of his legs, when he did break open the chest, he was very sorry for it, and did cry, ‘ Alas, I have broken one of his legs!’ Then Dr. Henley, hearing him say so, did call upon him, and bid him cast down his bones. Then he made him answer again, that he could not get it (them, H. 45) asunder, for the sinews and skin held it that it would not come asunder. Then Dr. Ley did step up, to see if it were so or not, and did turn himself about, and *did speak Latin to Dr. Henley, that he was lying whole*. Yet Dr. Henley would give no credit to his words, but still did cry, ‘ Cast down his bones.’ Then Dr. Ley made answer, ‘ If you will not believe me, come up yourself and see him.’ Then did Dr. Henley step up to him and did handle him, and *did see that he laid whole (was whole and uncorrupt, H. 45)*. Then he did command them to take him down: and so it happened, contrary to their expectation, that *not only his body was whole and incorrupted, but the vestments wherein his body lay, and in which he was accustomed to say Mass, were fresh, safe, and not consumed*. Whereupon the visitors commanded that he should be carried into the vestry, where he was close and safely kept in the inner part of the vestry till such time as they did further know the king's pleasure what to do with him; and upon notice of the king's pleasure therein (and after, H. 45), the prior and the monks buried him in the ground, under the same place where his shrine was exalted (under a fair marble stone, which remains to this day, where his shrine was exalted, H. 45).’

“ There is still further evidence of the same kind in a MS. at Durham, entitled, ‘ The Origin and Succession of the Bishops of Durham.’ ‘ It is to be remembered that in the time of King Henry VIII. the sepulchre of St. Cuthbert, by certain commissioners of the said king, was opened, and the holy corpse of St. Cuthbert, with all things about the same, *was found whole, sound, sweet, odoriferous, and flexible.* The same was taken up, carried into the revestry, viewed, touched, and searched by sundry persons, both of clergy and others, and afterwards laid in a new coffin of wood, of which premises many eye-witnesses were of very late, and some are yet, living.’

“ If further evidence were wanting, it is furnished in the testimony of Archdeacon Harpsfield. ‘ When, at the order of King Henry VIII. (A.D. 1537, in margin), the shrines of the Saints were plundered and broken to pieces in every part of England, and their holy relics were cast into vile places, the wooden chest, which was covered with white marble, was also broken. And when he whose task it was to destroy and break the tomb had broken the coffin with a heavy blow, the stroke fell upon the body of the Saint itself, and wounded the leg, and of the wound the flesh soon gave a manifest sign. As soon as this was seen, as also that the whole body was entire, except that the tip of the nose, I know not why, was wanting, the circumstance was laid before Cuthbert Tunstall, at that time Bishop of Durham. He was consulted as to what he might order to be done with the body; and, at his order, a grave was dug, and his body was replaced in that spot where his precious shrine had been before. Not only the body, but also the vestments in which he was robed, were perfectly entire, and free and clear of all stain and decay. He had on his finger a gold ring, ornamented with a sapphire, which I once saw and touched, and which, as a holy relic more precious than any treasure, I earnestly laid hold of and kissed. When this holy body was brought out and exposed, there were present, amongst others, Dr. Whithead, the head of the monastery, Dr. Sparke, Dr. Tod, and William Wilam, the keeper of the holy shrine. And thus it is abundantly evident that the body of St. Cuthbert remained inviolate and incorrupt for 840 years.’ ”

But the miracles wrought through Cuthbert, during his life-time and after his decease—and, for aught we know, the preservation of his body is *still* perfect—were but a few out of the multitudes with which God never ceases to console his friends and terrify his enemies. To this hour the same mysterious tokens of the Divine presence amongst us can be read

by all who have eyes to see. And perhaps few such manifestations are more wonderful than that apparition of the Blessed Virgin which has recently aroused so intense an interest throughout Catholic France. The "Apparition of La Salette," as it is termed, is unquestionably one of the most *singular* (so to term it) among the proofs of the reality of the invisible contest going on around us which modern times have witnessed. So strong were the suspicions of imposture with which it was at first heard of, and so vast is the number of the intelligent and curious who have personally investigated its details, that the facts related in the letter we are about to quote cannot but be most interesting to every devout mind. No account so complete has, we believe, hitherto been presented to the English reader. It originally appeared in an excellent French Catholic periodical, the *Ami de la Religion*. The writer, as will be seen, visited La Salette with strong suspicions, and instituted the closest inquiry into the characters of the two children to whom it was said that the Blessed Virgin had appeared. France was already filled with the report that she had one day shewn herself to an ignorant peasant boy and girl, had desired them to declare from her that the severest Divine chastisements would fall upon the country, unless a revival of devotion should avert the hand uplifted to punish; and that, further, she had communicated to each of the children separately a secret which she forbade them to mention either to each other or to any one else. At first sight the report seemed worth not a moment's attention; but by degrees the extraordinary tokens of a mysterious influence unceasingly exerted upon the two children began to shake the doubts of the incredulous, and (as in the case of the writer of the following letter) convinced the most cautious inquirers that the story must be true, because no power less than divine could so sway and enlighten the minds of such creatures as this poor boy and girl. We translate the letter at full length:

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You encouraged me to visit the mountain of La Salette, and I have descended therefrom this very hour. I trust, therefore, you will not object to my giving you an account, in all simplicity, of the various observations I there made and the impressions I thence received: 'tis only just I should share them with you.

I undertook this pilgrimage, I must confess, with no favourable anticipations. I wish by no means to detract from the merit of the different narratives that have been published on this subject, and which I had carefully read; but their tone, their enthusiasm, their vivacity, had rather inspired me with prejudices against what their writers suggest.

I have passed nearly three days, partly at Corps, partly at La Sa-



lette; and my personal impressions were, I must again repeat, without any charm, almost without any emotion, and I am now on my way back.

I have returned as I went, without emotion—I would almost say without interest; at least that interest which springs from enthusiasm. And yet the greater the distance intervening between me and the spot in question, and the more I reflect on all I have seen and heard, a conviction possesses my mind which it resists but cannot withstand. Spite of myself I find these words continually on my lips: '*It is next to impossible that the finger of God should not be there.*'

Three special circumstances appear to me to be signs of truth: 1st, the consistent character of the children; 2d, the numerous answers, absolutely above their age and bearing, which they have spontaneously rendered in the different interrogatories to which they have been subjected; 3d, the fidelity with which they keep the secret they assert has been confided to them.

1st, the consistent character of the children.

I have seen them both. The first examination I made was very disagreeable to my mind. The little boy was specially displeasing to me. I have seen many children in my life, but few or none who have so painfully impressed me. His manners, his gestures, his look, his whole exterior, are, in my eyes at least, repulsive. What perhaps added to the disagreeable impression I received, is his singular resemblance to one of the most offensive children I ever had to do with.

In thus detailing the (in my opinion) unprepossessing exterior of the little boy, I am not presuming to attack the more favourable accounts which others have given. I simply confine myself to stating what I am sure I myself felt. It must be confessed that, if my testimony ends by being favourable to the children, it will not at least be a suspicious one; they have neither infatuated nor seduced me. The coarseness of Maximin is something more than common; his restlessness, above all, is really extraordinary. His is a singular nature, odd, versatile, unstable; but of an instability so coarse, a versatility sometimes so violent, an oddity so insupportable, that the first day I saw him I was not only saddened but discouraged. 'For what use,' said I to myself, 'have I journeyed hither—only to see such a child as this? What a simpleton I have made of myself!' I had all the difficulty in the world to prevent the gravest suspicions from taking possession of my mind.

As for the little girl, she also seemed to me very disagreeable after her kind. *That*, I ought, however, to say, is decidedly better than the boy's. The eighteen months she has spent with the nuns of Corps have, as I am told, somewhat softened her. Spite of all this, she still appeared to me a sullen, awkward, stupidly silent being, scarce ever answering more than 'Yes' or 'No' when she *does* reply. If she says any thing more, there is always a certain stiffness in her replies, and a bad-tempered timidity, which is far from putting one at one's ease with her.

For the rest, after having seen the two children several times each, I

never found in them any of the charms of their age; they have not, or at least do not appear to have, any of that piety, that childlike candour, which touches, attracts, and inspires confidence.

I had a particularly good inspection of the boy, and for a long time together. The day I mounted La Salette we spent near fourteen hours together. He came to fetch me from my inn at five o'clock in the morning, accompanied me to the mountain of the "Apparition," and we only parted at seven at night. Certainly I had time enough to watch him closely, to study him carefully, to observe him severely, in a word, to examine him on all sides; and I did not lose my opportunity. I must avow he never for an instant ceased to be the object of my most attentive observations, and at the same time of the profoundest distrust. Not for a moment did he cease to be displeasing to me; and it was only in the afternoon, and that late in it, that by degrees, as it were despite myself, favourable reflections took the upper hand, and won the day over disagreeable impressions. Almost without my knowledge, and contrary to all my preconceived ideas, in seeing and hearing all that I saw and heard, I was led to say to myself: 'Spite of these children, and all their disagreeableness, every thing they say, every thing I see, every thing I hear, is only explicable by the truth of their narrative.'

At Grenoble I had been warned of the species of narrative which the children would make me, of what had happened to them, and what they had seen on the mountain. I was told they went through it just like a lesson. 'Tis true my informants added, reasonably enough, that one should allow some excuse to them for this, since for eighteen months past they had gone over the account so many thousands of times, that no one need be astonished it had become a sort of routine in their mouths. I was quite disposed to be indulgent on this head, provided the routine and recitation did not extend to the ridiculous; but it turned out quite otherwise. Although the children were very repulsive to me before the narrative, and continued so to be after it, I must admit that, when making it, they both did so with a simplicity, a gravity, a seriousness, a certain religious respect, whose contrast with the always vulgar and habitually coarse tone of the boy, with the constantly unpolished and not over-amiable one of the girl, struck me very forcibly.

I should here add, that this astonishment was constantly renewed in my mind during the two days, especially as respected the little boy, who, as I have before said, spent an entire day in my company. I left him on that occasion quite at his ease; I let him take all the liberties he wished; every one of his defects, all his coarseness, were thus apparent to me in full vigour. And yet every time the ill-mannered boy was led, even in the most unexpected manner, to speak of the great event, there took place in him a change, profound, sudden, singular, and instantaneous; and the same with the girl. The boy preserves his look and disagreeable exterior, but his excessive coarseness is altogether toned down. They suddenly even become so grave, so serious;

they, as it were, involuntarily become so strangely simple and ingenuous, even so respectful towards themselves, that they also inspire those who listen to them with a sort of religious awe towards the things of which they speak, and a sort of respect for their persons. I was constantly, and sometimes very forcibly, under the influence of these impressions, without, nevertheless, for one moment ceasing to consider them very disagreeable children.

I here insert an observation which has reference to what I have just remarked. When they speak of the great event of which they assert themselves the witnesses, or rather reply to the questions addressed them on that head, this singular respect for what they say goes so far, that when they chance to make one of those really astonishing and perfectly unexpected replies, which confound questioners, cut short every indiscreet inquiry, resolve simply, profoundly, absolutely, the gravest difficulties, they shew no signs of triumph. People are sometimes stupified at their intelligence : they themselves remain unmoved thereat. The very slightest smile never once ruffles their lips.

For the rest, they never reply to the questions put to them save in the simplest and briefest manner. Their simplicity is sometimes clownish, but their aptness and precision always extraordinary. The moment the great event is mentioned, they seem to have lost all the ordinary defects of their age. Above all, they are chary and reserved of speech. Maximin is otherwise a great talker ; when he's at his ease he's a perfect little chatterbox. During the fourteen hours we spent together, he gave me every possible proof of this defect ; he spoke to me of all things, and with great abundance of words, questioning me without any scruple, giving me his opinion first, and contradicting mine. But as respects the event he relates, his impressions, his fears, or his hopes for the future, all that refers to *the apparition*, he is no longer the same boy. On this point he never takes the initiative, never is indiscreet, never forgets himself. He never gives a detail beyond what he is precisely asked. When he has related the fact he is charged to say, when he has replied to the question addressed to him, he is silent. People are greedy to hear more, long for him to speak still, that he would add details, relate what he felt and still feels ; but no, he adds not a word to the necessary reply. Then anon he resumes the interrupted thread of his conversation, speaks with great volubility of any thing else, as occasion offers, or goes his way.

The certain fact is, that neither the one nor the other have absolutely the least desire to speak of the event which renders them so celebrated.

From all the accounts I could gather on the spot, they never speak needlessly about it to any one, either their little comrades, the nuns who bring them up, or strangers. When they are interrogated, they reply ; they simply state the fact, if it be the fact that they are asked ; simply give the solution, if a difficulty be proposed to them ; add nothing to what is necessary, or subtract aught therefrom. For the rest, they never refuse to reply to the questions put to them, but one



cannot induce them to speak beyond a certain measure. In vain will you multiply indiscreet questions; their replies are never so. Discretion, the most difficult of all virtues, is natural to them (*on this point only*) to an incredible degree. It is in vain to press; one feels about them something invincible, which they themselves cannot account for, that repulses every effort, and involuntarily and immovably resists every, the strongest and liveliest, temptation.

Whoever knows children, with their volatile, unsteady, vain, chattering, indiscreet, and curious dispositions, and will make the same experiment I have done, will share the astonishment I have felt, and ask himself whether he is conquered by those two children, or by a superior and divine force.

I may as well add, that for the past two years the two children and their poor families have remained as poor as before. This is a fact which I have myself verified to my own satisfaction, and which it is easy to ascertain with the most perfect certainty.

Moreover, from my own observation, I can go further, and say, that the children, and little Maximin in particular, whom I watched much closer, and for much longer a time, appeared to me to have preserved a simplicity, and I will add, a humility so absolute, despite the honour they have received, and the lustre wherewith that honour environs them, that they do not even seem to be virtues of *degree* in them: they are what they are, and have the air of being unable to be otherwise; and they are so with a passive *naïveté*, that stupifies, when one regards it closely and reflects thereon.

The fact is, that they do not even comprehend the honour they have received, and seem to have no idea of the celebrity henceforth attached to their names. They have seen thousands of pilgrims, 60,000 *in one day*, come at their summons to the mountain of La Salette. They have not, however, for all that, become any the prouder or more refined in their words or manners. They regard it all without astonishment, without a thought, without a return on themselves. And in fact, if what they relate be true, they understand their post as the Holy Virgin herself meant it to be understood. She did not pretend to do them any honour; she intended to make choice of witnesses, who should be above all suspicion by a *simplicity* so profound, so absolute, so extraordinary, that nothing was ever comparable thereto, and such as naturally could neither be explained nor comprehended; *and she has succeeded*.

Such is the first feature of truth I have remarked in these children.

2d. I find the second *in the numerous answers, absolutely above their age and bearing, which they have spontaneously made to the different interrogatories to which they have been subjected*.

For it must be remarked, that never was a culprit so besieged by questions as have these two poor little peasants been, for two years, about the vision they relate. To difficulties often prepared beforehand, sometimes long and insidiously meditated, they have always opposed prompt, brief, clear, and peremptory replies. One feels that they would be radically incapable of so much presence of mind, were it not all truth.

One has seen them led like malefactors to the very spot either of their revelation or imposture; neither the gravest or most distinguished personages disconcert them, nor threats or reproaches alarm them, nor caresses or gentleness make them yield, nor the longest interrogatories fatigue them, nor the frequent repetition of all these trials detects any contradiction, whether of each to him or herself, or the one to the other. It is impossible to be less like accomplices; and were they such, they would require an unexampled genius to be thus constantly consistent with themselves for the two years past that this strange and rigorous inquiry has lasted, and uninterruptedly continues. All which does not prevent their mixing up therewith the oddest contrasts; sometimes the coarseness of their education, sometimes impatience and a certain ill humour, sometimes gentleness, calm, imperturbable *sang froid*, sometimes, or rather always, a discretion, a reserve, impenetrable to all, parents, companions, acquaintances, the entire universe.

For the rest, I here subjoin questions and replies borrowed partly from my personal recollections, partly from the legally drawn-up documents deposited in the Bishop's register-office at Grenoble, and whose authenticity I guarantee.

D. to Melanie (the little girl).—The Lady told you a secret, and forbade you to repeat it. Very good; but tell me at least whether it regards yourself or some other person?

Melanie.—Whoever it regards, she forbade us to tell it.

D.—Is your secret something you have to do?

Melanie.—Whether it be so or not is nobody's business. She forbade us to tell it.

M. l'Abbé Chambon, superior of the little seminary of Grenoble.—God has revealed your secret to a holy nun; but I would rather learn it from yourself, and thus make sure you are not fibbing.

Melanie.—Since the nun knows it, she may tell it you: I will not.

D.—You ought to tell your confessor your secret, from whom nothing should be hid.

Maximin.—My secret is no sin; in confession we are only obliged to tell our sins.

D.—If you were to tell your secret or die?

Maximin (with firmness).—I would die: I would not tell it.

D.—If the Pope required to know your secret, you would certainly be compelled to tell him; for the Pope is much greater than the Holy Virgin.

Maximin.—The Pope greater than the Holy Virgin! If the Pope does his duty well, he will be a holy man; but always less than the Holy Virgin.

D.—But it's perhaps the devil that has confided this secret to you?

Maximin (alone).—No; for the devil has no crucifix, and would not forbid blasphemy.

Melanie (alone, to the same question).—The devil does, I dare say, sometimes appear; but I don't believe he would tell such secrets as

this. He wouldn't forbid swearing; he would not wear a crucifix, and bid us go to Mass.

M. Gerente, Chaplain to the Sisters of Providence of Corene, near Grenoble, to Maximin.—I don't want to know your secret. But doubtless it regards the glory of God and the salvation of souls. It ought to be known after your death. This is my advice, then: write it in a letter, which you shall seal, and afterwards deposit in the Bishop's register-office. When his lordship and you are both dead, the letter will be read, and you have kept your secret.

Maximin.—But some one might be tempted to break open my letter; and then I don't know who may go to the register-office. (Then putting his hand on his mouth, and next on his heart:) My best register-office (said he, with an expressive gesture) is here!

Another ecclesiastic said to Maximin: You want to become a priest; well, tell me your secret, and I'll take charge of you; I'll write to his lordship, who will send you to college for nothing.

Maximin.—If to become a priest I must tell my secret, I shall never be one.

M. l'Abbé Lagier, curé of the environs of Corps, asked Melanie.—You don't understand French, you don't go to school; how, then, could you remember what the lady said to you? Did she repeat it often?

Melanie.—Oh, no; she only told it me once, and I perfectly remember it. And besides, even though I did not understand it, by repeating what she said to me those who know French would do so, even though I did not; that would be sufficient.

D.—The lady deceived you, Maximin: she predicted a famine, and yet the harvest is good every where.

Maximin.—What have I to do with that? She told me so; that's her affair.

To this same question, the children have at other times replied: But if people did penance?

D.—The lady you saw is in prison at Grenoble.

Maximin.—They'll be cunning who catch her!

D.—The lady you saw was only a luminous and brilliant cloud.

Maximin.—But a cloud doesn't speak.

A priest.—You are a little storyteller; I don't believe you.

Maximin.—What does that matter to me? I am ordered to tell it you, not to make you believe it.

Another priest.—I tell you what, I don't believe you; you're not telling the truth.

Maximin (with vivacity).—Then why come so far to question me?

A Curé of La Vallouise, in the diocese of Gap.—The lady disappeared in a cloud?

Melanie.—There was no cloud.

The Curé insists.—But it is easy to wrap oneself in a cloud and disappear.

Melanie (with vivacity).—Sir, wrap yourself in a cloud and disappear.



The Abbé Albertin, Professor at the Great Seminary of Grenoble.—Are you not tired, my little boy, of having every day to repeat the same thing?

Maximin.—And you, sir, are you tired of every day saying Mass?

M. l'Abbé Repellin, Professor at the little Seminary, and M. Bellier, Missionary at Valence, and other highly respectable persons, depose to having received yet more astonishing replies.

The Abbé Repellin wrote on the 19th November, 1847:—"I asked the little girl if the marvellous person she had seen might not be an evil spirit that wished to sow trouble in the Church. She replied to me, as she had before done to others: 'But, sir, the devil does not wear a cross.' I continued: 'But, my child, the devil carried our Lord to the top of the temple, and the mountain; and he therefore might very easily carry his cross.' 'No, sir,' said she, with a certain assurance; 'no, the good God would not let his cross be carried like that, for He died on the cross.' 'But He allowed Himself to be carried.' 'But He saved the world by the cross.' The confidence unshaken, yet far from bold, of the child, the depth of her reply, whose beauty she did not, however, seem to feel, closed my mouth. On another occasion she explained herself more categorically. It was remarked to her that the devil had carried our Lord in his own person: 'Yes,' said she, 'but He was not then glorified.' 'Does your guardian angel know your secret, Melanie?' 'Yes, sir.' 'There is some one who knows it, then?' 'But my guardian angel is not flesh and blood like ourselves.'"

One of my friends, two days before I journeyed to La Salette, said to Maximin: "We all owe obedience to the Pope. Well, then, if the Pope were to say to you: My child, you should not believe a word of all this, what would be your reply?" The boy answered with the utmost gentleness and respect: "I would tell him he would see."

Such, my dear friend, are some of the innumerable responses of these children: I know not whether you agree with me, but they are assuredly, at the very least, most astonishing.

3d. The third feature of truth I remarked in the children is the following.

You know they each pretend to be the possessor of a secret, of which the other is ignorant, and which they must not, and desire not, to tell to any one.

I could not avoid seeing a characteristic sign of their veracity in the fidelity wherewith this secret is kept.

Each of them possessing a secret, and that for two years past, never has the one boasted of knowing that of the other. Their parents, masters, curés, comrades, thousands of pilgrims, have questioned them about these secrets, asked them for a revelation of some sort thereon; people have used for this purpose incredible efforts; but neither friendship, interest, promises, menaces, civil or ecclesiastical authority, nothing has been able to effect the wished-for information; and at this very hour, after two years of constant attempts, nothing, absolutely nothing, is known.

For myself, I made the greatest efforts to penetrate this secret. Some singular circumstances aided me in urging my endeavours further than others; I once thought I had succeeded; how, I will now relate.

As I have before said, I took little Maximin to the mountain with me. Spite of the repugnance wherewith the boy inspired me, I nevertheless strove to be kind and amiable towards him, and took every possible opportunity to open and win his heart. My success was no great matter; but on reaching the summit of the mountain, some one who was there gave him two pictures; amongst others, one representing the combats of the 24th February in the streets of Paris. Amidst the combatants was depicted a priest assisting the wounded. The little boy fancied he saw some resemblance between that ecclesiastic and myself; and although I told him he was quite deceived, he was still persuaded it was me, and from that moment shewed me the warmest and most rustic friendship. Thenceforward he appeared entirely at his ease, and familiar. I eagerly profited thereby, and we became the best friends in the world, without, however, I must confess, his ceasing to be most disagreeable to me. From that time he hung on my arm, and never left it for the whole day. Thus did we descend the mountain together. I had him to breakfast and dine with me; he conversed about every thing with the greatest nonchalance,—the Republic, the trees of liberty, &c. &c. When I led the conversation back to what alone interested myself, he would reply, as I have said, briefly and simply; every thing that had reference to the Holy Virgin's *apparition* was always, as it were, a thing apart in our conversation. He would all at once stop short in the very height of his gossip; the depth, the form, the tone, the voice, the precision of what he would say—all suddenly became singularly grave and religious. Then in another moment passing to something else, he would resume his ordinary style of familiar and lively chatter.

Often did I recommence my efforts and most skilful insinuations, in order to profit by this openness and ease, and make him speak on what interested me, and in particular about his secret, without his being conscious thereof, or desirous so to do. I was determined to dive into the recesses of his soul, to catch him tripping, and will ye nill ye, to force his heart to give up the truth. But I must confess, all my efforts, ever since the morning, had been perfectly useless. Just as I fancied I had reached my ends and obtained something, all my hopes would vanish into the air; all that I fancied I had got suddenly escaped me, and a reply of the boy replunged me into all my former uncertainties. This absolute reserve seemed to me so extraordinary in a child—I will even add in any human being—that without doing him a violence, which was repugnant to my conscience, I was desirous of going as far as possible, and trying the extremest efforts to vanquish him in some way, and at length surprise his secret. This singular secret was uppermost in my thoughts: to catch him on this point I spared no seduction within the limits I deemed allowable.

After many trials and efforts absolutely useless, a circumstance in appearance very slight offered me an occasion, which for a moment I deemed favourable.

I had a carpet-bag with me, whose lock opened and shut by means of a spring that dispenses with the use of a key. As the little boy is very curious, touches every thing, looks at every thing, and always in the most indiscreet manner, he did not fail to regard my bag, and seeing me open it without a key, asked me how I managed it. I replied, it was a *secret*. He eagerly pressed me to shew him it. The word *secret* brought to my mind the idea of his, and I profited by the circumstance to say, "My child, that is my secret; you wouldn't tell me yours—I won't tell you mine." This was said half seriously, half jokingly.

"That's not the same thing," he instantly replied. "And why?" said I. "Because I have been forbid to tell my secret, but you have not been forbid to tell yours." The reply was a body blow; but I would not acknowledge myself beaten; and without appearing to comprehend him, I said in the same tone: "Since you won't tell me your secret, I shan't tell you mine." He insisted: I myself excited his anxiety and curiosity; I opened and mysteriously shut my lock, without his being able to comprehend my *secret*; I was cruel enough to keep him thus ardent, tantalised, and suspended for several hours. Ten times during that period did the little boy return vigorously to the charge. "With all my heart," said I; "but tell me your secret also."

At these tempting words, the religious boy instantly reappeared, and all his curiosity seemed to die away. Then, some time after, he pressed me again. I made the same reply, and always experienced the same resistance. Seeing him thus immovable, I at length said: "But at least, my boy, since you wish me to tell you my secret, let me know something of yours; I do not ask you to tell me it all, but at least what you may repeat. At least, tell me whether it's a happy or unhappy thing; that will not be telling me your secret."

"I cannot," was his sole reply; only, as we were friends, I remarked an expression of regret in his refusal and words.

At length I yielded, and shewed him the secret of my lock. He was enchanted, leaped for joy, and opened and shut my carpet-bag several times. I said to him, "You see, I have told you my secret, and you haven't told me yours." He seemed grieved at this new instance and sort of reproach. I thought it right not to return thereto again, and remained convinced, as any one must be who knows human indiscretion, and in particular that of children, that the little boy had just victoriously overcome one of the strongest temptations and moral violences that could be imagined.

Anon, however, I took the initiative afresh, in a tone still more serious, and made him sustain another assault, the occasion whereof was as follows:

I had given him some prints bought at the top of the mountain. He had only a very poor straw hat; I bought him another on returning



to the village of Corps. Next I offered to give him whatever else he stood in need of. He asked for a blouse; I told him to go and buy one; it cost 58 sous, which I paid. He went to shew his prints, the blouse, and the hat to his father, and came back to tell me his friends were well pleased. He had already spoken to me with a certain tenderness of his father's troubles and misfortunes; I profited by the fact of his mother's recent death, and, whilst reproaching myself somewhat interiorly for the temptations I subjected the boy to, said: "But, my child, if you would tell me as much of your secret as you may tell, I might help your father very greatly." I went further, and added: "Yes, my dear boy, I would myself get him many things he wants, and enable both you and him to live tranquilly and happy at home, without wanting for any thing. Why are you so obstinate in refusing to tell as much of you secret as you may tell, when it might be so advantageous to your father in extricating him from his difficulties?"

Certainly the temptation was sharp; the child was quite disarmed. He could not doubt my sincerity; and in truth I was disposed to do all I said. He saw it, it was manifest. He replied in a lower tone, "No, sir, I cannot."

One must confess, that if he had invented a first fable, he could easily have made a second, and told me some secret or other analogous to his principal story, and whose confidence would have been to him and his a source of immediate and great advantage. He preferred making me the reply I have related; or rather, without any preference, he made it spontaneously and simply.

I did not consider myself utterly defeated, and urged the temptation yet farther—too far perhaps, but certainly to the last extremity, as you shall judge, and for which you may perhaps blame me.

A particular circumstance occasioned my having about me a considerable sum in gold. Whilst he was engaged in curiously examining all that my chamber contained, and inspecting every one of my effects, ransacking every corner like a true *gamin*, my purse and this gold met his eye. He eagerly seized it, poured it out on the table, and fell to counting it; made it into several little heaps; then, after having so done, amused himself by unmaking and making them again. When I saw him quite charmed and thoroughly enchanted with the sight and touch of the gold, I thought the moment was come to prove and know with certainty his sincerity, and I said to him with a friendly air: "Well, my boy, if you will tell me as much of your secret as you may tell, I'll give you all that gold for you and your father. You shall have it all, and this very moment; and don't think you are robbing me, for I have other money to continue my journey with."

I then saw a moral phenomenon, assuredly very singular; and I am still struck thereby whilst relating it. The boy was wholly absorbed in the gold; he delighted in seeing, touching, and counting it. Suddenly, at my words, he became sad, abruptly left the table and the temptation, and said, "I cannot, sir." I insisted: "And yet there's enough to make you and your father happy." Once more he replied,

“I cannot;” and in a manner and tone so firm, although very simple, that I felt myself beaten. However, not to appear so, I added in a tone to which I was desirous of imparting dissatisfaction, contempt, and irony: “But perhaps you won’t tell me your secret, because you have none: it’s only a bad joke on your part.” He did not seem offended by these words, and replied with animation: “Oh yes, I have though; but I may not tell it.” “Who has forbidden you?” “The Holy Virgin.”

Thenceforward I ceased to wage a useless contest. I felt that the child’s dignity was greater than mine. I placed my hand with friendship and respect on his head, traced a cross on his brow, and said: “Adieu, my dear child, I trust the Holy Virgin will excuse all the entreaties I have made you. Be all your life faithful to the grace you have received.” And a few moments after we parted, not to meet again.

To interrogations, to offers of a similar kind, the little girl had replied to me, “Oh, we have enough; there is no need to be rich.”

Such is the third sign of truth I have remarked in these children. Now, what to think of all this? Is it truth, error, or imposture?

There is but one of the four following suppositions by which it can be reasonably explained:

We must either, first, admit the supernatural truth of the apparition, the narrative, and the children’s secret. But that is very grave and of great consequence. Should there be any trickery, and it be one day discovered, either through the children or others, will not the deceived sincerity of so many religious hearts receive a severe, and it may be dangerous shock?

Or, second, say they are deceived, and still the sport of some hallucination. But whoever has journeyed to La Salette, and examined every thing, will not hesitate to affirm that this supposition is absolutely ridiculous and inadmissible.

Or, third, that the children are the inventors of the fable, which they have coined out of their own brain, and unsupportedly sustained it against every one for two years past, without ever once contradicting or stultifying themselves. For my part, I feel it absolutely impossible to admit this third supposition. Such a fable would seem to me more astonishing than the truth of the event.

Or, in short, fourth, that there is an inventor, an impostor, hidden behind the two children, and that they have lent themselves to play the part he has prepared for them in his imposture, which part he daily teaches them to play anew. Without going deep into matters, as M. Rousselot has done, I will confine myself to replying that all the preceding is repugnant to such a supposition. The inventor would appear to me at once very unskilful in choosing for actors and witnesses of so extraordinary an imposture beings such as I have described them, and very clever in making them play their part for full two years, before two or three hundred thousand successive spectators, observers, investigators, interrogators, of all kinds, without the two children ever

once betraying themselves in aught, without any one discovering this impostor behind the scenes, without a single indiscretion on the children's part giving rise to the least suspicion—without the least trace thereof having to this day appeared!

The first supposition, therefore, remains; that is to say, the supernatural truth, which is, in fact, very strongly confirmed: 1st, by the consistent character of the children; 2d, by the replies, absolutely above their age and bearing, given by them in the different interrogatories they have had to undergo; 3d, by the extraordinary fidelity wherewith they keep the secret they assert has been confided to them.

Were I obliged to pronounce and say *yes* or *no* on this revelation, and bound to decide by the rigorous sincerity of my conscience, I would say *yes* rather than *no*. Human and Christian prudence would lead me to say *yes* rather than *no*, and I should feel no fear of being condemned at the judgment-seat of God as guilty of imprudence or credulity.

Most truly yours,     \* \* \*

But while the miraculous tokens of the Divine presence, aiding and enlightening the Church, are thus as wonderful as ever in our own times, the Church herself is found ever varying the natural weapons with which she fights her battles with the world. That principle of association which is the striking characteristic of the age has nowhere been employed with greater skill and energy in the service of God, than in that strange metropolis where things are ever in extremes, and where living men wear the aspect of either saints or devils more manifestly than in any other spot of this strange world. The very title of the book which stands last on our list is of that curious kind which we should look for only in Paris, and of itself suggests the terrible nature of that struggle which is there unceasingly waged between the kingdoms of darkness and of light. The *Politique de Satan* is simply an account of the religious institutions of Paris. Its author, M. de St. Cheron, has divided it into three parts, treating of the clergy, the religious communities, and the laity. These are again subdivided into chapters. The first part consists of four chapters, which treat of the Archbishop, the parishes, the parish priests, the curates, the chief preachers, the royal chapter of St. Denis, the seminaries and Christian institutions, the Faculty of Theology, and the University. The second part consists of two chapters, and relates to the Jesuits, their labours and works, the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine, their schools, the Benedictines, the congregations for missions, the Lazarists, and foreign missions. The third part relates to the religious associations, their progress, extent, and influence; the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, the Archconfraternity



of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, its rapid progress; confraternities and pilgrimages; the Catholics in the Chambers, in the Institute, at the bar, in literature, in the sciences, in the arts, and in the press; the attendance in the churches, the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, confraternities of doctors, artists, and men of letters; *Le Cercle et l'Institut Catholique*, the Catholic press in Paris and in the provinces. Having thus described the work, we shall extract some of the most interesting parts of it. The clergy of the whole diocese are only 928 in number; this is only one to every twelve hundred souls.

*The Preachers of Paris.*—Having described Pères Lacordaire and Ravignan, M. de St. Cheron proceeds thus: Father Ravignan is not the only Jesuit who is heard in Paris, and is distinguished for his oratorical ability. I will point out to you also Father Lefebvre, whose preaching is so moving and attractive, so persuasive and so full of unction; Fathers Lurique and Humphry, who possess so much fluency and ardour; and the Father Desplaces, whose style is so condensed, so nervous and conclusive. \* \* \*

I now come to another class of preachers,—to the secular clergy. I have already alluded to the Abbés Cœur and Dequerry. I will also mention the Abbé Combalot, highly deserving, from his faith and ardent zeal, of the title of Apostolic Missionary, which was given to him by the head of the Church. An acute intellect, a warm imagination, rapid and animated style, lively gestures, and a powerful voice, are the qualifications of this Christian orator. More philosophical in his language, the Abbé Bautain addresses a more limited, but a more select audience.

The Abbé Lecourtier is excelled by none in the art of quoting sacred texts with exactitude, precision, and elegance. The faith of an apostle, the learning of the evangelists, of the fathers and doctors of the Church, are expressed by the eloquent voice of the Abbé Gabriel. The Abbé Marcellin is impetuous, unequal, and poetical; it is said that he composes his discourses in the fields, in the forests, and by the sea-shore. The Abbés Ratisbonne, de Bonnechose, and de la Bouillerie, are admired for the solidity of their instructions and the ease of their delivery. A young priest of St. Sulpice, the Abbé Gibert, is also distinguished for his piety, his proved zeal, pure diction, and his elevated thoughts. The Abbé Lacarrière attracts by unction, ardent faith, and correct language. This young abbé was one of the best pupils of the Université under the Restoration; he passed through his studies in the Royal College, in one of the principal towns of the centre of France.

*Seminaries and Christian Institutions.*—There exist in Paris four seminaries especially destined for those who are desirous to become ministers of Christ. The diocesan seminary is directed by the congregation of St. Sulpice; it reckons 220 pupils in the house at Paris: that of Issy contains 10 novices of the congregation of St. Sulpice, and 55 pupils of philosophy.

Besides the houses for the formation of priests, Catholicity has created establishments whereby youths receive sound religious education, such as the Institution of the Abbé Poiloup, that of M. Mourice, the Stanislas College, and the *Pension*, directed by M. Laville, to prepare young men for the Polytechnic School; near Paris is the famous college of Juilly, under the management of the Abbé Bautain and his principal disciples.

*Communities of Men. The Jesuits.*—“The most dangerous of these congregations,” says the Report, “from the nature, the energy, the intrepidity, and the unity of its institute, being that of the Jesuits, we have constantly endeavoured to concentrate all the hatred of our friends, the enemies of the Church, and the religious orders, against that famous society. When we have conquered them, the rest becomes easy. \* \* \* In their establishment we find priests who, by prayer, meditation, and strict rule, prepare to preach the Gospel among civilised nations and among savages. Not content with public preaching, they spend their lives in listening to individuals in the confessionals, in reclaiming sinners, in strengthening the weak and comforting the faithful: they are ready for every good work; but though they are accused of egotism and cupidity, their lives are devoted to the humblest of their brethren. While they revive the noble days of Christian eloquence, I inspire their enemies with the idea of accusing them of wishing to enslave the human mind. I have named several of the most remarkable of them among the preachers. Others are distinguished by their labours; as Père Moigno in science, and Pères Cahier and Arthur Martin in letters and the arts. The two latter are the authors of that grand and magnificent monograph of the Cathedral of Bourges, a *chef d'œuvre* of erudition, taste, and art.”

While so many writers and philosophical friends of the people make no sacrifices of time, amusements, or fortune, and are still framing their theories as to the means of rendering them richer, more moral, and more instructed, the Jesuits in Paris and in the other towns of France, by their patience, charity, and self-devotion, succeed in reclaiming a great number of workmen from habits of debauchery, and from all the vices

of impiety, and in leading them back to their duties, and to domestic happiness, and to a regular and respectable mode of life, enriched with the money which, before this regeneration, was devoted to the gratification of the grossest and most degrading passions. They have also established workshops, where the children of the poor receive that industrial education which secures them a subsistence without destroying their morality.

*The Brothers of the Christian Schools.*—The principal house of these brothers is at Paris, and the Superior General of the community is Brother Philip, whose rare skill has greatly extended his institute. In France the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine give gratuitous instruction to 200,000 children of the poor. In Paris they have thirty schools, and, moreover, four very flourishing *pensionnats* within the precincts.

A young brother of the Christian Doctrine lately died in their house in the Rue de Fleurus; being scarcely thirty years old, he had not yet had time to make himself known and loved by that long course of self-devotion, sacrifices, and charity, which fills up the existence of the children of M. de Lasalle; and yet his death moved all the parish of St. Sulpice; men, women, and children, all crowded to render a last debt of gratitude to the young brother; all pressed, during many hours, into the place where his body lay. The hour for the funeral service strikes, and the vast nave of St. Sulpice can scarcely contain the crowd of rich and poor, of the great and the lowly, collected by a common feeling of piety and sorrow. The procession directs its course towards the cemetery; and to judge from the immense number who follow, one would say that a great and powerful prince was being taken to his last home. But instead of the vanity, the indifference, and the forgetfulness which accompany the funeral pomp of princes, simplicity, universal emotion, and prayer, ever mindful of the faithful friend of God and the poor, adorn the modest funeral of the humble brother. Judge of the influence exercised over men's minds and society by these religious, who become great in proportion to their humility.

After having given children of the poorer classes primary instruction, the Brothers of Christian Doctrine have also taken charge of them when leaving the schools, at the time when they are about to be apprenticed, and to be exposed to the risk of losing all the fruit of their first education. To obviate this danger, the brethren founded in 1841 the institute for apprentices and workmen; it is devoted to confiding to safe masters the multitude of children who are apprenticed when they leave school, to completing their instruction, shielding



them from the dangers that surround them, and affording, not only to apprentices, but also to young workmen, all the means of continuing in the practice of religion.

*Benedictines.*—Dom Guéranger, the Abbot of Solesmes, the restorer of the Benedictine order in France, has established a house of postulants in Paris. This abbot is one of the most learned ecclesiastics of France. He has undertaken to restore the Gallican liturgy to Catholic traditions and to Roman unity.

*The Congregation of the Mission* is engaged in educating missionaries for the interior of France.

*The Missionaries of the Congregation of the Perpetual Adoration of Picputiens* convert whole nations to the Catholic faith in the East, Oceana, Tahiti, the Gambier islands, and at Smyrna. The Gambier islands renew in the nineteenth century the prodigies of the Jesuits in Paraguay.

*The Congregation of Priests of the Mission*, better known under the name of Lazarists, is still established in the house of their founder, St. Vincent de Paul; it governs institutions and seminaries in France, and founds schools in Turkey, Syria, Egypt, and China.

*Communities of religious Women.*—In Paris there are about forty communities of religious women, devoted either to prayer, the education of girls, or works of charity. The most numerous community is that of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. Every year 300 new Sisters leave the mother house; this house not being large enough, they are forced to refuse, or to postpone, a much larger number of subjects who seek to be allowed to pronounce the vows of chastity, poverty, obedience, and charity. There are nearly 6000 Sisters of Charity now in France, and in the department of the Seine alone 3000. This community extends into Belgium, England, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, the Levant, Turkey, Egypt, Syria, and Algiers; it is the universal conquest of charity. There are the Dames de Bon-secours, who attend the sick and poor gratuitously. Several congregations are exclusively devoted to reclaiming dissolute women, such as Les Dames de la Charité Notre Dame du Refuge, the Dames de la Charité Notre Dame du Bon Pasteur, the Filles Repenties de St. Marie-Madeleine, and the Filles de Nazareth.

Among the communities devoted to the gratuitous education of the daughters of the poor and those of the rich, are distinguished the ladies of the Sacre Cœur and the ladies of the Congregation of our Lady.

*Religious Associations.* *The Association for the Propagation of the Faith.*—The receipts of the first year, 1820, were 15,272 francs; those of 1842 amounted to four millions—a sou

per week, given by all associates, rich and poor, kings and subjects, throughout Christendom. The association publishes annually six numbers of the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, containing an account of the labours, sufferings, persecutions, and progress of the missionaries. 150,000 copies of these were published in French, German, English, Spanish, Flemish, Italian, Portuguese, and Dutch; and several editions of the work were required in the same language.

*The Archconfraternity of the Holy and Immaculate Heart of Mary* was founded in 1836, by the Abbé Desgenottes, for the conversion of sinners. The number of its associates is not less than four millions, spread over all the countries of the earth, among civilised nations and savage tribes. In Paris itself, the learned societies, the French Academy, the legal and medical schools, as well as the normal and polytechnic, are represented on the registers of the Archconfraternity by the inscription of a great many members. Its Manual and annals shew the wonderful progress of this institute. In four years the Manual has gone through eight editions, amounting to 40,000 copies; moreover, thirty Bishops of France have had it abridged for the use of their dioceses. Many editions of these have reached 50,000 copies. The manual has been translated into Italian, German, English, Flemish, Dutch, Portuguese, Polish, &c.

*Association of St. Francis Xavier.*—This institute, belonging to the Brothers of Christian Doctrine, was founded in 1840, by the Abbé Massard, a young priest full of intelligence and zeal. Its object is to unite workmen in the duties of the Christian life, in the observance of Sunday, in mutual charity, and in assisting in the institute of the Propagation of the Faith. Twice a month, on Sunday, they assemble in each parish, to pray together, to hear instructive lectures, and to receive Christian teaching.

Formerly the majority of these men devoted their Sunday to drunkenness or debauchery; in one day they spent the wages of the whole week; their families were condemned to misery; they were violent in their actions and rude in their language at their own homes: now they are models of faithful husbands, watchful and fond parents, and honest labourers; they are happy themselves, and they make others happy. Besides the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine, the Jesuits, and the secular clergy, there are associated in the management of this institute, learned laymen, orators, economists, poets, musicians, and sculptors, who give lectures to the workmen.

*The Society of St. Maurice.*—Independently of the labours of the conferences of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul for

the army, another society has been founded for the special purpose of promoting the practice of religion among soldiers. This has taken the name of the Society of St. Maurice, the glorious and venerated leader of the legion of heroic soldiers and martyrs. This association is already numerous.

*Institutions of Charity.*—The institutions of Catholic charity are more numerous even than the religious associations. Almost all have laymen for founders, directors, and members. They are fully described in a book called *The Manual of the Institutions and Works of Charity at Paris*. In Paris alone there are at least eighty of these institutions, which relate to births, education, apprenticeship, maladies, &c., and which have for their object visiting, consoling, and caring for the poor, as well as giving moral instruction to their children.

Among these institutions, not the most ancient, but the most numerous and important, is that of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul for the visitation of the poor. Founded in 1833, by eight students, it has spread with great rapidity. In 1833, only eight members, and in 1843, 5000. In 1833, annual receipts, 2480 francs; in 1843, 200,000 francs. In 1835, there were only four conferences in Paris; in 1843 there were thirty, comprehending 2000 members. Conferences have been established in fifty other towns of France. Two have been founded in Rome.

In Paris this society visits 5000 families, and protects 15,000 children. It has multiplied its labours with its resources; now it attends to the visitation of the poor, to their marriages, to houses of refuge, to the protection of children, to apprentices, to prisoners, &c. The chief founder of this institution, M. Bailly, is still the president-general of it; he has contributed to consolidate and develop the society, and to maintain its spirit.

*Brotherhoods.*—In the various parishes of Paris are established numerous brotherhoods, which, on certain days, assemble the faithful for different devotions. The trades-unions are still accustomed to have Mass said on the feast of their patron. As in the ages of faith, a brotherhood has been formed to unite artists in prayer; and they derive from the practice of their religious duties that elevation of thought, that delicacy of feeling, and those habits of order and morality, which give so exalted a character to their works.

A number of medical men are united in a brotherhood for the propagation of Catholic doctrines in the medical sciences. A brotherhood is also established among literary men; it publishes a critical and literary review, and comprehends distinguished writers and edifying Catholics.



*Catholic Authors.*—Among the rest, Monseigneur Sibour, Archbishop of Paris, MM. de Chateaubriand, Ballanche, Guirand, Droz, Eugene and Leon Boré ; l'Abbés Cazalès, l'Abbé Gerbet, Audley, de Condé, de Carné, de Fontette, Cor, Desdouts, Bailly, Bonetty, Daniels, Dumont, Jourdain, Moreau, de Belleval, Henry and Charles de Riancey, Cyprien Robert, Louis Roupeau, Rendu Père et Fils, Ozanam, Lenormand, l'Abbé Lacordaire, l'Abbé de Salinis, l'Abbé de Scorbiac, Laurentie, de Laborde, de Champagny, Alfred de Falloux, Marquis de Beauafort, Louis de Veuillot, Chavin de Milan, Denoin, de Blanche, Jules Sauzai Stoffels, de Montreuil, de Surret, le Prevost, Théobald Walsh, Vicomte Walsh, de Bazelaire, l'Abbé Maret, l'Abbé Gosselin, l'Abbé Lecourtier, l'Abbé Ratisbonne, l'Abbé Bautain, l'Abbé Clement, l'Abbé Martin de Noirlieu, l'Abbé Moreau, l'Abbé Poulet, de Montalembert, Clement d'Érbhe, Charles Delaveau, de Legarenne, d'Ekstein, Alfred de Courcy, Paul Lamache, Guillemain, H. Victor, Antoine and Arnaud d'Abbadie, le Dreuillé, Hebrard, Buchez, Hippolyte Romand, Paul Feval, Ccmte Dohrer, Gondon, Abel Transon, l'Abbé du Lac de Montvert, Rio, l'Abbé Pascal, l'Abbé Glaire, l'Abbé Valroger, l'Abbé Drach, Paravey, Artaud du Montor, d'Ault Dumesnil, Roselly de Lorgue, Valery, Henrion, Emile Lefranc, l'Abbé Combalot, l'Abbé Manfried, l'Abbé Dubois, F. Guerin, Gabourd, Wilson, Maxime de Montrond, l'Abbé de Genoude, l'Abbé Reaveur, Lourdoux, l'Abbé Corbière, Guinebault, Didron, Danjou, F. de Guilhermy, Rubichon, H. Geraud, Louis de Maslatrie, le R. Père Moigno, le Père Cahier, le Père Arthur Martin, le Père Ravignan, le Père Cahours, Poujoulet, Albert du Boys, de Ressenuier, de Jouaime, de la Roière, de la Gournerie, Raoul-Rochette, Tarquety, de Chantal, Vati-mesnil, Audit, Villeneuve-Trans, Villeneuve-Bargemont, de Faily, l'Abbé Barthelemy, Edouard Alletz, Dom Gueranger, Edouard Ourliac, Desiré Carrière, d'Ortigues, de Melun, &c.

*Provincial Authors.*—The Archbishops of Lyons, Rheims, and Cambay ; the Bishops of Chartres, Belley, Tulle, Langres, Marseilles, Strasburg, &c. At Belley, the Abbé Greppo, well known for his historical labours ; at Nivers, the Abbé Gaume ; at Nancy, the Abbé Rohrbacher, the author of the noblest and most extensive historical work of the age, the *Universal History of the Church*. In Nancy also, so distinguished for faith, learning, and charity, MM. Guerrier, de Dumast, de Foblant, and Myon ; at Tours, Leon Aubineau ; at Rouen, Adolphe Archier ; at Sens, Lallier ; at Baune, M. Theophile Foisset ; at Dijon, M. Frantin, M. Dudied, and M. Leon Lacordaire, brother of the famous Dominican ; at Nimes,

MM. Reboul, Germain, and Gyfoitte; at Strasburg, MM. de Humbourg and l'Abbé Axinger; at Lyons, MM. Henry de Bonuld, Collombet, Gregoire, Blanc St. Bonnet, l'Abbé Prat, Rivet, the Abbés Noiro, Pavy, Dauphin, &c.; at St. Brienc, MM. Geslin de Bourgoyne, Aurilion de Courson, &c.; at Marseilles, l'Abbé Fissiaux; at Arles, l'Abbé Regis. In the Department de l'Orne, le Père Debrayne, religieux de la grande Trappe; at Rodez, M. Llabour; at Lorient, M. Roux-Lavergne; at Metz, le Comte de Goetlosquet; at Castres, M. Alexis Combeuille.

*Other Institutions.*—To the other Catholic institutions existing in Paris, two others have been added within a few years, viz. le Cercle and l'Institut Catholique. These are intended to serve as places of meeting and reading for youth.

*The Catholic Press.*—L'Univers, l'Ami de la Religion, le Journal des Villes and des Campagnes, l'Université Catholique, les Annals de Philosophie Chrétienne, le Correspondant, la Lecture, le Mémorial Catholique, la Voix de la Vérité, &c.

Such is that vast body of spiritual machinery with which the Church in France is labouring to fulfil her glorious calling. Truly is the praise of the Church of France “in all the Churches;” and we in England may well look to her as a proof of what may be done by zeal, piety, and learning, amidst difficulties which would have crushed a hundred times any power but that which is divine. Yet all this is but the work of perhaps a quarter of a century, or little more. May we hope that when five-and-twenty years have passed over *our* heads, the saints in heaven and the angels will look down upon the Catholics of this country, and regard them with the same rejoicing with which they now contemplate the faith, the self-sacrifice, and the heroism of our brothers who are separated from us by some eight or ten leagues of water alone.

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#### SHORT NOTICES.

DR. MURRAY'S *Irish Annual Miscellany* (Dublin, Bellew) is a work of no ordinary merit. The execution is as satisfactory as the idea is novel. Dr. Murray unites vivacity of expression with vigour and accuracy of thought, and candour of temper, in a degree too rare amongst us on both sides of the Irish Channel. Further notice we must postpone to our next Number.

The recently-published Number of the *Dublin Review* contains an article on the New-Testament Miracles, which is a sequel to the

paper in a previous No. on the Parables, and is even more interesting than its predecessor. We cannot too strongly recommend its perusal to our Anglican readers, especially a passage on the spiritual state of their own infant children at pp. 319-321. The article is introduced by some valuable remarks on Biblical Studies, urging them upon the attention of all Catholics. In a former number of the *Rambler* we took occasion to lament their comparative neglect amongst us; and attributed the evil in part to that erroneous use of the Holy Scriptures, by which they are chiefly searched for strong texts to be used in controversy with Protestants, to the injury of that loving, meditative study, which is one of the many spiritual privileges which the Catholic alone enjoys. The *Dublin* also contains an excellent article on the subject of the Offertory.

May we put one single question to the kind-hearted author of *Eastern Churches*, which reached us too late for notice in our last? Does he consider himself a second Athanasius? And if not, how does he reconcile it to his conscience to re-enact the part of *Athanasius contra Mundum* in his own proper person? Is it within the range of possibilities, that views which are (as far as we know) shared by no other living being, whether Catholic or Protestant, can be true? How is it that E. S. A. does not perceive that a person who lauds the Jesuits and the Church Missionary Society in about equal terms is self-condemned? Setting aside what in any other individual we should call the *hyper-audacity* of the theory contained in this and his previous works, *Eastern Churches* contains a good deal of interesting information, though resting often on very questionable authorities.

*The Prayer-Book of the London Oratory of St. Philip Neri* (Burns) has one remarkable feature. Of thirty-three sets of prayers, nearly the whole have received the sanction of the Holy See, by the attaching of certain Indulgences to their devout use. Some English Catholics—happily a decreasing number—are grievously afraid of what they call *Italian* devotions making their way into this country. They are afraid lest they should breed enthusiasm and superstition; or, worst of all, should irritate Protestants. To those who think them ill adapted for English congregations, we can only suggest a visit to the Oratory, where they are in habitual use; and to those who want prayers, short, fervent, simple, and full of meaning, whether for private or family use, we recommend the purchase of this *too cheap* book of devotions. No collection hitherto published in English has any pretensions to compare with it in the degree of ecclesiastical authority by which it is sanctioned.

*A Packet of Seeds saved by an Old Gardener* (Chapman and Hall) is the quaint title of a clever little story of a shrewd old man's experiences of life. There is a great deal in it equally good both for master and man.



The first part of Mr. Crowe's edition (slightly modified by the editor) of *Wilhem's Method of Teaching Singing* (Burns) is now ready. It is to come much nearer to Wilhem's own work than Hullah's adaptation; and if we may judge from the first part, will be a most useful manual.

*The London Prisons*, by Hepworth Dixon (Jackson and Walford), contains a very considerable amount of information respecting the gaols and penitentiaries of the metropolis and the chief provincial towns. It is agreeably (though a little too smartly) written; and may be said to be almost indispensable to every one who has to do with the reform or management of criminals under confinement. We do not, of course, pretend to agree in all Mr. Dixon's views, but his book is well worth attention.

Mr. Sharpe's *Rise and Progress of Window Tracery in England* (Van Voorst) is a manual for all Gothic architects. It is the fruit of much study, and is illustrated with a profusion of well-executed woodcuts and steel engravings. A large proportion of the specimens the author has given are most beautiful. The statement of the exact dimensions of the chief examples, adds materially to the value of the book.

We never less regretted the purchase of sixpenny worth of trash, than when we were seduced by the following advertisement to purchase the publication it recommends.

“QUESTIONS OF URGENT NATIONAL IMPORTANCE.—*Are there any Jesuits in England? Who are they? Where are they? What have they been doing? What are they doing? What are they proposing to do? Who can answer these questions? Persons interested in these inquiries are requested to read TRUTH FOR THE TIMES, price Sixpence.*”

We need scarcely say that this puff is an impudent catchpenny; and that *Truth for the Times* no more answers these questions than it tells us how many Jesuits there are in the moon. The first half of the publication also is as dull as dullness, even with its hair standing on end with affright, could make it. But the second half is really one of the funniest things we ever saw. It consists of a correspondence between the author (one “J. H.”) and two of the great lights of anti-Jesuitism, viz. Dr. Lindsay Alexander and Mr. Hobart Seymour, in which they abuse one another in immoderate terms, bringing charges of *lying*, and other trifling peccadilloes, truly curious, mixed up as they are with unblushing professions of sanctity and apostleship. With one of Mr. Seymour's opinions, here recorded, we are constrained to express our agreement. He considers that “J. H.” is a person with “neither intelligence nor reason.” These are thy Gods, O Israel!

*The Spicilegium Solesmense.*—At the end of our present number will be found the prospectus of another of those great works of the

Benedictine order, of which mention has already been made in our pages. The Benedictines of the Abbey of Solesme, in France, are about to bring out another of those interesting and valuable collections of unpublished works of antiquity, for which their Society already stands pre-eminent in the literary world. The names of Achery, Mabillon, Montfaucon, Martene, and their coadjutors, are held in honour by every student with any pretensions to scholarship. The last great work of this kind, indeed, which has been given to the world, has proceeded from another source. The *Spicilegium* of Cardinal Mai was the fruit of learning, energy, and skill which rivalled the qualifications of the most illustrious Benedictines of St. Maur. Now at length the successors of Mabillon and Montfaucon are in the field, and Dom Pitra, the editor of their proposed work, is at this present time in England, engaged in gathering fresh materials for the publication, and in securing subscribers to defray its expense.

The prospectus in our present number gives an outline of the nature of the publication, together with the contents of the first volume which will appear. Many of the works are of the most extreme rarity, even in ms., and are all (we believe) hitherto unpublished. The treatise of St. Melito is the most ancient of books on Jewish and Christian symbolism extant, and perhaps much more valuable, as well as less fanciful, than that of Durandus. The epistle of St. Dionysius of Alexandria (of the third century) has been placed in Dom Pitra's hands by Dr. Routh, the president of Magdalen College, Oxford, and is from the Bodleian Library. Another portion of great value is the works of Verecundus, Bishop of Janca, and disciple of St. Augustine. For the rest, we must refer our readers to the prospectus itself, premising that the Bodleian is by no means the only English library which has served to enrich the collection with very valuable additions.

The terms of subscription will also be found there detailed, and we shall rejoice to learn that the list of subscribers rapidly enlarges. The Abbey of Solesme, rich in learning, is poor in gold and silver, and therefore the work cannot be accomplished except by the aid of a considerable body of subscribers. If, however, the *first* volume can be brought out, there is more than a probability that the publication of the remainder can be completed at a considerably lower cost, as there are Government and other public printing establishments in France which will lend their aid to the printing so soon as the first volume appears, but not before. The Editor, therefore, is most anxious to induce fifty subscribers to put down their names for the whole series of volumes, and to pay up their subscription *at once*. By this means a sufficient sum will be raised to pay the expenses of the first volume, which in this case would be issued immediately, while the remainder of the series would follow without loss of time, the means for their publication being already ensured. We need scarcely recommend the work to the sympathies and support of the learned in this country. It has a more than ordinary

claim upon them; for it is only by the printing of the mss. that they can be rendered accessible to the student of ecclesiastical antiquity, while the perils of revolution, accident, and decay are every year rendering their continued existence, even in ms., more and more problematical.

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## Correspondence.

### THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

*To the Editor of the Rambler.*

DEAR SIR,—Ever since I read your beautiful article in the *Rambler* for last December, on the conversion of England, I have been desirous of adding a few words to that part of it which regarded Ireland; but my time was so much occupied during the last month, that I have not till now been at leisure to do it. Most dear to my heart is the idea of a general movement of the Irish people to effect this great achievement, the conquest of England for the Church of God by spiritual arms, the first of which is prayer. The little address to the Catholics of Ireland, which you inserted in that article, and which I may as well acknowledge as having been written by me, was a feeble expression of this feeling; and my desire now is to give a few explanations on the subject of it. You introduce it with the remark, that you suppose it had the approbation of the Prelates of the Irish Church. I am happy to be able to say that it had; and I take this occasion to express my gratitude for the way in which this approbation was given. But, in doing this, I will try to refer back to some previous circumstances. In the address I say that my thoughts had long been fixed on Ireland, as calculated to be the principal instrument in bringing back England to the Catholic faith: this has been the case in a special manner ever since I had begun to make it my business to beg the prayers of the faithful throughout the world for the conversion of England. And what I know of the Irish character, from my intercourse with them as a priest on the mission in England, made me confident that they would respond warmly to such an appeal. It was, however, not till the year 1842 that I had the much desired opportunity of proposing it to the Irish in their own country. In my summer vacation of that year from St. Mary's College, to which I then belonged, I passed four weeks in Ireland, during which I travelled from Dublin through Carlow, Wexford, Waterford, Kilkenny, Cork, Limerick, Ennis, Galway, Castlebar, Tuam, Longford, Mullingar, Navan, &c. I cannot express the feelings of consolation with which I look back on that most interesting tour. It is one of the brightest, if not the very brightest spot in my past remembrances. I can call to mind, indeed,



some short passages of my life which I must except; but I can remember no period of the same length of time as that of my first Irish tour of such equable unclouded sunshine. I was told by some before I went, that the idea of making such a proposal to a nation was visionary, utopian, unprecedented, and the like. I could not believe it. In regard to this nation I was confident that the reverse was true; and my expectations proved correct, only that the faith, the zeal, the generosity, with which my appeals were responded to, always went beyond all my calculations. And who were those who were specially distinguished for the ardour of charity and zeal with which they answered my call for this sacrifice of heroic generosity towards England? Some may be surprised when I declare who they were. It was those very men who would be regarded generally as the most distinguished for their hostility to England. But as you remarked, in the leading article of the *Rambler* of January, that Protestants do not understand us Catholics, so I say that sometimes Catholics, good and great Catholics too, do not understand others good and noble like themselves. Of that bright five weeks, the brightest was the last, on the first day of which I preached in Tuam cathedral before Archbishop M'Hale; and not ten times as much as I have seen of his writing since against England would make me doubt of the sincerity of that welcome with which he received me as his guest, or of the truth of sympathy with which he encouraged me in my undertaking, promising to repeat the following Sunday to his people, in their own native Irish, the address which he had heard me make to them in English in favour of my country. This reception at Tuam made me determine not to lose an opportunity of pressing my cause. By the Sunday's post I wrote to the parish priest of Longford, where I was to sleep on the Tuesday, asking for notice to be given that I would address the people on that evening in one of the chapels of the town. In Longford, the Bishop of Ardagh, Dr. Higgins, had commenced the building of a cathedral, the walls of which, at that time about ten feet above the ground, enclosed a space which would hold about four or five thousand. He was at the time confined to his bed with influenza; but hearing of my proposal, he ordered a platform to be erected in this area, sent notices round the country, came out himself to meet me at the risk of his health, and stood by me while I preached to the multitude, who crowded the place and covered the top of the unfinished walls. I had not thought till that evening of going to Mullingar, the cathedral town of Dr. Cantwell, Bishop of Meath; and it might, at this time, have seemed impossible to make arrangements for a sermon there, as on the Thursday morning I was engaged to preach at Navan, twenty-seven miles beyond it. But I was encouraged by Bishop Higgins to make the attempt. I wrote, therefore, to Dr. Cantwell that evening, and followed my letter in the morning. I reached Mullingar at three o'clock, intending to proceed on my way if I found no preparations made:—but not at all. Notice had been sent through the country. Though the rain poured in torrents

all that evening, thousands were assembled in the cathedral. A new bell had been lately procured for it; the preparations were hastened all this day, and it rung for the first time to call the people to hear the cause of charity for England pleaded. It was there that an old lady was heard at the close of the sermon to say, as she left the gallery, "Well, then, we must forgive Oliver Cromwell at last." The Bishop urged me most pressingly to stay with him a month, that he might take me in his own carriage to renew my appeal in every parish of the diocese; and, as I was obliged to decline this, he sent me with his horses to Navan in time for my sermon there. Oh, how can I doubt of the truth of what I say in my address, that the Irish heart, if appealed to, cannot resist an impulse of religious generosity? One more practical proof of this. I was called again to Ireland, after six years, in the autumn of 1848, the year of Mr. Smith O'Brien's movement. Humanly speaking, this would have been a bad time for pressing this cause of charity for England. But I knew that the Irish have faith, and that in them human feelings, when most excited, will give way to the call of faith. Never did I see more generous enthusiasm for the cause than in that very year wherever I had the chance to speak or preach. A grand specimen of this was Drogheda. The late Primate, the lamented Dr. Crolly, invited me there to preach a charity sermon for his schools. I asked his leave to join with this subject that of the conversion of England. Oh, how heartily did he answer, "Sir, preach what you like, if only it is not against faith and good morals." The church was crowded with the choice of the Catholic population and a number of respectable Protestants. I felt that if either of these classes were displeased with the sermon, and this were felt in the collection, I should justly displease the Primate, and that was far from my intention; but I thought I knew the people, and I went on bold and free. The collection was a famous one, 120*l.*; all were satisfied; and the Primate told me the next day that he had made inquiries, and ascertained that the Protestants had taken no sort of offence, and he assured me that I might safely go on; I should offend no one in the way I spoke on the subject. Oh, that the judgment of this experienced and wise Prelate might finally overrule the alarm, which some yet will entertain, that we shall offend the Protestants by praying for them. No such thing! Irish Protestants are not offended, much less will English.

But how did the Catholics of Drogheda like the sermon? I think the token they gave in its favour is a strong one to English feelings at least, who can understand paying well when one is pleased, but not otherwise. I was begging at that time for Aston. I did not hint at this till the collection for the schools was finished; then I asked the Primate if I might go among the Catholics for my object. With the same hearty cordiality he consented; and before Monday night—the very day, observe, after the Sunday of their own great collection—I had received 25*l.*

I stated some of these facts, soon after, to the Right Rev. Dr.

Briggs, under whose sanction it was that I wrote my little address at York in December 1848. He requested the excellent ladies of the Bar Convent to make sufficient copies for all the Bishops of Ireland, and enclosed one to each, with a letter from himself, requesting to know whether they would approve of their distribution. The answers were, without exception, favourable. Among them I will mention, as peculiarly encouraging, that from Dr. Maginn, the late lamented Bishop of Derry, which I have in my possession. I might say much more, which to me seems beautiful on Ireland, as connected with this great subject of the conversion of England: but perhaps what I have said already is enough, and too much for the taste of others, and so I conclude. Humbly but earnestly entreating the Catholics of England to join in pressing the Irish, all and each, men, women, and children, into the cause,

I am, dear Sir,

Your faithful servant in Christ,

IGNATIUS OF S. PAUL, PASSIONIST.

*Retreat of the Annunciation, Woodchester, Jan. 8, 1850.*

P.S.—If any would kindly assist in distributing the little address, they may be had, for a trifling cost, at the Catholic Depository, 23 Essex Quay, Dublin; of Mr. Peter Noonan, 7 Warren Street, Liverpool; or of Burns, Portman Street, London, who has printed some thousands on larger sheets and cards to be posted up in houses. I wish every Irish house might have one. I had the first 20,000 printed from a fund on which I may draw small sums for this purpose. I now wish to be enabled, by selling a proportion, to continue the distribution, at home and abroad, wherever the Irish are found. I trust I may venture to say the address to the Irish will be approved by our Prelates in England as well as in Ireland. I have not had the opportunity of speaking on the subject to many of them, but I have already remarked that it was written under the direction of the Right Rev. Dr. Briggs; and Bishop Wiseman has also given his sanction to it in the most distinct manner by granting indulgences to the devotion principally recommended. I am most happy to be permitted to announce, that he has granted an indulgence of forty days to each of the faithful in the London District who will repeat the Hail Mary for the conversion of England, to be gained once in every day; and another like indulgence of forty days, to be gained once a-day by each of the faithful who exerts himself in any way to spread this devotion of prayer for the conversion of England. Indulgences in this form have already been given by at least two Bishops on the Continent, viz. the Bishops of Liège and of Amiens; and I hope many more will soon follow the example.

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## Ecclesiastical Register.

### ENCYCLIC OF PIUS IX. TO THE ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF ITALY.

HIS Holiness has issued an Encyclical Letter to the Prelates of Italy, on the present posture of affairs in that country and elsewhere, which we much regret that want of space prevents us from giving entire. A few paragraphs only of minor importance are omitted.

Venerable Brothers,—

Health and Apostolical Benediction.

You know and you see, like ourselves, Venerable Brothers, by what perversity in these last times have prevailed certain abandoned men, enemies of all truth, of all justice, of all honesty, who, whether by fraud and artifices of every description, or openly, and casting the dregs of their confusions like a raging sea its foam, are striving to spread in all directions among the faithful people of Italy, unrestrained licentiousness of thought and word, and of all daring and impious actions, to ruin even in Italy the Catholic religion, and, if that could ever be, to overturn it even to its foundations. The whole plan of their diabolical design hath shewn itself in divers places, but especially in the well-beloved city the seat of our supreme pontificate, where, after having constrained us to quit it, they have been able for some months to abandon themselves the more freely to all their madness. Then in the midst of a frightful and sacrilegious confusion of things divine and things human, their rage ascended to such a point that, despising the authority of the illustrious clergy of Rome, and of the Prelates, who by our order remained fearlessly at its head, they did not suffer them even to continue in fear the sacred work of their ministry, and that, without pity for the wretched sick folk, a prey to the anguish of death, they removed from them all the succours of religion, and constrained them to yield up their last sigh amid the blandishments of some wanton harlot.

Although since then the city of Rome and the other provinces of the Pontifical States have been, thanks to the mercy of God, restored by the arms of the Catholic nations to our temporal government; although the wars and disorders which attended these events have in like manner ceased in the other countries of Italy; still these infamous enemies of God and man have not ceased, and cease not, their work of destruction. They can no longer employ open force, but they have recourse to other means,—some hidden under deceitful appearances, others visible to every eye. Surrounded by such great difficulties, holding the supreme charge of all the Lord's flock, and filled with the most lively affliction at the sight of the perils to which the Churches of Italy are particularly exposed, it is for our infirmity, Venerable Brothers, in the midst of sorrows, a great consolation to behold that pastoral zeal of which, during the tempest that has just passed, you have given so many proofs, and which manifests itself yet daily by more and more striking proofs. However, the gravity of the occasion presses on us to rouse still more earnestly, by our word and our exhortations, according to the duty of our apostolic charge, your fraternity,—called to share our solitudes, to fight with us, and in unity, the battles of the Lord, to prepare and to adopt with a single heart all the measures by which, with God's bless-

ing, the evil already done in Italy to our holy religion shall be repaired, and the perils with which it is immediately threatened shall be prevented and repelled.

Among the numberless frauds which the aforesaid enemies of the Church are in the habit of using to render the Catholic faith odious to the Italians, one of the most perfidious is that opinion which they do not blush to affirm and to noise abroad every where, that the Catholic religion is an obstacle to the glory, the greatness, and proficiency of the Italian nation; and that consequently, in order to restore to Italy the splendour of the ancient times—that is to say, of the Pagan times—it is necessary to substitute, in the place of the Catholic religion, to insinuate, to propagate, and to set afoot the teaching of the Protestants and their conventicles. One knows not, in such assertions, which is the most detestable—the perfidy of their word or the impudence of their shameless falsehood.

The spiritual good whereby, being withdrawn from the power of darkness, we are transported into the light of God, whereby, grace justifying us, we are made heirs of Christ in the hope of eternal life—this good of souls, emanating from the holiness of the Catholic religion, is certainly of such a price that, compared with this good, all the glory and all the happiness of this world ought to be regarded as a mere nothing. *Quid enim prodest homini, si mundum universum meretur, animæ vero suæ detrimentum patiatur? aut quam dabit homo commutationem pro animâ suâ?\** But far from the profession of the true faith having caused to the Italian race the temporal losses which have been spoken of, it is owing to the Catholic religion that they did not fall, at the breaking up of the Roman empire, into the same ruin as did the nations of Assyria, Chaldæa, Media, Persia, and Macedonia. No educated man, in fact, is ignorant that not only did the most holy religion of Christ rescue Italy from the clouds of those many and great errors that entirely overspread it, but that furthermore, in the midst of the ruin of the ancient empire and the invasions of the barbarians ravaging all Europe, we raised her in glory and greatness above all the nations of the world, in such wise that, by a singular benefit of God, Italy, possessing in her bosom the sacred chair of Peter, has held, by divine religion, an empire more solid and more extensive than her old earthly dominion.

This singular privilege of possessing the Apostolic See, and of beholding by that very means the Catholic religion taking the strongest root among the people of Italy, has been for that country the source of other and innumerable benefits; for the most holy religion of Christ, the mistress of true wisdom, the avenging protectress of humanity, the fertile mother of all virtues, turned aside the minds of the Italians from that mournful thirst of glory which had led their ancestors to be perpetually making war, to hold foreign nations under oppression, to reduce, according to the rights of war then prevalent, an immense multitude of men into the hardest slavery, and, at the same time, illuminating the Italians with the rays of Catholic truth, she led them by a powerful impulse to the practice of justice and of mercy, to the most splendid works of piety towards God and of beneficence towards mankind. Hence arose in the principal cities of Italy so many holy basilicas and other monuments of the Christian ages, which were not the mournful work of a multitude reduced to slavery, but which were freely raised by the zeal of a vivifying charity; to which must be added the pious institutions of every description, whether consecrated to the exercises of the religious life, or to the education of youth, to literature, to arts, to the sound cul-

\* Matt. xvi. 26.

tivation of the sciences, or, lastly, to the consolation of the sick and indigent.

Such, then, is that holy religion, which embraces, under so many divers titles, the salvation, the glory, and the happiness of Italy; that religion which they would desire to make the people of Italy throw aside. We cannot restrain our tears, Venerable Brothers, when we see that there are to be found at this day some Italians perverse enough, abandoned enough to miserable illusions, as not to dread applauding the depraved doctrines of the impious, and conspiring with them for the ruin of Italy.

But you are not ignorant, Venerable Brothers, that the principal authors of this detestable conspiracy have for their object to drive the people, agitated by every wind of perverse doctrine, to the overthrow of all order in human affairs, and to deliver them up to the criminal systems of the newly-invented Socialism and Communism. Now, these men know and see, by the long experience of many ages, that they cannot hope for any approval from the Catholic Church, which, in the keeping of the deposit of the Divine revelation, never allows any thing to be retrenched from, or to be added to, the truths propounded by the faith.

Therefore have they formed the design of attracting the Italian peoples to the opinions and to the conventicles of the Protestants, in which—so they incessantly repeat, in order to seduce them—one ought to see nothing else but a different form of the same true Christian religion, where one can please God as well as in the Catholic Church. Meanwhile, they know that nothing can be more useful to their impious cause than the first principle of the Protestant opinions, the principle of the free interpretation of the sacred Scriptures according to the private judgment of each individual. They are confident that, after having first abused the false interpretation of the sacred writings to spread their errors, they will the more easily—as if in the name of God—drive men onwards, puffed up with the proud license of judging on Divine subjects, to call in question even the common principles of justice and virtue.

God forbid, Venerable Brothers, that that Italy, whence the other nations have been accustomed to draw the pure waters of sound doctrine, because the Apostolic See has been established at Rome, become for them henceforth a stone of stumbling and of scandal! God forbid that this cherished portion of the Lord's vineyard be given over for a prey to wild beasts! God forbid that the Italian people, having drunk madness from the poisoned cup of Babylon, should take up parricidal arms against the Mother Church! As for us and you, whom God, in his secret judgment, has reserved for these times of so great danger, take we care not to fear the stratagems and attacks of those men who conspire against the faith of Italy, as if we had to conquer them by our own strength, since Christ is our counsel and our strength—Christ, without whom we can do nothing, but by whom we can do every thing.\* Labour, therefore, Venerable Brothers,—watch with still greater vigilance over the flock which is entrusted to you, and use all your efforts to defend it from the ambushes and the attacks of ravening wolves. Communicate to each other your designs; continue, as you have already begun, to hold meetings between yourselves, to the end that, having discovered by a united investigation the origin of our evils, and, according to the diversity of places, the principal sources of the dangers, you may be able therein to discover, under the authority and guidance of the Holy See, the most prompt remedies; and that so, unanimously agreeing

\* St. Leo the Great, Ep. ad Rusticum, Narbon.



with us, you may, by God's help, and with all the vigour of the pastoral zeal, apply your cares and labours to render vain all the efforts, all the artifices, all the snares, and all the machinations of the enemies of the Church.

To arrive at this end, we must labour without ceasing, lest the people, too little instructed in the law of the Lord, deadened by the long license of their vices, but faintly perceive the snares which are being spread for them, and the wickedness of the errors which are proposed to them. We earnestly require of your pastoral zeal, Venerable Brothers, never to cease applying all your pains in order that the faithful who are entrusted to you may be instructed, according to the intelligence of each, in the most holy dogmas and precepts of our religion, and that they may be at the same time warned and excited by all means to conform thereunto their life and manners. Influence for that end the zeal of the ecclesiastics, of those of them especially that have the cure of souls, in order that, meditating profoundly on the ministry which they have received in the Lord, and having before their eyes the prescriptions of the Council of Trent,\* they may devote themselves with the greatest activity, according as the necessity of the times requires, to the instruction of the people, and may apply themselves to engrave in the hearts of all the sacred words, the counsels of salvation; making them know, by brief and simple discourses, the vices which they ought to fly in order to avoid eternal pain, the virtues which they ought to seek in order to obtain celestial glory.

It is necessary to take care in an especial manner that the faithful themselves may have profoundly engraven upon their souls the dogma of our most holy religion, on the necessity of the Catholic faith for the obtaining of salvation.† For that end it will be of sovereign utility, that in the public prayers the faithful, united with the clergy, render from time to time particular acts of thanksgiving to God for the inestimable benefit of the Catholic religion, that they all of them hold fast to his infinite goodness, and that they beseech humbly the Father of mercies to deign to protect and preserve inviolate in our countries the profession of the same religion.

You will, however, especially take care to administer to all the faithful, at a convenient time, the sacrament of Confirmation, which, by a sovereign benefit of God, imparts the strength of a particular grace to confess with constancy the Catholic faith, even in the midst of the gravest perils. Nor are you ignorant that it is useful, for the same object, that the faithful, purified from the stains of their sins, expiated by a sincere detestation of them and by the sacrament of Penance, frequently receive with devotion the most holy Eucharist, which is the spiritual nourishment of souls, the antidote which delivers us from daily faults and preserves us from mortal sins, the symbol of that only body of which Christ is the head, and to which He has willed that we should be attached by that strong tie of faith, hope, and charity, so that we may be all that one body, and that there may be no schisms among us.‡

We doubt not but that the curés, their vicars, and the other priests, who on certain days, and especially at the season of fast, devote themselves to the ministry of preaching, will be eager to afford you their cooperation in all these things. However, it is necessary from time to

\* Sess. v. cap. 2. Sess. xxiv. cap. 4 et 7, de Ref.

† This dogma, received from Jesus Christ, and taught by the Fathers and the Councils, is found also in the formulas of Profession of Faith, whether those in use among the Latins, or among the Greeks, or among the other Catholics of the East.

‡ Conc. Tr. Sess. xiii. Decr. de SS. Euchar. Sacramento. Cap. 2.

time to assist their efforts by the extraordinary aids of spiritual exercises and holy missions, which, when they are confided to capable men, are, with the blessing of God, very useful to warm the piety of the good, to excite to a salutary penance sinners and men depraved by long habits of vice, to make the faithful people believe in the knowledge of God, to make them produce all sorts of good works, and, fortifying them with the abundant succour of celestial grace, to inspire into them an invincible horror of the perverse doctrines of the enemies of the Church.

For the rest, in all these things your pains and those of your priests, your fellow-workers, will be directed particularly to make the faithful conceive the greatest horror for those crimes which are committed to the great scandal of their neighbour. For you know how, in divers places, has multiplied the number of those who dare publicly to blaspheme the Saints of heaven, and even the most holy name of God; or who are known as living in concubinage, and sometimes joining incest thereto; or who on holidays devote themselves to servile works, their shops being open; or who, in the presence of Mary, despise the precepts of fasting and abstinence; or who do not blush in the same manner to commit divers other crimes. God grant that, at the voice of pure zeal, the faithful people may represent to themselves and seriously consider the enormous gravity of sins of this kind, and the most severe pains with which their authors shall be punished, as well for the special criminality of each act as for the spiritual danger which they make their brethren incur by the contagion of their bad example. It is written, *Væ mundo à scandalis. Væ homini illi per quem scandalum venit.\**

Among the divers kinds of frauds by which the most crafty enemies of the Church and of human society strive to lead the people astray, that certainly stands among the foremost which they had prepared long ago in their nefarious designs, and which they have discovered in the wicked use of the new system of book-making (*novæ artis librariæ*). To this, therefore, they direct all their attention, that they may never cease publishing among the vulgar, and multiplying, impious pamphlets, journals, and fly-sheets, full of falsehood, calumnies, and seductions. Nay, using even the assistance of the Bible Societies, which have been long ago condemned by this holy See,† they do not fear to scatter abroad the sacred Scriptures, translated, contrary to the rules of the Church,‡ into the vulgar tongue, and so corrupted, and by a detestable daring distorted to a false sense, and under the pretence of religion to recommend the reading thereof to the people. Hence, according to your wisdom, Venerable Brothers, you very well understand with how great vigilance and solicitude you must labour in order that your faithful flocks may abhor the pestiferous reading of those books; and that particularly in regard to the sacred Scriptures they may remember that no man may so arrogate to himself, as, resting on his own prudence, to presume to distort them to his own sense, contrary to the sense in which holy Mother Church has held and doth hold them; to whom, indeed,

\* Matt. xviii. 7.

† There are extant on this subject, besides other preceding decrees, an Encyclical Letter of Gregory XVI., dated 8th May, 1844, which begins, *Inter precipuas machinationes*,—the sanctions of which we also have inculcated in an Encyclical Letter, dated Nov. 9th, 1846.

‡ See Rule 4 of those drawn up by chosen Fathers at the Council of Trent, and approved by Pius IX. in the Constitution *Dominici gregis*, March 24th, 1564, and an addition made to the same by the Congregation of the Index, by authority of Benedict XIV., June 17, 1757 (all which matters are usually prefixed to the Index of Prohibited Books).

alone has it been commanded by Christ the Lord that she keep the deposit of the faith, and judge concerning the true sense and interpretation of the divine oracles.

But to restrain the contagion of wicked books,\* it will be highly useful, Venerable Brothers, that whoever about you are men of distinguished and sound learning should put forth other writings also of small bulk, first of all, of course, approved of by you, unto the edification of the faith and the salutary instruction of the people. And it will be thenceforward your care that the same writings, as also other books, in like manner of incorrupt doctrine and approved utility, written by others, be circulated among the faithful, according as the circumstances of places and persons shall suggest.

But all who labour with you for the defence of the faith will have especially an eye to this, that they confirm, defend, and deeply fix in the minds of your faithful people that piety, veneration, and respect towards this supreme See of Peter, in which you, Venerable Brothers, so greatly excel. Let the faithful people remember that there here lives and presides, in the person of his successors, Peter, the Prince of the Apostles,† whose dignity faileth not even in his unworthy heir.‡ Let them remember that Christ the Lord hath placed in this chair of Peter the unshaken foundation of his Church,§ and that He gives to Peter himself the keys of the kingdom of heaven,|| and that He prayed therefore that his faith might fail not, and commanded him to confirm his brethren therein;¶ so that the successor of St. Peter holds the primacy over the whole world, and is the true Vicar of Christ and Head of the whole Church, and Father and Doctor of all Christians.\*\*

And it is assuredly in the maintenance of this communion of the nations with the Roman Pontiff, and of their obedience to him, that a short and compendious road is found to preserve them in the possession of the Catholic faith. For neither is it possible that any one should ever in any point whatever rebel against the Catholic faith, except he also throw aside the authority of the Roman Church, in which is extant the unchangeable dictation (*informabile magisterium*) of the same faith founded by the Divine Redeemer, and in which, therefore, has always been preserved that tradition which is derived from the Apostles. Hence it is that not only the ancient heretics, but even the Protestants, whose disunion in the rest of their principles is otherwise so great, have had this always in common, that they attacked the authority of the Apostolic See, which never at any time, or by any art or endeavour, have they been able to persuade to allow of even so much as one of their errors. Wherefore, also, the enemies of God and of human society at this day leave nothing unattempted to tear away the Italian people from their obedience to us and to that same Holy See; supposing, of course, that then, and then only, may they possibly succeed in contaminating Italy itself with the impicity of their doctrine and new systems.

And as regards these wicked doctrines and systems, it is now known to all men that they chiefly have an eye to this, that, abusing the name of liberty and equality, they may insinuate the ruinous inventions of Communism and Socialism among the common people. But it is evident that the masters of Communism or Socialism themselves, though

\* See Conc. Hist. Sess. iv. in Decret. de Editione et usu Sacrorum Librorum.

† Ex actis Ephesini Concilii, Art. iii. et S. Petro Chrysologo Epist. ad Eutychem.

‡ Leo M. Serm. in Anniv. Assumpt. suæ.

§ V. Matt. xvi. 18.

|| Ibid. v. 19.

¶ Luke xxii. 31, 32.

\*\* Ex Conc. œcumenico Florentino in Def. seu. Decr. Unionis.



acting by different ways and methods, have at least this design in common, that, after having deceived the working classes and others, chiefly of the lower ranks, by their fallacies, and deluded them with the promise of a happier condition, they may agitate them with continual commotions, and train them, by degrees, for greater crimes, in order that hereafter they may be able to use their assistance to attack the rule of every superior authority, to rob, sack, or invade the possessions, first of the Church, and afterwards those of all others whomsoever; to violate, in fine, all divine and human laws, unto the destruction of the Divine worship, and the subversion of all the order of civil societies. In this extreme danger of Italy, it is your office, Venerable Brothers, to strain every nerve of pastoral zeal, that the faithful people may perceive that such like perverse principles and systems, if they allow themselves to be deceived by them, will end alike in their temporal and eternal ruin.

Let, therefore, the Faithful entrusted to your care be admonished, that it pertains to the very nature of human society, that all ought to obey the authority legitimately constituted in it, and that nothing can be changed in the precepts of the Lord which are proclaimed in the sacred Scriptures on that subject; for it is written: "Subjecti estote omni humanæ creature propter Deum, sive Regi, quasi præcellenti, sive ducibus, tanquam ab eo missis ad vindictam malefactorum, laudem verò bonorum; quia sic est voluntas Dei, ut beneficientes obmutescere faciat imprudentium hominum ignorantiam: quasi liberi, et non quasi velamen habentes malitiæ libertatem, sed sicut servi Dei."\* And again: "Omnis anima potestatibus sublimioribus subdita sit: non est enim potestas nisi à Deo: quæ autem sunt, à Deo ordinate sunt: itaque qui resistit potestati, Dei ordinationi resistit: qui autem resistunt, ipsi sibi damnationem acquirunt."†

Let them know, moreover, that in like manner it belongs to the natural and therefore unchangeable condition of human affairs, that even among those who are not in high authority, still some prevail over others, whether on account of different endowments of soul or body, or on account of riches and external goods of that kind: nor by any pretence of liberty and equality can it ever come to pass that it be lawful to attack, or in any way whatsoever to violate, the possessions or the rights of others. Under this head also do we find Divine precepts every where inculcated in holy Scripture, whereby we are strictly prohibited, not merely from seizing the property of others, but even from coveting it.‡

But if the same faithful, despising the fatherly admonitions of their pastors and the above-mentioned commands of the Christian law, allow themselves to be deceived by the aforesaid promoters of the conspiracies of the day, and choose to plot with them for the perverse systems of Socialism and Communism, let them know and seriously consider that they are treasuring up unto themselves with the Divine Judge treasures of vengeance against the day of anger; nor that any temporal utility can in the mean time arise to the people from that conspiracy, but rather new increase of miseries and calamities. For it is not given unto man to found new societies and communities opposed to the natural condition of human affairs; and therefore, if such conspiracies were spread throughout Italy, no other issue could come of them than that the existing state of human affairs having been shaken and overthrown to its foundation, by mutual attacks of citizens against citizens, by usurpations and slaugh-

\* 1 Peter ii. 13, sq.

† Rom. xiii. 1, sq.

‡ Exod. xx. 15, 17; Deut. v. 19, 21.

ters, some few men at length, enriched by the spoils of many, should snatch the supreme dominion in the midst of the general ruin. \* \* \*

The Church of God draws from monasteries, when they are well conducted, an immense utility and a great glory, and the regular clergy afford to yourselves, in your labours for the health of souls, a precious succour, which is the reason, Venerable Brothers, why we desire you first of all to assure, on our part, the religious families of each of your dioceses, that in the midst of such great sorrow we have in a special manner felt the evils which several of them have had to suffer in these bad times, and that the courageous patience, the constancy in the love of virtue and of their religion, of which a great number of Religious have given the example, has been to us a source of consolation so much the more lively, because we have seen others of them, forgetting the sanctity of their profession, to the great scandal of good people, and filling with bitterness our heart and the hearts of their brethren, shamefully go astray. In the second place, you will exhort in our name the chiefs of those religious families, and, when necessary, the superiors who are administering them, to neglect none of the duties of their charge, in order to render regular discipline, where it is maintained, more and more vigorous and flourishing, and to re-establish it in all its integrity and all its force, wherever it may have received some diminution. Those superiors will unceasingly, both by admonitions, representations, and reproaches, remind the Religious of their houses that they ought seriously to consider by what vows they are bound towards God; to apply themselves to keep what they have promised to Him; to observe inviolably the rules of their institute; to abstain from all that is not compatible with their vocation; to give themselves up wholly to the works which comprise charity towards God and our neighbours, and the love of perfect virtue. On all these subjects let the rulers of those Orders vigilantly take care that the entrance to them be not opened to any person except after a profound and scrupulous examination of his life, his manners, and his character; and that no person be admitted therein to the religious profession, except after having given, in a novitiate made according to the rules, proofs of a true vocation, in such wise that one may have good reason to presume that the novice does not embrace the religious life except to live unto God alone, and to labour, according to the rule of his institute, for his own salvation and that of his neighbour. On this point, we desire and intend the observation of all that was commanded and prescribed for the good of religious families in the Decrees published on January 25th of last year, by our Congregation, on the state of the Regulars,—Decrees clothed with the sanction of our apostolical authority.

After having thus spoken to you of the regular clergy, we desire to recommend to your fraternity the instruction and education of clerks minors; for the Church can have little hope of finding worthy ministers except among those who from their youth and their first age have been, according to the prescribed rules, formed unto that holy ministry. Continue, then, Venerable Brothers, to use all your resources—to put forth all your efforts, in order that the recruits of the sacred soldiery may be as much as possible received in the ecclesiastical seminaries from their earliest years, and that, ranged around the tabernacle of the Lord, they may grow and increase, like a new plantation, in innocence of life, religion, modesty, the ecclesiastical spirit; learning at the same time from chosen masters—whose teaching shall be fully exempt from all danger of error—letters, the elementary and higher sciences, but above all, sacred letters and sciences.

But as you will not be able, without difficulty, to complete the education of all the clerks minors in the seminaries, and as assuredly the younger portion of the laity ought besides to be also the object of your pastoral solicitude, watch equally, Venerable Brothers, on all the other schools, public and private, and as much as in you lies, employ your influence and use your efforts, in order that in those schools the studies may be in all respects conformable to the rule of Catholic doctrine, and that the youth assembled therein, receiving instructions in letters, arts, and sciences, may have none but masters irreproachable in respect to religion and manners, who, teaching them also true virtue, may place them in a position of perceiving the snares set by the impious, of avoiding their miserable errors, and of serving usefully and honourably Christian society and civil society.

It is for this reason that you will claim the principal authority—an authority wholly unfettered—over the professors of the various branches of sacred study, and over all things which belong to religion, or which touch upon it nearly. Be vigilant that in nothing, and for the sake of nothing, but above all in nothing that touches the affairs of religion, any books are used in the schools except those which are free from every suspicion of error. Warn those who have the charge of souls to be your vigilant co-operators in all that concerns the schools of children and of youth of the first age. Let not the schools be confided to any but masters and mistresses of approved virtue; and in order to teach the elements of the Christian faith to infants, whether boys or girls; let such books only be used as are approved of by the Holy See. On this point we cannot doubt but that the curés will be the first to give the example, and that, urged by your incessant exhortations, they will apply themselves every day more and more to instruct infants in the elements of Christian doctrine, remembering that that is one of the gravest duties of the charge with which they are entrusted.\* You ought in like manner to recal to them that, in their instructions, whether addressed to children or to the people, they should never lose sight of the Roman Catechism, published conformably to the Decrees of the Council of Trent, by order of Pope Pius V., our predecessor of immortal memory, and recommended to all pastors of souls by other sovereign Pontiffs—for example, by Clement XIII., as “a means, of all others the most proper, to repel the deceits of perverse opinions, to propagate and to establish, in a solid manner, true and sound doctrines.”† \* \* \*

It is, then, our duty and yours, Venerable Brothers, not to recoil before any labour; to face all difficulties, to employ all the force of our pastoral zeal to protect among the Italian people the worship of the Catholic religion, not only by opposing ourselves energetically to the efforts of the impious who are carrying on the conspiracy of tearing Italy herself from the bosom of the Church, but still more in labouring mightily to recal into the way of salvation those degenerate sons of Italy who have already had the weakness to allow themselves to be led astray.

But every excellent good, and every perfect gift, comes from above; let us, therefore, approach with confidence to the throne of grace, Venerable Brothers; let us not cease to pray with supplication, to beseech by public and private prayers the Heavenly Father of lights and mercies, that by the merits of his only Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, turning his face from our sins, He may enlighten in his clemency all spirits and

\* Concil. Trid. Sess. xxiv. c. 4, Benedict. XIV. Constitution; *Etsi minimè* of Feb. 7th, 1742.

† Encyclic to all the Bishops, of June 14, 1761.



all hearts by the virtue of his grace; that subduing rebellious wills, He may glorify Holy Church with new victories and new triumphs, and that in all Italy, and in every land, the people which serve Him may increase in number and in merit. Let us also invoke the most holy Mother of God, the immaculate Virgin Mary, who by her all-powerful patronage with God, obtaining all whatsoever she asks, cannot ask in vain. Let us invoke with her Peter, the prince of the Apostles, Paul, his brother in the apostolate, and all the saints of heaven, that God most merciful, appeased by their prayers, may turn from the faithful people the scourges of his anger, and, accord, in his goodness, unto all those who bear the name of Christians, power by his grace, both to reject whatever is contrary to the holiness of that name, and to practise whatever is conformable thereunto.

Lastly, Venerable Brothers, in testimony of our lively affection towards you, receive the Apostolical benediction, which from the bottom of our heart we lovingly impart both to you and to the clergy, and to the faithful lay people entrusted to your vigilance.

*Datum Neapoli in Suburbano Portici die viii. Decembris anni 1849,  
Pontificatus nostri an. iv.*

PIUS PP. IX.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE BISHOP OF LA ROCHELLE AND THE REV. FATHER NEWMAN, ON THE "ESSAY ON DEVELOPMENT."

WHEN the translation of Father Newman's "Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine" first appeared, the Bishop of La Rochelle, whose diocese contains a considerable number of Protestants, gave the kindest reception to this remarkable work. The learned and venerable Prelate, not satisfied with publishing his opinion on the book, wrote also a letter to the author, expressive of his admiration and joy, and also of the hopes he entertained in consequence of his conversion. This letter, which, although written two years ago, has only just been published, will doubtless be read with interest.

La Rochelle, January 29, 1848.

MY REVEREND FATHER,—How soothing and satisfactory it is to me to give you this title, which tells of the progress you have made in the ways of perfection, and of that which it will be your duty still to achieve for the welfare of your soul and of the souls of your brethren!

I congratulate you on your obedience to the calls of divine grace, and that you have "not taken counsel with flesh and blood" (Gal. i. 16). I congratulate my holy Mother the Church for having obtained such a victory. I congratulate those upright minds whom your example and your preaching will, I am confident, bring back in great numbers to the bosom of truth. While yet you were afar off, while yet at times you appeared to wage war against her, so to say, this heaven-born Truth followed you still with holy yearnings; she loved you; she grew insensibly upon your heart and upon your mind; she invited you, by her side and under her banner, to fight the battles of the Lord. When, in the silence of your study, you interrogated the traditions of Christian antiquity up to the cradle of the Church, when you searched into your

vast stores of erudition, you did not allow yourself to be led away by the seductions of the "knowledge that puffeth up;" you were guided by "the charity that edifieth;" and, as one of the old Fathers has it, "in Saviour is never complete except with his Church, from which He never books you sought Jesus Christ." You have found Him; this divine separates Himself, and which never separates herself from Him, who is the sovereign truth, as she is the "pillar and foundation of truth." He presented to you this "glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle;" and He invited you powerfully to become unto her a docile and obedient child. This you have done. You belong entirely to Jesus Christ and to his Church. Earth rejoices at the tidings; the angels have leapt with joy; the powers of hell have trembled, foreseeing what is to come from this glad event.

When I first took up the learned work in which you explain the motives which made you decide on returning to the centre of unity, I laboured, I will not conceal it from you, under a twofold apprehension. My first fear was, lest the depth of your thought might put your work somewhat beyond the reach of ordinary minds; in the next place, I was afraid of meeting in it, oftener than I wished, such remains of the old prejudices in which you had been brought up as might tend to beget, in the minds of your readers, rather a feeling of uncertainty as to the completeness of our faith than sympathy and attachment to the faith itself. So delicate a matter is the faith, and so adverse to the slightest admixture of error! And now to be candid: it must be owned that your book is adapted to men of learning—to thinking men, and to few others; true also it is, that the more the reader proceeds with the interesting perusal, the more do obscurities vanish, so that he is richly repaid for the attention he has given to the premisses by the consolations with which their consequences abound. Then he runs over, with no less ease than delight, these profound and beautiful pages, each line of which is a fresh homage to truth.

With respect to the second apprehension, "I had fear where no fear had place;" or at least I had carried my misgivings too far. I found in your language such a tone of honesty as shews that you will never have to be ashamed of what you have put forward. Some points, however, there are, which I should think might gain by further explanation in the sense laid down by our doctors. I would draw your attention to page 413 of Mr. Gondon's translation, in which you say, "that the practice of primitive times seems to have been, that the remission of grievous sins could only take place once." It is not necessary to quote to a learned writer like yourself the many authorities which we may bring forward from Scripture and Church history, to shew how sins were forgiven again and again, even should the offence be committed, as our Lord says, seventy times seven times; making it evident that it was not in vain that Jesus Christ conferred upon his Apostles the power of forgiving all manner of sins at all times, no matter their number or their enormity, were they even as multiplied as those of the young man about whom the beloved Apostle was so solicitous. This young man, who had derived so little benefit from baptism, merited, nevertheless, by the sincerity of his repentance and avowal, to be absolved by St. John from his sins of debauchery, theft, and murder. What, again, more scandalous than the conduct of the incestuous Corinthian, who, nevertheless, after excommunication, was reconciled to God by the authority of the great Apostle. For, "if we confess our sins," says St. John, "God is faithful and just," and He is pledged to pardon all sins which are confessed with the requisite dispositions. I will not here quote Denis de St. Marthe, or the

learned Scheffmacher, who has abridged, in his fourth Letter, what a great number of theologians have laid down more at length. You know what the learned Bellarmine, among others, has written upon this matter (*Controv. t. iii. ; De Pœnit. l. 3*). I will also pass over the expression of bread and wine, which you sometimes make use of in speaking of the consecrated species in the holy Eucharist, the context, however, clearly shewing that in employing this incorrect expression, it is far from your intention in the least degree to weaken the doctrine of transubstantiation. The only reason I allude to this expression is, that no one may imagine that a Bishop of the Church has passed it by unconcerned. I cannot forget that, at the time you wrote this work, you were still reported as belonging to the Anglican Church. On this account I abstain from making some other observations to which your work might give rise.

For the rest, there is manifest in all your writings an upright loyal mind, earnestly seeking the truth, which in such a case cannot fail to manifest itself. The proof of this is what you have done; not a moment have you been stopped by the thought of all that you were to sacrifice upon entering into the holy Roman Church. Your lofty, noble, and disinterested nature has taken its flight far above the things of earth. This sublimity shines out in every part of your writings. Your glance is that of the eagle; your views are invariably vast and heaven-born, no less in their conclusions than in their first principles.

You were, in your heart, a child of the Church when you began to write; for truly by your honesty and high religious feelings were you of the number of those for whom the royal prophet besought God, saying, "Extend thy mercy to them that know Thee, and thy justice to them that are right of heart;" and thus indeed "is light risen to the just, and joy to the right of heart."

Any person who reads your book attentively cannot but be struck by the manner in which God's grace pursued you. It did not waylay you, like as it did Saul going to Damascus; it seemed but to whisper to you, "Behold, I stand at the gate and knock." Eagerly did you open wide the gates of your heart, and with joy did you receive grace. Hand in hand with it came truth, its inseparable companion, and never until that day had you seen it so bright and comely, for it was fitting it should so appear to you as the reward of your long seeking. From this very seeking, it was quite plain that you were not the man of a mere system, without any aim but that of furthering the spread of your own conceptions; for you were not unmindful of the great Apostle's sentence against the heretic, "that is subverted, being condemned by his own judgment" (*Tit. iii. 11*).

My astonishment would not, however, be great, should your wonderful essay meet with opponents; it is not to be expected that it should be approved by persons with whom your return to the Church finds no mercy. Be that as it may, my surprise would be great indeed were any adversary to dare attempt refutation, or put his shoulder against an Atlas which would not fail to crush him. The most venturesome of disputants would shrink from the task, however tempting the proffered reward. Vain was it that Prussia pledged itself to be generous towards the author who should succeed in refuting Mohler's *Symbolik*.

I say it again, my Reverend Father, you were a Catholic at heart even before you belonged to the body of the Church; and if previous to writing the work I have now in view, you sometimes made use of expressions which the delicacy of Roman orthodoxy cannot admit, we may now excuse, with greater freedom, these indications of early prejudice,



inasmuch as no sooner were you enlightened by truth than you nobly redeemed the blemish by a disavowal which made us in a manner consider it as a "happy fault."

Those persons whom you have offended by the step you have taken will at least not have it in their power to accuse you of having taken it blindly: your great talents and solid learning are well known to them: they know that, however well skilled you may be in the different sciences, religion was ever the chief object of your studies and research.

Your work is indeed a noble one. How it interests the reader as he proceeds onward! The style itself rises gradually more and more as the matter is unfolded. You have enlivened and set forth under a new and more complete aspect thoughts which others had only sketched and suggested. Your views astonish and captivate; and as by degrees you shew yourself to be a Catholic, we bless the Almighty who has given an apologist to his Church by a path hitherto unknown; and we cry out in the joy of our hearts, "The finger of God is here."

Those of our brethren who are separated from us will not, when reading you, have it in their power to accuse you of bitter language. If they are right of heart, even as you are, if like you they seek truth, like you too they will say when they have concluded the work, "My eyes have seen thy salvation."

For my part, long before I became acquainted with your writings I held you in esteem; and I thank Heaven for having opened your eyes by a still more merciful dispensation than those of Tobias, because in vouchsafing you this grace, He has had in view, not your own sanctification only, but that also of many others, whom, under God, you are called to enlighten. "Thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare his ways, to give knowledge of salvation to his people . . . to enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death: to direct our feet into the way of peace."

Before I conclude this long letter, it is impossible for me not to tell you of the pleasure you have given me by the way in which you speak of the most holy and immaculate Virgin. I entreat her earnestly to take you under her protection during life—a long one, I trust, and full of good works—and also at your death, which I pray and hope may number you with the predestined.

Accept the assurance of the feelings of respect with which I remain, my Reverend Father, your very humble and obedient servant,

CLEMENT, Bishop of La Rochelle.

Before this letter had reached him, Father Newman had already written as follows to the Bishop of La Rochelle, to thank him for a judgment he had passed upon his work:

Monseigneur,—It is with feelings of deep emotion that I have read the letter addressed by your Lordship to M. Jules Gondon on my book. It shews, no less than the two articles signed by your Lordship in the *Ami de la Religion*, such kindness and indulgence as fills me with the liveliest gratitude. You have deigned to put yourself in the place of the author when he wrote his work, sympathising with his difficulties, and making allowance for them in your appreciation of his labours.

As far as the success of the book is concerned, I am in no ways anxious, leaving every thing in God's hands. If it be his will to make use of the hypothesis of development, and to turn it to the defence of his Church, I shall never cease to praise his holy name. If, on the other hand, He sees that it is not available for his glory, I bow without regret to his supreme will.

In either case, never shall I recall to mind the favourable manner in which you have judged my work without feeling the most tender, the deepest gratitude. Besides, when I reflect upon the political struggles in which your country is at this moment engaged, it is impossible for me not to be struck by your condescension, nor to estimate still more highly this precious mark of your kind favour.

That God may ever bless your Lordship, and shed upon you abundantly all his grace at this critical moment, is the earnest prayer I make to Heaven for your Lordship.

Be pleased, my Lord, to accept the testimony of the feelings of gratitude and deep devotion with which I remain,

My Lord,  
Your very humble and obedient servant,  
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

In a letter written at a later period, the author of the *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine* made the following humble submission to the criticisms of the Bishop of La Rochelle on some passages of his work :

“ It is from the bottom of my heart that I submit what I have written to the judgment of the Church. When I composed my work I had not the happiness of being of the number of her children. The book, therefore, is but a mere essay ; it does but enter upon a subject scarcely mooted up to our days, and of such extreme delicacy, that one hardly dare handle it. I cannot, then, but be thankful to those who are good enough to point out to me any portions of my work which appear to them ambiguous. But when dignity of rank, superiority of intellect, and acknowledged sanctity, are united in the person who deigns to take notice of my essay, unthankful indeed should I be were I to refuse him the tribute of my gratitude and lasting attachment.

“ Be pleased, my Lord, to receive my very sincere thanks for the encouragement you have bestowed upon me by the too indulgent criticisms you have passed upon my work.

“ Your Lordship’s very humble servant,  
“ JOHN H. NEWMAN, Congr. Orat.

“ Oratory, Birmingham, 30th October, 1849.”

The *Univers* (from which the above correspondence has been translated) concludes by announcing to its readers that a French translation of Father Newman’s *Discourses addressed to Mixed Congregations* will shortly be ready for press.

NEW COLLEGE AT ST. WILFRID’S.—The Fathers of the Oratory are proposing, with the sanction of the Bishop of the district, to open a college at their house of St. Wilfrid’s, near Cheadle, Staffordshire. They expect to be ready for commencing at Easter next, and their object is to place the peculiar advantages of the old English Universities within the reach of such students as may desire to continue their education beyond the age at which it is usually finished at our existing Catholic Colleges. The terms will not be less than 150*l.* per annum. The Fathers will be prepared to give instruction in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Syriac, Italian, German, and French ; besides mathematics and general literature. A more detailed account will shortly be ready.

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# The Rambler.

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## PART XXVII.

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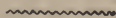
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### To Subscribers to the Rambler.

THE third of our series of designs for Town Churches is unavoidably postponed until our next Number.

Applications having been frequently made for complete sets of the *Rambler* from its commencement, and some few of the earlier Numbers being out of print, they will be reprinted as soon as a sufficient number of orders are received to pay the expense of reprinting. Subscribers wishing to complete their sets are therefore requested to give immediate orders to the Publishers, 17 Portman Street, Portman Square, and 63 Paternoster Row, London.



### To Correspondents.

*Peregrinus.*—We should recommend to *Peregrinus* the perusal of a sermon on "Faith and Doubt" in Father Newman's recently published *Discourses addressed to Mixed Congregations*.

# The Rambler,

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

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VOL. V.

MARCH 1850.

PART XXVII.

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## THE PROGRESS OF CATHOLIC POVERTY.

WE are about to commit a *great* impertinence, and whether to commence it with an apology we know not. Miss Edgeworth, in her *Essay on Irish Bulls*, advises all story-tellers to beware of prefacing their anecdotes with such a phrase as, "I can tell you such a capital story," lest they blunt the point of their coming witticisms. So too, perhaps, if we apologised for our fault before being guilty of it, its edge might be taken off, and pardon would be more readily accorded. Still, it is not always those who seem most conscious of their misdeeds who meet with the most cordial forgiveness. There are persons who fancy that they may say the rudest things in the world, if only they begin with suitable expressions of courtesy. Others imagine that a strong dose of the sugar of flattery will cover the nauseousness of the most unpalatable truths. Others, again, lengthen their visage, and express their poignant regret at being forced to utter an unwelcome remark; while some, more foolish than all, commence with anticipating their victim's ill-humour, and, by way of softening his asperity, inform him that they know he *always* dislikes to hear the truth, but notwithstanding,—and so forth. Nevertheless, we suspect that none of these stratagems can be relied on for success. It passes the skill of a druggist to cause a bottle of medicine to be mistaken for a draught of pleasant wine. Physic is physic, and impertinence is impertinence, whether it convey a wholesome truth or not.

Besides, we are not sure that what we are about to commit is really so great an impertinence, after all. There are some faults so nearly akin to virtues, that a man rather likes to be blamed for them than otherwise. Did any dare-devil of a soldier or sailor ever take it in dudgeon, that some wary old

officer shook his head solemnly at him for his rash, impetuous bravery? The *excess* of any virtue, when we are ourselves the chief sufferers by it, is seldom accounted very shameful by any class of persons. Perhaps, therefore, our contemplated rudeness will turn out to be regarded as a positive compliment, and those to whom an apology has been thought due will be the first to say, If this is your meddling, pray meddle on.

But to proceed with our impertinence, whether real or imaginary. We are about to offer our clerical friends a suggestion on the subject of excessive modesty. A strange fault, in truth, to be imputed to them, if there be any ground for the popular notion respecting the craft and audacity of the Catholic priesthood. And doubly singular is the particular instance in which—as we believe—they display this excess of an admirable virtue, if the vulgar theory of the origin of the past wealth of the Church have the slightest foundation in fact. That this cunning, tyrannical, hypocritical class of men *are*, nevertheless, in one point to be charged with carrying one of the most amiable of graces to excess, and that they do this in that very point in which the world supposes that they most unblushingly display their impudence, few *Catholics* will be found to deny. While, for some centuries past, the mind of Protestant England has been possessed with the image of a Catholic priest, as one whose best energies were devoted to the extracting of large sums of money from his flock for his own private use and benefit, it is a fact notorious to observant Catholics that their clergy positively have gone to the opposite extreme; and that whatever may be the merits of the Catholic laity of this country, a self-sacrificing devotion of their worldly goods for the benefit of religion is by no means the most brilliant of their virtues. As we have already said, it may be accounted a gross impertinence in us to handle such a topic in our pages. It may be alleged that we are stepping out of our province, and assuming a right to dictate where we ought to be humble learners. But yet we do venture to touch upon it, seeing its overwhelming importance, and the disasters which must assuredly overwhelm us, if, for want of some rousing voice, we continue to do nothing but wait upon Providence, as hitherto, and expect our evils to cure themselves.

The subject, then, to which we are so bold as to call the attention of all classes of English Catholics is this: that unless the whole body of Catholic laity be awoke to new ideas respecting their *duty* to the Church and to its ministers, our difficulties are such that no eye can foresee the extent of the



mischiefs that will befall us. This work *must* be undertaken and accomplished by the clergy. The feeble voice of journalists can do little towards opening men's eyes to their duties and their privileges as Catholics. It is not their proper function; they can only aid in a degree in the good work, and act as a medium of communicating ideas and information through a far larger circle than can be reached by any other means.

That the laity, as a body, *do* stand in need of the infusion of a new spirit, will scarcely be doubted by any candid mind. That many noble exceptions are to be found in the ordinary dead level of comfortable self-cherishing, we are as far as possible from denying. And yet the glowing and often absurdly exaggerated eulogies which are passed upon an occasional act of true Christian munificence, are enough to shew that such deeds are lamentably rare. The ridiculous terms in which nobles and commoners are held up almost to be worshipped as gods, because they deny themselves for the sake of building a church or paying a debt, proves unhappily that the prevailing standard of self-denial is so low that a man cannot even *aim* at perfection without being counted singular, and being glorified as if already a hero and a saint. Nor, again, can it be doubted that a very large number of Catholics of the middle and upper ranks are perpetually giving to some religious purpose or other. The "calls" which come from various quarters are well-nigh incessant, and those who respond to them are proportionately numerous. But though the gifts are manifold, their entire amount, in an immense number of cases, is very far from involving any real self-denial on the part of the giver. Guinea goes after guinea, to church, or school, or bazaar, or raffle; but the amount at the end of the year is far short of that sum which would entitle its contributor to claim the merit of one who *sacrifices* this world's goods for the sake of another world.

Forgotten as it now is, that the Catholic Church has ever laid down any rule by which her children should be guided in the dedication of a part of their wealth to spiritual purposes, it is certain that she *has* done so. Though she has not enforced this rule as absolutely binding on all persons and in all circumstances, it is impossible to gainsay that in it we must look for the mind of the Church, and that we are bound to set up no *opposing rule* of our own. By this regulation the Church has decided that the proper portion of a Catholic's income which ought to be devoted to religious ends is one-tenth. She does not, be it observed, fix this proportion for exceptional cases, but for all. She names it as what she expects from every

Christian, as his contribution to the expenses of that spiritual government of which he reaps the benefit, and to the ordinary necessities of the poor.

Now we request our brother Catholics to ask themselves in how many instances does a man's almsgiving at this present day amount to one-tenth of his income? How many lay people are there, who possess 500*l.* a year, who give 50*l.* of it to religion? How many are there whose income amounts to 1000*l.*, whose yearly offerings to the Church reach 100*l.*? How many of our landowners, gentry, baronets, and peers, whose incomes range from 2000*l.* to 10,000*l.*, 20,000*l.*, or 30,000*l.*, devote, as a rule, 200*l.*, 1000*l.*, 2000*l.*, or 3000*l.*, to the support of the clergy, the building of churches and schools, and the education of the poor? Let every man's conscience reply; and as we know not what each conscience will utter in secret, let the reply be found in the subscription-lists of our charitable societies, of our education committees, of our diocesan funds, in our offertory collections, and in the tales that can be told by our clergy, who are sent forth, as it is said, "to beg." Doubtless, we trust, there are already symptoms of an awakening to higher aspirations; but still, hitherto, it is impossible to deny that English Catholics are not a self-denying body in pecuniary matters, and that they are nearly insensible to the privilege, to the blessedness, of *sacrificing* this life's riches for a higher gain.

That this state of things can be remedied by any means except a determined, searching, and persevering preaching of the duty and privilege of self-denial, is surely impossible. Nothing will rouse the stagnant virtues of our congregations except a bold enforcement of truth, unpalatable as it may be. It may be, and is, a most unpleasant thing to be incessantly urging on a congregation a duty which seems to be enforced for the preacher's own especial benefit. It may require a truly brazen countenance to encounter the frowns or sneers of a comfortable, self-satisfied, money-loving crowd of ladies and gentlemen, and to drive deep into their dull souls the duty of parting with a considerable portion of that gold which is the Englishman's god. But unless this is done, how is it possible to expect to escape from our impending troubles? Mankind do not learn self-denial in the pocket, any more than self-denial in the senses, by nature or inspiration. The laity will no more do their duty to the clergy and the poor, without having that duty clearly, fervently, and incessantly urged upon their consciences, than they will abstain from lying and swearing, or will be diligent in prayer, without being instructed. It is perfectly vain to expect to raise large

sums by holding a bag or a plate under people's eyes, or advertising in the newspapers, or cheating them into charity with lottery-tickets, or by simply telling them what sums are needed. Every man and woman, especially every Englishman and Englishwoman, is naturally devotedly attached to the full amount of his annual income. He thinks it is *his own*. He does not understand why he should not employ it in the purchase of pleasures, or so-called necessities, to the utmost extent that it will go. Almsgiving, except in a small pettifogging way, is just as disagreeable as fasting, or any other bodily austerity. Human nature does not understand it; and when the intellect is enlightened upon it, the inclinations are still obstinate and perverse, and must be trained to a Christian course by the very same teaching which is necessary to make men pray, or meditate, or fast, or tell the truth, or perform any other ordinary Christian duty. And hence it is that *no* device for raising money has ever yet succeeded amongst us. The reason is this, that a large number of modern English Catholics really do not understand their duty, or appreciate the privilege of being allowed to consecrate their wealth to the service of God. They really seem to think themselves saints because their clergy, few as they are, are not *literally* paupers. They talk about providing them sufficient incomes, as if they were giving a subscription for soup to the starving poor. They seem unconscious that a priest has as much *right* to live in a manner becoming his station as the Queen, or the prime minister, or a judge, or a physician; and they equally forget that, in this country at least, the station of a priest is that of a gentleman, though not of a married gentleman with a wife and family of children.

In England, moreover, there is a special necessity for a rigorous enforcement of the duty of Christian munificence. Every nation, like every individual, has its peculiar darling sin. One is impure, another is proud, another is drunken, another is frivolous, another is quarrelsome. But whatever be the sins of others, the palm of loving its purse with a passionate fondness must be conceded to Great Britain. We positively worship our riches. All alike, high and low, rich and poor, gentleman and vagabond, on our bended knees we adore the idol god. The vilest scoundrel passes current in society when his rent-roll is large. The thickest-headed block-head is a genius when his dulness is well backed with gold. The most unmitigated snob is tolerated, and mothers court him as a spouse for their daughters, if his income only reach a certain number of thousands of pounds. In a word, short



of becoming prime minister, or marrying one of the royal family, there is scarcely any thing that a man with enormous wealth, and moderate skill in management, cannot become or cannot do. And English Catholics are as subject to this odious temptation as English Protestants. Their natural character is the same as that of their unbelieving fellow-countrymen. Their *tendency* to wealth-worship is encouraged by almost every free-born Briton they meet with, and by almost every newspaper, magazine, and book they read. And therefore it requires a more than ordinary distinctness and zeal in the teaching of their clergy to preserve them from falling in with this detestable idolatry, and to keep them up to the mark of ordinarily sincere and consistent Catholics.

The fact is, indeed, that we have been continuing *too long* the system which was natural and necessary a hundred or fifty years ago, but which, in our present circumstances, is not only unnatural and unnecessary, but ruinous in the extreme. Until a comparatively recent date, the majority of our Catholic chapels were either attached to some foreign embassy, or to the private house of some wealthy peer or gentleman. In the old days of Catholic trouble, these alone were able to worship God with impunity; while, even in their case, this impunity could not at all times be counted upon. There were also but few Catholic poor, in comparison with the countless multitudes who now throng our great cities since the tide of Irish immigration has set in. To this day the purely English Catholic poor are extremely few. Not one in a hundred is of other than Irish blood. Thus the English Catholic body was one eminently aristocratic and wealthy. It was not called to provide churches and chapels for the sons of poverty, while, in a large number of the chapels which it did possess, some great man provided all the necessary expenses, supported the priest, and neither asked nor wished for any pecuniary aid from the congregation which frequented his chapel. In London also, and other places where Catholics by degrees began to congregate, for a long time the relative proportion of poor and rich was the very reverse of that which now prevails; and when the various chapels of the foreign embassies gradually changed their character, and became, practically, public chapels, still they remained, as of old, the special property of the rich and the comfortable. A system, further, prevailed, for whose abolition we cannot be too thankful. They were made places of *attraction* to the lovers of brilliant music, rather than to the humble and faithful lovers of God. Every thing, in short, conspired to throw the duty of supporting the fabrics of our chapels, with their ex-

penses and the maintenance of the clergy, upon the Catholic gentry and aristocracy.

For many years past all these circumstances have been undergoing a radical change. The proportion of the poor to the rich has become overwhelming. The Church has been summoned to become emphatically, what she ever is when most spiritually prosperous, the Church of the poor. The old custom of looking to nobles, and landowners, and capitalists, for the support of the priesthood and of Divine worship, has been dying out, and is already shewing signs of utter extinction. A tide of myriads of souls has flowed into the sanctuary, and a voice goes up from them to the throne of God, and calls for some to come and save them.

Meanwhile, no corresponding change in her source of pecuniary support has taken place in the Catholic Church of England. Having been, in the days of her persecution and paucity of numbers, a self-supporting Church, she is become so no longer. When she was the Church of the wealthy, the wealthy provided her sustenance. But now she has become the Church of the poor, and no system has been introduced to lead those who ought to profit by her blessings to find the means for their continuance and extension. There are few churches or chapels in the whole kingdom which are not still managed, more or less, on the old plan, or where any thorough systematic attempt has been made to develop the resources of our new position. The vast body of Catholics have not been sufficiently taught their duty to their pastors and to the poor. We are not yet fully alive to the great fact, that by whatever system or organisation the needful funds are gathered together, they *must* come from a community every day becoming poorer. We have not probed the evils of the day to their root, or discovered where the most fruitful source of our poverty lies concealed. The Catholic laity are not yet *disposed* to give, as they would do, after a course of earnest, repeated, and truly Catholic instruction in the doctrines of the Church on the subject of the right use of worldly wealth. They have been treated too civilly for these rough and changing times. The rich too often count it an affront to have a bag thrust under their faces, or to be called upon in private for a subscription; while the poor, except in certain cases, imagine that the rich are to do all for them that they need. And it is not an occasional charity sermon, or a public meeting, or a complimentary phrase, or a piteous lament in the newspapers, or a joke (whether bad or good), or a charity breakfast, or a lottery of knick-knacks, or a bazaar of trinkets and picture-

books, or any such conceivable device, which will cure *this* evil. These schemes, with few exceptions, are but the occasions and methods of *collecting* the offerings which persons are *before* disposed to give. They do not make wretched, selfish human nature self-denying and generous. They do not pierce through the adamantine rock of the worldly heart, and draw forth streams of Christian love and compassion. They are, at best, a temporary excitement; and generally they are a mere tickling of the fancy, or a flattering of the proud, or—to speak plainly—an attempt at compromise between God and Mammon. Those who employ them are often the most cordial in detesting them; and those from whom they extract a few small sums would generally give twice as much if they were appealed to as Christians and people of sense, and not—as is too often the case—as if they were babies and votaries of folly. One great element is necessary to the success of *every* plan for putting our resources into a healthy condition;—the Catholic doctrine on the subject of almsgiving, and of our duty to the clergy, must be wrought into the *heart* and *daily life* of every one amongst us.

It is scarcely possible, indeed, to speak too strongly upon the necessity of looking this mighty fact in the face: that we *must* look to the poor as well as to the wealthy for support. They who have not searched somewhat deeply into the question can have little idea of the radical revolution which has taken place in the nature of our resources, and of the frightful issue to which it must lead us, unless we put our shoulders to the wheel with an intelligent mind and a determined heart. There is one feature, indeed, in our condition, which seems to have escaped the eye of almost all of us, and which yet is pregnant with the mightiest consequences. We are all aware of the tremendous influx of Catholic poor which has taken place during the last half century into this country; but we have overlooked the aggravating difficulty arising from the rapid *decrease* of our past money resources. Not only is the *proportion* of the Catholic rich to the Catholic poor fundamentally changed, but the actual number of wealthy Catholic families and individuals is very considerably less than it was a generation or two ago. And further still, with the exception of the *very* wealthy, they who were formerly able to give largely are now very often able only to give sparingly.

This lamentable change has arisen from two causes, to which we earnestly beg a brief attention. The first of these impoverishing influences is the same which is at this very hour pauperising the whole of this kingdom, save the gigantic



capitalists and land-owners. That system of competition, which, aided by our insane neglect of emigration and colonisation, is every year reducing the means of sustenance of every class in society, except the wealthiest, is naturally working its disastrous results among Catholics as well as among Protestants. Every Catholic whose resources are not derived from the land, and from money in some way put out to interest, feels the effect of this frightful state of economics. For it is a popular delusion to suppose that the terrible pauperising, to which people are now opening their eyes, is confined to the class of mechanics and labourers. It extends through the whole of the enormous middle and professional class of this empire. The iron sway of "capital" presses with deadly weight upon every man and woman whose smaller capital is beaten out of the field by the competition of the greater capitalist. Immense as is the production of these times, the ownership of what is produced is incessantly falling more and more into the hands of the few; and each succeeding year finds those few still fewer in proportion to the whole numbers of their fellow-countrymen.

See, then, the result upon the incomes of our Catholic missions. Ask any long-experienced priest in London, or in any of those provincial towns where Catholics of moderate wealth were wont to congregate, whether he cannot perceive a most striking diminution in the private means of his flock. It is not here or there alone; it is not that while one chapel has suffered, another is benefited. The impoverishment is every where. Let any man who has known the chief English chapels for thirty or forty years reckon up the number of families who in former days kept carriages, and horses, and large establishments, and compare them with the present owners of these luxuries. Go to any Catholic lawyer, or shopkeeper, or merchant, and get him to recall the past; and every where you will hear the same story: those who can give are fewer than they were; and of those who formerly *could* give abundantly, many can do so no more.

The second cause of our impoverishment is peculiar to us as Catholics, but it is as undeniable as if it attached to all the world besides. It is a law of population, well known to those who have studied the subject, that the peculiar mode of life and diet which belongs to the upper classes, in any moderately civilised state, tends directly to the extinction of the human race. What proportion of this tendency may be due to the comforts and the physical indolence of an aristocracy or gentry, and what proportion to their habitual use of a daily *meat* diet, is not exactly ascertained; but it seems probable that it

is the use of animal food to a greater extent than nature contemplates which chiefly produces this remarkable result. The fact, however, is certain, that precisely in proportion as any family rises in the social scale, so does the number of its children, who are born and live to manhood, diminish. Of course there are exceptional cases, but on the whole the law is beyond a question.

Consequently, whenever any series of families are rigidly separated from intermarrying with the rest of the world by their aristocratic rules or traditions, they rapidly diminish in numbers, and in the course of three or four centuries, or less, become nearly extinct. And conversely, when the ordinary diet is not sufficiently stimulating, either from an almost total abstinence from animal food, or from feeding upon the less nutritious species of vegetables, the births *increase* beyond the ordinary ratio, while the general race somewhat deteriorates in physical strength and energy.

Illustrations of this law are every where at hand. Take, for instance, the peerage of this kingdom. Of the present House of Lords, which, including the Scotch and Irish representative peers, but excluding the bishops, consists of about 325 members, there are only *fifteen* whose peerages are more than 300 years old. In other words, the whole of the British peerage as it existed in the year 1550, with the exception of fifteen members, has become extinct. And it is to be remarked, further, that of this fifteen more than the proper proportion consists of Scotch and Irish representative peers.

A similar extinction is nearly completed in the baronetage. Of the 200 English baronets created by James the First, only thirty have representatives remaining; all the rest have disappeared. Foreign countries display the operation of the same law. The Venetian oligarchy, a most exclusive body, became extinct twice in an incredibly short period. The aristocracy of ancient Rome shared the same fate, and was only kept in existence by incessant new creations. Every where aristocracies have been compelled to recruit their ranks by the addition of men sprung from a lower position in the social scale, in whom the vegetable-fed blood had not yet lost all its self-propagating qualities. It has only been by the perpetual uprising of families with naturally healthy constitutions, that these haughty races have continued even to exist, and to cherish that glorification of "pure, ancient blood," which man, in his simple folly, accounts something well-nigh divine. Human nature, physically, has been too strong for human pride. Were it not for the peasant, who struggles on, living upon grain, and roots, and herbs, and, as he rises in the world,

insinuates himself into the ranks of those who scorn him, and carries with him a pure and vigorous constitution, the Divine command to "increase and multiply" would no longer be a possibility. Once more the beasts of the field would range the earth unmolested, for the proud race that had slaughtered them for its food would be itself no more.

On the other hand, mark the effects of this irresistible law of nature upon the poor, where they are driven to the lowest and least nourishing forms of sustenance. Who that is conversant with the agricultural labourers of England has not observed again and again what immense families the poor continually have? How seldom are a labouring couple without children, in comparison with our own personal friends and acquaintances! And then, in Ireland, where, in their happiest estate, millions touch little else but the potato, and know not even the nourishment of wheaten bread, with what tremendous strides does the population advance! We believe we are not overstating the fact when we say, that while the average number of individuals in each English family is but *five*, in Ireland it is very nearly *seven*. Thus, had the toiling children of poverty but their herald's colleges and family genealogies, they would trace the continuation of their ancestry unbroken through age after age, till man was first created; while the races of kings, and princes, and nobles had again, and again, and again been extinguished and forgotten.

Observe, then, with what fatal power this law has told upon the Catholic aristocracy and aristocratic gentry of England. They alone, of all Englishmen, have scarcely at all intermingled with the lower ranks in marriage, or had their vacant places supplied by fresh creations of peerages and baronetages, or by the rising up to an aristocratic position of wealthy men of business and the learned professions. Never was an aristocracy so hedged in by custom and by law. Their blood is the "purest" in the empire, and consequently it has most felt the force of the avenging hand of nature. The Catholic poor, trodden down by depressing penal laws, have not risen upwards by degrees, each generation marrying into a rank higher than that from which it sprung, until it carried its elements of fertility, not yet destroyed, into the expiring houses of the older nobility. The various elements of the English Catholic body have been as rigidly separated from one another as the blood of the royal and imperial families of Europe has been guarded from "defilement" with the common blood of humanity. And therefore it is that in their degree they share the destiny of kings and princes, and gradually pass away from the world, leaving none to bear their



names, or to perpetuate their old hereditary duty of ministering to the necessities of the Church. While the ranks of the Protestant nobility and gentry have been incessantly recruited from below, by men of vast wealth and vegetable-fed blood, the corresponding ranks amongst ourselves have been undergoing one unceasing process of decimation; and the fortunes which were of yore in part consecrated to the service of God have either been dispersed and forgotten, or have passed entire into the hands of the enemies of the Church. Add to this, again, that among the upper ranks there have constantly been occurring apostacies, more than sufficient to counter-balance the conversions of the men of property and title who have submitted to the faith; and we have before us a tolerably complete account of the advance of that impoverishment which meets us on every side, and makes the boldest tremble.

No scheme, therefore, which can be devised for extricating us from our present difficulties, and for enabling us to do our duty to our poorer fellow-Christians, can possibly be of any avail, which does not steadfastly contemplate these portentous facts. No device which is based on the supposition that the Church in England is increasing in wealth, or even retaining her old resources, can prove otherwise than a fountain of bitter disappointment. We share that impoverishment which has come upon the visible Head of the Catholic Church himself. So far as human eye can foresee, *poverty* will henceforth be one of the most formidable obstacles with which the supreme Pontiff and the Government of Rome will have to contend. Taking the Church as a body, and reckoning up her resources in all the various nations to which she extends, every succeeding generation sees her approaching more and more closely to her primitive condition in worldly possessions. As every age beholds some fresh manifestation of her divine power and her undying vitality, some marvellous development of her spiritual resources, some token of that invincible might with which she at once rules and exalts the soul of man, so does it find her stripped of some fresh earthly support, and clinging with ever renewed joy and faith to her invisible resources alone.

And nowhere is this destiny more conspicuous than in our own unbelieving island. While the ancient faith is winning its way to the innermost heart of the nation, and converts from all classes crowd into her fold; while persecuting laws are abrogated, or fall into oblivion, and already the name so long reviled is almost held in honour among men; still she makes no advance towards earthly riches. The small addition she receives from the purses of noble and wealthy converts

seem like an April shower upon an arid desert. There is scarcely a visible token that such things exist. From north to south no power appears to stay the step of all-absorbing poverty.

And far are we from complaining that such is our fate. Surely it augurs well for the spiritual prosperity of the Universal Church, as also of any single branch of it, that we should not advance in treasures of gold as rapidly as in treasures of grace. Let not our eyes be dazzled by the recollection of the gorgeous splendour of the Church in her ages of worldly prosperity, or even wish that such days could return to gladden us and our children. If the Gospel be truth, and not falsehood, then, in the sight of God, poverty is *better* than riches, as persecution is more glorious than honour. Our difficulties are no sign of the Divine displeasure, but rather the reverse. It only remains that we have grace to use them aright, and as a preliminary to that right use, to recognise them as the merciful dispensation of One whose delight it is to confound the wisdom, the power, and the riches of man, by that which is most vile and poor in man's natural sight. Woe be to that Church which, when its Lord calls it to his work by means of poverty, presumes to repine, and to look back complainingly to a bygone era, or overlooks the great truth, that Almighty God rejoices to accomplish his most mighty purposes by the most trivial of human means. What if we become poorer and poorer every day? Was not Jesus Christ a poor man? Were not the Apostles poor men? Were not the vast majority of the early Christians poor men? And was not the Gospel first preached and finally established among men at a time when the fabric of social life was like our own in this respect, that the whole Roman people was gradually separating into the two classes of enormous capitalists and struggling paupers, until at length the entire structure fell to pieces, and the long-persecuted Church stood alone, surviving amid the wreck of nations?

Let no man, then, be afraid, because the entire pecuniary system of English Catholicism is revolutionising itself. Let us not sit down either grieving in uncomforted despair, or turn wistfully back to centuries long past, and picture to ourselves the revival of days when all that was superb and most precious upon earth was laid at the feet of the Church. Let us look our difficulties in the face, and whatever remedies we apply, be well assured beforehand that they are really adapted to the times in which we live. Of the various means by which the offerings of the faithful have been, or can be, collected, let us apply those, and those only, which affect the

*whole* body of English Catholics, both rich and poor. These means are, on the whole, four:—bench-rents (including money taken at the doors), endowments, offertory collections (including Easter dues, and other offerings to the clergy), and collections made in private for parochial and other specific purposes. If the first of these schemes be (as we believe) destructive of all the highest and most powerful of motives which stir the Catholic to give, and if it tend to crush the spirit of self-sacrifice of the poor, let no timidity, no slothfulness, no love for what existed while we were young, deter us from adopting a more healthy and more efficacious system. And if (as we also believe) every one of the other three systems we have named be not only truly Christian, but truly adapted to these times, and truly feasible; if set about in the right way, let us thoroughly examine their several capabilities, and apply them in each separate instance in such a spirit and with such modifications as shall make them most acceptable and most fruitful.

That great caution is necessary in all such changes is plain to every man of ordinary discretion. In some cases they may be even impossible, and in almost all they must be gradual. But that, when judiciously introduced, and accompanied by such a steady inculcation of Catholic doctrine as we have taken the liberty to urge, and combined in due proportion with one another, these means will fail to uphold the Catholic Church in all *necessary* prosperity amongst us, we cannot believe. When we have once for all cast away the maxims of the play-house from the house of God, we shall not call in vain for the aid of Him who, with his own divine hands, scourged the money-changers out of the temple; and who or what is there that can resist *His* will?

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## THE CANON OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

IN no respect does the hollowness of Protestantism seem more apparent than in the loose notions entertained by its adherents as to the Canon of Scripture. The motto upon their banners is, "The Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible!" Under such standards, they rush into the battle of controversy, with very little armour of proof, and often without any armour at all. The giant of Popery, they will tell you, is to be encountered with a sling and a stone; thus modestly implying, that whilst Catholicism is Goliath of Geth, the smallest of



their own heroes is at least a David! In fact, they come into the same category with the worthy Wesleyan, who used always to boast before men of learning, that "he was thankful for the Lord's having opened his mouth *without any learning at all!*" He was at length reminded one day, that in thus venturing to rebuke a prophet without human preparation, his scriptural precedent and prototype could be no other than the ass of Balaam! Exeter Hall, it must be admitted, brays rather than argues.

We may venture to predicate, therefore, without much delicacy about the matter, that the views entertained by the majority of Protestants upon the Canon of Scripture are replete with inconsistency and absurdity. *Dant sine mente sonum.* Sometimes a common idea expressed among them is, that they *feel* the Old Testament to be true, and what they call the Apocrypha to be false; which most sagacious assertion of course only begs the question. At other times, some persons, like Hartwell Horne, will dwell upon two or three supposed chronological difficulties, or apparently numerical inconsistencies, or what are superficially termed Jewish notions and fables, in the disputed books. Others again, with an air of Greek erudition or patristic solemnity, will rest their decision, if they have formed any, upon the statement of Josephus, himself an enemy to Christianity, and one of the most inaccurate writers who ever lived; or upon the pages of St. Jerome, into which they have never looked further, perhaps, than to verify the declaration of the Thirty-nine Articles; and being totally unwilling all the time to take the testimony of this holy and learned father upon any other subject whatsoever. It never occurs to them, that from Genesis to the Apocalypse the Bible nowhere sets forth its own canon, or that, in consequence, that canon must come through an authority *ab extra*; that such an authority, to be worth any thing, must be a *jus de non appellando*, or, in other words, infallible; that the canon of the Old Testament, upon their own shewing as well as that of the Jews, was settled in this manner; and that the sanction of our Lord to the decisions of such as sat in the chair of Moses was given in the plainest words: *Super cathedram Moysi sederunt Scribæ et Pharisei: omnia ergo quæcumque dixerint vobis SERVATE ET FACITE.\**

Another ordinary reply, that the old canon was settled, for good and for ever, by Ezra, and that therefore, after Malachias, the Holy Spirit inspired no more until Christ came, is met and overthrown at once by the admitted facts, that in Nehemias and the Paralipomena there exist genealogies brought

\* Matt. xxiii.

down to the very days of Alexander the Great and Darius Codomannus, or even lower! Either, then, the vaunted Hebrew Verity must have been tampered with, or what becomes of the assertion, that the afflatus of inspiration remained in abeyance for four hundred years, to the birth of John the Baptist? History, moreover, is conclusive and unvarying in its evidence, that certain of the high priests uttered oracles, under the full influence of the Holy Ghost, during the long interval between Jaddua and Caiaphas.

Opposed to the dark lanterns of Luther and his followers stands the Lamp of the Sanctuary, as it has shone forth in the true Church of Christ for century after century. The Catholic rule of faith being the whole word of God, both oral and written, has transmitted the wisdom of eternity, through the ears and the eyes of man, at once from its celestial fountain to the innermost recesses of his heart. The Apostles, and their successors for several generations, had something else to employ them than the mere settlement of critical niceties with respect to the sacred records. Nearly a hundred years elapsed after the incarnation before the last of the gospels was committed to parchment, as a kind of completorium, if one may use the expression, to the New Testament. St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Luke, St. John, and St. James, at times adopted the version of the Septuagint as their inspired document of proof, in addressing Jews as well as Gentiles. Nor was it wonderful they should do so, since it is notorious that even Josephus does the same.

It was under the Ptolemies, as is well known, between two and three centuries before the Christian era, that a translation of the Scriptures into the Greek language was begun and continued,—to which additions were manifestly made by the Spirit of God, as the necessities of his people required. Egypt was to be the cradle, under divine Providence, of that venerable version of the Old Testament destined to carry forward the plenary canon which comprehended Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus as well as Proverbs and the Preacher; Baruch as well as Jeremias; Judith, Tobias, and the Machabees, as well as the books of Kings and Chronicles. After Antiochus Epiphanes had ravaged Jerusalem and Judæa, laid waste the Temple, suspended its services, and committed to the flames every copy that could be discovered of any Hebrew records, it is easy to discern and admire the merciful superintendence of the Almighty in forming a sort of second asylum for a portion at least of his ancient people on the banks of the Nile. An enormous Jewish population there flourished, in a country not unconnected with their earliest history; sending out colo-

nists from Alexandria to Rome, as well as all the other richest cities of the Mediterranean; who spoke the language of the civilised world; and who were subsequently confounded with Christians by the undistinguishing ignorance of Paganism. They had, moreover, their own temple at Heliopolis, where the Onion presented as exact an imitation as possible of the magnificent sacrifices and general ritual of Mount Zion. And what strikes the mind as still more interesting, was the fact that the Hellenistic high priest in Egypt was the lineal successor to the pontificate derived from Aaron,\* through the fervent Phinehas, with whom the "covenant of peace and the priesthood for ever was to be made, both to him and his seed, because he had been zealous for his God."† The priceless treasure of a complete Old Testament canon was therefore far more likely to be preserved, under such a hierarchy, in the glorious libraries of the Serapeum or similar institutions, than in the stormy capital of Palestine, where civil dissensions within, and sanguinary assaults from without, were rending the Asamonean kingdom to pieces. Accordingly, we find Irenæus and Justin Martyr openly appealing to the sacred autographs: ἔμειναν αἱ βίβλοι καὶ παρ' Αἰγυπτίοις μέχρι τοῦ δεῦρο· nor is there a shadow of reason to doubt, but that of these the celebrated Vatican and Alexandrine manuscripts are at least substantially accurate copies.

Such incidental matters all help to shew upon what solid and reasonable grounds the primitive fathers proceeded, when we find Clement of Rome quoting Wisdom and Judith, Polycarp citing from Tobias, Irenæus from Baruch and the disputed portions of Daniel; to say nothing of the palpable recognition in the New Testament, of Wisdom vii. 26 in Hebrews i. 3, Wisdom xv. 7 in Romans ix. 20, 21, Ecclesiasticus xi. 19 in Luke xii. 19; of texts from Tobias in other parts of the same Gospel, the Apocalypse of St. John, and St. Paul's 1 Tim. vi. 19; of considerable extracts from Baruch found nearly verbatim in the ninth chapter of Daniel; of vestiges of the Machabees in the Epistle to the Hebrews; or of the strong, because indirect, enumeration of Tobias, with the Prophet Aggæus, by the admirable Bishop of Lyons in the second century. We may also just further remark, that a

\* Mattathias and the Machabees were descended from Joarib, whose family was the first of the twenty-four classes appointed by David to officiate at the Temple, and also one of the four that returned from the captivity. But they had no lineal right to the high priesthood. Onias IV. carried the primogenitural succession of the pontiffs from Aaron into Egypt, where the Onion was founded, about the middle of the second century before Christ. The Egyptian Temple was closed, and its polity extinguished, very soon after the overthrow of Jerusalem.

† Numb. xxv. 13.



letter preserved in the account given by St. Epiphanius of the Septuagint, addressed from Ptolemy to the Jewish Sanhedrim, asking for the interpreters, commences with a quotation from the twentieth chapter of Ecclesiasticus; intimating, we should say, the canonical authority of that book both at Alexandria and Jerusalem. The additions to Esther are also borne out by the curious Chigian manuscript of great antiquity in the Chaldean language. It need scarcely be again mentioned for the hundredth time, that the Septuagint version, including all the disputed books and portions of books, derives corroborative weight of the strongest kind through the close adherence which is observed towards it in the old Latin and Ethiopic translations, as well as the one made in Greek by Theodotion. Whatever fragments of the famous Hexapla of Origen happen to have escaped the ravages of time unite in telling the same story.

If, however, the mere private judgment of individuals upon the Canon were all that we could appeal to, the case would be lamentable indeed. Out of the catalogues given by eminent individuals during the three or four first centuries, scarcely any two altogether agree either as to the Old or New Testament. Some profess only to give the one, and some the other; whilst several attempt both. Muratori and President Routh have drawn attention to perhaps the most ancient list extant; although whether it was originally drawn up by Caius or Papias may be uncertain. It is as old as the second century,—enumerates Wisdom after the first and second Epistles of St. John,—places the Apocalypse of St. John and St. Peter in the same category,\* and that rather a doubtful one,—and omits altogether the Epistle to the Hebrews, those of St. James and St. Peter, and the third of St. John! Melito of Sardis only professes to record those books of the Old Testament received by the Hebrews; yet he omits mentioning Esther and Nehemias. Origen canonises the Machabees; Cyril of Jerusalem includes Baruch, and excludes the Apocalypse of St. John. Gregory of Nazianzus quotes Wisdom, and yet omits it from his catalogue, as he does Esther and the Apocalypse. Amphilochius, Metropolitan of Iconium, follows Gregory in rejecting the disputed books, and yet admits that some received Esther, as others did the seven Catholic Epistles, or others only three of them,—a few also

\* It is possible that the work alluded to in this most ancient catalogue may be the same with that condemned by Innocent I., A. D. 405, in his letter to Exuperius, Bishop of Toulouse, and friend of St. Jerome. (*Concil. Labbe*, tom. ii. col. 1256.) Should this be so, this Papiian or Caiian catalogue evidently leaves out the Apocalypse, as well as the other books above mentioned. This famous fragment is also given by the learned editors of *Daniel secund.* LXX., Rom. 1772.

approving the Apocalypse, but very many accounting it spurious. The Epistle to the Hebrews is in his own opinion genuine, although frequently reputed otherwise. Philaster of Brescia founds his canon upon the correct principle,—*Propter quod statutum est ab Apostolis et eorum successoribus*; but his testimony as to the Apocalypse becomes neutralised through being recorded both ways! The Athanasian synopsis omits Esther, but admits Baruch, the Epistle of Jeremias, the Song of the Three Children, Bel and the Dragon, and the apocryphal first Book of Esdras. Epiphanius receives Baruch; Hilary of Poitiers the Epistle of Jeremias, mentioning also that Judith and Tobias were canonised by some parties. The Apostolic Constitutions speak in terms too general to be much relied on, evidently glancing at what ought to be read aloud in the churches, and what ought not; but the Apostolical Canons, of far greater antiquity, as well as authority, enumerate Judith, three books of the Machabees, with the addition of the Wisdom of Sirach or Ecclesiasticus for the younger people; besides including two Epistles of Clement and certain *διαταγαι* of the same author, amongst the writings of the New Testament! Here again the Apocalypse is altogether omitted; as is also the case in the Peschito or Syriac version, as well as in the Syrian canon by Ebed Jesu, supported, moreover, as these are by the silence of Gregory Bar Hebræus and James of Edessa. In fact, it is not a little remarkable that, with very slight exception, wherever the books in dispute between Catholics and Protestants are rejected by any eminent or ancient father, *the Apocalypse of St. John is rejected also*. Should Doctor Cumming ever really become a patristic student, he must shave his crown and wear a wig; since otherwise his natural hair will stand on end before his astonished disciples,—both he and they discovering that upon Protestant principles their beloved Revelation of St. John the Divine can only stand or fall with Baruch, Bel and the Dragon, Susanna, and the Machabees!

Of course, a subject like this requires a wider field than is supplied by a few pages in a periodical; nor would it be difficult to increase the confusion that would arise, were there no satisfactory tribunal of authority, by adding the personal evidence of one ecclesiastical writer after another,—or the catalogue found amongst the works of St. Athanasius in his Paschal or Festal Epistle, besides that which is called the Synopsis, or the curious Stichometria alluded to by Pearson, Fabricius, and Goar. Some of the primitive fathers wanted to have the books of the Old Testament exactly confined to twenty-four, because there were just so many letters in the Greek alphabet;

after the fashion of Judaism giving that sage reason for its Procrustian treatment of the Hebrew canon. Tertullian and others were also for the number twenty-four, that it might answer to the mystical elders, and the six wings of the four living creatures in the Apocalypse! Until the Church had definitely spoken, imagination felt at liberty to run riot. That would have been the period when men like Dr. Arnold, and his predecessors, as Anglican or German Reformers, might have done what they pleased. And yet Josephus himself, upon whom they so much rely, implies that the deuterocanonical writings, as some have called them, possessed a certain venerable authority, only not equal to the others. Indeed, this principle of unequal authority goes to undermine in no slight degree the very foundations of mere Jewish testimony as to the complete and plenary inspiration of the Old Testament.\* Their three degrees of inspiration as to Scripture were those of the Law, the Prophets, and the Hagiographa. Daniel used to be in the second class, but was afterwards degraded to the third! In the second of these classes, moreover, the Hebrew historian enumerates thirteen books, and in the third only four; these seventeen, with the Pentateuch, making up altogether twenty-two. They are differently arranged by St. Jerome, who places eight amongst the Prophets, and eleven or nine amongst the Hagiographa; the last difference arising from Ruth and the Lamentations being sometimes reckoned with the Judges and Jeremias. No names or distinctive individual titles are given by Josephus; so that almost any arbitrary arrangement may be made from his description, of which the substance is as follows:—"Our books," he says, "are only twenty-two, five of which belong to Moses, containing his laws, and the traditions concerning the origin of mankind until his death. Thence till the reign of Artaxerxes, king of Persia, the prophets, who were after Moses, wrote down what was done in their times in thirteen books. The remaining four contain hymns to God, and precepts for the conduct of human life." It may well be presumed that this third class must have comprehended the Psalms and the Song of Songs, the Proverbs and Ecclesiastes. But, as Cardinal Perron demonstrated long ago, Job is clearly omitted by Josephus, not only here, but throughout his works; nor is there, on the other hand, any thing to shew that the two other Sapiential Books of the Seventy might not have been included under

\* St. Augustine himself appears to approach the same precipice of difficulty in his *De Doctrin. Christ.* lib. ii. c. 8, *Oper.* tom. iii. p. 11, until the Church had spoken. After she had done so, we may conceive how different the feelings of that saintly mind must have been, when he could exclaim, *Ego vero Evangelio non crederem nisi me Catholicæ Ecclesiæ commoverat autoritas.*



that title of the "Wisdom of Solomon" attached to the book of Proverbs in ancient days. Protestantism, nevertheless, clings for its very life to this single plank, floating down to us from a Jew and a Pharisee, whose works are replete with omissions, inaccuracies, anachronisms, and partial statements.

When the time fairly came for the Church to express her definitive judgment *ex cathedrâ*, all her faithful children were ready to walk in her light so soon as it reached them. That it did not do so all at once may be easily explained from the imperfect means of intercommunication then in existence. When the Laodicean Council was held may be a matter of doubt; as also what were the precise terms of the Nicene canon on the subject. All that we know of the former is, that it excluded all the disputed works from the Old Testament except Baruch, which it admitted; and that it *ignored the Apocalypse*. All that was reported in St. Jerome's days of the latter is, that the holy fathers at Nice received Judith. Amidst the tempests of Arianism and the commencing schism between the Occidental and Oriental Churches, the Eastern prelates, for the most part, seem to have adhered to the Hebrew or restricted canon of the Old Testament, and to have rejected the Revelation of St. John from the New one. During the fifth and sixth centuries, as schism developed more and more extensively into heresy, such opinions had almost grown into tests between the two parties, as may be shewn from the Bishops of Justinian, settled even in Africa, after that province had been recovered for the empire of Constantinople through the arms of Belisarius. The ultimate appeal was to the See of St. Peter. Accordingly, the third Council of Carthage, A.D. 397, at which St. Augustine is said to have been present, solemnly canonised all the books both of the Old and New Testaments precisely as the Council of Trent did afterwards; naming them in the fullest and most exact order, with the exception of Baruch, which can be shewn, from St. Augustine, to have been manifestly included in Jeremias. A note upon this important canon, which was the forty-seventh of the Council, has these remarkable words: "*De confirmando isto canone Transmarina Ecclesia consulatur;*" and Rome having been thus referred to, Pope Innocent I. addressed his epistle to Exuperius, containing an account of what was to be thenceforward considered as divine Scripture, precisely analogous to the forty-seventh canon of the third Council of Carthage. This was about A.D. 405. Fourteen years afterwards occurs the Integer Codex Canonum Ecclesiæ Africanæ, A.D. 419, in whose twenty-fourth canon the identical catalogue of sacred writings is again confirmed; as it was also by Pope Gelasius three-

quarters of a century later, A.D. 494, in his Council of Seventy Bishops at Rome. Such confirmations had become necessary, through either the ignorance or perverseness with which several theologians at Marsailles were disposed to quarrel with St. Augustine for quoting from Wisdom; they, in their obscurity, taking upon themselves to aver that the book was not canonical. It will be borne in mind, that about all such matters there appears in ecclesiastical history just the slight amount of controversy which tends to throw forward the real truth, and render forgery or collusion impossible. The decisions of a succession of illustrious pontiffs at length hushed all opposition throughout the western world; and towards the close of the seventh century, in what might be termed the quinisextine supplement, A.D. 691, to the sixth General Council, held at Constantinople ten years before, the assembled fathers, with the Emperor at their head, formally sanctioned both the Laodicean and Carthaginian canons of sacred Scripture. Thus every book of the inspired volume was embalmed in that solemn and transcendental authority which can alone emanate from the Church of God, with whom He has promised to abide "to the end of all days." Individual divines, of course, often held, and sometimes expressed, their several *private opinions*; but the Council of Florence, A.D. 1439, as well as the still later and more celebrated one at Trent, in the sixteenth century, did no more than echo back the voice of antiquity and infallibility, when they confirmed in the possession of the faithful the entire Bible as it now stands,—a treasure dearer than ever to every pious Catholic, from the multiform bitterness and hostility with which its precious pages have been assailed. *Magna est VERITAS et prævalebit.*

What some Protestants have written about St. Jerome and St. Gregory the Great need affect no considerate Catholic. The former of these two luminaries devoted many years to the study of the Hebrew canon in particular, as well as to a general revision of the biblical labours of his predecessors. An authoritative decision had not reached him from the Holy See, in allegiance to which he is known to have been so loyal, when he published his private judgment on certain points in which his favourite Hebrew Verity fell short of the Septuagint and Vulgate. In later years we find his opinions moderated; nor can there exist a shadow of doubt but that, had he been a Carthaginian, Florentine, or Tridentine father, his subscription would have been first and foremost to the canon of Scripture as it now stands. With respect to St. Gregory, it is recorded of him that, when a young deacon at Constantinople, he apologised for citing from the Machabees in his

exposition on Job. It should be remembered that he was writing with a view, more or less, to those persons who demurred, through want of knowing better, as to the real and plenary inspiration of the Machabees; and hence, with perhaps more modesty and kindness than prudence, he yet gracefully observes, “Non inordinate facimus, *si ex libris licet non canonicis*, sed tamen ad edificationem ecclesiæ editis testimonium proferamus;” just as he would have said, in condescension to their imperfection of faith, had he been disposed to adduce any passage from the Apocalypse, about whose inspiration so many of them doubted. The words “*licet non canonicis*” have reference to their unfortunate opinions, and not to his own. In truth, there can be no better conclusion of the entire subject than that to which the great Bishop of Hippo came, and which adorns so strikingly his treatise upon Christian doctrine: “Totus canon Scripturarum his libris continetur: quinque Moyseos, id est Genesi, Exodo, Levitico, Numeris, Deuteronomio, et uno libro Jesu Nave, uno Judicum, uno libello qui appellatur Ruth, qui magis ad regnorum principia videtur pertinere: deinde quatuor Regnorum, et duobus Paralipomenon, non consequentibus, sed quasi a latere adjunctis, simulque pergentibus. Hæc est historia quæ sibimet annexa tempora continet, atque ordinem rerum. Sunt aliæ tamquam ex diverso ordine, quæ neque huic ordini neque inter se connectuntur, sicut est Job, et Tobias, et Hester, et Judith, et Machabæorum libri duo, et Esdræ duo, qui magis subsequi videntur ordinatam illam historiam, usque ad Regnorum vel Paralipomenon terminatam. Deinde Prophetæ, in quibus David unus liber Psalmorum, et Salomonis tres, Proverbiorum, Cantica Canticorum, et Ecclesiastes. Nam illi duo libri, unus qui Sapientia, et alius qui Ecclesiasticus inscribitur, de quadam similitudine Salomonis esse dicuntur. Nam Jesus filius Sirach eos scripsisse constantissime perhibetur. Qui tamen quoniam in auctoritatem recipi meruerunt, inter propheticos numerandi sunt. Reliqui sunt eorum libri, qui proprie Prophetæ appellati sunt, duodecim prophetarum libri singuli; qui connexi sibimet, quoniam nunquam sejuncti sunt, pro uno habentur: quorum Prophetarum nomina sunt hæc, Osee, Joel, Amos, Abdias, Jonas, Micheas, Naum, Abacuc, Sophonias, Aggæus, Zacharias, Malach. Deinde quatuor Prophetæ sunt majorum voluminum, Esaias, Hieremias, Daniel, Ezechiel. *His quadraginta quatuor libris Veteris Testamenti terminatur auctoritas.*” He then enumerates the canon of the New Testament in the same ample manner, exactly as it is received by the Church in the present day, from the Gospel of St. Matthew to the Apocalypse of St. John; add-



ing, with regard to the entire scriptural canon, these solemn words, "*In his omnibus libris, timentes Deum, et pietate mansueti, quærun voluntatem Dei,*" lib. ii. cap. 8; and in his *Retract.* lib. ii. cap. 4, he corrects himself in the mere clerical error, which had crept into his list, about the son of Sirach being the reputed author of the Book of Wisdom. Verily, as all ecclesiastical antiquity tells us, whoever will have God for his Father must have the Catholic Church for his Mother; if we are to receive the Scriptures for the sustentation of the soul, as "being able to make us wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

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## A SUNDAY IN LONDON.

[Continued from p. 139.]

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### A DISCUSSION AND A CATASTROPHE.

VALENTINE and myself hastened as speedily as possible to join our friend T., calling on the way at Sir Stephen Wilkinson's, to learn if any tidings had been brought of the note which had been in Harman's possession, for I could not shake off the fate of the unhappy youth from my mind, notwithstanding the novelty and variety of all around me. The note, however, had not been heard of; for the baker into whose hands it had come was out of London for the day, and would not return till evening. This I learned from the servant who opened Sir Stephen's door to us; so, declining to trouble Sir Stephen with my presence, we wended our way rapidly to T.'s abode, where we found him, lolling with his legs spread out upon a chair, sipping wine and cracking nuts, after a rather early dinner, and wondering what had become of his German friend. Billington immediately joined us, and was profuse in his apologies for his intrusion; but finding them well received upon his narrating his friendship with T.'s relations, he soon made himself at home, and after a glass or two of wine and a cup of coffee, we put ourselves under his guidance, to hasten to our evening's destination.

"I can promise you something curious and racy in its way," said he; "nothing less than a liberal Evangelical parson and a liberal Catholic priest; and both together on very good terms,—if not exactly of intimacy, at least of good-humoured acquaintanceship.

The priest has asked me once or twice to come and see what he is doing in one of the most degraded spots in all this monstrous Babylon, as he calls it; and by way of encouraging me to venture my nose into his den of mingled Popery and rascality, he said that this very night I should meet the Evangelical minister I speak of, who was to come out of sheer curiosity to see what was going on. Between the two, I can promise you a fair share of sport, not un-mixed with food for speculation; and if only we had a good honest Puseyite amongst us, we should altogether make a respectable little conclave, representing the chief theological schools of the present day."

"Oh, pray don't suppose we shall lack the Puseyite," cried T. "Here is my good friend Valentine has quite enough of that school about him to make him a fair specimen of the species."

"Nonsense, T.," remonstrated Valentine, laughing; "I am no follower of Dr. Pusey; but if you mean that I shall represent the Anglo-Catholic school, perhaps you are not far wrong; and I suspect I shall be more than a match for all you heretics combined."

A cab was now called, and, urging the driver to lose no time, we soon found ourselves at the lodgings of the priest in question, and he was introduced to us as the Rev. Mr. Wallingford. He was a man of great height, very spare and thin, bald, and of rather dark complexion. He was dressed in his ecclesiastical costume, which consists of a black suit, the coat being a rather long frock with upright collar, and a species of black silk cravat, the upper part of which was covered with a broad strip of fine muslin. His manner and countenance gave me the impression of extreme energy and activity of character, and every word he spoke confirmed the idea. In his room was also the Evangelical clergyman we expected to meet. In some respects he was not unlike the priest, but his expression and language were more solemn and stately; and when any thing that was said made the priest laugh heartily, he only smiled with a bland and gentlemanly suavity and decorum. They both received us with courtesy and almost cordiality, for the errand on which we had come gave them the idea that we were not frivolous visitors, but men in earnest about something. The Protestant minister, Mr. Alder, I thought seemed rather relieved by our presence, and felt sustained by having the aid of other Protestants to protect him from the onslaughts and snares that he dreaded from his Catholic acquaintance.

Tea was immediately brought in, and we fell into conversation

without delay, Mr. Wallingford giving us notice that we had some time to wait before it was necessary to start for his evening service, where he said he hoped we should accompany him.

"Well, sir," the priest commenced, addressing me, "what do you think of our great metropolis? A Sunday here must be a very different thing from a Sunday in Berlin."

"To tell you the truth," said I, "I have had no leisure yet to draw comparisons. My brain has been in a whirl from the first hour of this morning; and I believe I have thought and observed as much to-day as I generally do in a week or a month's time. I frankly avow to you that I am struck with amazement at all I see and hear."

"Do you find us better or worse than you expected?" inquired Wallingford.

"Both," said I; "far better, and far worse. I should say that the state of things in England, as you ask me for a comparison, is unparalleled in any country on the continent. Every where I see gigantic evils, eating into the very heart of your social system, and undermining the whole fabric of society; every where I see tokens of the existence of a vast number of persons of different classes deeply interested in all plans of benevolence, and exerting a considerable degree of self-denying philanthropy; but at the same time, you appear to me to act as a nation (pardon the freedom of my remarks) without plan, or method, or definite aim. You have no theories, no grand organisation, no agreement as to fundamentals. With half your energy and good intentions, you might do a double amount of good, if only you were a little more clear-sighted in your principles."

A brief pause followed this somewhat bold assertion of mine; but I saw that every person present felt there was truth in what I said. At length Billington replied:

"I agree very much with you; but you must admit that, amidst all the vehemence of controversy and difference of opinion which is the bane of our times, there is an unquestionable progress towards unanimity; and that ancient errors are dropping off one by one, effete and contemned, and the grand elementary principles of our common humanity are uniting all earnest-minded persons in one common creed. The nineteenth century, I trust, is destined to give birth to the new and perfect religion which shall supersede all past superstitions, and bind us all to worship one universal Deity, and to love one another as members of one common nature."



"Never!" cried the Evangelical minister; "never, while human nature remains the same."

"So say I," echoed the priest.

"And so say I also," echoed Valentine.

"You amaze me, gentlemen," cried Billington. "Do you *really* doubt the perfectibility of our common humanity? Is it possible that you delight to believe that these miseries and curses of our race are to be perpetuated for ever? Can I believe my ears when I hear three gentlemen, disagreeing on all things else, agreeing only in setting their faces against the advancement of the only faith which can fulfil the glorious ends of the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ?"

"My dear sir," responded Mr. Alder, "your theory is radically unscriptural."

"It is flagrantly opposed to the doctrines of the Catholic Church in all ages," cried Wallingford.

"The Church of England agrees with the primitive Church in denouncing it without mercy," added Valentine.

"And you are a *liberal* Catholic priest, Mr. Wallingford? and you a liberal clergyman, Mr. Alder? Is it possible?"

"That depends upon what you *mean* by a liberal Catholic," said the priest. "If you mean that I sympathise with and honour what is good wherever I see it, I am indeed a liberal. And also if liberality consists in not pronouncing opinions on individual Protestants, knowing that God alone is their judge; there, too, I claim to be a liberal. But God forbid that I should be a liberal in the sense of disregarding one iota of my faith, or in entering into a moment's compromise with error of any kind. I must honestly tell you that I look upon your theories as more antichristian and mischievous than all the dreams of Mr. Valentine and his party, or the heresies of my ultra-Protestant friend Mr. Alder."

"But, my dear sir," rejoined Billington, "surely, setting aside doctrinal subtleties, it would be an infinite blessing to mankind if all benevolent and well-meaning persons would unite in one glorious association for suppressing vice, for promoting education, and for elevating the morals of our suffering multitudes."

"I cannot agree with you for a single moment," replied the priest. "It is impossible to set aside what you term doctrinal subtleties. *You* may deride them, my dear sir; you may impute them to the over-refined logic of the middle ages, or to the superstitions of primitive times; but in *my* view, these very subtleties

are bound up with the best interests of humanity ; and the moralities of life cannot be cultivated with success except in immediate dependence upon this faith, which I hold dear as my heart's blood."

"Allowing for differences of doctrine, and for the errors of Romanism, I agree with Mr. Wallingford," added the Evangelical.

"And allowing for the errors both of Protestantism and Romanism together, I also agree," chimed in the Anglo-Catholic.

"Really, gentlemen," retorted Billington, "you must forgive my saying that your agreement with one another, and your disagreement with me, is not more rational than your disagreement with each other. Does not this very thing prove the absurdity of your various controversialists in attempting to make good men agree in matters of mere opinion, instead of coalescing to purify their common creed from its non-essential errors?"

"My dear Mr. Billington," replied Wallingford, "there is no getting you philosophers of the new school to grasp the real point in discussion amongst us. Don't you perceive that before men can agree to unite on essentials, they must first decide what things are essential, and what are non-essential? You tell me, for instance, that my good friend Alder, Mr. Valentine, and myself, ought to unite in teaching morals and purity to the miserable victims of vice who throng the courts of St. Giles's. But you forget that I, as a Catholic, believe that nothing but Divine grace can restore these unhappy creatures to their lost peace and goodness, and that God has actually appointed certain sacraments for conveying the necessary aid to their souls. But here Alder scouts the whole notion of confession, absolution, and the Eucharistic sacrifice, while he agrees with me about the necessity of grace ; and Valentine differs as much in practice from me, as he does in theory from Alder. Now tell me, as an honest man, how you would fit us, and our respective comrades, into your new philosophical bond of the brothers of humanity."

"Sir, you ought to be all hanged together," cried Billington, half angrily, half good-humouredly. "The pest and torment of the age is your intolerable bigotry. Here for 1800 years have you been worrying the earth with your hair-splitting controversies ; and what have you made of it after all? Why can't you act like men of sense, and bring the great truths in which we all agree to bear upon the miserable mass of vice and corruption around you?"

"My dear Mr. Billington," said the other, "be so good as to give me any previous examples of the regeneration of mankind accomplished by your modern philosophy. It is true that doctrinal

religion has left an immense majority of the human race still in its sin and misery ; but let me ask, has your philosophy ever done *anything* for humanity as such ? Your systems may be very well for comfortable, speculative gentlemen like yourself ; but believe me, if you could accompany me for one week in my labours here, you would despair of ever moving a single soul by any motive that you could place before it, or without bringing to bear upon it some essentially supernatural agency, such as that whose very existence your philosophy denies."

"Well, we shall see some of your unconvertible beings to-night, I presume," said Billington.

"That will give you but a faint idea of what is to be seen in the background," rejoined Wallingford. "I can assure you, that before I came to this place, with all my experience of the horrors of London, I had no conception to what a state of degradation the poor of this city are reduced. I thought I had seen vice, crime, poverty, and infidelity in all their most hideous forms ; but until I took this building to which I shall introduce you this evening, and attempted to make an impression upon the people in this neighbourhood, I seem as if I never knew what sin and misery are."

"Surely," said I, hearing this avowal, "there must be the same sin and misery in many another spot in this country."

"In one sense, undoubtedly so," replied Wallingford ; "but in another sense I suspect that there are *few* places where the devil's reign is so awfully manifested as within a few hundred yards of this very house. I assure you, gentlemen, that I have almost sunk under what I have gone through during the last six months. There are streets after streets in which almost every house is inhabited by men and women plunged in the lowest depths of profligacy and irreligion. My sleep at night has been constantly chased away by the horrible words of blasphemy and revolting songs which I hear in the streets below. When I first came, a regularly organised conspiracy of abandoned women and thieves was got up to drive me from the neighbourhood. I was insulted, struck, and tormented in a hundred petty ways. Few people dared to come to hear my preaching, and of those who came, as many scoffed as listened to what I said. And more than all, my heart died away within me, when day after day, and night after night, I was told by those on whom I did make some little impression, that if they left their present horrible state of life, they had nothing before them but starvation or the union-work-house. I am confident that at least half of the victims of sin, both



men and women, in this locality, have been driven to their unhappy courses by the force of poverty and suffering. And now it seems as if not merely an ordinary supernatural grace was necessary to move them, but an extraordinary and strictly miraculous divine power. None but those who know these miserable beings as they are, none but those who know them as I now know them, can form the faintest conception of the literal hell that exists in the very heart of London. It is a hell, both in its wickedness and in its punishments. No punishment that human justice inflicts is like that torture of the inmost soul which racks the hearts of tens of thousands of unfortunate creatures here, within the circumference of a few miles. The decent world scarcely knows of their existence; those who are aware of their existence partly loath and partly dread them, and partly foster their crimes; but few can tell what they suffer in those hours when they are not maddened with the intoxication of the actual committing of sins: the very sight of it wrings the heart, and what, then, must its reality be?"

This was spoken with such an intensity of manner that it conveyed the speaker's emotions to every one of his hearers, and for a while no one made any comment upon so frightful a picture. T. was the first to speak, and like a true votary of pleasure, as he certainly is, with all his good qualities, he tried to throw doubts on the statement; and when he found that not only the Protestant clergyman and Valentine, but Billington also, expressed their conviction that Wallingford had not exaggerated facts, he tried to convince them that it was all unavoidable, that it was part of the workings of the general laws of human nature, and that one must expect to meet with communities sunk in extraordinary vice and degradation, just as we find vast sloughs and masses of putrefaction in the physical world.

"But surely, T.," exclaimed Valentine, "you would not quietly sit down, and leave these masses of putrefaction to rot more and more, till their poisonous exhalations had infected your own house, and smote you down with a fatal pestilence? If it is only for self-preservation, in order to save the edifice of society from utter destruction, one must strive to purify these hotbeds of moral disease and death."

"I doubt whether they *can* be purified," replied T.; "human nature is human nature still, and will be so to the end of the chapter; and I, for one, am utterly sceptical as to the good to come from the schemes of you amiable enthusiasts. I no more believe that you priests and parsons can stay the course of man's passions, than you can stop the blazing of Vesuvius or Etna."

“Pray, sir, are you equally incredulous as to the power of Divine grace in regenerating these wretched beings?” asked Mr. Alder, very seriously, and in a tone of rebuke.

“Oh, as to that, it’s a question I leave to you clerical gentlemen. I am a man of the world, and a man of facts; your mystical theories fly far above my head. When I can *see* what you call Divine grace, I will believe in its efficacy; but until then, I shall go by the rules of common sense, and the experience of practical persons.”

“Sir,” interposed Wallingford, “I, for one, am perfectly ready to accept your test. I am as practical a person as yourself; and if you, and those who think with you, would honestly look facts in the face, and examine what are *really* the practical results of contending theories, you would have the same belief in the existence of this Divine grace as I have. Pray be fair and honest, at all costs. Tell us, if you can, any single instance in which nations, or classes of individuals, have been lifted up from the mire of abominable vice by any one of the systems which you men of the world count so pre-eminently practical and sensible. You will search the whole records of the human race in vain.”

“It’s Popish priestcraft, my dear sir,” exclaimed Billington; “it’s mere priestcraft, all these notions about regeneration and grace.”

“I beg your pardon,” rejoined Wallingford, “Popish priestcraft has nothing on earth to do with the matter. I am not now speaking especially of the wonders wrought by the Catholic Church; I am speaking of the results of Christianity, in any doctrinal shape whatever, so as it has been taught by sincere, however ill-instructed, men. And I assert, that while many an instance can be named in which even a wild and heretical fanaticism has produced a certain definite result for the better upon lost and degraded human nature, your sceptical theories never did any thing for man but lure him on to be a still greater curse than ever to himself. I, who look upon every species of Protestantism as false, may be permitted to speak in its favour, so far as I can; and I have no hesitation in saying, that while I should expect *some* measure of good to result from the conscientious enforcement of each of the two doctrinal and moral systems of which Mr. Alder and Mr. Valentine are the adherents, I should hope for *nothing* from these still more modern theories from which you expect so much.”

“Might I ask you, sir,” said I, breaking in on the discussion, “one or two questions, to which I should be glad to hear you reply? In the first place, do you, honestly speaking, find yourself able to

work any practical effect upon the real mass of vice and misery about you? And in the second place, have you any general theory on which you would advise all men to act, irrespective of their varieties in creed?"

"I shall be most happy to answer both of your queries," said he. "To the first I answer by begging you to notice what you will see this evening, and to give me your opinion as to whether—with all that yet remains undone—what you see does not prove the presence of some supernatural agency at work on the souls of these victims of sin, poverty, and wretchedness. To the second I reply, let every man work honestly on his own creed, not on the accursed theory that all creeds are equally true (which is the same thing as saying they are all equally false); but doing his utmost to propagate it, trying to absorb the whole human race into its embrace, and trusting that God will defend the right. Let every man bring to bear all the battery he can command upon this frightful mass of ignorance and villany; and we shall then not only see what *is*, after all, true Christianity, by its effects, but the very rivalry (so to call it) will itself do wonders for the suffering poor and wretched. But let us have no compromise, no false union, no acting together except in points where we are fundamentally and not merely nominally agreed; Alder here, and Mr. Valentine, look upon me, I believe, as hardly a Christian at all."

"No! no!" exclaimed Valentine; "pray don't so misconceive my views."

"And as to myself," suggested Alder, "though I think your Church grievously corrupt and unscriptural, yet I should be sorry to say it is no Church at all, and that you will all be lost eternally."

"Well, well," said Wallingford, "it's a mere question of words; and after all, I think far worse of your Church than you do of mine, for I don't admit yours to be a Church in any sense of the word whatsoever; though I have a high opinion of many among you as individuals. However, we are not going to discuss this question just now. I believe we shall all three agree,—not being, I trust, any one of us, in plain English, a *lumbag*,—we shall all three agree in thinking outward union without inward union a mockery and a snare; and so far from a means for enabling each party to do its own work with more efficacy, as the greatest possible hindrance to it that could be devised."

To this opinion both parties cordially agreed; and I really fancied that for once I should see Papist, Puritan, and Puseyite leagued



together in a holy alliance. But my next query speedily dissipated the pleasing vision, and I saw how utterly impossible it is to amalgamate these hostile sects.

"Tell me next," said I, "what is the greatest difficulty you experience in working a salutary reform in the objects of your cares. Do not you find some grand obstacles or other; or is it all straightforward work, in which nothing is needed but energy and prudence in the chief workers?"

"I think, on the whole," replied Wallingford, "that I may say I find but one practical difficulty of the kind you allude to; and to speak candidly, it is a difficulty of very serious moment, and hitherto I confess I am totally in the dark as to any satisfactory means for getting over it. Many and many an anxious hour have I spent, and hitherto spent in vain, in seeking to devise some healthy and lasting remedy. Of course, I am speaking of those kinds of evils to which I can apply no cure. There are other obstacles, of which I know *what* the cure is, if only I could obtain it. For instance, I want more houses of refuge for the unfortunate women whom I might recal from their wretched courses; I want also an honest means of livelihood for them, and for men, and especially boys, of all sorts; but the difficulty I speak of is still more insurmountable. I am totally at a loss to know where to turn for *amusement* for the poor, especially on Sundays. You may rely upon it, that of all the fruitful sources of crime, poverty, woe, and social decay, which are sapping the foundations of this country, the absence of all healthful and innocent recreations for the lower ranks is one of the most fruitful and the most deadly. And how to supply the want I know not."

"There is a great deal in what you say," said Valentine.

"I can't agree with you," exclaimed Alder; "and especially, though I know the lax practices of Romish countries abroad, I am shocked to hear you advocate Sunday *amusements*. In my opinion, the great curse of this country, and the *damning* sin of the poor, is the profanation of the Sabbath-day."

"Pray do not misconceive me," cried Wallingford. "A right and Christian observance of the Lord's day is absolutely essential to a devout and happy life; but I maintain that proper *amusements* are a very important portion of its due observance."

"You amaze me!" cried Alder; "surely you do not deny the obligation of the precept of keeping the Sabbath-day *holy*? What holiness can there be in sports and games? We must obey the

word of God at all costs, and then expect the Divine blessing in faith."

"Unquestionably so," rejoined Wallingford; "but let me ask you whether you consider that all the rest of the days of the week are to be kept holy, as well as the Lord's day?"

"Of course I do," retorted the other.

"Then, my dear sir, our difference becomes simply a question as to the *meaning* of the word holy, as applied to the observance of Sundays. You admit that every day, and every hour, and every moment of our lives is to be kept holy, and yet you think pleasure lawful on week-days. Why is it not, then, lawful on Sundays? I grant you there is to be a great difference between the *mode* of keeping Sundays and week-days; but the mere command to keep Sunday holy no more *in itself* forbids amusements on Sundays than the command to 'pray always' forbids eating, drinking, work, and amusement on other days."

"I don't see the force of your reasoning at all," said Alder. "You may depend upon it, that the safeguard of England has been its more rigid observance of the Sabbath-day. I have no doubt that it is this very national homage to the Gospel which has preserved us free from the revolutions which have upset every constituted authority in Europe."

"Stuff and nonsense, my dear Alder!" exclaimed Wallingford. "Look at Belgium. They fiddle and dance there on Sundays more than on any other day in the week, and they have continued even more at peace than we have."

"Examples are dangerous things," answered Alder. "The Word of God alone must be our guide. I know well that once let in the continental ideas of keeping Sundays, and farewell all England's greatness."

"Come, my dear Alder, do be reasonable," said the priest; "just tell me what your Protestant poor do with themselves on Sunday evenings."

"Read their Bibles, to be sure," said he, "and other good books, and instruct their children."

"But those who can't read, and those who are thoroughly tired out with two long sermons in the day, besides some hours' devotions also, what do these do? Come, as an honest man, tell me."

"I can't exactly say," rejoined Alder; "but I repeat, we must obey the will of God."

"So I say myself; but the question is, what *is* the will of God

in this matter?" said the other. "I do most solemnly assert, that so far from the present national observance of the Lord's day, at least among the poor in London and large towns, being a national blessing, there is more wickedness committed on Sundays than on all the rest of the week together; and that to those who would do well, the impossibility of finding innocent recreations on Sundays, when the mind is fatigued after its devotions, is one of the most fatal snares which beset the youth of both sexes."

"But why should they be fatigued with their devotions?" asked Alder. "Is it not a sign of great spiritual defects?"

"Sometimes it is, doubtless; but let me ask you what you would do to restore strength to your bodily system, when weakened from illness. Do you overload yourself with labour, and say that you *ought* to be able to do all you did when in perfect health? Far from it. You would kill yourself outright, if you did. And so I say with respect to the spiritual weaknesses of the soul. If a poor penitent creature finds it impossible to spend ten or twelve hours on a Sunday in prayer and other religious exercises, he must not force himself beyond all his powers; but when he has done his utmost, must be content, and then refresh himself, and not expect Almighty God by a miracle to enable him all at once to live the life of an angel. If he does not do this, he will either be plunged into despair, or go mad, or return to his old courses again, never to be reformed. Besides, you puritanical disciplinarians forget the fact that our souls as well as our bodies are *infirm*, even when most sanctified. God has so constituted our intellects, that they get tired when strained for a great length of time. Except in extraordinary cases, devotion, especially when very fervent, fatigues the mental faculties, even while it fills us with joy and peace; and it is mere wilful perverseness to assume that when this is the case, there is any thing wrong in relaxing the mind with any amusement that is not in itself immoral. To my mind it savours of the most horrible tyranny to say to an uneducated person, who never reads or thinks steadily for half an hour in the week, that on Sundays he is bound to employ his faculties in prayer and meditation on the most profound, abstruse, and overwhelming subjects of thought, from morning until night. What do you say to it, Mr. Valentine?"

"I am entirely of your opinion," said Valentine; "and I am sure that thousands of persons think the same, if they would only have the courage to speak out. But have you no practical remedy to suggest?"



"None, or almost none," said Wallingford. "The sports and pastimes, devices of you Oxford gentlemen, do not touch the cases the poor in cities. We want amusements for in-doors during winter and wet weather, both for Sunday and week-day; and still more, we have to overcome that frightful obstacle resulting from the overcrowding of our population in cities. We, of the better classes, forget that a poor man's habitation is a perpetual kitchen, workshop, and nursery combined. It is a place that would drive us wild in a week if we were forced to live in it; and thus the problem of innocent in-door amusements is doubly complicated, especially for that class, namely young men and young women, for whom they are of the most paramount importance. How to cure the evil, I cannot conceive. I do what I can in suggesting little matters to my people, but it is little indeed; and what makes the whole thing so terrible is, that what with care, and what with excessive toil, and overcrowded filthy dwellings, the very heart of the poor seems broken."

"Nevertheless," said Alder, "I repeat, 'Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day.'"

The conversation now became general, and many were the suggestions and speculations of us all. They did not, indeed, last long; for the hour for our adjournment to our friend's chapel, or whatever it was, arrived, and we left his lodgings in a party.

To my eyes, unaccustomed as we are in Germany to any thing that bears the semblance of a *missionary's* work, the sight we encountered was sufficiently startling. I entered the apartment by the side of Valentine and Alder, and was not more struck by the appearance of the place we were visiting than by the difference between their remarks on its character.

"Really," cried Valentine, "these Romanists have not the faintest idea of the decencies of religious worship. This is the very filthiest place, calling itself a house of prayer, that I ever set foot within. I suppose our friend Wallingford calls that thing an altar, at the other end. Why it would be put to shame by the most neglected country parish church in England. I don't believe the whole concern's worth five shillings. But it's just like these modern Romanists; they care no more for propriety and symbolism than the worst of the Dissenters."

"And very right they are, sir, in my opinion, and if they really do what you say," retorted Alder. "What in the world would you have a man do who comes to reform the denizens of St. Giles's?"

Symbolism, forsooth ! let me tell you, my young friend, you have no more chance of getting at the souls of the poor with your fantastic Oxford vagaries than of reaching the moon. Indeed, I think you'll be at the moon the quickest of the two, for you are half *lunatic* already."

"I am greatly obliged by your opinion," said the young man, a little nettled ; "but I hardly expected to hear *you* applaud a Romanist priest's proceedings ; though, indeed, I might have been prepared for it, for the Romanist party in England are, in some things, as bad as the Evangelicals."

"Come, my good young friend," cried Alder, getting quite lively, "we won't begin a dispute just now. We must make our way as well as we can to where Mr. Wallingford is standing, or we shall be stifled in this crowd."

And truly the crowd was overwhelming, and painfully interesting to contemplate. I suppose not less than 1200 persons must have been congregated in the room, which had been originally a large manufactory of some kind or other, and which bore not the slightest traces of being now a Christian temple, except in a trumpery-looking altar, with a few candlesticks upon it. I have been in many a throng in my day, but never before was I in such a one as this. It was divided about equally between the two sexes. All were standing, except a few near the altar, who were kneeling on the dirty boards. The heat and closeness was dreadful ; but nothing in comparison to the frightful aspect and expression of a large portion of the men and women assembled. Vice in all its most loathsome aspects was imprinted on their countenances. Except in the case of those who were kneeling, there was scarcely a trace of enjoyment or innocence to be discovered in all that dense multitude of human features. All looked more or less miserable, and all more or less poor. Some were sullen, some ferocious, some seemingly in the last stage of consumption, some deadly pale, some flushed with intemperance, some appeared bowed down and conscious of their misery, and some exulting in their recklessness. There was a general hum going on throughout the assemblage, but no very distinct sounds rising above the rest ; and it was only as we passed with difficulty by the side of one group after another, that we could hear the muttered oath or the ribald jest. At the same time, a large number of those present were evidently disposed to give the preacher a fair hearing, and some seemed even deeply and seriously interested ; while, from fragments which I caught of the conversation

going on in various parts, I perceived that there was a strongly-marked division of opinion existing in those present, and that it was very possible that something like an open collision might take place.

By the time that I and my companions had forced our way to the other end, Mr. Wallingford was almost prepared to commence. He was standing on the steps of the altar, which raised him above the heads of the people. The altar was a miserable-looking wooden framework, covered with the commonest white calico. A few valueless candlesticks stood upon it, the candles not lighted; and in the middle of them a brass crucifix, apparently of inferior workmanship. A small image of the Virgin Mary stood on a bracket on one side, facing the audience, holding the figure of Jesus Christ as a child, stretching out his hands in the attitude of benediction. As Valentine had said, the whole was not worth more than a few shillings.

Wallingford now began by kneeling down on the steps, towards the altar, and saying some prayers in English. Some few of the people nearest him took a share in the devotions, and responded in a low tone of voice. The rest listened tolerably attentively, but got tired and impatient after a few minutes. There was no singing, and it was not long before Wallingford stood up, and began to preach. Scarcely had he spoken a dozen words, when a shuffling of feet and a groaning and laughing at the other end of the room was commenced, with an evident intention of getting up a general disturbance. For a short time he took no notice of it; but as it went on gathering force, he suddenly stopped, and his silence producing no effect, he stepped quietly down from the spot where he was standing, and, plunging into the thickest of the crowd at his side, in half a minute emerged again, accompanied by half a dozen stout, resolute-looking policemen, armed with staves, whom he caused to mount on a bench near him, and so to shew themselves to the fomenters of the disturbance.

For this apparition the ill-disposed were clearly not prepared; and for a time they were so much taken aback, that they suffered the preacher to continue his sermon unmolested. He preached on the horrible state of mind which vice brings with it even in the present world; and endeavoured to bring his audience to look upon this present wretchedness as the foretaste and proof of the agonies which the unrepenting sinner will endure in hell. Little as his notions accorded with my previous faith in the universal law of benevolence, and the blissful absorption of frail mortality into the infinite nature of the Divinity, yet I must confess that I could quite under-



stand how the burning words he uttered pierced deep into the hearts of the miserable wretches he spoke to.

By and by, he drew a picture of the gradual progress of a child in wickedness, from its infancy upwards, and of the diabolical guilt of those who bring up the young who are under their care in open defiance of the laws of God and man. This propagation of sin and death he contrasted with the love of God in giving his eternal Son to suffer for the sins of men. But when he returned again to the earlier parts of his subject, and called on the people present to bear witness to the horrible system which prevailed among many parents, who, from their earliest years, initiated their children in every conceivable wickedness, the biting truths he told were more than some of his hearers would bear, and a savage sound of discontent began to swell from the furthest portions of the assemblage. In vain the police endeavoured to attract the attention of the rioters, and to warn them to be still; in vain Mr. Wallingford appealed to them to let others hear in peace, and entreated them not to add to their guilt. The disturbance grew worse and worse; cries of anger and insult arose from the throng, with signs of intended violence against the object of their irritation, while many of the crowd strenuously resisted the violence of the rest, and strove to keep order. The police now endeavoured to make their way through the dense mass, which began to sway to and fro, as a closely-packed crowd always does when violently excited, when a cry of terror was heard simultaneously from several points of the room. The increase of strain upon the floor, resulting from the restless movement of the people, caused a loud crack to be heard from below; and while a death-like pallor blanched the cheeks of hundreds, a frightful pushing and crushing commenced in all parts of the building.

At this moment a man rushed up a small back staircase opening into the room close to where the altar was placed, and forcing his way to Wallingford, whispered a few words in his ear. Wallingford's face instantly brightened; and, in a voice like a trumpet, he called aloud to the congregation that there was no danger, that it was only the wooden pillars underneath, which supported the apartment, which were a little bent with the superincumbent weight, and that if only they would be still, all would be well. In the mean time many threw themselves on their knees, and he entreated the rest to join him in prayers to God for safety, and in invoking the Virgin Mary and the saints for their protection. Some heeded him, but the great body of the people continued crowding down the staircase

at which they had ascended. Excited myself beyond power of control, I pushed through the crowd with irresistible violence, with the vain hope of staying their frenzied rush, and compelling them to remain still ; and I had just reached the top of the stairs, when I heard them creaking loudly in all directions, beneath the overwhelming pressure of the swarm of people who were crowding them in the endeavour to descend. In a few moments the creaking became a loud cracking, the cracking was followed by a crash, and I beheld the whole fabric of the stairs separate from the wall and from the floor on the edge of which I was standing, and fall, with forty or fifty men and women upon it, to the ground. A cry of horror broke forth from all above me, though they themselves were safe ; but I had no time for thought, for in an instant I felt that the piece of flooring where I stood was severed from the rest of the boarding. I threw myself inwards upon the persons next me, but they were too near to give me a chance of keeping my footing ; my head swam, as a cloud of dust, and the shrieks of those who had fallen, mounted upwards from beneath ; and I was only just conscious when the last splinters gave way, and I was dashed headlong upon the mass of prostrate human beings below.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### A CONFESSION, AND A SCENE IN A CLUB-HOUSE.

THAT I was not killed by my fall is evident from the fact that I am alive to tell the tale. In truth I was only stunned, though the stupor which seized me lasted many minutes,—perhaps half an hour. When I revived, I found myself stretched upon a bare and dirty floor, in a strange house, and surrounded by a crowd of strange faces. My consciousness returned but gradually, and to the gradual nature of its return I owed a discovery for which I would gladly have been stunned a dozen times over. As far as I can now understand, my mind began to work in a strange, wild, distracted way, before my physical frame shewed any signs of reviving life. Yet, vivid as were my perceptions at the moment, I find it impossible to recal them with such distinctness as to be able to put them into words. As clearly as I can recollect, the one sensation which overpowered all others was a sense of almost supernatural oppression. Soul and body seemed to be held in a kind of fearful bondage, to which the light of ordinary nightmare or disturbing dreams was a child's

play. The throes of waking to a perfectly self-conscious state were little short of agony. I felt as if fighting with an external force, which I could only master by efforts like struggles between life and death.

However, by degrees I did revive, and began talking in an incoherent way, as the circumstances of my fall crowded on my brain, mixed up in wild confusion with the events of the preceding morning. The scene at the door of the gin-shop, with young Harman and Bessy, the preachers in their pulpits, the boys in their schools, the equipages in the Park, all were huddled together in a darkly glaring phantasmagoria, which slowly separated itself into its proper elements; and I began to think over all that had passed with a tolerably calm mind. In my efforts to accomplish this, I uttered aloud the names of the chief persons I had been engaged with in the day, in such loud tones as to attract the attention of a man lying on the floor near me, and, as I afterwards perceived, in the care of a medical man and one or two others. The room, which was the coffee-room of a large public-house, was crowded with people; some, like myself, sufferers from the breaking of the stairs, and the rest busied in some way in attending to their wants and soothing their pains. It was soon found that nothing was seriously the matter with myself, and I began to prepare to leave, as the doctor urged my going into the fresh air as soon as I was a little recovered.

As I was about to go, the man whom I have mentioned called aloud to me, and entreated me to stay a few moments. I turned, and tried to recognise his countenance, but it was perfectly strange in my eyes. "In the name of Heaven, sir," he cried to me, as I seemed to hesitate about obeying his call, "stay a few moments, if you have the heart of a man within you."

This singular appeal puzzled me, and I asked what he meant.

"Wait," said he, "till this broken leg of mine is bound up, and you shall hear all."

"What does he mean?" said I to the surgeon who had been setting the fractured limb. The surgeon professed his ignorance, and seemed so occupied in hastening his work as to have no leisure for attending to any thing but the bodily ailments of his patients. The bandages, however, were soon completed, and both surgeon and assistants moved to another part of the room, and busied themselves with some other of the groaning sufferers. As soon as no listener was near, the man said to me in a low voice:



"I heard you talking of William Harman just now. Do you know him?"

"Yes," said I, in astonishment.

"You talked also about Sir Stephen Wilkinson," he continued.

"Very likely," I replied.

"May I depend on you?" asked my companion, in a still more subdued voice.

"For what?" said I.

"Do you know where Harman is, and what is likely to become of him?"

"I do; but what of this?" I answered.

"Will you save him?" said the man.

"How is that possible?" I asked.

"*Will* you," he rejoined, "if you can?"

"With all my soul," I answered.

"Swear it," he added.

I was amazed, but did as he required, and swore both to be secret, and to do the man's wishes, if within my power.

"Then come nearer to me, that none of these may hear what I tell you; and, as you value your life, be speedy in what you have to do."

I sat down on the floor by the sick man's side, and turned my ear towards him. He groaned with pain, and then proceeded in a whisper to tell his story. He began by shewing me that, by some means or other, he was perfectly acquainted with all that had taken place between Sir Stephen Wilkinson and Harman, down to the apprehension of the latter on that very morning, together with the whole scene at which I had been present in Sir Stephen's dining-room. He reminded me how Harman had been charged with breaking open Sir Stephen's cabinet, and stealing thence seventy-five pounds' worth of notes; how, after he had left his master's service, the paper in which these notes had been wrapped was found in an old waistcoat belonging to him, and concealed in his former bedroom, together with a key exactly corresponding to Sir Stephen's key of the cabinet itself. He knew how Harman had confessed himself unable to give any explanation of these suspicious circumstances, and how he had certainly been known to have had a 5*l.* note in his possession after the theft, having been previously almost penniless; how also he had tried to account for his having the note, by alleging that he had received it from a pawnbroker as payment for a watch he had sold in his distress; and how that pawnbroker

was just dead, so that all hopes of clearing up the suspicion from that quarter were extinct. After detailing all this, he proceeded with his story or confession, assuring me that Harman was perfectly innocent of the theft, and that he, my informant, with another, were the really guilty persons. The shock he had undergone by this evening's accident coming upon him just when his heart had been moved by the preaching which the accident had interrupted, had so affected his conscience as to lead him to delay not a moment in doing his duty to the innocent man suffering for his crime. He was revolving how best to accomplish his wishes, when the mention of Harman's and Sir Stephen's names by me, in my half-departed stupor, had suggested the confession he was now making.

The theft, it appeared, had been committed by himself, with the assistance of a certain Wilcox, recently a footman in Sir Stephen's house, but now a servant in a club-house at the western end of London. This Wilcox, knowing that his master kept his money in the cabinet which had been broken open, some time before had found an opportunity to take an impression of the key in wax, and he had provided himself with a new key made thereby, intending to seize the first opportunity, when discovery was unlikely, to rob Sir Stephen. As it happened, Wilcox was discharged before he could effect the robbery; but he resolved not to lose sight of his hoped-for booty, and becoming acquainted with the man now conversing with me, and who gave his name to me as James Whitley, had with him planned the crime. Whitley was a carpenter by trade, and occasionally worked for Sir Stephen; and tempted, as he assured me, by Wilcox's arguments, he had consented, on a certain day when at work alone in Sir Stephen's apartment, to make use of the key and steal the money. Having taken the notes, a horrible, diabolical idea suddenly seized his mind, and led him to plot some method of fastening suspicion upon some innocent person. As he had to do some more work in one of the servants' bedrooms, he took with him the paper in which the notes had been wrapped, and, together with the false key, placed them in the pockets of an old waistcoat which he found thrown aside, and which had afterwards been recognised as Harman's. The plunder itself he had divided, as agreed upon, between himself and the man Wilcox.

"Well," said I, when he had ended his story, "and now you mean to give yourself up to justice? or what is it you want me to do?"

"No," cried he, "not quite that, just yet at least. You must go and find out this Wilcox; I will tell you how to ferret him out;

and you must make the best bargain you can with him, to induce him to give up some part of his share in the booty. I never bound myself to keep the secret; and if once he dreads my peaching, scoundrel as he is, he may come to terms, and join me in getting Harman off, somehow or other. Unless I am driven to it, *I* never will betray him, though his accursed temptations first made me what I am now."

"But what good will that do?" I asked, not clearly comprehending his plan.

"Why this," he replied. "If Wilcox will give up some good part of his share, and I give up all mine, you will have a pretty decent sum to go to this proud passionate Baronet with. And what you are then to do you must plan for yourself. Only make the best of it you can, and force Sir Stephen, or persuade him, or do any thing on earth you can, to get him to let the innocent escape. If I *must* give myself up in the end, as I hope to be saved, I will."

After a little more conversation, I undertook this strange office, received directions where to meet with Wilcox, and urged by the sick man to lose not a moment's time, I started for the club-house where Wilcox was now employed. The wounded man had prepared me for some little difficulty in getting access to him, but gave me a pass-word to be employed in case I was refused admittance to the place where he was to be found. He had also warned me that I might possibly get into considerable personal difficulties in my interview with Wilcox, who was a desperate man, and advised me to go armed accordingly. I therefore called on the way at my friend's house where I was staying, and hastily loading one of a pair of pocket-pistols, which I had a fancy for carrying about with me in my travels, I concealed it in the breast-pocket of my coat. After this I soon reached the club, and presented myself; and after some trouble learnt that Wilcox was really in the house, but nothing would induce the people to let me in. Wilcox, they said, was very particularly employed, and they dared not interrupt him. At last, by a bribe, they consented to take him a sealed note, in which I wrote the pass-word, and insisted on seeing him. In a few minutes the messenger returned, and bade me follow. I was led through the back-stairs and passages of the house, and the man who conducted me desired me to make no noise when we reached the apartment where I was to meet the person for whom I was in search.

On a sudden we emerged into a large and superbly furnished room, brilliantly lighted, but insufferably hot; feeling as if the lamp



were never extinguished, and the fresh air of day never entered within its walls. As I afterwards learnt, it was the chief gambling room of the club, and was frequently tenanted by successive series of players for several days and nights together. The door by which we entered was a private entrance, used only by a favoured few, and its very existence was probably unknown to many of the unfortunate men who came there to be plundered. It was concealed from the occupants of the room by a screen of a peculiar make, which now hid me and my conductor from the party at present in the apartment. Through an aperture in the screen we stood and watched their proceedings, while they remained unconscious of our presence. Four men sat at the gaming-table, busily engaged with the cards, and presenting the ordinary characteristics of men whose whole souls were absorbed in the interest of the game. A servant in livery was handing wine to the players, and then busied himself with some little matters about the room.

"That's Wilcox," whispered my companion to me. "In a minute or two I'll contrive to get him out, and you may speak with him; but as you value your life, beware of speaking too loud."

Wilcox, however, remained so occupied with some subject or other, that it was impossible to attract his attention without alarming the rest, and my companion said there was nothing for it but to wait. Telling me that he must leave me for a moment or two, he then left the room, with fresh injunctions to be silent.

Just after he had gone, Wilcox, apparently without design, placed himself with his back to the screen, immediately behind one of the players, whose face, from his position, I had not seen. I was soon convinced, from Wilcox's demeanour, that he was in some way or other personally interested in the game; and my attention to the proceedings of the whole party was wonderfully quickened, when a movement of the player whose back was turned towards me revealed the face of Sir Stephen Wilkinson! For some reason or other, the man who had conducted me to the gambling room did not return, and I remained alone for some little time watching the gamblers, and was soon convinced that a collusion existed between Sir Stephen and Wilcox. My heart instantly beat intensely in my bosom, as the thought crossed my mind, that if I could only detect these two in any roguery, I should have them in my power, and could compel both Sir Stephen and Wilcox to do justice to poor Harman. The opportunity speedily presented itself. The Baronet secretly dropped a card as he was dealing, with an almost imperceptible sign at the

same moment to his confederate behind him. Wilcox apparently took no notice, but commenced handing the wine round again to the players. When he reached Sir Stephen, I saw him put his foot upon the fallen card, so as to cover it completely; and then, by a seeming accident, let one of the glasses fall upon the floor. This gave him an excuse for stooping down, and in a moment the card was deposited in his pocket.

I could contain myself no longer, but dashed into the middle of the room, and, standing in front of the amazed Baronet, I cried, "Sir Stephen, you are cheating! Gentlemen, stop the game, and lock the doors!"

The astonishment of the whole party I need not describe. For a moment they sat astounded; then, as Wilcox was recovering his astonishment, and was turning to leave the room, I added, "Seize that scoundrel! He has one of your cards in his pocket!" One of the party instantly collared Wilcox, and another locked the public door of the room; and no one noticing the entrance behind the screen, I rushed to lock it myself, and took the key into my possession. Sir Stephen had by this time recovered his self-command, and loudly called on me to explain myself, with many opprobrious epithets. Then suddenly recognising my countenance, as he remembered the scene in his own dining-room in the morning, he turned to his companions, and cried,

"Gentlemen, I know this fellow. He is a German swindler, who came to my house this morning to take the part of a thief, who had broken open my cabinet, and robbed me of 75*l.* I insist upon his being given over to the police as a vagabond."

Fresh amazement followed these words; but I instantly rejoined:

"No, Sir Stephen, you are the swindler. I saw you just now, with my own eyes, drop a card from the pack, and give a sign to this man here. I was conducted to this room by one of the servants of the house, in order to speak to this man Wilcox, who is the very person who robbed you of your money; and as I was watching there to get an opportunity of speaking to him, I detected you in your roguery. Gentlemen," I continued, turning to the others, "I demand of you that you have Wilcox instantly searched."

"You are an infernal scoundrel, sir!" cried Sir Stephen, boiling over with rage; and he seized one of the decanters on the table, and lifting it up, was about to fling it at my head. I was prepared for some violence, and already had my hand on my concealed pistol.

In a moment it was pointed at Sir Stephen's head, as I said, "Beware, sir ; it is loaded with ball."

The confusion was now greater than ever ; Wilcox was searched, and the card found. As he stood convicted, and pale as death, I walked up to him, and whispered in his ear that I knew the particulars of the robbery, and named the man who had confessed to me. The villain immediately threw himself on his knees before me, and poured out a torrent of lamentations and prayers, partly addressed to me, and partly to the three players, who had gathered round the Baronet, evidently intending not to let him go. He endeavoured to excuse himself by saying he was only Sir Stephen's subordinate, and that he had been put into his place at the club in order to aid Sir Stephen in his gambling rogueries ; while the latter grew positively frenzied with rage, when he found that Wilcox did not deny the robbery of the notes. Had he not been held back by the rest of the party, he would have fallen violently upon him.

At last, order was comparatively restored, and it was proposed to take proper steps for ejecting the Baronet with all possible dishonour from the club. I, however, entreated the three irritated men to lend me their aid, while I obtained from Wilcox a written confession of his guilt with respect to the robbery. This was soon accomplished ; and leaving them to settle the rest of the affair in their own way, I left them, in order to hasten to Sir Stephen's house, and set poor Harman free. The Baronet dared not refuse my request, that he would write a letter to the police-magistrate, or his deputies, begging them to let the innocent man go, as his innocence had been proved ; and, armed with this somewhat unofficial pardon for Harman, I started without loss of time.

Gloomy and miserable was the scene I encountered at the Baronet's house. All were wondering what had become of Sir Stephen himself, and Lady Wilkinson was also from home. Harman was in custody still, sitting with the policemen, in a dark, chilly room at the back of the servants' office. Poor Bessy was also there, exhausted with weeping and agitation. They were on the point of preparing to send her away for the night, not knowing when Sir Stephen would return, when I entered the room. Nothing had turned up which could exculpate Harman, who seemed himself to despair. Without thinking of the consequences, I exclaimed joyfully that all was set right ; and Bessy, overwhelmed with the revulsion of feeling, sunk fainting upon the floor.

What followed is easily understood. She soon recovered, the



party dispersed, and I returned to T. to tell my tale. Since then I have learned that the circumstances of the story have got poor Bessy and Harman into notice with many people who have the means to aid them; and their future fortune promises to be just what one expects at the end of a novel. The Baronet, of course, was kicked out of the club. Wilcox disappeared, and is suspected to have left the country; and my poor friend, whose broken limb was the means of bringing about the deliverance of Harman, is, I understand, slowly recovering.

And so ended my Sunday in London. Was it not a day of romance, and of truth more terrible than fiction?

Ever yours,

HERDER.

## Poetry.

No. I.

[I.]

### ST. PETER AND ST. PHILIP.

IN the far North our lot is cast,  
Where faithful hearts are few;  
Still are we Philip's children dear,  
And Peter's soldiers true.

Founder and Sire! to mighty Rome,  
Beneath St. Peter's shade,  
Early thy vow of loyal love  
And ministry was made.

The ample porch and threshold high  
Of Peter was thy home;  
The world's Apostle he, and thou  
Apostle of his Rome.

And first in the old catacombs,  
In galleries dark and deep,  
Where martyr-Popes had ruled the Church,  
And slept their glorious sleep;

Through the still night, in lonely prayer,  
Thou waitedst, till there came  
Down on thy breast, new-lit for thee,  
The Pentecostal flame.

Then, kindling with that sacred fire,  
 Thou, through the city wide,  
 Didst lure the noble and the young  
 From Babel's pomp and pride ;

And, gathering them within thy cell,  
 Unveil the lustre bright  
 And beauty of thy inner soul,  
 And win them by the sight.

And thus to Rome, for Peter's faith  
 Far known, thou didst impart  
 A rule of life and penance meet,  
 And discipline of heart.

And as he, on the lofty hill  
 Facing the imperial town,  
 First looked upon his fair domain,  
 Then on the Cross lay down ;

So thou, from out the streets of Rome,  
 Didst turn thy failing eye  
 Unto that Mount of martyrdom,\*  
 Take leave of it and die.

ω.

[II.]

## CANDLEMAS.

The Angel-lights of Christmas morn,  
 Which shot across the sky,  
 Away they pass at Candlemas,  
 They sparkle and they die.

Comfort of earth is brief at best,  
 Although it be divine ;  
 Like funeral lights for Christmas gone,  
 Old Simeon's tapers shine.

And then, for eight long weeks and more,  
 We wait in twilight grey,  
 Till the tall Candle sheds a beam  
 On Holy Saturday.

We wait along the penance-tide  
 Of solemn fast and prayer,  
 While song is hush'd, and lights grow dim,  
 In the sin-laden air ;

\* " At the beginning of his Mass he remained for some time looking fixedly at the hill of St. Onofrio, which was visible from the chapel, just as if he saw some great vision."—*Bacci's Life of St. Philip*.

And, while the sword in Mary's soul  
Is driven home, we hide  
In our own hearts, and count the wounds  
Of passion and of pride.

And yet that cave of forms unclean  
Shall the same vision keep  
Which drew the sages from their thrones  
And peasants from their sheep.

For still, though Candlemas be spent,  
And Alleluias o'er,  
Mary is music in our need,  
And Jesus light in store.

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## Reviews.

### LAYARD'S NINEVEH.

*Nineveh and its Remains.* By Austen Henry Layard, Esq.  
London, Murray.

MR. LAYARD is too much used to clearing away rubbish to be able to say a word against a reviewer who treats his own instructive volumes as he has done the monuments of Nineveh. With an enterprising spirit, great acquaintance with modern languages of the East, and some appearance of learning in ancient authors, he has combined an ignorant ill-will towards the Catholic Church, which we are compelled to expose before we bestow our praises upon the valuable portions of his book. It is pleasanter to have done with the disagreeable part of the critic's work before we commence the more agreeable; and therefore we shall first remark upon what we conceive to require animadversion.

The general contents of the volumes before us may be concisely stated in the words of our author, at the commencement of the second portion of his work, as follows:

"I have endeavoured in the preceding pages to describe the manner in which the excavations were carried on amongst the ruins of Nineveh, and the discoveries to which they gave rise. At the same time, I have sought to convey to the reader, by short descriptions of the Chaldeans, the Arabs, and the Yezidis, some idea of the people who are now found within the limits of the ancient kingdom of Assyria proper. This account of my labours would, however, be incomplete, were I not to point out the most important of their



results; were I not to shew how far the monuments and remains discovered tend to elucidate disputed questions, or to throw light upon the civilisation, manners, and arts of a people so little known as the Assyrians."

We shall see that this grand division of the work may be stated more concisely still as an account of the diggings, the diggers, and the dug; which we put in this humorous way, to shew Mr. Layard, and all whom it may concern, that we are not out of temper when we do find fault. Indeed, we must beg his pardon for attacking him at all, when we ourselves have not at hand proper ammunition for the purpose, being at a distance from most of the books to which he refers, and so obliged to trust to memory. To our readers also an apology is due.

This premised, we shall venture to depart from Mr. Layard's order, so far as to say first something about one set of the diggers, the Chaldees, or Nestorian Christians. Now it may boldly be asserted that Catholicism is so large a system, that no one can judge fairly of its parts until he knows something of the whole. If a Greenland peasant took some odd view of Nineveh and its people from one of the jars delineated in Mr. Layard's book, he would have about as good a notion of what Mr. Layard himself has made out, from reflection on *all* the facts before him, as Mr. Layard has of the Catholic religion. The Catholic doctrine of the oneness of our Lord's person, and the reverence paid to images (usually discussed in our treatises on the Incarnation), are objects of his contemptuous animadversion. Whether any man is justified in amassing learning upon all subjects but those which concern his own salvation, and, when armed with that learning, in throwing the weight of it into the balance of an already existing ignorant prejudice; whether a person of talents enough to gain the requisite information may, consistently with his dignity as a rational being, go on bearing the false witness against his neighbour which many have borne before him, merely because they have borne it, are questions which we should advise Mr. Layard to lay to heart upon his knees. He knows that information respecting the Nestorians is comparatively scarce; he knows that people are glad to use it to bolster up an argument against the one true fold; he knows that people are apt to rely on the testimony of an eye-witness, without considering whether he is a prejudiced witness or not. This being so, we should have some scruples in acquitting Mr. Layard of ignorant bigotry, while he has himself furnished us with some materials for substantiating such a charge, which we cannot pass unnoticed. There is, indeed, nothing in his character,

as far as we see, of a definitively Christian tone, but so much that is capable of being worked out into such a tone, that a hope suggests itself that we shall not only be putting the reader upon his guard, but may possibly benefit the author himself, should these pages meet his eye. His active, enterprising, self-denying temper, his keen constructiveness (to use a phrenological term), his insight into the vanity of "little" disputes, might, if turned to the true object of worship, discover "in certain questions of our own superstition," as he now regards them, both the mainstay of his future hopes and the corrective of his present speculations.

We will proceed, then, to give some quotations from the eighth chapter of his first part; for though we find many occasional passages in favour of these "Protestants of Asia" (a name which Mr. Layard says they merit, vol. i. p. 259), still this particular chapter contains his principal notice of them. His chief authority is Assemani, as thoroughpaced a Romanist as could be desired; he quotes, indeed, Marco Polo, La Croze, and others, whom Assemani quotes; but if there is no reason to believe that he has not read these other authors, so there is no reason to believe that he has. We know too much of the tricks by which authors appear more learned than they are, to give Mr. Layard credit for more learning than we see proof for; and we detect up and down in these volumes too many instances of partial and careless reference to be able to restrain our suspicions that Mr. Layard takes his references secondhand. But to proceed to our quotations.

"By a series of the most open frauds," says our author, "the Roman Catholic emissaries obtained many of the documents which constituted the title of the Chaldean Patriarch, and gave him a claim to be recognised and protected as head of the Chaldean Church by the Turkish authorities. A system of persecution and violence, which would scarcely be credited, compelled the Chaldeans of the plain to renounce their faith, and to unite with the Church of Rome. A rival patriarch, who appropriated to himself the titles and functions of the Patriarch of the East, was elected, not *by* but *for* the seceders, and was put forward as a rival to the true head of the Eastern Church. Still, as is the case in all such forced conversions, the change was more nominal than real; and to this day the people retain their old forms and ceremonies, their festivals, their chronology, and their ancient language in their prayers and holy books. They are now engaged in a struggle with the Church of Rome for the maintenance of these last relics of their race and faith."

Our author here asserts, in very general terms, the existence of an incredible system of persecution upon the part of the Church of Rome, and he makes this assertion to an igno-

rant Protestant public, highly charged already with a disposition to believe all the ill it can of the Church. When he is more manly and definite in his attacks, we shall try to meet him; for the present, we content ourselves with observing, that he here makes two assumptions, which his Protestant readers would of course find no difficulty in admitting; the one is, that the Pope had no right to appoint a Patriarch, and the other, that persecution is wrong. The first assumption is implied by the whole passage, but particularly by the assertion that the Patriarch *appropriated to himself* the titles and functions he enjoyed. Of course, if there be an authority who has power to bind and loose all things under Christ, a "person elected not *by* but *for* the seceders" wears a very different aspect. Probably Mr. Layard never looked into this question in his life.

The other assumption, that persecution for religion is wrong, though commanding a large number of admirers, is unbecoming in a Protestant defender of Nestorianism. We would recommend Mr. Layard, as a Protestant, to read Cobbett's *History of the Reformation* (he need not *believe* more than half of it); and, as a defender of the disciples of Nestorius, to study, in the acts of the Council of Ephesus, how that mean tyrant dealt with the monks and clergy who wished to expostulate with him. If, after this, he has the face to talk against persecution, we have nothing more to say to him; still we add, that we do not believe the *ipse dixit* of Mr. Layard as to the fact of the persecution in question; though we do not forget what he says at p. 154, we have little doubt that he has put his own colouring upon it. His next words run as follow.

"If I have in these volumes sometimes called the Chaldeans 'Nestorians,' it is because that name has generally been given to them. It is difficult to ascertain when it was first used: probably not before the Roman Catholic missionaries who were brought into contact with them found it necessary and politic to treat them as schismatics, and to bestow upon them a title which conveyed the stigma of heresy. By the Chaldeans themselves the name has ever been disavowed; and though Nestorius is frequently mentioned in their rituals and books of prayer as one of the fathers of their Church, yet they deny that they received their doctrines from him. Ebedjesus, a Chaldean who wrote in the fourteenth century, asserts that 'the Orientals have not changed the truth, but as they have received it from the Apostles, so they have retained it without variation. They are therefore called Nestorians without reason, and injuriously. Nestorius followed them, and not they Nestorius.' And even Assemani (who cites this passage), a member of the Romish Church who wrote their history, calls them 'Chaldeans



or Assyrians, whom from that part of the globe which they inhabit we term Orientals, and from the heresy they profess, Nestorians.' ”

Paul the Fifth, the natives, and the monuments of the sepulchres, are then adduced from Assemani as witnesses to the same fact.

It has been shrewdly remarked by De Maistre, that all heretics go by General Councils up to the time when they condemn their own errors. From that time, of course, they forswear them. In a similar way, we may remark that all reasonable men see the sense of a name given by the whole world, except those whose interest it is to deny it. If Nestorius was one of the fathers of *their* Church, why should they not be called Nestorians? Our author astutely omits to inform us why he comes to be mentioned in sacred books so frequently, although we suspect these “Protestants of Asia” regarded him as a saint. Ebedjesus, who was himself a ‘Chaldean,’ makes a profession which our author would think good for nothing if we made it, or one similar to it. If we said, Catholics have not changed the truth, but as they received it from the Apostles, so they have retained it without variation; they are therefore called Romanists without reason, and injuriously; would not our author think this a silly statement?

“The peculiar doctrine of the Chaldeans,” proceeds our author, “that which has earned for them the epithet of heretics, may be explained in a few words. With Nestorius they assert the divisibility and separation of the two persons, as well as of the two natures, in Christ; or, as Assemani has more fully defined it, the attribution of two persons to Christ; the one being the Word of God, and the other the man Jesus: for, according to Nestorius, the man formed in the womb of the Virgin was not the only-begotten Word of God; and the Incarnation was not the natural and hypostatic union of the Word with the common nature, but the mere inhabiting of the Word of God in man—that is, in the human nature subsisting of itself—as it were in its temple. This, of course, involves the refusal of the title of Mother of God to the Virgin, which the Chaldeans still reject; though they do not admit, to their full extent, the tenets on account of which they are accused of heresy by the Church of Rome. The distinctions they make upon this point, however, are so subtle and refined, that it is difficult for one who discourses with them to understand that which probably they scarcely comprehend themselves.”

After this, Mr. Layard gives their creed, which he thinks both interesting and important, but which we, though we allow with him that it differs in few respects from the Nicene Creed, do not think worth copying. The fathers of Ephesus

were quite content with the Nicene Creed, but by no means allowed of believing in two Lords Jesus Christ, as the Nestorians plainly do, when they make two persons in Christ. But (as St. Austin says, *Op. Imperf.* iv. 7) do we not call Novatians, Arians, and some others heretics, even when they have confessed the whole Creed? Of course it is possible to evade any words, however plain, by "subtle and refined distinctions;" and this the Nestorians did by making Christ one person in a figurative and relative sense. They had two words for 'person,' and by them evaded the observation of the unwary, and contrived to appear to believe in one Lord Jesus Christ when they really held two. The real drift of their abominable doctrine is put forth with Satanical conciseness by the master of Nestorius, Theodorus. "I do not envy Christ made God, because, if I wish it, I can become so too." If the man Christ was not one person with the Word, then man could redeem himself, and we had no need of a Divine Redeemer; another person could become, by degrees, sufficiently one with God to redeem us. We do not therefore agree with Mr. Layard in putting any faith in a creed apparently orthodox, or thinking "it certainly evident" "that much more has been made of the matter in dispute than its importance deserves."

Mosheim, "whose impartiality can scarcely be doubted" (!), is next cited as a voucher for the freedom of our heretics from Romish corruptions. Our worthy author seems to be deeply convinced of the sage remark of a certain philosopher, "that it was no hard matter to praise Athenians amongst Athenians." But let this pass. Mr. Layard proceeds to state in what respect the "Protestants of Asia" differ from other Christian sects, and what their belief and observances really are. He gives, of course, what came under his observation; and probably is not aware that an argument has been drawn by Catholic writers from Nestorian books and rituals for a very different conclusion. This we mention, lest the weight of that argument should be rated too highly; or rather, lest it should be put so as to make people fancy that both ancient books and present practice of the Nestorians are in accordance with the Church on all points except those in controversy: a position scarcely tenable. The reader will be astonished at the ridiculous transparency of the hoaxes by which our author would make Protestants believe that Nestorians have maintained a pure creed, conformable with the Protestant belief, from the earliest times. A few italics will in some cases almost say all that is necessary to be said upon the following passages, but we shall put in a remark or two here and there as we proceed.

“They refuse to the Virgin those titles and that exaggerated veneration, which were the origin of most of the superstitions and corruptions of the Romish and Eastern Churches.”

One of these titles, as we have seen, is “the Mother of God,” which, the learned are well aware, was much older than the Council of Ephesus (see Mr. Newman’s note on St. Athanasius, p. 420). Moreover, if *exaggerated* veneration is wrong, *some* veneration is right; and we had rather trust the whole Catholic world for many centuries than Mr. Layard and the Chaldeans, as to what amount is or is not exaggerated. Then, if Eastern Churches as well as Romish fell into corruptions, as the Church of Rome hath erred, so may the Church of the Chaldees err, not only in their living and ceremonies, but also in matters of faith, as the nineteenth article of the Establishment leads us to suppose.

“They deny the doctrine of purgatory, and are most averse, not only to the worship of images, but even to their exhibition.”

They would not have liked Tertullian’s chalice, then, with the image of the Good Shepherd “exhibited” on it, nor St. Ephrem’s Testament, in which the doctrine of purgatory is plainly taught, to say nothing of other things which tell against them.

“In the rejection of the doctrine of transubstantiation, they agree with the reformed Church; although some of the *earlier writers* have so treated of the subject as to lead to the supposition that they admit the actual presence. Any such admission, however, is undoubtedly at variance with *their present* professions, and with the assertions that I have, on more than one occasion, heard from patriarch and priests.”

Assemani, vol. iv. p. 292, tells us a very different story, to wit, that the generality of their writers believe that the same body of Christ which is in heaven truly and really exists in the Eucharist; but *some of them* assert, “the Eucharist is nothing else than a mystical body,” &c. Which are we to believe, Assemani or our author? If our author will tell us whence he learnt any thing at all about the earlier Nestorians, it will much help towards deciding which of the two is most trustworthy. At present we shrewdly suspect he knows nothing whatever about them except from Assemani, and therefore we believe Assemani; and therefore we assume that the modern Nestorians have departed from the ancient doctrine, as we know the Protestants of Europe to have done. If it was not natural for Nestorians to do so, we should not have found St. Cyril for ever attacking them for their denial of the



true doctrine of the real presence. But what have we next? Is *this* genuine Protestantism too?

“With regard to the number *and* nature of their sacraments their books are full of discrepancies. Nor were the statements I received from the patriarch and various priests more consistent. The number *seven* is *always* mentioned by the *earliest* Chaldean writers, and is *traditionally* retained to this day; but what these seven sacraments really are *no one seems to know!*”

Have they no judicial committee of a privy council to determine the question?

“Baptism is accompanied by confirmation, as in the Armenian Church, when the *meiron*, or consecrated oil, is used, a drop being placed upon the forehead of the child. This confirmation, or consecration, appears to have originated in the custom of giving extreme unction to an infant, in fear that it might die soon after immersion. [Here's corrupt following of the Apostles!] Through ignorance of its origin, this *distinct sacrament* came to be considered as an integral part of baptism; but neither extreme unction nor confirmation appears to have been recognised as a sacrament by the Chaldeans.”

Assemani, iv. p. 271 (not 27, as quoted), is unfairly cited as an authority for this, for he says, in p. 272, that whatever becomes of their present practice, it can be shewn from their books that both sacraments existed among them at one time. Our author adds, that “auricular confession, which was once practised as a sacrament, has now fallen into disuse.” This we can well believe, considering that Mr. Layard tells us that it is asserted by Nestorian priests that no harm came from the exhibition of undressed females, so often mentioned by our author. After telling us that there are doubts whether marriage is to be considered a sacrament, and that the patriarch alone can grant divorces, he informs us that there are no *archbishops* or *bishops' ladies* now, *as there were in early times*. Mistress Archdeacon is the highest female dignitary. Considering the propensity of mankind to communicate secrets to their wives, and that even the stern Cato had to repent of having indulged it, we here find a fresh reason for the disuse of auricular confession. Ordination is a sacrament. Oil is used in it; tonsures and early ordinations, though uncanonical, are common. For abstinence, 152 days are enjoined, and strictly observed. A slight leaven of Puseyism this in the Protestants of Asia, we suppose.

“The Patriarch is always chosen, if not *of necessity*, at least by general consent, from one family. It is necessary that the mother should abstain from meat and all animal food some months before

the birth of a child who is destined for the high office of a priest of the Chaldean Church. The Patriarch himself never tastes meat: vegetables and milk constitute his only nourishment."

We are not, however, to suppose our author would recommend this diet as a preparation for the climate of Lambeth. One quotation more, and we shall dismiss this part of our subject.

"It will be seen, from the foregoing remarks, that there are *some* most striking points of resemblance between the Chaldean Christians and the members of the Protestant Church. These coincidences are the more important and the more deserving of attention, inasmuch as they confirm *many* of the doctrines of the reformed religion, and connect them with those of the *primitive* Church. The peculiar doctrine which has brought upon the Chaldeans the accusation of heresy, even admitting it to its fullest extent, can *only* be charged against them as an *innovation*. Their ignorance of the superstitions of the Church of Rome, and their more simple observances and ceremonies, may be clearly traced to a *primitive* form of Christianity, received by them before its corruption. Isolated amongst the remote valleys of Kurdistan, and *cut off from all intercourse* with other Christian communities, they have preserved almost in its original purity their ancient faith. Corruptions may have crept in, and ignorance may have led to the neglect of doctrines and ceremonies; but, on the whole, it is a matter of wonder, that after a lapse of nearly seventeen (!) centuries the Chaldeans should still be what they are."

Such incoherent absurdities can a man of sense vent when he is falling upon the Rock of the Church! How can men cut off from the rest of the Christian world have stumbled into "corruptions" so like those of the Church of Rome in so many particulars? The sign of the cross, the number of the sacraments, the use of oil in baptism, the use of extreme unction, the accounting of ordination as a sacrament, the use of the oil in it, the tonsure, and the days of abstinence, the observance of holy days as sabbaths, are things of very Popish appearance. Did they form part of the primitive Christianity which these isolated Protestants have held for seventeen centuries? *Quod apud multos unum invenitur, non est inventum sed traditum*, said Tertullian: that which is found to be one and the same among many peoples is not an invention, but a tradition. In doubt, and uncertainty, and rejection of ancient doctrines, they certainly are Protestant enough: their peculiar tenet is admitted (though we scarce believe our eyes) to be an innovation. What the *many* doctrines of the reformed religion, confirmed by the *some* points of resemblance, are, we are at a loss to discover, except where a discordance between

ancient documents and their tenets exists, or is mostly admitted to exist. But we proceed to the more pleasant part of our task.

If we say little respecting Mr. Layard's "diggings," it will be because we have found them partly wearisome to read, and partly unintelligible without the woodcuts and plans; and therefore likely to be doubly wearisome to our reader. Neither should we have room to descant at length upon Mr. Layard's unbaflled energy in "the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," alike from natives and from inadequate pecuniary means. And indeed, if we say something about the character of the people, the nature of one great difficulty will become intelligible. Wild and wandering clans of Arabs, often at deadly feud with other clans; suspicious Turkish officers, fancying money was his object, or some hidden treasure; iconoclast Mahometans, afraid lest Queen Victoria (see p. 143) should get the exhumed images and worship them;—these were people of whose capacity for creating difficulties Mr. Layard had practical experience. We cannot follow him through all his difficulties, but shall rather endeavour by some quotations to create a desire for a personal acquaintance with a work containing so much calculated to do honour to the author. The following passage will take the reader *in medias res* at once:

"On my return to Mosul I received letters from England informing me that Sir Stratford Canning [the original patron of Mr. L.'s noble undertaking] had presented the sculptures discovered in Assyria, and had made over all the advantages that might be derived from the order given to him by the Sultan, to the British nation, and that the British Museum had received a grant of funds for the continuation of the researches commenced at Nimroud and elsewhere. The grant was small, and scarcely adequate to the object in view. There were many difficulties to contend with, and I was doubtful whether, with the means placed at my disposal, I should be able to fulfil the expectations which appear to have been formed as to the results of the undertaking. The sum given to Mr. Botta for excavations at Khorsabad alone greatly exceeded the whole grant to the Museum, which was to include private expenses, those of carriage, and many extraordinary outlays, inevitable in the East when works of this nature are to be carried on. I determined, however, to accept the charge of superintending the excavations, to make every exertion, and to economise as far as it was in my power, that the nation might possess as extensive and complete a collection of Assyrian antiquities as, considering the smallness of the means, it was possible to collect. The want of knowledge and experience as a draughtsman was a drawback, indeed a disqualification, which I could scarcely hope to overcome. Many of the sculptures and



monuments discovered were in too dilapidated a condition to be removed, and others threatened to fall to pieces as soon as uncovered. It was only by drawings that the record of them could be preserved. There was no inclination to send over an artist to assist me, and I made up my mind to do the best I could—to copy as carefully and accurately as possible that which was before me. I had therefore to superintend the excavations, to draw all the bas-reliefs discovered, to copy and compare the innumerable inscriptions, and to preside over the moving and packing of the sculptures. As there was no one to be trusted to overlook the diggers, I was obliged to be continually present, and frequently to remove the earth myself from the face of the slabs, as, through the carelessness and inexperience of the workmen, they were exposed to injury from blows of the picks. I felt that I was far from qualified to undertake these multifarious occupations. I knew, however, that if persons equal to the task, and sufficiently well acquainted with the various languages of the country to carry on the necessary communications with the authorities, and to hold the requisite intercourse with the inhabitants—Arabs, Kurds, Turks, and Chaldees—were sent out expressly from England, the whole sum granted would be expended before the excavations could be commenced. The researches would probably be then less extensive, and their results less complete, than they would be if, however unqualified, I at once undertook their superintendence. I determined, therefore, to devote the whole of my time to the undertaking, and to make every sacrifice to ensure its success.”

Those who are acquainted with the British lion know pretty well that the paw of that noble beast is more readily extended for promise of prey than for liberality. Capital without returns is not in John Bull's line at all; and if Mr. Layard had not determined to do his utmost, nothing at all probably would have been done to secure objects of such interest as he has secured. Any subsequent liberality, such as has now enabled him to return to the scene of his labours, would hardly have emanated from the literary propensities of the British nation, unless Mr. Layard had made this bold commencement. We remember the time when the wealthy Sir Felix Booth fitted out, at his own expense, a northern expedition; and could only wish that some individual, of like liberality, would patronise an expedition, of much greater promise, to the mounds of Nimroud. But to proceed with Mr. Layard's skill in organising a band of workmen. It was owing, in part, to the scarcity of corn, that our author

“had no difficulty in finding workmen amongst the Arabs. There was, at the same time, this advantage in employing the wandering Arabs. They brought their tents and families with them, and encamping round the ruins and the village, formed a very efficient

guard against their brethren of the desert, who looked to plunder rather than to work, to supply their wants. To increase my numbers, I chose only one man from each family; and, as his male relations accompanied him, I had the use of their services, as far as regarded the protection of my sculptures. Being well acquainted with the Sheiks of the Jebour, I chose my workmen chiefly from that tribe. The chiefs promised every protection; and I knew enough of the Arab character, not to despair of bringing the men under proper control. The Arabs were selected to remove the earth; they were unable to dig; this part of the labour required stronger and more active men; and I chose for it about fifty Nestorian Chaldeans, who had sought work for the winter in Mosul, and many of whom, having already been employed, had acquired some experience in excavating."

We see from this there is a something of gratitude in Mr. Layard's encomiums of these heretics.

"They went to Nimroud with their wives and families. I engaged, at the same time, one Bainan, a Jacobite or Syrian Christian, who was a skilful marble-cutter, and a very intelligent man. I had made also a valuable addition to my establishment in a standard-bearer of the irregular troops, of whose courage I had seen such convincing proofs during the expedition to the Singar, that I induced his commander to place him in my service."

The winter season was spent partly in erecting a house for Mr. Layard and his servants, which, being constructed of mud bricks, unfortunately got so saturated with rain while the building was going on, that the interior of the rooms was continually clothed with a crop of grass, the only verdure our author saw till his return to Europe. There was also a house for the Nestorians; a hut in which to deposit smaller antiquities; and upwards of eighty tents for Arabs. The men were all armed. Mr. Hormuzd Rassam (a gentleman who we fancy was in England some years back) was Mr. Layard's paymaster. A few Arabs of a hostile tribe were ingeniously dispersed among the rest, to detect any plots that might be brewing.

There is an admixture of generalship in all this, which adds to our personal interest in our author's character. Nor was he wanting in tact as a judge; for acting in which capacity, the constant quarrels arising from the polygamist propensities of the Arabs and other causes, furnished almost every evening some demand upon our author's time. His bold decision was also called into action, when the marauding spirit of hostile Arab tribes made it necessary to enter their quarters and recover stolen property.

It must be remembered that we are here only speaking of one series of excavations carried on by Mr. Layard, and of the dangers and difficulties attending it. The same dangers and difficulties, more or less, beset him on other occasions. We have wished to give such a rough outline of them, as may serve to create an interest in the work itself; and not so full an account, as will render it unnecessary to peruse the volumes themselves.

Before we pass on to the second, and infinitely more important, and to us more interesting volume, it is right that we should say a few words upon a strange sect, who, though they were not a part of the diggers, yet were visited by Mr. Layard. This sect is the sect of the Yezidis, or devil-worshippers, as they have been called, from certain superstitious observances (it should seem) in regard to the name of the devil, and all words which bear any sort of resemblance to it. They are abominated and persecuted by the Mussulman; chiefly because by them they are said not to be "masters of a book," in the Eastern phrase; that is, because they have no writings which they regard as sacred, like Jews or Christians. Mr. Layard's friend, Mr. Rassam, having interested himself upon one occasion on behalf of a Yezidi captive, an invitation was sent to them both to visit the tomb of Sheikh Adi, the great saint of these deluded people. An immense number of pilgrims flocked thither; and Mr. Layard witnessed a curious midnight orgy, which, however, does not seem to have been conducted with any improprieties. Lights, solemn singing, cymbals and tambourines, entertained some five thousand votaries. The inner court alone was reserved to the priests, who it seems offer a sacrifice of white bulls. After the indistinctly audible rites within were finished, yells and other excitement succeeded; it is scarcely necessary to add, that they did not "go home till morning." Their reverence for the Scriptures and Koran, and for a book of their own, to whose existence Mr. Layard bears witness, seems to shew that the Mussulman ground for hating them is unfounded. It seems they have a vast reverence also for a waxen symbol of Satan, or 'King Peacock,' as they call him; they, moreover, hold that Satan is to be restored after a certain period; a Pantheistic notion, of which the elements are found in many heathen records, and which were adopted from Plato by Origen, who endeavoured to graft them upon Christianity. They think that Satan must be conciliated and revered, as the Heathen are said to have thought of Baalzebub (the fly-god), and other deities supposed to preside over noxious agencies. They deny that Christ *died* upon the cross; which is



also an element in the errors of most heresies of a Pantheistic cast; *e. g.* in those of the Manichees. Their reverence for the sun, their superstitions about abstinence from certain vegetables, and their laxity about marriage, with other particulars, belong to the same school. Indeed, Mr. Layard himself thinks them of a Sabeian origin, with "a strange mixture of Christianity, Mahommedanism, and a tincture of the doctrines of the Gnostics and Manicheans."

It is said that he has paid them another visit, and been admitted further into their secrets; and so we may hope for a fuller account of them. We cannot forbear to add, that there is scarcely a heresy combated by the holy fathers, the tendencies of which towards Manicheism they did not acutely point out. The fancifulness of Pantheism is admirably adapted to catch an Eastern mind once released from the gentle fetters of orthodoxy; and it is therefore easy to imagine that these Yezidis may have been originally a conflux of the bolder spirits from different heretical sects; of spirits who, unlike the common herd of Oriental heretics, were not content to remain petrified in the errors of their forefathers, but followed out their lies to their true result, and openly worshipped the father of them. These, however, are speculations upon which, perhaps, the subsequent researches of our inquiring author may throw additional light.

Of course, as might be expected, there are a vast variety of occasional details about the condition of the people amongst whom Mr. Layard is thrown; their lawless nomade life, their lazy story-telling, their want of civilisation, and need of a decent government; their frantic excitability, and ignorant misconceptions; the miseries of Nestorian Christians, and recklessness of many Turkish officers: these we do not think will be found uninteresting, although we have no disposition to treat of them in the present notice. Nor shall we endeavour to describe the occasions on which many of these native features came before Mr. Layard. We hasten on to make some general remarks upon the third division of the whole work, as we have divided it. Reasons have been given for omitting fuller notice of the diggings; of the diggers some notice has been taken, together with which a digression upon the Yezidis has been made. It remains that we say something of the dug, *i. e.* of the character of the antiquities exhumed.

Monuments in a churchyard are often interesting as historical documents: thus the dates of many Jewish writers are ascertainable by means of the monuments at Prague. As with individuals, so it is with nations: they are often interred, and that not unfrequently with what may be called little more

than a short monumental inscription. The first question the antiquary would eagerly raise to himself, on the discovery of such national monuments, is, Are there any inscriptions, are they legible, are they in any known character? That there are inscriptions in Nineveh is a question Mr. Layard answers plainly enough in the affirmative. Not only bricks were found, and winged bulls, with inscriptions upon them, but also an obelisk, with an inscription of 210 lines upon it. Whether it is owing to the reader's stupidity or to the writer's obscurity, we cannot say, but we think Mr. Layard does not convey a sufficiently clear impression as to the chance of reading these inscriptions for the general reader; and therefore we shall endeavour to give our readers some idea how such inscriptions may be made out, reminding them again, that from the absence of books we may make very considerable, though perhaps wholly immaterial, mistakes in detail. At first it may seem that we should want "another Daniel come to judgment" to read this Babylonish handwriting, so to call it, upon the ruins of Nineveh. But other and more ordinary means of knowledge have, in similar cases, proved to be sufficient.

First, then, accidental clews sometimes present themselves which lead to the deciphering of ancient documents otherwise illegible. Two of our countrymen will furnish us with instances in point. The truly learned Ideler (whom for some reason or other the pompous Bunsen has, we think, not cited in his book on Egypt) ascribes to our countryman Dr. Young the honour of having first struck out a plan for deciphering the hieroglyphics: a stone was discovered at Rosetta, which had an inscription in Greek and in enchorial, or the native common Egyptian, and in hieroglyphics; and from comparison of the three, the meaning of the latter was gradually ascertained. Mr. Prinsep, a great Indian scholar, was enabled, by not altogether dissimilar means, to read an inscription at Delhi in alphabetic characters before unknown. At the bottom of a mound in the north of India certain coins were found, with a Greek inscription on one side, and what proved to be a Sanscrit one of the same import, in the Delhi character, on the other. It struck Mr. Prinsep that this might be so, and he soon found that the coins were coins of an Indo-Grecian dynasty, whose kings' names were in Greek upon one side of the coin, and in Sanscrit upon the reverse. In this way a most interesting monument has been deciphered, not to mention the valuable work entitled *Ariana Antiqua*, which Mr. Prinsep's discovery drew from the pen of that great Sanscrit scholar Professor Wilson. It is plain, then, from this, that if no other mode of deciphering the inscriptions of Nineveh

was suggested, still the chance of such an accidental clew turning up would make them objects of interest, because they would be objects of hope, if it may be so expressed.

Human ingenuity, however, does not content itself with waiting for these accidents. It was known that in Persia a language called the Zend language was once spoken, and that that language approximated to the Sanscrit. Hence inscriptions found in the Persian dominions might be assumed to be written in language akin to the Sanscrit; and a person thoroughly well versed in the latter would have some chance of making out the former, although the characters employed were very rude. Arrow-heads or nails, grouped in different positions, served for letters. We do not remember what word was first made out by Professor Grotefend, the original decipherer; but, for illustration's sake, suppose that a person fancied the word 'Darius' to begin an inscription: he tries to sever the word into its several letters; he finds they are too many; then he tries the Hebrew form of the word, Daryavesh, and he finds that answers. This would give him a certain number of letters: he guesses the next word to be king, and tries if he can split it up into any thing like the Sanscrit word for king; he succeeds in this. He finds most of the next word to be the same thing over again, and guesses it to be the genitive plural, king 'of kings.' All this is very possible, the reader will say, but it must give a very fanciful result after all, and one which cannot be depended upon. Now we cannot recollect from a cursory perusal of the account which was originally given in the *Asiatic Researches*, whether this was the process which our able countryman Major Rawlinson availed himself of, in order to decipher the arrow-headed inscriptions; but this we *can* recollect, that Professor Lassen, a learned German Sanscrit scholar, deciphered the same inscription, with almost all the same results, without any intercourse with Major Rawlinson. Nay, Mr. Benfey, a vastly erudite German linguist, has gone so far as to publish the inscription, with a grammar and dictionary, in Roman characters. There can, then, be little doubt that the interpretation is correct: two people could not have hit at haphazard upon the same interpretation of the whole document.

Now, then, we are coming nearer home. The inscription treated by Major Rawlinson is a trilingual inscription; besides one cognate to the Sanscrit, it contains in the same character one cognate to the Hebrew, or Semitic, or Syro-Arabian tribe of languages, and another akin to the Mongolian class, with which we have nothing to do. Observe, then, the chance we now have of finding out the meaning of the Nineveh



inscriptions. Two scholars, a German and an English, are agreed as to the meaning of the Sanscrito-Zendic inscription; but the meaning of this inscription, its contents, what it says, are almost to a certainty the same as the contents of the other two. As, then, a person versed in the Sanscrit class of languages deciphered the one with no such help, much more will a person versed in the other two classes be able to decipher the other two inscriptions with the help of a knowledge of its contents. To make this yet plainer, suppose the Punic passage in Plautus's *Pænulus* had been carved in stone, instead of being corrupted by one copyist after another, as it has been, and that a good Hebraist set to work upon it; the chances are he would find out the general meaning of the whole passage. But suppose he had a Latin translation of it, *i. e.* suppose he knew its contents to begin with, it is pretty certain he would find out almost every individual word used to express those contents, even though Carthaginian is a species of Syro-Arabian entirely defunct. What we suppose here is, that Major Rawlinson already knows the contents of one inscription; and therefore, in school-boy phrase, he has got a crib to the others. When he has given us the result of his labours upon the (so-called) Syro-Arabian inscription, then Mr. Layard will be in a better position for deciphering monuments in a similar character, and most probably in a similar language. Although in writing this we have availed ourselves of some of our author's statements, yet we must again confess that we did not think that from his statements our readers would succeed in carrying away a clear impression as to how much *has* been done towards deciphering the inscriptions. The former part of his work seemed to promise definite results as to the deciphering, but we do not see that the latter gives them. But the fact is, that it would be wrong to be too hard upon our author, as he states in his preface that want of time prevented his giving the volumes the perfection he could have wished: all we want to do is to contribute, if so it may be, to that perfection in a future edition, when Mr. L. may have returned.

A certain amount of historical information will, however, have been gained, if nothing more can be ascertained than that there is a list of kings; because by allowing thirty years to a generation, and reckoning up the ten names ascertained from different antiques, a period of three hundred years will be obtained (vol. ii. p. 242); and as Nineveh is known to have been captured about six hundred years before Christ, we shall see that the date of some, at least, of the buildings was not less than nine hundred years before Christ. This

seems tolerably certain; but it would not be interesting here to enter into any further chronological speculations. Even where there is a considerable mass of written historical documents, learned men have often maintained very conflicting opinions upon dates; and it is not till after a considerable period of discussion that an opinion becomes the received opinion. We have yet to hear the opinions of such men as Mr. Clinton or Mr. Greswell upon some hypotheses raised from the monuments found in regard to dates before we can feel any approximation to certainty. All, however, that is wanting to make the antiquity of these remains mount up to nine hundred years before Christ is to ascertain that this really was Nineveh. And this our author has put probably beyond discussion, identifying it by arguments so ingenious that we give them in his own words.

“ The tradition placing the tomb of the prophet Jonah upon the left bank of the river, opposite Mosul, has led to the identification of the space comprised within the quadrangular mass of mounds containing Kouyunjik and Nebbi Yunus with the site of the ancient Nineveh. These ruins, however, taken by themselves, occupy much too small a space for a city even larger, according to Strabo, than Babylon. Its dimensions, as given by Diodorus Siculus, were 150 stadia on the two longest sides of the quadrangle, and 90 on the opposite, the square being 480 stadia, or about 60 miles; or, according to some computations, 74 miles. In the book of Jonah it is called an exceeding great city of three days' journey (Jonah iii. 3), the number of the inhabitants who did not know their right hand from their left being six score thousand. I will not stop to inquire to what class of persons this number applied, whether to children, to those ignorant of right or wrong, or to the whole population; though the numbers have frequently been referred to children, who are computed to form one-fifth of the population, thus giving 600,000 inhabitants for the city. At any rate, it is evident that the city was one of very considerable extent, and could not have been comprised in the space occupied by the ruins opposite Mosul, scarcely five miles in circumference. The dimensions of an Eastern city do not bear the same proportions to its population as those of an European city; a place as extensive as London or Paris might not contain one-third of the number of inhabitants of either. The custom, prevalent from the earliest period in the East, of secluding women in apartments removed from those of the men, renders a separate house for each family almost indispensable. \* \* \* According to Diodorus Siculus and Q. Curtius, there was space enough within the precincts of Babylon to cultivate corn for the sustenance of the whole population, in case of a siege, besides gardens and orchards. From the expression of Jonas, when considered along with this statement, that there was much cattle within the walls, it may be inferred that there was also pasture for them. Many

cities of the East, such as Damascus and Ispahan, are thus built. The amount of their population being greatly disproportionate to the site they occupy, if computed according to the rules applied to European cities. It is most probable that Nineveh and Babylon resembled them in this respect."

This suffices to shew that no objection can be taken from the amount of space assumed to have been occupied by Nineveh, according to our author. He next mentions geographical notices from Strabo and Arabic geographers, which confirm the supposition that this was its site. He adds some theories of his own as to the process by which the city may have grown to the full size here contemplated. Presently he proceeds:

"The city had now attained the dimensions assigned to it by the book of Jonah and by Diodorus Siculus. If we take the four great mounds of Nimroud, Kouyunjik, Khorsabad, and Karamles as the corners of a square, it will be found that its four sides correspond pretty exactly with the 480 stadia or 60 miles of the geographer, which, as twenty miles go to a day's journey in the East, make the three days' journey of the prophet. Within this space there are many large mounds, including the principal ruins in Assyria, such as Karakush, Baasheikha, &c. &c., and the face of the country is strewn with the remains of pottery, bricks, and other fragments."

"The least of all these signs were probable," but, taking them together, there can be little doubt that the place is Nineveh, and that a great deal of interesting matter, illustrative of Scripture, may be expected from reflection and study of these and future discoveries there.

It is impossible by extracts to do justice to the interesting observations of our thoughtful author upon the state of arts and sciences evinced by the sculptures and other monuments already discovered. Some few of them, however, shall be selected after we have hazarded a suggestion or two of our own as to the means by which Mr. Layard might, if he should have leisure, make his discoveries more available both for exegetical and for other purposes. A study of the whole Bible in the Hebrew, not an occasional reference to it such as we find p. 308, might often lead to reflections as to the original meaning of words, which would both throw light upon the monuments and receive it from them. Thus, for instance, mention occurs in p. 248 of ceiling-slabs perforated with holes, for which Mr. Layard can assign no certain use. In Jeremiah xxii. 14, we find *large* chambers mentioned; the Hebrew word may mean 'cooled;' the Septuagint has *ρίπιστά*, fanned or ventilated; the Anglican margin has 'thorough-aired.' Other instances may have struck us, but we give this merely as a sample of a case



where material light is thrown upon the original meaning of words and the relics. Of course, it is very possible Kimchi Purchon, or other Jewish writers, might further illustrate this; but a simple acquaintance with the text would be enough for a man of Mr. Layard's sharpness and Oriental learning. Some persons may think this sort of process would tend to make the received version uncertain; but, of course, the actual current use\* of words is determinable only by tradition, and that tradition the Vulgate embodies; nevertheless, for all this, the original sense may differ from the current use, and contain archæological information.

There is another point to which we must call Mr. Layard's attention. He has several arguments to shew that Grecian art was derived from Assyrian, perhaps through the Persians, who certainly borrowed, as Mr. L. observes, their writing from them. By the way, why has Mr. L. omitted a passage bearing on this subject in Thucydides, p. 20, to which Gräfenheim attaches some importance? (*Gesch. der Class. Literatur* i. p. 234.) Now one great proof of descent of this kind is to be found in the words used; if Greek words are derived from Semitic, then probably the things were,—*e. g.* *ναβλα*, from 'nebel,' a lute. But attention has hardly been sufficiently called, perhaps, to the fact that the *Greek* words for 'psaltery' and 'symphony' occur in the Hebrew text of Daniel, which seems to shew in one art, at all events, the copying was not all on one side, and that at a very early period.

A third suggestion may be not without its value; the Magian and Chaldee system probably bore, as Mr. L. suggests at p. 470, very strong resemblances to each other. Now it is stated in the preface to the first volume of Assemani's *Acts of the Martyrs*, that there exist in the Vatican several Syriac works in refutation of Magianism. It is highly probable that a vast number of details calculated to throw light upon the superstitions of Persia and Assyria would be found in works of this nature. If this information is correct, it is worth while drawing the attention of Orientalists to it, as much light would probably be thrown by these works upon the Eastern monuments now in the course of discovery. Religious processions, idols, symbols, and other things of the kind, have been found at Nineveh, and require every assistance that can be given to make them intelligible. Nor should it be forgotten, that up and down the writings of St. Ephrem traces of acquaintance with the history and mythology of the Babylonians are to be found, which might be more observable

\* Suppose, for instance, a person 2000 years hence guessed the sense of our words 'saucce,' 'saucy,' 'saucer,' by etymology only!

to the eye experienced in their sculptures and bas-reliefs than to ordinary readers. In the homilies upon Jonah, mention occurs, if we may trust Mr. Morris's translation, which is all we have at hand (p. 102, note *d*; and see Addenda), of a four-faced idol imported into Nineveh from Palestine. It is possible that this was the original land of some of the Assyrian idols, and the name of Astaroth karnaim, Astarte with the two horns, *i. e.* perhaps Venus Urania, given (Gen. xiv.) to a city of Palestine, leads one to suppose that that goddess was an invention of the Philistines rather than of the Assyrians, if Mr. Layard will forgive us for supposing that any body can have invented a thing before his darling Assyrians.

These three suggestions relate to three things, the state of the arts in Assyria as witnessed by the antiquities of Nineveh, the derivation of those arts to other countries, and the religious tenets of the Ninevites. With some few illustrations of these three points, we shall conclude our citations from Mr. Layard. In p. 418, the following remarkable observation occurs:

“Although the precious metals were known at a very early period,—even Abraham, a dweller in tents, being rich in gold and silver,—no coins have been discovered amongst the Assyrian ruins, nor is there any thing in the sculptures to shew that the Assyrians were acquainted with money. Metals in their rough state, whether in bars or rings, may have been passed by weight, or if precious, in ring ingots, or as gold-dust, in exchange for merchandise, or in other transactions, but not as stamped coins or tokens. It is remarkable that no coin has yet been discovered in Egyptian ruins, nor is coined money represented in the Egyptian sculptures. \* \* \* The earliest mention in authentic history of a coin current in the Persian dominions is in Herodotus, iv. c. 166. It was issued by Darius Hystaspes, and called, after him, the Daric.”

Destruction by fire, which was the fate of Nineveh, and the rapacity of the conquerors, could hardly have cleared away all vestiges of a coinage so completely as this; and therefore it would seem that it might be laid down as a general rule, that the absence of coins is a warranty for the high antiquity of monuments where such absence occurs. As we learn from p. 421 that the Assyrians were skilful enough in engraving, the want of the idea of coining, not of the means to effect it, is the extent of their deficiency on this head. This forms a curious parallel to the late invention of printing. Copper, iron, and probably antimony and tin, are other metals which they possessed, and which evince of course far greater progress than the possession of gold or silver, as these last are so often found in a natural state, and require no artificial

process to get them free from the ore. They were also skilled in working and casting metals, as appears from the lions and lions' paws in solid metal found at Nimroud. Glass vessels have also been discovered, and a variety of colours. We hope the chemist's skill will be brought to bear upon some of these, especially upon any tools found, as the processes by which the copper or iron were hardened for these would throw much light upon the state of manufactures and commerce in those early ages. Mr. Layard has, indeed, several interesting observations upon the subject—enough almost to add a new book to some future edition of Swift's friend Pancirollus, *de artibus deperditis*. His remarks upon the architecture of the Assyrians are too interesting to be passed over.

“The walls of the chambers, from five to fifteen feet thick, were first constructed of sun-dried bricks. The alabaster slabs were used as panels. They were placed upright against the walls; care being first taken to cut on the back of each an inscription recording the name, title, and descent of the king undertaking the work. They were kept in their places and held together by iron, copper, or wooden cramps and plugs. The cramps were in the form of double dovetails, and fitted into corresponding grooves in two adjoining slabs. The corners of the chambers were generally joined by one angular stone, and all the walls were either at right angles or parallel to each other. The slabs having been fixed against the walls, the subjects to be represented upon them were designed and sculptured, and the inscriptions carved. That the Assyrian artist worked after the slabs had been fixed appears to be proved beyond a doubt by figures, and other parts of the bas-reliefs, being frequently finished on the adjoining slab, and by slabs having been found placed in their proper position, although still unsculptured, in one of the buildings at Nimroud. The principal entrances to the chambers were, it has been seen, formed by gigantic winged bulls, and lions with human heads. The smaller doorways were guarded by colossal figures of divinities or priests. No remains of doors or gates were discovered, nor of hinges, but it is probable that the entrances were provided with them. The priests of Babylon made fast their temples with doors with locks and bars, lest their god should be spoiled by robbers; and the gates of brass of Babylon are continually mentioned by ancient authors. On all the slabs forming entrances in the oldest palace of Nimroud were marks of a black kind, resembling blood, which appeared to have been daubed on the stone. I have not been able to ascertain the nature of this fluid, but its appearance cannot fail to call to mind the Jewish ceremony of placing the blood of the sacrifice on the lintel of the doorways. Under the pavement-slabs at the entrances were deposited small figures of the gods, probably as a protection to the building. Sometimes, as in the early edifices, tablets containing the name and title of the king, as a re-



cord of the time of the erection of the building, were buried in the walls or under the pavement.

“ The slabs used as a panelling to the walls of unbaked brick rarely exceeded twelve feet in height, and in the earliest palace of Nimroud were generally little more than nine, whilst the human-headed lions and bulls forming the doorways vary from ten to sixteen. Even these colossal figures did not complete the height of the room, the wall being carried some feet above them. This upper wall was built either of baked bricks, richly coloured, or of sun-dried bricks, covered by a thin coat of plaster, on which were painted various ornaments. It could generally be distinguished in the ruins. The plaster which had fallen was frequently preserved in the rubbish, and, when first found, the colours upon it had lost little of their original freshness and brilliancy. It is to these upper walls that the complete covering-up of the building, and the consequent preservation of sculptures, may be attributed; for, when once the edifice had been deserted, they fell in, and the unbaked bricks again becoming earth, encased the whole ruin. The principal palace at Nimroud must have been buried in this manner, for the sculptures could not have been preserved as they were had they been covered by a gradual accumulation of the soil. In this building I found several chambers without the panelling of alabaster slabs. The entire wall had been plastered and painted, and processions of figures were still to be traced. Many such walls exist to the east and south of the same edifice, and in the upper chambers. The roof was probably formed by beams, supported entirely by the walls; smaller beams, planks, or branches of trees being laid across them, and the whole plastered on the outside with mud. Such are roofs in modern Arab cities of Assyria. It has been suggested that an arch or vault was thrown from wall to wall. Had this been the case, the remains of the vault, which must have been constructed of baked bricks or of stone, would have been found in the ruins, and would have partially filled up the chambers. No such remains were discovered. The narrowness of the chambers in all the Assyrian edifices, with the exception of one hall at Nimroud, is very remarkable. That hall may have been entirely open to the sky, and as it did not contain sculptures, it is not improbable that it was so; but it can scarcely be conceived that the other chambers were thus exposed to the atmosphere, and their inmates left unprotected from the heat of the summer sun, or from the rains of the winter. The great narrowness of all the rooms, when compared with their length, appears to prove that the Assyrians had no means of constructing a roof requiring other support than that afforded by the side-walls. The most elaborately ornamented hall at Nimroud, although above 160 feet in length, was only thirty-five feet broad. The same disparity is apparent in the edifice Kouyunjik. It can scarcely be doubted that there was some reason for making the rooms so narrow, otherwise proportions better suited to the magnificence of the decorations, the imposing nature of the

colossal sculptures forming the entrances, and the length of the chambers, would have been chosen. But still, without some such artificial means of support as are adopted in modern architecture, it may be questioned whether beams could span forty-five feet, or even thirty-five feet. It is possible that the Assyrians were acquainted with the principle of the king-post of modern roofing, although in the sculptures the houses are represented with flat roofs; otherwise we must presume that wooden pillars, or posts, were employed; but there were no indications whatever of them in the ruins. Beams supported by opposite walls may have met in the centre of the ceiling. This may account for the great thickness of some of the partitions. Or, in the larger halls, a projecting ledge, sufficiently wide to afford shelter and shade, may have been carried around the sides, leaving the centre exposed to the air. Remains of beams were every where found at Nimroud, particularly under fallen slabs. The wood appeared to be entire, but when touched it crumbled into dust. It was only amongst the ruins in the southwest corner of the mound that any was discovered in a sound state. The only trees within the limits of Assyria sufficiently large to furnish beams to span a room thirty or forty feet wide, are the palm and the poplar; their trunks still form the roofs of houses in Mesopotamia. Both easily decay, and will not bear exposure; it is not surprising, therefore, that beams made of them should have entirely disappeared after the lapse of 2500 years.

“The poplar now used at Mosul is floated down the Khabour and Tigris from the Kurdish hills. It is of considerable length, and occasionally serves for the roofs of chambers nearly as wide as those of the Assyrian palaces. It has been seen that the principle of the arch was known to the Assyrians, a small vaulted chamber of baked bricks having been found at Nimroud; but there have been no traces discovered of an arch or vault on a large scale.

“Arched gateways are continually represented in the bas-reliefs. According to Diodorus Siculus, the tunnel under the Euphrates at Babylon, attributed to Semiramis, was also vaulted. Indeed, if such a work ever existed, it may be presumed that it was so constructed. It was cased on both sides, that is, the bricks were covered with bitumen; the walls were four cubits thick; the width of the passages was fifteen feet, and the walls were twelve feet high to the spring of the vault. The rooms in the Temple of Belus were, according to some, arched and supported by columns. The arch first appears in Egypt about the time of the commencement of the eighteenth dynasty (Wilkinson's *Ancient Egyptians*, vol. ii. p. 117), or when, as it has been shewn, there existed a close connexion between Egypt and Assyria.

“If daylight were admitted into the Assyrian palaces, it could only have entered by the roof. There are no communications between the inner rooms except by the doorways, consequently they could only receive light from above. Even in the chambers next to the outer walls there are no traces of windows. It may be con-

jectured, therefore, that there were square openings or skylights in the ceilings, which may have been closed during winter rains by canvass or some such material. The drains leading from almost every chamber would seem to shew that water might occasionally have entered from above, and that apertures were required to carry it off. This mode of lighting rooms was adopted in Egypt, but I believe at a much later period than that of the erection of the Nimroud edifices. No other can have existed in the palaces of Assyria, unless, indeed, torches and lamps were used, a supposition scarcely in accordance with the elaborate nature of the sculptures and the brilliancy of the coloured ornaments, which without the light of day would have lost half their effect. The pavement of the chambers was formed of alabaster slabs covered with inscriptions recording the name and genealogy of the king, and probably the chief events of his reign, and of kiln-burnt bricks, each also bearing a short inscription. The alabaster slabs were placed upon a thin coating of bitumen spread over the bottom of the chamber, even under the upright slabs forming its sides. The bricks were laid in two tiers, one above the other, a thin layer of sand being placed between them as well as under the bottom tier. These strata of bitumen and sand may have been intended to exclude damp, although the buildings, from their position, could scarcely have been exposed to it. Between the lions and bulls forming the entrances was generally placed one large slab bearing an inscription.

“ I have already alluded to the existence of a drain beneath almost every chamber in the old palace of Nimroud. These were connected with the floor by a circular pipe of baked clay, leading from a hole generally cut through one of the pavement slabs in a corner of the room. They joined one large drain running under the great hall, and from thence into the river, which originally flowed at the foot of the mound.

“ The interior of the Assyrian palace must have been as magnificent as imposing. I have led the reader through its ruins, and he may judge of the impression its halls were calculated to make upon one who, in the days of old, entered for the first time the abode of the Assyrian kings. He was ushered in through the portal guarded by colossal lions or bulls of white alabaster. In the first hall he found himself surrounded by the sculptured records of the empire. Battles, sieges, triumphs, the exploits of the chase, the ceremonies of religion, were portrayed on the walls, sculptured in alabaster, and painted in gorgeous colours. Under each picture were engraved, in characters filled up with bright copper, inscriptions describing the scenes represented. Above the sculptures were painted other events: the king, attended by his eunuchs and warriors, receiving his prisoners, entering into alliance with other monarchs, or performing some sacred duty. These representations were enclosed in coloured borders of elaborate and elegant design. The emblematic tree, winged bulls, and monstrous animals, were conspicuous among the ornaments. At the upper end of the hall was the colossal figure



of the king in adoration before the Supreme Deity, or receiving from the eunuch the holy cup. He was attended by warriors bearing his arms, and by priests or presiding divinities. His robes, and those of his followers, were adorned with groups of figures, animals, and flowers, all painted with brilliant colours.

“The stranger trod upon alabaster slabs, each bearing an inscription recording the titles, genealogy, and achievements of the great king. Several doorways, formed by gigantic winged lions or bulls, or by the figures of guardian deities, led into other apartments, which again opened into more distant halls. In each were new sculptures. On the walls of some were processions of colossal figures—armed men and eunuchs following the king, warriors laden with spoil, leading prisoners, or bearing presents and offerings to the gods. On the walls of others were portrayed the winged priests, or presiding divinities, standing before the sacred trees.

“The ceilings above him were divided into square compartments, painted with flowers or with the figures of animals. Some were inlaid with ivory,—each compartment being surrounded by elegant borders and mouldings. The beams, as well as the sides of the chambers, may have been gilded, or even plated with gold and silver; and the rarest woods, in which the cedar was conspicuous, were used for the wood-work. Square openings in the ceiling of the chambers admitted the light of day. A pleasing shadow was thrown over the sculptured wall, and gave a majestic expression to the human features of the colossal forms which guarded the entrances. Through these apertures was seen the bright blue of an eastern sky, enclosed in a frame on which were painted in vivid colours the winged circle, in the midst of elegant ornaments, and the graceful forms of ideal animals.

“These edifices, as it has been shewn, were great national monuments, upon the walls of which were represented in sculptures, or inscribed in alphabetic characters, the chronicles of the empire. He who entered them might thus read the history, and learn the glory and triumphs of the nation. They served, at the same time, to bring continually to the remembrance of those who assembled within them, on festive occasions or for the celebration of religious ceremonies, the deeds of their ancestors, and the power and majesty of their gods.”

In regard to the influence of Assyrian art upon that of other countries, Mr. Layard is of opinion that it was twofold: direct, through the Assyrian conquests, which once extended as far as Libya; and indirect, through Persia, after the destruction of Nineveh (p. 285). The connexion of religion with art is often noticed by our author, and undoubtedly there is a great deal in it. But this will shew the importance of bringing together, as we suggested above, all that can throw light upon the Magian religion. Where the impress upon external matter given by two nations is the same, we have;

indeed, proof of some kindred ideas which they so embody ; but the better we can ascertain these ideas, the more likely we are to trace their external influence and progression with an approximation to certainty. Or, if this cannot be obtained, it will often happen that enough may be learnt from such studies to upset fanciful and mischievous speculations: a negative good can be gained when a positive cannot. With a view to furthering such studies, Mr. Layard has an admirable suggestion, and that is, that the monuments in the Museum should all be arranged chronologically (p. 287, 8.) The connexion between Assyria and Persia, Persia and Asia Minor, Asia Minor and Greece, would then come out clearly. We would add to this suggestion, that we hope it may be carried out, not by stingily overburdening the existing officers of the Museum, but by furnishing means for creating new ones. Talent is only crushed by drudgery ; and labour which requires talent becomes drudgery, when people who have enough to do already are as good as forced to undertake it.

The connexion between Assyrian and Persian art is brought before us by our author as follows :

“The monuments of Persepolis establish this connexion beyond a doubt. They exhibit precisely the same mode of treatment, the same forms, the same peculiarities in the arrangement of the bas-reliefs against the wall, the same entrances formed by gigantic winged animals with human heads, and, finally, the same religious emblems. Had this identity been displayed in one instance alone, we might have attributed it to chance or to mere casual intercourse ; but when it pervades the whole system, we can scarcely doubt that one was a close copy, an imitation of the other. That the peculiar characteristics of the Assyrian sculptures were derived from the monuments of the second Assyrian dynasty, that is, from those of the latest Assyrian period, can be proved by the similarity of shape in the ornaments and in the costume of many of the figures. Thus, the head-dress of the winged monsters forming the portals is lofty and richly ornamented at the top, resembling those of Khorsabad and Kouyunjik, and differing from the round unornamented cap of the older figures at Nimroud. The processions of warriors, captives, and tribute-bearers at Persepolis are, in every respect, similar to those on the walls of Nimroud and Khorsabad. We have the same mode of treatment in the figure, and the same way of portraying the eyes and hair. The Persian artist introduced folds into the draperies, but with this exception, he certainly did not improve upon his Assyrian model.”

It should be just mentioned here, that there are ships and other symptoms of the conquest of a maritime people, probably the Tyrians, in divers parts of the remains. This would

point at once to a quarter whence many products could be obtained, and through which Assyrian art might be diffused far and wide.

In regard, lastly, to the religion of the Assyrians, Mr. Layard has a whole chapter upon this subject. It wants further discussion, before much that is worth putting forward can be said about it. At all events, speculations which would not be crude in Mr. Layard would be so in ourselves. Fire-worship and star-worship are the main features of it. The king, too, plainly appears to have been invested with a religious character. One feature of natural religion is prominent enough, and that is, the use of religious processions: one of these occurs at p. 451, which Mr. Layard amuses himself with comparing with the processions of the Virgin and the Saints in Roman Catholic countries. At p. 475 we observe in our author that strange want of natural religion which makes Protestantism, *as such*, so much more odious than Heathenism. "The *singular* connexion," he says, "between religion and the duties and events of life, whether public or private, so remarkably illustrated by the monuments of the Assyrians and the Egyptians, and by the Jewish law, is well worthy of philosophical inquiry." Why did not our author put *us* into this category too? He might deny that the Assyrians and Egyptians kept up somewhat of natural religion, or the primitive revelation, call it which you will; and that, again, we kept up the primitive spirit of the Christian revelation; but what will he say to Almighty God and his Jewish law? We would recommend our friend to peruse thoughtfully Butler's charge to the clergy of Durham, where he will find quite as much philosophical inquiry as he likes upon the subject, and perhaps a little more.

It is very possible, if Mr. Layard should read these remarks, he may think the writer of them as impertinent for meddling with Oriental antiquities as the writer thinks him for meddling with theology. We hope, if he does, that this will eventually only tend to promote mutual charity between us. If we may be mistaken about things visible, why may he not be mistaken about things invisible? There is no commerce without mutual needs; even the commerce of charity may be assisted by them. New discoveries of this sort are really useful to religion, if it were only that they serve to check the insolent assumptions of Erastian antiquaries, by shewing that theories not based on faith, nor deferential to it, are perpetually liable to be shaken by some new discovery. As it is, Mr. Layard has suggested (vol. ii. p. 214, note) that "the monuments already discovered, and hereafter to be dis-



covered, in Assyria, may throw new light upon many subjects connected with Egypt, and perhaps tend to shake many received opinions." We see not in Mr. Layard any want of that reverence for the written word, which, as far as it goes, honourably distinguishes English from German Protestants; and we hope his future discoveries may tend to throw light upon that word and upon his own heart. Meantime, we hope this review will not contribute to make him think that Catholics are bigoted against science and learning, simply because it contains some mistakes and erroneous judgments. We confess that his own books have given us a personal interest in himself, and only wish that our remarks might be such as to give him a personal interest in our holy religion. The possession of faith, while it tranquillises the intellect upon what should be objects of eternal importance to it, leaves it freer to judge, and makes it safer in speculating, about the unsubstantial monuments of human pride or human intellect.

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#### THE IRISH CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT.

*The Irish Annual Miscellany.* By the Rev. Patrick Murray, D.D., Professor of Dogmatic and Moral Theology in the Royal College of St. Patrick, Maynooth. Dublin, Bellew.

THE *Irish Annual Miscellany* is the first of a series of five or six volumes, which Dr. Murray proposes to write and publish in successive years. He intends, as far as he knows at present, to limit himself to that number, because he will then have said all that he especially wishes to say, and has to say. Whenever a man writes a book with such intentions and limitations, it is an almost sure sign that he *has* something to say, and is worth listening to, both for his matter and his manner. When a writer takes pen in hand, not with the especial object of producing a volume or an article on a certain subject and of a certain size, but of giving utterance to that which is already within himself, burning for expression, and when, having poured forth all that he contains, he stops short and says no more, we may generally conclude that our time will not be wasted if we lend him our ear as long as he chooses to speak.

This is the true secret of the poet's inspiration, of that *afflatus* with which the real *vates* sings to his generation, as opposed to that cold-blooded, scholar-like or simpleton-like

determination with which the common herd of versifiers deliberately *make* their poetry. In his measure, also, the same inspiration fills the soul of every man, though he speak only the plainest of prose, who comes before his contemporaries, in book, speech, lecture, or conversation, simply because he has something definite to say, of which he deeply feels the importance, while he is conscious of possessing some slight power of communicating his thoughts in such a guise as shall at least attract a few earnest listeners.

Evidently with such feelings Dr. Murray invites the attention of Irish and English readers to a short series of essays, on the deficiencies of Catholic literature, on the endowment of the clergy, on Macaulay, Pascal, and the Jesuits, on convents and the contemplative life, and on the political rights of the clergy. And if the same distinctness of purpose and fervour of feeling be not manifest in the lesser pieces in his book, it is not because they are less genuine and true, but because, as we think, they are a little out of place with their more grave companions, and are more fitted for a fleeting daily or weekly periodical than for a book which appears but once a year. All the other essays are excellent, especially the remarks upon Pascal, and the discussion of the question of the endowment of the Irish clergy. In this last, Dr. Murray first lays down with perfect clearness and comprehensiveness the general principles by which the merits of any proposed endowment of the Catholic clergy must be decided. We cannot too strongly recommend this important paper to both English and Irish readers, as a guide which has only to be followed to save us from a world of profitless debate and negotiation, as the subject of the endowment of the Irish priesthood comes more and more prominently into national notice. Dr. Murray is one of the most *readable* of writers, and no one need fear purchasing and commencing the study of his pages, unless he is urgently pressed for time, and must not venture to open any book which he may find it difficult to lay down again.

With one opinion in the essay on the state endowment of the Irish Church we must, however, express our disagreement. We may, perhaps, be pressing Dr. Murray's words beyond their legitimate meaning; but as our object is not so much to remark on what we conceive to be questionable, as to state our own views upon the point, we shall not hesitate to give them, even though it might appear that after all Dr. Murray's opinion coincides with our own. When considering the three modes in which the Church may be endowed, and before entering on his proofs (which we deem entirely con-

clusive) that any form of parliamentary grant, like either the old or the present Maynooth endowment, would be most pernicious to the Church, Dr. Murray states also that there is a third way, possible in the general nature of things, but impossible in their present state in this empire. This third way, being the old Catholic method to which the Church has given her most solemn sanction, would, as Dr. Murray implies, and as, we suppose, no Catholic would deny, be highly advantageous to the Catholic Church in Ireland, provided only it were possible. This endowment would consist, to quote Dr. Murray's words, of an absolute and perpetual grant of landed property, to be possessed by the Church with the same dominion and tenure as a private estate is possessed by its owner, or as her own property was possessed by herself in former times. On this Dr. Murray remarks, "I need not stop to consider this kind of endowment; there is no reasonable ground for hoping that any English government will think of supporting, even if able to carry, such a measure."

We confess that our own opinion, to state it broadly, is directly the reverse. We are convinced that it is so far possible, that the Irish Catholic body has but to demand it with sufficient energy, calmness, and perseverance, to wring it from the hands of a more reluctant Parliament and ministry than ever controlled the destinies of Great Britain and Ireland. We do not suppose that the Imperial Parliament could be brought to purchase a vast multitude of estates and houses, and confer them as a gift upon the Catholic Church in Ireland. But we are confident that it needs no very Herculean strength of pressure to bring them to take possession of a considerable portion of the property now held by the Protestant Establishment, and transfer it freely and without any fettering restrictions upon the Catholic hierarchy and parochial priesthood. Daring as the attempt to force such a concession from a Parliament constituted like the present may seem, we are confident that the English people are already more than half-prepared to grant the demand, when loudly and unanimously urged by the Irish Church herself. The Catholic people have but to repeat in the ears of England these words, "This we must have, this we will have; nothing else than this we will have, and nothing less than this we will have;" and were the whole body of Whigs more obstinate than Lord John Russell, or the whole body of Tories more haughty than Lord Stanley, or the whole body of the English people more Protestant than Sir Robert Inglis, they would cower and tremble, and ultimately grant the rights they have so long withheld.



One of the most renowned and most successful of French statesmen—we think it was Cardinal Richelieu—was once asked how it was that he contrived always to accomplish the purposes he aimed at. “By calculating *the power of resistance*,” he replied. And on this very principle it will be found that almost every enterprise that has prospered in the world has been conducted. Some men, we see, and those men of great talents, great energy, and great perseverance, who, lacking this power of calculation, expend their whole strength in dashing their own heads against a wall. They fancy that, provided they can apply the utmost force of which the assailing body is capable, every obstacle must go down before them, forgetting that all the fury of the waves of the sea will not shake a mighty mountain from its foundations. They only win who ascertain the exact moment when the attacking force first overbalances the resisting weight, and then gather up all their energies to strike the blow. Thus Burke, with the rarest abilities, ordinarily failed; and thus does Peel, the most accomplished of mediocrities, invariably prosper.

Calculating by this rule, we believe that the hour is come when the first instalment may be paid of that which, in the very strictest sense, is *justice* to Ireland. To wait until the English people and Government, or any people and government under the sun, will do justice *for justice' sake*, is to wait till the original sin of man's nature is healed, and the curse upon Adam reversed. If the Irish Church is to wait until the Imperial Parliament is prepared to offer her the only endowment she can accept, for the love of God, and from the desire to see her clergy in a position of independence, she will wait till the end of all things, or at least till England is become once more a Catholic country. Nevertheless, *for the sake of peace and quiet*, this nation is, at this very time, almost prepared to compel the Protestant Establishment of Ireland to yield back a part of its plunder, and restore it to its legitimate owners. The religious and political feelings of the time unite with the peculiar genius of the English character to make this happy result not only possible, but positively easy of attainment. There is nothing remaining, either of Protestantism or Conservatism, in the vast body of the English nation, which would not go down to the ground before a determined onset on the part of the Catholic people of Ireland, frantic as would be the cries and deep the despair of the unconvinced relics of Whiggism, Toryism, and Protestantism, who would denounce the “national apostacy” to their latest breath.

For the true Englishman, though intensely selfish, arro-

gant, and prejudiced, is not by nature or habit either cruel, capricious, or tyrannical. When he himself and his revenues are not involved, he is the most just, benevolent, and convincing of beings. And withal, though brave and courageous to the last degree, he is a prudent creature too, and has a strong sense of the folly of *needless* warfare and turmoil, with an ever-increasing sense of the necessity of tranquillising by fair means those who are really injured. Therefore, though it would be the most visionary of follies to expect him to sacrifice *himself* for any cause, divine or human, there is no reason in the world why he should not sacrifice *the Irish Protestant Establishment*. Once let him be convinced that nothing less will propitiate and satisfy the Catholic clergy of Ireland, and he will no more hesitate to apply the knife to its rank, overgrown branches, than he hesitated a few years ago to cut up its bishoprics and rearrange its revenues, as coolly as if they had been so many policemen and their wages in his own metropolis of London. It were quite another thing to ask him to compel the Protestant Bishop of London to divide his revenues with Dr. Wiseman, or to transfer a few thousand churches and parsonages to the Catholic clergy here in England. In this he would be touching *himself*; he would be damaging that Establishment which, little as he respects it, he insists upon maintaining in respectability, *because it is his own*. But in his eyes the Protestant Church of Ireland is quite a separate body from the Protestant Church of England; and if six or seven millions of Irishmen were to repeat diligently in his ears the statement that nothing less would satisfy them than a certain proportion of the churches, houses, and landed property, be it in the shape of tithes or otherwise, now appropriated by the Establishment, after a few reiterations of the demand he would shrug his shoulders, and, with some grumblings and a most ungracious countenance, would desire his prime minister for the time being to introduce *and carry* a bill for the purpose.

Fierce as are the anti-Irish prejudices of so many Englishmen, and little their love for Irish Catholicism, nevertheless there is a growing suspicion among all classes that the Irish Protestant Establishment is a gigantic imposture, and that the sooner it goes the fit way of all impostures the better. And if, at the same time, the loudest of Irish complaints could be lulled, so much the greater gain. "Really," thinks many an Englishman, "the state of the Irish Church revenues is an anomaly. It is too bad. No wonder the Irish are never quiet. What should we say if, as Protestants, we saw the property of our Protestant forefathers now possessed by a

small minority of Catholics? After all, the priests do *some* good. There are not many firebrands among them. I hear a great many stories about the good influence they have over their flocks, and that they do not love revolution and bloodshed, and wish to dethrone the Queen. Even Dr. M'Hale, I am told, preaches in Irish constantly to the people, and does a great deal more good to the poor than the idle rectors, who have no work to do except to receive their large revenues. Let us see what can be done." Such are, assuredly, the meditations of thousands; and the thousands would be multiplied ten-fold and a hundred-fold, were the demand presented to the general English mind in tones which it could not refuse to hear.

For, as we have said, the Englishman is not cruel for cruelty's sake, and is prudent as well as brave. He will not torment the Irish unless he fancies that he himself will gain something by it; and though he will not shrink from agitation, tumult, and war, as a last resource, he is perfectly prepared to pay a good price for peace and quiet, especially when that price does not come out of his own pocket. He might entertain strong scruples of "conscience" as to a grant of money from the imperial revenues towards the support of Popery, and will be quite relieved to find that the Irish Catholic clergy would resolutely refuse his gift even if offered; but his "conscience" is of that elastic species that it is quite open to the consideration of a scheme for transferring the property of idle Protestant parsons to hard-working Catholic priests. On "*sound, English, practical, business-like principles,*" why should he not entertain the project?

It will be observed that we do not suppose for a moment that the English people would for some time to come restore the *whole* of the Irish Church property to its lawful owners; or even that it would, at present at least, make a division between the Catholic Church and the Establishment, in exact proportion to their respective numbers. They would not consent to strip the Protestant bishops of all their incomes, or to banish the Protestant clergy from their churches and glebes, where they really had a *bonâ fide* Protestant congregation to minister to. To ask for this, even if on other grounds desirable, would be useless, and worse than useless. It would seem a heartless, and, above all, an *unnecessary* cruelty, to eject men who did a hearty work of any kind, according to their conscience, and more especially at a time when many of the Protestant clergy have recently devoted themselves, with true self-sacrificing zeal, to the comforting their starving flocks. We should ask, therefore, only for a portion of our forefathers' pro-



erty, at least at present. Further, no Parliament would consent to eject existing possessors, or to abolish bishoprics during the lifetime of the existing prelates. Whatever we do in England, we make it a boast that we respect "vested interests." Vested interests—which means, the life interests of the parties now in possession—are to an Englishman what the seven sacraments are to a Catholic: in every change, *they* at least must be respected and held inviolate. Your true Englishman would almost say that the father of lies had a "vested interest" in the worship of the present generation in any heathen nation invaded by Christian missionaries; and that the acceptance of the Gospel must be postponed till the "falling in" of the lives of the existing idolatrous priesthood. For the sake of peace, indeed, and in order to introduce the change with as little ill-blood as possible, Catholics themselves might be even anxious to leave the present Protestant incumbents and prelates to the enjoyment of their revenues. At any rate, it would be vain to seek to disturb them.

For these reasons, then, we are morally certain that if circumstances permit the Irish Catholic hierarchy, priesthood, and laity, with one voice to lay before the Queen, her ministers, and Parliament, a unanimous and determined demand for a restoration of some portion of the old Catholic property, a very few sessions of Parliament must elapse before the demand is granted, and granted in full, without the shadow of an interference with the independence of the Catholic Church. Whether Irish Catholics have the leisure and the means, at this present moment, to come forward in such a manner as to convince the English nation and Government that they had decided on their plan of action, and were no longer to be trifled with, is another question. But of this we are sure, that when once the Imperial Parliament and its constituents are convinced that the Irish Church will accept no other endowment, and that she will give them no peace until this measure of strict justice is conceded—not as a favour, but as a right—a wonderfully brief period will pass over between that conviction and the restitution of at least some portion of the consecrated possessions of the true Church of God.

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## URQUHART'S PILLARS OF HERCULES.

*The Pillars of Hercules; a Narrative of Travels in Spain and Morocco.* By David Urquhart, Esq., M.P. Bentley.

TIME has certainly not dimmed the brilliancy of Mr. Urquhart's style, while it has enriched his stores of illustration, added to his antiquarian lore, and confirmed, without rendering more harsh, his peculiar philosophy.

Like his former work, the *Spirit of the East*, the *Pillars of Hercules* has the merit of almost forcing its readers to think; at least, they will feel themselves so gently carried to the very portals of reflection, that few will absolutely refuse to advance within that fane where each must walk and explore for himself. So many conceits of the modern and west European are vigorously assailed, so many little touchstones of national morality are cleverly and unexpectedly applied, so much truth is at times uttered or glanced at, that the whole will be responded to very much as the reader himself acquiesces in or struggles against the evils around him.

Mr. Urquhart's medicines for the diseases of the day are in truth a curious compound; old specifics from the far East, remedies extracted from the days of augury and myth, wondrous things from primeval time. But the salt and the balsam, the herb and the aromatic unguent, are mixed up in such delicate homœopathic measure, and mottoed with such mysterious terms from Chaldæa, Phœnicia, Etruria, or Cathay, that the passer-by, however listless, must needs hearken to the vendor. The East was formerly Mr. Urquhart's professed subject; it is now also his living commentary on the past. The obscurest mists of antiquity kindle into prismatic hues, as he turns upon them the mirror in which are gathered scattered beams from the East. Old laws and customs, also, from the West, with a sprinkling of science of latter times, are also brought into co-operation and thrown into the same focus. Then, in his capacity of European, he calls on science and learning to cast down a ray of their electric light; and while strange forms gleam half revealed, he dexterously wraps the turban on his head, or the Arab *haik* round his limbs, and hastens to interpret the vision.

Spain is Mr. Urquhart's *ποῦ στῶ*, from which to observe in this double identity, and it is on the broken bases of the Pillars of Hercules that he reclines. From the old holy place he looks down, listening to the murmur of departed tongues; the Carthaginian in his mart, the Roman on his march, the

Iberian in his mountain-pass; the Moorish and the Gothic chivalry, rivals in courtesy and hate. He sees the Phœnician sail grow up in the Eastern horizon, the proud poop pass him by laden with purple dyes and glass of marvellous make; he hails in fragments of cognate tongues the wise strange mariners that crowd the deck, and again watches the sail as it descends the unknown seas.

Notwithstanding traces of an unusual carelessness in the correction of manuscript, the taste would be fastidious which did not acknowledge a power and beauty in our author's style which even greater flaws would not seriously affect. Mr. Urquhart is indisputably an original and reflecting writer, and gifted with keen powers of observation upon all things, from laws to costume, from architecture to cookery, from war and weapons to the games and dances of old and new time. Shadowy myth and systematic geology, scenery and pictures, the city and the desert; all are woven together into a tapestry bright in colour, rich in texture, and graceful in device.

He brings philology to bear upon mantillas and sarrabands, a colour, a salutation, the fold of a scarf, the buffoonery of sailors, the art of the baker, of the kitchen, of the dairy, and a thousand things besides. The reader finds himself philosopher, where he only thought to play the idler; and our old friends of the Greek and Latin classics, nay, the holy Fathers themselves, talk suddenly to us of what we should a moment before have been ready to bet they never had spoken.

Among the most pleasant parts of the book are the chapter on the compass and the knowledge of it (as he certainly makes a great approach to proving) by the Phœnicians; the discussions on the Moorish, Roman, and Turkish baths; on Gothic architecture; on *bread and butter*; on Druidical circles and Celts in Morocco; on the wonderful *Hashish*; the remarks upon cards and chess; on the tribes of Judah and Benjamin in Barbary; on the use or uselessness of Gibraltar; and on Church-spoliation in Spain.

Such are Mr. Urquhart's merits. We proceed to point out his faults. Such are the many positive sentences where we should have preferred notes of interrogation, or modest suggestion. At the first start, for example, we have doubts about the longest quotation in the book, that from the *Morgante Maggiore*.\* In his onslaughts on Messrs. Borrow and

\* Pulci published in 1481 only twenty-three cantos of his *Morgante Maggiore*; five were added later. The quotation is from the twenty-fifth canto. Many of the lines put in italics by Mr. U. do not particularly bear on the question in hand. Even before 1481, the subject had been much debated by Columbus himself, particularly in Florence, where he had zealous partisans.



Ford, there is a tone of pleasure in the mere assault, and an affectation towards the learned world of general superiority and defiance, which many of the names and books referred to render offensive. Veterans of a thousand battles and the most systematic training may be oftentimes surprised by a brave knight-errant; but if there is the true temper of knighthood, there will be all reverence and courtesy to the unhelmed hoary head, and the toil-worn limbs that have stumbled. Some passages that we have noticed require more serious remark in a review which recommends the work to Catholics. If Jesus Christ founded a Church to be guided by Him, and to which all must come, in which they must live; and if it, this Church, is to teach positive doctrine, the obligation of obedience to this body cannot depend on the conduct of its individual members.

It is the misfortune of almost all English general literature, that its writers never state in definite terms the general principles on which they conduct religious inquiry, or examine whether the attacks they make on Catholics and Catholicism are consistent with a belief in the existence of any revelation at all. To this rule Mr. Urquhart is no exception.

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#### SHORT NOTICES.

*The Golden Manual* (Burns and Lambert) is a work of extraordinary completeness. It is difficult to say what it does not contain. The first part consists of devotions, meditations, and directions for ordinary family and private use; and of a large variety of devotions to various separate mysteries, of which the Rosary may be taken as the type; the second includes every thing that can be needed for Confession, Communion, and hearing Mass, with devotions connected with various Confraternities and Associations; the third, the ritual for Baptism and other sacraments, with various devotions proper for them, prayers for the dying and for the dead, the office for Vespers, Compline, the office of the Blessed Virgin, prayers for Benediction, and the Penitential and various other Psalms; the fourth consists of as many as thirty-five Litanies, with a large number of hymns, &c.; and the volume concludes with Dr. Wiseman's prayers for the conversion of England, the form of receiving converts, &c. The whole are translated with great care, judgment, and elegance; and the typography is excellent. Without exaggeration, we may say that, as a complete manual of English and Latin prayers, the work is without a rival.

Two Sermons lie before us, preached recently in two London churches within a short distance of one another, which are a pretty

fair indication of the unyielding hostilities which reign amid the nearest neighbours in the English Establishment. They who would see a fulfilment of our Lord's words, that a house divided against itself cannot stand, need but glance at *Mr. Dodsworth's Sermon*, preached on the 27th January, and at *Mr. Elliott's*, on the Sunday previous. There is nothing remarkable in the sermons themselves, except for the tokens they supply of the real inner state of that body which is bound up into one heterogeneous mass by the golden fetters of English law and English worldliness. Really it is not too much to say, that the condition of the Anglican Church is unparalleled in the history of Christianity.

Mr. Gilfillan has published his second *Gallery of Literary Portraits* (Edinburgh, Hogg), in a single volume. He is a writer who makes one angry with him at almost every page of his book. It is extraordinary that a man who can write so well should write so ill; and that one who often criticises the productions of other pens with so masterly a hand should be insensible to the urgent need of the pruning-knife which these very criticisms display. Mr. Gilfillan is gifted with a perilous facility both of ideas and of expression, and he never knows when to stop, or when his style degenerates into melodramatic fustian. Consequently his "Gallery" is most unequal in merit; some of the portraits are as worthless as the rest are valuable. The criticism on Macaulay, for instance, which is on the whole admirable, is followed by as superficial a piece of exaggeration, in the shape of a panegyric of Dr. Croly, as ever wearied a reader. All through the volume, a brilliant thought, or a striking, homely turn of phrase, is often followed up by a bombastic scrap of finery, which the author would have been quick enough to expose in others. Mr. Gilfillan will, however, improve; but he must make up his mind to throw at least half of his manuscript into the fire.

Mr. Dalton has brought out a translation of *The Catechism of an Interior Life*, by M. Olier, the illustrious founder of St. Sulpice (London, Richardson). It is an excellent little book, both for study and for giving away.

Of the flood of new periodicals which, as usual, accompany the first months of a new year, one of the most useful is *The Domestic Economist*, a cheap weekly journal, edited by Mr. Johnson, whose *Cottage Gardener* is one of the best of gardening journals of a practical kind. *The Domestic Economist* is to discourse on all subjects connected with a house and household, from the stable to the kitchen, from the furniture to the medicine-chest, from the work-table to the children's play-ground.

Several little manuals of devotion for the present season are before us, every one of them deserving notice. *Devotions for the Quarant' Ore*, translated from the Italian (Burns and Lambert), is

the most important. It has Dr. Wiseman's recommendation, and supplies the devout adorer with prayers and meditations in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. London seems Protestant London no more, when such books are rendered actually necessary by the annual recurrence of one of those Catholic devotions which, as near as may be, anticipate the blessedness of the soul in heaven.—*Jesus in the Sacrament* is an excellent little manual for the same purpose; and its still lower price puts it within the reach of the poorest.—Dr. Pagani's *Via Crucis* is also republished, in an elegant form, for those who love the delicacies of typography.—*The Golden Litany*, which is one of those exquisite remains of old English Catholic devotion which have but to be known to be loved, and other litanies and prayers on the Passion, are done up together in a small tract.—*The Passion of Jesus and the Woes of Mary* (the Lent book of the Oratory) consists of the devotions indulged by Pius the Seventh, on the last words of our blessed Lord, on his sacred wounds, and on the woes of his blessed Mother. They have all that union of terseness, unction, and simplicity, which is one of the peculiar marks of those many devotions to which the Holy See has given its sanction. It is worthy of remark, that of all the admirable prayers to which Catholic piety has given birth, not many preserve what may be called the *character* of the Lord's Prayer, except those which have received the approbation of the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

A bookseller at Chelsea (Shean) deserves our thanks for bringing out, in a tract, Dr. Wiseman's Lenten Indult, together with the places for the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, and the various Retreats, Sermons, and Services which are going on in London during Lent.

It is like a flight from the tropics to the pole to turn from books such as these to Mr. Keble's *Church-matters in 1850* (J. H. Parker). That any thing so utterly unreal and self-deceiving should come forth from an honest and sincere man is incredible to those who have not studied the blinding effects of Anglicanism on the intelligence, and its benumbing effects on the conscience. Mr. Keble's object is to bid his fellow-clergymen remain in the Establishment, whatever be the decision of the Privy Council on Baptismal Regeneration, on the ground that the Church of England is unfairly enslaved to the State. Alas, that he does not see that it is a *willing* slavery!

*The London University Calendar for 1850* (Taylor) is a complete and necessary publication for all graduates and under-graduates of the University. To those who are seeking degrees it is most useful, as shewing the nature of the examinations they have to undergo, one-half of the volume consisting of examination-papers.

*The Catholic School* for February contains many important documents, especially a correspondence on the condition of destitute



Catholic children in workhouses. We trust the Poor-School Committee will not let the subject drop, and will secure to the innocent and helpless their full rights in this matter.

Archbishop Kenrick's *Primacy of the Apostolic See vindicated* has reached a third edition in America, and we are happy to see that Mr. Battersby is going to publish a very cheap edition of it in Dublin. It is the best vindication of the Holy See, in all its relations, we know of in our language.

In our last number we were unable to notice the appeal from the Treasurer of the *St. James's Catholic Dispensary*, connected with the chapels of Spanish Place, St. John's Wood, and others in the western part of London. We trust that the claims of an institution of so great importance to the poor will not be forgotten at the present season.

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## Correspondence.

### THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

*To the Editor of the Rambler.*

JESU CHRISTI PASSIO.

*St. Michael's Retreat, Aston, Feb. 9, 1850.*

DEAR SIR,—As you were so good as to insert my letter in your last Number, I will venture to send another on the same subject. I have made up my mind not to care if I am counted wearisome upon it, nor even if I give umbrage and displeasure to some. It seems to me quite clear, that the salvation of millions and even hundreds of millions depends upon uniting the Catholic world in a great effort to gain England; and that unless we are driven to seek elsewhere the help which the Irish people may give us in this undertaking, we must go on pressing and urging them to take the lead in it. I become more and more convinced as I speak of it, that it is in the order of Providence that they should do so, and that their own happiness depends on it far more than that of England. If they refused the enterprise, we might find others to take it up effectually; but I do not know what else could be proposed to renovate or even to save them. I will endeavour to state now, in some order, the course of reasoning which I have been accustomed to hold with the Irish in sermons and private conversations, and how I have been borne out by public events since I began.

I spoke in my last letter of my first tour in Ireland, in 1842, and of the delightful recollections with which it still fills my mind. Ireland at that time gave me the idea of a country on the way to a grand epoch of regeneration, if she would but correspond with the

designs of Providence. This idea had been given me the year before, by a report brought back from Dublin by a respected priest, now one of our Bishops, whom I have the honour to call my friend. He declared to me, that such was the state and such the prospects of the country, that the clergy of Dublin were saying that the only thing they dreaded was that they should be carried away and overwhelmed by excessive happiness; and they feared to think how their people would bear this, after having so well stood the trials of adversity. When I went there in 1842, my impression was exactly corresponding with this extraordinary statement. The temperance movement had then reached its height, and it used to appear to me as if it was making the country into a sort of moral Paradise on earth. The capital national vice of intemperance I saw cured; and it seemed as if this vice being removed, it was carrying off all others with it. During the five weeks of my journey I saw not one man drunk. One man, and one only, of the old school, I did see, a fellow with whom I travelled one day on the top of a coach, who was pressing others to drink, and seemed himself a regular toper; but he looked like a monster in the land, and only set forth in brighter relief the new virtue of his people. I did not see one man in a state of anger; I heard but one curse, except from a set of English tourists whom I met in a view-boat on the Shannon, and from a gentleman's groom, who, methought, had learnt the way of it in England. The people still were poor enough, especially in the far west; but with this they seemed all peace and joy, reminding one of the account of Israel in the days of King Solomon; and the prospect of the best harvest of corn and potatoes which had been known for years back had removed all the anxiety which a bad year or two preceding had raised in regard to food. How sweet was the music, too, of the temperance bands! yes, sweet in itself, but much more from the circumstances. Father Mathew, whom I met in Limerick, just returned from a glorious career in Glasgow to that the scene of his first great achievements in his own country, told me he had contributed to the formation of four hundred such bands. One of them came out to escort me through the town of Loughrea, where I was to address one of my dear Irish audiences on the crusade for England, in the presence of the late venerable Bishop, Dr. Coen. I was told that the members of this band, who now played very respectably, had none of them used an instrument of music till three or four months before; that all had been drunkards. All were now teetotallers; that is, like the millions of their nation, men in the practice of heroic sobriety, for the virtue of temperance in Ireland was at that time heroic. Oh, how I used to congratulate that people on their happiness! I could not but repeat to them again and again, that they had received a grace such as had never been given to any nation, hardly to any individual; for till then I had been accustomed to look on a single drunkard as an incurable being. Here a single apostle had cured a whole people in two or three years. And surely, I thought and said, I am "come in a good day" to ask the help I

want for England; for has not God been preparing you for some grand enterprise in his honour, and is not the enterprise which I propose worthy of your newly-liberated souls? that is, the enterprise of converting England, and so exhibiting before God and angels and men a spectacle as new and as magnificent, in the way of divine charity, as you have already shewn in the way of temperance. And this is the due order of proceeding, to go on from an inferior excellence to a higher one. Thus you will secure all the good you have gained, and open the way for the Almighty to fulfil all the good pleasure of his goodness in you. But beware how you neglect to correspond with what must surely be his expectations from you, and his purposes in giving you this unexampled grace. He has given you this deliverance not for your temporal happiness; at least not principally for that, though this will, as it legitimately ought to, be one of its effects.

God did not intend only that you should get better food, better clothing, and better habits of secular business. All this will result from this change, and all this is good: but He means and He wants something vastly higher and better; and if you do not render Him the fruit He looks for, what must you expect? Why, you have broken chains of wood, and you will make you perchance chains of iron: a field cleared of a noxious weed, if not kept in cultivation, and set with good plants, will return to bear the same weed more strongly, or other weeds more rank. Our Lord, by his terrible account of the devil which had been cast out coming back with seven others worse than himself into the soul he had left, because he found it unoccupied when he returned to visit it, shews that this will be true in the spiritual world. You have got rid of your Irish vice; take heed you do not, by your negligence to improve this grace, fall under some of our English vices, of which you hitherto have been wonderfully free, as pride, covetousness, and all their daughters, and your last state become worse than the first.

And what is that higher and better thing which God wants? I have received no supernatural light to authorise me to speak as a prophet; but it seems to me indisputably clear, that the conquest of England for God and his Church, to be brought about by the power of your ancient time-tried faith, by prayers of faith from the poor, God's chosen poor of Ireland, by the commanding, all-subduing force of the heroic charity of these prayers, which will heap coals of fire on the cold Protestant hearts of England, and kindle them too into a reciprocal blaze of charity towards you and admiration for your religion; if this is not *the* work which God intends for you, it is, any ways, *a* work suitable to your circumstances.— Oh, how did the hearts of Ireland warm to discourses such as these, as I went from place to place! I have said something of this in my former letter, and will not repeat it here. After six years, in the autumn of 1848, I returned to Ireland; and, as I said before, to the surprise of some, but not to mine, as I had learnt to know what were Irish hearts and Irish faith, I found them as ready to hear me



as before : and this time, what had I to say? I had to acknowledge, with deep joy and gratitude, the fidelity with which many religious houses, and several secular confraternities,—many more, I am convinced, than I could hear of,—had persevered in what they had begun ; but I had to remark, that as a nation they had done nothing. I had not heard, since I had left the country, of a single movement in that direction ; and yet I had often run my eye over the speeches of their orators, especially in the early part of this period, to seek some such consolation for my heart ; but not one word for the conversion of England, far less any signs of great national, unanimous, open, persevering efforts, such as had been promised to me with such noble warmth and enthusiasm. Well, I said, will you begin now ? There is yet time. 'The grand, the divine exploit is still within your reach ; and your weapons of war, your spiritual arms, thanks be to God, are yet in your hands, and have not lost their edge. Your faith still lives, and is bright. Your hearts are still warm and generous. Will you now at last begin in earnest ?

Here it may be said, perhaps, that at least I must own that my former predictions had failed. They had not taken up the work I had proposed, and yet, by my own confession, they had not fallen into those worse vices which I had foreboded,—that pride, that worldly-mindedness and covetousness. No ! but how had they been preserved from them ? They had neglected to preserve themselves from them by building up on their new foundation of heroic moral virtue the heroic divine virtues of which I had proposed the exercise. It remained that God in his mercy should guard them from the terrible danger : and how had He done it ? Where, oh, where was the happiness, where those torrents of prosperity, the consequences of which the wise among them had been dreading ? and indeed there was cause to dread these consequences, if the right plan for averting them were not adopted. It seemed as though, instead of a full tide of prosperity, the Almighty had, during the very period when this had to be expected, been emptying upon this people all the vessels of his wrath ; as if the black horse and the pale horse of the Apocalypse, with their fearful riders, and all the train which followed them, had both been traversing the land. God gave to David the choice of three plagues, famine, or pestilence, or war. He had sent to Ireland the first and the second, in a degree so fearful that the like had never been seen in the history of nations, and that other nations had been made to stand still and wonder what was coming on the earth, when this faithful, this religious people were thus scourged. The third plague, war, seemed also destined for them ; and a war it promised to be of such terror and bloodshedding, as would have made it surpass all other wars which history records. They were saved from this infliction, but at the cost of an humiliation which, to a nation so brave and gallant as the Irish, must have been perhaps more grievous to endure than would have been the war itself, however frightful. Thus God has preserved them from covetousness, pride, and the train of other kin-

dred evils, which his previous graces unimproved might have brought down upon them. Will they now take up his cause, and exert, with due activity, the powers of that faith which they have not yet lost? or will they leave it to the Almighty to search his treasures for some new temporal plague to keep that faith pure and bright, or else to leave them now at rest in their inactivity, give them the good things of this world, and take away that faith for which they care not to contend? Oh, let it not be left to an English voice to be the only one to call aloud, and tell them of their danger and their hopes.

I am, dear Sir,  
Your obedient servant in Jesus Christ,  
IGNATIUS OF S. PAUL, PASSIONIST.

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#### PRIOR PARK.

An arrangement has recently been entered into respecting the college at Prior Park, which will give great satisfaction to many of our readers. Alexander Raphael, Esq. has purchased the whole estate of the trustees, for the sum of 30,000*l.*, and has let it to the authorities for a very long lease, at 900*l.* a-year, being three per cent on the money paid. The property is also made redeemable by the college trustees, whensoever they may be in a situation to repay the purchase-money, with certain provisions. This arrangement relieves the college of a large annual payment, in the way of higher interest on debts of various kinds, and gives it, at length, a fair start. Though great exertions will still be necessary to place it in a situation of permanent prosperity, it is now in a better position than for many years past; and most cordially we trust that the efforts made to support it by the Vicars Apostolic of the Western and Welsh districts, and by its immediate superiors, will be abundantly rewarded.

OF YOUR CHARITY

**Pray for the Soul**

OF

MRS. ELIZABETH GILLIS,

*Who died on Tuesday the 29th January 1850, aged 81 years.*

“Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, . . . . for their works follow them.”—*Apocalypse*, xiv. 13.

*May she rest in peace!*

Bishop Gillis requests the Prayers of the Faithful for the repose of his Mother's Soul.

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# The Rambler.

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## PART XXVIII.

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#### To Correspondents.

In an early Number will appear "Brief Notices of some Writers of the English Franciscan Province since the Era of the Reformation."

Constant professional occupation again compels the architect of the third of our designs for Town Churches to postpone its completion.

"A Subscriber." A press of matter prevents us from inserting the extract sent.

"J. O'B." Declined, with thanks.

# The Rambler,

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

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VOL. V.

APRIL 1850.

PART XXVIII.

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## CHURCH REFORM.

THERE is an ugly sound in the very words "Church Reform;" yet is the Church the most determined of all reformers. In her corporate capacity and in her individual members she has never ceased from the work of correction and change. From the first Council held in Jerusalem to the last Papal Encyclic, the same spirit has been her unfailing guide, and it will be her guide to the end.

In truth, in one sense, and that the chiefest, the Church is the only self-reformer upon earth. In every other society it is an almost unvarying rule that reforms begin with the governed, and are only wrung from those in authority by force, either moral or physical. From the most trivial of legislative amendments to the most radical of revolutions, the reform of purely human societies is ever the result of the cries, the groans, and the indignation of those who suffer wrong. In the Church it is not so. While with her what is called *radical* reform can never be thought of, inasmuch as her original constitution is divine and unchangeable, she presents to our eyes the singular phenomenon of a body in which the rulers are the most energetic reformers, and in which the gravest and widest spread corruptions in her individual members fail to affect the decisions of her prevailing legitimate authorities. For eighteen centuries mankind has beheld this extraordinary fact, that the energy, universality, and boldness of her authoritative reforms have stood in almost exact proportion to the growth of those evils which they were designed to crush. In all other societies, laws and their administration are but the reflex of the feelings and opinions of the governed. Such as is the corruption of the subject, such, on the whole, is the corruption of the ruler; and especially whensoever new laws

are enacted, they are found to bear the impress of the morality or the immorality, the wisdom or the folly, of the people for whom they are designed. In this mysterious society, on the contrary, dark and melancholy as may have been the morals of some, and of many, and even of a majority, of her individual members, and frightfully as at certain periods the foulness of human nature has personally corrupted her highest powers, the *laws* of the Church bear ever the impress of that purity, truth, and wisdom, which are the results of the invisible presence of her divine Master. Not only are those acts of the Universal Church herself, and her supreme Pastor, enlightened by a supernatural and infallible light, but it is comparatively rare to find any thing emanating from her inferior authorities, whether synods or single prelates, which is not in strict harmony with perfect truth and sanctity. Innumerable as have been her bishops, when the whole list of eighteen centuries is reckoned up, and many the occasions in which they have met in council for the settlement of the affairs of local churches, it is truly marvellous to remark how seldom the decisions of these lower authorities have come into contact with, or been reversed by, a higher power. Whatever may have been the corruptions of various ages, it is undeniable that the stream of Church authority has flowed on pure and undefiled amidst a demoralised or unstable people, and even when guided by men whose private lives would bear no close investigation.\*

Such is the great truth which strikes us when we contemplate the Catholic Church as a self-reformer. And when we examine more closely into details, we find fresh tokens of the presence of a more than human wisdom and power. No parallel to her course can be named from the history of secular society. Take, for instance, that amazing courage, or, so to call it, that divine audacity, which is at once the wonder, the contempt, and the terror of the man of the world, with which the Church as it were selects the most perilous moments for striking her severest blows. The conduct of a Hildebrand, wild and fanatic as it appears to the calculating philosopher, is but the type of ten thousand other acts of the authorities of the Church. Our own times and those of our fathers have been the subject of not a few of these manifestations of that courage, which in human affairs would be rashness, but in divine is the natural impulse of one whose Supporter is omnipotent. When the English laws recognised attendance at a Protestant church in Ireland as an act of conformity to Protestantism, and thus tempted many a wavering Catholic to save his property by an easy outward form, at once the

\* See Balmez on Catholicism and Protestantism, ch. ii.



stringency of Church law was increased tenfold, and attendance at a Protestant service in Ireland was made a sin for which no ordinary confessor could give absolution. When a golden bribe, of the most alluring character, is offered under the guise of well-endowed and liberally-conducted colleges for Ireland, at a moment when it seems to be for the best interest of the Pope to be on good terms with the English government, a Papal Rescript condemns without sparing the fatal scheme. Scarcely is Pius the Ninth driven an exile from his home, and stripped of all earthly power, than he exerts his supreme authority in the condemnation of the works of certain writers whom the rules of worldly policy would have bade him strive by all means to conciliate. And when more than ever, if the Protestant theory were true, he would be unable to enforce that obedience to his supremacy which was paid to his predecessors, he issues a letter to the whole hierarchy of Christendom, assuming in himself a power of adding to the articles of faith of the entire Church, perhaps greater than was ever exerted by any Pope who ever sat on St. Peter's throne. Wonderful courage! and yet more wonderful success! The day when, stricken by the excommunication of the outraged Pontiff, the imperial despot of France met his doom amid the snows of Russia, was but one of unnumbered instances in which the blow of the feeble has laid the mighty low, and the power of nations and armies has melted away before the breath of one man.

Again, how rigorously conservative, how moderate and gentle, are the reforms of the Church, even whilst most deep, unsparing, and effective! Secular reforms are for the most part a compromise between two contending principles or passions. They are a species of truce between two parties, whose interests are, or are supposed to be, inherently opposed. The sufferer demands, and the tyrant yields. To use a mathematical phrase, they are the result of the composition of forces pulling in different directions, a union between the spirit of change and the spirit of preservation. Thus human society ever vibrates between torpor and revolution; for it is guided by no pervading principle, supported by no master-hand, at once restraining and guiding the whole. The Church, on the contrary, is unmoved amid every movement. Still the same with all her innumerable outward manifestations, she shews that she exists, not by virtue of abstract laws, or by the skill and energy of her children, but by virtue of a never-dying inward *life*, derived from a true and indestructible union with One who is Himself unchangeable. To the eye of mere historians or politicians she seems the most vacillating and im-pressible of societies. Her policy they esteem crooked, cunning,

and a mixture of daring and timidity. Hard as adamant at one moment, at the next she appears to yield like the softest wax. They feel that they never can count upon what her policy will be in any given state of things. Reasoning on their own notions, they know not whether to expect her to resist, to yield, to excommunicate, to meet them half way, to embrace them, or to treat them with the silence of contempt. They account her a mixture of culpable laxity and foolhardy obstinacy; and inasmuch as they know nothing of her secret principles and mystic life, and are aware that no human institution could master its difficulties by such an apparently inconsistent policy, they are ever reckoning on her dissolution and chronicling her among the realities of the past. And yet she has lived on from the first hour of her existence the same through every external variation, and green with a perpetual youth. And now, while the tendencies of modern society are reaching their climax, and threatening to engulf us all in one universal ruin, she alone wears a calm and happy aspect, and her children both know and see that she *cannot* fail.

Her children also know *how* it is that the Church is thus at once the most conservative and the most reforming of all societies. They not only know *why* her character is as unchangeable as her life is undying; the *rationale* of her unity in variety is clear to every eye that contemplates her glories from within. With a deposit of faith and morals sacred from all touch of alteration, there are at the same time two elements in her nature and position which necessitate reforms, both deep and incessant. Her own children are not set free, except in part, from the selfishness and sinfulness and the intellectual infirmities of the common nature of man; and she is placed in the midst of a world whose changes are as incessant as her own faith and morals are steadfast. Hence she is ever employed in a twofold reform; partly to correct the ebullitions of the yet unsubdued evil passions of her individual members, and partly to adapt her weapons of warfare to the revolutions of human society and the peculiarities of each age in which she is called to fulfil her office. And inasmuch as the forms assumed by sin, infirmity, and heresy, vary with every succeeding year, and as no one epoch in the world's history is similar in all its features to any other that has gone before it, so her rules, her customs, her plans, and even, in some respects, the forms of her religious worship, are ever undergoing modification, and adapting themselves to the circumstances of the age in which she finds herself.

And the Catholic faith alone, of all the creeds of man, is capable of this wonderful elasticity. As no human ingenuity

can frame a piece of mechanism capable of expanding and contracting like the pupil of the eye, so no religion of man's inventing can bear those changes of age, country, and civilisation which serve only to call forth into renewed action the hidden resources of the Catholic Church. All others are local creeds, and either perish or are radically changed by transportation to another clime from that which gave them birth. They are mere perpetuations of the formal and exclusive and national features in the law of Moses. When Judaism merged into Christianity, and pure spiritual truth cast aside that shell in which it had dwelt protected until the advent of the Messias, these countless schemes for self-salvation caught up the rejected covering, and, decked in the borrowed garments, paraded themselves before mankind, and mimicked the voice of the spouse of Christ, claiming each of them to be the *only* prophet from God, at the very moment that they disowned that infallibility without which their pretensions are but the impudent deceits of a convicted impostor. One creed, and one alone, can endure the revolutions of ages and the most violent contrasts of country and custom. One alone can reform her practical regulations without fear of diminishing her vital energy. One alone is free to dispense with her own laws, and to reject as useless what in a past age was the result of the profoundest wisdom. One alone is independent of the British flag, and the Anglo-Saxon language, and the armies of France, and the threats of Russia, and the blandishments of kings, and the madness of mobs; of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy; of gold and silver, and pauperism, and political economy; yes, even of learning and literature; and, more mysterious still, even of the vices and follies of her children, her priests, and her prelates.

Situated as we Catholics are at present in this country, it is surely desirable that we should occasionally turn our attention to this character of the Catholic Church as a Reformer, and take care that we never act in opposition to those principles by which she has ever been guided. Never was there an era in which any branch of the Church was placed in a more peculiar position, or one at once more humbling and more inspiring, more difficult and more easy to cope with. We live in a time which is pre-eminently a period of transition; and while as citizens of the great English nation we share the terrible secular difficulties of the age, we labour under an accumulation of difficulties peculiarly our own. And thus the present is no time for the Church in England to hope to escape her ordinary lot, or to sit down contentedly to her quiet every-day duties, leaving all things as it were to take their chance, content if we



can only hand down to our children that precise practical system which we received from our immediate fathers. Accordingly, almost every English Catholic is more or less a Reformer. Some on one system, some on another, and some on no system at all; all are full of anxious thoughts or hopeful schemes. To master the tremendous realities of the day by a mere adherence to the old routine, is a confessed impossibility. Something must be done. Some new life must be infused into our habits. *Some* steps must be taken to meet the perils which encounter us on all sides. These are the confessions or the clamorous cries of men of every cast of mind, of every profession and business, from the youth to the man of hoary hairs.

If, then, we might venture upon a suggestion which may be applicable alike to all persons and every species of difficulty, it would be this; that both prudence and duty command us to throw ourselves into the unchanging spirit and principles of the Church, and to beware of any attempt to copy the past outward developments of that spirit and those principles, without being well assured that they are in perfect harmony with the living mind of the Church of this present day, and adapted to that state of society in which the providence of God has placed us. Let us observe that the Church has never acted upon the system of outward revivalism; that she has never for one moment admitted that she receives a fuller measure of divine light in one age than in another; that her first principle has been to take things as they are, both in herself and in the world without, and to infuse new life and vigour into all that is not absolutely decayed and unfitted for present needs; and that she is ever more practical than theoretical, aiming first at small things as the means for attaining greater, and not attempting impossibilities in the expectation of accomplishing some small measure of plans at once gigantic and impracticable. Never has she tolerated an appeal to the past against the present; or a condemnation of her present self by a comparison with her past self. Never has she permitted the laws to rule over the law-giver, or been seduced by a dream of celestial perfection to forget the real nature of man, and the limits which Almighty God himself has set to her power.

Here, indeed, is the great stumbling-block which she presents to Protestant unbelievers. This is that very claim of the Catholic Church which they at once dread and despise. They will tolerate an authoritative and all-powerful Church in theory, but they will not endure her as a living power demanding their own personal obedience. They insist upon it that the Church has fallen from primitive purity and orthodoxy, and that she has no longer that right to their submis-

sion which they would gladly have conceded in ancient and better times. Until the sect of modern Neologians sprung up, this was the cry of all heretics and rebels. These new sophists, indeed, have devised a fresh justification for themselves, and would have us believe that the Apostles were only very good sort of men in their way, but still much under the influence of superstition and dogmatic folly, and that it has been reserved for the nineteenth century to "perfectionate" the Gospel and expound the simple truths conveyed under the antique myths of the sacred writings. But all others, whether old heretics or British and Continental Protestants, harp ever upon this single chord, that the Church has fallen from her primitive perfection. Truly a notable proof of that love, mercy, and omnipotence, which they profess to claim for the *Lord* of the Church alone, to allege that He has neither had love, wisdom, or power sufficient to fulfil his own promises, or to preserve his beloved Bride from spot and stain of sin! But we are not now busied with the consistency of separatists, but with their professions and excuses. And these we find to be ever in substance based upon this strange theory, that the Church of God has fallen from the throne on which her Lord originally placed her as a queen.

Such was the unblushing pretence of the ecclesiastical revolutionists of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. And such is ever the pretence of those who would reform the "Reformation," on any one of those multiform schemes of revivalism which have succeeded it. First came the Independents and Baptists, who improved upon the Presbyterianism of Calvin. Then sprung up Moravians, Quakers, Methodists, and the rest. Latterly the Irvingites and the Plymouth Brethren have set up revived apostolic times, mimicking, each in its way, such of the customs and rites and titles of the Apostolic Church as they have picked up from the superficial study of the Bible or a few loose pages of ecclesiastical history. Lastly, Anglicanism, an old school in the Established Church, has joined the ranks of the restoring reformers, and sent forth a quaint, fragmentary, and startling compound of patristic learning, mediæval æsthetics, and modern Catholic devotions, all kneaded together in the heavy dough of Parliamentary theology, and has presented the repelling compound to the hungry soul as the true bread of life distributed by the apostles and martyrs of the real Catholic Church.

It is to be remarked further, that this very spirit has not unfrequently found an entrance within the Catholic Church herself; sometimes leading to a positive schism, sometimes to a schismatical movement not pushed to *professed* disobedience

to the authority of the Church, and sometimes seducing the most sincere and devout Catholics to steps from which they have themselves recoiled with terror when recalled to their obedience by that supreme power which they have never for a moment ceased to reverence and respect. As is natural, this temptation to appeal to the past against the present has been more mischievous in modern than in more ancient times, as the distance of antiquity has widened, and the claim to revive a primitive purity has become more specious, and has required more learning for the exposure of its hollowness. In the French Church this imaginary devotion to ancient times was fostered by the study of Fleury's Church History, in which the historian ever paints the first six centuries of the Church as far as possible *en beau*, with a view to strengthen his Gallican notions respecting the modern exaggeration of the Papal power. A whole school of theologians was thus formed, who fancied that after the spread of the *pseudo-decretates Isidorianæ* in the ninth century, so general a corruption of discipline and morals overspread the Church, that the episcopate was gradually merged in the Papacy, and what had been under the Apostles a *mere* primacy, was forced forward by the Popes themselves into a despotic supremacy. How fatally these theories worked upon the prosperity of the Church in France we need not linger to shew. The Jansenistic controversy was but the natural result of a spirit essentially anti-Catholic. The individual questions brought prominently forward were but the accidents of the conflict between the opposing principles. The true *animus* of Quesnel, Jansenius, and the rest, appeared in their perpetual appeals to antiquity, whether the matter in dispute related to the operations of grace, the use of the liturgy in the vulgar tongue, or the exact limits of the Papal authority.

Such, again, was the error condemned by Pius the Sixth in the dogmatic bull *Auctorem fidei*, in which the proceedings of the Jansenistic Council of Pistoia were marked with the severe censure of the Church. Ricci, his supporters, and his coadjutors, were alike smitten with this passion for the past, and would fain have restored the details of ancient days without regard to the supreme authority to which they personally owed obedience, or to the applicability of the customs of antiquity to the circumstances of the living Church of their day.

In Rosmini's book, the *Cinque Piaghe della Chiesa Cattolica*, were found opinions and suggestions in like manner tending to underrate the true spiritual life and wisdom which has guided the Church up to this hour. The learned Abate, burning with zeal for the reformation of abuses, fell into the



very error of those whom in his heart and principles he disowned, and would fain have copied the practices of other days, on the idea that, because they once were admirable, therefore they must necessarily be fit for adoption at the present time. Happy, indeed, would it be for man, if every ardent and philosophical mind was imbued with the same devoted piety and reverence for the Holy See which prompted Rosmini himself to proffer his heartfelt submission to the papal censure, so that the document which announced the condemnation of his book announced also his sincere obedience.

But of all the manifestations of this spirit of false reform, the most recent is perhaps the most absurd. The scheme propounded by the Abbé Chantome in France, within the last few months, is a perfect caricature of the system which would unthinkingly revive the customs of other ages. Amongst various propositions relative to education, all tending to elude the influence and authority of the episcopate, M. Chantome has petitioned the Pope to introduce the vulgar tongue into all parts of the Liturgy\* intended for the people, to grant Communion in both kinds, to restore the ancient pattern of the ecclesiastical vestments, and to revive the religious dramas of the middle ages. No sooner, indeed, was this strange scheme afloat, than the Archbishop of Paris and the Bishop of Langres (to which latter diocese M. Chantome belongs) took the matter in hand. A letter from the Pope to the Archbishop speedily arrived, condemning in strong terms the Abbé's dreams; which was followed by an official summons from the Bishop of Langres to the Abbé to appear before the appointed authorities and make his submission, and, upon his refusal, by his immediate suspension from the performance of all sacerdotal functions. Hitherto, though

\* It may be as well to remark, for the sake of some few of our readers who are not familiar with the subject, that by the "*Liturgy*" is here meant the offices for the Mass, and for the administration of the Sacraments in general, together with those other devotions and rites which are specially authorised and enjoined by the Church. That in all these the use of the Latin language is to be retained in Western Christendom, the Church has most emphatically declared; and to those who have studied the subject, the reasons for her decision are sufficiently obvious. The question of the use of the vernacular language of each country in those other public devotions which are specially designed for congregational use is wholly a distinct one. The *general* practice of the Church in all countries is to employ such devotions in great variety, according to the feelings and circumstances of each nation, diocese, or parish. Perhaps there are few countries in which the vernacular is employed so little in Catholic churches as in England. The intention of the Church in the matter may further be gathered from the fact that the Holy See has attached Indulgences to a vast variety of devotions not in the Latin language; while, as far as we know, no Indulgence is attached to the reciting of Vespers or Compline on the part of the laity.

M. Chantome's clerical supporters appear to have unanimously tendered their recantation, he himself—at the time we are now writing—remains recusant.

That this tendency to depreciate the wisdom and purity of the existing Church will ever work, more or less, in every age, can scarcely be doubted. Not only will it be fostered by the real spirit of disobedience, but it will silently insinuate itself into many minds who will start with dread from the conclusions to which it would lead them, when once they discern the issue of their speculations. It cannot be denied that we are all of us, more or less, inclined to complain of the sins and corruptions, the infirmities and the errors, of our own days, and to suppose that in ages past the Church was wonderfully different from what she now is. It is one of the defects of our very nature to wish the Church more pure and perfect than her Lord has thought fit to make her. As we are impatient of our secret personal temptations, and foolishly long for rest before our time, so are we prone to murmur over that terrible admixture of evil with good which is the characteristic of the Church as her Lord has constituted her, and in contradistinction to that millennial state of perfection which heretical enthusiasts assert to be alone worthy of the love and power of Jesus Christ. Of course, as Catholics, we cannot fall into these extreme absurdities; but still, being men of like passions with the most visionary of fanatics, we may often be *tempted* to wish for an impossible perfection, and to imagine that though certainly no such perfection exists now, it must once have existed, and that our duty is to contemplate its immediate restoration.

Who is there, who will be honest with himself, who is not conscious of frequently experiencing this captious, complaining, and selfish disappointment, because all Christians are not sinless and all-wise; or, in other words, because he himself is not the only person privileged to think wrong and to do wrong without being called to account? Who is not at times given to waste his energies in dreaming of the perfection of an Ideal Church, founded on principles different from those on which Jesus Christ founded *His* Church, in which there should be no misunderstandings, no peril of heresy, no possibility of doubt, no apostacies, no heart-burnings, no jealousy between laity and clergy, no defects of education, none but first-rate directors, no tiresome preachers, no bad music, no ugly buildings, no dirty vestments, no straggling unpicturesque processions, and, above all, no debts? Who does not feel himself called again and again to remember a certain text in the Bible, which declares that the treasures of God's

grace are laid up and communicated *in earthen vessels*; and that though *we* might have accounted it to be for the greater glory of God that every Christian should be an omniscient saint, yet it is the will of God to glorify Himself by accomplishing the salvation of men in spite of, and even sometimes by means of, our follies, our errors, and our sins?

Hence it is, we think, that an exaggerated view of the perfections of the mediæval Church, as compared with the modern Church, has found its way into the minds of some amongst us. As the circumstances of Catholicism in this country were changed, and Catholics came no longer to be treated as slaves and outcasts, what could be more natural than that their hearts should burn within them when they looked out from their own miserably-appointed chapels, and surveyed the remains of the old Catholic glories of this island? Who could walk from Warwick Street or Moorfields into Westminster Abbey; or from the Catholic chapels of York, Beverley, or Lincoln, into York Minster, Beverley Minster, or Lincoln Minster; who could compare the buildings, the libraries, and the rent-rolls of our colleges with the princely palaces and foundations of Oxford and Cambridge; and not be tempted to aim with all his energies at the diminution of the intolerable contrast? In an age when the very Protestants themselves were awaking to a love for those relics of Catholic grandeur which they have so long possessed, misunderstood, and mutilated, and the sham Catholicism of a new school was striving to shew that Catholic cathedrals were the natural home of Church-of-England Protestantism; who could avoid a wish to present the true old religion to the *eyes* of Englishmen in all its venerable magnificence, forgetting for a while those terrible realities of our present state which make a show of magnificence in our case, though in a different sense, almost as false a sham as in that of Romanising Protestantism?

Unfortunately, this increasing delight in mediæval art and desire for its imitation was not accompanied with a corresponding study of mediæval history, whether ecclesiastical or secular, or even with a strong conviction that if we would rival the mediæval Church, we must act upon mediæval *principles* rather than reproduce mediæval externals. We are but uttering a palpable truth when we say, that even to this day we know far more of the houses in which our English ancestors dwelt, of the dresses they wore, of the armour they fought in, of the stones they carved, and the pictures they painted, than of the books they wrote, of the system they pursued, or of their virtues, their vices, their relationship to



the state, and of the condition of their poor. Where, for instance, can we find any account of the popular devotions of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, accessible to the ordinary English Catholic reader? Where can the unlearned student lay his hand on any clear and complete statement of the condition of the religious houses of England previous to the Great Rebellion against the Church? Of those who are learned in all the details of "Early English" mouldings, and "Decorated" windows, and "Perpendicular" towers; and who can overwhelm one with a flood of facts about chancels, and sedilia, and encaustic tiles, and embroidery, and chasubles, and metal-work, and painted windows; how many have studied the Old English Chroniclers, or ascertained how far they are to be trusted? How many are there who have studied the history of that great conflict between the two opposing powers, of which the struggle between King Henry and St. Thomas was but one solitary symptom; or could state in a few sentences the feelings of the English clergy towards the martyred Archbishop? How many have studied the peculiar points in which a High Mass of the present day differs from the solemn celebrations of five centuries ago; and are prepared to make the best of modern circumstances and arts, by a diligent study of the principles on which the clergy of those days took the best of this world's gifts and consecrated them to the service of God? And yet these are but a few chance queries, which might be multiplied ten-fold, if we were called to point out all that ought to be known, and known familiarly, of the *men* whose works we so justly admire.

Hence our professed admiration for the middle ages has in this country been not a little superficial. The only English writer who has sketched the "Ages of Faith" has painted them in such rainbow hues, that his pictures are more like dreams of Paradise than a sober history of that English Church of whom a recent writer has cleverly said, that "a blow from Harry's sceptre broke her back." On the continent the case has been otherwise. There the study of mediæval art has been preceded and accompanied by a still more extensive and profound study of mediæval history. Muratori has long since ceased to be accepted as the infallible exponent of the events of the "barbarous ages." Father Battini in Italy, with Leo, Raumer, Voigt, Phillips, Hurter, Savigny, Möller, Gosselin, and a number of others in France, Germany, and Belgium, have long since familiarised the minds of educated Catholics with the prominent features of those remarkable times, and have shewn that there was then as fierce a conflict going on in Christendom as in our

own day, with this striking difference, that it was even *more* perilous than that in which we are summoned to take our part.

Some of the works of these great writers are, we know, already in process of translation into our own tongue, and the more deeply they are pondered on by English Catholics the better. They will shew us that the Church is never at peace with the world and with sin, though her conflicts may at times assume the garb of gentle remonstrances, and the world may delight to lay its riches at her feet. We are convinced that few subjects would more abundantly reward our study. Our gain, both in information, advice, and encouragement, would be almost incalculable. We should learn, that, amid the destruction of so much that is external and circumstantial, we ourselves remain what our fathers were. Not only is the faith unchanged, and morals unchanged, but—which is the point so often under-estimated—our three great foes, the world, the flesh, and the devil, are also unchanged. The State was ever the real foe, though sometimes the forced friend, or the conquered subject, of the Church. Riches were the same snare to poor weak flesh and blood as to all the children of Adam at this hour. There were abundance of lukewarm Catholics long before Luther was born, and Protestantism, as a creed, was still in the womb of time. The Church was not more infallible than now. The powers of the successors of St. Peter are still unimpaired. The Sacraments have not lost their grace. Saints are still created and matured as rapidly and mysteriously as ever. Monks and nuns are precisely the same beings in the year 1850 as in the year 1350, or the year 850. In those days they had troubles, and annoyances, and perplexities quite as severe, in their kind, as those which afflict us; while, as far as we can judge, the snares that beset them were *more* subtle than any against which we have to guard. Nothing was ever perfect. One generation pulled down the buildings of its predecessor, and the “Perpendicular” church-builder thought no more of demolishing an “Early-English” nave than a churchwarden of the days of George III. Rainy days spoilt out-of-door processions; thieves broke into sanctuaries; fires burnt down cathedrals, abbeys, and parish churches by hundreds; ill-conducted priests and monks caused great scandals; worldly-minded or timid prelates hung about the courts of kings; proud and wealthy lords and landholders tormented peaceable clergy; rude singers tortured the ears of the fastidious; while every where there were those far heavier calamities in progress which gave to Lutheranism and Calvinism their fatal power, and called for the most severely

purifying chastisements with which the God of mercy has ever shewed his love to his people.

Still more, we shall learn all the details of that hand-to-hand struggle which was waged between the true and the false children of Catholicism. We shall penetrate to the profoundest workings of the opposing principles of Reform and Revolution; and mark how, while multitudes fell away, the faithful sons of the Church never lost their hold of the great doctrines of her unity, infallibility, and sanctity, and of the supremacy of the successor of St. Peter; what united caution, learning, and zeal they brought to the work of reform; and what extraordinary success ultimately crowned their labours. We shall gain at once humility and encouragement; a deeper sense of the truly "earthen" character of those vessels in which God has enshrined the treasures of his grace, and a livelier confidence, that when the night of trial seems darkest, his guiding beams will burst forth upon us with their brightest radiance.

That it is only by this earnest study of the principles on which the Church has ever acted that we can confront and master our own peculiar difficulties, the briefest allusion to those difficulties will shew. That English Catholics can accomplish the work set before them by a superficial imitation of the outward customs of *any* past age, appears clearly impossible, the moment we contemplate the chief points of contrast between the present and all past centuries. First, there is our poverty, or rather our pauperism. We have already done our utmost to call the attention of our fellow-Catholics to this gigantic element in our present troubles. But we have scarcely pointed out with sufficient distinctness the *novelty* of this overwhelming trouble. At no one period of the past history of Christianity has the poverty of the Church borne any such proportion to her absolute numbers. Poor as was the primitive Church, and crushing as were the occasional pecuniary difficulties of later times, never was there an era in which the Catholic population had so frightfully outrun the increase in the pastors of the fold, and the number of her altars and houses of prayer. Lay our finger where we will on the map of the Christian parts of the globe, at no one epoch in any one of them can we discern existing so appalling a disproportion between the means of grace and the number of the souls baptised into the Church, and then left to relapse into practical heathenism. When was it ever known before that the haunts of vice and lewdness were supplied in crowds with their miserable victims from the ranks of starving Catholic girls and women? When was it ever known that the coffers



of the Church were drained in proportion to the increase in the multitude of her children, so that, as affairs now stand, every sun that rises beholds us more numerous and more poor?

Our relation to the world about us is another circumstance without parallel in the past. Never before was any division of the Church placed in the midst of such a chaos of opinion, Christian in name, and advancing in benevolence and earnestness, and yet every year plunging deeper into the mire of scepticism, and more and more dissatisfied with its own creed. Never were Catholics regarded with so strange a mixture of suspicion and confidence, of kindly feeling and dread, of un-eradicated bigotry and historical candour. Never did the enemies of the Church so blindly seek to imitate her system, while they yet denounced her authority, and derided her children. What parallel to these phenomena can be found in all her former struggles? Not in her first conflict with Judaism and Paganism; not in her warfare with the sophists of Alexandria, or the Manicheans of the East, or the Arianism of Constantinople, or the tumults of barbarian hordes, or the sword of Mahomet, or the intestine disorders and demoralisation of Europe in the dark ages, or the subtleties of mediæval speculators, or the Albigenes in France, or the heresies of Wiclif and Huss, or the frantic schism of Luther, or the raging of princes in England and Germany, or the philosophy and atheism of the school of Voltaire, or that fearful day when the power of diabolical wickedness reached its culminating point in the first French revolution. We stand where our fathers never stood; and not one of the weapons with which they fought will answer our purpose, without being remoulded in the furnace of divine fire.

A similar revolution has taken place in the relative position of the laity to the clergy. While all that is divine and of authority in the difference between the two orders of men remains, and ever must remain, untouched, they have become assimilated in knowledge and education to a degree which once could scarcely have been accounted possible. The universal spread of knowledge consequent upon the invention of printing has been one element in this comparative equalising of the intellectual strength of all men; and as we live we shall necessarily see this equality carried out to a still wider extent. But other circumstances have combined with the printing-press to place the laity in this new position. Modern civilisation now permits an innumerable crowd of minds to devote themselves to secular pursuits, who, in the rude, fighting days of feudalism, were almost driven into the priest-

hood and to the monastic life, for the sake of peace and rest. Gentlemen are not now, as of yore, soldiers of necessity. Men who love study, or are troubled with weak health, or are of timid dispositions, have in these days an abundance of fields lying open before them, in which they may labour either for pleasure or profit, without a thought of taking orders in the Church. Fighting has sunk into one of the professions, and each succeeding generation holds it in lower esteem than its immediate predecessor. The pen rules the sword; while, even amongst the bravest and most impetuous warriors, the old distinctions are wellnigh levelled by those musket and cannon balls which sweep away alike the coward and the hero, the common soldier and his captain. Hence the clerical profession has long ceased to be the sole refuge of every man of more than ordinary abilities; and learning of every kind, both secular and theological, is found existing and powerful for influence amongst the laity of all the greatest nations of Europe and America.

Nor is this diffusion of knowledge confined to the more educated classes of the laity. In any average congregation the proportion of those who cannot read and write is as nearly as may be the reverse of what it was in mediæval times. Few but the clergy could then even write their names. Now it is accounted a disgrace and a misfortune to be thus helplessly incompetent. Contrast, then, the mode in which a congregation of English Catholics of to-day will hear Mass, or assist in any other public devotion, with that which prevailed in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Contrast, we say, their *intellectual* state, their wishes, their tastes, their capacities; their critical powers, their ability to understand and enter into all the elaborate perfections of Catholic prayers and Catholic ceremonial. What an astonishing revolution has taken place; and how vain to suppose that the Church, the most loving and considerate of mothers, will treat her children, when now almost matured to manhood, on precisely the same system as when they were children or babes! Who can wonder that for 300 years past she has displayed more bounteously than ever the more attractive, tender, and fervent elements of her creed; and that as the *tone*, so to call it, of her discipline, her rites, and her fabrics was different in mediæval times from that which she had adopted in primitive and in the darker ages, so again she should have adapted herself to the new state in which she has now for some centuries been placed, and should strive more than ever to draw *with the cords of love* those whom of old she restrained by stern severity, and smote with the rod of her anger? What wonder that there is a more cheerful,

joyous, open-hearted aspect in the modern churches of Catholic lands than in those more austere and sublime creations of her genius in which the spirit of Gothic days was at once preserved and enshrined? What wonder that, as an earthly mother asserts her sway over her children more and more winningly, and with more and more regard for their growing intelligence, every year that they advance towards manhood, so she, who is all things to all men, should have gradually merged the terrors of her apostolic discipline in the mercifulness of to-day; that indulgences have taken the place of penance; and that instead of the rigid "economy" which she practised towards the ancient unbelievers, she should now invite every class of heretic to contemplate her mysteries, and unveil the secrets of divine love even to the most degraded of sinners? Not 400 years ago every cathedral and collegiate church in England had a thick, perfectly solid, and highly decorated stone wall, some twenty or thirty feet high, built right across the entrance into the choir, where the most solemn functions of the Church were celebrated; so that, with the exception of a favoured few, who could peep through the doorway in the middle, the entire congregation in the nave could no more see what was going on at the altar than if they had been outside the building altogether. But would any man in his senses attempt to drag back the modern system of the Church to such a custom as this; or, because her loving kindness is often repaid with irreverence and ingratitude, restore that severity which sanctioned these ancient arrangements?\*

A third cause of this momentous change is to be discerned in that great act of the Church which has at once fostered the universal spread of theological knowledge, and has given a guarantee against those excesses which would have been the result of such a diffusion in more ancient times. The dogmatic statements of the Council of Trent, by the vast extent of doctrine which they embrace, and the clear and complete statements which they have supplied on so many subjects until then undefined by the Church, have placed a fulness of accurate dogmatic knowledge within the reach of almost the simplest minds. In combination with the Catechism of the Council, and with those numerous and voluminous Catechisms which have been written in all the chief languages of Europe—except, alas! our own—the decrees of Trent have literally placed both the ecclesiastical and the lay student of

\* Those who imagine that congregations were really more reverent in the middle ages than now should consult the real records of those times, and there learn that scenes not unfrequently were enacted in churches which are utterly unheard-of in our own day.



small abilities and little leisure, in a more favourable position for the acquisition of theological learning, than the most accomplished and ablest minds of primitive and mediæval times. Contrast, for instance, the advantages of an ordinary layman, sitting down to the study of Ferreri's Catechism,\* and appropriating at every step he takes, and throughout the whole range of the Christian revelation, the results of all that profound learning and meditation which have followed upon the Council of Trent, expressed with a perfect accuracy of language—contrast such a one with the enormous majority of theologians of preceding ages. Thus is theological study become at once more easy and more safe than at any previous period. While the world-wide influence of the great minds of other days is no longer a possibility, and the distinctions between the learned and the unlearned, the acute and the simple, are every day becoming less marked, at the same time the guiding hand of the Church is mercifully stretched out to guide all alike to tread boldly and happily where our ancestors of greatest learning stepped onwards with hesitating and trembling feet.

Still more mighty in the novelty of its operation is that tremendous engine which is *entirely* peculiar to modern days,—the periodical press. Books have always existed, in some shape or other, from the moment that men began to write; it is the periodical literature of the last two centuries which has revolutionised society, and which is still marching onwards in its career of conquest. Within the Catholic Church, as without, its marvellous strength is felt and acknowledged; and its power for good or evil is contemplated by thoughtful minds as a matter for the deepest anxiety. For while its influence may be in the highest degree beneficial, and while the Catholic periodical press has unquestionably, taken on the whole, been productive of the happiest results to religion in different countries, still it will ever be in peril of being perverted into an *imperium in imperio*, fraught with danger to all that is most sacred. Engaged as we are in this work ourselves, we cannot shrink from expressing a conviction, that the Catholic periodical press is at once the most efficacious of modern and humanly-devised instruments for good which the Church can wield, and at the same time is a power beset with most serious perils, and demanding the utmost wisdom and care that it may be duly controlled without the fettering and rendering useless its energies. It is a power with which the Episcopate can scarcely identify itself without nullifying its influence by destroying its independence, and without compromising its

\* Ferreri's Catechism is, we believe, now being translated into English.

own official dignity and weight as the ruling power in the Church. In a time of excessive active occupation like our own, when men have so little leisure either to study largely or to think intensely, it is difficult to over-rate the sway exercised by writers in periodicals, who, by their peculiar tact, *help* their readers both to facts and conclusions on all great subjects of pressing interest. No author of books, no speaker of speeches, no individual authority, save the supreme Pontiff alone, can communicate his ideas to so wide a circle of minds themselves influential, as the conductors of journals of any extensive degree of popularity. Add to this the striking circumstance that a large proportion of the Catholic periodical press is in the hands of laymen, and the singular novelty of our times appears in its most startling colours. One irresistible circumstance, over which neither the clergy nor the laity have had control, has produced, and will continue to preserve, this important element in our present state. The clergy are too busy with purely ministerial functions to devote themselves to periodical writing with the same zeal and leisure as the laity. The numerical proportion of the clerical order to their flocks is no more what it used to be. In England and France, not to speak of other countries, the myriads of those who have to be ministered to defy the utmost labours of the ministering body. And thus it has come to pass, that of the Catholic journals which have the largest influence in the three most important languages of Europe and America, very many, if not a majority, are conducted, though not entirely written, by laymen. We need not, and indeed ought not, to trouble our readers with the details of the steps we have taken to prevent any evils resulting from this circumstance in our own case; but we cannot refrain from expressing our deep sense of the delicacy and responsibility of our task, and our hope that, whatever may be our faults, they will be mercifully judged, in consideration of the peculiar perils which surround our calling.

Such are some of the more marked characteristics of the situation of the Church, reserved by Divine Providence for these latter times. That in such circumstances she can cope with the world, and with the infirmities and obstacles which she finds within herself, by simply adopting the habits or ideas of any one epoch in her past life, is palpably impossible. Common sense and the instinct of faith unite to forbid us to look backwards with wistful eyes to *any* past period in her history, or to dream of restoring those states of things which in the good providence of God have vanished away. We cannot copy the primitive Church or the mediæval Church, because we cannot

be the primitive or the mediæval Church. We have our work to do as Christians of the nineteenth century, and as none others. Each age of the Church has its special vocation, like each individual member of the Church; and we do not glorify God by wishing to serve Him as our fathers did, rather than as we can do ourselves, any more than by murmuring at the state of life to which He has personally called us. Married persons, when worried with the petty vexations of a family, sometimes cry out, "Oh, that I were a monk or a nun! then I should serve God without any difficulty, and enjoy a heaven upon earth." Alas, fond wish! as though the temptations and disturbances of the heart were not *in itself*, even as "the kingdom of God is within us." So it would be with those who, in place of throwing themselves heart and soul into the system of the Church of their own day, would fain live in a dreamy world of impossible perfections; and instead of venerating her with heart and soul, precisely as she manifests herself to them, set up some past ideal millennium, and imagine that in those days the Church was inherently better than now, and that she served and worshipped God more acceptably than in these degenerate times. What an error it is, to look back hundreds of years for our types of sanctity and apostolic wisdom, as though popes, and bishops, and ascetics, and priests, and holy men and women in domestic life, and saintly children, and confessors to the faith, had, as it were, *gone off* from their antique excellence! How vain and silly, not to say how mischievous, to fancy, that if the great men whom we invoke in glory, whose books we still read, or whose buildings we love, were now to re-appear, they would look, or talk, or move in any way different from men of like character in this nineteenth century of ours! In painting a landscape, the true artist portrays nature as he sees her. In painting the picture of a saint, the true artist portrays divine grace as he sees it in living men, women, and children. The most saintly of painters, Beato Angelico, gave even to his angels the air of portraits of human individuals. And so too, they serve the Church best who, while they study the past for information, instruction, encouragement, and warning, seek to follow out those manifestations of divine light which shine forth from her body, as it were naturally, in that very age, in that very country, and at that very hour in which they are called upon to act in her service.

And surely, if we will but use our opportunities aright, the advantages peculiar to the Church in modern times are such as to encourage the most fearful, and silence the most complaining. When was the peril of heterodoxy within the



Church so small as since the wonderful work of the Council of Trent? What bygone period has displayed such a glorious unanimity as now reigns throughout Catholic Christendom, a unanimity so extensive and so enlightened, that rigorism, Jansenism, and nationalism—those few points in which differences of opinion have more recently troubled the Church—are now wellnigh matters for historical mention, rather than for urgent controversy? What age, even that of the Apostles themselves, was ever so free from glaring scandals; when the malignity of foes could detect so few immoralities in our clergy, or so little of the spirit of disaffection in our laity? How few, of all those who become converts to the faith, turn back to the world they have denounced, causing bitter grief to the Catholic heart, and bidding the unbeliever triumph!\*

How happily are we situated with respect to the State, its terrors and its favours! We are free and unfettered alike by chains and gifts. In ourselves we are overwhelmed with poverty; but is it not better to be too poor than to be too rich? The prejudices and ignorances of Protestants are dispersing on every side, and the enemies of the Church do her behests by laying bare the truths of the history of the past. Communication with Rome is now more easy than a journey from one end of Britain to the other a generation or two ago. The devotion of the entire Church to the Holy See is fitly expressed in the complete unanimity with which the whole hierarchy of Christendom has responded to the letter of Pius IX. respecting the definition of the Immaculate Conception as an article of faith.

The science of moral theology has been carried to so high a degree of perfection, that the consciences of Christians may now be guided with a facility, a decision, and a uniformity of spirit which was once barely possible. The English Catholic body, once suspected of a certain Anglicised Gallican and frigid leaven, is giving every day more and more undeniable tokens of its depth of sincerity, its fervour of zeal, its reverence to the Apostolic See, its carefulness for the poor,

\* We cannot forbear remarking, in reference to the very few persons who, during the last three or four years, have returned to the Protestantism they have left, that *every one of them* was remarkable, while still remaining a Catholic, either for some laxity of moral conduct, or for a decided flightiness of mind. Circumstances concerning them all have come long ago to our personal knowledge, which prepared us to *expect* their apostacy. Protestants, indeed, with that extravagant inconsistency which marks their criticisms on Catholic affairs, sometimes express astonishment and anger, because the Catholic prelates or priests who originally admitted these apostates into the Church did not test their sincerity and sanity by a long probation. To this objection one reply suffices. The Apostles received converts with equal "precipitancy." How long a probation did St. Peter exact from the *three thousand* who were baptised on the day of Pentecost?

its veneration for the Saints, its devotion to the Mother of God, its adoring love for the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. Every day it becomes more earnest and more practical, more ready to sacrifice its tastes to its duties, more determined to rely on the power of faith rather than the devices of expediency, more ardent in the acquisition of learning.

At such a time, who can say, "I wish I had been born in other days; either when bishops were martyrs, or when their coffers overflowed with gold and jewellery?" Who can say—who *dare* say—that the difficulties of the times are greater than can be borne, that there is *any thing* which is not to be conquered by simplicity of purpose, enlightened prudence, and undoubting faith? Who will allege—as to our shame we have heard of its being alleged—that Protestants can be brought to accomplish works, on low, earthly, selfish motives, which, though they are necessary to the spiritual well-being of the Church, Catholics in these days can never be stimulated to attain? That our difficulties are as tremendous as our position is peculiar, we do not for a moment deny; but it is the very calling of the Church to encounter obstacles overwhelming to human strength, and to work out the most glorious results by means apparently the most inadequate. If not so, where would be—not her glory—but the glory of Him whose representative she is upon the earth?

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## THE LIFE OF FREDERIC HURTER,

AUTHOR OF THE LIFE OF POPE INNOCENT III.

*From the French of A. St. Cheron.*

### CHAPTER I.

Birth of Hurter—His studies—He is called to the Protestant ministry—His first appearance as an author—He is elected President of the Consistory.

FREDERIC HURTER was born on the 19th of March, 1787, in Schaffhausen, one of the four ancient and aristocratic cantons of Switzerland. On his father's side he is descended from a family which for generations furnished the state with public men, the Church with a great number of ministers and two prelates, and public education with several distinguished professors. His father was prefect at Lugano, and, at a later period, a member of government. In his early youth Hurter shewed the happiest dispositions, which were developed by the tender solicitude of a mother who was as remarkable for

the superiority of her understanding as for the energy of her character: she was connected with the noble family of the Zeiglers.

One of the first and most lively impressions on the mind of the youthful Hurter was caused by that terrible and sublime episode in the French Revolution, the captivity and death of Louis XVI. At the age of six, Hurter was not able to read to his parents, without tears, the speeches on the trial of this martyred king, and particularly his answers to the questions put to him by the judges and executioners. It was this impression, which could never be effaced, that contributed to lay the foundation in Hurter's mind of that deep-rooted aversion for every kind of revolution which continued with him in every circumstance of after life. He had scarcely attained his sixteenth year when he entered the gymnasium of his native town, where the course of studies being of an inferior kind, he went rapidly through them. We will here mention two peculiarities which are rarely met with in children at that age. At eleven years of age he had eagerly read the history of the Seven Years' War, and was as decidedly opposed to Frederick King of Prussia as he was enthusiastically in favour of the Empress Maria Theresa. Two years after, a discussion arose between him, his school-fellows, and master, on the subject of Pompey. Hurter warmly espoused the side of Pompey, because, though vanquished at Pharsalia, he fought for the conservative interests of Rome, in which he was supported by the aristocracy; whilst, on the contrary, our young scholar, with all the energy of his soul, disliked Cæsar, in whom he could see nothing but a revolutionist and democrat. Do you not perceive in this the full-grown man who will take up his pen in defence of the Popedom and Catholicism against the calumnious attacks of innovators and heretics? In addition to the gymnasium, Schaffhausen has an establishment for the higher classes, where students are prepared for the University course. History also was taught there. In accordance with the customs of that ignorant, prejudiced, and unfaithful period, the professor represented the middle ages as a dark and superstitious era. However, Hurter's predilection for Latin authors led him to this discovery, that their preservation was certainly owing to the middle age and its monasteries, and therefore his sagacious and upright mind was convinced that the ignorance could not have been so general as it was pretended, amongst those who had studied and copied those great works of human mind with such patient and admirable care. It was natural enough, therefore, that Hurter's leaning towards the writings of Latin authors should shew itself so warmly towards those



who alone have secured us the possession of their works. These early impressions most decidedly prompted Hurter to continue his studies of the middle ages. At that time, it may be said, his mind had no particular object in view; nevertheless, even then he stopped to contemplate the manly and majestic figure of Gregory VII., and he suspected that the opinions of historians on this great pontiff were so many calumnies. To his youthful imagination this great man appeared to stand before him in the character of the old consuls of pagan Rome in her glorious days.

The choice of a state of life presents many difficulties to a young man, especially in peculiar times. The Revolution having overturned the ancient constitution and privileges of Switzerland, a change had likewise come over politics. If they had remained the same, this young man would, in all probability, have taken to them. But his father wished him to enter the Protestant ministry. This, however, had no great attractions for him; he nevertheless yielded to his father's wishes, more with a view of frequenting the Universities, and continuing his course of studies, than with the intention of ultimately serving in the ecclesiastical state.

Hurter had little relish for theology such as was then taught in the Protestant Universities; for he had already a confused presentiment that there existed a more elevated science, a more complete and correct expression of that universal law which unites all beings, more inaccessible to the vain speculations of men, a science, in fine, without which Christianity could never lay claim to a character stamped by divine revelation, and consequently could never maintain itself in unchangeable doctrines. The young man could never associate this imperishable and unchangeable characteristic of Christian faith with that pretended enfranchisement of reason so highly extolled by religious and philosophical sects, as the prime object of human activity. To remain steadfast to a doctrine which should be one, immutable, and independent in the midst of the disunion, change, and revolutions of the human mind in every age; it was for this that Hurter yearned and devoted his life. Thus may we understand why from this hour Rationalism in religion, as well as Liberalism in politics, were never acceptable to the precocious strictness of his philosophical principles. Amongst the professors whose lectures Hurter attended during his sojourn of about two years in the University of Göttingen, one only gained his real esteem and unreserved attachment. This was Heyne, the celebrated philologist, known throughout Europe by his editions of and commentaries on the Greek and Latin poets. The professor

of history at Schaffhausen was one who added to his historical information a very extensive knowledge of bibliography. He also possessed a remarkable library. This inspired Hurter with a strong desire to furnish himself with books; and to satisfy this desire, or rather passion, he devoted every shilling of his small pocket-money. As soon as he arrived at Göttingen, he made a regular practice of attending all the book-sales, and, whilst students generally look after nothing but new books, Hurter, on the contrary, bought nothing but old ones, which he got cheap, as they were little called for. One day, in looking over these works, he took up a copy of Innocent the Third's Letters, published by Baluze, which he bought more out of fancy than to make use of it. He little knew that this purchase was one day to lay the foundation of his glory, and be a means of changing his moral and social existence. His studies did not occupy him long, and Hurter was vain enough to aim at returning home with the title of author. With this intention he made use of the well-stocked library of Göttingen, and devoted his leisure hours exclusively to writing a *History of Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths*, which he published in two volumes, at the age of twenty years.

The office of librarian in an extensive collection was the object of Hurter's ambition, which all his efforts were never able to procure him. Scarcely had he passed through his examination in theology, when the clergyman of the most distant parish in the canton of Schaffhausen died, and it was decided that Hurter should take his place. At first he refused, on account of his youth, and the annoyance of being confined to such a lonesome locality so soon after leaving the University. But the President of the Council represented to Hurter that if he did not accept that place there would be difficulty in finding him another; and he was obliged to give way to necessity.

During the period of three years which he spent in this parish he had no reason to congratulate himself on the use he made of his many leisure hours, or on the great good which he did as a clergyman. On this account he could not help remarking, that it was a great fault in his Church that any one should have the authority to nominate a young man of twenty years to the pastoral charge of a congregation of a thousand souls, at an age when no one can be expected to possess that gravity and feeling of responsibility which should accompany such an office. From that period, therefore, Hurter became practically convinced of the wise precaution of the Catholic Church, which ordains none of her clergy before the age of twenty-five. He was still with the same congregation when

the National Institute of France offered a prize for the best essay on the following subject: "What was the civil and political state of Italy under the government of the Goths? What were the fundamental principles of legislation under Theodoric and his successors? And what, in particular, was the distinction thereby established between the conquerors and the conquered?" Professor Sartorius of Göttingen was the successful competitor (the title of his essay was, *The Civil and Political State of the People of Italy under the Government of the Goths.* Paris, 1811). For the same prize the learned Naudet produced his work entitled *History of the Monarchy of the Goths.* Hurter proposed to himself to treat this subject in a third volume of his *History of King Theodoric*, with the design of competing for the prize. He almost finished his work, but not being sufficiently skilled in the French language, and the solitude in which he lived being a great obstacle to the acquirement of that confidence which accompanies a practical intercourse with scientific men, his work remained in his portfolio. At the same time he began a romance, in which it was his intention to shew the influence of friendship, love, patriotism, and religion on human life.

After three years of exile in this distant parish, Hurter was appointed to another, which afforded him a more agreeable residence. There he recommenced his historical studies. For a long time, as his predilection for the middle ages grew stronger, he purposed choosing the Hohenstauffens as a subject of an historical work; an idea which was so successfully carried out by M. Raumer. He soon had reason to understand that such a great work could not be undertaken without the convenience of being near a large library, which his native town did not possess. He had, however, the merit of inducing the latter to buy the collection of books belonging to his celebrated fellow-countryman, John Müller. I have observed that Hurter had entertained the idea of taking up his pen in defence of Gregory VII., the favourite of his younger days, against the false accounts of various writers.\* To this idea

\* The reader is referred for information concerning Gregory VII. to the fourteenth volume of Rohrbacher's *Universal History of the Catholic Church*; to the history of this great Pope by the German author Voigt; and to the first volume of M. Delecluze's work entitled *Gregory VII., St. Francis of Assisium, and St. Thomas of Aquin.* These three writers, the first a Catholic, the second a Protestant, and the third a Rationalist, defend the name of Gregory VII. against the falsehoods, calumnies, prejudices, and aspersions of all the Gallican, Jansenistic, parliamentary, and philosophical authors, from the sixteenth century down to the present day. Strange as it may appear, the last-mentioned writer, M. Delecluze, was one of the oldest writers in the *Journal des Débats*, who, when it unjustly assails the Catholic Bishops and their flocks, always accuses them of



succeeded that of writing the history of Pope Innocent III., which was suggested to him by the collection of this great man's correspondence, which he had bought at Göttingen. Though he was from the beginning well aware of the difficulty of such an undertaking, he trusted to the probability of finding the necessary materials in his own library and that of Schaffhausen. As early as 1818 he wrote an outline of this work, though a very rough and incomplete one.

Although the greater portion of his time was devoted to his history, he nevertheless published some smaller works. Amongst these I will mention *The Life and Sufferings of Pius VII.*, which produced a great sensation, and was reprinted in several parts of Germany. The name of the author was unknown. The reader will easily perceive that the leading thought in Hurter's mind was the Popedom, and that he was destined to become one of its defenders. I ought also to mention that he contributed largely towards a newspaper called *The General Correspondent of Switzerland*, in which, from 1814, he defended for twenty years the rights of religion and social order, against every revolutionary theory, and strenuously combated every kind of Jacobinism both in Church and State.

In 1824 the President of the Council of Schaffhausen died; and his Chancellor succeeding him, Hurter, in spite of the opposition and intrigues of his enemies, was named to the latter office; his time therein being chiefly occupied in reforming the system of all the schools in the canton. From 1824 to 1830 he devoted himself with all the energy of his mind and conviction to prevent the old institutions of his country from falling a prey to the menacing attacks of innovators. The revolution of 1830 affected Hurter most acutely, as it terrified, and in some sort killed, Hegel, the illustrious philosopher, and Niebuhr, the distinguished historian, of Germany; so much did it fill them and Hurter with the most serious alarms for the future fate of Europe. Would to God that, in times to come, the fears of those great men may not be realised! When the disturbances broke out in the canton of Schaffhausen, and overturned the established constitution, Hurter placed himself in direct opposition. This step, as might be expected, made him many enemies, who sought to punish him for his perseverance in his principles, not considering the many services which he had done to the canton and his native town. On the 23d of January, another President of the Council being carried off by death, for the first time for 300 years the

being admirers of the middle ages and of Gregory VII. The *Journal des Débats*, which so eagerly recommended the writings of MM. Quinet, Michelet, Libri, and Genin, has not yet reviewed M. Delecluze's work.

custom of choosing his Chancellor, who was always looked upon as his lawful successor, was disregarded. Two years elapsed, and a third President died. Then, indeed, the injustice done to Hurter was repaired, and on the 5th of March, 1835, to the great joy of all the ministers, he was placed at the head of the Protestant clergy.

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## CHAPTER II.

Hurter publishes his *History of Pope Innocent III.*, and "An Account of the Institutions and Customs of the Church in the Middle Ages"—Historical Science undergoes a revolution—Similarity of opinion with French historians—Hurter's travels—Jealousies of his Protestant fellow-clergymen—Persecution raised against him—He resigns his office of President of the Consistory—He takes the part of the Swiss Catholics.

To console himself in the midst of the harrowing scenes of the internal struggles of his country, and to divert his mind from anxious fears of what was to befall Europe, Hurter devoted all his leisure time to the composition of his *History of Innocent III.* Two volumes appeared successively in 1833 and in 1834; in 1838 he published the concluding part of the work, *An Account of the Institutions and Customs of the Church in the Middle Ages.* These two works met with signal success in Germany, and soon reached a second edition. As soon as a French translation of the *History of Innocent III.* and of *An Account of the Institutions and Customs of the Church in the Middle Ages* was published, the approbation of the learned throughout Catholic Europe gave to these two noble monuments raised by a Protestant minister for the justification and glory of the Church and one of her most illustrious pontiffs, a place in the first rank amongst those works which in our times have contributed to the restoration of historical studies.

What a change has taken place in historical science! Instead of a narrow, partial, and malevolent spirit, overshadowed by a dark cloud of anti-Catholic prejudices, we now meet with a calm yet strict spirit of impartiality, a love of justice, an earnest searching after truth, together with a feeling of fidelity which can appreciate virtue and courage even in men whose opinions differ from those of the historian.

When we call to our minds the fact that the present generation has learned and does even now learn history, and especially Church history, from none but Voltaire, Sismondi, Dulaure, Segur, Augustin Thierry, Michelet, Des Michels, Lavallée, and Henry Martin, how can we be astonished that so many false and erroneous judgments should continue predominant, that a mass of unfounded prejudices should have taken deep root, that odious calumnies and the most revolt-

ingly unjust opinions should prevail with regard to those noble institutions and great men who, by so many sacrifices, labours, and so much blood, laid the foundations of that Christian civilisation which they now undeservedly enjoy? In order to understand the shameful alterations which have been made in history by those men who are its accredited writers in the eyes of the public and in the schools, it will suffice to compare Hurter's opinion of the Church in the middle ages and of Innocent III. with those of the historians abovementioned. This instructive comparison may be found in my introduction to the *History of Innocent III.*\*

If the historians and legists of the two last centuries (whom the historians, legists, journalists, and pamphleteers of our times have imitated, though with less spirit and learning) have attacked with such fury what they call the superstition of the middle ages, the prostration of reason, the absolute ascendancy of the Church, the ambition of the Popes, their attempted usurpation of the temporal power of kings,—we may look on it as certain that such commonplace phrases have been and are now made use of only to disguise the hatred which the enemies of Catholicism bear towards it, on account of the influence which it exercises over society within legitimate bounds and in the free sphere of the institutions of every age. From their works in present and bygone times may we judge of these falsifiers of history.

In public documents we perceive the same difference which distinguishes the faithful spirit of Hurter from that system of misrepresentation which our modern historians have adopted. We left Hurter at that part of our narrative when he had just been chosen President of the Consistory of Schaffhausen. We will now state the events since that time: and in so doing we shall have another instance of the manner in which at all periods, and in every country, Protestants, radicals, and the supporters of revolutionary principles, understand the terms respect for liberty of conscience, that liberty for which they have spilt torrents of blood. The success obtained throughout Europe by the *History of Pope Innocent III.* and the *Account of the Institutions and Customs of the Church in the Middle Ages*, and the services done to the Catholic cause by these publications, drew down upon the author the jealousy and animosity of narrow-minded bigots among his own co-religionists and fellow-citizens. In 1839 these wretched feelings found an opportunity of shewing themselves. In the autumn of the same year Hurter visited Austria, Vienna, and Munich, and communicated to the pub-

\* See t. i. pp. vi.-xxxiii.



lic the result of his observations in a work entitled *An Excursion to Vienna and Presburg*. The Protestants could not forgive Hurter for the favourable reception which he received throughout his travels; whilst the open manner in which he described the many observations which he had made in these Catholic countries, and particularly in the large Austrian abbeys, regarding, however, only the sciences, arts, and antiquities, greatly excited the anger of those persons whose intellectual horizon was bounded by the most vulgar prejudices. The attachment which Hurter had always entertained towards his fellow-citizens, his many successful efforts to promote their general and individual interests, had so concentrated and embittered the venom of ingratitude in these minds, that sooner or later it was sure to shew itself. Hurter was still at Vienna when he learned that a plot was secretly laid against him. He, however, would not give credit to the report; the consciousness of having laboured for twenty years with disinterested zeal for his native town, for the public education in all branches, for the Church of his own canton and his fellow-clergy, rendered it impossible for him to entertain the slightest suspicion of any design against him. But the hour was approaching when the biographer of Innocent III. was to exchange this sweet illusion for the harsh truth. God had his intentions in regard to Hurter, and was pleased that even the hatred of his enemies should promote their success. A visit which he had long promised to pay to the prioress of the Convent of St. Catherinenthal was fixed for St. Joseph's day, the anniversary of Hurter's birth. He therefore assisted at the holy sacrifice with his friend M. d'Enzenberg, a Catholic. On this occasion Hurter, as President of the Council, shewed such respect as common propriety required. He went no further than this. Besides, the most ordinary prudence would have prevented him from shewing any mark of approbation of another worship in a church situated a league and a half from his native town: especially as he was aware that because a Catholic church had been built in Schaffhausen, occasion had been taken therefrom to render him suspected for no other reason than that he had not opposed it. It happened, however, that a countryman belonging to a Protestant congregation was in the church of St. Catherinenthal, and he very soon made a false statement to his pastor, according to which he had seen the President of the Consistory of Schaffhausen commit the most scandalous enormities, viz. that he had knelt during the elevation, that he had made the sign of the cross, and had taken holy water when leaving the church. This clergyman made known this happy

discovery, and every one took great pains to conceal these reports from the person whom they particularly concerned, so that they were spread abroad over the whole town, whilst the president, who passed most of his time in his study, knew nothing of the matter: he only remarked that, whilst attending a fellow-clergyman's funeral, great reserve and coldness was shewn towards him by individuals whom he always treated with the greatest regard. The next day, at a small meeting, the storm burst forth. At first they appeared to require nothing more than that he should explain the reports which were current, and this he did with truth and openness. Hurter, however, soon perceived that these inquiries were but a pretext for the bitter reproaches which they afterwards heaped upon him, and for the gross insults which they offered: he was obliged to break up the meeting. Those who were opposed to him organised there and then a party consisting of all the ministers in the canton, and in order to carry out their plans with greater success, they invited those persons upon whom they thought they could depend to a meeting held for the purpose; each one had his part assigned, and they were fully prepared to present themselves before the assembly with a united majority. We need not say that the president, now made fully aware of their intentions, did not appear there. He contented himself with sending a letter, so that his absence allowed them to give free and unlimited scope to their hatred and ingratitude. Young and old, Rationalists and Pietists, the artful and the simple, were all unanimous in asserting the most monstrous things against their chief minister, and in making the most ridiculous charges against the Catholic Church, accompanied by the strongest and most vehement protestations on the score of their own Protestantism. It is thus that we see on a small scale that which the history of the Church exhibits on a large one, whenever a sectarian spirit is leagued against her; it is then that the Pietist forgives the Rationalist his incredulity, and the Rationalist is willing to forget what he calls the confined views of the Pietist; in fine, these negative religions become united whenever there is an opportunity of attacking the Catholic Church, even indirectly. These men, therefore, who in reality were not agreed upon any single dogma, were absurd enough to put this question to the president, viz. Whether he was really a Protestant in heart? If, as his answer, he had asked them to explain in precise terms what they meant by Protestantism, he would have given them a troublesome task, or at least defended himself from their attacks. But from his great sincerity and generosity he disdained such

a subterfuge, and preferred the open declaration that he would not answer such a question; that whatever he had done up to that time as their pastor had been done openly before them all, and if in any single action there could be found any ground for accusation, he was ready to justify himself. On this head his opponents had indeed nothing to say. It was necessary, therefore, to manœuvre in another way: this could be easily done. It consisted in the first place in calumniating him and raising suspicions against him by newspaper articles, and afterwards, in secret, by exciting the people; but the most effective means of ruining him was the political antipathy and personal ill-will (although undeserved) of a member of government who was fully competent to bias as he pleased his weak-minded colleagues. In justice to truth, however, let it be said that these odious plans were contrived by a bare majority of the Protestant clergy in the canton of Schaffhausen; whilst an imposing minority adhered firmly to the president with that friendship and respect which always continued, and induced them on every occasion to seek the restoration of peace. This they were never able to obtain, and the consequence was, they are even now suffering the effects of their attachment, from the contempt and disdain of their colleagues, who are mostly Pietists, and who pursue them with that implacable enmity with which Pietism knows how to pursue in secret those whom it wishes to destroy.

Although always disposed to seek a reconciliation by any concession that his honour would permit, Hurter saw his good intentions continually thwarted by the tricks and artifices which his opponents substituted in place of a sincere desire for peace. At length, after having borne every thing with an imperturbable *sang froid* and in complete silence, and after having constantly acted on the defensive, he felt that the moment was come for him to speak. This he did in the month of October 1840, in a pamphlet, which began with an exposition of the events and the various labours of his life. He then exposed the intrigues of his opponents, and he annihilated them, as it were, by the vigour of his language, brilliancy of his style, strength of his proofs, and the lively sallies of his wit. The title of the pamphlet is, *President Hurter and his pretended Colleagues*. He afterwards went to Munich. But scarcely had he returned to his country when the hand of God was heavy upon him, and such trials were sent him both for body and soul as his almighty power could alone enable him to support. A daughter, seventeen years of age, who had accompanied him in his travels, a girl in the full bloom of health, lively, clever, and high-spirited,



was taken ill ten days after his return, of a complaint which no doubt had been caught at Munich. Nine weeks of sorrow were spent in alternate hopes and fears; during this interval the sickness extended to all his family, and on the feast of St. Francis, 1840, the president himself was seized with it. Weakened as he was both in mind and body, he was informed by his physician that his youngest daughter, a girl of angelic goodness of heart, obedience, gentleness, and cheerfulness, constant desire to oblige, and, moreover, endowed with a most gifted mind, had fallen a victim to the disease without his having even heard of her illness; and two days after this the death of his eldest daughter was announced to him. The afflicted parent had not even the consolation of beholding once more his dearly beloved children, or of accompanying them to their last resting-place. Death often has power to reconcile hearts. It was not so in the present case. His old enemies, the Pietists and Radicals, used scandalous language towards him; but fortunately this was not known by Hurter till afterwards, when he had recovered greater strength of mind.

A clergyman belonging to the party of the so-called *pieux* ventured to insert in a journal of his party an account of the origin of this contest, full of falsehoods and invectives. Hurter had long been proof against any personal assault, therefore this made no impression upon him; but when he came to that part in which his beloved daughter was assailed even in her tomb, his heart was broken. He was again thrown on his bed of sorrow. The silence of the Protestant clergy when they heard of this, made it very evident to Hurter that the pastors of the canton of Schaffhausen would not discountenance any outrage, however disgraceful, offered to their head. Up to the present time, the honour of the president had been intact throughout the whole of this contest so wretchedly commenced. His fame had spread far beyond the narrow limits of the almost imperceptible corner of the earth known by the name of the canton of Schaffhausen; it was right, therefore, that his principal object thenceforth should be to preserve it from those stains which his unworthy co-religionists sought to cast upon it. Consequently, on the 19th of March, 1841, twelve months after his visit to the church of St. Catharinenthal, he wrote a letter to the Council, in which he sent his resignation of the presidency and of the other offices which he held. Then, in order to be out of the way of the sincere entreaties of his friends and the hypocritical solicitations of his enemies to induce him to withdraw his resignation, he retired to the Benedictine abbey of Rheingau situated in the neighbourhood; and he so planned it, that his

letter appeared the next day in the *Schaffhausen Gazette* and the *Augsburg Universal Gazette*, in order to remove any doubts of the fixedness of his resolution. In the midst of these events, where such shameful passions are seen, how can we refuse to recognise the hand of Providence withdrawing Hurter from those fetters that bound him, in order that hereafter he might use his liberty for other objects, and be brought within the bosom of the Church? Amid the persecutions with which his fellow-religionists assailed him, Hurter was an example to prove that, by asserting the truth in history, we are led to understand and maintain it in the times we live in. It is well known of what excessive violence, oppression, and plunder, Swiss Radicalism and Protestantism have been guilty towards the Catholic Church and her institutions. Scarcely had a fortnight elapsed since the ex-president's retirement into private life, when the convents of Argovia, being plundered and publicly calumniated by their temporal and despoiling masters, sent a request to Hurter that he would refute a base and calumnious libel which the government of the canton of Argovia had published against them. Although he always espoused the cause of justice, even if his leisure hours would have admitted of it, still Hurter could not have taken this affair in hand in the position in which he was placed before his resignation. After it, however, he was able in six weeks to produce a work called *The Convents of Argovia and their Accusers*.

These afflicting trials had so affected Hurter's health, that he was obliged to submit to a prolonged course of the waters. At length he again recovered that strength and repose of mind which were necessary to complete his great work on the age of Innocent III. From the autumn of the year 1841 he devoted the whole of his time to this work; the last volume of the original German of the *Account of the Institutions and Customs of the Church in the Middle Ages* appeared in the course of the year 1842.

Scarcely had he completed this great work, over which he had spent more than twenty years' study, than he took up his pen in defence of Catholicism against the wicked and tyrannical acts of his unworthy fellow-countrymen, the Protestant Radicals. Towards the end of 1842 he commenced, and in a few months concluded, a work entitled *Persecutions of the Catholic Church in Switzerland*, in which he completely exposed and stigmatised the barbarous policy of that pseudo-religious and political Liberalism which in Switzerland, as also in France, Belgium, Spain, and Ireland, disgraces the sacred name of Liberty by perjury and spoliation.

## CHAPTER III.

Hurter's journey to Paris—His attempts to obtain the mediation of the French Government in favour of the Swiss Catholics—His opinion of the warfare of the French professors, legists, and journalists, and the Catholic Church—He leaves Paris, returns to Switzerland, and prepares for a journey to Italy.

From this day God seems to have taken Hurter by the hand to conduct him into the bosom of the Church. In inspiring him with the thought of making a journey to Paris, He left him open to an influence that was perhaps the most decisive of that important event, his conversion. He arrived in Paris in the month of May, 1843. Apart from that curiosity which usually draws strangers to this capital, the historian of Innocent III. longed to see that country, those men who had shewn the most lively and sincere sympathy with his character and labours, and who had moreover, by translating his works, given them the approval of that European judgment, without whose approbation the most remarkable writings live and die in their own locality. It may be said with truth, that Hurter found more friends and admirers at Paris than amongst his fellow-citizens; for France was to him like his native country, where his soul and intellect were in unison with the soul and intellect of that Catholic land.

Being guided in every circumstance of life by an ardent desire to see justice, truth, and liberty triumph, Hurter wished to render his journey to Paris useful by informing the French government of the position of the Catholics in Switzerland, viz. that they were a prey to oppression and pillage, and that France and Europe were exposed to danger by the violence of the federal pact, in consequence of the manœuvres, the violence, and outrages committed in the name of an intolerant Protestantism and anti-social Radicalism. Through the kindness of Monseigneur Fornari, the nuncio of the Holy See, Hurter was introduced to persons of high rank; he had likewise interviews with several of our statesmen, to whom he made known every fact which might enlist their sympathies in favour of the Swiss Catholics. He was listened to with that respect which was due to his reputation, to his character, and to the noble disinterestedness of his language and conduct; but the object in view was not attained. The author has heard him complain bitterly of the coldness and indifference of our statesmen with regard to the misfortunes and persecutions which befel our co-religionists in Switzerland; and he, Protestant as he was, saw himself in a manner obliged to plead before a Catholic government the cause of



the Church, her rights, her institutions, and the security and liberty of our brethren. But our traveller had not as yet seen the end of his surprises and miscalculations in this country.

The blood which France has shed, both at home and abroad, for the attainment of liberty, the institutions which at the cost of so many revolutions she has founded, the mission to establish liberty among the nations which she has claimed for fifty-five years, had induced Hurter to believe that he was now in the midst of a people who both loved and respected liberty. The veneration and respect in which the bishops and clergy of France are held throughout Europe, the crowd of French missionaries who in every part of the world devote their lives to the propagation of Christian civilisation, the numerous Catholic institutions and establishments which are founded in that country with an unceasing fruitfulness, the fame of its eloquent men who collect and rivet to the pulpits the most brilliant and crowded audiences ever seen, the fact of all the churches being insufficient to contain the crowds of faithful worshippers who are models of the most edifying piety,—all these circumstances could not fail to convince Hurter that he was now in the midst of a people who both loved and respected Catholicity. How great, then, was his surprise to hear our statesmen in both the Chambers, our professors in their public lectures, and our newspaper editors, proclaim to the world principles directly opposed to the most sacred of all liberties, that of conscience; to behold them refuse to the people the means of establishing a legal competition with the Government schools, and to the heads of families the advantage of intrusting their children to masters of their own choice; to see them contesting in a Christian country the liberty of worship and of serving the Church and society according to laws established by saints, and which have produced so many holy men; and lastly, to behold them display against religious communities the prejudices, the hatred, and the renewed calumnies of those worst passions which agitated days gone by. The man who had come to claim the intervention of France against a bigotted, ignorant, and intolerant Protestantism, as well as against an anti-social Radicalism—this man beheld the same principles and the same men threatening to attack the rights and institutions of Catholicity in France itself.

“No!” exclaimed Hurter, “this people knows not as yet how to love or respect liberty, but rather seeks to make use of it as a servile instrument of the passions of dominant parties, and not the inviolable right of every citizen, without distinc-

tion of religion or politics. They are not in the full enjoyment of liberty; they are but emancipated slaves.”\*

Moreover, in the tribune of the Chambers, in the Government offices, in the daily press and pamphlets, our illustrious traveller saw the Church and the episcopacy denied the free exercise of those rights which his knowledge of history and Church-discipline had taught him to consider as a part of her very constitution; such as the right of free communication between one bishop and another, of convoking and assembling the clergy in their respective dioceses, of pronouncing publicly on all questions regarding Catholic interests, and of deciding on the advantages or disadvantages of religious communities to the Church; he saw the public worship shackled on every side, and the bishops and clergy and the Church-teaching outrageously calumniated and attacked in the lectures of the Government professors, in widely-diffused pamphlets, and in the newspapers of every description; finally, he saw an organised system set on foot for the purpose of falsifying and perverting public opinion, of reviving old enmities, renewing prejudices long swept away by good sense and reason, and of stirring up the most shameful passions against the Church.

“No!” exclaimed Hurter, “this people knows not how to love or respect Catholicism; or rather, in this nation there exist two different peoples: the one, possessed of generous instincts, refined tastes, and of a due appreciation of truth, justice, and beauty, will always understand, respect, and love such a noble institution as that of the Catholic Church; the other, actuated by the vulgar instincts of animal egotism, and carried away by a love for material enjoyments, to which it is ever ready to sacrifice the Catholic Church, if she constrains them, and liberty itself, if the Church is to enjoy it. This, indeed, is not a Christian, but a pagan people.” With such sentiments as these was Hurter inspired during his stay at Paris, by the attacks which, at this time, made so much noise in the organ of the professors in the College of France, and in other journals in league with them. There were in Paris at the same time as Hurter two other strangers, both celebrated authors—Leopold Ranke, who wrote a *History of the Papacy*, and Cesare Cantu, who wrote the *Universal History*. These three joined in expressing their surprise that in modern France historical science should have had recourse to the expedients of ignorance and dishonesty.

The very same language was held a short time ago by an

\* This fact is proved by the editor of the *Annals of Christian Philosophy* in the number for June 1843.

Anglican minister, who had come to France to examine into her intellectual and moral condition.

Apostles of progress! you have thrown us back a century, and led us to the philosophical saturnalia of the Regency and Louis XV.!

Patriots! you boast of giving to France by your lights the supremacy of the world, whilst you cause us to be abused by foreigners, and make us descend from the high position which our genius had formerly attained for us.

Fénélon has sketched in his masterly style the two different kinds of minds personified by Hurter and these anti-Catholic writers.

“The following remarks,” says he, “are applicable to certain men. For example, we may meet with two persons who will easily deceive us. The one will have a more active and penetrating mind than the other; he will appear born a philosopher, a passionate admirer of truth and virtue, disinterested and generous, and wholly occupied with the deepest speculations: but, observe him closely, you will find him puffed up with his own talent and wisdom, desirous of wisdom and virtue in order to enrich his own mind, and thereby ornament and raise himself above others; this self-love unfits him for the discovery of real truth; he wishes to be superior; he dreads appearing to be betrayed into any error, and he exposes himself to error so much the more as he is solicitous to appear never to err. The other, on the contrary, though possessing less talent, gives his whole mind to the study of truth and not of himself. He seeks a simple and direct path towards this truth without any self-complacency, but is rather secretly disposed to mistrust himself, to feel his own weakness, and to wish to be put in the right path. This latter, who appears to be behindhand, is infinitely less so than the other. In the one God sees a self-sufficiency which repels his aid and is not worthy of the truth; whilst in the other He beholds that pious curiosity, that conviction of self-weakness and salutary docility, which is a preparation for faith.”

Hurter left Paris in the July of 1843 to return to Switzerland, but with the fixed determination of proceeding soon to Rome. The wishes which so many unknown friends had entertained, of seeing him enter the fold of the Church, became greater than ever now that, after his short stay amongst us, they could appreciate his simple, good, and faithful character, his uprightness of heart, and sincere love of truth and justice—all those good qualities which free the mind from any sectarian spirit, and conduce to form the Christian. One of his friends recommended his conversion to the prayers of the



archconfraternity for the conversion of sinners. Some others, amongst whom I must mention one of the oldest and most venerable, the learned Bishop who graces the see of Strasbourg, Mgr. Raëss, had for many years begged of God that He would reward with the most precious gifts of his mercy the labours of the man who had written and already suffered in defence of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church. When we knew that Hurter was intending to visit the Holy City, we had a secret presentiment that the designs of Providence in favour of the historian of Innocent III. were on the eve of a glorious accomplishment, and that the hour was drawing near when so many prayers would break asunder the last link of that chain which still held this Protestant historian bound to heresy. It was Bourdaloue who spoke the following noble words in the presence of Louis XIV. :

“ We have brethren according to the spirit, and perhaps according to the flesh, who, even now at the moment I address you, having wandered from the way of God, are in the way of perdition and in sin. God wills to resuscitate them by his grace ; but at the same time He wills that we should solicit, intercede, and co-operate with Him in this spiritual resurrection. He wills that we supplicate Him with ardour, and that by our prayers and tears we should in a manner force Him to grant our request. Otherwise He will not open the treasures of that great mercy which is the source of salvation and the conversion of great sinners. Thus, says St. Fulgenius, the Church would not have had a St. Paul, the vessel of election, if St. Stephen had not prayed ; and I will add, that she would not have had St. Augustin, the Doctor of Grace, but for the tears of St. Monica. It was necessary that this zealous mother should undergo, if I may so express myself, the pains of a second childbirth to bring forth a son to God, and that the first martyr should pour out his blood as a prayer that his persecutor might become an Apostle of Jesus Christ. Now, what in these striking conversions appears miraculous is still occurring every day in regard to so many sinners upon whom God showers down his mercies, only because there are charitable souls who offer up sacrifices for them ; in this manner is Providence pleased to sanctify some by the help and mediation of others. Alas, my beloved hearers, how many are lost and, as it were, abandoned souls are there in the world, because there is no one who prays for them or is interested in their behalf !”\*

\* Sermon sur l'éloignement de Dieu et le retour à Dieu.

## Oratorium Parvum.

## No. II.

## ST. PHILIP IN ENGLAND.

## [III.]

SAINT PHILIP came from the sunny South,  
 From the streets of holy Rome ;  
 His heart was on fire with the love of souls,  
 And England gave him a home.

He had never slept outside the town  
 More than half his quiet life ;  
 But his heart so burned, in heaven he turned  
 A pilgrim and man of strife.

Through many a land and o'er many a sea,  
 With his staff and beads he came ;  
 Men saw him not, but their hearts grew hot  
 As though they were near a flame.

In France and Spain, and in Polish towns,  
 He planted his school of mirth ;  
 In Mexico, and in rich Peru ;  
 Nay, in every nook of earth.

He came himself, that travelling Saint,  
 Felt, if not heard or seen ;  
 It was not enough his sons should be  
 Like what Philip himself had been.

Dear England he saw—its cold, cold hearts—  
 Quoth he, What a burning shame  
 That hearts so bold should be still so cold !  
 Good truth, they have need of my flame !

He came with his staff, he came with his beads ;  
 You would know the old man by sight,  
 If he were not a Saint who hides his face,  
 And his virgin eyes so bright.

Tell me if ever your heart of late  
 Hath been strangely set on fire ;  
 Have you been hardly patient with life,  
 And looked on death with desire ?

Hath earth seemed dull, or your soul been full  
 Until you were fain to cry ?  
 Or have holy Names burnt you like flames,  
 And you knew not how or why ?

Hath sin seemed the easiest thing in the world  
To put at arm's length from yourself?  
Hath Mary, sweet Mary, grown precious to you,  
Like a miser's hidden pelf?

If it so be, O listen to me!  
Beware, for Saint Philip is nigh;  
At Jesu's Name he hath lit his flame,  
And you felt him passing by.

He is out on earth to spread Mary's mirth,  
And that is—saving souls;  
And happy are those on whom he throws  
But one of his burning coals.

This is the way that Saint Philip works!  
He comes in the midst of your cares—  
He passes by, turns back on the sly,  
And catches you unawares.

Light to your eyes, and song to your ears,  
A touch that pricks like a dart—  
'Tis Philip alone works in hearts of stone,  
And Mary taught him his art.

Now down on your knees, good neighbours, please;  
Thank our dear Lady for this—  
That Philip hath come to an English home  
With those winning ways of his.

Ask him to stay full many a day,  
A hard-working Saint is he!  
And is it not true there is much to do  
In this land of liberty?

Now read me aright, good people, pray!  
'Tis Philip *himself* is here;  
'Tis Philip's flame more than Philip's name  
That you all should prize so dear.

For Philip's sons are but Philip's staff,  
A staff that he wieldeth still;  
Good father he is to those sons of his,  
But a sire with a right strong will.

He is not content his sons should be  
Like what their father hath been;  
He works himself; he trusts no one else;  
He is here to-day, I ween.

Bid him God speed! since the Roman Saint  
An Englishman fain would be;  
Long may he bide by his new fireside,  
For a good merry Saint is he!



## Reviews.

## SOUTHEY'S LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE.

*The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey.* In Six Volumes. Edited by his Son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey, Curate of Plumland, Cumberland. Vols. I. and II. Longmans.

THE late Poet Laureate had occupied for many years so large a space in general estimation, that, after his removal from the literary public rather looked out for his memoirs; and the mother of Sisera, began to marvel that the wheels of such a chariot were so long in coming! Even now only two volumes of the series have as yet appeared; and the editor apologises for his delay by an allusion "to his hand having been often palsied through causes over which he had no control." We have been much amused, and yet somewhat disappointed, in the letters. The first series, addressed to his friend John May, are as dull as ditch-water. Only let the reader fancy a sober gentleman, on the banks of Derwent water, aping the magniloquence and solemnity of Sully dictating his own memoirs, and committing to the waves a time page after page of a life utterly without remarkable incident; commencing under the auspices of "Beelzebub" with a grave mention of that "pavement" in his brimstone palace which is said to be made up of "good resolutions." These morbid and stupid recollections of his early life befouled the summer of 1820; but, as we get on in the book his young correspondence at length appears, vivacious, rapid, and laughable. There is, in fact, nothing comparable to his nature. A scholar upon stilts, describing, for the edification of posterity, his own wonderful capacity *ab ovo*, is neither more nor less than a goose in the gutter, with a taller head than the barn-door fowls around it. It is simplicity that attracts and delights. It is the absence of egotism that concentrates attention. The violet and nightingale are universal favourites, because the characteristics of both are retirement and humility. The world, however, as already intimated, wanted to know about Robert Southey; and he, on his part, had not the slightest shadow of objection to gratify the most inordinate curiosity.

His family might well have been let alone: it was commonplace to the last degree. *Stemmata quid faciant?* some person of ordinary sense should have whispered in the ear of

our hero. His grandmother was handsome, and his mother "much disfigured with the small-pox!" The latter brought him into the world in the city of Bristol, at "half-past eight on the morning of Friday, the 12th day of August, in the year 1774." Her nurse announced his appearance as that of "a great ugly boy!" and even Mrs. Southey herself confidentially told him afterwards, that when she saw "what a great red creature he was, covered with rolls of fat, she thought she should never be able to love him!" Maternity, however, is a reflection of divine affection; for no waters can quench it. The boy squalled and grew like other children; went to sundry schools, waxed precocious in certain customary particulars, and enjoyed the patronage, if enjoyment it might be called, of an aunt of the half-blood—a Miss Tyler. This lady dwelt at Bath, had money at her own command, indulged in violent tempers, tyrannised over all her acquaintance, loved extravagant expenditure, and in an especial manner devoted her best sympathies to theatrical entertainments. Hence her young nephew, from a very early period, acquired predilections for the stage; as also a perverted taste, manifesting itself in an over-estimate for that which appears gaudy, varnished, and superficial. Artificiality would have seized upon the whole helm of his mind had not there been happily a counteracting fondness for solitude,—for the hill-side, for the leafy-glade, the meadow, the buttercup, the bee, and the bird. His father kept a shop in Wine Street, where the future poet had first seen the light, and to which the worthy citizens of our western metropolis were long fond of pointing. Dr. Southey, however, was under the wearisome hallucination that every stone step on which he had sat must have imbibed a sort of relative interest; as also that even the residences of his aunt ought to be particularised and described, since he had graced them with his presence. We felt vastly more amused at one of his early dreams about a Miss Palmer, when he thought that he was sitting with her, an urchin of eight years old, and the devil was introduced into her drawing-room as a morning visitor! "Such an appearance!—for he was in his full costume of horns, black bat-wings, and cloven feet, with a long tail!" The boy melted into ghostly and bodily fear; since she received him evidently as a *chum of Aunt Tyler*, "with perfect politeness, addressed him as dear Mr. Devil, desired the servant to put him a chair, and expressed her delight at being favoured with a call." There is character in this incident. One seems to see the current of ideas in an imitative child of three-feet stature; who had been at the play, heard people swear, listened to them, perhaps, when

they invoked the presence of his Satanic Majesty, and witnessed, it may be, some such scenical representation as this upon the stage. Miss Palmer invested her property more or less in the Bath and Bristol theatres, and was as intimate as possible with Miss Tyler. The latter boarded and clothed little Robert Southey; and, for his amusement, hoarded an enormous collection of play-bills. These he was encouraged to prick with a pin, and so illuminate them letter after letter. He himself felt it to be a strange substitute for the natural and healthy sports of childhood, and would often remember "the sort of dissatisfied and damping feeling which one of those handbills would give him a day or two after it had been finished and laid by. It was like an illumination when half the lamps are gone out." His earlier notions of authorship, of course, took a dramatic form. Happily, however, under this head, the blossoms of promise withered without producing permanent fruit. Books he became ardently fond of, being as anxious to read them as to possess them—tastes not always found in conjunction. A Welsh pedagogue, named Williams, took charge of him for four or five years after his aunt had removed from Bath to Bristol. His poetical spirit already began to move within him, under the inspiration of Tasso, Ariosto, and Spenser; the works of the first two being perused in miserable translations. The *Arabian Nights*, Josephus, the usual Greek and Latin classics, with an abridgment of Roman History, fed the flame. Heroic epistles and epics, to say nothing of satires and sundry strange conceptions of indescribable monstrosity, now floated before his mind, with visions of future fame such as no mortal ever realised. Such dreams, at all events, engendered an intense spirit of industry, so that literary composition became the delight of his life. He was destined for authorship without a doubt. At Westminster he formed as a lad several most important friendships; but also got into a scrape with the head-master, through starting a periodical, entitled *The Flagellant!* It only reached nine numbers, when a sarcastic attack upon corporal punishment roused the wrath of Dr. Vincent. Southey had scarcely tasted the rod at all in his own person; but in those days an offended Don was far too exalted a personage to be pacified with an apology. The delinquent was compelled to withdraw from the school, and launch at once on the wide world with very few resources.

His father failed in business, and died of a broken heart in 1792; just about the period when the son was attempting to enter at Christ Church College, Oxford. The then Dean, Cyril Jackson, too much sympathised with Dr. Vincent to



allow the name of such an audacious innovator as the young author of *The Flagellant* to introduce disaffection, if not rebellion, amongst his undergraduates. He was transferred in consequence to Balliol; where, upon going into residence, his nascent democracy appeared in a successful resistance to the absurdity of wearing hair-powder. The long vacation of 1793 found him as a guest with his friend Mr. Grosvenor Bedford, at Brixton Causeway, in Surrey; at the extremity of whose garden, "and under the shade of four lofty linden-trees," Robert Southey commenced his *Joan of Arc*. Before that year was out he had committed to the flames ten thousand verses; preserved as many more, which he evidently considered worth preserving; and written fifteen thousand beside, of no value at all even in his own estimation. But what an amount of metrical rubbish for an Oxonian to distil from brains over which not twenty summers had flown! No wonder that quantity thenceforward so ran away with quality. The Rev. Herbert Hill, Chaplain to the British Factory at Lisbon, an uncle whom he never failed to love with almost more than filial gratitude, had hitherto provided for the expenses of his education, both at school and college. It now transpired that, as a profession, the young man must look to the Anglican Church; which decision of his friends went sadly against the grain, even of conscience. He had no disposition for clerical duties. When the bow of Apollo was not bent, during nearly the whole of a fine summer's day he was shooting wasps from horse-pistols loaded with sand. Within doors he was about as usefully employed in castle-building, if not at the foot of Helicon with a pen in his hand. The French Revolution, moreover, was unsettling many judgments much stronger than his own; and, as to whatever religion he might at this time have, it took the form of Unitarianism. For some while, therefore, he thought of trying his hand as a physician, and attended not only medical lectures but ventured into dissecting-rooms. Here his disgust reached an extreme point; for his inclinations "pointed ever to literature, as the needle to the north." He then fed his imagination with some shadowy chances of a reversion to an estate, which left him as empty as it found him. Nor did the hope of getting into a public office serve him in better stead; for, as his biographer observes *naïvely* enough, "*his republican views were so strong, and so freely expressed,*" that there existed no possibility of his obtaining "any employment under a Tory ministry." Now also it was that his acquaintance began with Coleridge, who had just started the fantastic scheme of Pantisocracy. This notable folly included a plan

of emigration to the New World, where various adventurers, with their wives, were to settle and purchase land. Contributions both of money and labour were to be arranged upon a common system. The ladies were to cook and perform all domestic offices. Many hours, it was calculated, might be afforded for social converse and refined pursuits. Pretty cottages were to be built with every attention to family proprieties and architectural fitness. The three Misses Fricker were to be the Graces of the party; Robert Lovell, son of a wealthy quaker, had already married one of them; the patriarch of Pantisocracy selected a second; and Southey was soon over head and ears in love with the third. Means for carrying out this romantic Utopia, we need scarcely say, were altogether wanting; yet Coleridge could assure Southey that, with regard to his American prospects, he made "the adamant gate of democracy turn on its golden hinges to most sweet music!" No less than twenty-seven individuals enlisted their names as champions for fraternity, liberty, and equality. Southey, however, had not as yet divulged a syllable of all these affairs, whether of love or emigration, to his formidable aunt, Miss Tyler. It was at length necessary to be candid with her; and she at once turned him out of her house for ever. "Lo and behold!" he exclaimed, in telling the tidings to his brother, "it was late in the evening,—a bitter wet night. I was penniless: the wind blew and the rain fell; and I had walked from Bath in the morning. Luckily, my father's old greatcoat was at Lovell's. I clapt it on, swallowed a glass of brandy, and set off back again. I met an old drunken man three miles on the road, and was obliged to drag him all the way to Bath, nine miles more! O Patience, Patience! thou hast often helped poor Robert Southey, but never didst thou stand him in more need than on Friday the 17th of October, 1794." It was his contemplated perpetration of matrimony, as afterwards appeared, which set the antiquated spinster on fire.

And in truth, Wisdom at that period could hardly number him amongst her children. Even his uncle Hill had come over from Lisbon to propose, amongst other more reasonable plans, that his nephew should accompany him back to the Peninsula, and then return to England to qualify himself for the bar. He wished to wean him from Pantisocracy on the one hand, and his "imprudent attachment" on the other. As to the first he succeeded. The ideal republic of a few madmen of genius was to be tried first in Wales, before which proposed experiment the scheme died a natural death. Hereupon Coleridge and Southey fell into temporary disagreement;

although sufficient glimmerings of sense remained to enable the latter to deliver a course of historical lectures at Bristol, which procured him both cash and character. Joseph Cottle, the worthy bookseller, also offered him fifty guineas for the copyright of *Joan of Arc*; and no doubt these poetical pieces of gold helped to counteract the honest arguments of uncle Hill against espousing Miss Fricker. The father of that young lady had carried on a manufactory of sugar-pans at Westbury; where, having fallen into difficulties, he had recently died, leaving a widow and six children utterly unprovided for. Mr. Hill had fixed on the 14th November, 1795, as the day for leaving Bristol with his nephew; who, before setting off, contrived privately to meet his bride at Redcliff church, where he married her, and left her immediately after the ceremony. It was a touching passage in his life. He wrung her hand as they came down from the altar, and parted in mutual agony. She then suspended her wedding-ring round her neck, and preserved her maiden name until the report of their union had got abroad amongst the gossips. His motives and conduct in so singular a transaction strike us as upon the whole both explicable and honourable. He felt that his beloved Edith could scarcely receive the slight pecuniary assistance which he intended to send her and her family without his being at least legally her husband. Another reason was that should any accident befall him on the voyage, the most vindictive relations would surrender their prejudices to the anguish of affection, and manifest all possible consolation to a virgin widow. At least he hoped they would do so, were the occasion to occur. His first residence at Lisbon was just long enough to season him against the fleas of Portugal. He acquired the Peninsular languages, and a taste also for their literature, which was turned to good account afterwards. His uncle still had to bemoan what he deemed a gross abuse of his talents; for both in politics and religion Southey remained at present as democratical and heterodox as ever. In six months, he was on his passage home to publish his *Letters from Spain and Portugal*—write for the *Monthly Magazine*—pursue his *Madoc* as a vast epic poem—abuse William Pitt most unmercifully—compose tragedies, tales, and romances—commence what was subsequently to be styled *Thalaba the Destroyer*—and prepare for the Bar! *Non omnia possumus omnes*, those who looked on might well exclaim, whilst they lifted up hands and eyes over

A youth foredoom'd his uncle's hopes to cross,  
Who penn'd his stanzas when he should engross!

Southey, in fact, loathed the law and London, where he knew



it was necessary he should reside in dragging through his legal education. His firm and fast friend, the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, allowed him an annuity for some years of 160*l.*, the prompt and noble fulfilment of a promise made during their college intimacy. For the bar, nevertheless, Southey was never intended. He laboured honestly to endure what Coke upon Lyttleton might term "the flowery fields of contingent remainders," or the more popular mysteries of forensic practice. But it was in vain. For all legal knowledge his mind was an enormous and gay flower-pot, with its irremediable hole at the bottom. Every sort of assistance was most generously proffered; until, with the consent if not the approval of his friends, the attempt was abandoned in despair. He seems to have shone meanwhile in metropolitan society, or at least that particular section of it in which he lived and moved. Godwin and Mary Woolstonecroft, together with Gilbert Wakefield and other similar spirits, were amongst his acquaintance. Even the followers of Priestley he could extol and descant upon; which ought to have taught him charity in later years. After leaving London he settled at Westbury for twelve months. There he corresponded with Charles Lamb, and was in habits of most frequent and familiar intercourse with Sir Humphrey Davy, "then in the flower and freshness of his youth." The conductors of the *Anti-Jacobin* now attacked him, and at least ruffled the surface of his temper. Sedentary habits too were impairing his health, which made him feel daily more and more nervous, leading him to fancy that he might be suffering from some organic affection of the heart. His experience of the journey of life had further brought him rather bitterly to realise the force of Horace's fine picture,—*Post equitem sedet atra Cura*.

Not but that Southey was altogether above any ambitious desire after riches. He merely sighed for competence,—and set that very modestly at an independent income of 300*l.* per annum. Indeed, connected with this *modus in rebus*, we observe some of the best traits in his moral character. Nevertheless, the mind of the most gifted man alive is not a mill endued with perpetual motion. Let any of our readers essay the composition of a single quarto volume, and they will soon discover where the thorn wears into the heart of literary mortals; and how it is the booksellers are described as quaffing port-wine out of the skulls of authors. It was essential that the parent of as many lines as would fill a moderate Encyclopædia should enjoy some change of scene, and he yearned to visit once more the beauties of Cintra and the Tagus. His

residence there in 1800-1 completely restored his health. Fresh dramatic plans had been formed. *Madoc* was completed, and *Thalaba* published: a poem in stupid hexameters was commenced upon Mohammed; and a History of Portugal was projected. On returning to England, thoughts about settling in Cumberland, resuming the study of the law, obtaining a foreign consulship, writing Lyrical Ballads, and composing *Kehama*, necessarily occupied his mind, and would have driven any other person wild. His son declares that, taking into account his contributions to the Annual and Quarterly Reviews, "he would unquestionably be found to have been one of the most voluminous writers in any age or any country." An appointment as private secretary to Mr. Corry, then Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland, brought him in the pretty addition of 400*l.* Irish currency, or about 350*l.* per annum in sterling money. The office could scarcely be deemed otherwise than a genteel sinecure; and when his principal wanted to turn him into a tutor to his son, he resigned it. The *Chronicle of the Cid* then occupied him, together with *Amadis of Gaul*, and some gigantic schemes for a *Bibliotheca Britannica*. But the two volumes before us bring his memoirs down no further than his settlement at Greta Hall, Keswick, the formation of his friendship with Sir Walter Scott, and the close of the year 1805. We therefore reach a point from whence we may very fairly contemplate his genius and character.

Notwithstanding the desultory fortunes of his earlier life, there were many happy circumstances which shaped and moulded him for what he afterwards became. It is our conviction, that under more regular training he would have done very little indeed that could be called remarkable. The wings of his genius were not those of an eagle, whose upward flight no clouds or storms can impede, or whose swoop from the verge of a precipice no depth of the abyss can appal. He was a diligent student in the sense of being a rapid reader; an acute man of letters just falling into an era ready to hail, and admire, and moderately remunerate the first voluminous writer who should hit its taste between the wind and the water. The age had not become sufficiently enlightened to be hypercritical. Southey appeared before his contemporaries with something, but not much, of the genuine poetical element in his composition. There was a touch of stage-effect about him from first to last. His literary costume was a coat of many colours; too many, indeed, to be perfectly natural and endure the light of day. They shone rather as the hues of harlequin than those of an Iris; and generally stood

in need of candles, the glare of chandeliers, the pomp of an orchestra, or the adventitious decorations of side-scenes, such as were to be seen at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, or Vauxhall. Each successive epic depended upon its size for a large share of the impression which for a time it undoubtedly made. It went up like an enormous Nassau balloon, and hung in the mid air as a wonderful spectacle, suspended, however, over the heads more than over the hearts of the beholders. It betrayed invention rather than imagination to bring forth *Thalaba* and the *Curse of Kehama*: and yet, who can deny the immense merit of these poems? There are surely some passages in the last almost unparalleled, as passages merely, for power and pathos. That, for example, which begins, "They sin, who tell us Love can die," &c. will last as long as the English language. Yet, taking the work as a whole, its dimensions evidently go for too much. There is a material weight which oppresses the mind, instead of enlarging, elevating, or refining it. Mythology is something altogether distinct from nature, which after all must be the true poet's world. If he resorts to any other, he writes for time, and not for immortality; for the press, and not for posterity; for loaves and fishes, but not for fame. Yet Southey, as we have already seen, sincerely liked nature; nor would he have done any thing had he not. But it was not the first-rate love of first-rate genius. God's firmament was not the dome of the temple of his glory. His aspirations were frequently of another kind. Diligence was to him what inspiration was to Milton. He proved himself a perfect *helluo librorum*; he filled his mind, and then let the waters flow. But there is an immense difference between a cistern, however capacious, and a perennial fountain. Still it must be admitted that he won a position in the world of letters, and maintained although he over-estimated it. We always liked his prose better than his poetry. It is more pure, more Anglo-Saxon, more facile as a channel of ideas,—and in our humble judgment, with some few exceptions, will last longer. His perceptive faculty was also for many years in great strength and freshness. His memory, after he had left the law, obeyed every demand of its master, at all times and in all places, like a magic mirror. When to all these we again add his intense industry, his continual practical acting upon the old maxim, *lege, lege,—aliquid hærebit*, there can be no hesitation in feeling that the late Poet Laureate was far from being an ordinary person.

And when we look within, and mark him in his domestic privacy, we shall see still more to admire. His conversation was delightful, natural, equable, and yet various; although,



on some subjects, there were so many books piled upon his brains that, as was said of Dr. Kidd, they hardly knew how to move. He was reserved to certain persons, and never seems to have adopted the habit of acknowledging an obligation when it was conferred. Favours of all sorts and sizes he received, as he did his gloves from a domestic, assuming them in dignified silence. Yet most assuredly they were not thrown away; for he used to say that his gratitude was wrapt up in a very warm bearskin: nor did his deeds belie his words. A more faithful friend, we believe, never breathed. As an affectionate relative he shone pre-eminently. With every respectable member of his family circle he was one in sympathy and love. Injuries or injustice manifested towards them touched the apple of his eye. When he had to struggle for the bread he ate, he imagined that a younger brother wanted about the sum he was to receive for *Thalaba*; and the entire 115*l.* was proffered immediately and graciously. His mother and sister-in-law enjoyed their happiest home under his cheerful roof-tree. Amidst all his solitudes and difficulties he never incurred a debt which he could not promptly pay: whilst his generosity and disinterestedness in money-matters quite equalled his justice. As a father, husband, and companion, his abilities and varied knowledge seemed to merge in the current of daily duty; and there held in sweet solution, he seemed by those who knew him best to be even less admired than beloved. Hence never had a man more dutiful children, more attached consorts, or more faithful friends. His second lady is living; so that respectful abstinence in observation may well be observed towards one who has proved that she is more than worthy of the name she now bears. His correspondence is very unequal; sometimes descriptive, light, and brilliant; but at other times sadly ponderous and halting, not to say trifling, and occasionally interlarded with vulgarisms and even oaths! The forthcoming volumes will be received with interest, we doubt not: yet his biographer will certainly do well to consult brevity rather than extension.

We must now draw the reverse of the medallion; but first will give an extract or two by way of specimen of the better portions of the letters before us. Here is a view of bull-feasts, worth reading for its novelty to those who judge of the terrors of a Spanish bull-fight by the ferocity of mad cattle in an English Smithfield.

“ We are just returned from a bull-feast, and I write to you while the feelings occasioned by this spectacle are fresh. I had never before seen one. The buffoonery of teasing bullocks at

Madrid was rather foolish than cruel, and its extreme folly excited laughter, as much at the spectators as the thing itself. This is widely different. The handbill was pompous:—‘Antonio de Cordeiro, who had so distinguished himself last year, was again to perform. The entertainment would deserve the approbation of a generous public. Ten bulls were to be killed, four to be tormented; they were picked bulls, of the Marquis de ——’s breed (I forget his name), and chosen out for their courage and ferocity.’ Yesterday the bull-fighters paraded the streets, as you may have seen rope-dancers and the ‘equestrian troop’ at Bristol fair; they were strangely disfigured with masques; one fellow had a paunch and a Punch hump-back, and all were dressed in true tawdry style. Hot weather is always the season, and Sunday always the day, the amusement being cool and devout! At half after four it began: the hero was on horseback, and half a dozen men on foot to assist him; about ten more sat with pitchforks to defend themselves, ready when wanted: the bulls were all in the arena till the amusement opened; they were not large, and not the same breed as in England; they had more the face of the cow than the short sulky look of gentlemen,—quiet, harmless animals, whom a child might safely have played with, and a woman would have been ashamed to fear. So much for their *ferocity!* Courage, indeed, they possessed; they attacked only in self-defence, and you would, like me, have been angry to see a fellow with a spear, provoking a bull whose horns were tipped with large balls, the brave beast, all bleeding with wounds, still facing him with reluctant resistance: once I saw crackers stuck into his neck to irritate him, and heard them burst in his wounds; you will not wonder that I gave the Portuguese a hearty and honest English curse. It is not an affair of courage; the horse is trained, the bull’s horns muffled, and half-a-dozen fellows, each ready to assist the other, and each with a cloak, on which the poor animal wastes his anger: they have the rails to leap over also, and they know that when they drop the cloak he aims always at that; there is, therefore, little danger of a bruise, and none of anything else. The amusement is, therefore, as cowardly as cruel. I saw nine killed: the first wound sickened Edith, and my own eyes were not always fixed upon the arena. My curiosity was not, perhaps, strictly excusable, but the pain which I endured was assuredly penalty enough. The fiercest of the whole was one of the four who were only tormented: two fellows on asses attacked him with goads, and he knocked them over and over with much spirit; two more came on, standing each in the middle of a painted horse, ridiculously enough—and I fancy those fellows will remember him for the next fortnight whenever they turn in bed—and their sham horses were broken to pieces. Three dogs were loosed at another bull, and effectually sickened. I hate bull-dogs; they are a surly, vicious breed, ever ready to attack, mischievous and malicious enough to deserve parliamentary praise from Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Canning.”

Here is an opinion on the morals of reviewing, from one who spent almost half his days in the occupation. The quotation includes Southey's opinions of two of his most celebrated contemporaries.

"My dear Rickman,—Turner wrote to me and complained heavily of Scotch criticism, which he seems to feel too much. Such things only provoke me to interject, Fool! and Booby! seasoned with the participle damnatory; but as for being vexed at a review—I should as soon be fevered by a flea-bite! I sent him back a letter of encouragement and stimulant praise, for these rascals had so affected him as to slacken his industry. I look upon the invention of reviews to be the worst injury which literature has received since its revival. People formerly took up a book to learn from it, and with a feeling of respectful thankfulness to the man who had spent years in acquiring that knowledge which he communicates to them in a few hours; now they only look for faults. Every body is a critic, that is, every reader imagines himself superior to the author, and reads his book that he may censure it, not that he may improve by it. . . .

"You are in a great measure right about Coleridge; he is worse in body than you seem to believe, but the main cause lies in his own management of himself, or rather want of management. His mind is in a perpetual St. Vitus's dance: eternal activity without action. At times he feels mortified that he should have done so little; but this feeling never produces any exertion. I will begin to-morrow, he says; and thus he has been all his life long letting to-day slip. He has had no heavy calamities in life, and so contrives to be miserable about trifles. Poor fellow! there is no one thing which gives me so much pain as the witnessing such a waste of unequalled power. I knew one man resembling him, save that with equal genius he was actually a vicious man.

"If that man had had common prudence, he must have been the first man in this country, from his natural and social advantages, and as such we who knew him and loved him at school used to anticipate him. I learnt more from his conversation than any other man ever taught me, because the rain fell when the young plant was just germinating and wanted it most; and I learnt more morality by his example than any thing else could have taught me, for I saw him wither away. He is dead and buried at the Cape of Good Hope, and has left behind him nothing to keep his memory alive. A few individuals only remember him with a sort of horror and affection, which just serves to make them melancholy whenever they think of him or mention his name. This will not be the case with Coleridge; the *disjecta membra* will be found if he does not die early: but having so much to do, so many errors to weed out of the world which he is capable of eradicating, if he does die without doing his work, it would half break my heart, for no human being has had more talents allotted.



“Wordsworth will do better, and leave behind him a name unique in his way; he will rank among the very first poets, and probably possesses a mass of merits superior to all, except only Shakspeare. This is doing much; yet would he be a happier man if he did more.”

Another acute criticism on another popular writer is the following :

“I have read Scott's poem\* this evening, and like it much. It has the fault of mixed language which you mentioned, and which I expected; and it has the same obscurity, or, to speak more accurately, the same want of perspicuousness, as his *Glenfinlas*. I suspect that Scott did not write poetry enough when a boy,† for he has little command of language. His vocabulary of the obsolete is ample; but in general his words march up stiffly, like half-trained recruits,—neither a natural walk, nor a measured march which practice has made natural. But I like his poem, for it is poetry, and in a company of strangers I would not mention that it had any faults. The beginning of the story is too like Coleridge's *Christabel*, which he had seen; the very line, ‘*Jesu Maria, shield her well!*’ is caught from it. When you see the *Christabel*, you will not doubt that Scott has imitated it; I do not think designedly, but the echo was in his ear, not for emulation, but *propter amorem*. This only refers to the beginning, which you will perceive attributes more of magic to the lady than seems in character with the rest of the story.”

We shall not offend our readers with any specimens of Southey's profanenesses or of his broad jesting, &c. They are as vulgar as they are shallow. Still it is not a little curious to hear him unwittingly testifying against his own anti-Catholic folly in such remarks as these :

“The abuses, or main abuses, of printing spring from one evil,—it almost immediately makes authorship a trade. Per-sheeting was in use as early as Martin Luther's time, who mentions the price—a curious fact. The Reformation did one great mischief; in destroying the monastic orders, it deprived us of the only bodies of men who could not possibly be injured by the change which literature had undergone. They could have no *peculium*; they laboured hard for amusement; the society had funds to spare for printing, and felt a pride in thus disposing of them for the reputation of their orders. We laugh at the ignorance of these orders, but the most worthless and most ignorant of them produced more works of erudition than all the English and all the Scotch universities since the Reformation; and it is my firm belief, that a man will at this day

\* The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

† “This would seem, from Sir W. Scott's *Life*, to be true. He mentions, in his *Autobiography*, having been a great reader of poetry, especially old ballads; but does not speak of having written much, if any, in boyhood.”

find better society in a Benedictine monastery than he could at Cambridge; certainly better than he could at Oxford."

Again he writes:

"I have just received a good and valuable book from Lisbon, the *Barbarorum Leges Antiquæ*, well and laboriously edited by a monk at Venice, in five folios, the last published in 1792. An excellent work it appears to me, upon the slight inspection I have yet given it: one that by its patient labour reminds me of old times; such a book as monasteries do sometimes produce, but universities never."

But to return to Southey himself. There was an amazing narrowness of view about him in looking abroad upon the world, accompanied with the most self-condemning forgetfulness as to what he had once been, what he had once thought, and written, and spoken. The ostrich is said, when pursued, to thrust her head as a last resource into a bush, under the vain impression that since she sees no one, no one sees her. And so on sundry occasions acted the subject of these memoirs, when his hunters with drawn swords were within reach of his rear. The author of well-paid articles in the *Quarterly Review*, or of the voluminous *History of the Peninsular War*, as well as numberless similar publications, greater or smaller, had of course never heard of a vile affair entitled *Wat Tyler*, had never been a flaming democrat, had never dreamt of Pantisocracy, had never smelt of any Unitarian heresy, had never done otherwise than adore William Pitt, and with almost heathen homage worship the royal family! Such convenient obliviousness, in connexion with a really matchless memory, is either simply ridiculous, or it amounts to moral obliquity. No one objects to a fair change of opinion. The emotions of youth become unsuited to riper years, just as the habiliments of the boy are too small for the person of the man. But whatever Southey wished to forget, he presumed to treat as though it had never happened: and this is neither more nor less than gross unfairness. Hence, instead of being a philosopher as he wished, he degenerated into a partisan. He not only descended from the mountain into the valley, but mingled with the mob of mankind, whether noble or ignoble, to struggle for paltry objects. We do not say that sheer selfishness had warped him altogether round from his former convictions; yet we do say, that it would have been modest and gracious in him to have treated his opponents as those who were entitled to some consideration, remembering his own early republicanism, his antitrinitarianism, and, we may add, the kindness which he tells us he had so universally met with

from Catholics in Catholic countries. For these last, alas! even his tender mercies were cruel. Their religion he not merely rejected, but held in perfect abhorrence. Hear him addressing C. W. W. Wynn, under date of 21st February, 1801: "Decidedly as my own principles lead to toleration, I yet think in the sufferance of Catholic converts and proselytism it has been carried too far. You might as well let a fire burn, or a pestilence spread, as suffer the propagation of Popery. I hate and abhor it from the bottom of my soul, and the only antidote is poison!" We have sneer upon sneer, during his residence in Portugal, not only at topics which an uninformed and prejudiced Protestant may be forgiven for not relishing, because not understanding, such as the oven of our Lady at Pombal, the statue of St. Christopher at Thomar, or the relics of Father Anthony at Torres Vedras, but even at "the thorn from the Crown of Crucifixion and a drop of the Redemption blood." Yet Southey at one time could believe in the casting of his nativity, in the spinal marrow of a dead man turning into a serpent, and in the existence of a unicorn not to be confounded with the rhinoceros! What he styled Popery he was in reality as ignorant about as the man in the moon; except as to the good fruits which he acknowledged it to have produced on the agriculture of all Europe and the civilisation of Paraguay in South America! Might it not have occurred to a mind so inquisitive and discursive, to inquire and sift to the very bottom those principles which could have developed into such glorious results? Instead of retailing every idle legend which could only swell the pages of a book; instead of turning into ridicule dogmas which he had never examined, or at least never fathomed; instead of maligning those who, upon his own admission, had never failed to treat himself with kindness and courtesy; he might surely have won a more verdant laurel, had he been just enough to listen to both sides of a question, and humble enough to suspect the ground of his own confidence where conscience told him he had never explored it. What a wise man, however, once said of mathematics may well apply to certain students in theology,—*Plures mathematica sciunt, mathesin pauci.*

Doctor Southey, in fact, had no dogmatic religion whatsoever. It is all vastly well for his biographer to tell us that he ascended from Socinianism to the altitudes of the Thirty-nine Articles! Blessed Alps are they, if, as a worthy clergyman, he means to allude to summits without fertility, and snows that never dissolve into any other streams than those which engender cretinism and the goitre! The Laureate did what he pleased, and believed just as much as he liked, and no more. His creed,



such as it was, neither embraced the eternity of future punishment nor the whole of the Athanasian symbol. Yet who so bigoted, or who so bitter, as the poetical pope of Derwent-water? His literary compassion towards all beside Roman Catholics had evidently borrowed its sunbeams from a righteous recollection of his own early struggles for the "solid pudding" of existence and the "empty praise" of renown. Our cheeks glow with admiration at such a passage as the following:—"When *Joan of Arc* was in the press, I had as many legitimate causes for unhappiness as any man need have,—uncertainty for the future, and immediate want, in the plain and literal meaning of the word. I often walked the streets at dinner-time for want of a dinner, when I had not eighteen pence for the ordinary, nor bread and cheese at my lodgings. But do not suppose that I thought of my dinner when I was walking. My head was full of what I was composing. When I lay down at night, I was planning my poem; and when I rose up in the morning, the poem was the first thought to which I was awake. The scanty profits of it I was then anticipating in my lodging-house bills for tea, bread, and butter, which amount to a formidable sum when a man has no resources!" All such endurance and resolution are noble qualities with which to brave the billows of this present world, and excite, through their recollection, our sympathies with those who are combating difficulty as we once did. But where is the wisdom of aiming at no higher objects? Small, therefore, was the circumference with which Southey bounded his real horizon. He could say, *omnis in hoc sum* for the body and the mind, but not for the soul of his fellow-creatures. Hence his religion was a mere narrow system, of which self was the centre. Nor could it well be otherwise. But this was not all: for as the Septuagint has it in *Jeremias*, ἡ καρδία ἐστὶ βαθεῖα καὶ ἄνθρωπος. In other words, his heart and inner man having but a low aim, the banners of his understanding also waved low. There was no upward march,—there were no high desires,—no lofty aspirations, in the genuine sense of that term. The genius that might have soared, grovelled far too often. He over-rated his own powers,—mistook acquisitions for originality,—and conceived that his intellectual stores formed an enormous arch overspanning a mighty stream. Alas! they were but like the bridge at *Blenheim*,—an architectural Colossus of folly over the current of a wretched rivulet! Another age will weigh his claims upon general admiration with judicial accuracy. His *Roderick the Last of the Goths* will preserve him from sinking, no doubt; and his name may hold a certain rank in the annals of literature for generations.

Yet, were his spirit to return amongst us, it would be reminded of an old Greek story told of Mercury. That deity, being desirous of ascertaining how he stood esteemed by mankind, one day looked into the shop of a statuary. He would not of course break ground at once upon his own image, but, taking up one of Jupiter, he asked, "How much it was worth?" the artist answered, "Three obols." "And this of Juno, how much may it cost?" the man replied, "Oh, I must have four obols for that." "But, dear me," said the concealed inquirer, "there stands an image of Mercury; pray how much might you ask for that?" "As to that," remarked the statuary, "if you are in earnest about buying the other two, *I will throw you Mercury into the bargain!*" *Requiescat in pace.*

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#### CARLYLISM.

*Latter-Day Pamphlets.* Edited by Thomas Carlyle. No. 1.  
*The Present Time.* No. 2. *Model Prisons.* London,  
 Chapman and Hall.

IT would be untrue to say that we feel no sympathy with Thomas Carlyle, or that we regard him with no respect, or that we owe him no debt of gratitude. Were it only that he furnishes a most instructive illustration of the impotence of unaided reason to cure the ills which it is acute enough to discern, his writings would deserve our sincere thanks. But we are indebted to him for larger benefits than this. Plunged as England and all Europe now are into the mire of scepticism in all things, both human and divine, it is of no little moment that some one of the unbelieving multitude should lift up his voice and cry, "We know, believe, love, and do, nothing," in tones which his fellow-sufferers cannot refuse to hear. It is well that, of the whole crowd of wanderers, some few at least should have eyes to see that an *ignis fatuus* is not a sunbeam, and that a surface-hardened bog is not a rock striking its foundations into the heart of the earth. It is well that men should imagine themselves prophets, though no word from heaven has ever entered their souls, if only their fancied inspiration impels them to stand up in the market-places and prove to their fellows that they are all besotted together, the victims of a delusion, and that the new paradise in which they dream that they will revel with joy, is little better than a pandemonium.

This work no man has carried on with more energy and

success than Thomas Carlyle. With eyes blind as those of the blindest owl to all that comes from heaven, his twinkling, piercing orbs wander restlessly over the domain of earth, and find out that almost all men are idolaters and fools. While the prostrate multitude adores the golden image, the cunning Scot peers quietly beneath the drapery of the god, discerns the machinery with which it mimics the attributes of divinity, and cries out to the crowd, with taunts and bitter laughter, to come and behold the mysteries of the deity they have fondly worshipped. In a country like this, where a superstitious and ignorant race are ever running to and fro, setting up, like the Athenians of old, some new altar to each fresh-found divinity, and at length, weary of their old idols, are crying out to some "unknown god" to reveal a new gospel for these latter days, to christianise Christianity, to evangelise the Gospel, to catholicise Catholicism, and to deify man after man's own devices; — in such a country, we may be thankful to every Carlyle who preaches in book, and leading article, and speech, and pamphlet, that *all* these things are idols; shams at the best, and ordinarily devils in the garb of angels of light, and aping the attributes of the Eternal God.

With all his affectation, and though himself as essentially a sham as the hollowest of the idols he loves to shatter, we have no right to say that Mr. Carlyle is not honest in intention, or that he is conscious of his emptiness. Clever and witty as he is, he is not so clever as to know himself, or to be aware that he is but one impostor discoursing to his fellow-impostors. Doubtless he imagines that he can not only discern the disease of his patients, but also supply the remedies. With honest simplicity, he thinks he *has* a message from those mystic personages whom he terms "the gods;" and that, though he has not yet sat down quietly to think within himself *what* that message is, still he is truly inspired by a divine *afflatus*, and is announcing the everlasting laws of truth to a bewildered generation. If it were not so, he would be the prince of rogues, the most audacious of deceivers. If he had ever, in good serious earnest, determined to probe his preachings to the bottom, to strip them of their quaint phrases, their melodramatic exaggerations, their tiresome repetitions, and their fantastic punctuation; and to ask himself, — not in the presence of the public which he laughs at, or of "the gods" of whom he loves to make mention, but *in the presence of God Himself*, — what is the *meaning* of all that he is uttering, and what he can conscientiously put in the place of all these shams which he denounces; — if he would do this, there would remain for him a threefold alternative, of which we fear he has never yet contemplated



the possibility. He would either for ever hold his tongue, or he would become a Catholic, or he would degenerate into a conscious deceiver. If he would take the advice he so freely offers to others, and ask himself what there is that is genuine, living, real, spiritual, enduring, and divine, in any thing *he* has wherewith to sustain a dying age, he would pronounce himself as impudent a charlatan as ever puffed himself into notoriety by assailing the follies and infirmities of the fools and the weak.

But this Mr. Carlyle has not done. Ever and anon he snatches up his trumpet, and blows a blast which splits our ears with its din, signifying to us at the same time that these thundering notes are a voice from "the gods" to wretched humanity; but, alas! the celestial strain is but a noisy sound of earth; no message from heaven lingers in our souls: and when the echoes of the trumpeter have died away, all is still and death-like as before. The world is without its new gospel still. Carlyle has nothing to say, except that we are all wrong together. Take his various books and articles: after all, they are only a Germanised version of a saying of a certain King Solomon of old, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." We have got no further than to know that nobody knows any thing, can do any thing, or is worth any thing.

Such is Mr. Carlyle's last vaticination; a repetition of the old story, with the same impotence of conclusion as ever. After many pages of brilliant, acute, and witty exposure of the *evil* of the age, the glorious practical measure of cure is announced in a somewhat wearisome speech of some imaginary prime minister of England. And what is this remedy for these "latter days;" this gospel for the end of time; this new vivifying principle, which is to reanimate a defunct corpse, and restore to living energies that mighty fabric of society now dissolving into death? Oh, mouse, mouse! Oh, mountain, mountain! Never since man was made, did such a tiny, squeaking, laughable little creature come forth to the light of day, after such thundering reverberations from the parturient hills. Europe is to be regenerated by the prime minister's sending all the starving poor to work on the wastes of Ireland, and, if they will not work, by his straightway shooting them off the face of the earth! This is the evangelical announcement of him who is the founder of that school whose glory it is that they are *in earnest*; that they abhor shams; that every man has a work to do, which he is to do with all his might. This is the oracle of one who is still a "hero," worshipped by a select circle of adorers; who has impressed the very oddities of his phraseology upon his generation, and by many is

regarded as the very wisest and most practically-powerful man of his day. Are we not justified in saying that, whatever Mr. Carlyle knows, he knows little of himself; and that if he did know himself, he would be the most impudent of impostors?

But let us examine this Carlylism a little in detail, and compare its pretensions with its works. Let us see with what skill and vigour Mr. Carlyle dissects the vagaries and theories of our time, and then bid him look around the universe, so far as it comes within his ken, and tell us *where* he expects to find a new life to infuse into the dying patient, of whose mortal disease he has given us the diagnosis with so masterly a hand.

Apart from Germanised construction, oft-repeated and ingeniously coined phrases, and a punctuation as odd as its syntax, Mr. Carlyle's theory, as incessantly expounded by him, consists of one view alone, which is this: that in all past ages of mankind, saving the most barbarous or anarchical, society has been held together by the dominion of the influential few, who, in common with the innumerable herd, have been possessed, animated, and guided by certain mighty feelings and principles, in obedience to which they have lived a genuine, honest life, each in their state, every man being what he pretended to be, filling a station which he was competent to fill, and the ruler as reverently venerating certain principles and ideas as the simplest of the multitude whom he ruled, either by the force of his soul or the weight of his arm. *What* these principles and feelings have been, Mr. Carlyle fails to inform us. Rigorously examined, they were no more based upon certain objective divine realities than the hollowest of modern visions which he delights to denounce. Their only difference from the popular platitudes of the day lay in this, that the old passions and ideas ruled their votaries far more influentially than these platitudes rule us, and that they corresponded with the real nature of the human heart when left to its own natural action, and not educated into self-deception by the senseless cant and unreal phantoms of a heartless generation.

Testing all men and ages by these notions, Mr. Carlyle regards with equal reverence, real or feigned, men of the most opposite characters and principles, as eternally contradictory to one another as light to darkness, and agreeing only in being energetic, determined minds, intensely possessed with certain ideas, and endowed with an indomitable courage for their propagation among men. Hence he scorns the superficial decencies of these "latter days." He perceives that all the secular ideas which formerly ruled among men remain now but in words, and that Europe and America alike re-echo

with the chattering of cant, and are made nauseous with the presumption of self-deceivers. Whatever once was good and great, he sees that it all is *gone*. The influence of religious creeds (as he views them) is gone. Political creeds are gone. The old bonds of society are gone. The only living power that yet sways the world, is money. The only faith that is yet believed in, is the money creed, the system of political economy, which is in fact no living, moulding, or life-giving system, but a mere knowledge of the laws of supply and demand,—a system whose one only pervading rule it is to let all things take their chance, leaving mankind, as one boundless multitude of individuals, to go their ways among one another, to and fro, backwards and forwards, pushing, and jostling, and trampling on each other, just as any thing is to be got in the way of buying and selling,—a gospel of mammon, heedless alike of authority and anarchy, of brotherhood and filial duties, recking only of the body, and forgetting that each body has a soul, a God, and an eternity hereafter.

Seldom has Mr. Carlyle portrayed in clearer lights this universal tendency to the disruption of the social fabric than in these *Latter-Day Pamphlets*. With various exaggerations, it may be, but still with substantial truth, he places before the eye of the mind the undeniable fact, that the old ties which bound man and man together have been long undergoing a gradual process of loosening. There is scarcely a solitary bond of recognised and venerated *relationship* now remaining unbroken. Nations are resolving into their individual elements, no man knowing how to govern or how to obey. Democracy can work but one result. All things are left to take their course, the ultimate appeal resting with a huge, monstrous, unwieldy body of myriads and myriads of voters, who own allegiance to no principles and no laws, either divine or human. Helpless confusion is the universal fact of the day, from decent England to wild, revolutionised France, Germany, and Italy; while the one "model republic," which glories that in itself is found the grand proof that pure democracy is a possibility, is as barren of results beneficial to humanity as the most effete of the despotisms of Europe. Here is Mr. Carlyle's opinion of the results of American democracy. We need scarcely observe that he is as ignorant of the saving power of the Catholic Church in America as of her influence in Europe. He knows secular and Protestant America alone. He is unconscious of the progress of that mighty spiritual kingdom by whose advance alone can America be preserved from sharing in all the ills of Europe. To that mysterious influence which the Church



exercises upon every state in which she attains that position which is rapidly being conceded to her in the United States, Mr. Carlyle is blind as the blindest; and therefore what he here says must be taken as applying to the Americans only so far as they are untouched by this vivifying and preserving power from God,—that power by which the secular as well as the spiritual prosperity of that young and extraordinary people can alone be guaranteed. Of this *worldly* America he thus writes :

“Of America it would ill beseem any Englishman, and me perhaps as little as another, to speak unkindly, to speak *unpatriotically*, if any of us even felt so. Sure enough, America is a great, and in many respects a blessed and hopeful phenomenon. Sure enough, these hardy millions of Anglosaxon men prove themselves worthy of their genealogy; and, with the axe and plough and hammer, if not yet with any much finer kind of implements, are triumphantly clearing out wide spaces, seedfields for the sustenance and refuge of mankind, arenas for the future history of the world;—doing, in their day and generation, a creditable and cheering feat under the sun. But as to a Model Republic, or a model anything, the wise among themselves know too well that there is nothing to be said. Nay, the title hitherto to be a Commonwealth or Nation at all, among the *ἔθνη* of the world, is, strictly considered, still a thing they are but striving for, and indeed have not done much towards attaining. Their Constitution, such as it may be, was made here, not there; went over with them from the Old-Puritan English workshop, ready-made. Deduct what they carried with them from England ready-made,—their common English Language, and that same Constitution, or rather elixir of constitutions, their inveterate and now, as it were, inborn reverence for the Constable’s Staff; two quite immense attainments, which England had to spend much blood, and valiant sweat of brow and brain, for centuries long, in achieving;—and what new elements of polity or nationhood, what noble new phasis of human arrangement, or social device worthy of Prometheus or of Epimetheus, yet comes to light in America? Cotton-crops and Indian corn and dollars come to light; and half a world of untilled land, where populations that respect the constable can live, for the present, *without* Government: this comes to light; and the profound sorrow of all nobler hearts, here uttering itself as silent patient unspeakable ennuï, there coming out as vague elegiac wailings, that there is still next to nothing more. ‘Anarchy *plus* a street-constable:’ that also is anarchic to me, and other than quite lovely!

“I foresee too that, long before the waste lands are full, the very street-constable, on these poor terms, will have become impossible: without the waste lands, as here in our Europe, I do not see how he could continue possible many weeks. Cease to brag to me of America, and its model institutions and constitutions. To men in their sleep there is nothing granted in this world: nothing, or as

good as nothing, to men that sit idly *caucusing* and ballotboxing on the graves of their heroic ancestors, saying, 'It is well, it is well!' Corn and bacon are granted: not a very sublime boon, on such conditions; a boon moreover which, on such conditions, cannot last! No: America too will have to strain its energies, in quite other fashion than this; to crack its sinews, and all but break its heart, as the rest of us have had to do, in thousandfold wrestle with the Pythons and mud-demons, before it can become a habitation for the gods. America's battle is yet to fight; and we, sorrowful though nothing doubting, will wish her strength for it. New Spiritual Pythons, plenty of them; enormous Megatherions, as ugly as were ever born of mud, loom huge and hideous out of the twilight Future on America; and she will have her own agony and her own victory, but on other terms than she is yet quite aware of. Hitherto she but ploughs and hammers, in a very successful manner; hitherto, in spite of her 'roast-geese with apple-sauce,' she is not much. 'Roast-geese with apple-sauce for the poorest working man:' well surely that is something,—thanks to your respect for the street-constable, and to your continents of fertile waste land;—but that, even if it could continue, is by no means enough; that is not even an instalment towards what will be required of you. My friend, brag not yet of our American cousins! Their quantity of cotton, dollars, industry and resources, I believe to be almost unspeakable; but I can by no means worship the like of these. What great human soul, what great thought, what great noble thing that one could worship, or loyally admire, has yet been produced there? None; the American cousins have yet done none of these things. 'What 'they have done?' growls Smelfungus, tired of the subject: 'They 'have doubled their population every twenty years. They have be-' gotten, with a rapidity beyond recorded example, Eighteen Millions 'of the greatest *bores* ever seen in this world before:—that, hitherto, 'is their feat in History!'—And so we leave them, for the present; and cannot predict the success of Democracy, on this side of the Atlantic, from their example."

Thus, too, he describes most amusingly the insensate shoutings with which the multitude "inaugurates" the coming era of universal blessedness, little wotting that a death-wail would be a more fitting strain than a song of jubilee.

"Certainly it is a drama full of action, event fast following event; in which curiosity finds endless scope, and there are interests at stake, enough to rivet the attention of all men simple and wise. Whereat the idle multitude lift up their voices, gratulating, celebrating sky-high; in rhyme and prose announcement, more than plentiful, that *now* the New Era, and long-expected Year One of Perfect Human Felicity has come. Glorious and immortal people, sublime French citizens, heroic barricades; triumph of civil and religious liberty—O Heaven! one of the inevitable private miseries, to an earnest man in such circumstances, is this multitudinous efflux of

ratory and psalmody, from the universal foolish human throat ; crowning for the moment all reflection whatsoever, except the sorrowful one that you are fallen in an evil, heavy-laden, long-eared age, and must resignedly bear your part in the same. The front wall of your wretched old crazy dwelling, long denounced by you to no purpose, having at last fairly folded itself over, and fallen prostrate into the street, the floors, as may happen, will still hang on by the mere beam-ends, and coherency of old carpentry, though in a sloping direction, and depend there till certain poor rusty nails and wormeaten dovetailings give way :—but is it cheering, in such circumstances, that the whole household burst forth into celebrating the new joys of light and ventilation, liberty and picturesqueness of position, and thank God that now they have got a house to their mind? My dear household, cease singing and psalmodying ; lay aside your fiddles, take out your work-implements, if you have any ; for I can say with confidence the laws of gravitation are still active, and rusty nails, wormeaten dovetailings, and secret coherency of old carpentry, are not the best basis for a household !—In the lanes of Irish cities, I have heard say, the wretched people are sometimes found living, and perilously boiling their potatoes, on such swing-doors and inclined planes hanging on by the joist-ends ; but I did not hear that they sang very much in celebration of such lodging. No, they slid gently about, sat near the back wall, and perilously boiled their potatoes, in silence for the most part !—”

But now let us ask Mr. Carlyle and his admirers to exercise upon themselves the same severity of criticism with which they probe the impostures of their fellows. Can Mr. Carlyle, or any one of his devotees, honestly look the question in the face, and not confess themselves as miserably helpless as the most powerless of the generation whose follies they delight to expose ? If the vast structure of human society is now robbed of all its old animating principles, and destitute alike of “ heroes ” and “ hero-worshippers,” where will they turn for the regeneration of our race ? If monarchies and aristocracies are worn out, and democracy is an impossibility, and the young have usurped the rights of the old, and the laws of political economy are the only laws which men think it practicable to obey, and all our modern virtue is absorbed in one vague, dreamy, and often self-destructive benevolence, where, we have a right to ask, is the salvation of man, as a mere denizen of earth, to be sought for ? Is nothing but anarchy possible ? Is there no way out of our present distresses, but by suffering them to accumulate unchecked until the whole system of European and American civilisation falls with one awful crash, and man is left to emerge, by degrees, from barbarism once more ? If this is so, let it be confessed. Let Mr. Carlyle and other self-appointed prophets proclaim that



the *only* thing in which they are wiser than their fellows is this, that they know we are going to be ruined, while the rest in their madness are singing songs of triumph over their own destruction. Cold and wretched comforters are they otherwise; and far worse. They are deceivers, utterers of lies as pernicious as those they hold up to scorn,—of lies of *concealment*, if not of statement,—because they lead their dupes to believe that to discern the existence of disease is the same thing as to work its cure, and that a man who is conscious that he is dying is therefore on the high road to recovery. Such, in fact, is the delusion fostered by Carlylism. Its votaries dream that if only we are all “earnest” and no “shams,” all must go well! Earnest about *what*, they forget to say; as though a passionate desire for life would save a dying man. What insufferable cant and folly, indeed, is a this interminable talk about “shams,” and “impostures,” and “earnestness,” and “work that every man has to do”! *What* work? let us ask. To shoot down the idle, forsooth, and stop the tread-mill agoing! And yet, compared to the average run of charlatans, both in and out of Parliament, Mr. Carlyle is philosopher and a man of power and greatness.

What, then, have *we* to offer by way of remedy for the ills we deplore? Can *we* restore the reign of realities as better than Mr. Carlyle? Not in any human way, we once confess. Society, viewed as a human institution, cannot right itself. Democracy must take its chance. Political economy must have its day. Communism and Socialism must slay their tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands. The past age can be “revived” in its politics or in its economy any more than in its arts and its manufactures. There is no earthly means by which human nature can be taken as it is and ruled and guided to its own permanent well-being. We are as helpless as the most helpless of Carlylists so far as acts of Parliament, associations, decrees of Congresses, platform speeches, leading articles, and the influence of mere man, in any shape, can go. Human society in every age has run its course of successive rise, maturity, and suicidal downfall; and such will be its fate in our own, if human society is left to its own saviour. We, at least, have no *panacea* to recommend to this bewildered generation in which our lot is cast. Man, as man, is incurable and ungovernable.

Do we, therefore, believe that modern society has no hope remaining? Far from it; though we have no hope from modern society *itself*. Mr. Carlyle, indeed, and his school, well as the shams against whom he has sworn eternal enmi-

will smile when we say, that in the Catholic religion *is* to be found that social cure for the diseases of our times which we seek every where else in vain. Let not our non-Catholic readers deride the idea with contempt. Let them not assume that Catholics assert this only because they themselves are Catholics, that it is a mere result of our superstitious belief, of party spirit, or of shallow ignorance of the true troubles of our age. Let us be heard, not in our own defence, for we are not upon our trial; but while we state in a few words the outlines of a proof that the Catholic Church is as truly the saviour of society as the fountain of grace and eternal salvation to the soul.

It is the unceasing burden of Mr. Carlyle's lament, that there exists no longer any throne, or power, or principle, or tradition, to which man any longer pays fervent homage in this Western World. There are none to rule man for his own good, because there are none to whom man spontaneously defers as to a superior intelligence. Kings are play-actors, confessed as such by themselves;—and democracy is a mere multitudinous aggregate of individuals, mighty in destroying, but impotent in governing. It is therefore the first requisite in any institution which claims to be a sustaining, living, and ruling power, that in some way or other it should correspond to the instincts of man's nature, and be lovingly obeyed. Without *loyalty* there can be no government; and without government no society. But loyalty to earthly powers is extinct from the face of the earth. As politicians and economists we worship and venerate nothing. The Catholic Church alone retains this ancient sway over the soul of man. There is no loyalty remaining in existence save that which binds the hearts of Catholics to their Church as a divine institution, and to the Supreme Pontiff as the representative of Almighty God.

Here, indeed, men of the world, whether Carlylists or no, will meet us with a denial. They profess to believe that Catholicism, as a ruling faith, as a system of living loyalty, is no more. They regard the Pope as a pious and respectable old gentleman, busied with his beads and prayers, fussy about ceremonies, and indulgences, and wax-lights, and relics, highly useful in his way in keeping old women and children and the uneducated mob in good order, but no more ruling in the heart and head of intelligent, courageous, and accomplished *men* than Sir Herbert Jenner Fust in England, or Louis Napoleon in France.

Yet we defy them to examine into the true state of Europe and America and to disprove our assertion, that, while all

else is perishing in decay, the living, ruling power of the Church over intellects and characters of every species and in every clime is advancing with a march which none can gainsay. We defy them to adduce any parallel instance of the advance of any religious or political creed in any age of the world under similar circumstances. We defy them to name any such token of mysterious and irresistible life as was supplied by that single interview between the late Pontiff and the Russian Czar. Was it ever known—as from private as well as public sources we know to have been the case in this instance—that the haughtiest and most powerful monarch in the world, who had never before known failure, and whose will is as indomitable as his resources are enormous, should give in to bully in secret an old man, trembling on the verge of the grave, with scarcely a soldier he could call his own, and should quail to the dust before the words of that feeble voice, and positively skulk away from the mysterious presence, a spectacle of derision to the passers-by? If Catholicism is a defunct power, we call upon Protestants and unbelievers to *account for* the trembling of the Emperor Nicholas before the rebuke of Pope Gregory XVI.

Or again, how is it that those who would read the signs of the times are blind to the singular development of moral strength which the Church has displayed in France and Germany amid the most violent of the convulsions which have been shaking those two great countries to their foundations? So it was in Belgium at the time of its separation from Holland. The moment the pressure of state-tyranny was diminished, the sudden uprising of the Church in all her energies proved that she still was instinct with her ancient life, and was as far from death as ever. At this moment there is literally no united body upon earth—united, that is, for any purpose but destruction—which is animated by the one principle kindled by one fire of loyalty, or deliberately, unanimously and perseveringly aiming at one end, save the mighty Church of Rome. What is the state of our own boasting England, in all things, whether politics, economics, literature, or art? Is there a token to be seen of the dominance of one solitary idea potent enough to bind men together and lead them to act in common? What is France, but one gigantic congeries of individuals, heaped together, like the ashes, rocks, and straggling verdure at the top of a volcano? What is Germany, but a hot-bed for dreamers and revolutionists, a battle-field for bloodless theorists and bloody armies? What is America, but an enormous, half-cultivated continent, in which the north and the west, and the south are prepared to go to war with or



another, they know not for what, except it be for slavery, the moment the increasing population fills up the uncultured soil? Yet, amid all these countries there is found one body of men, holding one faith, united by a loyalty to one sovereign, which burns with brighter lustre the more trying are that monarch's reverses, aiming incessantly at the same ends, never discouraged by defeat, never growing listless after victory, and leagued together by a unity of feeling in all spiritual subjects which is rendered only the more wonderful by their boundless diversity of views in secular things. If these are not proofs that the Catholic idea still lives while all else perishes, we know not what *is* a proof of life. Where is that one of those realities of other times which Mr. Carlyle delights to contrast with the shams of these "latter days," which ever gave such undeniable signs of indestructible vitality? What loyalty to kings was ever like that now paid by myriads upon myriads to Pius IX., an exile from his temporal throne? What human power, when under secular reverses, ever exerted one thousandth part of that sway with which the Pope at this moment rules some hundreds of millions of subjects from his retirement in a foreign land? The world in its folly may overlook these facts; but they who are *within* the Church, and feel her mysterious power at once to humble and to elevate the nature of man, know well that the little finger of Pius IX. is more powerful than all the kings, and republics, and armies of Europe and America; and that, while there is literally *no* secular ruler left in this western world, the great spiritual potentate was never served with more willing intellects and more affectionate hearts than at this very hour.

And as the Catholic Church thus sustains herself amid the shock of ages, so does she impart a measure of her vitality to every people that flies to her embrace when all else is perishing. She alone has a constitution which can never be broken up, which her children do not even desire to reform. In that constitution lies her element of perpetual life. At this moment it is precisely what it was eighteen hundred years ago; while the whole constitution of the western world has been overthrown three or four several times, and nothing else remains unchanged. Standing thus, the sole survivor amidst the crash of nations, she presents to them the type of eternal permanence, and in her they see that at least there is *something* left to bind them together and to teach them to respect laws, property, and morals. She teaches men that though *they* cannot unite in action on any consistent plan, union and government are not yet absolute impossibilities for wretched man. While the helpless impotence of ideas to encounter the

raging of physical force, whether of despots or red republicans is daily more and more palpable to the fondest of enthusiasts they perceive that in her, ideas *are* more powerful than bayonets and cannon-balls, and that the heart can defy the stoutest arm.

Nor does she interfere with this world's ways in such a manner as to come into needless conflict with the interminable variations of human opinion. A man may be any thing on earth that he pleases, save in faith and morals, and yet be the most loyal of Catholics. Whatsoever be the turn taken by politics, the Church is prepared for all. They may turn as they please, and she will not interfere unless they interfere with her; she will ever be on the side of order and good government.

Turn, then, to the poor; to those countless hosts who hold the destiny of the world in their hands, and before whom *every* earthly power trembles. She alone dreads them not. She opens her arms to embrace the rising multitudes. She looks to them, not as her natural foes, but as her natural strength. She is prepared at once to tame them, to rule them, to elevate them, and to elicit their warmest gratitude and love. What a wondrous fact is this! The poor man is dreaded by every authority on earth save the Catholic Church. Is it not a significant fact, a convincing fact? and ought it not to be for all men a glorious fact? The world seeks its safety from the poor by flying from them; the Church finds both her safety and her crown in meeting them, in clasping them in her close embrace. And so will the future be shaped. *If* England stands, and another century finds us still numbered among the great nations of the earth, it will be because the Catholic Church has taken to her heart the enormous masses of our poor, and in the very extremity of our need has saved us from the consequences of our accursed love of gold, our inflated pride, and our contempt for all that bears not the stamp of worldly respectability. And such, we trust, *will be* the event. "Man's necessity is God's opportunity," says a very wise old proverb; and we have a good hope that Protestant England will at last acknowledge that the Catholic faith is from God, because she sees that faith redeeming her own deserted millions from the misery from which she herself is powerless to save them.

Meanwhile, if Mr. Carlyle and his school do not learn to add real knowledge to their perception of the follies of the age, they will be counted among the vainest of the delusions of a self-deluding day, and men will almost forget that they ever existed.

## MR. PUGIN AND THE "RAMBLER."

*Some Remarks on the Articles which have recently appeared in the "Rambler," relative to Ecclesiastical Architecture and Decoration.* By A. Welby Pugin. London, Dolman.

THESE "Remarks"—which are not printed in Gothic letters—contain an extraordinary amount of misrepresentation. Indeed, did we not know how men are carried away by their feelings, we should have said it was hardly possible that an honourable man could so systematically pervert an opponent's meaning, or attribute to him opinions and statements so completely the reverse of those which he has really put forth. For instance, Mr. Pugin falls foul of the design for a Byzantine church which appeared in our January number, charging us with putting it forward as a "model church," in the face of our special statement that its pretensions were of the humblest kind.

However, we are not about to expose Mr. Pugin's dealings with us; they refute themselves: but we cannot let him go without a word or two on the tone of injured innocence which he thinks fit to assume with reference to his own treatment by English Catholics. If we are to believe his own account, he is the most ill-used individual in the community. An adamant fate has compelled him to live in a perpetual state of self-abnegation, making drawings which he detested, and building churches only to be the first to say they ought to be pulled down again. And no sooner has this stern destiny forced from his pencil the designs for these poor, naked, freezing buildings, than an avenging Nemesis has seized his hand and wrung from him patterns for stencilling their frigid surfaces with all manner of repulsive colours, to be a mark for the jests of ill-natured "Rambler's" and for the scoffs of designers of three-half-penny paper-hangings.

Really this is too bad from a gentleman who wrote in the *Dublin Review* two elaborate articles for the sole purpose of shewing what a glorious revival of the old architecture was taking place in England, and illustrated them with a long series of illustrations from the very churches he himself was building. Surely it was enough for Mr. Pugin thus far to outstep the ordinary regulations of criticism, and to come forward as his own trumpeter. But that he should now turn round upon his employers and assure them that not one of these churches which were then erecting is fit to be seen, and that it is all their fault and not his, is a specimen of modesty which is quite unrivalled. "I believe, as regards architec-



ture," says Mr. Pugin, "few men have been so unfortunate as myself. I have passed my life in thinking of fine things, designing fine things, and realising very poor ones. I have never had the chance of producing a single fine ecclesiastical building except my own church, where I am both paymaster and architect; but *every thing else*, either for want of adequate funds or injudicious interference and control, or some other contingency, *is more or less a failure.*"

Now, let us ask Mr. Pugin *why* he undertook and carried out these unfortunate churches, so sorely against the grain? If at the time when he erected them he was conscious of their demerits, why did he not throw up the affairs altogether? What necessity was there for his lending his hand to the degradation of an art which he regards almost as part of the Christian revelation? He was not *forced* in any way to build trumpery buildings, or to daub naked walls with ugly patterns. He was not a poor starving artist with scarcely a shilling in his purse to buy a loaf, and therefore constrained to do a deed which his soul abhorred. If he had refused to execute his employers' wishes, other architects would have been found very willing to undertake their accomplishment.

Still more unreasonable are such complaints from one who regards Gothic architecture as a sacred deposit, and speaks of it in much the same terms as St. Paul speaks of the doctrines of the Gospel. It was doubly irrational in Mr. Pugin to lend himself to these plasterings and paintings and proportionless fabrics, considering that he was at the very time the foremost in denouncing the degraded Italian buildings of modern architects. Why did he "do evil that good might come?" Why did he set up church after church only to decry it? Surely Gothic architecture might have expected reverent and loving treatment from *him*. Surely—to mention one of his very last achievements—it was not from the author of the *Contrasts* that we should have expected such a production of carpentry as the organ-gallery which has been set up in St. George's church in London. We have no doubt that this unfortunate gallery would find no more mercy from Mr. Pugin than from ourselves; but then, *why* does he build such things?

But the amusing part of the matter is, that Mr. Pugin originally glorified himself for the *very cheapness* of the churches he now decries. In his articles in the *Dublin Review* we find no mention of the fetters in which he was working, no protest against its being supposed that he was building "model churches;" but on the contrary, tempting accounts of the wonders that were to be got for small sums, enough to set the mouths of zealous church-builders watering. It

was marvellous how much was to be had for a few thousand pounds. Clergy and laity were amazed; and, seduced by the brilliant pictures of a perfect revival of the glories of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, to be attained in the course of three or four years, by the simplest process in the world, they straightway rushed into bricks and mortar, and in many instances—*burnt their fingers*.

Mr. Pugin, however, suffers the true secret of these failures to ooze out in the pamphlet before us. At p. 13 he admits that it has not been his habit rigorously to confine himself to the sum specified by his employers, when he has made the designs which he has undertaken. When a church-builder has requested him to furnish drawings for a church of a certain size and for a certain sum, instead of replying openly and fairly that the sum was too small, and, if it could not be increased, declining the work, he has indulged in all kinds of pleasing dreams, sketched plans and elevations which by no possibility could be completed with the funds assigned, and then consented to cut down one feature after another till the mere "ghost" of the design remained. We should like to know what Mr. Pugin would say to persons who treated *him* in this way. What would he say to his shoemaker, if he brought him home a pair of top-boots when he had ordered a pair of light shoes? "For *true economy*," the man of leather might reply, "there is nothing like boots!" "My good friend," would Mr. Pugin retort, "did I ask you to make me boots or shoes?" Mr. Pugin may account it degrading to be likened to a cobbler; but, nevertheless, a commission and an order are in reality one and the same thing; and when a man undertakes a work, he is *bound* to do that work and none other. What would Mr. Colburn and Mr. Bentley say to Mr. Disraeli, if they had agreed to give him so many hundred pounds for a novel, if the novelist quietly sent them in a manuscript *History of Europe*, with the information that history was a much nobler thing than fiction?

Mr. Pugin also at length admits "that the whole restoration has been a series of experiments;" which is, in other words, the very statement we have repeatedly made in the *Rambler*, that modern Gothic art is not a *living language*; and that we employ it without freedom and perfect knowledge, just as a schoolboy writes Latin. It is not our natural tongue, exquisite as it is, and therefore we can but feel our way in attempting to employ it; we can but copy what was done before us, having no confidence in our own grasp of its principles. Of course this is no reason why Gothic architecture should not be studied and made use of, any more than the fact that Greek

and Latin are dead languages is any reason for neglecting their study, or for not employing them where it is desirable. But it *is* a reason for preserving great modesty in speaking of our own efforts.\* These exaggerated eulogies which Mr. Pugin has passed upon his own works are only to be likened to a schoolboy's comparison of his own Greek and Latin themes to the masterpieces of Demosthenes and Cicero.

In his present *Remarks* Mr. Pugin particularly specifies as failures, the churches he has built in St. George's Fields, at Nottingham, at Kirkham, at Hulme, and the chapels at Ushaw and Old Hall Green. His two sentences upon the Nottingham church are, indeed, one of the coolest things we ever met with. He tells us that "Nottingham was spoilt by the style being restricted to lancet,—a period well suited to a Cistercian abbey in a secluded vale, but very unsuitable for the centre of a crowded town." Why so? may we ask? In the ages when Gothic architecture flourished, did they build in one style in a secluded vale and in another in the thickly populated cities? What on earth has the lancet style to do with secluded vales and Cistercian abbeys, seeing that when the lancet style was the living language of art, every church of every kind in every situation was built in that style? Loud would be the laughter of a Cistercian architect of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, could he appear again among his professing followers and hear them gravely tell him that a dark, gloomy, lancet-windowed building was the only thing he *ought to have erected* in his silent valley. Unfeigned would have been the bewilderment of the architects of the cathedrals in the *cities* of York, Wells, Lincoln, or Salisbury, could they hear these nineteenth-century criticisms upon that style which *they* adopted where men were gathered together in the thickest crowds.

And where was Mr. Pugin's memory when, in his next words, he excused the darkness of the church at Nottingham on the ground of this unlucky lancet style? This is counting too much upon the ignorance of his readers. Are there no *light* churches remaining of this period of Gothic architecture? Is

\* This desirable modesty has, in fact, been preserved by (we believe) all living Catholic architects, except Mr. Pugin. They have neither trumpeted their own designs while executing, nor decried them when completed. And, so far as we know, they have made it a point of conscience to plan their original designs with the distinct view of bringing them within the sums which have been specified for their cost. Mr. Pugin may further be assured, that in nothing has he done himself more injury than in his occasional violent attacks (as in the present instance) upon the designs of his brother architects. He is distinguished in his profession for many merits; why will he distinguish himself also for a disregard of those rules of professional courtesy, without which professional competition can never be an *honourable and Christian rivalry*?



not, to name a few only, Salisbury cathedral a perfect lantern from the quantity of light that streams in from its windows? Are the transepts of York Minster dark? Are the chapter-house and transepts at Lincoln dark? Is the Temple church in London dark? Is there any remaining old English church in the same style, which, if filled with the same species of coloured glass as Nottingham, would be as dark as it is? Or, to cross the Channel, is the beautiful little seminary chapel at Bayeux dark? Is the church at Norrey, near Caen (one of the most exquisite of parish churches), dark? Is the church of St. Elisabeth at Marburg dark? And, still further, where, in Gothic times, can be pointed out an example of those extraordinary slits in the wall which Mr. Pugin has substituted for windows in the transepts of Nottingham? Was it the fault of the clergy and others who paid for the church, that some of its windows were about twenty times as high as they are wide, and more like bow-and-arrow holes in an old castle than windows in a Christian church?

Equally amusing is it to remember that Mr. Pugin has built other town churches in this same lancet style, and that he has given sketches of them in his articles in the *Dublin*. Was it a "prejudiced ecclesiastic," or a "furious committeeman," or a "liberal benefactor," or a "screw," who insisted upon the use of lancet windows in all these? And are all these too dark besides?

But yet more bewildering still, in one of his *Dublin* articles Mr. Pugin gives three of his largest engravings of this very church at Nottingham, shewing the exterior, the interior of the chancel, and the ground-plan, and heralds them in with the following words: "We introduce three engravings to illustrate the design of this church, which, when complete, *will be the most perfect revival of a large parochial church that has yet been accomplished*"! Surely the waters of Lethe must spring somewhere near St. Augustine's at Ramsgate, and the zealous founder of that church, which we are assured is to be the one oasis in the desert, must daily quaff deep draughts of its entrancing stream.

As to the notion Mr. Pugin here adopts, that one style of Gothic architecture is *right* for one kind of building and another for another, it is utterly irreconcilable with the principles of the old Gothic architects themselves. It is a mere whim of modern times, unheard of until a section of antiquarians took to deifying the architecture of a certain three centuries, and seemed disposed to elevate it into a kind of eighth sacrament. It has become the fashion to class together the buildings of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries

by the one title of "Gothic," as most people call them, while Mr. Pugin and a few others give them the fantastic name of "pointed,"—on which name we shall say a word or two by and by. Now the undeniable fact is, that these buildings are really in three distinct styles, the last of which differs in spirit from the first much more than the first differed from the style which immediately preceded itself. Each of these three styles, also, had its day, *and was entirely thrust aside when its successor came to maturity.* In Edward the Third's reign no one ever built a church in the style which had prevailed under Henry the Third; and in Henry the Sixth's time no architect would have dreamt of designing such buildings as had been universal either under Edward or Henry the Third. On the contrary, the earlier "Gothic" buildings were repeatedly pulled down, and edifices in the later styles set up in their place. Indeed, so unconscious were the mediæval architects of each period that the style of their immediate predecessors had any claim upon their regards, that, if a large church was left unfinished in one era, it was generally completed in the next without the faintest respect for the original design. One Gothic style was in fashion for one period; then a new Gothic style was all the rage. Each generation thought its own novelty the perfect thing, and no more thought of walking in the steps of its progenitors than Mr. Pugin thinks of walking about the streets in a full-bottomed wig of the reign of George the First. Now, all the three styles are lumped together, as though they were originally one, and as though they had little or nothing in common with the style which immediately preceded them; and we pick out one of these styles for one church and another for another, as fancy takes us, and strut about in our borrowed plumes, boasting that we are reviving *Gothic architecture.*

We have said that, in many respects, the latest of the Gothic styles is more unlike the earliest than the earliest is unlike the Norman or Byzantine style which it gradually supplanted. And we ask Mr. Pugin or any other "pointed" writer to disprove the assertion. In some examples there is literally no difference worth mentioning between the "early English" and the "Norman," except in the substitution of the pointed arch for the round, and the rounding of the abacus of the capitals. Every one of those grand features which form the characteristics of a large Gothic church (as also of modern Italian churches), and by which it was distinguished from the early Christian architecture, were introduced *before* the pointed arch was heard of in Europe. Germany and Italy abound with examples; but the English reader may see the

proof in the choir of Canterbury cathedral. In that magnificent choir, which is in fact almost a complete cathedral in itself, we see the *idea* of the Gothic and the modern cathedral completely perfected. Nothing has to be changed but the forms of some of the details. It is totally unlike an old Greek, Roman, or early Christian building in every one of its grand principles of construction. The alteration of two or three points of detail is all that is needed to transform it into a "pointed" church. And the natural result follows, that, to the unprejudiced eye, a church half Norman half early Gothic is a far more harmonious whole than one of which one portion is early Gothic and the other late Gothic. The original plan and conception of a vast Christian church remains the same in all; for, except in details and in the introduction of a solid stone screen, the latest Gothic cathedral is a mere copy of a Byzantine building; while in *expression* the early Gothic is as unlike the late Gothic building as can be conceived in two styles not radically opposed to one another.

Nevertheless, a modern fashion has treated these three Gothic styles as if they were all one, indiscriminately employed by one or more generations of our ancestors; and, at length, the last stamp of unreality has been conferred upon the theory by the introduction of the term "pointed" as their appropriate designation. The word "Gothic," as applied to these styles, unquestionably had no meaning at all. But then it did not pretend to have any. It was like such names as Smith, Baker, Green, or Brown, which nobody takes to be expressive of the business or colour of the individuals who own the appellations. But the term "pointed" is introduced with the special view of giving these styles an *appropriate* designation. And herein lies its absurdity. It is *not* characteristic of the Gothic styles. They do use the pointed arch, it is true; and the Italian and Byzantine styles do not use it: but the Gothic is not the *only* pointed style. It did not even originate the pointed arch, which was in use in the East among the Mahomedans 300 years before it was adopted by Christian architects; and which is still to be seen as a prominent feature in Saracenic, Moorish, Arabian, Egyptian, Persian, and Indian buildings without number. "Pointed architecture," therefore, includes the Mahometan mosque as well as the Christian church; and thus comprehends a class of structures which Mr. Pugin and others of the same school hold in nearly as much abomination as the immense majority of Catholic churches erected during the last 300 years.

In truth, here is the true secret of Mr. Pugin's exaggerated notions of the value of those styles of architecture which he



exclusively upholds: he regards the Catholic Church of the last 300 years as in some sense fallen from her spiritual perfections. The terms in which he speaks of the living Church, and especially of the Holy City, are such as we might have expected from a follower of Dr. Pusey. In living Catholicism he can find little to edify him. What he calls "nominally Catholic countries" offend him as violently as the Protestantism of England. The Holy City is "the severest of all trials for the faith of the neophyte." Doubtless, if a man identifies pointed arches with good works, and a love of plain chant with doctrinal orthodoxy, he will be grievously scandalised *every where* in Catholic Christendom. And this is why Mr. Pugin speaks of the visible appearance of the Church in terms of such disgust and contempt. He judged her by a Protestant test, viz. by her accordance or disagreement with his personal tastes in externals. He went about hunting for Gothic arches, gorgeous furniture, and "choral services" (by which he means services exclusively in Latin, and sung to the plain chant), and expecting to see bishops and priests looking as they do in many modern pictures, grim, stiff, and miserable; and *of course* he came away with an unfavourable impression, like those thousands of travellers who (he says) annually quit this country for the continent, and of whom "few return with feelings of reverence for the religion of their ancestors, on account of the unfortunate garb in which it is presented to their view." One word Mr. Pugin here omits which is necessary to make his statement a true one: he should have said, "*Protestant travellers.*"\*

Against this mode of sitting in judgment upon the Church and upon living Catholics, we cannot too strongly protest. It not only leads to conclusions the most false in fact, but it fosters an exaggerated notion of the importance of good taste in matters of religion, and a belief that the Church has actually *done wrong* in adopting the peculiar externals which characterise her in modern times. No person can be more painfully sensitive than we are ourselves to sins against good taste in the outward clothing of religion. No person can be more alive to the torture of bad, theatrical music, or be more

\* As Mr. Pugin is greatly scandalised at the use of violins in churches, we must remind him that the saintly Fra Angelico painted even *angels* playing the fiddle in the courts of heaven. Mr. Pugin would have been equally scandalised, however, in the *real* Gothic times, as those who have studied them know well. What would he have said to a choir of monks saying their office in the indecorous postures, some lounging, some half asleep, some gossiping, in the picture from Richard the Second's "Book of Hours," which may be seen in Dr. Rock's *Church of our Fathers*? How does he also forgive the mediæval painters on glass and in miniature, for so incessantly representing their buildings with *round* arches instead of *pointed* ones?

repelled by the trumpery which forms the staple of modern church-decoration. And few persons feel a deeper love for the beauties of Gothic art, or are more sensible to its exquisite perfections, or would be more grieved to see its study and its practical revival discontinued. But, nevertheless, we cannot presume to lay down laws of taste for the whole Christian world, or expect every Christian to see with our personal eyes. We cannot forget, that between the most faultless productions of mortal genius and the humblest works of God, or the lowest degree of *moral* beauty, there is a far wider difference than between the toys of a child, or the trash of a French milliner, and the architectural and pictorial triumphs of the greatest masters in their art. In the eyes of the angelic host and of the saints in glory, we are all babes together: *they* smile at *our* raptures as *we* smile at the ecstatic delight of children over their playthings. Not, indeed, that they smile when they see us laying all the choicest treasures of the world at the feet of our blessed Lord, and honouring his sacramental Presence with the brightest works of human skill. Far from it: they rejoice to behold us doing what *it is our duty to do*. But yet, when they see us treating Art as though it were the mistress, the instructress, and the guide of Religion, instead of making it her handmaid; when they see us judging of the prosperity of the Catholic Church, not by the orthodoxy of her children, the zeal of her clergy, and the irreproachable lives of her religious, but by the forms of arches, the patterns of vestments, or the use of Gregorian or modern music;—then, could they suffer sorrow in their abode of joy, they would weep to see such a perversion of truth into error, and such an abuse of the good things which have been given to us with which to serve our God.

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At *Montrouge*, near the *Barrière de l'Enfer*, in Paris, is one of the most remarkable printing-establishments in the world, and one of the many proofs which Paris gives of the untiring

and universal energy of the French clergy. We have for some time wished to give our readers a brief account of the productions of these vast *ateliers*, both as a matter of curiosity and because they deserve to be far better known among English Catholics than they are at present. The Abbé Migne, who is the director of the establishment, and to whom the merit of its organisation is due, is a priest of the diocese of Paris; and he has undertaken the gigantic publication with a view of placing in the hands of the Catholic clergy a complete series of the master-pieces of Christian literature. Every thing necessary for the publication of the books undertaken is done within the establishment, including stereotyping and binding; and the price is placed at the lowest possible sum which will pay the expenses. A quarto volume of some 700 pages costs from six to eight or nine francs; so that, even to the English purchaser, when the expenses of carriage and custom-house dues are added to the original cost, the price is extraordinarily low.\*

The whole series of works which the Abbé Migne intends to publish in the series amounts to about *two thousand* volumes. The price of the whole, when purchased in single volumes, will reach about 600*l.*; and when purchased in separate works, about 520*l.* To the clergy who subscribe for the whole, but pay for each work as it appears, the entire price is about 400*l.*; to those who pay for the whole in advance, the entire cost is only 240*l.*

The various sections of the *Bibliothèque* are the following:

1. The Bible in different languages, with a complete series of works in Biblical literature, such as dictionaries, grammars, atlases, analytical tables, concordances, &c.

2. The works of the Fathers, Greek and Latin, amounting to about 200 volumes.

3. Councils, their complete history and acts, from the first at Jerusalem to the last in our own days. This section alone reaches about 80 volumes.

4. A complete body of Canon Law, including every thing that has proceeded from the Sovereign Pontiff, such as encyclics, constitutions, bulls, indults, rescripts, briefs, letters, &c., from St. Peter to Pius IX.; amounting to 150 volumes.

5. Theological Encyclopædias on the holy Scriptures, sacred philology, dogmatic and moral theology, rites, cer-

\* We should mention, for the information of those who are unacquainted with the present duties on books, that there is a much higher duty paid at the English Custom-house on Latin and Greek works than on those in any modern language. On the Catholic clergy this tax is peculiarly oppressive, while the whole sum which it realises to the Government is extremely small.



monies and discipline, heresies, councils, archæology, &c. &c. ; in about 50 volumes.

6. A series of liturgical works, in about 50 volumes.
7. Ascetical works, in about 100 volumes.
8. Lives of the Saints, in 100 volumes.
9. Works on the duties of the Clergy, in 50 volumes.
10. Catechetical works, in about 30 volumes.
11. Controversial works of all ages and countries, in about 100 volumes.
12. Sacred Orators, in about 60 volumes.
13. Ecclesiastical and Universal Biography, in about 100 volumes.
14. Ecclesiastical History, in about 100 volumes.
15. Ecclesiastical Geography, books of devotion, &c., together with the writings of the greatest Catholic theologians since the age of the Fathers.

Of this vast series many are already issued, and the publication continues with all practicable speed. The works specified at the head of the present notice are among those more recently published, and are now before us. The first includes the Sentences from which Peter Lombard derives his ordinary title, and the great work of the Angelic Doctor. The second comprises all St. Theresa's writings, among the rest many letters hitherto unpublished, and also the works of St. Peter of Alcantara, St. John of the Cross, and the Blessed John of Avila, the whole forming a series of the most celebrated writings of the ascetic school of Spain. The third consists of the Prelections delivered at Rome by one of the most celebrated of modern theologians, the Jesuit Father Perrone, a work already numbered among the standard books of the Church; and the fourth is a collection of writings on the perpetuity of the faith of Catholics on all the points in which Protestants deny the truth, including the Eucharist, Confession, the Church of Rome, the rule of faith, the primacy of the Pope, invocation of saints, purgatory, justification, and so forth, by various writers of celebrity, and forming a complete manual of controversy.

Taken as a whole, the publication of such an enormous series, under the direction and on the responsibility of a single individual, is a monument to the capacity for organisation which is one of the characteristics of the French people. Few persons in this country will probably be disposed to purchase the entire library promised by the energetic Abbé; but the collection is so complete that almost every educated Catholic, whether ecclesiastic or layman, will find several books included in its extent which he will be glad to possess.

## SHORT NOTICES.

*Le Culte de Marie* (Paris, Sagnier et Bray) will find favour in the eyes of many devout Catholics during the approaching "Month of Mary." It is one of the most interesting and instructive books of the kind we know of, and unlike anything to be had at present in the English language. It includes an account of every kind of devotion connected with the Mother of God. The first part consists of the Offices, both from the Missal and Breviary, for all the festivals of our Lady, in Latin as well as French, the office for each feast being preceded by an historical account of its origin and progress, with appropriate devout elevations of the heart. Then follows the whole "Office of the Blessed Virgin," and the "Little Office of the Immaculate Conception." After this the same plan is carried out in the case of all the litanies, hymns, canticles, antiphons, prayers, &c. which are in use in the Church in honour of Mary, the devotions being given in both Latin and French, together with a large amount of information respecting them. Lastly come notices of the confraternities, congregations, novenas, images, chaplets, &c. which are in use in honour of the Blessed Virgin, a list of the indulgences connected with her worship, the ordinary of the Mass, Vespers for Sundays, and Compline. The plan of the work is ingenious and excellent, and its execution good, and it can hardly fail to be a popular book of devotion.

The second edition of *The Spirit of Prayer*, by a member of the Ursuline Community, Cork (Cork, O'Brien), is printed in a very readable type, and is altogether a much better looking book than we often see from a provincial publisher, whether in England or Ireland. Its intrinsic value is already known, and the present edition will probably not be the last. To one little point we must take exception:—why are the words "*merits alone*" (at p. 5) printed in italics? These concessions to Protestant carpings at the Catholic doctrine respecting the merits of the saints, do no good; and when a peculiar emphasis is given to the expression before us, not in a dogmatic treatise but in a prayer to Almighty God, it seems as if there were no sense in which a Christian prays to be heard through the merits of the saints. The very existence of Protestantism should be ignored in the intercourse between the soul and her God.

Mr. Dolman has added to his series of catechisms a *Catechism of Classical Mythology*. The subject is one on which it is impossible to put the ordinary Protestant treatises into the hands of Catholic children. The present outline is well executed, and is one of the best of the series to which it belongs.

The same publisher is putting forth a cheap issue of a series of American Catholic tales. The *Sister of Charity* is one of the last

published, and we believe has been very popular on the other side of the Atlantic.

A French translation of Döllinger's work on *The Reformation and its Results* has recently been published by Messrs. Gaume at Paris, which will bring the learned author's researches within the reach of many English readers, among whom German is as yet much less known than French. The book is *most striking* in its proofs of the actual and instantaneous results of the "Reformation" upon almost every detail of human life and thought. These proofs are taken wholly from Protestant writers themselves. The "Reformation" is therefore judged by itself; and at a time when the English world is beginning to open its eyes to the true merits of that audacious imposture, Dr. Döllinger's extracts (which are very voluminous) must produce a powerful impression on every candid mind. The High-Church Anglican may, as he does, attempt to draw a distinction between the Lutheran and the Anglican Reformation; but the great fact remains the same, that both Lutheranism and Anglicanism are the result of a direct revolt against the Catholic Church as she existed at the moment of their rise. Englishmen glory in being a practical people, and judge all things by their results rather than in their principles. Let them, if they be honest as well as practical, judge *this* tree by its fruits. Its type is well known to the lovers of marvels in the vegetable world; the *upas-tree* of Java is the true figure of that disastrous movement which spread moral and intellectual death throughout some of the fairest kingdoms of Europe. Melancthon, the most candid of his school, after describing (see vol. i. p. 357) the four classes into which he divides the "Reformers," thus speaks of the honest ones: "There remains yet the fourth class, the elect, whose belief is founded on their personal convictions. These last are unhappily but *very few in number.*" Yet foolish England to this day accounts the men who rose up against Rome to have been for the most part saints!

In connexion with Dr. Döllinger's work on the Reformation, we may refer to one or two other books recently published in France on the same subject.

*Bienfaits du Catholicisme dans la Société*, par M. l'Abbé Pinard (Tours, Ad. Mame et C<sup>ie</sup>), is an interesting and popular account of some of the benefits conferred on society by Catholicity. The chief topics discussed are, the Catholic hierarchy, the village and town priests, the care of the poor, the last moments of the condemned, episcopal visitations, national and provincial councils, the Pope as the principle of unity, his influence on modern civilisation, general councils, the courage of missionaries and their civilising influences, the propagation of the faith and the preservation of children in China, communities in general, associations for charity, sisters of mercy and charity, the orders for the redemption of captives, monks of St. Bernard, teaching communities, the Benedictines, the brothers



and sisters of the Christian schools, the missionary communities, the Dominicans, and cloistered communities.

Another is an *Essai sur la Réforme Protestante, considérée sous les points de vue historique, sociale, philosophique, et théologique*, by the Abbé Orsi, reprinted from the *Encyclopédie Catholique*. The author has devoted a chapter to each of the above *points of view*. In the first, he gives a sketch of the history of the Reformation in the different countries of Europe. In the second, he shews that it has been the cause both of anarchy and despotism, and that it has been injurious to the peace, well-being, and morality of families; and he discusses its alleged influence on science, the arts, and industry. In the third chapter, he shews its influence on modern philosophy; and in the fourth, he enters into its theological relations.

*Le Livre de la Sagesse Eternelle*, par le Bienheureux Henri Suso, is a valuable edition of a valuable book, as it contains a translation of the Introduction to the Life and Writings of Suso by the celebrated Görres, late professor of history at the University of Munich, 100 pages in length.

The little treatise of St. Lawrence Justinian, *On the Fire of Divine Love*, has just been translated from the Latin into French for the first time (Paris, Sagnier et Bray). It carries us back from the "Reformation" not one hundred years, and serves to shew the perfect identity of spirit which animates the Christian mind in all ages. It consists chiefly of a beautiful series of meditations, full of fervour and simplicity.

From the fifteenth century we move forwards again to the nineteenth. Mr. Maskell's *First Letter on the Present Position of the High-Church Party in the Church of England* (Pickering) is one of the best "arguments"—to use a legal phrase—ever put forth by any one who was in the false position of High-Church Protestants. The great fact here proved by Mr. Maskell is as palpable to the observant Catholic as the existence of Great Britain itself, and it is a source of incessant wonder that any conscientious man can doubt it for a moment. Mr. Maskell has so clear a view of the Catholic truth that the *Church of God* is one, independent, and the only legitimate source of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, united with so equally clear a perception that the source of ecclesiastical jurisdiction in the Established Church is purely secular, that we cannot look upon his *First Letter* as any thing less than an announcement of his intention of becoming a Catholic if the Gorham and Exeter case be decided in favour of Mr. Gorham. As this *has* been the decision, we shall be in no way surprised if Mr. Maskell is himself found within the fold of *the Church* when these lines come before our readers' eyes. A postscript to this very able pamphlet contains the author's remarks on the suggestions put forth by his brother clergyman at the present juncture, and will afford not a little amusement to those who love to see fallacies knocked to pieces with masterly

kill. Mr. Maskell treats Mr. Sewell's sermon (of which, as we can say nothing worse, we will only say that it is as silly and as coolly false as Mr. Sewell's usual writings) with undisguised contempt; while he blows to the winds, with more respect but equal decision, the more respectable suggestions of a more respected opponent, Mr. Keble.

M. Jules Gondon, well known for his fraternal interest in the affairs of English Catholics and the conversion of England, has published an energetic little work—*Plus d'Enseignement mixte*—on the new Education Bill in France, based chiefly on the state of education in England and Ireland. If Mr. Fox's proposed measure for setting up a secular system of education in every parish in England is carried out—and we fear it will pass the House of Commons at least—England will no longer be an example for the opponents of "mixed education" to point to. The French question appears to us to be a most delicate one, and we can venture no opinion upon it; but we may safely recommend M. Gondon's work as a powerful statement against the new measure.

Winckelmann's *History of Ancient Art among the Greeks*, translated by Mr. Lodge, an American, and republished in London by Chapman, is a book which needs no new recommendation. Winckelmann is entitled to the praise of being the father of modern art-criticism; and though his views are less profound than those of many of his successors, he has never been surpassed, and rarely equalled, in the delicate accuracy of criticisms and the vast fund of knowledge which he brought to bear upon his subject. The volume translated, and well translated, by Mr. Lodge, is only one part of Winckelmann's whole work on Ancient Art, but it is complete in itself. Its careful study would be of material use to our living painters and sculptors; for if ever there was a *secular* wonder upon earth, it is that perfection of beauty attained by the Greeks in the art of sculpture. To the Christian artist the work will not only be of value as a subject of study, but as shewing how far the Greeks advanced in the expression of purity and perfect grace through the exercise of an exquisite intellectual taste, and yet how utterly short they fell of the real truth. Wonderful as were the results of their refinement in intelligence, art could not express, as unaided human nature could not conceive, the true ideal beauty, that beauty which is the result of Christian asceticism, until the Gospel came and made divine that which before was merely human. Still, as divine grace is embodied in human forms, and as the Greeks cultivated the study of purely human beauty with a success *almost* miraculous, the Christian artist will find a benefit in the study of their works which he can gain from no other existing source. Mr. Lodge's translation is aided by several well-executed lithographic outlines. We should add that the book is not fit for indiscriminate perusal, any more than a "Living Academy" is a place for indiscriminate resort.

A *Pastoral* has just been issued by the Right Reverend the Vicar Apostolic of the Eastern District, which furnishes a most painful illustration of the truth of our statements in the last *Rambler* respecting the increasing difficulties of the Church in England. The first sentences of the *Pastoral* are as follow:—"Never do we remember to have addressed you under a deeper sense of the wants and necessities of the Eastern District, than we do on the present occasion. For not only have we to lament a decrease of means by the death and untoward circumstances of benefactors; not only are many of our chapels in a state of poverty and destitution, equalled only by that of their meritorious pastors; not only is religion, even in these days of superabounding zeal, almost at a stand-still among us; but even our poor and isolated and destitute flocks are many of them in danger of becoming extinct for want of a sufficient supply of well-trained, well-educated pastors. And this is the subject of all others to which we feel ourselves imperatively called to invite your most serious attention at the present moment." The Bishop then proceeds to appeal to his flock to come forward in a new and self-sacrificing spirit, and rescue the district from this last lamentable evil; and he then lays before them the subjoined plan:—

"1. That every pastor take means for collecting from each family of his flock, above the working class, one penny per week; and from each family of the working class one penny per month.

"2. That in every chapel a box be provided, inscribed with the words 'Seminary Fund,' to receive the voluntary and casual donations of the well-disposed.

"3. That the faithful be instructed, on suitable occasions, that there is no more substantial way of benefiting religion in the Eastern District, than by supporting the 'Seminary Fund' by donations and legacies; these being the means by which the Church of God, both at home and abroad, has been mainly supported.

"4. That persons of independent fortune and property in the district, whether resident or non-resident, be earnestly requested (and this request is hereby most respectfully made) to appropriate such annual sum for the 'Seminary Fund' as they may judge proper, intimating the same to us, that we may know how far to venture in increasing the number of our ecclesiastical students.\*

"5. That this fund be applied solely to the purposes of ecclesiastical education, by the Bishop, assisted by the advice of three of his clergy, to be appointed at our next clergy meeting on the second Tuesday in July.

"6. That this plan be forthwith put into operation, and its proceeds be brought or sent to us at the next clergy meeting, as our wants are urgent and imperative.†

\* "At present our only sources of supply for missionaries consist of four presentations at Doway, two at Rome, and four at Oscott; though we grieve to say that at Oscott, where our best hopes were accustomed to centre, owing to the pressure of difficulties, we are requested to forego our full claim, and have at present only two students at St. Mary's."

† "We have reason to be grateful in our district for a special exemption among



“7. That an exact statement of receipts and disbursements shall be laid before the clergy at their annual meeting.”

We cannot too earnestly call attention to his Lordship's suggestions.

The *Second Annual Report* (for 1849) of the *Missionary College at Drumcondra, Dublin*, gives a most satisfactory account of the condition of the college in pecuniary matters, and in the number of its students. A more truly apostolic institution, both in its objects and in the spirit by which it is guided, does not exist in Christendom. Since the beginning of the present scholastic year, *ninety students* (a larger number than at any previous time) have been assembled in the college; the buildings have been considerably enlarged, and the establishment *has not run into any debts*. May it long go on and prosper! The Report gives some interesting extracts from the missionaries sent out by the college; among the rest one from the priest resident at that hell upon earth, Norfolk Island.

As the month draws to its close, the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, in the matter of *Gorham v. the Bishop of Exeter*, is calling forth a swarm of pamphlets, with leading articles innumerable in the newspapers. Now that it is ruled by the highest court in the Establishment that the Anglican Church does not *teach* Baptismal Regeneration, the powerful party who have hitherto so zealously maintained that she does teach it are thrown into inextricable confusion. What will be the result no one knows. The Bishop of Exeter has advertised a Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, which will probably be a “sign” for those who are resolved to hold fast their preferments at all costs. In the mean time every *honest* Anglican must be seriously contemplating secession from that body which has formally disowned, as her own, one of the great articles of the Christian faith; and though, while we are writing, no one has yet *done* anything, there are visible tokens that some at least must do fearful violence to their convictions if they do not speedily come forth from the self-condemned Establishment. Mr. Maskell, whose first pamphlet we have already noticed, promises his second after Easter. Mr. Dodsworth has preached and printed a sermon, in which he forcibly shews that the Church of England ever has taught, and now teaches more prominently than ever, two contradictory systems of doctrines; he owns himself convinced that it was the *intention* of the Reformers to leave baptismal regeneration and sacramental grace generally to be “open questions;” he calls this decision a “mortal wound;” and conse-

the clergy from the ravages of fever and cholera; but in the ordinary course of nature disease and death must diminish our numbers. We lament to say that, at present, one new mission is more or less abandoned, and two of our congregations are without pastors; and our hope of remedy, at present, must be in the kind but precarious assistance of strangers and foreigners.”

quently asserts that nothing but the *immediate* decree of a new article to declare that they are *not* open questions, can save the Church; and he describes the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council as practically a remarkably fair court for deciding as to what *is* the law of the Establishment. Of course, if Mr. Dodsworth knows what his words mean, and understands that a *mortal* wound absolutely *kills*, and consequently that his Church is now actually at the point of death, if not already dead, he has but one course left. Let us pray that he may have grace to follow that course faithfully to the end.

The remarks of the various Protestant newspapers, from the *Times* downwards—or upwards—are among the most curious of recent ecclesiastical phenomena. A few sentences from some of the most choice are worth preserving.

“We apprehend,” quoth the *Times*, “that nothing has been said or decided in the course of these proceedings which can impugn the faith of the Church in this doctrine; and that however Mr. Gorham’s opinions may be grafted on the peculiar interpretation of an Article, those of the Bishop of Exeter rest upon the broad ground of orthodoxy. The Church of England has from the dawn of the Reformation, and still more under the great Protestant reign of Elizabeth, combined the *spiritual element* of Catholic tradition with some of the great principles of the continental reformers. Seeking rather to include the several shades of opinion which might arise from the exercise of the right of private judgment, than to exclude all variations from the standard of rigorous orthodoxy, she laid no claims to universal despotic power over conscience, because she laid no claim to infallibility. This decision of the Privy Council has altered nothing in the policy of the Church or in her teaching. It is an undoubted fact that, for the last three centuries, one portion of the clergy and the laity has inclined more to the views of the Calvinistic school, and another to the *secular traditions* of Catholic theology. The Lords of the Council have wisely shewn no disposition to narrow the *sacred* precincts of the Church of England, or to decide this important question upon a mere point of personal fitness or conduct. This decision has, in all probability, saved the Church and the country from a great calamity. As the matter stands, the orthodox doctrine of the Bishop of Exeter will be professed by the majority of English Churchmen, without suffering any disparagement from the fact that a minority in the Church continue, as they have done for centuries, to lay peculiar stress on a clause in the Articles admitting *the same efficacy in the sacrament of baptism*, but by different means of operation. The Church of England is not an independent, absolute, and self-governing body; but, like every other institution of this country, its powers are divided and limited by the other institutions of the realm. We fully acknowledge, and, if need were, would joyfully defend, her just rights and prerogatives; but we are satisfied that she could pursue no policy so fatal to her own interests, and to the welfare of this nation, as to

throw off her connexion with the State and to repudiate the conditions of her own existence." From this precious article we suspect it would puzzle even the Privy Council Committee, or Dr. Pusey himself, to extract an intelligible "view."

The *Morning Chronicle's* notions on the latitudinarianism of the Church of Rome should be contrasted with the reflections of the *Daily News* on the system of the same Church. "We may be permitted," says the former, "to say, without derogating in the slightest degree from the respect due to the Supreme Court of Appeal in Causes Ecclesiastical, that the anxiety with which this judgment has been awaited by many persons of very opposite opinions, appears to us somewhat overstrained. We have had much talk of possible secessions on the one side, and probable revolt on the other; and the public is much mistaken if these rumours have not created some apprehension in the minds of the Judges themselves. Yet what, after all, is the real effect of the decision, and what is the Court which has pronounced it? Six gentlemen—one of them a Presbyterian, the rest wholly unfamiliar with the branch of learning, some knowledge of which was obviously necessary to enable them to understand the question, and to grasp and balance the arguments—sat to determine whether Mr. Gorham had or had not a right to be instituted to the rectory of Bramford Speke. The judgment reflects the imperfections which the public eye had already detected in the constitution of the Court. It breathes a sage caution. It betrays a conscious incapacity and a wise distrust in its own authority. It limits the action of the ecclesiastical tribunals of the country by a rule which is at any rate broad, simple, and intelligible, viz. that whilst the Church prescribes, as the only test of fitness for institution, the subscription of certain articles and the adoption of certain formularies, a clergyman who subscribes the one and adopts the other may claim institution from his Bishop, although it may possibly turn out that he holds some abstract opinions not easily to be reconciled with the standard he accepts. The judgment just delivered errs, if at all, on the side of toleration. What it decides it decides only by avoiding a decision. Now, it is surely impossible for any one who takes a large, real, and practical view of the characteristic aspects of our times, of the situations and circumstances of the English Church—nay, let us add, of the Catholic Church throughout the world—to doubt that a tolerant and comprehensive spirit is, upon the whole, a proper and necessary feature of this particular stage of her eventful history. The Church of Rome knows this right well. With the practical sagacity that never yet deserted her, *she shuns rigid standards, definite tests, and dogmatic declarations of the fundamental doctrine, and leaves an ample latitude to the eccentricities of individual opinion.*"

And thus speaks the *Daily News*: "While the great efforts of the Roman Church have been to follow out the old idea of defining more strictly the limits of doctrine, the idea distinctly visible in the operation of all other Churches has been that of allowing more space to



the exercise of individual speculation. The Council of Trent fenced round every old-established doctrine of the Church with jealous care, and brought in many doctrines which had before floated loosely on the waves of ecclesiastical controversy, marking out their positions and limits; while the Protestant council of Augsburg was careful to free the ancient definitions from much of their rigidity and inflexibility." After this, the same authority informs its readers that the doctrines (which it evidently means when it uses the word "decrees") of the Council of Trent were rejected by the King of France and many other Catholic princes.

The *Morning Post* is vexed, but says there is nothing in it after all. The *Morning Herald* is well satisfied, and thinks the judgment condemns Mr. Gorham's dogmatism as well as the Bishop of Exeter's. The *Globe* thus describes what would have happened if the judgment had been more stringent either way, by declaring the doctrine of baptismal regeneration either to be the *only* doctrine of the Establishment, or to be *forbidden* by the Establishment: "After making every allowance for the cooling influences of reflection, there can be no doubt that a directly adverse judgment would have induced a large number, either of Evangelicals or of Puseyites, to quit the pale of the Anglican Establishment. No consummation would have been so gratifying to the conquerors. The Privy Council would have been bespattered with nauseous laudations for having vindicated the purity of our faith, and cast out the accursed thing. We should have had a virtual repetition of the most scandalous scene in the ecclesiastical history of England, when certain lessons from the Apocrypha were appointed to be read in churches, on the avowed ground that the Puritans would *not* join in them; and the Savoy Conference closed while one man of God tossed his cap into the air with the cry, 'Hurrah for Bel!'—in allusion to the story of Bel and the Dragon, the canonicity of which document his party had successfully maintained. But where would all this have ended? The conscientious secession of Mr. Newman's followers, a few years ago, and the example of the Free Church, warn us that a large body of pious though it may be narrow-minded men would have ceased ministering to their flocks; and the applause of a few hot-headed zealots would have poorly compensated for the withdrawal of the inestimable services which these intended victims will, happily, still render towards dispelling the vice and ignorance of the nation."

The *Patriot* (Dissenting paper) says, "So far as regards the bishop and the vicar, we cannot but feel satisfaction that the persecutor is foiled, and that the tables are turned against him. The refusal to institute Mr. Gorham into the living to which he had been presented we can regard in no other way than as an arbitrary and malignant proceeding; and we should have viewed it in the same light had the diocesan been of Low-Church principles and the vicar a Puseyite. We may and we do think that Bishop Philpotts is, theologically, the more consistent in his dogmatic views as a Church-of-England man, while Mr. Gorham's notions are of that indistinct, *medio-terminal*,

casuistical, *pseudo-charitable* description which results from an effort to evade difficulties rather than from a clear perception of truth. Nevertheless, he had done nothing to merit being victimised by his crafty and spiteful inquisitor. As a judicial decision, therefore, not a theological one, we must regard the judgment pronounced as not less equitable than politic." The *Record* is delighted, and forthwith sermonises, as it is wont. The *Guardian* (the chief High-Church paper, a clever journal, and, in morals, on a level with the *Times*) comforts itself with the belief that the Church of England has got over worse things before! To the question, "What is to be done?" it thus replies: "It is not astonishing, under the present anxious circumstances, that the very eagerness of Churchmen should somewhat obstruct their union in any one accurately defined object or determinate course of action. A few days must be allowed us for collecting our thoughts and clearly understanding each other. We see little ground, however, for doubting that a few days will accomplish this object, and that all those who are now vaguely anxious for a means of protest and resistance, will soon find themselves ranged together for the accomplishment of one acknowledged purpose by one combined movement. Meantime, however, there is no reason why any one should be idle. The question is one with which no one is too great or too small to meddle; and it is by the action of every earnest Churchman within the sphere of his own influence that it must be brought to a successful issue. It is for a bishop to move his diocese; for an archdeacon to convoke his archdeaconry; for a priest to rouse his parish; for a layman to stir any circle in which he lives; in order that each knot or aggregate may enter their protest against the past, and their claim for justice in future. And especially the Universities are bound, as we trust they will not be unready, to place themselves in the front rank, and give the weight of their authority and example to the rising movement. If all will stir, the motion will soon assume order and unity. None who will throw themselves into the line of battle need fear but that they will find their place in it. One word of a practical kind. It is most necessary that the Church should disclaim that indifferentism respecting a cardinal Christian doctrine which is fastened upon her by her so-called Court of Appeal. To those who wish, means are not wanting of doing this by the adoption and publication of resolutions; by addresses to their diocesan, their metropolitan, or their sovereign; but this, though necessary in itself, is, after all, but exhibition. The real practical point to be kept in view is the abolition of the present Court of Appeal in matters of doctrine, and the substitution of some body, whether synod or convocation, or a judicial committee deriving its authority from one or the other of these bodies, which, with the sanction of Parliament, shall represent and carry with it the authority of the English Church. This point once gained, all will follow which we have a right to claim, but which the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Privy Council refuse to grant us, which is simply this—that no English clergyman shall, under

the protection of the English law, contradict the doctrines of the Church from which he derives his commission." The *English Churchman*, a more amiable publication than the last, and sharing its theological views without its ability, is thus mildly bewildered: "The two Archbishops have declared their opinion that baptismal regeneration is an open question. The Bishops of London and Exeter have declared the contrary. If we take this as an index of the general opinion of the English Bishops, the judgment of the Bench goes for nothing; one party neutralises the other. This is inconvenient and perplexing. Churchmen naturally look with deference to authority; and when that authority fails them they feel distressed."

Of a still lower grade than the newspaper articles is a pamphlet by Mr. Irons, the vicar of Brompton, in which he professes to believe that the great work of the "Reformation" was to re-establish the supremacy of the Church, in place of the royal supremacy, which was the curse of the Church before that event! "Charity," says St. Paul, "believeth all things;" but Charity herself cannot believe that Mr. Irons is sincere when he says *this*.

The new Catholic penny periodical, *The Lamp*, has just commenced publication. We have time but to wish it all the success it merits. Its object is *most* important.

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## Correspondence.

### THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

*To the Editor of the Rambler.*

JESU CHRISTI PASSIO.

*Benedictine Convent, Winchester, Feast of S. Gregory,  
Apostle of England, March 11, 1850.*

DEAR SIR,—I write this third letter as an explanation of what I said in my last. I have to thank one of my friends, who kindly warned me that it was supposed by some that I meant to maintain that the heavy scourges which have fallen on Ireland during the last few years were a punishment for their not having answered as I wished them my appeals in behalf of England. He remarked, that I myself admitted (and most truly I do admit and loudly declare) that their doing so would be a national act of heroic charity; and was it reasonable to suppose, that such terrible public chastisements could be brought upon a nation merely for not embracing a course of perfection which an individual thinks fit to propose to them? I allow that at first sight what I said might appear to have this meaning; but I did not intend it. I beg to call attention again to the course of reasoning which has been in my mind. If there is



any defect of sound logic in my conclusions, I desire to be corrected, and shall thank any one who will do it. If, on the contrary, it appears that my conclusions are reasonable, I entreat, not only that they be approved, but that those who approve will also zealously embrace the cause which I advocate.

I went to Ireland in 1842 to beg prayers for England's conversion. I found Ireland in a state, if I may so say, of astonishment at herself, with new life, new hopes of happiness, such as had not shone upon that people for centuries, resulting from the grace of temperance which God had so marvellously given her. I took advantage of this for my purpose, maintaining that God had given Ireland this benefit not merely for the improvement of her temporal prosperity, but for greater ends, namely, that she might do something great for Him; and that if some such return of gratitude was not made Him for so immense a grace, it might be feared, or rather it might be confidently expected, that He would be displeased, and would permit her to fall under the same bonds as those from which she had been delivered, or worse. I had not the thought of his visiting the neglect with temporal punishments; but suffering the people to relapse into drunkenness and its accompanying vices, or to lose their simplicity of heart and become worldly-minded and proud and covetous—the too frequent consequence of temporal prosperity, if not carefully improved to the honour of God. This thought was not altogether a spontaneous one of my own. It corresponded with what I had heard to be the sentiments of the Dublin clergy, who, as I observed before, had been in 1840 looking with fear at the prospect of the national happiness which seemed to be approaching; and with what I heard myself in 1842, namely, that the people seemed already to be losing some of their liberality; it being observed in some places that, in proportion as their circumstances had been improved, the collections which were made among them for charitable purposes, instead of increasing, as of course they ought, were growing less. I do not remember that, at that time, it ever occurred to me, that perhaps even the faith of Ireland might be the point on which she would suffer for her neglecting to improve the grace given to her in the temperance movement. This idea has now been often in my mind; but not till I had received earnest requests from more than one of the Irish clergy, who honour me with their friendship, to join in prayers for the preservation of the faith in Ireland, which they were begging as I had begged prayers for England; and this, because that faith was actually in danger from the attacks of Protestant emissaries, who never before had gained such influence as they were now doing in some quarters of the country. It was not, therefore, temporal chastisements, but spiritual, which I then said was to be feared, if they did not profit by the grace of temperance; and now that such fearful temporal chastisements have visited them, I have not interpreted these as punishments, but as incalculable mercies, as the very means by which Almighty God has preserved the people thus far from infinitely

greater evils, namely, some of those spiritual evils under which rich and prosperous England lies bound, and which might otherwise have fallen on Ireland. One of my friends, who understood me as asserting that Ireland has been visited with temporal plagues for not taking up the cause of England's conversion, has asked me how I can account for the fact that other countries, as Belgium, for instance, have not been so punished for the same neglect. Now, supposing he had understood me correctly, I might still say that Almighty God had a right to expect more from Ireland than from other countries, because no other country now existing has received at this period such a grace as He has bestowed on Ireland; and if I even maintained that Ireland was handled more severely than other countries, though the neglect in corresponding with my calls were alike in all, yet I say herein nothing injurious to Ireland, but the contrary. I should only be pointing out Ireland as pre-eminently God's chosen people. There is an expression at the conclusion of my last letter which I conceive may have contributed principally to its being understood as I have said it has been—I allude to the sentence where I ask, if the Irish will now rise to the work, or put Almighty God to the trial whether He can find some other temporal scourge for them, or restore to them temporal happiness and take from them their faith? Even in this sentence I did not mean to assert that they are punished for neglecting my call. To explain this, I will state what passed the year before last between me and a gentleman in Dublin, who holds an office of importance under Government, and is highly esteemed for practical wisdom and experience. He was lamenting over the deep distress of his country, which appeared past all remedy. The loss of the potato-crop alone, he was saying, might be estimated as a loss of about fourteen or fifteen millions annually. I took occasion from this remark to press my cause. I said, if this be the case, there is surely no hope but from some extraordinary succour from Almighty God. There remains one remedy, and only one; that is, to make an appeal to Almighty God such as He cannot reject: and I propose an appeal to his generosity, by a national enterprise of heroic charity such as must subdue Him, and open on this people the treasures of his bounty and power; and this is the conquest of England for his Church and for Himself. This enterprise I was proposing in 1842, as the means of securing the blessings then enjoyed, and completing their full measure; now I propose it again as the means of obtaining the removal of the calamities which now are fallen on the country, or of averting the infinitely greater calamity of these evils being exchanged for spiritual evils, such as wise lovers of their country apprehend as actually threatening her.

I must not trespass longer on your kindness, and must postpone to a future number, if you will permit me, the explaining further the reflections which crowd on my mind, when I think or speak on this subject.—I am, your faithful servant in Jesus Christ,

IGNATIUS OF ST. PAUL, Passionist.

# The Rambler.

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#### To Correspondents.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

All communications to the Editor must be *postpaid*.

# The Rambler,

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

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PART XXIX.

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## PROSPECTS OF THE ANGLO-CATHOLIC PARTY IN THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

THERE are seasons in the lives of us all which not merely influence but actually give being to our whole future destinies. Every moment, indeed, has its own definite power upon every moment that succeeds it. Not a transient thought is willingly entertained in the mind which does not leave its mark upon it, so that, in a certain sense, its results are felt even throughout eternity. But far more momentous are the consequences of those peculiar times of crisis which, at one period or other, occur in the history of every human being. By these, not only is his future life coloured, its very direction is decided. Upon them it depends whether the actual end of his existence shall be fulfilled, or whether his destiny shall be such that it would have been better for him if he had never been born.

Such also is the fate of parties. Their true tendencies and essential natures remain for a long time disguised and undeveloped. They neither know themselves, nor does the ordinary spectator of their movements know them. Whether they are sincere, or self-deceiving, or conscious hypocrites; whether they have a firm grasp of the truths they profess and put forward, or are the sport of the phrases and specious sentiments which are their watchwords; whether, in short, they are true men or false; all this remains for a while undetermined. At length a combination of circumstances arises which tests them to the quick. They find themselves unexpectedly called to decide upon some momentous question which searches them to the very depths of the soul; and according to their decision at that solitary moment their future course becomes one of victory or of contempt and rapid decay.

Such is the position of that remarkable school in the Established Church of England which has taken its stand against the vulgar Protestantism of the day, on the ground that it is a true representative of the Catholic Church of Christ, uninjured by Romish corruptions. Apart from the details of separate doctrines, they have maintained the great truth that our blessed Lord established one holy, visible Church upon earth, and that it is by the instrumentality of this Church that He not only hands on the knowledge of revealed truth to the successive generations of men, but that He also conveys that spiritual assistance without which even the Word of God itself is powerless to save the soul. This belief in the true, proper, distinct office of the sacraments as the channels of saving grace has been from the first the essential difference between the High-Church and the Low-Church schools, between the Anglo-Catholic and the Evangelical, between those who lean most upon the Prayer-book and those who glory in the Thirty-nine Articles.

The doctrine of baptismal regeneration is thus very justly felt by both parties to be the keystone of the Anglo-Catholic system. If grace be not necessarily conveyed to an infant in baptism the whole system falls to the ground; the Church is no longer, as a church, the channel of grace, for the efficacy of that very ordinance by which souls are admitted to its privileges is denied, and the sacramental and Church system is a falsehood. In a word, Anglo-Catholicism is unmingled nonsense unless the doctrine of baptismal regeneration be recognised as its first and unquestioned element. Accordingly, this doctrine has ever been the battle-field of the two contending parties. Dr. Pusey's tract on Baptism was attacked by the Evangelical school with all the energy and perseverance of which Protestantism is capable; and it was, in its substance, defended by the Oxford school as the very citadel of the Christian Church. From the first, the Low-Church party asserted that a belief in this doctrine *logically* led to a submission to the Church of Rome; whilst its defenders, though protesting against such a deduction, as loudly asserted that it was the keystone of the *true* Catholic system, as held by the Church "before the division of East and West."

And now, at length, by the direction of Divine Providence, it has come to pass that this very doctrine has been repudiated by the highest authority of the Established Church. Not on any minor point, not on any distinct question of doctrine, not on any matter of ecclesiastical discipline, but in this turning-point between the two systems, the Privy Council has decided that it is lawful in the Church of England to



deny the faith of Jesus Christ. Whatever be true as a matter of revelation—for the question tried has not been, whether baptismal regeneration was taught by our blessed Lord—this one thing is now laid down beyond all power of appeal, that the doctrine is not a matter of faith for the members of the Established Church. The Anglican Church, by her highest recognised judges, whose authority compels obedience from her Bishops and Archbishops, has in the strongest possible terms denied that she *teaches* the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. She has not forced her ministers to *deny* the doctrine: she declares it an open question, on which she has no more message from God to her children than on the subject of eclipses or the Latin subjunctive mood. As a Church, she knows nothing at all upon the whole matter; the question is of so little importance that it is not necessary for her to make any definite decree; her Articles and Prayer-book are so framed as to exclude any decision upon it; her prelates and clergy may, if they please, teach in every pulpit in the land that it is logically impossible to believe in baptismal regeneration without believing the whole creed of the Church of Rome.

Considering, further, what this doctrine is, and the position it holds in the Christian system, this decision of the Privy Council is practically a denial of the doctrine altogether. If the doctrine is not distinctly taught, it is virtually condemned. It cannot be shelved as a trifling matter of opinion. If the Anglican Church makes it an open question, she practically disowns those claims as a Church which, without this doctrine, are ridiculous. If she is in doubt whether *baptism* conveys regenerating grace, she is in doubt whether *she herself* conveys regenerating grace, for it is only by baptism that she *can* convey it. It is the very foundation of all her claims, if she is really what the Anglo-Catholics assert, and which they have hitherto declared to be the grand reason for their remaining in her body. They speak of her as “the Church of their baptism,” and now she tells them that she has no doctrine whatever on the subject of this very baptism itself. She was the channel by which they were engrafted into Christ and delivered from the wrath of God; and now her highest tribunal informs them that, whether or not they really received these unspeakable gifts through her, *she* knows nothing about it. Whether they were born of her, she cannot tell; they may be her spiritual children, or they may be foundlings. In fact, she is totally ignorant as to her own nature and office; whether she can save men’s souls, or whether they must save themselves. She enjoins them to be baptised, but what they will gain by it she cannot inform them. An infant may be brought to her for

baptism, and the clergyman who officiates may term it an edifying ceremony, while the bishop who ordained him may term it the channel of regeneration; *she* can only shrug her shoulders and profess her ignorance, and applaud both clergyman and bishop as her obedient ministers and as orthodox messengers from Almighty God to fallen man. It is only by *asserting* the doctrine of baptismal regeneration that the Anglican Church has, in the eyes of the Anglo-Catholic school, the faintest claim upon the attachment of her children. They utterly disown her rights to tyrannise over them unless she is their spiritual mother. If she is a mere national association of individual Christians, or a sect founded by a separatist from the true Church, she has no more right to their love and obedience than the Wesleyan Conference or the General Assembly of the Scottish Kirk. For her to come forward and treat them as her *subjects*, while she refuses to claim them as her *sons*, is a mixture of the despotic and the ridiculous, deserving the anger of God and the contempt of man.

Accordingly, with all the want of theological precision which belongs to Protestantism, the High-Church party have from the first *felt* that this decision must be to them a matter of life and death. Some few, more profound than the rest, have perceived that whatever were that decision it could but bring into clearer light the antichristian royal supremacy in the Established Church; but the majority have been content to anticipate an orthodox decision, regardless of the constitution of the tribunal, provided only its judgment was in their own favour. Wilfully or unconsciously shutting their eyes to the fact that the doctrine of baptismal regeneration has been denied by an immense number of their fellow-Churchmen ever since the Reformation, and flattering themselves that the Establishment is in very deed a divinely-created body and the channel of sacramental grace to their souls, they have persuaded themselves that it was impossible that the Church could actually disown so sacred a verity, or could even tolerate its denial in her authorised ministers. And now that the blow has fallen, and that Establishment for whose sake they have sacrificed so much, for whom they have resisted the arguments of Rome, have cast off their old and long-loved friends, have consented to be tyrannised over by the State and silenced by heretical bishops,—now that this very Church professes her utter unconsciousness of all maternal relationship, and coolly permits her 15,000 clergymen to say whatever they please against the institution of Jesus Christ, they can scarcely realise the position in which they are placed, or contemplate the consequences which *ought* to follow upon their previous

declarations. Whatever be the case in certain individual exceptions, this is the true state of probably many thousands of minds who are more or less under the influence of the Anglo-Catholic theory. A vague feeling of uneasiness, sorrow, and foreboding has suddenly entered into their souls; they know not where they are or what they are. Conscience pricks them, the world tempts them, the ties of blood and friendship bind them; Rome opens her arms to embrace them, but they are terrified and confounded even while most fascinated; one respected name among themselves has one theory, another has another; one person calls them restless if they speak of moving, another calls them proud if they speak of consistency, a third condemns them as enthusiastic if they hint at renouncing this world's goods; within and without all is perplexity, anxiety, and terror; in their secret souls they know that there is one and but one refuge for their aching hearts, but they cannot fly to it, they dare not, they think they should be deceived; they are restrained by old fears and ugly names; they turn their bewildered eyes over the whole Christian world, and fain would find some resting-place where a less sacrifice would be necessary, where their former conduct will be less rigorously abjured, where earthly friends will tolerate their sojourning; while still a voice whispers that awful word "ROME" in their ears, and conscience and reason together reply that if Rome be not the true home for the trembling soul, then is there *no* gospel of salvation remaining among men. Their hour is come; the hour when they must take their stand for God or for the world. The delusions of past years are vanished; she upon whose breasts they have hung and sought for nourishment has set them coldly upon the barren earth, and tells them that *she* has nought wherewith to feed them; nothing that can deceive an honest mind now remains to puzzle them or make them hesitate, the "Church of their baptism" knows nothing about baptism itself; if they now prefer to abide with her, it must be for the sake of worldly lucre, or through the ties of flesh and blood, or through fear of man, or because they have no true sense of sin, no living faith in God, in judgment, in heaven, and in hell. Their hour is come, their part must be taken; they must listen to the voice of her who has never ceased to claim them as her own because they were baptised into *her* in their infancy, or they must be content, while they possess their livings, their houses, their friends, and the applause of one another, to be trodden under foot by their fellow-countrymen of all creeds as men who dared not follow out their own convictions, and who, when the time of trial came, preferred the world to eternity.



The Anglo-Catholic school is, indeed, from this time, extinct in the nation. Its adherents can no more hold up their heads and face their fellows as honest Christian men. Its pretensions will be scouted, for it will be clear that they are not founded in sincerity, in those thoroughly *religious* convictions which make us, if need be, to be martyrs. Catholics, men of the world, Evangelicals, Dissenters, all with one voice will point to its adherents with scoffs and derision, laughing at their claims to be respected, and hearing the vain fallacies by which they strive to elude the effects of this tremendous decision as mere illustrations of the pertinacity of hypocrisy and of the boundless varieties of self-delusion by which man can persuade himself that he is serving God when he is merely following his own will. Hitherto something has been to be said for many of this school. They have been brought up to venerate the Established Church as the spouse of Jesus Christ and their loving spiritual mother. They have been kept in total ignorance of the claims of Rome, and her children, her practices, and her doctrines, have been alike misrepresented to them. They have heard little but ill spoken of those who have deserted Anglicanism for true Catholicism. Those whom they were naturally led to venerate, and whose virtues they knew, bade them love and obey the Church of England. Everything conspired to postpone any decision respecting her abstract rights. If she did not lovingly guide, and teach them, and encourage them, and was not *all* that they looked for in the Bride of Christ, at least she permitted them to love her with a child-like tenderness; she did not mock at the ordinances which they held so dear; she did not force upon them the conviction of her unworthiness, or repudiate her maternal claims. But this is so no more. The Anglican Church treats the very doctrine on which her claims on their love are based as an immaterial matter of private opinion, smiles at their uncalled-for zeal and self-devotion, and advises them to go about their business and shift for themselves—for as to sacramental grace, she knows no more about it than she knows of galvanism or electricity or any other of the mysteries of natural science. It is impossible to evade the decision of the Privy Council. It has made the claims of the Establishment as a Christian Church and the channel of grace not merely inconsistent but absolutely ludicrous. Self-deception is no longer possible for an Anglo-Catholic. The question is solely one of conscience. If he fears God and is resolved to save his own soul he must come out from that body which has formally disowned all title to his affections.

Nevertheless, this singular school is more busy than ever

with its devices, its pretences, and its "reasons." With all the outwardly seeming religiousness of the High-Church party, so few—so very few, we fear—are determined to do their duty at all costs, that too many are already prepared with some self-deluding trick of argument by which they hope to elude the destroying force of the Privy-Council decree. The most popular of these fallacies is based on the idea that the decision of the Court of Appeal is not binding upon the consciences of the established clergy because it is a lay court, and that nothing less than a convocation of the Anglican Church is competent to decide the question. The mere allegation of such a plea is sufficient proof that Church-authority and Church-government are in the *minds* of Anglicans empty sounds. Men who were familiar with the acts and decrees of a *living* Church could never be so completely the slaves of high-sounding windy phrases as to mistake so transparent a fallacy for a valid argument. They who urge this pretence forget that the question before the Privy Council was not one as to what *ought to be* the doctrine of the Anglican Church, but as to what *is*. The Council was called upon to fulfil a duty which ever was and ever must be fulfilled by the deputies of a supreme legislative authority. No other system is practicable, either in secular or spiritual things. A kingdom, whether earthly or ecclesiastical, is preserved in its integrity by a twofold power, one legislative, the other administrative. In the English realm the Sovereign and Parliament make the laws, but the judges administer them, and, with the rest of the legal profession, state what those laws, as at any time existing, really are. In the Christian Church, as a whole, the supreme legislative authority (whatever that may be) enacts the laws, declaring what is the revealed will of God, enjoining such and such doctrines to be received by the faithful, and laying down certain rules of discipline. If at any time any individual, whether bishop, priest, or layman, puts forth any opinion which is supposed to be contrary to these laws thus laid down, but which he himself asserts to be in harmony with them, the Church herself does not forthwith meet in council to decide the difficulty; her regular tribunals, ending with her ultimate court of appeal, decide the matter. Her bishops do not profess to declare what men ought to believe, or to make new laws for the Church; they simply decide what *is* the law, hearing advocates, if they please; and when the highest court has decided, the question is for ever settled. Whether the individuals who are called in as a council of advisers are laymen or ecclesiastics is, so to say, an accident. Their rights to advise do not emanate from their

own personal character, but purely from that authority which called for their opinion. So, too, a synod of bishops claims no infallibility, no power to bind men's consciences. Its office is declaratory and administrative; and if its decisions are ultimately not only legal, but infallible, it is because the highest court of appeal merges in the office of the Supreme Pontiff.

And such, if the constitution of the Anglican Church is not a confessed farce, is the office of the Court of Arches and of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. When a doubt arises as to whether any one doctrine *is* the doctrine of the Established Church, the question is first tried in the former court, and, on an appeal, is carried to the second, upon whose decision the Queen proceeds to act. The parallel between the proceedings of England and Rome is so far complete. The Anglican Church, apart from the State, makes her Articles and draws up her Liturgy, and when these are sanctioned by the Queen in Parliament they become the doctrine and laws of the Anglican Church. At the same time the same authority constitutes certain courts to administer these laws, viz. the Archbishop's Court, and above it the Queen in Council. This latter reports to the Queen what *is* the law of the Anglican Church, and upon its declaration the Queen acts; and every clergyman and prelate in the Establishment is COMPELLED to obey her Majesty's final decision or to leave the Church of England. In the same way the Catholic Church has her councils, her acts, and her decrees, which are administered by her prelates in their courts; supreme over which is the Pope, the head of the Church, whose decisions are absolutely final. No Roman Catholic ever dreams of impugning the decision of the Pope as to what *is* the law of the Church, whatever may be his personal opinion as to the infallibility of the Pope; for the whole Catholic Church in council has formally recognised the Pope as the ultimate court of appeal, and the only trustworthy exponent of the doctrines of the Church as they are. It matters not whether the Pope is infallible or not; just as in the Church of England it matters not whether the Queen is the source of jurisdiction or whether she derives her authority from a convocation: the Council of Trent has recognised the papal decision as binding, and the Anglican Church has recognised the Queen's decision as binding. The duty of all Catholics is the same, whether they be of the Gallican or the ultramontane school; they must, and they do, accept the papal interpretation of the dogmas of the Church. And the duty of all Anglicans is the same; whether they are Erastians or Puseyites, they must and do accept the



royal interpretation of the dogmas which they are bound to teach. If any Anglican clergyman now asserts that the Church of England teaches the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, he asserts a falsehood. The Church of England, by her highest court, has asserted that she does not teach it; and no honest man who possesses the *mens sana in corpore sano* will dare to allege the contrary.

That, however, they who urge this strange plea, and deny that the Queen in Council represents the Church of England, do not in many cases really believe what they say, is shewn by their efforts to obtain the establishment of some different court of appeal, which they hope will decide in their favour on the doctrine of baptism. It suits their convenience to remain in the Establishment, and therefore, for decency's sake, they agitate for a reform. Meanwhile, of course, though they will not see it, they are every hour pledging themselves to what they know to be false, and deliberately denying that the Church of England teaches the same doctrines as the Primitive Church. The difficulty is not postponed by any possible hope or prospect of a change. At this moment every one of her clergy are so absolutely bound and forced to *obey* the Queen's mandate, that, if they believe that mandate to be contrary to the word of God, they have no alternative but instantly to leave the Anglican communion. All their protesting, all their complaining, all their zeal for truth, does not alter the fact, that every moment that the Anglo-Catholic clergy are receiving their ecclesiastical revenues, they are doing so on false pretences. The crisis has *come*; the Anglican Church *has* declared herself: it is an undeniable fact that, if any clergyman were now to teach that she *does* assert that every baptised infant is regenerated, he might be brought by his bishop into the Court of Arches, and the judge of that court would instantly condemn him, and, if he refused to be silent, would forbid his ministering any longer in the Church of England. Let any Anglo-Catholic who doubts the fact, and is yet an honest man, make the trial. Let him openly preach that the Church of England *does* distinctly teach baptismal regeneration, and let him, having so done, *formally* call upon the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Archbishop of York to put him into the Court of Arches, and try the question in his case. Does any man suppose that Sir Herbert Jenner Fust or any other judge would take five minutes to give judgment against the Quixotic believer in the orthodoxy of Anglicanism? Is there a proctor or a doctor in Doctors' Commons who would give him the shadow of a hope of success? No! the land may ring with the protestations, and appeals, and reforming-

schemes of High Churchmen, but is there one of them who will dare to put the matter to a really practical test, or who will prove his honesty by risking his tithes, his parsonage-house, and his worldly position against the decision of that Privy Council upon which he expends the flood of his impotent wrath?

But, even supposing it were lawful to utter falsehoods for several months or years, in the expectation of being permitted to speak the truth at the expiration of a certain period, does any one really believe that the Queen will yield up her royal supremacy, or that any new court of appeal will be established which will guide its decisions by the doctrines of the ancient Church? Has Queen Victoria shewn any signs of a wish to renounce her papal pretensions? Will the present or any future House of Commons permit the established clergy to legislate for themselves, or even to administer the ecclesiastical law independent of the Royal and Parliamentary will, so long as they retain the revenues of the Establishment? Is the prospect such as to justify a man in risking his eternal safety upon its fulfilment? Is not the bare idea of such a result beyond the limits of things to be gravely anticipated? Is any Anglo-Catholic who professes to hope for such a change believed to be sincere in his professions? Is it not clear as the noon-day that these professions are a mere self-deceiving device for stupefying the conscience and palliating the guilt of falsehood? Would any man risk a hundred pounds, or twenty pounds, or five pounds, as a wager that in five years the decision of the Privy Council will be declared *not* to be binding upon the Anglican clergy? It is humiliating to be compelled to meet such allegations with even the semblance of argument. It is like fighting a man of straw, to reason with persons who pretend to believe such manifest impossibilities. We can scarcely so far restrain our mingled indignation and scorn as to enter into serious argument with men who can unblushingly rest their claims to be orthodox Christians on such phantoms of the imagination. Let not those who make these professions talk any more of zeal, and self-denial, and humility, and love for the Fathers, and veneration for the ten Commandments; let them no longer attack the Lutheran doctrine of Justification by Faith only, now that they seek to be saved through Justification by Hope only; away with their cant about the "Church of their baptism," and the blessedness of humility, and the arrogance of Rome, and the holy lives of Anglo-Catholic prelates and divines, and the "signs of life" which they see in their schools and churches, and books of stolen devotions: henceforth they appear in

their true colours, as men of the world, decent, respectable, well-dressed, liberally educated, professionally correct, amiable at their fire-sides, precise in their language, and fulfilling with propriety the duties of this life; but as for being of that material of which Saints and Martyrs are fashioned,—as for being prepared to *give up* this world in order to win the next,—as for being sincere Christians and thoroughly honourable men,—it is vain to claim the glory an hour longer; they have taken their side, and neither God nor man will tolerate them more.

Meanwhile, if there is one amongst them whose heart is not merely filled with vexation but stricken with Christian fear lest he dishonour Almighty God by double-dealing, for him the path is clear. She who is his true mother has never ceased to yearn for his embrace from the first moment when he was stolen from her bosom and consigned to the hired mercies of one who has now disowned all maternal claims. Though the Anglican Church has declared that she does not walk in the steps of the Primitive Christians, there is yet a Church of Christ remaining upon earth; and the poor famishing soul is not left to wander to and fro upon a desolate world, and then to die the death of a dog. While the subjects of Anglicanism have been vainly striving to convince their mistress that she was indeed the mother of their spiritual existence, that loving Church from whom they *did* receive that regenerating grace, which is, perhaps, the only blessing they ever possessed, has been stretching forth her arms to win them back, and at this moment is knocking at the door of their hearts, and in the name of Jesus Christ bidding them open to the full tide of her pardon and her love. Why, oh! why will they still make themselves strange to her? Do they not know that the Church of Rome, while she disclaims all jurisdiction over the unbaptised, regards every man who has been validly baptised\* as *her child*, though now disobedient? If they have grown up separate from her visible communion through purely unavoidable ignorance, and have not by any mortal sin forfeited the blessings of regenerating grace, she regards them as really living members of the *Roman Catholic Church*, though they may think themselves members of some

\* For the information of our non-Catholic readers, it may be worth while stating that the Church of Rome regards every baptism as valid in which the person baptising pours water upon the head (that is, not merely upon the hair) of the person baptised, repeating *at the same time* the words, "I baptise thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," and having also the intention to do by that act whatever our Lord Jesus Christ enjoined when He instituted the sacrament of baptism. Such a baptism is valid, even though the person baptising be a Protestant of any kind, a man, a woman, or a child.



Protestant community. Never for one moment has she disowned them, even though they have disowned her. Never has she viewed them in any other light than as her own spiritual offspring, though stolen from her after their new birth. She loves them with all and more than all the ardent tenderness with which an earthly mother clings to the memory of a child whom she has lost in its infancy, and who has passed all its after life among heartless strangers, who have exacted from it obedience while they gave it no affection. She would as soon think of denying the Divinity of her Lord and the atonement by which we are saved as of renouncing her maternal claim to the affection and service of *every* baptised person however estranged his heart and bitter his ignorant malice against her from whom he derived his spiritual being. "Can a woman forget her infant, so as not to have pity on the son of her womb?" Yes, of a truth the natural mother may turn from her own flesh and blood, even as the Anglican Church has nought but riches and chains for those who call themselves her sons; but she, in whom resides that Lord of mercy who can never forget his creatures, will never forsake one soul of all those millions who in their infancy receive their new-birth through her invisible power, though they repay her love with mockings and insults, and in their delusion would fain be guilty of the crime of matricide.

Little indeed does the Protestant world know of the true impulses which lead Catholics to strive so ceaselessly to win Protestants back to the fold of Christ. They imagine that it is party-spirit which moves us, that we are wild after gaining "proselytes," that we yearn for a despotic spiritual and temporal dominion, that our chief principle is a hatred of Protestantism, that we pant for the revenues which once were ours, that we are eager for the glory of making "converts." They forget what it is that *we* mean by a "convert," and that the only "conversion" we care for is such a conversion of the soul to the love and fear of Almighty God as shall open a man's eyes to the snares of Protestantism and bring him to the feet of his Lord where alone that Lord is to be found. They fancy us a vast, well-disciplined army, banded together by some sort of worldly ties, marshalled under our stern commanders, and sent forth to battle with our fellow-creatures and to drag them by every means, fair or foul, to join our own *party*. Little do they know that the only bands which bind us are the cords of love, and that it is a desire for the salvation of our friends and fellow-countrymen and for the glory of God which impels us to rest neither night nor day till we have—not, as they say, brought them *over to*, but—brough

them out from darkness to light, from sin to holiness, from slavery to freedom. Such, indeed, are our desires for every human being alive, Jew, Turk, infidel, or heretic; but most especially is it our feeling towards those who, naming the name of Christ and not rejecting all his sacraments, baptise their children in their infancy with a valid baptism. Especially upon those who, coming of parents of the Anglo-Catholic school, are doubtless generally validly baptised,—upon these we have a double claim, and we feel a double interest in their welfare. We yearn for their souls as the souls of our brothers in Christ, though, like the prodigal son, they have spent the best years of their life in a foreign land. Unlike that elder brother in the parable, who murmured when the repentant prodigal was welcomed with joy and feasting, we rejoice over their return to the home of their infancy, to the Father of their salvation, and the Mother of their new birth. With reluctant hand the Church indeed repeats their baptism with a conditional form of words, because unhappily, and this *on their own testimony*, the sacrament is sometimes so ignorantly administered by Protestants as to be rendered valueless; and as it is generally impossible to ascertain what has been the fact in any individual case, it is the usual practice of the Church to baptise conditionally all who come to her. This the Church of Rome does, *because she believes in the doctrine of baptismal regeneration*. But still, as a matter of probability, there can be no doubt that an immense number of children in the Established Church are really regenerated in baptism, and therefore we cannot but love them in some sense as fellow-Christians, and speak to them with a more confident hope of being understood than if they were undoubtedly the unregenerate offspring of Heathenism.

And most of all does this fraternal regard arouse those who have themselves been converted from Protestantism to seek to win their still-wandering brothers to their only true home. The sincere Anglo-Catholic may be assured that those who have already renounced that system to which he still clings are among the most zealous for his conversion, not from a vulgar abhorrence of Protestantism, but from a peculiar affection for those whom they have left behind. It is commonly said that the zeal of converts is proverbial, and that this zeal is a mere natural reaction of the mind against that party which they have forsaken. And, doubtless, converts to the Catholic Church are as liable to the infirmities of bad human nature as other men, and are as far as possible from professing to be free from any taint of those lower motives which mingle with the actions of all but the perfected saint.

But it is a groundless error to suppose that any such inferior or unworthy motives are the moving principle of those converts who strive for the conversion of their former fellows. They strive for it and pray for it, because they know by experience what it is to be a Protestant, even of the best sort, and what it is to be a Catholic; because they sympathise with those who are still unconvinced, and appreciate the difficulties that surround them, and give them credit for sincerity when most men would think them conscious hypocrites; because they have learnt that all their own prejudices about the Church of Rome were the effects of long-standing ignorance, and that it is really impossible even to comprehend her doctrines and system until the mind is within her fold, and practically obeys and loves her. If they cry aloud, and utter strong and harsh expressions, and describe in bitter terms those practices and opinions which once they held sacred, it is because they have acquired so vivid a perception of their intrinsic hollowness and soul-destroying tendencies that they cannot restrain the spirit within them, or always adopt the most conciliatory and cautious course of action. They denounce Anglicanism in every shape, because they have discovered its deceptions, and because they have learnt what it is to fly to the embrace of the true Mother of the soul; but it is from honest, hearty, friendly, brotherly love for *Anglicans* that they shew no forbearance towards the theory which enthralled them, or towards that gigantic Establishment which has nothing but husks with which to feed its slaves.

To every Anglo-Catholic, then, who is now staggered, bewildered, and terrified by this recent decision of the Privy Council, we say, You have hitherto yielded to the Church of England a willing love and obedience, because you accounted her the channel of grace to your souls. You respected her, and rejoiced in her ordinances, because you thought yourselves regenerated through her act. You have accounted her the "Church of your baptism," and have repudiated all thought of deserting her, because you believed her to be your spiritual mother, at once the instrument of your salvation and the voice of God proclaiming to you your mysterious privileges, and shewing you what you must do to be saved. Now at last your eyes are opened, and this Church solemnly and distinctly disclaims the sacred relationship. She does not positively deny that you were regenerated by the baptism which she gave you; but of so little moment does she esteem the subject, that she tells you that you may believe just what you please respecting that sacrament of your new birth. If you choose, in the exercise of your own free will, to look



upon her as your spiritual mother through baptism, well and good; she is happy enough to receive your *obedience* on any hypothesis. But if you deride the whole notion of a new birth derived from her as the channel of God's grace, well and good also; *she* makes no claim to be your mother, she only wishes to be your ruler. Whether or not you were regenerated by baptism, and so made her children, she assures you is a mere question of curious speculation, not of divine revelation and of fact. Your love, your enthusiasm, your heroic determination to stand by her unto death, are all very pleasing romantic refinements of sentiment, which you are perfectly welcome to entertain, if so it pleases you; but *she* is too practical, too sensible, too Protestant, to hamper herself with any such subtleties of feeling. She is a Church made for working, for the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries; she is an Establishment, and must not pledge herself to any thing that may be inconvenient; she is *judicious*, like the great Richard Hooker. Such is her practical recommendation to you, and such the freezing consolation she gives you in your misery.

And while she thus complacently puts by her maternal title, another stands by, with sad and loving gaze watching you, praying for you, and longing for the hour when you will recognise in her your true and only mother, who gave you that birth you have been wont to attribute to another parent, and who, amidst all your blinded rebellion, has never ceased to claim you and to love you as her own. If you *were* regenerated in baptism, if the sacrament of our blessed Lord was not made of none effect through the ignorance or evil intention of its administrators, if in your infancy you were made children of God, and brothers of Jesus Christ, and inheritors of heaven, it was by virtue of *her* faith, *her* power, *her* Lord and Master. Jesus Christ gave you to her, and to her alone, to nurse, and to feed, and to educate to spiritual manhood. Though you have known it not, you were made her children, and from her sacred body flowed forth every grace that has ever been yours. If in your earliest childhood you lived as pious Christian children, strong in your faith in God and Christ, while your elders were gone back to the world's deadness and unbelief; if as you advanced to maturity a mighty and invisible hand was long time with you, restraining you from sin, cooling the fires of youth, and carrying the Word of God home into the depths of your souls; if for years and years you were free from mortal sin, while through invincible ignorance you lived apart from your true mother's embrace; if now that ignorance is still the fruit of circumstances alone, and you have never willingly shut

your eyes to the truth, and have been preserved from quite falling back into the service of Satan; if a voice still pleads with you, and whispers that glorious, awful word ROME in your trembling ears, while your heart responds with a scarce conscious quickening of its pulsations, and you feel yourselves drawn, at once willingly and anxiously, to one whom you love in secret notwithstanding all your terrors; if at this moment you are daily crying to Almighty God, "Lord, save me!" like Peter when he walked on the water to go to Jesus;—all this is the fruit of your new birth *into* that one Church of Rome, who is not only the mother and mistress of all churches, but the mother and mistress of your souls. You know not her, but she knows you. You shudder and fly when she bids you run to her arms, but she watches you still, and forgets not the children of her love. She is mysterious and awful to your trembling sight; but would she be the representative of the Almighty God if she were *not* mysterious and awful? "All the glory of the King's daughter is *from within*," even as the glory of the King Himself is a life-giving radiance to his children and a consuming fire to his foes. None but those who love God can comprehend Him; and none but those who love his Church, the Church of Rome, can comprehend her.

Why will you not take counsel from those who have long since made trial of her power and virtue, and fled from that communion which they discovered to be no mother to them? Ask them what Rome has been to their souls; whether she is a tyrant, superstitious, enslaving, loving ignorance and cruelty, deceitful, dishonouring God through overmuch worship of his saints;—ask them whether she has not satisfied their utmost desires—at once humbling and elevating them, filling them with penitence and with joy, and proving herself in very deed the instrument employed by God for their salvation. They will tell you that in proportion as they have yielded her a more unquestioning, loving, and filial *obedience*, so they have found her truly *maternal* office more abundantly made clear. The more simply they serve God in an exact following of her direction, the more marvellously does the filial character of their relationship display itself. Grace, in her, is an inexhaustible fountain. When it flows in a scanty stream, it is because they seek it grudgingly and hesitatingly; when they give all that they have, and all that they are, to her service, they are inebriated with the torrent of new wine that gushes forth into their hearts.

Why are they to be treated as deceivers, as rash and headstrong men, whose words are of no worth, and whose

testimony is untrue? *Why* should they deceive their ancient friends? Why, if they have been themselves deceived, and have found themselves in the chains of a tyrant when they expected the embraces of a mother, why should they continue willingly in their bondage, and devote their whole lives to bring others to share their misery? Are they *all* enthusiasts, *all* rash, *all* proud, *all* foolish, *all* incompetent judges, *all* governed by party spirit? It is impossible. And yet they all agree in their testimony. One says one thing, and another another. Individuals retain their natural characters. Each has his faults as well as his virtues. Each has his own favourite arguments, and rests most upon the proofs that are to himself the most convincing. Each has his own cherished devotions, and is peculiarly attached to some one or other of the holy works of the Catholic Church. But in two things they all agree; they all have found the Church of Rome far different in reality and within from what they expected to find her; and whatever were their anticipations of the various relations she would assume to their souls, they have found that a mother's love is the ruling power over all.

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## THE LIFE OF FREDERIC HURTER,

AUTHOR OF THE LIFE OF POPE INNOCENT III.

*From the French of A. St. Cheron.*

[Concluded from p. 335.]

### CHAPTER IV.

Hurter's visit to Rome—His stay at Pavia—Impression produced by the relics of St. Augustin—His arrival at Rome—Audience with the Holy Father—Last struggles—Conversion—Abjuration—Baptism and first Communion.

In the June of last year, when the translation of *An Account of the Institutions and Customs of the Church in the Middle Age* was published, I concluded the preface in these words: "God, we doubt not, will open the treasures of his mercy (as we with all our heart entreat Him to do) upon him who has laboured, struggled, and suffered in defence of the Church; and this grateful Church will have the happiness of receiving him into the number of her most faithful, most beloved, and glorious children."

Twelve months after, almost on the very day, this wish was realised, and the Church gained another son. On the 29th of February, 1844, Hurter set out for Rome, and while



at Pavia he felt a most longing desire to see the famous relics of St. Augustin. "Sometimes," says Bossuet, "God inspires sinners with certain remote dispositions which, when carried out into action, end in their conversion." The body of St. Augustin, which was kept securely locked up, not being exposed to the veneration of the faithful, except on certain solemnities, Hurter met with some difficulties; but God, who had reserved for this great bishop the honour of giving a decisive blow to his heart, removed all obstacles; for scarcely had he come in presence of St. Augustin's body, when a strong emotion came over the mind of our traveller; the brightness of an internal light dissipated the clouds which still hid from him the truth, and he felt ready to embrace it. This, however, was but a preparation.

After his arrival at Rome, Hurter was deeply moved by all that he saw in that noble city. The beautiful and affecting history of Catholicism and apostolical tradition were brought before his eyes in those institutions and monuments so well described in that recent work of the Abbé Gerbet, which forms a sublime epic poem.\* Hurter became acquainted with persons of distinction, and throughout the Lent and the Month of Mary regularly attended the sermons of the learned religious Ventura. Several times those with whom he was staying noticed that he was much affected when he came back. He was likewise greatly touched by the majesty of the Catholic worship. Nevertheless, he was on the point of leaving without manifesting any internal change; he was about to return to Germany, though with the intention of one day revisiting Rome and accomplishing what his heart desired. Before his departure he wished to be presented to the sovereign Pontiff, and was strongly affected by these words, so like those of a father: "When," asked the Pope, "shall I be able to call you my son?" "One day," replied Hurter. But he departed:—who can answer for the future? that future of which God alone, who almost always punishes severely those who slight his grace, is the master.

The last struggles took place in Hurter's heart. The devil clung so much the more violently to his prey as God seemed to redouble the motion of his grace to effect the deliverance of this poor soul. How well did the great saint, whose sacred relics Hurter had lately beheld, understand, and describe in moving and energetic language, the distress, the tortures, the groans, and struggles of the heart under the final effort of triumphant truth:—

“Thus did I suffer, and thus was I tortured; accusing myself with unusual bitterness, twisting and rolling in my bonds, until I had entirely burst that chain which held me only with a feeble link. Thou, O Lord, didst urge me on in the recesses of my heart, and thy merciful severity scourged me with repeated blows both of fear and of shame . . . for I said within myself, ‘Forward, forward; no more delay:’ and my heart was in union with my words. I was on the point of doing something, yet I did it not. Then did I strive, and was but a hair’s breadth from reaching the object of my desires, and attaining and holding it; still I held it not, nor even touched or came near to it; uncertain whether to die or to live, I allowed myself to be governed by evil, the companion of my childhood, rather than by that which was better, to which I was a stranger. The nearer I approached that ever-vanishing moment, when my very being was to undergo a change, the more panic-stricken I became; neither brought back nor taken away, my steps were suspended.”\*

At length, during the anxieties of this terrible struggle, Hurter exclaimed in the words of Fenelon: “O Being infinitely perfect! if Thou art truly so, and knowest the desires of my heart, shew Thyself to me; remove the veil which hides thy face from me; preserve me from the danger of not knowing Thee, of wandering far from Thee, and of losing myself amidst vain thoughts in my search after Thee. O Truth! O Wisdom! O Goodness Supreme! if it be true that Thou art what Thou art said to be, and that Thou made me for Thyself, suffer me not to belong to myself, but to Thee, whose work I am. Let me behold Thee; shew Thyself to Thy creature.”\*

When that night of anguish was over which followed the day of his audience of the Holy Father, Hurter arose with a great calmness and serenity, which every one remarked to be unusual since his stay in Rome, though formerly they were habitually on his mild and agreeable German countenance. The next morning he hastened to a Swiss ecclesiastic, a friend of his, who was chaplain in the Pope’s palace, and said to him: “I have made up my mind; do me the favour of going to the Holy Father, to know his pleasure on the subject of my abjuration, which I am desirous should take place as soon as possible.” The Pope assigned the next day but one, and appointed Cardinal Ostini to receive his abjuration.

On the 21st of June, the feast of St. Lewis of Gonzaga, Hurter received baptism and confirmation in the room which

\* Conf. liv. viii. ch. xi.

† Lettre 1<sup>re</sup> sur divers sujets de Métaphysique et de Religion.

was formerly occupied in the Roman College by that angelical youth. Dr. Wihmann, who, twenty-one years before, on the same day, and in the same room, had made his abjuration stood as a sponsor to our new convert. Hurter then went down to the church of St. Ignatius, where, for the first time, he received the holy communion, in company with from 1100 to 1200 of the students of the college. "I will not attempt," says an eye-witness, "to describe the feelings of the assembly attracted by that festival, when they saw this celebrated Protestant doctor humbly submitting his reason to sublime and holy mysteries, and in the midst of these youths bowing down his head, grey with age and meditation. After communion, our new convert, who till then had remained outside the balustrade, was introduced into the sanctuary, and knelt before a *prie-dieu*. It was then that I was edified with his profound recollection, as I was yesterday with the joy with which he spoke to us of the great favours which God had just bestowed upon him. We went, in company with Father Ventura, to pay him a visit in the apartment which he occupied in the Quirinal, near his fellow-countryman and friend Monseigneur Custen, almoner of the Swiss. With tears in his eyes he embraced us; and when we begged him to favour us with some of his own handwriting, he inscribed these words, 'Grace is all-powerful,' with the date, June 20, 1844, and his signature, Dr. Hurter." In order to complete this description, I publish the letter which was written at Rome on the very day of the ceremony by the Abbé H. de Bonnechose, one of the converts and disciples of the Abbé Bautain, now one of our most distinguished preachers. It will be observed that Providence seems ever pleased to associate France, by means of some of her worthiest representatives, with all the most remarkable receptions into the Church which occur at Rome. It is still fresh in our memories, that the Abbé Dupanloup was one of the witnesses and the eloquent orator at the abjuration of Maria Alphonsus Ratisbonne. The following is M. H. de Bonnechose's letter, which has been already published in the *Univers* :

Rome, June 21, 1844.

My dear friend,—I have just been present at a most affecting solemnity, and my mind is still filled with the impression I received. The illustrious biographer of Innocent III., Hurter, with his hoary locks, made his first communion to-day, in company with the Roman youth who assembled in the spacious church of St. Ignatius to celebrate the feast of St. Lewis of Gonzaga. You recollect how his complete conversion was desired; how near it appeared to be, and yet how



it was deferred. At length God darted his last ray of grace into the heart which awaited it; and this decisive grace was given at Rome. It does not become me to make known the details, which belong to Hurter alone, and which I believe he intends shortly to publish.

I will only mention, that, on his arrival in Italy, he went to Pavia for the purpose of seeing the body of St. Augustin. Objections were made at first, but, having overcome these, he soon found himself in presence of the holy relics of the Bishop of Hippo. There issued from them, as it were, a sudden light, which dissipated the darkness of the doubts and prejudices in which he was still enveloped. The scales fell from his eyes, and the sublime embodiment of Catholic truths appeared to him in all their divine splendour and unity. His mind was convinced, but his will remained weak. Being shortly after introduced to the sovereign Pontiff, who asked him when he might number him amongst his children, Hurter made answer in an hesitating tone, and put off till the following year the fulfilment of the resolution which he had made in his heart. However, a friendly voice, the voice of a religious and priest famed throughout Rome for his eloquence and piety, recalled to his mind these words of the holy Bible, "Delay not to be converted to the Lord, and defer it not from day to day" (Ecclus. v. 8). He told him that little dependence was to be placed on the future, and that truth once discovered must be embraced and confessed. Hurter, much affected, then left him, and on the morrow had information conveyed to the common Father of the faithful that he was desirous to be called one of his children, and that he was prepared to make his abjuration. Cardinal Ostini was appointed to receive it, and the preparation was soon made, for during thirty years it had been going on. It has been said by the most august lips in the world, that Hurter, in this important case, was not a catechumen but an apologist. Two days ago the abjuration was made, and to-day all was ready for the communion. The spacious nave of the church of St. Ignatius was most magnificently ornamented in honour of St. Lewis of Gonzaga, around whose virginal tomb the faithful prayed in silence. The students of the German College, of the Roman College, and an immense number of youths from other educational establishments, and of every grade, occupied the open space between the entrance and the sanctuary. Here did the venerable Cardinal Ostini celebrate the holy sacrifice, and here, alone and on his knees before the communion-table, between the altar and the close ranks of the youths who filled the edifice, might be seen the aged patriarch of the

council of Schaffhausen, the historian and apologist of Innocent III. I had the good fortune to place myself at the foot of one of the pillars in the choir, where I could fix alternately my eyes upon the altar and Hurter buried in deep meditation. Tears fell abundantly from my eyes. How shall I describe all this spectacle! You should have been present in order to understand that interior joy so deep and solemn with which we were filled by the presence of God, manifesting, by these wonders ever new, the youth and fruitfulness of his Church. How long a time has He waited for this soul! How many ways has He prepared for him! How He has assisted him to break through the thick darkness which environed him from his cradle! And now behold this venerable old man receiving his God in company with young Levites, with children who had scarcely passed the threshold of life! O Lewis of Gonzaga! O Innocent, supreme Pontiff! what looks of complacency did you not cast upon this glorious conquest of the Church, and what smiles at her triumph! As for myself, in my admiration of the ways of Providence, in rendering this upright soul a captive to the sweet yoke of truth, I involuntarily applied these words to that day's office: "The Lord conducted the just through the right ways, and shewed him the kingdom of God, and gave him the knowledge of the holy things, made him honourable in his labours, and accomplished his labours" (Wis. x. 10). Yes, Hurter's soul was upright, and God hath conducted him by the hand, and hath shewn him his kingdom on earth, which is the Church of Christ, and the chair of Peter, where He sits and speaks and reigns in the person of his vicar. In spite of a false education, He hath given him understanding and a knowledge of his doctrine and divine mysteries. Finally, He hath inspired him to undertake a labour whose object was to render homage to a misrepresented Church, and to justify a calumniated Pontiff: labours which He hath blessed with life, and made to produce immortal fruits. "He hath made him honourable in his labours, and accomplished his labours."

Overflowing with joy, I wished to share it with you; and therefore I had scarcely returned home when I hastened to write these few lines, which I beg you to accept as another proof of my esteem and affection.

H. DE BONNECHOSE, *Apostolic Missionary.*

It was not without a special design of Providence that Hurter was conducted to the capital of Christendom to make his solemn abjuration; for if it was just that the learned historian, who restored the fair fame and glory of the Papacy in

the person of one of its most illustrious representatives, should in Rome be admitted to the grace of reconciliation, it was likewise just that the honour and joy which accompanied this great triumph should be reserved for that Church which is the object against which so many writers who are opposed to Catholicism direct their attacks. Finally, if the ceremonies of Hurter's abjuration, baptism, and first communion, were performed in an establishment of Jesuits, in the church of St. Ignatius, and on the feasts of St. Francis Regis and St. Lewis Gonzaga, it was just that such a consolation should have been reserved to the holy and renowned company of Jesus, appointed by God from its very foundation to be exposed to insult, calumny, and violence from those who seek to weaken, enthrall, and ruin the Catholic Church.

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#### CHAPTER V.

Hurter returns to Switzerland—Rise of the Protestant population—Hurter's address to his fellow-citizens.

When Bossuet heard of Lord Perth's conversion, he wrote to him as follows: "Your conversion has filled heaven and earth with joy, and I cannot tell how many pious souls have shed tears on your account; for it is evident that this is the work of God's hand." This was not the only resemblance between Hurter and the illustrious Anglican convert; for the furious populace attacked Lord Perth's hotel, and pillaged and burnt all that came within their reach. In the same manner the populace of Schaffhausen, according to their ideas of liberty of conscience, were determined to imitate the proceedings of their fellow-Protestants of the 17th century. The report of Hurter's return having been spread throughout Schaffhausen, July 15, 1844, an immense crowd made towards his house, uttering loud threats. However, as they soon heard that he had retired to the abbey of Rheinau, the immense crowd dispersed amidst shouts of "Down with the Jesuit!" and "Liberty for ever!" Thence, they presented themselves before the house of Professor Zehnder, a man well known as a Protestant Radical, whom they cheered. This popular fury manifested itself with still greater violence on the night of the 16th, which caused a proclamation to be issued by the town-council, who attributed the two outbreaks to a number of strangers and students. In case of their repetition, the council made known their intention of ordering troops from Klettgau to occupy the town. The report of these shameful insults



to his family having reached Hurter in his retreat, he published in the *Church Gazette* the following declaration, addressed to his fellow-citizens :

“On the 19th of this month (July 1844), during my stay at St. Gall, I was sensibly affected by the report of the attack made upon my family ; when I not only figured to myself the dangers to which they were exposed, but I was grieved at the injury inflicted on the fair fame of my fellow-citizens by a few rebels and ignorant persons, in company with students and strangers. Yes ; such behaviour as this I considered as an attack against the good name of a town for whose honour and prosperity I have laboured much. Not satisfied with offering this insult to my wife and children, they went so far as to insult in a most gross manner my brothers, who, as it would not be difficult to prove, were entirely ignorant of my intention to enter the pale of the Catholic Church, and had never exercised any influence on my resolve. If there is any one who is desirous to know my reasons for entering the Catholic Church, I am prepared, with the Apostle, to tell them, and give an account of the faith which is in me. To have resisted God’s will and the inspirations which for the period of four years He had favoured me with, would have been the highest pride on my part. Moreover, being accustomed to give my opinion on every question and under every circumstance in an open manner, regardless of human respect, even when I ran the risk of injuring myself, I would not have demeaned myself so low as to conceal the deep conviction which had ripened in my soul, or appear different in the eyes of the world from what I am in reality. I would have spurned the idea of concealing within my own breast that which can only acquire its value by being published to the world as the only conduct worthy of a Christian. It was not the wisdom of man which dictated these words : ‘ He who shall confess Me before men, him will I confess before my Father.’ Yet, if I wish to speak on this subject according to the language of men, I could insist, like others, upon exercising that liberty which is said to be the supreme and unalterable right of our nature, especially in a matter like this, where man can be responsible only to God, and where no human authority should have sway over him.”

In laying before you, dear reader, the conversion and trials of our new brother, I seek our mutual edification by recalling to your mind the words of those immortal geniuses who have clothed heavenly thoughts in such eloquent terms. Allow me, therefore, to repeat and apply to our dear and illustrious convert those beautiful words of Bossuet, when he speaks of the happiness of converts who suffer for Jesus Christ :

“ Bear your sufferings for the love of holy Church ; for if the favour which God has bestowed upon you, of being brought to the one faith, was not accompanied with some loss, it would not appear so precious in your eyes. Unite yourself in spirit to the happy company of those who have suffered for the truth, and who have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb without spot. As often as you are in trouble and affliction, and shed tears, after having embraced the faith, so often do you wash yourself in the blood of your Saviour Jesus, so often do you wipe out your sins, and come out of that sacred bath with immortal beauty.”\*

With regard to ourselves, as French Catholics, I will say with Bossuet, writing to Lord Perth, “ May the Holy Spirit send down his abundant graces upon the Catholics amongst whom you live ; that they may not imagine that to stand courageously by their religion is all that is required ; but that, according to the example which you, my Lord, have set them, they may shew their faith by good works, and that they may learn from you to respect apostolical institutions and the holy hierarchy of the Church.”†

Have not the courage, equanimity, and resignation with which Hurter has borne the trials above mentioned, merited for him that eulogium which Bourdaloue once made upon some new converts ?

“ When we consider the zeal of certain converted sinners, the progress which they make in the ways of God, and the intercourse which they have with God, it would appear enough, says St. Augustine, to excite the jealousy of the most pious, and almost make them complain to God as did the elder brother of the prodigal son to his father, but that they are more interested for God than for themselves. O wonderful effect of repentance, which is able in some sort not only to put the sinner on a level with the innocent but even to raise him above them ! It is in this sense, and literally, that, according to the expression of the Gospel, the angels rejoice over the conversion of one sinner more than over the perseverance of ninety-nine just.”‡

\* Sermon on Charity to new Converts.

† Miscellaneous Letters, cxxiv.

‡ Sermon on the Conversion of Magdalen.

## CHAPTER VI.

Hurter's letter to the author — Statement of the motives which led to his conversion.

A few days after the disturbances which took place in his native town, Hurter did me the honour of addressing to me the following letter :

Sir,—Very frequently whilst at Rome, and especially on the day of my reception into the Church, I thought of you and all my other friends in Paris ; pictured to myself what great interest you and so many other Catholics in heart and soul would take in the news of my conversion ; I fancied in my own mind with what joy you would be filled. Although neither yourself, nor any of those whose acquaintance I had the happiness to make in Paris the preceding year, could be present at the ceremony of my abjuration, nevertheless France was represented there, particularly by the Abbé Gerbet, and M. Mecieux, grand vicar of the diocese of Digne. The congratulations which I received from the representatives of your country did not, however, make me forget the feelings of so many distinguished persons and friends, known and unknown, who have expressed sincere wishes for my salvation. All, and the Holy Father in the first place, observed that my entrance into the fold of the Church might be regarded as the reward of my conscientious labours. I send you some particulars on the motives of my conversion. This will shew you that the Divine grace removed the obstacle which I feared the most, and which at first appeared to me the most insurmountable ; I mean, the voluntary consent of my wife. From the first, her opposition was very slight, but in the end she warmly approved of my resolution.

The lower classes, being irritated and excited against me by the press and by certain Pietists, made an attempt to prove, by a furious *charivari* and other excesses, that I had betrayed my religion and the town. These proceedings were repeated for two evenings, and in such a manner that not only the police but the government were obliged to take serious measures of repression. While these things were taking place, I was in quiet retirement at Inspruck, a fact which shews that these attacks were directed only against my wife and family. Instead of reproaching me with these disorders, my wife spoke of them with the most perfect tranquillity, and even the most imperturbable serenity. In this I see cause for rejoicing, in this I behold the grace of God already operating in my wife's soul ; and I trust that it will complete what is already begun.



Yielding to her advice, and that of my brother, I stayed for the first few days in Rheinau Abbey, whence I issued my address to my fellow-townsmen. A few days after I returned to town; I passed and repassed through the streets without being annoyed or insulted, or less respected than before.

As, according to the expression of Cardinal Micara, the young man who receives the priesthood signs his death-warrant, so he who enters the Church ought to be prepared to undergo tribulation. *Omnes qui pie volunt vivere in Christo Jesu, persecutionem patientur*, says St. Paul; but resignation together with the prayers of the true members of the Church supply a supernatural degree of strength. \* \* \*

*From my heart and in Jesus Christ crucified,*

Your very sincere and devoted friend,

F. HURTER.

Schaffhausen, August 2, 1844.

I will here conclude this plain account by the statement mentioned in the preceding letter. This will serve as a recapitulation of all the facts recorded in the above pages: it will shew the way pursued by Hurter, and the effects produced by the Divine grace in his understanding and soul; and will be read as one of the most open, clear, and energetic professions of faith which have ever been produced by a heart reconciled to God and his Church.

*Hurter's Exposition of the Motives which led to his Conversion to the Catholic Church.*

The course of study which I was obliged to follow for the composition of my *History of Pope Innocent III.* had drawn my attention to the wonderful structure which distinguishes the edifice of the Catholic Church. I was delighted with the contemplation of the wonderful influence possessed by that long succession of Sovereign Pontiffs, all worthy of their high position; and I admired the vigilance with which they guarded the unity and purity of doctrine.

In juxtaposition with these facts appeared the changeableness of Protestant sects, their miserable dependence on the State, their internal divisions, and the spirit of individualism which submits matters of doctrine to the unlimited analyses of critics, the rationalism of theologians, and the liberal interpretation of preachers. As regards myself, in the position of preacher, and afterwards of spiritual director of a Protestant canton of Switzerland, I looked upon myself as a sentinel charged with the duty of guarding a post half

lost, which he is obliged to defend with a firm and courageous resolution, and by every means in his power. It was with this intention that I wished to uphold with the most inflexible firmness all the fundamental dogmas of revelation, such as the Trinity, original sin, the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and the redemption. The whole course of my instruction, both as preacher and professor, was directed against every attempt of Rationalism. I therefore seriously applied myself to strengthen and maintain the surviving remains of true doctrine. However, at this time the special object of my studies was directed rather to the external than internal Church, to her history and constitution rather than to her dogmas. At the same time, my religious convictions were already shocked to see the fraction of Protestants to which I belonged reject altogether the devotion to the Blessed Virgin; whether it was that her very existence was made no account of, or that she was looked upon as the same as any other mother, and simply as a pious woman. From my earliest years, without having sought to instruct myself on the matter by reading, without having entered into any discussion, without knowing any thing in particular of the Catholic doctrine concerning the Mother of God, I was already penetrated with feelings of inexpressible veneration for her. I looked upon her as the advocate of Christians; and from the inmost recess of my heart, and in the secrecy of private life, I addressed myself to her. In the Protestant pulpit it is allowed to reject altogether whatever dogmas of Christianity the founders of Protestantism have thought proper to retain; whilst the wish to preserve or re-establish what they have rejected, would, without a doubt, meet with great opposition and severe censure on the part of Protestants. However, I attempted to direct attention to the Virgin (for such is the title given to her even in the Confession of Augsburg), and to recal to the recollection of my co-religionists the high signification of the title of Mother of God. To go beyond this was not possible in the particular position in which I then found myself.

In 1840 this improper question was put to me, "Are you truly a Protestant or not?" a question which arose, not from any thing connected with my public duties, but exclusively on account of my *History of Innocent III.*, and my journey to Vienna.\* I refused to answer this question, because they sought rather to know what I did not believe than what I did. If, on the contrary, they had asked me if I was a Catholic, I would at that time have answered by a decided No. My re-

\* See above.

fusal excited a complete storm against me, and ingratitude, limited ideas, a narrow-minded pietism, envy, revenge, and political hatred, were all united against a single man, who, on his side, defended himself vigorously.

To speak my real sentiments, I at this moment believe that I am indebted to my enemies, now that the fruits of justice and peace are ripe; for I now perceive in those struggles which were then so painful to me the salutary means employed for my conversion. Convinced that God from my tenderest years has been pleased to lead me, though by such intricate ways, to the object to which I have attained, I now, at this happy moment of my life, look upon the storm which was raised against me as my signal and impulse to the course which I have followed from that time, sustained by a fixed and firm will.

I fell sick, together with all my family, and two well-beloved daughters were snatched from me by the hand of death; and whilst in several Swiss Catholic convents prayers were being offered up for the recovery of my children, Pietism indulged in a cruel joy, happy to be able to pierce a father's heart with a triple-edged sword. I then felt thoroughly convinced that with such people there could be no truce, unless on the condition of submitting one's neck to the yoke of a wretched blindness. Could I hesitate about making a choice? No, I rejected dignities, places, and revenues, and returned into private life, disgusted with a sect which by Rationalism is subversive of every Christian dogma, or by Pietism tramples morality under foot. Up to this period, however, I did not believe all the doctrines of the Catholic Church. But is it likely that four years in the life of a serious man who is fond of study, and has time to pursue it, would be allowed to pass away without either progressing or retrograding? No one could suppose such a thing. The truth is, that the directions which Divine Providence had given to my mind had caused me to make progress which my private studies had aided. I will not say that individuals influenced me either directly or indirectly; nevertheless, a light shone upon me, and every day the path which I was treading became more distinct. In the course of my studies I had to consult numerous works on the origin of the so-called Reformation, its causes, the means employed to establish its dogmas, and its influence on politics, particularly in England. Even in my own neighbourhood proofs were not wanting to shew the fury with which Rationalism is animated against the Catholic Church, whilst at the same time it leaves Protestantism undisturbed, or, rather, seeks an alliance with it in order to compass the object which is common



to them both, viz. the destruction of Catholicism. In the course of my studies I was struck by another remarkable fact, viz. that when Catholic nations have entered the path of political revolutions, they have it in their power to pause, and to re-organise themselves, whereas Protestant nations cannot stay themselves in the midst of their headlong movements; that Catholic nations, when carried onward with revolutionary delirium, recover much sooner from this social disease than Protestant nations, and the latter in proportion as their hostility to Catholicism diminishes.

The sight of the struggles which the Catholic Church goes through in our times, and throughout the world, had a decisive influence on my mind. I compared the moral worth of the opposite parties, and the means of combat made use of by both. Here, I beheld in the front ranks of the enemies of the Church, the Autocrat, in whom are found the cruelty of a Domitian and the craftiness of a Julian; there, political Pharisees, who emancipate the blacks and enslave white men, because these latter are Catholics, and under a harder yoke, and in dreadful misery; who traverse every sea, that with one hand they may in vain attempt to propagatè the Gospel, and with the other furnish the discontented with arms. In one country (Prussia) we may behold the employment of a cunning and perfidious diplomacy in order to effect the fusion of Lutherans and Calvinists, the better to annihilate the Catholic Church; in other parts of Germany, ministerial despotism, inspired by the audacious and impudent doctrines of Hegel, make use of spies, *juges d'instruction*, fines and imprisonment against the priests who are faithful to their creed. In France, the Deputies use every artifice which an inexhaustible eloquence can suggest to impede the rights of the Church, and the Government makes desperate efforts to uphold a legislation, the offspring of the worst revolutionary passions; whilst there prevails a civilisation created by journalism, the idolatry of material interest, a philosophy directed against God Himself, youth brought up in principles destructive of social order, &c., one monstrous collection of men and things, clashing one against another to undermine the imperishable structure of Providence.

However, in spite of so much opposition, and so many attacks, the breath of a better spirit is felt. It would be hard to say from what quarter of the horizon it descends, but it cannot be denied that the Church is gaining ground on that very spot where the greatest efforts have been made against her. The very blows aimed against her only increase her strength; whilst the plots which the most powerful men have

formed against her, have, in spite of every effort, fallen to the ground. It is true that there are even some priests to be met with whose understandings are so limited as not to be able to appreciate fully the value of Catholic institutions; priests who imagine they can reduce the colossal edifice of the Church to the standard of their own low views; but happily we behold others who act with more spirit and vigour, who are not terrified at the sound of the word *Ultramontanism*, which is always in the mouths of those who wish to hinder the free and inviolable action of the Church.

These are the facts which caused me to reflect seriously on the existence of an institution, which, from its struggle with open and disguised enemies, comes out renewed and strengthened. After having resigned the office of President of the Consistory, I devoted my leisure hours to the study of Catholic doctrine, and I profited by the perusal of Moehler's *Symbolism*. Never for a moment had I doubted that Christianity was a divine revelation; but it was only at this time that I applied my mind to consider certain assertions made by Protestants, who, for example, assert that Christianity, pure and undefiled, existed only in the early ages, and that for the period of twelve hundred years it was buried in an abyss of errors and exclusively human institutions, an abyss which was at length closed on the arrival of these superior geniuses, viz. a monk full of every species of contradictions, and a debauched and spoliating king. Ought not common-sense itself to suffice to destroy all confidence in a pretended reformation undertaken by persons so wanting in moral worth? Add to this, the internal bickerings of so many Protestant sects, their disagreement on all essential doctrines, together with the fact of their being united only in their opposition and hatred against the Church. I was thus convinced that the discrepancies which exist in Protestant doctrine had shewn themselves from the very commencement of the Reformation, as they are now manifested amongst so many Protestants, who astonish us by the singularity of their systems, their readiness to modify them and to adapt them to the wants of the time. Another cause, not less decisive in enlightening my mind and fixing me in my resolution, was the certainty of finding, on the other hand, all the Catholic theologians united and agreed upon one body of doctrine. The language of Protestant innovators respecting an invisible Church, and the handing down the pure doctrine by means of an indefinite succession of heresies, can never blind any one who has retained or recovered the faculty of appreciating men and things. I was afterwards strengthened in my con-

victions by reading a German translation of the treatise entitled *An Explanation of the Holy Mass*, by Innocent III.

Such were the visible and palpable means by which God brought about my conversion, means which are within the reach of every one. The hidden causes which come from above, and are known only in heaven, must remain a secret to men. It was only after my reception into the fold of the Church that I was aware what a number of prayers had been addressed to the Eternal Father in different religious houses, by clergy and laity, in Rome, in other parts of Italy, in the Tyrol, Bavaria, Switzerland, and perhaps also in other countries, prayers which had been addressed to the Blessed Virgin for several years, in order to obtain her intercession with the Father of all mercy; it was only after my conversion that I learned how many Masses had been offered up to obtain for me the mercy of God. On the very day of my departure for Rome, a friend of mine at Paris recommended me to the Archconfraternity of the most Holy and Immaculate Heart of Mary. Under the protection of all these pious sentiments I undertook a journey to Rome, February 29, 1844, fully decided to declare myself the faithful child of that tender mother, the Catholic Church.

At Pavia, through the intervention of a friend, and as a particular favour, the famous relics of the illustrious Bishop of Hippo were exposed to public veneration. With a trembling heart I drew near to those sacred remains, still keeping pent up within my bosom my feelings of respect and love, for the time for giving vent to them was not yet come. But I received from the contemplation of those holy relics a fresh and more ardent desire to accomplish my object. How could I refrain from looking upon that institution as noble, praiseworthy, and attractive, which, after more than fifteen hundred years, has never ceased to venerate the bodily frame of a superior mind, the lasting model of the most distinguished virtues, whereof the power and splendour still enlighten and impart vigour to the Church. These holy and ennobling thoughts were suggested in my mind by the perusal of a work by Canon Giovanni Bosisio, entitled, *Historical Description, with Documents, of the Gift made by the Church of Pavia, of a famous Relic of the Body of St. Augustin, to Mgr. Anthony Adolphus Dupuch, Bishop of Algiers.*

One thing might perhaps have had the effect of delaying the execution of my design, namely, any attempt of a praiseworthy though ill-timed zeal to hasten my conversion. On this head I had reason to be well pleased; for, during my three months' sojourn in Rome, no moral influence of any de-



scription was made use of to cause me to utter those solemn words which they so much wished to hear me pronounce. Once, and once only, during an interview which I had with the Holy Father, these words were, with the most inexpressible serenity, addressed to me: "*Spero che lei sarà mio figlio*" (I hope that I may some day call you my son). On another occasion, at Naples, the pious and learned Archbishop of Thessalonica, Mgr. Rossi, said to me, "I hope that you will be one of us." Several other friends and protectors expressed a like desire, but without ever going further. Although I had the happiness and honour of frequent and familiar conversations with the celebrated R. Father Perrone, of the Society of Jesus, that saintly and learned man only once alluded to what was uppermost in his heart. When, on the feast of St. Lewis of Gonzaga, I thanked him with all my soul for having never touched upon the subject, he made me this reply: "I foresaw full well that the grace of God would do all, and therefore the intervention of man would have been superfluous." At Mount Cassino, that monastery so illustrious, and the mother of so many abbeys and congregations, the conversation one day turned upon my conversion; when fears were entertained of my drawing down upon my head the fury of hatred, if it were to take place in a solemn manner instead of in the retreat and silence of some isolated and unfrequented church, "I am decided," said I, "to make my abjuration nowhere else but at Rome; and I neither seek nor shun publicity, more or less great, in an affair which does not require concealment, because it is good, just, and praiseworthy; and especially in an affair of such great importance to me, I wish to act in that open manner which I have ever made the rule of my conduct."

Although in the preface to a collection of miscellaneous writings, published a short time before my departure for Rome, I had pretty clearly made known my intended conversion, nevertheless I had never entered upon any explanation on this subject with my wife. I proposed to write to her on the subject of my intention; in fact, my letters dated from Pisa already indicated it in a manner which became every day more clear and distinct the nearer I approached Rome. Thanks to God, I had the great consolation of meeting with a tenderly affectionate but temperate opposition from my wife, which in the end was nothing but the anxiety of a mother solicitous for the future lot of her children.

In this, as well as all other circumstances, God's holy will was clearly manifest. Being at peace on that head, I was unwilling to delay the execution of this important step. On

the 14th of June I declared to his Eminence Cardinal Ostini, the only friend who was entrusted with my secret, that there was nothing now to hinder my reception into the bosom of the Church. The day and the hour for my abjuration were fixed for the following Sunday, 16th of June, in his Eminence's apartments. I thought it my duty to acquaint his Holiness with my intention, as he had deigned to honour me with so much goodwill and paternal kindness. When my letter was brought to his Holiness' cabinet, Mgr. Cardinal Secretary of State was there, and the Holy Father, who rejoiced at the news, made it known to him. Both of them disapproved of my intention of confining myself at present to a simple declaration and signature of an act of abjuration, in order that I might afterwards, on my return to Switzerland, perform the other ceremonies.

My reception into the Catholic Church took place on the 16th of June, 1844, on the feast of St. Francis Regis; and I made my first communion, and received confirmation, the 21st of June, the feast of St. Lewis of Gonzaga. On this occasion, Mgr. Cardinal Ostini remembered with emotion that thirty years ago, in this same chapel of St. Lewis of Gonzaga, he had received into the bosom of the Catholic Church the illustrious painter Overbeck, who now stood as sponsor for me. I had the honour to receive the holy communion singly, before the youthful students of Rome who were assembled for this ceremony, in order to prove to them that a course of serious and impartial studies never fail to lead the mind to identify itself with the living unity of the Church. The presence of a great number of friends in Rome, from Germany, France, and Switzerland, on this day, so memorable for me, was an additional stimulus to courage and perseverance.

## Oratorium Parvum.

No. III.

## THE PILGRIM QUEEN.

[iv.]

THERE sat a Lady all on the ground,  
 Rays of the morning circled her round ;  
 Save thee, and hail to thee, gracious and fair !  
 In the chill twilight what would'st thou there ?

“ Here I sit desolate,” sweetly said she,  
 “ Though I am a Queen, and my name is Marie ;  
 Robbers have rifled my garden and store,  
 Foes they have stolen my Heir from my bower.

They said they could keep Him far better than I,  
 In a palace all his, planted deep and raised high :  
 'Twas a palace of ice, hard and cold as were they,  
 And when summer came it all melted away.

Next would they barter Him, Him the Supreme,  
 For cotton, for iron, for gas, and for steam :  
 And me they bid wander in weeds and alone  
 In this green merry land which once was my own.”

I looked on that Lady, and out from her eyes  
 Came the deep glowing blue of Italy's skies ;  
 And she raised up her head, and she smiled, as a Queen  
 On the day of her crowning, so bland and serene.

“ A moment,” she said, “ and the dead shall revive,  
 The giants are failing, the saints are alive ;  
 I am coming to rescue my home and my reign,  
 And Peter and Philip are close in my train.”

[v.]

## ST. PHILIP'S CONVERTS.

SWEET Saint Philip ! thou hast won us,  
 Though our hearts were hard as stone ;  
 Sin had once wellnigh undone us,  
 Now we live for God alone.  
 Help in Mary ! Joy in Jesus !  
 Sin and self no more shall please us !  
 We are Philip's gift to God.



Sweet Saint Philip! we are weeping,  
 Not for sorrow, but for glee!  
 Bless thy converts, bravely keeping  
 So the bargain made with thee.  
 Help in Mary! Joy in Jesus!  
 Sin and self no more shall please us!  
 We are Philip's gift to God.

Sweet Saint Philip! old friends want us  
 To be with them as before;  
 And old times, old habits haunt us,  
 Old temptations press us sore.  
 Help in Mary! Joy in Jesus!  
 Sin and self no more shall please us!  
 We are Philip's gift to God.

Sweet Saint Philip! do not fear us;  
 Get us firmness, get us grace;  
 Only thou, dear Saint! be near us;  
 We shall safely run the race.  
 Help in Mary! Joy in Jesus!  
 Sin and self no more shall please us!  
 We are Philip's gift to God.

Sweet Saint Philip! make us wary;  
 Sin and death are all around:  
 Bring us Jesus! bring us Mary!  
 We shall conquer and be crowned.  
 Help in Mary! Joy in Jesus!  
 Sin and self no more shall please us!  
 We are Philip's gift to God.

Sweet Saint Philip! keep us humble,  
 Make us pure as thou wert pure;  
 Strongest purposes will crumble  
 If we boast, and make too sure.  
 Help in Mary! Joy in Jesus!  
 Sin and self no more shall please us!  
 We are Philip's gift to God.

Sweet Saint Philip! come and ease us  
 Of the weary load we bear;  
 Place us in the heart of Jesus,  
 Dearest Saint! and leave us there.  
 Help in Mary! Joy in Jesus!  
 Sin and self no more shall please us!  
 We are Philip's gift to God.

## Reviews.

### IMAGES AND IMAGE-WORSHIP.

*The Seventh General Council, the Second of Nicæa, in which the Worship of Images was established: with copious Notes from the "Caroline Books," compiled by order of Charlemagne for its Confutation. Translated from the Original by the Rev. John Mendham, M.A., Rector of Clophill. London, Painter.*

HAD this volume been simply what the title-page announces, it would have been a valuable contribution to our English stock of ecclesiastical documents. As it is, indeed, to those who can "separate the precious from the vile," it will be of use in illustrating a very interesting period in the history of the Church. More we cannot say. We cannot even pay the compiler the sorry compliment of having brought together in a summary form the chief arguments and authorities which have been urged against Catholic doctrine and practice in the matter of which he treats. Whatever his qualifications as a translator,\* Mr. Mendham is no controversialist, much less a theologian, judging him even by a Protestant standard; he has very imperfectly digested what others have written on his own side, and his own remarks, in which unfortunately he largely indulges, are utterly worthless, except as an instructive specimen of heretical childishness and folly.† To say the truth, but for its documentary contents, to which we shall mainly confine ourselves in the observations we have to make, the book is below criticism, and we should never have thought it worth our while to draw attention to its publication.

As, however, we have spoken thus disparagingly of the work, it is well, perhaps, that we should, as briefly as possible, shew cause for the judgment we have passed.

We have said that Mr. Mendham has displayed no originality in his management of the materials at his disposal, and

\* We observe a curious mistranslation at p. 201. Mr. Mendham renders the well-known words of the Preface in the Mass, *Tremunt potestates*, thus, "The powers of darkness do tremble." But this is but a sample of the ludicrous blunders with which the work abounds. Surely it implies great presumption in a man to take upon himself to criticise and to condemn what, had he common modesty, he cannot but be aware he knows nothing about.

† We had begun by noticing some of these absurdities; but we found them so numerous and so very silly—so incredibly silly—that we abandoned the attempt.

this is emphatically true of the historical sketch which forms the introduction to the volume; it bears no marks of critical research or independent judgment whatsoever. He merely repeats the libellous narratives of Spanheim and Gibbon, and, like the latter infamous writer, makes supposition and insinuation supply the place of historical testimony where none exists to his purpose, and give a colouring of falsehood to such facts as tell against him. By begging the whole question that "image-worship" is idolatry—of which obstinate assumption we shall say more hereafter—and that iconoclasm was therefore so far a form of pure Christianity; and by metamorphosing the furious tyrants who then occupied the throne of the East into zealous reformers of the Church, and the monks and prelates who opposed them into rebels as well against the righteous dominion of their earthly sovereign as against the incommunicable majesty of God Himself; it may be imagined with what ease he reverses the facts of history, and transforms one of the fiercest persecutions\* that ever raged against the

\* The nature of the persecution may be learned from the Acts of the Nicæan Council.

"What tongue can worthily relate the dire tragedy? Whence or how shall I follow out each sad detail? How shall I enumerate the conturbations, the flights, the persecutions, the imprisonment and beating of monks in the city, their long captivity for many years, the chains which bound their feet, the abstraction of the sacred vessels, the burning of books, the profanation of holy temples, the impious transformation of sacred monasteries into worldly houses of resort?—so that the holy men who dwelt in them, seeing their goods now plundered, went away into barbarous countries, after the manner of the Apostles, accounting it better to live amongst the heathen than to endure the profane conversation of their own countrymen, acting in obedience to the precept of the divine Apostle, 'That with such they should not eat.'

"And what is most dreadful of all, is this impious profanation of holy monasteries, which impiety among certain is kept up most lawlessly even to the present time, when, instead of sacred hymns and the voice of rejoicing in the tabernacles of the just, is now heard only satanic and impious songs; and instead of the frequent genuflexion, nought but the licentious contortion of the dancer is now to be seen.

"And with this profanation we must enumerate the dangers, the disturbances, the confusion, the cutting out of tongues, the putting out of eyes, the slittings of the nose, the disgraceful banishments which befel these holy men, so that they have been scattered over the face of the earth. Again, the branding of their faces, the burning of their beards, the lawless and compulsory unions of virgins after they have been consecrated to Christ, and, worse than all the rest, the murder of certain."

Mr. Mendham tries to palliate the enormity of these proceedings by observing, that "they belong more to the times than to any heresy," and by drawing a parallel between them and the punishments judicially inflicted by the Spanish Inquisition, and the cruelties committed in the Albigensian and other religious wars. This is not the place to enter upon the subject, particularly as we have discussed it at some length on former occasions; we will only remark that any how our author has overlooked one essential point, viz. the heinous immorality and impiety which distinguished this persecution, and which have always distinguished every outbreak of anti Catholic violence. We observe that



supernatural truth of Christ into a vehement outbreak of jealousy for his honour. Having no historical data to oppose to the accounts which contemporary writers have left on record, he does not scruple to affirm that "the image-worshippers have taken good care that nothing of this kind should come down to posterity"\* (p. xxxi.), and, starting from his own preconceptions of the matter in dispute, finds, as he says (p. xi.), "very fair reason from the nature of the *thing itself*" to conclude that the conduct of the emperors is capable of a very different construction to that which "the persecuted orthodox" have put upon it. Accordingly, Leo's attempt to subvert the established devotions of the Church he regards as "the result of conviction on his part of the truth of the reproaches" brought against them by Jews, Mohammedans, and other unbelievers; and finding a Catholic historian disposed to admit, that some of the worst atrocities attributed by later authors to Constantine Copronimus may have been credited on "popular reports without much examination," he concludes,

Mr. Mendham appeals to Llorente as an authority. Of this writer Balmez remarks (*Protestantism and Catholicity compared*, p. 401), "King Joseph, the intruder, intrusted Llorente with the archives of the Supreme Council and the Tribunal of the Inquisition. This excellent man was so perfect an archivist, that he burnt all the reports of proceedings with the approbation of his master (*as he himself tells us*), with the exception of those which could appertain to history, &c. After having heard this remarkable confession, we will ask every impartial man whether there is not room for great mistrust with respect to an historian who claims to be sole and *unique* because he has had the opportunity of consulting the original documents whereon he founds his history, and who, nevertheless, burns and destroys these same documents."

The reader will better perceive the application of this extract when he has perused the following note.

\* The Iconoclasts clandestinely burned and mutilated writings which recognised the use of holy images; yet this dishonest *mutilation of documents to serve a purpose* Mr. Mendham applauds (p. 236), on the ground that they contained "instruction which causeth to err," while the destruction in open day of *heretical books* (for such he must admit they were regarded by the Catholics), he condemns in a passage the tenor of which may be gathered from the closing words: "Yet these wretched idolaters, these miserable destroyers of books, are, forsooth, Catholic Bishops, orthodox Prelates, and so forth, of the Church of Christ!"

Being on the subject of mutilations, we are reminded of an amusing instance of the lengths to which extreme prejudice and extreme ignorance united will carry a man. Leontius, the legate of the East, in the course of an argument in which he is drawing a distinction—mark this—between Christian images and Gentile idols, quotes Solomon, saying (Wisdom xiv. 8), "Bless ye the wood whence cometh righteousness," *i.e.* of course, the Cross. Upon which Mr. Mendham shrewdly remarks, p. 173, "Leontius, it seems, could mutilate Scripture as well as others, for he leaves out the last part of this verse as being opposed to his views. That which is left out is as follows: 'That which is made with hands is *accursed*, and *he* also that made it.'" Mr. M., in his turn, knows well where to stop in quoting from Scripture. The verse continues, "He, because he made it, and it, because, being corruptible, it was called *god*" (Protestant version). Need we ask whether we were right in saying the book was "below criticism?"

not that these reports had their probable foundation in those acts of "debauchery, cruelty, and brutality" which contemporary writers have recorded against him, but that these writers were themselves guilty of "unblushing exaggerations" and "calumnious statements," and are unworthy of belief altogether.

And so every account that goes to shew the odiousness of the persecution waged against the Catholics he dismisses as "a fable, an invention of after-times;" or he puts it aside as resting on the suspicious testimony of the persecuted; or when that is impossible, he represents (p. xl.) the sufferers as having "provoked" the imperial "vengeance by personal insults" and officious interference in matters out of their province. His on-sidedness in this respect is patent to every reader. They who fell in the many sanguinary struggles which were occasioned by the wanton demolition of images venerated by the people, he invariably describes as being "murdered" by the Catholic party; while in the "mutilations and stripes, fines and exile" which were inflicted on their opponents, he sees (p. xx.) "nothing but the punishment of rebels against lawful authority." So devoid is he of religious feeling, that he cannot understand the indignation which the outrages perpetrated against objects they held most dear and sacred excited in the minds of the Catholics of the time; his admiration is all for the perpetrators. To strike a crucifix on the face, or to send to seize the Pope by force of arms, in order to compel him to yield to the imperial edict, are alike to him meritorious acts of piety and firmness. He seems perfectly unable to appreciate a generous loyalty to God, or to conceive the possibility of a zeal so devoted as should make men confront death in its most terrible forms rather than deny their faith; and, consequently, those heroic souls who "resisted unto blood" the awful profanity in which it was attempted to make them participate, are in his eyes but "wretched fanatics" (p. 126) who rushed on their own destruction. One passage is worth recording, as exemplifying the right of private judgment in the interpretation of Scripture, and a Protestant's notion of civil and religious liberty where Catholics are concerned. Leo IV. had discovered two images in his wife's chamber:—

"Having found out that these images were brought into her chamber by one of her officers named Papias, and that five others had been accomplices with him, he caused them to be shorn and severely beaten and imprisoned: one out of the number died under the punishment. He is, of course, called a martyr; but he was a martyr in no other way than that condemned by the Apostle, who

says: '*Let none of you suffer as an evil doer and a busybody in other men's matters.*'\*\*

In simple truth, Mr. Mendham has no sympathy either with orthodoxy or with sanctity. Such things are far above out of his sight. We might make a curious collection of his theological dicta touching heresies which strike at the very integrity of the Christian faith. Thus, alluding to the controversy on the subject of the procession of the Holy Ghost, he says (p. 91), "This difference is one of those which separates the Eastern from the Western Church, and which not even tradition or Catholic consent can settle."† Of the Monothelite, Polychronius, who pretended to miraculous powers, and was proved to be an impostor, he pityingly exclaims (p. 112), "The poor fellow was anathematised!" The Paulicians also come in for a share of his sympathies. "If Germanus," he says (p. 222), "represented the sentiments of the Eastern and Gregory those of the Western Church, in this century at least the Church was in error; and truth was to be found among the iconoclasts of the East, or the semi-iconoclasts of France and Germany, or the persecuted sect of the Paulicians." What this poor persecuted sect really was, the incredulous reader may discover from the pages of Mosheim,‡ a Protestant historian, who declares that they "distinguished the Creator of the world from the Supreme Being," considering "matter to be the seat and source of all evil," and that they obstinately rejected the institutions of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and the Divine authority of the Old Testament, as well as of part of the New. Such patronage comes ill from a man who accuses Popes of a want of sensitiveness in the matter of orthodoxy where temporal rule is concerned. But this is not the only maligned race which he takes under his protection. While labouring to fasten the guilt of idolatry on the whole Christian Church, he goes out of his way to exculpate the Mahometans from the charge. "Mahomet," he says (p. 232), "taught them to detest idols." Again, his language when speaking of Nestorianism is, to say the least, very equivocal. Thus he asks (p. 406), "Why might not the [pseudo-] Council of Constantinople as rightfully issue their decree against idolatrous pic-

\* The italics are the author's.

† There is something very significant in the loose ambiguous way in which even the most "orthodox" of Anglican divines express themselves respecting this article of the faith. We should not be surprised any day at hearing that it was declared to be an open question in the Anglican Church, or that some theologian deeply read in the Fathers had discovered that "antiquity" lends no sanction to what it has been usual to regard as the Catholic doctrine on the authority of the Nicene Creed.

‡ *Ecclesiast. Hist.* Century IX. chap. v.



ture-worship as that of Ephesus against the *presumed* heresy of Nestorius?" And again (p. 416): "Now if Nestorius be called a heretic because he is affirmed to have worshipped the human nature apart from the divine—because of some *theoretical speculations* which he set forth,—how much more," &c. We find him also speaking (p. 108) in a commiserating way of the condemnation of the "*unfortunate* Nestorius."

Monks are his especial aversion; he cannot mention them without a sneer, as in the following fashion (p. 18): "How little account do monks make of Fathers, &c., if it does not suit their fancies!" He particularly dislikes their going such lengths in mortification and devotion, and marks his displeasure by italicising, thus: "The next seven years he (Anastasius) spent in a convent at Jerusalem, acting in all mockery of humility as *cook, gardener, &c.*, never omitting the hearing of *Mass*."\* But this was not the extent of his hypocritical folly. "Not content with this, he must needs go back to Persia, not as a missionary, but as a martyr, and all went to his mind: he was arrested, threatened, persecuted, and tortured." Despite, however, the uncomfortableness which such extremes occasion him, our author amiably relents at the end, and says, "Possibly he really was a pious man, but his history is sadly disfigured with Romish legends and Romish falsehoods."

The light which even Protestant historians have let in upon the common world, with respect to the origin of the political power of the Popes and the influence of the Church on the civilisation of Europe, has not penetrated the religious seclusion of the Rectory of Clophill. In one condensed and pithy sentence, of which we are sorry to be obliged to defraud our readers, he puts forth all his literary strength, and describes how "that despotic rule," that "dreaded authority," grew with each succeeding Pope by "pious frauds and artful forgeries," by "the terrors of priestcraft" and "the intrigue of the politician," by "exciting internal discords," and "setting nation against nation" and "party against party." It is the Pope on whom he vents his silliest sarcasms; the very recurrence of the name is enough to call forth something of the spite and hatred with which his pen is charged. One instance will suffice. At p. xxvi. he represents Pope Stephen, in order

\* Mr. Mendham perhaps here means to insinuate that the mention of "Mass" is an anachronism, since on Leontius, the legate of the East, saying (p. 172) in the Council, "We Christians know nothing either of altars or sacrifice," he remarks in a note, "Surely Leontius was somewhat oblivious, when he forgot both the sacrifice of the Mass and the unbloody sacrifice which others talk about." Yet, if such be his meaning, the obliviousness is on his own part, since the "unbloody sacrifice" is expressly named by the Council, page 316.

to enforce his claim to the protection of Pepin, sending him a letter "*pretended to have come from St. Peter, now in glory, stating the fear that he had lest the Lombards should ill-treat his bones.*" Mr. Mendham knows very well that the Pope never said or did any thing of the kind; and we quote this piece of low buffoonery only to shew the temper of the writer and the degree of veracity which attaches to his "Historical Sketch."

We will not trouble our readers with any further exposure of the coarseness and profanity in which this Protestant minister continually indulges; one line alone will reveal to them the almost incredible depth of degradation to which Protestantism proper sinks its unhappy professors. In the "Table of Contents" there is the following entry (p. lxxxv.), "Extract from the Life of a Courtesan called the 'Blessed Mary of Egypt.'" Did Mr. Mendham ever read in the Gospel of one of whom it was said, "Many sins are forgiven her because she hath loved much?" But it is in vain to reason with such an adversary: may the blessed saint whom he has blasphemed pray to God for her reviler, that he may learn to love purity and penitence!

Inexcusable as is his ignorance and presumption, and gross as is his unfairness and want of candour, we could have found some palliation for it all in inveterate prejudice and the misfortune of his heretical position; but nothing can excuse the ribaldry to which he gives loose on every occasion, as if his object were to throw ridicule on the holiest things, like any avowed scoffer or man of the world who gives nobody credit for religious sincerity, and laughs at the supernatural. We have read the volume carefully through, and with every disposition to make allowances for the disadvantages under which the writer labours; and we are fain to say that the impression left upon our mind is such as it is most painful to entertain of one who calls himself a Christian. It is, we can assure Mr. Mendham, with the greatest difficulty (except on the supposition of extreme intellectual incapacity) that we can give him credit for sincerity, or believe him to be possessed of any spark of genuine piety. There is only one excuse we can invent for him, and that is, that he has taken his blasphemy second-hand from those whom he venerates as his masters—"Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, Hooper, Jewel,"\* and the rest; that he writes as he has been taught, without thinking what it is he is

\* Luther would have spared not only the crucifix, but other images, and quarrelled with Carlostadt for his iconoclasm. But where retained they cannot be said to be used.

saying. We cannot withhold our severest censure on the work; but thus much it is only fair to say of him—he has the Fathers of his Church upon his side.

But enough of this. Let us pass to the argument of the book. The view which Mr. Mendham takes of the rise and progress of “image-worship” is that which is common to Protestants on such subjects. He describes it as “one of those corruptions of Christianity which crept into the Church stealthily, and almost without notice or observation.” In support of this view he goes on to state, that “the worship paid to images in the eighth century was not primitive,” and that

“Not only do we find no allusion in the early Fathers to any such reverence of images as the Council of Nice enjoins, but, on the contrary, language utterly inconsistent with it; and from their way of arguing against the Gentiles, we may very fairly infer that no such practice was ever known amongst them as that of bowing the head to images, prostration before them, or the offering of incense or lighting of candles, all which practices are now adopted alike by the Church of the East and of the West. \* \* \*

“There are three successive æras through which we may trace the progress of this corruption. The first æra extends from the Apostolic age to that of Constantine the Great, during which period images were not admitted into churches at all. The second æra dates from the time of Constantine to that of Pope Gregory, surnamed the Great: in this period, though images were admitted into churches, there is no record of any worship being paid to them. The third æra is that which followed the time of Gregory, in which images were everywhere set up in churches and worshipped. \* \*

“That during the second period images were pretty generally admitted into churches cannot be denied; but that there was any authorised worship of them, or that the worship of them was considered in any way a Christian duty during the same period, cannot be proved. The testimonies, as far as they are genuine, which were selected by the Nicene divines from the Fathers who flourished during these centuries, prove that images were, indeed, set up in churches, Martyria, Basilicæ, and the like, but not that they were worshipped. Still, though the worship of them was not authorised, it had begun by degrees to creep into the Church.”

Before expressing any opinion on the historical question, we must say a few words on the nature of the argument which the writer employs. Mr. Mendham, as we have said, is an old-fashioned Church-of-England Protestant; at any rate, he does not belong to the modern Anglican school; yet both parties, however otherwise irreconcilably opposed to each other, have this peculiarity in common, that, so long as they can strike at Rome, they care not what deadly wounds they



inflict on themselves or on Christianity in general. They go to antiquity, not so much to prove that themselves are in the right as that Rome is in the wrong; nay, as if for the express purpose of demonstrating that certain doctrines which their own communion disowns, certain practices which it repudiates, certain claims which it denies, are, if not primitive, at least very ancient. This has been one result of the industry, the accuracy, and, we will say, the honesty—the material literary honesty—with which ecclesiastical history has been studied by recent scholars and critics. The effect is nothing less than a new historical Christianity. Multitudes almost unconsciously adopt as their speculative belief, for it is nothing more than this in very many instances, a view of ancient Christianity, which is as inconsistent with the past acts and ordinances of the English Establishment as it is with its present teaching and practice, and indeed, as every candid person must allow, with its general mind and character as displayed in all its changeful history during the last three centuries.

We cannot but think that Mr. Mendham has, unwittingly and against his will, contributed his support to views respecting the early Church and the relation which the Church of Rome bears thereto, which he would most strongly condemn, and against which this very publication is probably intended to be at once an argument and a protest. In attempting to fasten the charge of idolatrous innovation on the later Church, he does in fact, by the very terms of the accusation no less than by the positive amount of evidence which he adduces, testify to the *use*, and not the use only, but the *religious* use, as distinguished from the merely ornamental and architectural employment, of images, whether painted or sculptured, in the early times of Christianity. And more than this, he supplies the key by which thoughtful minds will be enabled to ascertain the grounds on which the Church sanctions that veneration and, in a Catholic sense, “worship” of images which was formally established by the Seventh General Council.

It is astonishing to observe how blind men remain to the fact, that, while all that recent searchers into ecclesiastical antiquity have determined against the Church of Rome is of a purely *negative* character, all that they have *positively* established is directly in her favour. Though they have in vain looked for the Papal Supremacy, they have found a Primacy, and that all but, if not altogether, of Divine right; though they have not found that visible connexion with the See of Peter is necessary to Catholic unity, they *have* found that visible unity is itself of the “essence” of the Catholic Church;

though they have not found that images were worshipped as they were in subsequent times, they *have* found that they were "set up in churches, Martyria, Basilicæ, and the like;" and that, "though the worship of them was not authorised, it had begun by degrees to creep into the Church;" "one practice after another having been gradually introduced in connexion with it," until "when, at length, an endeavour was made to root it out, the evil was found too deeply fixed to admit of removal." Strange result! all their positive conclusions, whatever they be, are for the Roman Church and against their own communion. Antiquity discovers to them a Church unlike their own, but in its prominent features, its essential characteristics, its determinate tendencies, like what they call the Roman, only without this or that pretension, this or that excrescence, this or that decision of form. They call it a corruption, or they call it an exaggeration, according to the school to which they belong; but, whatever it be, it is not a corruption or an exaggeration of any thing they possess themselves, but of what primitive Christianity was, and what it still would be, but for the adventitious matter in question. Remove the corruption, or abate the exaggeration, and the result is, not the Church of England, but the Church of Rome, minus whatever it be to which they object. Let any man ask himself what he has gained from the many controversial works which have issued of late years from the Anglican press, what he has learnt to *believe*, whether as respects his own communion or religious truth in general; his answer, at least when analysed, will be a merely negative one. He has learned that Roman devotion to the Blessed Virgin finds no support in primitive antiquity; that Transubstantiation is not the doctrine the Fathers, nor even—this is the latest discovery—of the most eminent scholastic divines; that Penance is not "generally necessary to salvation;" that the Pope is not the source of jurisdiction;—that images are not to be "worshipped." What is to be held as Catholic, Apostolical, primitive, true, on all these points, he has not learnt. A tenable position, theological or historical, for his own Church he has not gained; neither has he been furnished with any solid foundations whereupon to rest his faith in the divine character of the Christian revelation. In their anxiety to defend themselves from some internal foe, or to strike a blow at Rome, the teachers of the day, with a sort of blind fatuity, have snatched at weapons fatal alike to every so-called Church, and to Christianity itself.

But so it is; whatever be the school of Protestantism to which the writers belong, the only conclusion which a rational

and logical mind can draw from their labours is, that truth is not ascertainable. If, as the High Churchman declares, the Church being divided has lost its infallible voice, what authority is there in matters of faith? or how know we that the Church was not in a similar condition, from similar causes, in times which they repute to be orthodox and safe? Or if, as Mr. Mendham asserts, the whole Christian Church was sunk in idolatry for centuries, and while "it seemed all glorious without, within was full of corruption, formality, and hypocrisy," of what value can it ever be even as a witness to the truth? or how know we that "she was on her guard," as he says she was, "and speedily silenced" the heresies which "had not been wanting from the first?" And here let us ask our author, of what authority really to him or to any Protestant is the pseudo-Council of Constantinople on which he so much relies, or indeed the whole united Church of the East? None whatever. At most, it is but an historical evidence that at a certain era certain doctrines and practices of Rome were impugned by certain parties, with whom in this particular, and in nought else, he chances to agree. This is all; the Catholic Church neither denies the fact, nor regards the impugners as any thing better than heretics. Why, then, all this trouble to prove what, when proved, possesses no weight in the eyes either of Catholics or Protestants? As well might he labour to shew that Arius denied the substantiality of the Son to the Father, or that Luther denied the Catholic doctrine of justification, and was followed by multitudes in his separation from Catholic communion. The heresy of the iconoclasts is a fact, and nothing more. To the simple Protestant, anyhow, it can have no argumentative force or value whatever; because truth with him is not what he finds in antiquity or in this or that century, not what the Church in this or that part of it has approved and decided, but what by his own study of Scripture he sees to be written therein. The Anglican goes, or thinks that he goes, by antiquity, or by the Church of the past; but as there were heresies from the first, and opposing communions, each of which called itself the only true Church of Christ, he cannot distinguish Catholics from heretics, or the true Church from the false, except on some preconceived notion as to what is Catholic and true. In both cases the result is practical Deism. Neither party is able to say *what* is that system of truth which God has revealed.

We say, then, that inquirers who pick and choose from among the facts of history such as suit their purpose for the moment, or take as an authority at one time what they reject



at another, are playing into the hands of infidelity.\* They destroy all belief in a divine authority, and by consequence in a divine revelation; nay, they destroy all confidence in human or historical testimony. Their conclusions being negative, are in fact infidel conclusions. They establish nothing. They throw every thing into doubt. The result is a negation, belief in—nothing.

But now let us inquire of what value in the eyes of Catholics is such an argument from history as Mr. Mendham has instituted. The matter is simple enough, and may be dismissed in few words; but a certain importance is attached to it, because some who are without have strangely imagined that because Catholic writers have differed in their historical views, they are at variance with each other both as to the grounds of their faith and its subject-matter. That discrepancies are to be found in certain particulars between older and later historians is a fact so patent, that the very title-page of their edited works announces it. Later authors have corrected the mistakes of their predecessors; and, as is well known to those who are interested in the progress of historical research, considerable modification of opinion has from time to time taken place among the learned as to the comparative antiquity of certain doctrinal statements, or of certain devotional practices, which gradually won their way and received the authoritative sanction of the Church. Criticism, comparatively a modern science,† has done its work in separating the doubtful from the authentic in the matter both of historical and of documentary evidence. The field of history, like that of philology, is open ground. The Catholic does not derive his faith from historical study, neither does he rest it thereupon. His faith is what the Church teaches as faith. Whether that faith was taught in as explicit a shape so many centuries back, is a question on which he is at liberty to form such judgment as the evidence of facts may seem to him to warrant. Such question is altogether removed from the province of faith, and falls within that of historical criticism; in other words, it is a matter of individual research, study, and learning. Original sin is an article of the faith which it is Pelagianism to

\* Mr. Mendham is more than usually suicidal in his statements. For if, as he declares, the Catholics mutilated and destroyed all documents that gave a true account of the iconoclastic controversy, why may they not also have falsified or suppressed every document relating to the earlier history of the Church which would have led to unpleasant disclosures? Surely such people are capable of any thing! How do we know that we possess the true records of Christianity, the genuine works of the Fathers, or the canon of Scripture itself?

† On this subject, consult Newman on Development, p. 28. See also some appropriate remarks by Balmez, ch. lxxii.

deny; but how far it was formally and explicitly held in the Church before the time of St. Augustine is a question on which theologians may differ. The actual sinlessness of the Blessed Virgin is an article of the faith not to be denied without the guilt of heresy; but how far St. Chrysostom was cognisant of this pre-eminent gift of the Mother of God is a question which may depend on the meaning to be attached to the expressions he uses, or the genuineness of the text in which such expressions occur. And so of other and the very holiest doctrines, as the consubstantiality of the Son to the Father, or the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son; Catholics may have held different opinions as to the distinctness and explicitness with which they were believed and taught in the Church before any controversy arose or a formal definition was pronounced. And yet, granting, or rather we should say maintaining, all this, it is no less true that, as fresh data have been supplied, or sounder principles of criticism have prevailed, or the attacks of heresy have been directed to some hitherto disregarded or unexplored spot, the unanimity which, speedily at least, if not at once, has been exhibited among Catholic writers is as remarkable as the boldness and perseverance with which they have followed up the course opened before them, and the victoriousness with which they have taken possession of the ground to which, perhaps, their adversaries were the first to point their attention, and which they had thought to occupy against them.

We readily admit, then, that Catholic controversialists have at times made statements about the antiquity of "image-worship" as now practised in the Church which further investigation has shewn to be incorrect or unfounded; and making this admission, we leave our opponents to make the most of it. For ourselves, following those writers who have looked closest into the matter, so far from contending that the reverence paid to holy images was, *explicitly*, in the previous centuries what it had become in the eighth, we would maintain that it was a matter of slow and progressive development; that, at first partial in form and local in extent, it gradually made way and assumed a distinct expression as circumstances called it forth or permitted its display. *Implicitly*, we believe that this reverence was ever the same; that the devotion with which some poor persecuted Christian in the catacombs kissed the symbol of his Master's passion, or bowed his head to worship Him represented in some rude sculpture as the Good Pastor of the flock, or in his own adorable Person as giving the keys of his kingdom to St. Peter, was substantially the same with the incensings, the lighting of lamps, the genu-

flexions and prostrations, with which, as Pagan persecution died away, the faithful delighted to honour his picture or his image in the streets and in the churches. It wore a less determined form in men's minds, and was associated with simpler rites, and performed perchance with a less conscious intention; but in itself it was the same act of worship which was enjoined by the Council of Nicæa and confirmed by succeeding Councils of the Church, which found a thousand eloquent expressions in the natural piety of the faithful, and has been subjected to metaphysical analysis by the most eminent masters in theology. That ancient authors should use arguments in disputing with Heathens which they would not have used had such practices been in vogue in their day as were common in subsequent times, is no more than we should have expected beforehand. Their language was unguarded simply because they were assailing Pagan superstition, not defending Catholic devotion. They were engaged in overthrowing false and unworthy ideas of God and his worship, and did so by arguments which could be turned against themselves only by proving that their own ideas were *similarly* false and unworthy. Whether they "worshipped" images or not, their arguments were in any wise valid against Heathenism; but, no doubt, they would have guarded their language from misapprehension, had such practices then prevailed as were afterwards introduced. Still, on the other hand, Catholic writers have thought that they found instances of the practice in primitive times which more or less resemble later developments, and expressions or reasonings or modes of thought in the earlier Fathers which, though not implying any conscious realisation of the subject, nevertheless indicate in what light they would have regarded it, had controversy arisen, or the question been dogmatically discussed in their day. And, speaking generally, we should say, that let the student once have grasped the real gist of a question, the elementary idea or principle which lies at the bottom of the matter, as separated from the points immediately under discussion; let him go to antiquity, not expecting to find a doctrine which was controverted in the eighth century clearly enunciated and elaborately defended by the writers of the centuries that preceded, but prepared to discover it rather implied than expressed, or at the least not distinctly and positively condemned by divines of credit, and the light which will be found to be thrown upon a difficult question will far exceed what at first sight it seemed reasonable to expect. The inquirer will rather be struck with the amount of positive evidence in favour of some dogma afterwards ruled by the Church; and will be astonished to



observe how writers, who had never perhaps consciously entertained the idea in their mind, have, as though withheld by some supernatural hand, avoided language and statements which the subject on which they were employed seemed under the circumstances of the time naturally to suggest.\* We may hold a decided opinion on all these points with respect to the subject before us, and may attach a certain relative importance to them; but in itself, as we have said, the inquiry is one of mere historical interest, it has nothing to do with Catholic faith and worship.

And indeed, however much we might be disposed to take a different historical view of the matter, it would not be worth our while to enter into any discussion with the author before us, until a far more important question were settled, viz. what is the doctrine of the Catholic Church on the subject of sacred images? what is that veneration and worship which, whether by express definition or in her popular devotional system, she has sanctioned and encouraged? We need hardly say that these are points on which Mr. Mendham exhibits the grossest, and what to us appears the most obstinate ignorance. He seems to have taken not the slightest pains to ascertain, much less to understand, what Catholic theologians have written on the subject, or to eliminate the idea which lay at the root of the practice. He sets out by assuming that image-worship is simply idolatry, that very sin which is denounced in the Old Testament, as a turning away of the heart from God, and the serving of creatures instead of the Creator (pp. iv. vi.). Indeed, he expressly declares (p. viii.) that images and pictures came to be the "gods" of the people; and in another place (p. 118) he says, "the prayer is offered to the image; take *that* away, and their God is gone." Accordingly an image of Christ is with him nothing less than an idol! He adheres in interpretation to the text of the old Protestant Bible, as it stood in the reigns of Edward and Elizabeth, and St. John's warning, "Little children, keep yourselves from idols," is taken (p. iv.) literally to mean, "Little children, keep yourselves from *images*."† It were most ludicrous, but for the

\* It never seems to occur to Protestants that doctrines which were disputed in the Church, and on which controversy arose, were just those points which, in the acknowledgment of both parties, till then had not been formally defined. In separated bodies the contrary is notorious. Disputes arise, and are carried on for years, nay, centuries, respecting doctrines which on either side are declared to be of the essence of the faith (as witness the baptismal controversy) without a hope of any other adjustment than that of a hollow and unprincipled compromise.

† So Col. iii. 5, "Covetousness, which is idolatry," in the Bibles of 1562, 1577, and 1579, stood thus, "Covetousness, which is the *worshipping of images*."

darkness of mind which it evinces, to observe the way in which he repeatedly alludes to the "second commandment," as if further argument were unnecessary, or the very repetition were an argument; as if the division of the Bible into verses, or of the ten commandments into four and six, were of divine authority, utterly ignoring the question, whether what he calls the second is any thing more than the continuation of the first, as well as the fact, that Catholics deny the interpretation which Protestants put upon the words to which he so triumphantly appeals.\* "And for what," asks our author (p. xx.), "is God represented as being angry with Leo? for an earnest simple desire to cause the second commandment to be observed!" "If we are to believe the empress, she too was now greatly disquieted, as well as her courtiers, at the awful position in which *obedience to the second command* had placed them" (p. xlvi.).†

Again, on Pope Adrian asking, in his letter to Charlemagne (p. lvi.), "who is so answerable as himself for the tremendous guilt of allowing the sheep of Christ to perish in error?" we are favoured with the following commentary in

In like manner, where we read "a covetous man, who is an idolator," in the former editions we read "a covetous man, which is a *worshipper of images.*" Instead of, "What agreement hath the temple of God with idols?" (2 Cor. vi. 16), it used to stand, "How agrees the temple of God with *images?*" Milner's *End of Controversy*, letter xxxiv.

\* In the face, too, of the following, from among many other instances of a like sort:—

"But perhaps some one may say this—that we ought to reverence the commands of holy Scripture; such as, 'Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of any thing which is in heaven above, or on the earth beneath, or in the waters which are under the earth: thou shalt not bow down to them, neither shalt thou worship them' (Exodus xx. 4, 5): and again, 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain' (*Ibid.* 7): and in Deuteronomy, 'Ye shall not transgress, nor make to yourselves a graven image' (Deut. v. 16): and other passages like to these. But all these have one evident meaning—namely, that the divine nature must be considered as without form and incomprehensible; and that we should not, being influenced by conjectures and fancies to carnal conceptions, account it to be like to any of those things which are seen: for, having said before, 'Ye saw no manner of similitude in the day in which the Lord spake unto you from the midst of Horeb' (Deut. iv. 15), he immediately adds, 'Ye shall not transgress, nor make to yourselves a graven image' (*Ibid.* 16), and that which follows. Thus, in the first place, reminding them of what had been done in the making of the calf, and then giving a caution lest they also, imitating the manners of the Egyptians with which they were acquainted, should fall into the same impiety of thinking the Deity to be like unto such things. This also the great Apostle taught in the public assembly at Athens, saying, 'Forasmuch, then, as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device' (Acts xvii. 19). And to the same purpose we find this also, 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord our God in vain' (Exodus xx. 7)—that is, Thou shalt not call or esteem as God that which is not so in truth, but has been vainly dignified with the idea and name of Deity."

† The italics are the author's.

a foot-note, "The error of obeying the second commandment." And so why the Pope could not attend the Council is wittily set down (p. xxxiii.) to his being "engaged at that very time with his clergy in carrying about his idols through the streets of Rome." Is this mere childishness, or is there not something of malice withal? Any how it is malice so childish, that one would suppose it to be deprived of all power to harm, were it not for the unlimited capacity that a certain credulous class of Protestants have of swallowing any thing which falls in with their unhappy prejudices, a capacity which in shallow minds is indefinitely increased by the mere fact of having read a book of a certain size emphatically supporting their own opinions with a show of knowledge, a few plausible misrepresentations, and much bold abuse. But enough of this. Begging the very question at issue, he pursues his way triumphantly. The language of the Fathers in controversy with Heathens is turned (p. lviii.) *ipsissimis verbis* against the Catholic Church. Their arguments against the superstitious belief, that idols were the habitation of the Deity, invisibly dwelling therein, are made to look like a censure of the Catholic practice of representing in an image the God made man, and worshipping Him thereby. Prohibitions against representations of the *essential* Deity are taken to condemn allegorical pictures of God the Father,\* as He is described in vision by Daniel and St. John, or in parable by our Lord Himself. *All* honour, *all* worship shewn to images or crucifixes is simple idolatry. In short, one general false assumption† corrupts the whole perform-

\* The Fathers of the Council expressly say again and again, "We never portray any image, form, or likeness of the invisible Godhead." Mr. Mendham speaks of four representations of God the Father as "far from uncommon" in the later Church. Two, he says (quoting Stillingfleet), are defended by Molanus and Thyrtæus, two they "disapprove." This is rather a mild rendering of the former's words; for of both the representations in question he declares that they are disapproved by those most in repute (a clarissimis viris improbatæ), and of one, that it is "a diabolical figment;" and in a note we read that it was *condemned by Pope Urban VIII.* He says also that separate images of God the Father, as if represented in his own proper Person, are not allowed by the Church, but such only as express his attributes or his works, or the relations in which He has revealed Himself to men, *i.e.* such as are symbolical or, in a manner, historical. *Historia SS. Imaginum*, lib. ii. chap. 3, 4. The Council of Trent decreed that no "imagines" should be set up which favoured false doctrine, or might be an occasion of dangerous error to the uninstructed; and that, where Scripture histories were represented by painting or sculpture, the people should be taught that the Divinity was not meant to be depicted therein, as though It could be seen with the bodily eyes, or expressed in colours and figures.

† Our readers will observe that we are not denying here what we stated above, that the Fathers employed language and arguments which they would not have employed had images been used in their day in the manner they were subsequently. What we assert is, that Mr. Mendham endeavours to support his charge



ance, wresting authorities from their meaning, perverting historical facts, and misrepresenting Catholic doctrine and practice.

Of course it would be easy enough to shew how completely Mr. Mendham's account is disproved and exploded by the documents which form his *pièces justificatives* in the matter. Those who will take the trouble to study the real history of the controversy, as contained in the only valuable portion of the volume, the acts of the Council itself, and the arguments adduced on both sides, will, we are confident, arrive at the very opposite conclusion to which the translator has unhappily committed himself. It is not our intention to take any trouble to rebut a charge which every body who wishes to know the truth may learn to be wickedly false, by opening any Catholic Catechism, or questioning any Catholic child he may meet in the street. If men like the writer before us will persist in disseminating such manifest calumnies, they must answer for their conduct at the tribunal of God. They have light enough. May their eyes be opened ere it be too late!

We turn to a more interesting question, viz. what reasons seem to have existed against an earlier introduction of what are now commonly meant by images. We have said that no Catholic is concerned to maintain the contrary proposition, nor *primâ facie* is such a proposition, in our opinion, probable, independently of historical testimony. Thrown as the Church was into the midst of a world filled with the grossest superstition and idolatry, its first work necessarily was to unsensualise and immaterialise, or at least to *un-humanise*, the idea of God which every where prevailed; to teach mankind that He was a pure and ineffable Spirit, without body, parts, or passions, invisible and incomprehensible. The Unity of the Godhead, and the Trinity of Persons, and the reality of the Incarnation; all these great mysteries were to be constantly presented before men's minds, and deeply inculcated upon them, before it were safe to allow visible and material representations of Him who is the object of adoration, except in the way of parable, type, or symbol. The unspiritualised mind, habituated to all the sensual, though it were poetical, imagery of Pagan worship, could not have profited by such representations, even as instruments for imparting instruction

of idolatry against the Church by first identifying the Catholic use of images with the Heathen use of idols, and then quoting the Fathers in this assumed sense. He actually accuses (p. 337) Catholics of "investing an image with some kind of divinity," and that in the face of an express statement to the contrary by the Council of Trent—a statement which every member of the Church is bound to hold and maintain as he would save his soul.

or moving the affections. Rather harm might have ensued. Accustomed to regard their idols as gods or demigods, or at least as in some way inhabited by divinity, there might have been danger lest, in their ignorance, not only the Heathen without, but the very catechumens of the Church should regard the images of Christ and of the saints with an absolute and idolatrous worship.\* Or if their minds were speedily disabused of these gross material notions, yet there might have been reason to fear that they would look upon such representations as exhibiting the very nature and essence of God, and as embodying his divine attributes. Instead of symbolising the invisible God, or representing Him as incarnate, such images would have been taken to be the very *resemblance* of Him; instead of representing the true and very God made man, they would but have expressed their own false ideas of God;† in other words, they would, to their unenlightened or half-enlightened minds, have represented false gods, and this would have been idolatry. In short, until the inward idea or *imago* were formed in the mind, until they had embraced the belief in the true God, and learnt intellectually to conceive and in words to express it, it was not safe, as indeed it was not possible, to set up before the eyes of men visible images of Him whom they were to worship. They would but have transferred their own ideas to the image; and instead of representing the truth they were being taught, it would have stood in their minds for the old falsehood which they were beginning to unlearn.

Again, what scandal would such representations have caused the Jews, to whom the reverence paid to images would have looked like that idolatry to which they rightly attributed the calamities of their nation. Forbidden as they were, not only to make and worship idols, or strange gods, but to make any form or similitude (Deut. iv. 12-16) of the one true God, even the allegorising his divine Person, and much more the representing it in forms of wood and stone, would have been an abomination in their eyes, and a stumblingblock in the way of their conversion. They must first believe that God had taken flesh and appeared in "the likeness of men," ere they could endure to behold Him represented in human form, or regard with veneration an image of his Person.

\* "That, as far as possible, they might not fall into the notion that images were gods."—Origen, quoted by Newman, *Essay on Development*, p. 357.

† This would be true of the philosophers and poets, and the educated classes generally, who despised the popular superstitions, and were free from the grosser forms of idolatry. Their ideas of God, at the highest, scarcely rose above the human.

In short, so long as reasons existed for the observance of the *disciplina arcani*,\* and so long, therefore, as the uninitiated were ignorant of the sublime spirituality and real tenets of the Christian religion, it is obvious—whatever other causes operated to postpone or restrain the use of holy images, afterwards introduced into the Church (and we are not denying that other causes were in operation)—it is obvious that the open and unreserved “cultus” of holy images was from the nature of the case impracticable.

Neither was it the natural expression of the mind of the Church at the time. The course of devotion, as of thought, cannot be forced; or if forced, the result is an exaggerated or an abortive development.† It is not natural for Christian devotion to do aught but follow or accompany in its acts and expressions the theological developments of the Church’s creed. It would not be natural for Christians to set up images of our Lord and his Blessed Mother, until the doctrine of the hypostatic union of the two natures in one person was not only implicitly believed, as it was from the first, but explicitly taught and insisted upon in all its consequences.‡

The history of Christian doctrine does indeed most marvelously illustrate this *prima-facie* view and expectation. No sooner has the incarnation of the Son of God been accurately defined and perfectly established in the Church, than “image-worship” is found to have attained a developed form and the next assault which heresy essays is on the material representation of the God made man, and, by a necessary consequence, on that of his Blessed Mother and his Saints. And what is also most worthy of notice, the violence of icon-

\* This will explain why in succeeding times, and ever since, even in the midst of heretics to whom the *cultus* of images is a scandal and an occasion of blasphemy and unbelief, no pains have been taken by the Church to hide her devotional practices in this respect. If Jews and Protestants are scandalised, it is (with whatever allowances for exceptional cases) through their own fault and culpable ignorance. Now *nothing* is concealed; all is made plain to those who will take the most ordinary trouble to understand what the Catholic religion really is.

† *Essay on Development*, p. 352. Thus the Carpocratians used images a Pagan way, setting up the statue of Christ by the side of those of Plato, Pythagoras, &c.

‡ This will account for the Church’s placing no restrictions (except such individual discretion may suggest) on her missionaries amongst the Heathen the present day, as to the use of holy images, and other like objects and incentives to devotion. As she goes to them with her whole developed creed, so, necessarily, she does not withhold from them her corresponding devotional system. Her life is the counterpart of her Lord on earth. She cannot in her full stature shrink back within the compass of the form which she wore in her infant state. Her creed and her devotions are parts of one living whole. They are the complement one of the other. The two are inseparable. The only danger would be in detracting from the full proportions of either.



noclasm breaks out in the very region which Satan had chosen as the battle-field on which to head his first onslaught against the faith of the Church of God. Defeated in all his direct attacks, he thought to regain the lost ground, and to undo the effect of the victories achieved against him, by a stroke as subtle as it was bold, viz. a seeming reverence and zeal for Christ, the integrity of his nature, and the orthodoxy of his worship. In the East had arisen all the heresies that assailed the divinity and the humanity of Christ, and the East is the stronghold of iconoclasm.

No one can read, however cursorily, the history of the contest respecting images without perceiving that what both parties considered that the question at issue turned upon, was the reality of the incarnation. The controversy was not, as Protestants say, about the honour and worship essentially due to God, but the honour and worship appropriately due to an *Incarinate* God, to Him who at the same time was both God and man. This, we repeat, was the question in dispute, at least at the origin of the contest: seeing that Christ is God as well as man, is it pious to make an image of Him, as He is? and granting that it is so, may worship be rendered thereto? and again, if so, of what kind ought that worship to be? The anti-Catholic party in the East began by allowing, or rather by maintaining, that images might be used religiously, and, indeed, honoured as from a distance, but that they ought not to be superstitiously worshipped. They would admit images into churches, but they would have them "set up on high" out of the reach of the people, who were wont to kiss them and salute them with prostrations and genuflexions, so "bringing a scandal upon things otherwise worthy of honour."\* But the real design of these reformers was not long in shewing itself; and from removing the holy Crucifix and the images of Christ and the Saints from their usual places, and prohibiting all honour to be shewn them, they soon took to banishing them from the churches altogether, and treating them with ignominy and outrage. Impiety speedily reached its climax; the hypocrisy of antichrist needed no longer its cloak of affected zeal.

What good men from the first felt to be the real object of attack is evident from the noble words of Germanus, the vener-

\* This in the first instance was Leo's proposition. Mr. Mendham calls the Emperor's view of the matter "both moderate, pious, and rational," yet he himself, in almost every page of his work, denounces the very presence of images in churches as an idolatrous thing, and his own Church has cast them out as abominable.

able Patriarch of Constantinople, to the Emperor Leo, in which he declared that "he would willingly die for the sake of His image, who, to restore the lost image of God in man, had rendered up his life upon the cross."\* The whole argument of the aged saint, as it has come down to us in the narratives of historians, is worth extracting, because it shews the ground that was at once taken by the defenders of images before the issue proved the real bearing and importance of the contest, and is an evidence of the theological depth of the Catholic disputants, which is most illustriously in contrast with the shallowness and inconsistency of their adversaries. It must naturally occur to any mind to which the Incarnation is a reality, that the very fact of God becoming man must make *all* the difference in the matter of representing Him in visible human form. Even had He but *appeared* as man, the very semblance of humanity which He wore would have seemed to justify the representing of it; but seeing that He had taken human nature in its very substance, corporeal and incorporeal, no objection in the very nature of things could lie against making pictures, and if pictures then by analogy statues also of Him. St. Germanus is reported to have said that

"He was far indeed from worshipping images in the manner in which the triune God alone ought to be adored. But every kind of προσκύνησις did not imply such adoration. In the Old Testament, worship was spoken of as a mere outward sign of veneration. In this sense it may be rendered to man; and is actually given to the emperors, to their statues and edicts, and without ever bringing on those who render it the charge of idolatry. Of the invisible essence of God, it was plain that no image could be made, and the attempt, therefore, according to the Old Testament, must be forbidden. But since God has become manifest in human nature, and has taken it into union with Himself, so ought we now, agreeably to our faith in the true humanity of the Son of God, to make images of the God-man. The representation of Christ in such images may be made not less edifying than a verbal description† of that great mystery of

\* Neander's *Church History*, Dr. Stebbing's translation, vol. v. p. 264. Mr. Mendham, misunderstanding the whole drift of the passage, acutely observes, "How can a man be his own image?"

† This idea is thus expanded by Leibnitz: "Granting, then, that no other veneration of images is admitted but such as belongs to the prototype, there will be no more idolatry in it than in the veneration which is rendered to God and to Christ when his most holy name is uttered. For names are also signs, and such indeed as are far inferior to images, inasmuch as they represent a thing much less perfectly. Therefore, when an image is said to be honoured, this is not to be understood in any other way than when it is said, that 'In the name of Jesus every knee should bow,' 'Blessed be the name of the Lord,' 'Glory be to His name;' and to worship before an external image is not more to be reprehended

the incarnation, and is an actual rejection of Docetism. It is not the earthly material of which the image is made which receives the honour, but the incarnate Deity which it represents. Neither to the Mother of God, however, nor to the Saints, in reference to their persons, ought any kind of adoration (*λατρεία*) to be offered. This belongs to God alone; but to the Mother of God, as to her through whom the Most High became a partaker of humanity, to her who was thereby exalted in rank above all other creatures, proportionable honour and love are due."\*

St. John of Damascus expresses himself in similar terms:

"Christians who have attained to maturity of the faith possess the means of distinguishing between what can be represented and what is far exalted above the power of representation. Under the old covenant it was impossible that God, as an incorporeal being and without form, should be represented by any image. But now that God has appeared in the flesh, and has conversed with men upon earth, I may represent Him according to his visible appearance."†

And so he continues in the same strain. The Popes Gregory and Adrian hold precisely the same language, and in like manner all the arguments alleged by the Fathers of the

than to worship before an internal image, figured in our imagination; for the use of an external image is none other than to give a more distinct expression to the internal image."—*Syst. Theol.* quoted by Perrone, *Prælectiones, Tract. de cult. Sanct.* cap. v.

Blanco White saw clearly that the use of images was involved in the belief of an incarnate God. His words have a most painful interest. He says: "A religion which presents an *incarnate* God as the supreme object of worship is essentially idolatrous. Idolatry does not consist in worshipping *material figures*, but in reducing the Deity to an object of the *imagination*. If God is made man, it signifies little whether you worship the *image within you*, or whether you represent that image in wood or stone, according to the Roman Catholic practice. It is childish to make the evil of idolatry consist in the materiality of the idol; that evil arises from the inevitable degradation of the Deity, when conceived as a *man*." (*Autobiography*, quoted by the *Christian Remembrancer*, No. xlix. p. 190.) The remarks with which the reviewer accompanies this extract, and indeed the whole essay, are very suggestive. We know at least one instance in which the train of thought thus opened, led to the embrace of the whole doctrine of the Catholic Church on the subject of images, disclosing, as it did, the intimacy of the connexion that subsisted between the *cultus imaginum* and the mystery of the incarnation, nay, the very personality of God, as revealed to us through a "human medium."

\* Neander, vol. v. pp. 263, 4. The whole account of the contest about images given by this writer is very instructive. Caring nothing for creeds and dogmas, he is remarkably clear-sighted in detecting the inconsistencies of the anti-Catholic party. We cannot say that we consider this a mark of candour in him, because, although making the greatest admissions where he has no motive to the contrary, in every thing that clashes with his own opinions he exhibits a partiality and unfairness quite as remarkable. Mr. M. despising, like all shallow men, what he cannot understand, talks of Germanus' "prosy" reply.

† Neander, vol. v. pp. 267, 8.



Council start from the same idea—the essential difference between the old dispensation and the new, God having now manifested Himself to men. This unanimity is very remarkable. Even the ground taken by the opposite side in the pseudo-Council of Constantinople was that of a supposed denial, by implication, of the mystery of the twofold nature of Christ; while in fact they themselves used the most unorthodox reasonings on the subject, involving no less (as we shall see in the sequel) than the denial that “Jesus Christ was come in the flesh.” But we must reserve the discussion to our next number, as also the consideration of what to our minds are the three most interesting questions connected with the whole matter, viz. 1. what was the object and the result of the appeal which the Fathers of the Council made to tradition, with respect to the use and veneration of images? 2. what was the species of veneration, or worship, which the Council prescribed? and 3. what is the nature of the developments which the doctrine has received by analytical process at the hands of later divines?

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#### THE CHURCH AND THE KING BEFORE AND AFTER THE REFORMATION.

*The Present Crisis in the Church of England. Illustrated by a brief Inquiry as to the Royal Supremacy before and after the Reformation.* By W. J. Irons, B.D., Vicar of Brompton. Masters.

IF there be any thing that is certain about Christianity, looked upon as a mere fact in the history of mankind, it is, that it has ever claimed a power independent of the temporal government. It sprang up entirely apart from any existing commonwealth; its propagators, while they owned allegiance to “the powers that be,” every where excepted from the jurisdiction of the civil ruler all that concerned their religion. The existence of martyrs is a sufficient proof of this. Nor was this the case only while the powers of the world were Pagan. St. Athanasius considers it quite a sufficient condemnation of an Arian creed that it bore the date of a consulate, and was stamped with the sanction of an emperor. And this, be it observed, is the indispensable condition of what claims to be a divine revelation. It must erect itself over every earthly power by the

very fact that it pretends to come from Heaven : if it is to obtain a hearing at all, it must present itself as something utterly beyond every thing which belongs to the mere natural order of things. This is so palpable, that whenever religion is vital it at once pours out its strong energetic life in a struggle with the powers of the world. The sturdy Covenanters who bared their bosoms to the sword of Claverhouse, the early Wesleyans, and the many sects who have opposed the State, are only various developments of this great principle. It is true, indeed, that while these religionists claim our sympathy as asserters of a great truth, they are on the other hand pushed into a false position by the fact that they are sectaries. The State may turn round upon them and say, "It is all very well to claim liberty of thought on the ground of your believing that your tenets come from heaven ; but before we let you teach and preach, you must shew us by what authority you claim to come from God. Till then, you are a simple nuisance, and we will put you down with fine and imprisonment ; we will make war upon you with pains and penalties, as we do upon every one else who disturbs the public peace." The fact is, these enthusiastic men are labouring under the fallacy common to all who pretend to teach religious truth without pretending to infallibility. Before claiming exemption from legitimate authority, they must not only believe in a revelation, but also be the authorised teachers of it. Otherwise, they may be mistaken about the truth of the particular form of the religion which they profess. If they have no divine authority to teach, they simply come under the laws of the police, if once they break them. The very mistake, however, of these sects bears witness to the great truth, that revelation which claims to be genuine must necessarily possess powers beyond the jurisdiction of the State. This, of course, is the justification of the Apostles ; they were infallible, that is, they were the authorised depositories of heavenly truth ; therefore, woe to whoever came across them. This it is which raises their death to the dignity of martyrdom, above that of a common execution. This it is which authorised them, fishermen as they were, to organise a body beside and beyond the State, to map out the world into dioceses, and to give certain individuals jurisdiction over populous cities, and over vast tracts of territory. If Christianity is to be a revelation at all, it must be independent of secular princes ; in other words, its normal condition must be a complete distinction of Church and State.

Now if there be such a thing as historical truth, this state

of things was realised in the middle ages, and in this country ceased to exist at the Reformation. Before the sixteenth century, the Church claimed to be the Christian revelation, because it had power from Christ to teach the truth. The State bowed to it, not only because it was Christian, but because being infallible it was Christianity. After that period, all forms of religion, save one, rushed into a state of rebellion or of servitude. Each body of Christians separated from the Catholic Church generated either rebels or slaves. Each view of the Christian republic had its advantages: unbounded liberty of thought fell to the share of the religionist who held that he might believe and teach what he pleased independently of the State; peace, and quiet, and uniformity were, or ought to have been, enjoyed by the sects who preferred a religion of which the State was the arbiter.

Now, of these two alternatives the strong worldly sense of England chose the latter. Its appreciation of dogmatic truth has never been so vivid as its reverence for law and palpable authority. During the various changes of religion in the reigns of Henry, of Edward, and of Elizabeth, it lay still. Sometimes it was goaded into rebellion, as when on a given day, by Act of Parliament, the cold, dead service of the Prayer book shoved aside the holy sacrifice of the Mass. Even the soothing exhortation in the beginning of the service did not lull the men of England to sleep, and they rushed to arms. Their remonstrances were, however, first cajoled into silence, and then choked in blood; and England again relapsed into patience. It would hardly seem to be possible to deny that the State did most thoroughly and entirely absorb into itself every power of the Church which implied a government over souls, or an independent faculty of teaching. History is the most awkward of arguments. It is a palpable fact, that all along, ever since its origin under Henry VIII., the Anglican Establishment has surrendered its authority into the hands of the State. What is passing around us now might be supposed to be a sufficient evidence of this assertion. With the Gorham case before him, he would be a bold man who would say that the Church of England was as free as it was in the days of St. Anselm and St. Thomas.

Yet, strange to say,—and after this long preamble, we are at last arriving at the subject of our article,—a man has been found, we will not say impudent, but courageous enough to affirm that the Establishment in the nineteenth century enjoys more freedom than the medieval Church in the days of St. Gregory and of Innocent III. And this courage is the more



meritorious, because the author of the theory in question does not profess to base it upon abstract metaphysical grounds, but appeals to a species of argument in which error is most easily detected. Mr. Irons has undertaken to shew from history that "the Church for five hundred years before the Reformation, by countless acts of synods and parliaments, sometimes together, sometimes apart, did recognise, and as a habit allow, the supremacy of the king;" that "the spirit of the Reformation was altogether hostile to the royal supremacy;" nay, that "the reformed Church somewhat abated and restrained the royal prerogative." Now it might be supposed that to state such a proposition was to refute it. It should never, however, be forgotten that in such a controversy as the present, where men are struggling for life and death, any argument on the side which they love is sufficient to dazzle and perplex them. A drowning man catches at any thing; and many a sincere Anglican who is still clinging with the strong grasp of misplaced affection to the system in which he was born, may clutch at the very palpable straw which Mr. Irons has flung upon the troubled waters of the Gorham controversy. Nay, there are traces of a line of argument very similar to that adopted by the gentleman in question to be found in a letter,\* which, as indicated by the well-known signature, E. B. P., can only come from a person by no means uninfluential in the party to which he belongs. It is therefore a mere act of charity to examine into the historical grounds adduced by Mr. Irons in support of his assertion.

And now, in order to narrow as much as possible the field of our inquiries, we would try to reduce them as much as possible to a pure matter of fact. Let us attempt to strip it of all abstractions, and draw it down as far as we can into the region of things purely visible. The word "Church," for instance, may perplex us; as far, therefore, as this question is concerned, the supremacy of the Church may be considered to mean the supremacy of the clergy. In the middle ages, there existed two bodies of men as distinct as any thing could possibly be, the clergy and the laity. If you had walked the streets of mediæval London, you would have easily picked out the one from the other by the difference in their external appearance; and yet the shaven crown and the cassock of the priest would not more infallibly have distinguished him from the mail-clad warrior, than the social condition of the one would have marked him out from the other. It is true, you might sometimes have found certain individuals who might have come across your division; you might occasionally have seen a bishop, like him

\* *Guardian*, March 20.

of Beauvais, wielding the iron mace, and clothed in a soldier's armour; yet this would by no means disturb you, for all England would at once see the incongruity, just as if now the Archbishop of Canterbury were made Earl-Marshal of the realm. If you had looked further into the matter, you would have seen that in certain matters the churchman had power over the layman; the clergy, by their authorised organs, were the acknowledged expositors of the faith, and the administrators of a system of morals coming from God, and called Christianity. And from this immediately arose their jurisdiction; that is, they not only pronounced that such a false doctrine was heresy, but they moreover judged that the man who held it was a heretic. They not only pronounced upon the abstract validity of marriages in certain cases, but they declared that the union of definite persons living as married was valid or null as the case might be; in other words, they had jurisdiction over those persons. Again, all government implies the power to punish offenders; and the Church had powers vested in her, by which she could inflict penalties of a spiritual nature upon those who despised her authority. Lastly, in order to the free exercise of her influence on the social body, it was necessary for the Church to shew a legitimate control over the appointment of her own officers. In these three things, therefore, consisted the power of the Church: its authority in deciding in cases of dogma or of morals, involving jurisdiction over heretics and certain moral delinquents; its power in the infliction of ecclesiastical censures; and its freedom in the election of its Bishops, and the distribution of benefices among its priests.

On the other hand, it must be remembered, that clear and definite as was this idea of the separation between Church and State, in practice the two bodies were so blended together that innumerable questions arose between them. First of all, they were materially identical, that is, the self-same individuals entered into the composition of both societies. The churchman was a subject in temporal matters, as the layman was a member of the Church in what concerned his soul. Again, the Church possessed property, and thus became a portion of the feudal commonwealth. When a bishopric was conferred, or a benefice given, not only was jurisdiction acquired over souls, but certain broad lands also fell under the dominion of the churchman. Thus the State, as lord of the soil, might naturally have a voice in the election to ecclesiastical dignities; and thus a certain debateable ground was created, leaving room for concession on the part of the Church, and usurpation on the side of the State.

And now, over and above this slight sketch, must come one thing more, without which the whole would be incomplete. We are told that "appeals elsewhere" are no part of ecclesiastical polity.\* But in that little mysterious 'elsewhere' is contained a word which the pen refused to write, and the lips durst not speak, because it could neither be spoken nor written without heart-burning. By the grace of God, appeals to Rome were a part of the Church polity of the middle ages; and in this lies the gist of the whole question. Kings might usurp, and Bishops might truckle; but as long as throughout the length and breadth of the land every Englishman knew quite well, that across the British Channel, ay, and across the Alps, there sat an old man, and he a churchman, who had power from God to settle the whole matter, the heart of England was still sound, and unimpaired by vital disease. William Rufus might storm, and synods be silenced, but all England knew that it was an act of brute-force, nay, the Red King knew it himself quite well, and if God had given him grace to repent before he was struck down like a wild beast by the fatal arrow, he would have confessed it as a sin before he died; and when Anselm came into his presence-chamber, and begged him to allow Councils to be called in England as of old, and the king answered, that the matter depended on the royal will, and not on the archbishop's, then the old man quietly wended his way to Rome, in spite of the king, sat as Archbishop in the Council of Bari, and pronounced on the doctrine of the procession of the Holy Ghost. And this, be it remembered, is a fact quite independent of all questions about the jurisdiction of the see of Rome. The simple question is, did the final appeal in ecclesiastical causes lie with a churchman or with a layman in the middle ages? and the answer is, that, as a matter of fact, the ultimate referee in such cases was an ecclesiastic, who, by the ordinance of Christ, as we believe, was the successor of St. Peter. There might be usurpation on the part of the State, and connivance on the side of the Church, but all the world knew what it meant. Concordats might be entered into, and concessions made, but they all proceeded on the assumption that the parties concerned were independent sovereigns, and that the conceding party was giving what was his,—in other words, that he was the supreme fountain of jurisdiction in the matters in question.

With the light thus thrown on the subject before us, let us enter briefly on the examination of the facts brought forward by Mr. Irons. Of course it may be said that the state of things in question was the theory of the middle ages, but that, in point of

\* Vide Letter from E. B. P. in the *Guardian*.



fact, the Church was unable to carry it out. Now we are perfectly ready to acknowledge that the State, in many instances, did encroach upon the Church, nay, that churchmen connived often at what they disliked; but we maintain that the ecclesiastical polity which we describe was realised and did exist as a mighty truth. We maintain that the fact is so palpable that it requires no proof from us; the *onus probandi* lies with them who deny it. Now let us see how Mr. Irons attempts to establish his point.

He begins with William the Conqueror. Now we will translate for him the passage of Eadmer to which he most probably alludes: "He did not choose that any man in all his realm should acknowledge any one created Bishop of Rome as lawful Pope, except by his leave; nor would he suffer his letters to be received unless he himself had first inspected them. If the Archbishop of Canterbury convened a general synod of bishops and presided in it, he suffered him not to decree or to prohibit any thing which was not consonant with his will, and first put by himself among his ordinances. He never allowed his bishops publicly to bring to trial, or excommunicate, or bind with any ecclesiastical penalty, any one of his barons or ministers, be it for incest, or adultery, or any other capital crime."\* As an instance of William's usurpations, the pamphlet goes on to say:—

"One of the offences of Archbishop Stigand, for which King William, of his royal authority, called a council and deposed him, was, that he had received his pall from a Pope whom the king of England disapproved—viz. Benedict IX. (a pontiff who was cast down from his popedom for simony): King William henceforth prohibited the English Church from acknowledging any one as Pope till the king had first done so. The king was obeyed, and the Church survived."

Now King William did not call a council, nor did he depose Stigand, nor was Stigand deposed because he received his pall from a Pope whom the king of England disapproved. He was degraded by two cardinal legates, in a council convoked by them, for having bought the pall from Benedict X., an antipope.† The king of England no doubt disapproved of Benedict, for we never heard that any body approved of him except a certain obscure Count of Tusculum; but there is no

\* Hist. Nov. lib. i.

† "Willelmus Stigandus per cardinales Romanos deponi passus est." William of Malmesbury, *Gest.* lib. 3. "Stigandus per cardinales degradatus." Tol. lib. 2. But the clearest account of the transaction is contained in these words: "Ermenfridus, legatus Alexandri Papæ ad voluntatem regis, coacto concilio deposuit."—*De Pont.* lib. i.

proof that our king committed himself to any special act with respect to him, still less that this was the cause of Stigand's degradation. We quite allow that William was exceedingly glad to get rid of this worthless archbishop, if only because he was a Saxon; still, in this instance he can be accused of nothing uncanonical, nay, the account which he himself always gave of the matter was, that he was deposed by apostolic authority. Now we will allow Mr. Irons that the Conqueror, in the beginning of his reign, did perpetrate many an act against the liberties of the Church. Nay, he did call a council, in which he deposed bishops and abbots, in violation of all ecclesiastical law. He committed excesses enough of this sort to justify Eadmer's severe strictures upon his character; but the question is, how far he *succeeded* in his attempts upon ecclesiastical liberties? Happily there was that blessed successor of St. Peter, sitting at Rome, with his eye fixed upon England; and happily Hildebrand was standing by his side, as chancellor of the Holy See. Soon after the council to which we have been alluding, in which the Bishop of Chichester had been unlawfully deposed, there arrived a significant letter from Alexander, containing the following passage: "Besides, we would have your Excellency know that the cause of Alric, Bishop of Chichester, who was deposed by the substitutes of our legates, does not appear to us to have been completely handled as it ought. Therefore, as is provided in the canons, we have pronounced that he shall be restored. We have therefore committed his cause to be tried and determined by our brother Archbishop Lanfranc, according to the rule of canonical tradition."\* William was far too wise a man to quarrel with either the Holy See or with Lanfranc. The fact is, that he was, after all, the most respectable of the crowned savages who then ruled over Europe. His interests also accorded with those of the Church. He certainly deposed Saxon bishops and abbots in a very summary manner; they were however, generally speaking, exceedingly disgraceful ecclesiastics, so that the Church was completely cleansed in his days. Thus Lanfranc overlooked the uncanonical proceedings which had taken place, and did not reverse what William had done unless the thing in itself was unjust, in which case he had recourse to Rome.—Again:

"King Henry I., in a council which he summoned at London," according to Mr. Irons, "took the power into his own hands of managing the law of clerical celibacy. The bishops acquiesced; and his majesty issued, it is said, his own royal licenses for the married priests."

\* Baronius in Ann.



Now, first of all be it observed, that kings very often summoned the bishops of the realm together; or else the bishops themselves took occasion of their assembling in Parliament to transact ecclesiastical business together. It does not, however, in the least follow that these assemblies were councils, unless the bishops canonically converted themselves into a council. In France a distinct name was given to these assemblies in order to distinguish them from really ecclesiastical synods.\* In England, however, these two sorts of meetings are often confounded, especially as the word 'council' was used for the common lay assemblies of the realm;† the attentive observer will generally be able to find out, from the form in which they are mentioned, whether the gathering in question was a real council or not. For instance, when it is said that "a great council was held in the palace of King Henry, in the year of our Lord 1107, on the first of August, under the presidency of the king, with the Archbishops Anselm of Canterbury and Gerard of York assisting,"‡ it is quite evident that the council was not ecclesiastical in the technical sense. When, on the contrary, "William Archbishop of Canterbury gathered together a general council of all the bishops and abbots, and all sorts of religious personages of the whole of England, over which council he himself presided as Archbishop of Canterbury and legate of the Apostolic See," there is no question whatever as to the nature of that assembly. Whether, however, the council cited by Mr. Irons was ecclesiastical or not, Henry did not take into his own hands the power of managing the law of clerical celibacy, nor is it said "that his majesty issued his own royal licenses for the married priests." The history to which allusion is made is as follows. The ecclesiastics against whom the law was made could not be judged in the secular courts. The wily Beauclerc, however, offered to use the secular arm for the punishment of the wretched offenders; the bishops, forgetting with whom they had to deal, allowed him to do so; on which he exacted heavy fines, and after putting the gold into his own royal exchequer, suffered the miserable beings to remain as they were.§ To receive as a boon from the bishops leave to punish with the civil power priests living in that dreadful state, is by no means equivalent to taking in one's hands the law of ecclesiastical celibacy; nor can the bishops be said to have acquiesced, for it is as clear as possible that they did not concede that which Henry did.

\* Thomassiu Vet. et nova Ecc. Disc. p. 2, lib. iii. c. 56.

† "Magnum concilium," in our historians, commonly means "parliament."

‡ Chronicle of Battle Abbey ap. Wilkins.

§ "Concessere regi justitiam de focariis sacerdotum." Wilkins, l. 4, 11.



And now, from this insignificant piece of by-play, disgraceful enough to the cunning deceiver, and matter enough for shame to the deceived, yet unworthy of being put forward in the great battle of the middle ages we approach, a far other scene comes before us, in which it would be difficult to suppose that any one could be bold enough to find an instance of kingly supremacy. When a man evokes the spirit of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and bids it tell him how the king in his day enslaved the Church in England, it is really a compliment to call him ignorant, save that there is in theology a species of ignorance called "affected."

It may be, and we hope it is so, that Mr. Irons is only a man who dips here and there into history, and thus has no thread to guide him through the labyrinth of dates and facts before him. Men who start on a false hypothesis, or else start on no principle at all, are often confused by the multitude of regal figures and stately forms marshalled before them in history, and mistake the bearings of their actions one upon another. But when an unquestionable and palpable shape, like that of St. Thomas, comes up before a man, even Christian charity can hardly call a blunder any thing but wilful. It would be useless to speak of it, if it were not for the sake of illustrating the principles which we have in view through the whole of this rough sketch. The council, or rather assembly, of Clarendon, is no proof of the king's supremacy in England, though every bishop in the realm, with the two archbishops at their head, gave up into the hands of the State some of the fundamental powers of the Church; because every episcopal voice, as it pleaded for the fatal document, trembled, for the heart whispered that it was doing foul wrong, and that, do what they might, their act was worth nothing as long as Alexander III. had not stamped the fisherman's seal upon it. The Church, in the person of its head, and he a churchman, had still to pronounce upon the question; and therefore lay supremacy had not prevailed. Again, England had not apostatised, because every man in the realm knew that the Pope was over all, and acknowledged his right to settle the matter. Public opinion, after all, is the criterion of the fact, whether a triumph has been gained or not; it cannot pronounce on the matter of right or of doctrine; but if you have won it over to your side, you have at least beaten the antagonist principle. Now St. Thomas learned what England thought of what he had done the moment that he left the council. A murmur arose among his own attendants: as he rode on his way, with his cross borne before him, he who carried the sacred sign murmured that the shepherd had deserted

his sheep, and given them over to the wolf; that the kings and princes of the earth had been gathered together against the Lord Christ, and that the synagogue of Satan was raging against Him. These were plain words; and from that hour St. Thomas wept bitterly. The seal of Canterbury was never set to that scroll of parchment which he had carried away unsigned from the council-chamber; and after many years, in which that noble heart was trained in the interior life—in all its sorrows, under his rough director the Cistercian Abbot, who understood him not; in all its transports, when Mary appeared and tutored him in her sevenfold joys,—then, ripe for martyrdom, he returned and washed away the constitutions of Clarendon for ever in his blood.

And now we will follow the rash steps of Mr. Irons through another phase of the contest. The kings of England had learned a lesson from the utter failure of Henry II.'s systematic attempts upon the liberties of the Church: they no longer ventured on more than isolated acts of tyranny, especially in impeding the freedom of elections. On one of these instances Mr. Irons has fallen; but if he had asked us, we would have furnished him with at least six more in the space of about twenty years, up to the time when St. Richard's election to the see of Chichester gave a severe check to the king's usurpations. The instance, however, of Walter de Hemesham is a most unfortunate one. The pamphlet before us says, "the king refused to confirm him, and set him aside, and the Church submitted to the royal will." The Church, however, did no such thing; the bishops as well as the king opposed his election, and the cause was decided, not by the secular power, but at Rome. Walter was examined by the Cardinals, and set aside on the ground of want of theological knowledge. Again, in the other cases which we might bring forward of royal interference in elections, the cause was almost invariably carried to Rome; each case, therefore, is an evidence against royal supremacy.

If we continued, step by step, to expose the mistakes made by Mr. Irons, this article would run to a most disproportionate length; we will therefore only notice one more *en passant* before proceeding to the only remaining portion of his pamphlet which really bears, in any important degree, on the history of the ante-reformation Church.

"In the reign of Edward II. it was enacted by parliament, and allowed by the Church, that 'when a case is debated before judges spiritual and temporal, notwithstanding the spiritual judgment, the king's court shall discuss the same matter as it shall deem expedient.'"

The meaning of this clause is simply as follows: supposing any one laid violent hands on a clerk in the king's highway, he would be amenable to the ecclesiastical court, and at the same time had broken the public peace, and so was also to appear before the secular tribunal. The king's judges, according to the statute in question, might punish or acquit him, whatever might have been the judgment of the ecclesiastical officers. How this affects the liberties of the Church it is difficult to discover. In fact, the most cursory examination of the document in question shews clearly, that it was made, on the whole, in favour of ecclesiastics.

This brings us well into the middle of the 14th century, a wretched time, in which we fully grant that the spirit of the Reformation began to gain ground in England. If ever there was a melancholy time for the Church, it was during these two centuries preceding the Reformation. The deep melancholy song of Dante, turning to the other world for an explanation of the power of evil over good, is the fitting intellectual expression of it. Its opening scene is the captivity of the Pope, when the poet saw "the *fleur de lis* enter into Anagni, and Christ again a prisoner in the person of his Vicar."\* On the continent, there were at least St. Catherine of Sienna yearning, with a woman's love, for the Pope's return to Rome, St. Vincent Ferrer announcing the coming of the judgment, and St. Bernardin spreading the triumph of the name of Jesus. But as for England, its line of saints closes; it is the age of Wicliff, that man of the North, *homo borealis*, as Walsingham calls him, who first breathed in English ears views of nationality. The statute of *præmunire* is the product of this century. Let no one suppose that it had any thing to do with doctrine. Wicliff's Manichæism, and his theories of society, secular and ecclesiastical, fell dead; but the solid and practical view that money was going out of the land to enrich foreigners, whenever the sovereign Pontiff gave a benefice to the churchmen of his court, found many a ready listener. This statute is nothing more than the expression of a deep English growl, as gold was seen to flow from the land into Italian pockets. But its history is not to be gathered from the statute-book. It remained there, and was brought forth as it was needed; but it was an understood thing that a concordat was still pending between the Pontiff and the king on the subject. Edward III., when his parliament pressed him to proceed in the matter, stopped their petitions by saying that he was in treaty with the court of Rome. Every Bishop received his bulls from Rome, notwithstanding *præmunire*,

\* Purg. cant. xx.



though with a protest, that by this act he meant nothing against the king's majesty. Nay, though the statute forbade appeals concerning benefices to be carried to the papal court, several causes of that nature were decided there. For instance, Thomas Arundel was deprived of and reinstated in the Archbishopric of Canterbury, in the teeth of the statute;\* and the bishopric of Lincoln was given away by the Pope in 1396, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the clergy of England. The fact is, that churchmen were just as much opposed to papal provisions; but neither party ever dreamed of the use which afterwards was made of it. This poor statute of *præmunire* did a great work in the hands of Henry VIII.; but it was a brute machine which borrowed its force from the determined arm which wielded it.

Never were a set of men more aghast than the clergy of England when they found themselves in the very fangs of the wondrous statute; but they stared still more wildly when it was announced to them that they could only escape by declaring that Henry was "the protector and only supreme head of the church and clergy of England." We will not go through the miserable tale. With a paltry "*quantum per legem Christi liceat*," it was carried, and the king and clergy kissed and made friends. And from that moment a new order of things began in the realm. It was one day in January 1591 that the deed was done; and the morrow's sun rose upon England, and found it on the highway to schism. They were Catholics of course who had done it, just as every step by which a man proceeds on his way to mortal sin is taken by him in a state of grace. Nor do we say that England ceased to be Catholic at that moment, nor is it possible perhaps to lay one's finger on the precise moment when she was cut off from the Church of Christ; Cranmer himself got his bulls from Rome; but in that Convocation-chamber was averred a principle which was the very reverse of Catholicism, which differs from it as much as Mahomedanism does from Christianity, and which is the doctrine of the Church of England, the heresy which infects it, and which it makes it death to remain in her bosom.

And now we will beg leave to forget Mr. Irons; he has teased and bored us up to this time, and now we bid him good-by, only warning him, for the future, off historical ground. But there are other minds in the Anglican Establishment, more earnest and more religious, who may dream that they may remain there without acknowledging the principle involved in the royal supremacy. It is for them that we

\* Thomassin, 2. lib. 2, 34.

now shew, that it is not a mere assumption on the part of the State, but a dogma, or rather the distinctive dogma, of the Church of England. Every society has got an idea or type on which it is formed, and the idea on which the Anglican Church proceeds is that the ruler of the state is its head, the fountain of its jurisdiction, and an integral part, and that the dominant one, of all its functions. And the way to ascertain this is simply to investigate its actual history, as in the case of all bodies politic whatever. If divines of utterly different schools have held it in some shape or another, if it be the key to its whole life, so that every phase through which it has gone is only a development of this one idea, then surely it is not an usurpation, it is the *doctrine* of the Church. Historical development is the most unerring guide that can be followed; it does not proceed in a regular march like a documentary argument; its order is often inverted; but the stern conclusion, which might have been prophesied from the beginning, is sure to come at last. It is evolved not through one mind, but through thousands; it seizes like a spirit on a whole nation; it possesses it, and all its writhings and struggles are nothing but the spasmodic action caused by the mighty influence.

Now, it might be supposed to be hard to fix on one formula which could include within it every party within the capacious bosom of the English Church. Yet we believe that there is one principle which comprehends them all, from the followers of Dr. Pusey down to the lowest churchman, and that is, the principle of nationality. All hold that each national Church is perfect within itself, and has all that is necessary for the life of a Church. Sick or sorry it may be without its sister-churches, but still it is alive, that is, it has all that is essential to it apart from them, just as two sisters are perfect and independent beings, and have two souls and two responsibilities. Now, it is out of this principle of nationality that has been generated the idea of the royal supremacy. You will never persuade Englishmen that any body politic can go on without a court of final appeal; now, where, in point of fact, is this court of appeal, if, as on the hypothesis it must be, it is to be within the nation? Talk not of the Catholic Church; no man will ever persuade the world that the Church within the nation is the Universal Church in such a sense as to be a *final* authority from God to decide cases of doctrine. Nay, did any one ever assert it? The Bishops may differ, and whither are you to carry your appeal from discordant Bishops? To the primitive Church? But the Church of St. Ambrose and St. Augustine will not deprive a

clergyman of the 19th century of his living for heresy, any more than it can institute him. For be it remembered, that jurisdiction, that is, the power of carrying out the laws upon individuals, is a present thing, and you cannot call the saints from their graves to exercise it. Again, in the ecclesiastical matters, the power of pronouncing upon doctrine, and that of judging a matter of fact, are identical. You cannot judge this man to be a heretic, without judging his doctrine to be heresy; so that, if the national Church be not able of itself to pronounce upon doctrine, apart from the rest of the Catholic Church, it cannot have jurisdiction in itself to condemn an individual as a teacher of error. No, you will never convince England that the Church of the English nation, as separate from the rest of the Christian Church, is an authoritative judge of doctrine. This opinion never was mooted at the time of the Reformation; it never was asserted since by any one that we ever heard of. If, then, the national Church be separated from the rest of Christendom, and if, being thus separated, it does not contain within itself all that is necessary to be the final court of appeal, where are you to look for your ultimate tribunal? The Church and nation of England at the Reformation answered: In the king. And from that day to this, under various modifications, so it has been.

This answer, as given by the Parliament of England, was of course definite enough; it declared "that the archbishops, bishops, archdeacons, and other ecclesiastical persons, have no manner of jurisdiction ecclesiastical but by and from his majesty."\* Let us now trace the progress of this theory in the ecclesiastical mind of England. Clear and explicit as are the words of the statute-book, the view is not less clear when it takes the shape of a dogma in the hands of theologians. Cranmer held as a doctrine, that the Apostles themselves only ordained bishops and priests because the emperor was a Heathen; and his ecclesiastical authority was in abeyance.† Thus St. Peter, according to this successor of St. Thomas of Canterbury, was therefore Nero's vicar, save that the emperor was prevented by the accident of Paganism from entering on his office, just as a king may be suspended in the exercise of his functions by lunacy or sickness. It was impossible, however, that the theory should remain in such a state as that; and Queen Elizabeth felt it. She put out an admonition, complaining bitterly of those "malicious persons" who gave out "that the kings and queens of the realm challenge au-

\* 37 Hen. VIII. c. 17.

† Questions and Answers on the Sacraments. Jenkyns, vol. ii. p. 98.



hority and power of ministry of divine service in the Church." She only claimed "the sovereignty and rule over all manner of persons born within these her dominions, of what estate, either ecclesiastical or temporal, soever they be, so as no other foreign power shall or ought to have any superiority over them." Now no one doubted her sovereignty over ecclesiastical persons, the question was whether she was supreme over them in spiritual matters; and her divines settled for her what she was. It was in her reign that the Church of England proper was established. Before then, amidst the wild evolutionary work of the Reformation, how could any man stop to elaborate theories? They seized on the first that came; each man in the midst of the great battle, consciously of the fundamental principle which he felt at his heart, rough-hewed it as he could, and flung it at his adversary, without stopping to polish it. But when the wild work was done, and a great ruin had been made in England, when that "foreign prelate" was gone, and his bishops had been cast down from their thrones, men looked on the dreary waste which they had caused, and asked who was to take his place. Alas! one had already stepped into it, and the figure "the likeness of a kingly crown had on," and theologians must take it as a mighty fact, and do what they could with it. And then it was that there arose in the bosom of the Church of England two discordant elements, which have struggled and fought till they have well-nigh riven her to pieces. The one was the principle of Church-authority, the other the principle of unalloyed private judgment. Of course, as in all false systems, every principle, even though right and true in itself, becomes convicted of unreality; and here the love of authority, the desire of the tired mind to fold its wings and to be at peace by submission to some power coming from God, only exhibited itself in unreal shapes because it had no object to rest upon. It is like idolatry, which is only one form of the religious life of man, feeding on the worship of wood and stone, because its own true God is lost. So that men in the Church of England looked round for something which had a semblance of God in it, and fixed upon episcopacy. On the other hand, strange to say, and it is a fact which has never been sufficiently dwelt upon, if you are to look for Catholic principles on the freedom of the Church and its independence of the State, you will not find them in the High-Church party, but in the very opposite. The very apostle of Erastianism, the doctor and teacher who threw it into its English shape, was not Cartwright, but Hooker. The Puritans represented the antagonist principle. They were the confessors of the

reformed Church. They had come, in their exile on the continent, into dangerous contact with the spirit of Geneva; after the extempore prayers, the outpourings of the Spirit, and the burning sermons of the continental reformers, the English liturgy appeared cold and tame. It was then, amid the little band of exiles at Frankfort, that there first came together face to face the two discordant spirits, the Anglican reformation and the foreign one. And when the decorous surplice appeared,\* and the decent and orderly form of common prayer they stared upon it, these men of Geneva, as the wild animal of the forest cluster around some tame creature which has escaped from the habitations of men. When the exiles reappeared in England, they took the side which might have been expected of them. The young and energetic life-blood in the heart of Puritanism was not to flow in a cold current at the bidding of the State. "It is not now, tell the Church," says one of their writers; "but it is tell my Lord's Grace Primate and Metropolitan of all England." It is not supposed that men who had flung down the authority of Rome should quietly submit to the jurisdiction of the Crown; they therefore held the utter independence of the two powers, of the Church and the State.

On the other hand, that which may be called the Catholicising party in the Church of England had to form its view of the relations between the ecclesiastical and the civil power. It, too, had to form its theory; and now let us look at it, not as it exists in the statute-book, but in the shape of a dogma issuing from the mind of theologians. The grave and thoughtful Hooker elaborated it in his study, and it is clear and unmistakable enough. He held the absolute identity of Church and State, considered as a society; they differed, but only in different functions of one and the same body. "The truth is, that the Church and the Commonwealth are names which import things really different; but these things are accidents and such accidents as may and should always dwell lovingly together in one subject. . . . When we oppose the Church therefore, and the Commonwealth in a Christian society, we mean by the Commonwealth that society with relation unto all the public affairs thereof, only the matter of true religion excepted: by the Church, the same society with only reference to the matter of true religion, without any other affair besides."† He does not shrink from all the deductions to be drawn from such a theory: the head of this society, that is the king, rules over both its operations. He judges of course according to ecclesiastical law; if the cause concerns the

\* Vide History of Frankfort Troubles.

† Eccl. Pol. b. viii.

Church, he does not commit it to the secular courts, he keeps the two separate; but still he judges, and what is more, if he offend, there is a tribunal over him, but it is that of Heaven; "on earth he is not accountable to any. . . . It cannot stand with the nature of such sovereign regiment that any subject should have power to exercise on kings so highly authorised the greatest censure of excommunication."\*

But we must hasten on, for we have still two centuries before us; and we must trace this new phenomenon which has arisen in the world, as a natural philosopher watches the changes of shape and colour in some chemical substance in his crucible. It may be said that Hooker's theory was but the mark of a transition state. As, however, it went on it became broader and clearer. It was tested by coming into contact both with the Puritans and the Roman divines. It was heard of in the halls of the Universities of Spain as well as in the Savoy Conference; and, strange as it may appear to appeal to a Catholic divine, we may at least trust to Suarez for seeing where the gist of a question lies. He makes the Anglican heresy to consist, not in all the errors common to it with the Protestants of the continent, but in holding "that spiritual power is not a separate one from the temporal authority, but is annexed to the sceptre of the king."† King James and his divines might in vain protest that the State did not arrogate to itself the power of the keys; it certainly claimed authority to direct ecclesiastics in the exercise of that power. Suarez here even becomes energetic and eloquent, and wishes he could tell King James to his face in the palace of Whitehall,‡ that, in order to exercise the powers which Christ had given his Church, her jurisdiction must be separate from that of the State. If the State in England did not touch the very keys of heaven, it at least seized the hand that held them, and so wielded them at its pleasure. The very passage of Bishop Andrewes§ — he, too, a divine of the Catholicising school—adduced to shew the freedom of the Church of England, has stamped upon it the same theory as we drew out from Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*. That exterior government which he claims for the king is neither more nor less than the wielding of all those

\* Eccl. Pol. b. ix. He adds, "according to the platform of Reformed discipline;" but this makes no difference to the question, as he had just denied that St. Ambrose and Babylas Bishop of Antioch had judicial authority to excommunicate Theodosius and Philip, emperors of Rome.

† Suarez, Def. Fid. Cat. 3, 7.

‡ Lib. 3, c. 30.

§ Mr. Irons' Pamphlet, p. 36.



powers by which the Church has external rule over her members, and which involve and spring out of her authority over the soul; just as in this very Gorham case, the judgment upon the fitness of the individual for a living depends upon the previous question whether his doctrine be heresy.

This view, embodied in Bishop Andrewes, that the royal supremacy did not trench on the power of the keys, because it confined itself to matters of external jurisdiction, did not deceive the Puritans any more than it blinded Suarez. It is the characteristic of all antagonistic principles which wage war with each other in England, that they are not in the condition of mere abstractions; they become most fearfully concrete. And never did dogma come out into more wonderful distinctness than that same High-Church theory which was lucubration in the study of Hooker's quiet parsonage. It went through the Council-chamber and the Convocation-hall; it coerced the Puritans in the Star Chamber; and then it came forth from thence to shed its blood on the scaffold, and to shew how earnest was its belief by dying for it. The theory had its martyrs, and one may fairly expect to see it in its full development in their writings. Archbishop Laud died in defence of the divine right of episcopacy and of a high theory of the sacraments. Yet it is nevertheless true, that if you would look for the defenders of the freedom of the spiritual power, you must seek them in the ranks of Cromwell's Ironsides; and when that wondrous army stood the charge of Rupert's Cavaliers, the sturdy bosoms, on which the gallant mass which burst upon them was shivered and dispersed, were on fire with an enthusiastic love of religious freedom and a hatred of Erastianism. As for the Church and monarchy, they sank and they swam together: the body and its head both perished in the waves of civil discord. And this was not more clearly marked in the practical result of the contest, than in the *doctrines* of the school of Laud. The Archbishop himself, in a speech which Heylin calls long and elaborate, delivered in a judicial capacity against the Presbyterian discipline, declares, "that from the time of the Apostles to the days of Calvin, the government of the Church was by bishops, lay elders being never heard of; which claim by divine right derogateth not from the king either in right or power, in regard they exercised not any jurisdiction in the king's dominions but with his license for so doing."\* In the Laudian Church, the king was really an integral portion of the Church hierarchy; the framing of liturgies, and the providing for the giving of communion under both

\* Life of Laud, book iv. p. 315.

kinds, with various other acts of that nature, belong to him in such a sense that "the king, advising with his bishops and other churchmen (*though not in a synodical way*), may cause the same to be revised and revived; and either commend them to the Church by his sole authority, or else impose them on the people, under certain penalties, by his power in parliament."\* Add to this, that the source of jurisdiction, in the case of excommunication and of inflicting ecclesiastical censures, is distinctly placed in the royal supremacy by the canons of 1640, drawn up by Laud, and accepted by convocation.† The theory had but one step further to go, that is, to deny that kings might be excommunicated; and this step was deliberately taken by the cleverest writer of that school of theology, Jeremy Taylor. In the *Ductor Dubitantium*, published but a short time before his death, he argues at length against the notion that kings can be excommunicated; because excommunication being "an act of external jurisdiction, it derives from kings, and therefore they are not under it, but over it; for no coercion in the hands of men ought to touch those who are reserved only for the judgment of God." Even "the refusing of the holy communion is to be only by admonition and caution; if, after this, the prince will be communicated, the bishop hath nothing else to do but to pray and weep, and willingly to minister." In no place is there to be found so clear a declaration that the Church "hath no proper coercion by divine right, but all its ministries and compulsions about the external is the gift and leave of princes."‡

This work of Jeremy Taylor's brings us well over into the Restoration, as it was published in the reign of Charles II. The Church of England rose from its ashes after the civil wars externally the same as when it was ruined with the monarchy; yet a change had come over her, whose results even now remain. It is hardly possible to recognise any identity between the Church of Queen Anne and the same body in the time of Laud. Instead of the fierce and earnest character, which fought for dogma even in the battle-field, so that the name of the Church was mingled in the war-cries of Edgehill and Naseby, a profound indifference to doctrine, as such, came over the nation, and even a large portion of the clergy. The Establishment learned to make a profession of toleration, so that it is hard to realise that she could ever have

\* Life of Laud, book iv. p. 309.

† "Excommunication and a suspension of two years for the first offence, and deprivation for the second, to be inflicted by his majesty's commissioners for causes ecclesiastical."—*Life of Laud*, book iv.

‡ Duct. Dub. 3, c. 4, 7.

been the untamed panther in Dryden's graphic poem. Yet, after all, she is the same, because this new spirit which has come over her is only another and a far more natural phase of the same theory of regal supremacy. The union of a dogmatic spirit and of high sacramental doctrines with the hierarchical position of the king in Laud's system was most unreal; if the Church be the depository of divine truth, how can it have a king for its head? if it possess wondrous and mysterious powers of imparting grace, how can it be trammelled in the exercise of them by the jurisdiction of the State? Accordingly, there had been growing up silently but surely a set of men who could not believe that creeds, manifestly imposed by the State, could possibly be the divine exposition of the Christian religion. The school of Laud, out of love for dogma, had transfused the regal power which imposed it into something divine; the latitudinarians, for so they were called, looked on the regal power as a thing of earth, and so treated as earthly the doctrines which emanated from it. This new school took up into itself all the thoughtful intellect of the nation. There is no doubt that the talent of England was on the side of the opponents of Charles I. Besides the fierce and enthusiastic Puritan, there was many a vigorous mind in the republican ranks, religious in its way, but of a religion utterly different from the Praise-God-Barebones, who won the day for Cromwell. Milton's curling locks and face instinct with poetry had but little to do with the crop-eared and sullen Roundhead; and he was a philosophic Christian, with but a very slight reverence for dogma. Selden's was a mind cast in the same mould, and a fitting ancestor for a latitudinarian school. Again, there were men in the halls of Cambridge who took no part in the fearful struggle, and who probably were the immediate parents of the opinions to which we point. It is seldom, perhaps, that the rise of a theory can be traced so clearly home to its source; the busy and the stirring Burnet, who had so much to do with the first triumph of it, and was its apostle, so distinctly tells us when it rose.\* Cudworth had drank from the well of Platonism a species of Christianity, which tolerated differences in doctrine far more than Laud would have allowed; and the author of the "Song of the Soul" was not a man to allow his intellect to be fettered by the narrow circle of the Thirty-nine Articles. It is true that they all signed them, as well as Laud and Jeremy Taylor; but a practical man, like Burnet, drew from the fact this inference, that the Anglican symbol was but an external sign of union; that is, a document which all men were to subscribe, but might think about what

\* History of his own Times, in ann. 1661.



they pleased. It is not wonderful if this theory about the Thirty-nine Articles was extended to all creeds; and if disputes about dogma began to be looked upon as arguments about words. Every one knows what a share Burnet had in the Revolution of 1688. With William of Orange, latitudinarianism triumphed in England; it ascended the throne of Canterbury with Tillotson; and we may judge of its progress when, on an occasion of a new opinion which had arisen on the doctrine of the holy Trinity, involving the most deadly heresy, the bishops moved the king to silence the dispute by hindering the use of new terms and explanations in such matters.\*

And now that we have got thus far, let us pause and see if we have not brought the theory of nationality down to its legitimate results, just as we see them about us in the present day. The Anglican Church has historically divided itself into two parties, the school of Laud and the latitudinarian, each of which, in different ways, is the result of the theory of nationality. Let us look about us, and see the position of parties, as they have been called out by the case of Mr. Gorham. As for us, we can stop and look calmly on the strife, and judge of it dispassionately; but in those wild and tossing waves, on the shore of which we Catholics are calmly walking, there are human souls struggling for life to get to land. It may not, therefore, have been in vain, by an appeal to history, to shew them, of whatever party they be, that they are equally bound to the regal supremacy. The two parties have now been called into active opposition, the latitudinarian State, and the school which, under various denominations, has been considered identical with that of Laud. The State, of course, stands firm in its prerogative, and is avowedly Erastian, as it ever was; while churchmen have become alarmed at the royal supremacy, now that it has decided in favour of heresy, and they repudiate it. They deny the authority of the tribunal which has condemned them, on the ground that the State has no power over the Church. Have they a right to do so? This authority of the State has existed from the very first, since ever the Anglican Establishment existed. It marks it off, as we have shewn, from former ages; it constituted it, and ever since it has remained within it, not as an usurpation, but as an acknowledged thing. It has not lain dormant in the statute-book, but has been defended as a doctrine by divines of every school, except the Puritan, and, above all, by the theologians whom they have ever upheld as their own legitimate ancestors. The Church of England, at the Reformation, flung down the gaunt-

\* *History of his own Times*, in ann. 1698.

let, and undertook to defend the royal supremacy against all comers, Protestant or Catholic. Have we not, then, every right to say, that it is the doctrine of the Anglican Church? What possible greater proof could be given that it believes in any given doctrine? How do they know that we Catholics believe in a definite doctrine of purgatory, save that in writers of every school a certain clear dogma is to be found? There are numerous matters of opinion as to how fire can affect a spirit, when and how the stains of sin are purged away; but one thing is certain, that it is the Catholic doctrine that there is a purgatorial state; and the proof of it is, that all theologians, Franciscan, Dominican, or Jesuit, take it for granted. Now, throughout the three hundred years of the existence of the Anglican Church, the royal supremacy has been the dogma which all have agreed in, from Hooker down to the present day, save the more zealous of the Puritans. They may say that there is a gap in our catena; they may point to the non-jurors. Now, first of all, Sancroft and Ken were so far from going out on the ground of the independence of the Church that, on the contrary, they left the Church of England because they would not take the oaths to a new king. They are the witnesses and the confessors of the doctrine of passive obedience to kings, not of resistance to regal supremacy. Next we fully grant that Leslie's theory of Church and State is no by any means so Erastian as that of Laud; but Leslie was cast out of the bosom of the Church of England, he no more belonged to her than he did to the Church of Rome. What he thought of her may be drawn from the bitter sarcasms of his *Regale and Pontificate*.\* And if the gap requires filling up it is easy to find Wake, an Archbishop of Canterbury, whose name has figured in many a catena of the Tracts for the Times asserting that the power of the prince reaches "not only in matters of discipline, but in matters of faith too;"† and that the prince may confirm or rescind the decisions of a synod, as he pleases, even in matters of faith.

After all, it is a dangerous thing to play with creeds and with oaths. The thrice-subscribed Thirty-nine Articles mean something; every clergyman of the Church of England has laid his hand upon his heart and sworn before God on the Gospels that he believes in the royal supremacy. The concurrent voice of writers of every school for three hundred years has interpreted that supremacy to mean that the king is the source of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The Gorham case is only an instance of the exercise of this royal prerogative and if the Privy Council has decided upon a dogma in con-

manding a clergyman to be instituted in a living, it is only another proof that this external jurisdiction cannot be really separated from the power of deciding matters of faith. When they took their oath to maintain the royal supremacy, it was no abstraction, but a reality, defined by the practice and the doctrine of three centuries, which they swore to uphold. Let them beware; for it is the very essence of latitudinarianism to subscribe articles of faith and to look upon them as mere words, as formularies not expressive of divine truth, but of opinions. Oh, that principle of nationality is the curse of God upon a land! No national Church can possibly contain within itself an authoritative standard of religion. Truth is not a matter of geography; it does not run in blood; and when Jesus Christ left Christianity upon earth, He did not intend that each nation should have its own form of his religion. And so it leads infallibly to State supremacy; and then to latitudinarianism. First, the State imposes articles of faith, then men subscribe them; it produces outward uniformity, but below this external show of universal subscription there lurks a black abyss of universal latitude of opinion, for no man can dream for a moment that the State can really be a standard of truth, or an exponent of faith, so that they end in believing what they will. Ay, and below that there is a deeper depth, the gulf of Infidelity. England has a school of Deism peculiar to itself; and it can be shewn historically that it arose out of this principle of nationality in religion. It is but too obvious a conclusion that the varying forms of Christianity are only so many developments of national character, if each country has a complete power within itself to be the standard of religion. It is a wonderful thing to see Hooker's principles appear in Hobbes, but if any one will take the trouble to compare the following passage with the eighth book of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*, the identity will strike him at once:—"The Commonwealth of Christian men and the Church of the same are altogether the same thing, called by two names for two reasons. For the matter of the Church and of the Commonwealth is the same, namely, the same Christian men." Again: "The Church is the same thing with the Commonwealth, because it consisteth of men united in one person, their sovereign." From this doctrine the philosopher of Malmesbury drew the conclusion that Christianity was only the religion of the State, and therefore a mere human creation instead of a divine revelation. And when the keen and sarcastic mind of Shaftesbury came in contact with the Anglican Establishment, he laughed to scorn the notion that the mighty mys-



teries of religion could emanate from a national Church, where "the dogmas of religion are to be determined by those to whom the State has assigned the guardianship and promulgation of the divine oracles."\* The same thing appears in Lord Bolingbroke; he looked around him upon the religion of England, and declared "that the gates of hell had actually prevailed against the Church, for there was no standard of genuine Christianity, since it depended upon nothing but the force of education and the civil and ecclesiastical power."† It is therefore no mere theory to assert that English Deism sprang out of the notion of a national Church.

It is a fearful thing to meddle with the Church of God. Who could have prophesied that the taking away of that "foreign bishop," with his jurisdiction over causes ecclesiastical, should let out upon England such a deluge of infidelity? And yet, after all, the most terrible effect of this nationality is to be found among those who would fain be Catholics without the see of St. Peter. It is all very well to exclaim against royal supremacy; but a final appeal you must have somewhere, and we defy you to frame one out of a national Church. Look around you; supposing that Queen Victoria abdicated her prerogative, and formally surrendered her title of Head of the Church, still a tribunal you must have to decide points of faith, and where is it to be found? You have no materials for it; let the bishops assemble synodically as freely as you will, could the utmost stretch of faith believe for a single moment that you could get a decision which you would trust in any one point of doctrine? It is all very well to say, with a writer in the *Guardian* before referred to, that "the *animus* of Henry the Eighth's statute is to declare the sufficiency of the spirituality, the English Church, to determine all causes within itself." Who ever gave it that power? When did Christ ever say that the spirituality of England was the final court of appeal in a dogmatic decision? And when that miserable spiritual power is reduced to a shadow by depending on the State, so that its best defenders allow it to be a lawful if not the best possible state of things, that an earthly king should wield the laws of the Church in spiritual matters, we want no other proof of the deep Erastianism of the Establishment. Dr. Pusey's letter is the last link of our catena of High-Church divines holding Erastian principles. He is totally unconscious that giving the king power to judge on ecclesiastical matters, according to ecclesiastical law, is giving him the full exercise of that jurisdiction which St. Thomas shed his blood to secure to the Church.

\* *Characteristics* ap. Leland, vol. i. lib. 5. † Leland, vol. ii. *Reflections*.

But there is another species of jurisdiction which Henry VIII., in the madness of his tyranny, never dared to assume, which Queen Elizabeth, after having made havoc with every law of the Church of God, never ventured to lay a finger upon, either directly or indirectly, and that is, power over souls in the sacrament of penance. It has been reserved for the present age to find men who can make themselves the source of jurisdiction, not only *in foro externo*, but also in the tribunal of confession itself. There must be a deep spiritual illusion in the mind of an Anglican clergyman, who, in the state to which controversy has advanced at present, when all plea of invincible ignorance is utterly gone, can set himself to absolve a sinner. Who gave him authority over that poor soul who is kneeling at his feet? He did not get it from his ordination, were it ever so valid; for the sacrament of orders gives no jurisdiction, it only gives grace. Christ has given to his Church power over souls, and to her alone, so that every act which implies that power must come from her; and she gives it quite apart from ordination. Now, neither God nor God's Church, no, nor the Anglican Establishment, has conferred authority to hear confessions on any one of the English clergy. For a man to assume it to himself is an unheard-of thing. We cannot enter into the state of mind of the man who, without authority from heaven or earth, confers upon himself an universal jurisdiction. Who would dare, without power from God's Church, to sit down and pry into the recesses of a tortured conscience, and while the poor child of sin writhes like a worm at his feet, to force from her reluctant lips what she dares not avow to herself without agony? And after all, when the miserable tale is told, and the heart adequately torn, she may go away with the certainty that, granting that her confessor had the grace of orders as clearly as Arius and Eutychius undoubtedly had, her heavy burden is still there; she rises up unshriven, without a single sin, mortal or venial, washed away, because he has no jurisdiction. Confession is conceivable, it is done every day where the system is made for it, where the priest has had his faculties from the Church of God; but in a society which by no one act has ever given a hint of conferring such a power, to arrogate to oneself an œcumenical power of hearing confessions all over the world is very like sitting in the house of God as God. And there is another power closely connected with it, which we would notice before we have done. If there be any one of his sacred functions which a Catholic priest shrinks from exercising without a call from God, it is that of direction. When he knows the wondrous and often-

times the fearful dealings of God's Spirit with a soul, when he has learned how the counter-workings of the prince of evil come across and often simulate the operations of the Holy Ghost, he feels that he is the organ of things utterly beyond him; he is tremblingly jealous of himself; so that if he be conscious that a natural feeling, though utterly unconnected with sin, may blind or obscure his vision, he turns the soul away to the guidance of another, though it sit nearest to his heart, as a child to that of its mother. And yet these are the powers which, without vocation, without a shadow of training, men take upon themselves. What can they do but utterly spoil and blast the souls which come under them? God help them! May Mary, in her sweet month of May, obtain for them the grace, which their presumption does not deserve, of coming like children to ask for absolution at the feet of the Church of St. Anselm and St. Thomas.

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#### SHORT NOTICES.

WE have been requested by an eminent Prelate to remind our readers of the singular benefits of a devotion as yet too little esteemed among English Catholics; we mean, the devotion to our Lady as practised by the confraternity of the Scapular. The "Month of Mary" is a fitting season for a consideration of the benefits attached to this devotion, and we take the opportunity of recommending a little book on *Devotion to our Lady of Mount Carmel* (Richardson and Son), revised by a Prelate of the Carmelite order, which may be relied on as a full and correct history of the privileges possessed by those Catholics who wear the Scapular. In one sense, it may be called a peculiarly English devotion, its origin having been a revelation made at Cambridge, in the twelfth century, to St. Simon Stock, an Englishman. There are few devout practices which have received so abundant a supply of privileges from the Holy See, or been sanctioned by more remarkable miracles; while the blessing to the departed soul declared by the Sabbatine Bull to be the subject of an allowable pious belief, is such as is to be sought for in no other confraternity or holy exercise. We cannot too earnestly commend the subject to the attention of those who are yet unacquainted with it.

*The Second Annual Report of the Catholic Poor-School Committee* is, we suspect, the most business-like and satisfactory publication of its kind which for many a year has issued from the English Catholic body. It exhibits an increase in the pecuniary means of the Committee; and, what is still more hopeful, it shews



that a practical, energetic, and enlightened movement is in progress in the great work of the education of our poor. We sincerely congratulate the Committee and their indefatigable Secretary on being in a position to put forth such a report, in the place of the preposterous puffs and lists of illustrious "patrons" on which Catholic affairs have too often depended. We observe that the only places where local committees have yet been formed are in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the Middlesex side of London. We venture to express a hope that the third Report will tell a different tale.

How vast is the importance of adopting every means for the furthering the Christian education of the young of every class, we are again painfully reminded by the Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne's *Remarks on the proposed Education Bill* (Burns and Lambert). Mr. Fox, M.P. for Oldham, as most of our readers are aware, has introduced into Parliament a Bill for establishing purely secular schools in every parish in England and Wales, whensoever they appear to the Government Inspectors to be required. These schools are to be supported by a compulsory rate on the inhabitants; and the education is to exclude (professedly) all religious teaching, while "sufficient time is to be allowed to each pupil for receiving religious instruction under the direction of its parents." In other words, this is the Irish Colleges scheme adapted for the people of England. From the moment we read the debate on Mr. Fox's motion for leave to bring in this Bill, we were filled with alarms. Non-religious education being, in fact, an impossibility, it was evident at the first glance that these schools must be a universal *Propaganda* for Socinianism (for Deism and Atheism are out of fashion), accompanied by that laxity of morals which is the inevitable accompaniment of such a system. At the same time, backed by Government influence and supported by Government funds, they would present secular advantages of the most fatally ensnaring power, and absorb to themselves no small portion of the present scholars of more Christian-like seminaries. Dr. Ullathorne's pamphlet is a masterly dissection of the whole nature of the scheme, and cannot be too strongly recommended to men of every creed, who believe that God has given a real revelation of his will to mankind.

The *Dublin Review* for April contains several good articles, and one of unusual interest. It is a biographical sketch of the late Rev. Thomas Harris, who for a short time was attached to the Bavarian Chapel, London, and who died about a year ago. Mr. Harris was born a Dissenter; and though, from his earliest years, he had strong inclinations to enter the Catholic Church, and adopted Catholic practices, he ultimately became an Independent minister, and as such preached and superintended a congregation in Lincolnshire for fourteen years. At length some of his people begged him to resign; and without hesitation he acceded to their wishes. Still he could not make up his mind to become a Catholic, till the decision on the

stone-altar case determined him against a nascent idea of entering the Establishment. He then introduced himself to some of the priests in London, and was received into the Church by the Rev. E. Hearn, on Whitsunday, 1846. A year and a half afterwards he received minor orders, and ultimately was made priest. His sacerdotal life was short indeed; but it left a sweet-smelling odour behind it, as fragrant and refreshing to the few who had the happiness of knowing him as the previous circumstances of his life were rare. The article before us gives many interesting details of his history, with extracts from his papers. We commend the study of Mr. Harris's life, while he was still a Dissenter, to those High-Church Anglicans who imagine that *wherever* such "signs of life" are found, *there* must necessarily be a branch of the Catholic and Apostolic Church of Christ. They should also read and ponder on the searching dissection of the position of Anglicanism under the Gorham judgment with which this number of the *Dublin* concludes. The review of "Newman's Discourses" is also well worthy their serious attention, though not specially intended for non-Catholic readers.

Dr. Wiseman's sermon on the Gorham case, called *The Final Appeal in matters of Faith* (Richardson), contrasts the practical working of the theory of Anglican Churchmanship with the living constitution of the Catholic Church. It powerfully exposes the hollowness and deadness of that system which, with such pretensions, can lead to such results.

The flood of pamphlets on the same case continues without intermission. The most curious, in some respects, is *A Few Words on the Spirit in which Men are meeting the present Crisis in the Church*, by the Rev. E. Monro (Parker). Notwithstanding our respect for Mr. Monro, as a hard-working man, who practises what he preaches, we cannot speak of his "Few Words" as otherwise than eminently discreditable to him, both morally and intellectually. It is difficult to believe that he has honestly contemplated the results of his own statements, or that a man who can so bitterly expose the humbug of Puseyism can really believe, as he professes, in its divine origin. He spends many pages in telling us that the Puseyite clergy are frequently mere reproductions, under a High-Church garb, of the Exeter Hall spouters; that they neglect their schools, have little intercourse with their people, care little for prayer and the sacraments, and even do not *look* like men of God! The recent meeting at Willis's Rooms he speaks of with absolute disgust, and says that the clerical speeches there delivered were exhibitions of undisciplined oratory. Then, with the same breath, he extols the wondrous revival of apostolic sanctity and doctrine which now distinguishes the Establishment; and, under this pretence, positively refuses to look the question of its Catholicity in the face, telling Protestants to beware of treating the subject as a matter of purely intellectual argument. What, let us ask Mr. Monro, does he mean by an argument

which is not intellectual? *We* know what he means, though he blinks the truth himself. He means that which is no argument at all, but a determination to hold fast to one's position, or one's connexion, or one's income, *at all risks*, on the ground of an enthusiastic *feeling* in its favour. We are far enough from imputing a sordid love of lucre to Mr. Monro; but we cannot help suggesting to him that there is a certain love of influence, of professional power, of the homage and respect of good men and kind friends, which is as ensnaring to minds of a nobler cast as the passion for pelf is to the vulgar herd. Let Mr. Monro beware of living and dying one of the ten thousand petty anti-popes who have usurped the vicarages and rectories of once Catholic England. How *can* he be true to himself, when he compares what he calls the "carnal weapons" with which St. Athanasius, St. Ambrose, St. Anselm, and St. Thomas fought the fight of the Church, with the protests of Anglican clergymen, of whom he says, "*We inspire no terror, create no alarm, for the light of saintliness is not reflected in face, or tone, or manner, and in its place have simply crept the shallow expressions of men of the world.*" Mr. Monro's remarks on the past history and present claims of the Church of Rome shew that he has neither studied nor understands the subject. But what can be looked for from one who has literally written and *printed* such sentences as the following? "The English Church (*i.e.* the Protestant Establishment) may have produced few saints; I *imagine*, however, she has produced many, *but very much hidden in the retirement of private life.* The names of Wilson, Ken, Andrewes, and many more, *are household names among our very poor* (add, at Harrow-Weald). There has been *certainly* a salt *somewhere* in our English society!" Again, he says: "We have every reason to believe that the Church (*i.e.* the universal Church) will have been broken up before the end of all things." Does Mr. Monro believe *any thing*?

Mr. Dodsworth has published a shrewd pamphlet, *The Gorham Case briefly considered* (Pickering), and an Easter Sermon, *Holy Baptism* (Masters). The former fastens, ruthlessly and irresistibly, the Gorham judgment upon the neck of the Establishment; the latter says that "the blow, if not averted, will destroy *ITS LIFE.*" The capitals are Mr. Dodsworth's. Is he prepared to carry out his conclusions into practice? We trust and hope so.

The Bishop of Exeter's Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury is a singularly able exposure of the case of his opponent, as far as it suits Dr. Philpotts' views to expose it. It ends with a declaration that he will hold no communion with any one who takes any part in instituting Mr. Gorham to his living. But what this threat *means* nobody knows. Does Dr. Philpotts know himself?

An "Anglican Layman" has written an acute pamphlet, *The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and the Petition for a Church*



*Tribunal in lieu of it* (Pickering). If the writer is not a lawyer, he has a strong, legal head; and he brings out, with great clearness, the absurdity of the notion that the Church of England, having entered into a compact with the State, and constituted the sovereign supreme, should now claim to be the sole interpreter of the extent of that compact. Other kindred fallacies he exposes with equal decision. At p. 14 he speaks of the necessity of a *faith* for those who "having children, have the souls of others dependent upon them." Has it never struck him that he has a soul of his own also?

Mr. Maskell's Second Letter on *The Want of Dogmatic Teaching in the Reformed English Church* (Pickering) is the most crushing exposure of the hollowness of the claims of the Establishment that we have yet seen proceeding from any but a Catholic pen. The facts Mr. Maskell mentions about the "Dublin articles" are new to us; and if he is correct in what he says upon them, they are enough to decide the whole Gorham and Exeter case, without five minutes' additional discussion. Yet nobody has ever urged their bearings, or mentioned their existence, during the controversy. Truly the Establishment knows no more about herself than she knows about the Church of Rome.

*The Speech of Edward Badeley, Esq., before the Privy Council, with an Introduction* (Murray), now published in a corrected form, may be said to possess considerable historical value. We still desiderate Mr. Turner's argument in a similarly authenticated shape, to make the case complete (and this we hope that learned advocate will be prevailed upon to supply), but on the High-Church side nothing remains to be desired: Mr. Badeley has in a manner exhausted the subject. The radical fault in his argument, to our minds, is, a two-fold assumption. Not only does he take it for granted, in the face of the *general* fact of the Reformation, that the Church of England, because it retained certain old orthodox formularies, and in the matter of Baptism at least an orthodox ritual, retained *therefore* the old Catholic doctrine; but, notwithstanding the *specific* fact that the Articles of 1536 respecting the Sacraments in general and Baptism in particular underwent considerable alteration in 1552, he asserts that no alteration was intended in the doctrine itself or in its stringency as a dogma of the faith. This is a mere begging of the question. The Reformation was a change, a doctrinal change; the original words of the Article were changed, they were made more indefinite, more equivocal, and yet we are to hold without proof that no corresponding *doctrinal* change was intended! This seems to us to be the one fatal flaw in the argument of the speech and of the introduction, in which Mr. Badeley endeavours to fasten on the judges the charge of inconsistency and of unlawyer-like conduct.

It is a question of the meaning of formularies. The judges set out by saying, that in ascertaining the true meaning of the language employed, they must be guided by the consideration of such external

or historical facts as they may find necessary to enable them to understand the subject-matter to which the instruments relate. They say also, that if there be any doctrine on which the Articles are silent or ambiguously expressed, they must suppose that it was intended to leave that doctrine to private judgment, unless the rubrics and formularies clearly and distinctly decide it. Well, in the opinion of the judges, on the doctrine of Baptism the Articles are ambiguously expressed, and the rubrics and formularies do not clearly and distinctly decide it; and therefore they have recourse to external and historical facts. Surely there is no inconsistency here. Mr. Badeley complains likewise of the injustice of such a mode of proceeding. But why? Only because he differs in opinion from the judges; for to his mind the rubrics and formularies are clear and distinct, and tell in his favour, which is a mere *petitio principii*. He says they ought to have ascertained what the doctrine was before and *at the period of* the Reformation; the judges conceive, and very rightly as it seems to us, that their office was rather to decide what was the doctrine of the Church as reformed; and this they do by inquiring into "the different opinions as to the sacrament of Baptism held by different promoters of the Reformation," and by instituting a comparison between the Articles of 1536 and those of 1562.

For our parts, we need hardly say we believe the decision to be most fair, and the only one that could be arrived at consistently with the facts of the case. We have always held Mr. Maskell's view to be the true one, that the reformed English Church, if it be exact to speak of such a body as a being with a mind and a meaning, *intended* to leave the doctrine of Baptism, like almost every other portion of the Christian belief, an open question. This Mr. Badeley does not at present see; but one thing, and that after all of far more importance practically, he does see, and he declares his convictions in no mistakeable terms. "It is idle to say," these are his words, "that this judgment is extraneous to the Church. . . . It is impossible to contend that the Church of England has not allowed and assented to this tribunal. . . . And can this be a thing of no moment? Can the Church wait and do nothing with the poison of heresy actually in its veins? . . . Surely not: *if it be*\* a Church, it must shew its power; *if it be* 'the pillar and ground of the truth,' it must assert the true doctrine and denounce the false; and if it fails to do this *promptly, resolutely, and effectually*, who will deem it a Church at all? . . . The time is now arrived, when the Church of England must raise its voice, or be silenced for ever."

It will be a satisfaction to our readers to know that on the subject of "prevenient grace," and, what concerns us nearest, *adult* baptism in the "Roman" Church—on both which points the most unworthy language was put into his mouth by the newspaper reporters, even those of his own party—Mr. Badeley's statements are perfectly unexceptionable. Indeed, the answers given *impromptu* to

\* The italics throughout are in the original.



questions put by members of the Judicial Committee or their assessors, are remarkable for their accuracy and precision.

This contest, indeed, continues every day to develop fresh extraordinary phenomena. Works that used to be written when the Rubicon was passed, are now put forth on the other side the line. Mr. Allies, in a most masterly pamphlet, *The Royal Supremacy viewed in reference to the two Spiritual Powers of Order and Jurisdiction* (Pickering), distinguished, in favourable contrast with his former publications, by clear and conclusive reasoning, and language vigorous and precise, *proves* that the Church of England has possessed no jurisdiction from Parker's consecration downwards, and even insinuates a doubt as to the validity of her orders. We cannot reconcile his present statements as to the oneness and visibility of the Church with the theories even recently propounded by him; but let this pass: minds open to conviction make rapid progress in times like these. It is wonderful how the Church's battles are being fought by those who are still, in position at least, rebels against her authority. Thousands who will not listen when she speaks, and who try to ignore her very existence, are now forced to hear, if not to answer. Catholics have no need to take part in this controversy, except by their prayers, and in this kind of warfare they may achieve great victories.

If any of our readers doubt the prevalence of what we can call by no other name than theological suicide, let him listen to *A Voice from the North* (Masters). Catholics, and especially converts, are accused of saying strong things against the established religion; but the strongest word they have uttered is mildness itself, compared with the stern denunciations of this "English Priest." We are far from denying the truth of them, or the power with which they are spoken; and yet it appears to us somewhat odd, that one who is "sure," with a "most certain conviction of heart and head," that "the Church of England" is "the Body of Christ," "the mother of his redeemed soul," should go so far as to say that "an enemy" has "found an abiding place" in her, and, amongst other wicked successes, has "rendered ridiculous, and sometimes almost blasphemous, her ceremonies of public worship." The whole production is curious, as shewing what sort of growths Anglo-Catholicism is putting forth under present forcing influences.

Despite, however, the growing tumult, there is one voice that whispers peace, and would fain allay the troubled waters. Whatever the "priests" of the Church may say or do, "the Mother Superior of the Sisters of Mercy of Devonport and Plymouth" (*A Few Words, &c.* Masters) bids the women of England heed them not, but be calm and silent. Truth, heresy, guidance, authority — with such things they have nothing to do. *Silence* is their safeguard. If this really meant that they were not to dogmatise or preach sermons, we should only remark that St. Paul had already given similar advice;



but such meaning is irreconcilable with this lady's own way of proceeding. We have always felt great personal sympathy with her benevolent and religious exertions; but there is something so extremely fearful in this endeavour to stifle the conscientious convictions of those whom she addresses, something so presumptuous, we cannot use a softer term, in the responsibility she has assumed to herself, of acting the part of a *Church* to "these sorrowful and aching hearts," that we look with the deepest apprehension upon that phase of the religious movement at the head of which the writer of this letter has placed herself. Catholics are sometimes thought cold and ungenerous, when they do not at once recognise the presence of supernatural charity in such benevolent enterprises. It is not, however, that they do not regard them with hopeful interest as happy signs of a true love of God, and the means by which his grace is pleased to bring earnest souls into his Church; but they know that they want their proper and solid basis—obedience, submission of the will to a divine authority. Outside the Catholic Church it is impossible to practise supernatural obedience; and without such obedience, humility in its high and evangelical sense cannot exist. Hence it is, that certain practices of self-denial and devotion may externally bear a close resemblance to acts of heroic sanctity, and yet not possess that character; because what constitutes sanctity is not the performance of certain acts, but the possession of the whole complement of Christian graces and virtues in an heroic degree. We are not, therefore, grudging such acts their deserved praise, when we deny the high claim put forward for them, because we know that such claim outside the Church can never be sustained; and if proof were wanting, we need but point to the publication before us.

Its tenor is perplexing in another point of view. In her correspondence with Lord Campbell, Miss Sellon speaks of the late decision as committing her Church to heresy; yet the letter on which we are commenting is written with a view of hiding this fact from "some of the women of the Church of God in England," or at any rate, of leading them to treat it as of no consequence. We make great allowances for singularity and anomaly of position, and desire to draw no unfair conclusion; but we are really puzzled what to think.

Dr. Hook, in his *Letter on the present Crisis* (Murray), takes a common sense, or, as we should rather say, *natural* sense view of the whole matter. "The inference from the late discussion," he says, "is, that ours is the right doctrine; but that those who appear to us to explain it away may still remain in the Church." "It is notorious that they have done so [held preferment] for the last 300 years; and her most gracious Majesty in Council has been pleased to rule that this their liberty shall not be abridged." Of course, he has his fling at Rome, and pronounces her heretical on the doctrine of baptism. He reminds his readers that "some of

the most learned and devoted servants of Christ have regarded the Church of Rome as Antichrist." And "to this opinion," he adds "the Church of England seems in our homilies to incline." Nay, he informs them, that "some, *even members of the Church of Rome* have expressed their belief that this is the case." Who these eminent individuals are, who have held this belief in conjunction with Pope Pius's Creed, (which, by the way, he quotes at length,) he does not happen to mention. Dr. Hook estimates other persons' powers by his own, for he is the only person in the world who appears to us capable of so prodigious an intellectual feat.—And these are thy doctors, O United Church of England and Ireland!

We have before us three Catalogues of portions of Mr. Stewart's stock of books in King William Street, Strand, London, which merit the especial attention of theologians and theological students. The first is a *classified Catalogue of Bibles and Works on Biblical Literature* of all ages and creeds, in which the works of Catholic writers hold a very prominent place. It contains nearly 4000 different works and editions, some of them extremely scarce, and many of the first class of commentators and illustrators of the Sacred Scriptures. The second is a *Catalogue of Fathers of the Church and Ecclesiastical Writers to the Fifteenth Century*, arranged in chronological order, a plan very convenient for reference. Considering that this is a bookseller's *bonâ fide* stock, the collection is wonderfully complete. The list for the thirteenth century, for instance, include the writings of St. Francis, St. Antony of Padua, Gregory IX., William of Paris, Bishop Grosstête, Matthew Paris, Hugo of St. Clare, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bonaventure, Albertus Magnus, Bar, Durandus, with *many* others. The third Catalogue will be found at the end of our present number, and consists exclusively of Catholic works. The first two can be had by application to Mr. Stewart. On the whole, the collection is probably unique among booksellers whether in England or on the continent, and deserves examination by every one who is forming or adding to a theological library.

As we are going to press, a new book for the Month of Mary reaches us. *The Graces of Mary* (Burns and Lambert), so far as a glance can ascertain, seems a charming little publication.

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#### RETURN OF THE POPE TO ROME.

THE Pope entered Rome on the 12th of April last. His Holiness was received most enthusiastically, as the letters of General Baraguay d'Hilliers testify. The city was illuminated in the evening, and a day is soon to be fixed on which he will give a solemn benediction from St. Peter's.

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DIED,

On the 12th instant, at Cliff Lodge, Southampton, Edward Gilbert Horne, aged 15.

R. I. P.

# The Rambler.

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## PART XXX.

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### To Correspondents.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

All communications to the Editor must be *postpaid*.

The Title and Index for Volume V., which concludes with the present Number, will be given next month.

Want of space compels us to postpone notices of several publications; among the rest, of a set of beautiful Altar Cards, designed by two Members of St. Edmund's College, Old Hall Green.

ERRATUM.—In our last Number, at p. 463, line 15, *for* documentary argument *read* logical development.

# The Rambler,

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

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VOL. V.

JUNE 1850.

PART XXX.

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## WANTS OF THE TIME.

WITH all the disadvantages under which the Catholic Church labours in this country, her circumstances are on the whole such as to rouse to a hopeful ardour every soul that is capable of generous emotions. Contrasting her position and resources with those of the many sects which surround her, the more we reflect, the more confident we are that it is our own fault if the most glorious success does not crown our efforts. A golden opportunity is set before us, which, though it is accompanied with perils, and surrounded with obstacles of formidable moment, is such as has never been granted to the Church in England since the great schism of the sixteenth century, and such as is not often vouchsafed by Divine wisdom to any branch of the Church in any part of the world.

If there is one fact palpable to the unsectarian judgment, it is this,—that all other creeds are losing their favour with the bulk of the nation. They have had their day. They stand still in numbers, rarely advancing in proportion to the general population, and sometimes even falling off year by year. They remain what they were by a *vis inertiae*, holding men more or less in their dominion by the force of habit, by worldly considerations, and because Great Britain as yet knows not where to turn for some better faith than the past generation knew. The reputation of the Establishment, of the Methodists, the Baptists, the Independents, the Quakers, and the rest, becomes every day lower. Less is said against them; but less is said *and felt* for them. That mutual toleration of one sect for another, which is now stronger than in any past age, springs from ever-increasing suspicions that all are more or less in the wrong. The world sees that for 300 years Protestantism has had its swing, and that now at last

it is leaving the country far worse than it found it. Establishmentism with its endowments has failed; Voluntaryism, crying aloud against the failures of Establishmentism, is as impotent as the object of its censures; ultra-Protestantism is clearly not the Gospel, and Romanising Protestantism is confessedly a spurious imitation. The people—the vast multitudinous majority of the human beings who crowd our shores—are untouched by these once active and proselytising sects. The nation, as a nation, sits loose to all alike; and in its threatening aspect towards them all, the more respectable adherents of these various systems find ground for grave suspicion that the claims of every denomination of Protestantism are baseless dreams.

Still, this populous empire is not prepared to accept the alternative of undisguised Atheism, or to clasp to its heart any one of those Pantheistic or Rationalist schemes which find so much favour in the eyes of continental unbelievers. Englishmen and Scotchmen ask for some creed, some dogma, some intelligible and consistent explanation of what Christianity is, as a revelation from God to a race of dying men. And incapable as they are of much theorising, they are almost prepared to test the claims of opposing creeds by the power these creeds may now put forth to master, to regenerate, and to humanise that fearful population which has grown up about us, and which now pays no allegiance to Divine laws, and to human laws only that obedience which is the fruit of servile fear. And notwithstanding their anti-Catholic prejudices, they are disposed to accept the very same test in the case of the creed of Rome itself. Few men of independent minds are now resolved to deny the claims of Rome at all costs, if she shall prove herself capable of ruling and saving the multitude of the British poor. They do not now pretend, as of old, that if the Catholic Church can govern the world, it is because she is a sorceress, mighty through lies and enchantments to deceive the poor and ignorant. In their secret hearts or in public statements they admit, that if she can reduce this boundless chaos to a world of moral beauty and order, it must be because she wields a mysterious power over passion and sin, and because Almighty God himself is her Invisible Guide. The old-fashioned cant about the enslavement of all intellects which submit to Rome, finds few applauders. Haughty, boastful, self-reliant England begins to perceive that if the great Creator *has* granted a revelation to man, the first duty of man is to receive and obey, absolutely, cordially, unresistingly, the dogmas and precepts of that revelation, whatsoever they may be.

Such is our position towards the world about us. What is now our own state within? Whatever be our merits, and



whatever our demerits, it is plain that we are not yet prepared to act with efficiency upon the immense body of the English and Scottish poor. Before we can touch them, except here and there, and as it were by accident, we have a work of gigantic magnitude before us within the fold of the Catholic Church itself. We have positively a small nation of our own poor to bring back to the duties and privileges of their faith, and to save from misery and sin. The last five-and-twenty years have placed the Church in England in circumstances entirely without parallel in the past history of the Universal Church. A torrent of the poorest of the poor has flowed in upon us, and found us destitute of means for supplying them with the commonest necessities of the spiritual life. And still the tide flows on. While, during the last year, the entire population of London and some other great towns has remained stationary, through the ravages of disease and through emigration, the Catholic population, streaming in from Ireland, has increased. Many thousands have been added to the ranks of the Catholic poor; many thousands, whom we are no more prepared to receive as fellow-Christians than we are prepared to turn the desert wastes of their mourning native land into a blooming garden. For want of clergy, schools, churches, books, confraternities, and the whole instrumentality by which the Church works upon the souls of her children, they come over into our land only to die like heathens. Some find work, some nearly starve, some plunge into the *lowest* depths of sin in order to escape starvation; but nearly all suffer from starvation of the soul; scarcely one out of twenty finds in England and Scotland a *home* in the Catholic Church as already existing in this island.

Here, therefore, must be our first work. We must begin by converting ourselves, if we would accomplish the conversion of England. We may pray, indeed, incessantly for that glorious consummation; but practically we cannot attempt it on a large and effectual scale, until we have Christianised the uncounted myriads of Catholic poor who have fled to our shores, and made their earthly home in the recesses of our immense cities. They have the first claim upon our hearts and hands. They cannot be neglected without making our efforts for the conversion of Protestants a mockery. It is the least reparation we can make for English cruelty to Ireland, to bestow upon her exiled children the full blessings of the Catholic faith; and we can scarcely hesitate to say, that if we Catholics do not come in good earnest to the spiritual aid of our poor Irish fellow-Christians, now that they have come to us, and settled themselves at our very doors, we shall be sharing

in the guilt of that tyrannical Protestantism which, until recently, has treated Ireland like a nation of slaves without souls.

Now, let us ask ourselves what machinery we have at hand, ready to be brought to bear upon the great mass of the neglected Catholic poor. We are not speaking now of the more striking and absolutely necessary instruments for their instruction and salvation, namely, a sufficiency of clergy, churches, schools, and schoolmasters, or of such aids to their sanctification as are to be found in bodies like convents and confraternities of a purely religious character. We refer to those more secular plans by which these peculiarly spiritual instruments are aided in their working, and which are employed with such fatal success by the enemies of the Church in their misguided labours. We shall best explain our meaning, and shew how vast a field lies before us uncultivated, by a brief account of some part of the *anti-Catholic* machinery which is in ceaseless operation in this country. Let us see what those who are "wise in their generation" are doing against us, and we shall perceive what efforts must be made by ourselves before we can even hope to do our duty to the multitudes of poor Catholics who are now crying in their secret sorrows for some to come and help them.

The fairest contrast to our works will be found in the proceedings of some of the more numerous sects of the Dissenters. No contrast between ourselves and the members of the Establishment can be so instructive, because the Church of England is in possession of an enormous revenue, which supports almost all its clergy, and provides immense funds for the education of the upper and middle classes, so that whatever is voluntarily given by its members to the cause of religion comes, as it were, from their superfluities. Vast as are their undertakings, when compared with ours, they are little indeed when their immense wealth is taken into the account. Indeed, no religious body in the kingdom does so little with such means. Taking the Establishment as a body, and reckoning in it those who both call themselves Church-people and frequent its public services, there is no section of English Protestantism which presents so large a proportion of its members with so little self-sacrificing zeal for its well-being and for the propagation of its principles, such as they are. Of the Anglican Church, therefore, we shall say nothing, confining ourselves to the affairs of the three chief Protestant Nonconformist bodies, the Independents (or Congregationalists), the Baptists, and the Methodists.

But, even in comparing these last with ourselves, a certain *proviso* must be made, lest we seem to be overstating our own

defects and exaggerating the merits of our enemies. No class of persons calling themselves Christians in this island numbers in its ranks so large a proportion of the extreme poor. An immense majority of the Catholic body are not only men who gain their living by the sweat of their brow and receive weekly wages, but for the most part they belong to the poorest of the poor, who work at the hardest and worst paid occupations. No Protestant sect has many members of this class; they all find their strength in the rich, the comfortable, the decent, the men of capital, as opposed to those who live solely on their daily earnings. Sprung originally from a worldly origin, their resources are of this world, and their ranks are recruited by those who, possessing some tolerable proportion of worldly comforts, are not driven to seek their whole joy and peace in the promises and foretastes of future blessedness. One and all, in proportion as they recede further and further from the true Gospel of the Catholic Church, are found to present less and less charms to the poor, to the starving, to those who suffer both in body and soul. The Methodists, the least heterodox, have had some measure of influence with the poor, when they knew nothing better than the Gospel according to Wesley and Whitfield. The Independents and Baptists, more thoroughly heretical than the Methodists, mount higher in the scale of earthly rank. The Socinians, among whom scarcely the phraseology of Christianity is tolerated, are exclusively persons of respectability, and generally more or less cultivated and intelligent in their character. And as for the Establishment, which, by comprehending and upholding within its pale every possible variety of flagrant error and perverted truth, denies the existence of revealed doctrine at all, and caricatures the very idea of faith,—in this body, no sooner is a stray poor man roused to some little degree of religious zeal, than he straightway departs for some Dissenting community, or submits to the true Church, disheartened and disgusted with the hollowness and unreality of Anglicanism in all its forms. All alike are supported by those who are at ease in body, as, alas! they are at ease in their souls.

At the same time, we cannot forget that no Dissenting community counts among its adherents any portion of the wealthy aristocracy of rank, or any but a small portion of the second-rate moneyed aristocracy. One and all, they are a shopkeeping class, and if they reach not down to the multitude, so they stretch not up to the millionaire, and the wearers of the coronet and the ermine. We, on the contrary, still reckon amongst us some hundreds of ancient families, noble or gentle, and many of them of vast wealth. So that



if the *whole* English Catholic body were, with one heart and one purse, to do its duty, our actual pecuniary means would fall little short of the resources of the vulgar sectaries, who, whatever their faults, can at least claim the praise of zeal.

Of these, the first that claim notice are the Methodists. On the 25th of July last the regular Wesleyan Methodist Connexion reported itself to consist of about 350,000 members in Great Britain only. So far as we can understand, this number includes children of all ages. It is, however, exclusive of certain seceding bodies of Methodists, who have set up "branch Churches" (on the High-Church Anglican theory) during the last half century. These last are the "Methodist New Connexion," the "Primitive Methodist Connexion," the "Wesleyan Methodist Association," and the "Bible Christian Connexion." Some of these are very numerous, but, as we shall not include their societies, funds, &c. in our sketch of general Methodist affairs, we need not trouble our readers with their precise numbers.

The old "Wesleyan Methodist Connexion," then, numbers 350,000 members; fewer, be it observed, perhaps considerably, than the Catholics of London, Liverpool, and Manchester united. Now mark the first fact. This branch of Methodism possesses a *Propaganda*, whose objects are as nearly as possible the same as those of the Catholic *Propaganda* at Rome. It is called the *Wesleyan Missionary Society*, and its income during the year ending with April 1849 amounted, from Great Britain alone, to 75,000*l.*, being *nearly three quarters of the whole amount of the income of the Propaganda at Rome* for the same year! Including *all* their expenditure, which is supported by small collections made in various parts of the world, the sum of money spent by this division of the Methodist sect alone for missionary purposes amounts, in round numbers, to 112,000*l.*, being *precisely the income of the Missionary Society of the whole Catholic Church gathered from all parts of Christendom*. A curious fact, to say the least.

As an example of what this same "denomination" is doing in other matters, we may quote the account given of the progress of their chapel-building. "More than 150 chapels and school-houses have been erected during the year. *One-fourth* of the chapels erected are entirely free from debt, and the yearly income from the others supplies twenty per cent on the debts remaining on them." (Where is the new Catholic church which pays off twenty per cent of its debt every year?) "The school-houses are *all* free from debt. It has been determined, first, that at least two-thirds of the entire cost of the proposed

erections shall be actually raised before the erection is commenced; and, secondly, that the anticipated income on the remaining debt shall not be less than fifteen per cent. The school-buildings are required to be wholly free from debt. In instances where the income is precarious, the chapels are required to be erected without any debt remaining upon them. It also appears that successful efforts have lately been made by the Wesleyans to combine *architectural propriety* with strict economy. Several large and beautiful chapels, recently erected in London and other places, are given as standing proofs of their success in this respect. These chapels are nearly all *Gothic* in their style of architecture." Such is Methodist chapel-building, and such are Methodist notions on the subject of *debt*.

But we turn to the Congregationalists, or Independents. As far as we can judge, this sect numbers about 250,000 disciples, including children. Of their proceedings in union with the Baptist denomination we shall give some details farther on. We first specify some of their own separate associations for the spread of that theory which they call "the Gospel." First, they have the *Home Missionary Society*, which "has for its object to supply the destitute towns and districts of England with the scriptural ministrations of the Gospel of Jesus Christ." Its receipts for the past year were between 6000*l.* and 7000*l.*, and they circulated 76,000 tracts, 2000 Protestant Bibles, and above 4000 copies of dissenting periodicals. The *Irish Evangelical Society* does the same work in Ireland, and spent about 4000*l.* last year; 3000*l.* was in like manner expended by the *Colonial Missionary Society*. They have also a *Fund for aged Ministers*, supplied by the profits of two small Independent periodicals, the *Christian Witness* and the *Christian's Penny Magazine*. The circulation of the *Witness* averages 32,000 monthly, that of the *Magazine* above 100,000. The *profits* on the sales of last year, including dividends on stock invested, reached 1500*l.* We should like to see the profits (?) of *all* the Catholic periodicals for the past year summed up. Taking together the *Dublin Review*, the *Rambler*, *Dolman's Magazine*, the *Tablet*, the *Catholic Standard*, the *Orthodox*, and the *Register*, and balancing the losses of some against the gains of the rest, their financial returns would, we suspect, amount to about *nil*. The whole number of periodicals published by the Congregationalists are the following:—The *Congregational Year-Book*, *British Quarterly Review*, *Biblical Review and Congregational Magazine*, the *Evangelical Magazine*, the *Christian Witness*, the *Christian Penny Magazine*, the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine*, the

*Scottish Congregational Magazine*, the *Bible-Class Magazine*, the *British Banner*, the *Nonconformist*, the *Patriot*, and the *Christian Times*. These four last, be it observed, are newspapers; three of them weekly, and one published twice a week. Besides this, they have fifteen colleges, whose average income amounts to above 80*l.* a year for each student. What is the average annual income per student of Ushaw, or Old Hall Green, or Oscott, or Prior Park?

The "Baptists," including their two chief divisions, are about equal in numbers to the Congregationalists. During the last year the *Baptist Missionary Society* expended above 23,000*l.*; their *Home Missionary Society* expended nearly 5000*l.*; the *Baptist Irish Society* spent 2500*l.* in trying to Protestantise the Irish; their *Bible-Translation Society* sent out nearly 50,000 copies of the Protestant Bible, in whole or in part. Besides these societies, they have various others which, with several periodicals, all aim at the same end.

It is, however, in those instances in which the Congregationalists and the Baptists work together that the most striking proofs of their energy are to be found; and it is in those that we are to learn how vast is the machinery which for many years past has been in operation to prevent the spread of the Catholic religion. The *London Missionary Society* is one of the most powerful of these engines. Its professed object is thus described by itself: "As the union of Christians of various denominations, in carrying on this great (missionary) work, is a most desirable object, so as to prevent, if possible, any cause of future dissension, it is declared to be a fundamental principle of the Missionary Society, that its design is not to send Presbyterianism, Independency, Episcopacy, or any other form of Church order and government (about which there may be difference of opinion among serious persons), but the glorious Gospel of the blessed God to the heathen; and that it shall be left (as it ought to be left) to the minds of the persons whom God may call into the fellowship of his Son from among them, to assume for themselves such form of Church-government as to them shall appear most agreeable to the word of God." To those who know the peculiarities of different Protestant sects, it would be clear at once that this preamble would have charms in the eyes of few persons except those of the Independent and Baptist denominations. And accordingly, the *London Missionary Society* is almost exclusively supported by these two sects. It is practically their work, and theirs alone. Such as it is, however, it expended during the past year 67,000*l.* in the furtherance of its aims; that is, more than half of the *whole* revenues of the Catholic



Propaganda for the same period. Its *success*, of course, is quite another thing. If the effects of all this gigantic machinery were proportionate to the money and labour that is put in motion, the relative position of Catholics and Protestants would be far different from what it is. We are only stating what Protestants *do* in furtherance of Protestantism. One thing only they cannot buy—the blessing of God upon their labours.

The *Religious Tract Society* is another joint work of these two denominations. From its depôt in Paternoster Row,\* this Society issued, during the past year, no less than *eighteen millions* of copies of its various books and tracts. Of these there is perhaps not one which does not definitely inculcate some antichristian heresy, while an immense number are dedicated to the sole purpose of persuading the people that the Pope of Rome is Antichrist, and all Catholics idolaters. Since its institution in 1799, this Society has circulated *five hundred millions* of copies of tracts and books. Its deeds remind one of the plagues of Egypt, and the countless hosts of locusts, flies, and frogs, with which avenging justice smote the enemies of the Israelites. Happily for us, the same Almighty Power which guarded the children of Israel, so that none of these plagues came near them, is still watching over us also; and so long as our faith in our Divine Head remains but firm, the pestilential swarms fill the air in vain.

A third society is the *Sunday-School Union*, an association for the stimulating and encouraging of Sunday-school teachers. This Society, during the past year, has had 123,000 scholars under its care in London and the suburbs alone; and it has sold publications, issued by itself, to the value of nearly 10,000*l.*

The *London City Mission* during the last year has expended 18,000*l.* in the employment of *two hundred and fourteen* “missionaries,” who visit the London poor at their homes, and occupy themselves, to a great extent, in prejudicing their minds against the Catholic religion. Within the same period they have distributed considerably more than a *million* tracts.

The *Bible Society* must also be included in the present enumeration; for it is chiefly, though not solely, supported by the Independents and Baptists. This Society, whose special object is to make use of the Bible in a way directly op-

\* It is curious that these various Protestant sects have their chief depôts in that one solitary spot in London where the very names of the streets still tell of the ancient prevalence of that creed which they labour to destroy. *Paternoster Row, Ave Maria Lane, Paul's Chain, Amen Corner, Sermon Lane, and Rood Lane*, all close by St. Paul's Cathedral, attest the change that has come over the faith of England.

posed to the Divine intention respecting it; and by employing one portion of the Word of God against another portion, to foster in the Church the great curse of the kingdom of Satan, and to divide her against herself;—this Society received above 95,000*l.* for the sale of its falsely-translated and mutilated Bibles, during the past year.

In addition to these associations, there are many others existing under the same influence, which we should weary our readers by detailing. One more illustration alone we shall give of the frightful extent of the machinery which is at work against us. There are more than *one hundred and fifty periodicals*, from newspapers up to Quarterly Reviews, published in London, whose *sole* object it is to propagate some form of religious error. These hundred and fifty unwearied assailants of the Church are altogether exclusive of the general body of the Periodical Press, which, with few exceptions, is vehemently hostile to Catholicism, although it only occasionally touches upon the subject of religion.

Such is the organised opposition to the conversion of England, exclusive of all that is done in preaching and in the more purely professional works of the various Protestant denominations. And yet, nevertheless, every zealous and enlightened Catholic who plunges courageously into the fight, feels himself in a moment to be like a steel-clad knight of old, before whose trenchant sword the ranks of opposing plebeians were smitten to the earth, as ears of corn before the reaper's sickle. This overwhelming monster, whose hands are not like those of Briareus, only one hundred in number, but are to be reckoned by millions, is vulnerable at every point. The "sword of the Spirit" draws blood wheresoever it touches him; the "shield of faith" turns aside the most poisoned of the arrows from his quiver. With all its boundless means, its zeal, its organisation, its societies, and its publications, Protestantism cannot hold its place in the country, and fails to reach the heart even of its own poor.

This is the marvel of the age, that never was Protestantism more respectable, more benevolent, and more sincere, and yet never was it so hopelessly helpless. Herein lies the striking contrast between its destiny and that of the Catholic Church; that whensoever Catholicism has lost her hold upon any nation, it has first become relaxed, and its sons have been more or less a scandal to their generation; while the period when Protestantism is more free from scandals than at any previous epoch, is the hour which most signally displays its human origin, and its utter powerlessness to cope with the world and its sins. When any branch of the Ca-

tholic Church fails in any work that it undertakes, it is clearly through the faults of its children; when Protestantism fails, it is as clear that it is through its own radical deficiencies. *We* depend for success upon the aid of Almighty God; and that aid He grants in proportion to the fidelity with which we fulfil the conditions He has annexed to success. *Protestantism*, being a human invention, depends upon its own resources alone; and when the particular combination of events which gave it birth has ceased to exist, it has no hidden spring of vitality to develop a new life; *mole ruit suâ*; man devised it for his own purposes; those purposes it often accomplishes, and then perishes, a lifeless form.

And thus it is that at this very moment, when, so far as human resources are concerned, almost every thing is against us, the promise of triumph is nevertheless so sure. We have but to take a lesson from our enemies, and combat them with their own weapons, and it will speedily appear on which side is the blessing of Almighty God. That blessing we cannot have, if we do nothing. The Gospel is not to be propagated by a series of miracles. The great characteristics of each age of the world must be comprehended and seized by Catholics, and turned to a holier purpose, if we would fulfil the conditions which God requires ere He grants his promised victory. So soon, therefore, as we learn what our foes are doing, let us arise and do the same. Being more worldly-wise than we are, they will frequently be the first to devise ingenious schemes for the propagation of their views. But, so soon as they have fashioned a new weapon, why do we not wrest it from their hands, and turn it against them? or if we cannot wrest it from them, why do we not go straightway to our own fires, and forge other like weapons? Thus did the old Pagan Romans advance from triumph to triumph. The moment that most practical of all races came in contact with or subdued any hostile race, their first work was to embody in their own system of civilisation and warfare every detail worth imitation in the system or habits of their foes. And why should Christian Rome, by her representatives in England, be less wise in her generation than the Pagans, whom she supplanted on their very imperial throne? Fifty years ago, English Catholics, however ardently they desired it, could do little for their faith; now, we can do everything, *if we choose*.

For instance, mark the newborn efforts of Protestants and men of no religious creed to establish schools for the most destitute, and for young men and women. Hitherto, *night-schools* of all kinds have been rare every where. At length the eyes of men are opened, and they perceive that the ordi-



nary machinery of day-schools leaves untouched those who perhaps, most of all need the help of others to educate them. And—we say it to their honour—in many of our most crowded cities, persevering and extensive attempts are made to win the hearts and reform the lives of those whose existence has, until recently, been absolutely forgotten. Why then, are we behindhand in the race? Have we no destitute poor, no boys and girls who from their very infancy are forced to toil like grown-up men and women, throughout the livelong day? Have we no race of youths and maidens exposed at the most perilous season of life to all the dangers of idleness, ignorance, and vice? What but night-schools of various kinds can do *anything* for such as these?

Observe, too, what Protestant benevolence and sagacity is doing to increase the personal comforts of the poor. See the baths and wash-houses, the model lodging-houses, the hospitals, the alms-houses, which rise in every direction, and in which, alas! little is done for the *religion* of the poor, and what little is done is directly opposed to the true Faith. Conceive, however, how vast the blessing to Catholic young men, even of one large lodging-house in each of our great cities; where everything should be arranged in strict conformity with the rules of Catholic morality, every aid be given for the religious instruction and edification of the inmates, and the very sight of the building and its apartments should betoken the presence of Almighty God, and the consolation to be derived from the intercession of his saints. Take a Protestant lodging-house at its best, it *cannot* be what Catholic doctrine requires, because Protestantism and Catholicism have different standards of right and wrong. The difference which would exist between a Catholic and Protestant lodging-house for the poor may be estimated from the difference which *invariably* exists between the dormitories in a Catholic college and a large Protestant school. Compare a Catholic college under the least strict discipline, with the best of Protestant seminaries that ever existed, and you will see in a moment that the two religions are unlike each other in their first ideas of Christian morality. We are confident that few things strike a convert more forcibly than this contrast. He perceives at the first glance, and on the first knowledge of the regulations observed, that in the one place Almighty God reigns, and in the other the world.

Catholic houses of the description we speak of are already in operation in France, which, as in so many other instances furnishes to English Catholics a proof of what may be done for the cause of religion in a few years, by zeal, devotion.

and self-sacrifice. We extract an account of one such institution from a report of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Brotherhood of St. Vincent of Paul. "In Paris," says the report, "amongst the many good works of the Brotherhood of St. Vincent of Paul, a first place must be given to their institution under the name of *Nazareth*, or House of Retirement of the Holy Family; by which is understood the admirable work of the *cités ouvrières*, providing in a sort of community housing for the working-man, and lodging for the poor, and especially for decrepit old age. No sooner was this work commenced, than its full bearings were comprehended by all for whose benefit it was intended. The Association of the Holy Family, composed almost entirely of working-men, or of members of conferences already exhausted by other claims upon them, would not have been alone sufficient to provide a shelter for its ancient friends; it was hence necessary to seek some assistance from without the Society. To this end the working-men have imposed upon themselves the humble subscription of a half-penny per week, which has produced about 24*l.* per annum, and thus gives them the merit and the glory of being considered amongst the founders of this noble institution. Six of the associates represent their brethren in the Council of the Brotherhood, and thus cause them to participate in its administration as in its expense. A yearly collection, at the church of Our Lady of Victories, with other subscriptions, will raise the sum total to 100*l.*, the necessary sum required yearly for keeping up the House of Retirement. It consists of a whole house, clean, open, and in good order, which has been rented in a quiet street. It has twenty chambers, handsome, well-lighted, almost all large, and more or less decorated. An arched gateway, of handsome appearance, leads to a small interior court, where some trees and flowers have been planted, to adorn the walls and afford shelter or some slight shade in summer. On the first floor, a handsome saloon, always lighted and heated in winter, at the expense of the institution, serves for a common hall. Twenty poor families were installed into this *Nazareth* on the 4th of March last. This is indeed reproducing a living image of the dwelling of Nazareth, for how otherwise could we represent the Saviour, humble and meek, poor and despised by men, but an object of pleasure to the angels and to God himself, if not in the poor, who have the privilege of perpetuating this touching mystery, of causing Jesus to live again in his poor and hidden life, when to the labours of each day they join, like their Divine Pattern, a heart loving and pure? Every evening, at the sound of a bell, each family comes forth from its room,

and assembles in the common hall for prayer. Sometimes the rector, or some other priest of the parish, presides; on other days, the Brethren of St. Vincent of Paul, in turn, fulfil this office. The life of a saint or lesson analogous to the time of the year precedes the prayer."

Another instrument which waits to be wrested from the hands of our adversaries is that which is wielded with such restless energy by the *Religious Tract Society* and other kindred Protestant associations. Hitherto we have done scarcely anything to counteract the mischief which is annually done by these millions and millions of tracts and cheap books, or to give to our own poor the advantage of a Catholic literature suited to their purse and their education. Such as English Catholic literature is, it is almost exclusively adapted to the wealthier classes. All that has hitherto been attempted for the class of mechanics, on any extensive scale, has proved a failure. Yet the mischief worked by such engines as the *Religious Tract Society*, the *Sunday-School Union*, or the *Christian Knowledge Society*, is awful; and they still have the field to themselves.

What, then, *can* be done to counteract the evil? Shall we attempt the formation of Catholic Tract Societies, and the like? This is probably the idea which would occur at once to many zealous Catholics; but for ourselves, we venture to question the possibility of establishing any such association in our present condition in this country. Still, something can be done, and that without much difficulty. With all the deficiencies of our Catholic literature, and with all the general anti-Catholic character of Protestant publications, a very tolerable selection may be made of Catholic books and tracts, and of works on general subjects, published by Protestants, but free from every thing that is immoral or heretical. Such selections may be of use in two ways, one of which is already in operation in some places, while the other is, as far as we know, wholly unknown to English Catholics. The first is the system of lending or circulating libraries, which may be originally established at a moderate cost, and which, if properly managed, and *pushed* by influential persons, will ultimately support themselves, and become really valuable collections of books. The second is the employment of what the French call *colporteurs*, and English people *hawkers*. These hawkers are, for the most part, employed by persons of zeal and respectability, who furnish some well-conducted man or woman with a basket, or small cart, and with a selection of books and tracts adapted for sale among the poor. These the hawkers carry about from house to house, wherever they are likely to



meet with customers, selling every thing at the usual booksellers' price, the books and tracts being supplied to themselves at about the trade price, so that the difference between the two prices furnishes them with the means of living by their calling. This system has been carried out to a great extent by the *Société Evangélique*, a Protestant continental association for the propagation of Calvinism, and it is in use in England in many quarters. It has this great advantage, that almost any person who will take a little trouble, and can advance a few pounds, can set it at work in his own neighbourhood. All that is needed is to employ a respectable hawker, and find the first supply of publications with which he has to start on his work.

Here, therefore, is a plan which hundreds of Catholics, in various parts of the kingdom, might adopt, without waiting for the creation of any great society, or for the co-operation of any man. We must remember that it is only by bringing Catholic publications to the *very doors* of the poor, whether Catholic or Protestant, that they can be induced to read good books. They are not like persons in a higher rank, with literary tastes already formed, with leisure to lounge into booksellers' shops to inquire for the books they need, or with money to take in periodicals to tell them of all the new publications. Especially it is the case with *our* poor, who, in this country, lose so much of that veneration for learning which is a characteristic of the Irish labouring man in his own country. The Protestant poor, of course, know nothing of Catholic books. An army of anti-Catholic distributors are ever urging them to buy and read anti-Catholic publications; but none of us go to them, and call upon them to hear the voice of the Church, and to use their judgments freely in examining into her claims to their obedience. In an immense number of towns, further, there are no Catholic booksellers; or those which exist are extremely ill supplied, or so little known, that even the advantage of possessing a single place where Catholic works *can* be had, is denied to multitudes of Catholics of all classes. This evil can only be remedied by the system of "hawking;" it were absurd to think of establishing Catholic booksellers' shops in every town and village; while, even if such *depôts* did exist, they would seldom be visited by the hard-working poor. As many persons, who were anxious to promote such a method as that we have described, or to establish circulating libraries, might find it difficult to make a good selection of works, both on religious and general subjects, it has occurred to us that it might be acceptable to many of our readers, if we were to publish some such catalogue in our

own pages; and this we should be glad to do, if we were assured that such a catalogue would really be useful.

Public lectures are another engine which is employed with fatal power against the Catholic Church, or for the promotion of some false doctrine or other. There is scarcely a town of two or three thousand inhabitants where lectures are not frequently given whose direct aim is to inculcate views, on various subjects, directly at variance with the true revelation of our Lord Jesus Christ. Every thing is made the vehicle of some species of mischief. Physical science, the arts, history, imaginative literature, with the vast range of topics more directly theological, are all "lectured upon" in such a way as to obstruct the progress of the truth, and to work far more evil than good. Why, then, are we silent? Is there nothing upon which Catholics can speak, and speak well, unless they are in holy orders, and are called to preach sermons? Are we all so ill-informed that we have nothing to communicate to others which they will care to hear? Are we so unpractical that we cannot make the necessary arrangements for hiring lecture-rooms, and settle the needful preliminary business, and secure sufficient funds to pay our expenses? Are we so idle that we will not devote the necessary hours for mastering our subjects thoroughly, for studying the *art* of lecturing,—for let us be well assured that it *is* an art,—and for preparing our addresses so as to make them worth listening to? Or are we so modest that we cannot face a Catholic, or Protestant, or mixed audience, with reasonable composure? or so ashamed of our faith, that we cannot stand up and avow ourselves its advocates in the presence of any man or assemblage upon earth?

Let us remember that the old state of things, when Catholics could not even engage rooms in which to lecture, and in which they dared not shew their countenances to a British audience, is now passed away. There are few large towns in which, with a little perseverance and good management, suitable places may not be procured for the delivery of lectures, and few towns also in which, if proper and *modest* publicity be given to the scheme, large and increasing audiences may not be secured by any man who can lecture tolerably well. London, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, Bath, Bristol, Sheffield, and a hundred others, will readily furnish both lecturing-rooms and attentive listeners, if the Catholic lecturer is worth listening to. The system of Protestant lecturing is every day on the increase. No sooner has a large music hall been built by the supporters of Mr. Hullah for the *especial* cultivation of choral singing, than it is engaged,

on the nights when not needed for musical purposes, for a series of Protestant lectures, on a variety of topics, in every one of which, when the lecturer finds his subject growing flat, he will throw in the salt and the spice of an assault upon Catholics and Catholicism.

One only caution we venture to offer to lecturers. Let them thoroughly study their subject, and make themselves well acquainted, not only with its intrinsic character, but with the peculiar errors which modern society entertains in its regard. We want no empty declaimers; no tedious rhetorical attacks upon Protestantism; no mere abstracts from some one popular book upon the subject selected. Nor do we want to see every Catholic who has a passion for talking issuing forth as a champion to challenge the whole world. It is not those who want to *speak* who are worth hearing, but those who *have something to say*. These last are the lecturers we need; and such as they, we are persuaded, have at this very moment a noble work before them, if only they will diligently, earnestly, and studiously undertake its accomplishment.

The last subject to which we can at present allude is that of the amusements of the Catholic poor. It is difficult to overrate the immense importance of making some provision for the innocent recreations of the children of toil and sorrow. Mankind, except in comparatively rare cases, can no more exist healthily and religiously without recreation than without food and clothing. Unhappily, there is no nation in the world in which this truth is so little recognised as among the British people; while, though Catholics never can wholly fall into the absurdities of Protestantism, still we Catholics in England have been so far influenced by the Protestantism around us, as to be frequently insensible to the crying demand which exists for harmless amusements among our own poor. The clergy, the more strenuously and systematically they strive to cope with the gigantic evils about them, the more deeply convinced do they become of the absolute need which there is for the cultivation of every kind of domestic or social pleasure which does not directly lead to sin. Reading books, further, it must be remembered, is not a recreation for all men and women of any rank in life, much less among the uneducated. Of the ladies and gentlemen we meet in what is called "society," how many there are who find *some* recreation in books, but not all that they need. They must dance, or sing, or play on some musical instruments, or paint and sketch, or play at cards, or at chess, or at backgammon; or they must go out to parties, or to places of public amusement, or to galleries and exhibitions; or, in some way or other, must



throw off care and laborious thought for a while; or they cannot keep themselves *up to the mark* in the performance either of their spiritual or temporal duties.

To say that in all these respects we ourselves are in a condition diametrically the reverse of those labouring classes who need recreation even more than we do, is to state the most palpable of truths. And it is only because our habitual ideas of the life of the poor are so utterly unreal and fictitious, that we have been wont to forget the awful mischiefs which *must* result from such an anomalous condition in the lives of millions. Whether that result contains more of misery or more of vice, it were difficult to determine. It is certain that, in whatever proportions, that result is made up of misery and vice, both of them intense in degree. Every man, therefore, who in any way promotes the innocent amusements of the poor acts unquestionably as a powerful reinforcement to their spiritual guides. If, as it has been said, every person who makes two ears of corn grow where only one had hitherto grown is a benefactor of his species, so is every man who teaches a poor child to sing to be numbered among the benefactors of his race. And so in every other kind of harmless pleasure. Whatever can be done to assimilate the condition of the Catholic rich and poor in the way of recreation, is so much positive aid to the spiritual advancement of the Church.

It is, further, to a great extent owing to a cognate evil that so little good has as yet resulted from guilds, confraternities, associations, and other organisations for Catholic purposes in England. Societies and systems which thrive wonderfully in France, Belgium, Spain, or Italy, are too often found to wither and bear little fruit when transplanted into our northern clime. It seems as though the fogs and frosts of our atmosphere had a power to damp and freeze our energies. Scarcely any thing seems to thrive. The fairest blossoms are nipped as soon as they have burst the bud; and our great characteristic appears to be, that we are perpetually attempting grand and noble works, and almost invariably fail in them. And much of this lamentable failure is surely to be attributed to our error in thinking that societies and devices of all kinds will continue to live and flourish, as it were, of themselves, without the aid of those appliances and stimulants which are absolutely needed by poor, frail, changeable human nature. When associations of the poor are formed for any Catholic purpose, they *must* be kept up by some regular enlivening and animating devices, or they will most assuredly rapidly die away. No secular society of any species exists without the aid of such fuel for keeping the fire burning. And the poor

cannot keep themselves energetically and perseveringly at work. They must have persons of better education and larger knowledge to mix with them in their associations, to meet them on stated occasions, and give a tone and impulse to their undertakings. They must meet at times for pleasure as well as for business and for devotion. They must be inspirited, instructed, and amused, by persons qualified to take a lead among them, to sympathise with them, and to supply them with those harmless devices for sustaining their flagging zeal which we ourselves find essential to the success of all our own associated enterprises. And wherever, in any part of the country, such a truly Catholic and fraternal system is carried out, the results instantly appear in the infusion of a new life. Wherever amusement is not *substituted* for charity, and Catholics devote themselves to help forward the recreations of the poor, and mix together on certain occasions as brethren;—wherever, instead of the humbug of charity breakfasts, charity luncheons, charity dinners, charity balls, charity bazaars, charity concerts, charity raffles, and the whole list of charitable shams generally—wherever, in the place of these absurdities, the rich will take the trouble to help forward the amusements of the poor, and not disdain at times to share in them,—there we find that the *whole* Christian character advances with rapid march; the true spirit of Christian self-sacrificing charity leavens all classes alike, and civilisation and conversion proceed together hand in hand.

Such are a few humble suggestions as to the mode in which we may take lessons from the world about us in that “wisdom of the serpent” in which we are as yet so lamentably deficient. Here are objects for the zeal of every intelligent Catholic who has occasionally a few hours, or a very few pounds, at his disposal. Few of us there are who cannot, in some way or other, come forward and *deny himself*, either in his purse or in his ease, for the sake of his poor brother-Catholics who have none others to help them. It is vain to look to our clergy to undertake these and similar works single-handed. They must be multiplied tenfold before they can supply all the purely spiritual necessities of the English Catholic body. To the laity they must look, and to the laity they do look, to offer themselves to carry on these and other such comparatively secular labours. The clergy can sanction, overlook, and give a true ecclesiastical and Catholic character to such undertakings; but more than this, except in a few instances, it is simply *impossible* for them to do. Many valuable suggestions they will give, much necessary information they can impart, and it need scarcely be added, that it is only

in co-operation with them, and with their approval and countenance, that the moral and intellectual well-being of the poor can be cultivated.

It is one of the glorious powers of the Church, that she has Christian employment for her children of every class. Her wisdom is so profound, her elasticity so wonderful, and her consideration so tender, that she rejects the zeal of none. She honours self-sacrifice in the humblest of her sons; and more than honouring it, she directs and blesses it. Hitherto, in this country, we have known little of those multitudinous plans which she has had in operation in Catholic countries for the employment of the leisure of the devout laity; but we trust the day is not far distant when England will be behind no continental nation in the good works which are the glory of the Church abroad. However peculiar our circumstances, we may be well assured that they cannot baffle that guidance from heaven which we have a right to look for, if we take the right means for obtaining it: however appalling the difficulties we have to encounter, they must vanish before the efforts of those whose strength is nothing less than divine.

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## THE NEAPOLITAN CATACOMBS.

*To the Editor of the Rambler.*

Naples, Feb. 22, 1850.

SIR,—It is now more than a year ago since I despatched to you my last paper upon the Roman Catacombs; nevertheless I must beg you to look upon my present communication as, in some sort, a tardy postscript to that long but too imperfect series of letters. The juxtaposition of the two capitals, Rome and Naples, causes most persons who visit the one to take at least a hasty peep at the other; and those strangers whose love for Christian antiquities leads them in the Eternal City to exchange the bewitching brilliance of an Italian sky for the darkness of a subterranean tomb, are pretty sure here also to spend some portion of their time in examining the ancient Necropolis of Christian Naples. Hence the so-called Catacombs of these two cities have naturally been made the subject of very frequent comparison; and authors have given the preference sometimes to one, sometimes to the other, according to the peculiar cast of their minds, or even the bias of their religious prejudices. The re-discovery of subterranean Rome had hap-



pened at a most critical moment, opportune indeed for those who were concerned to defend the ancient truth, yet most prejudicial to that calm and careful examination at the hands of the learned in general, which it undoubtedly deserved, and which, in later times, it has, in some measure at least, succeeded in vindicating to itself. In an age when even the most time-honoured monuments of Christian antiquity were rudely stripped of their prescriptive rights, and forced to produce their credentials afresh, as though the sanction of preceding centuries were inadequate to confer authority, it was scarcely possible to obtain a hearing in behalf of one, which claimed to be at once the most ancient and the most important, yet the most unknown. We can scarcely be surprised, therefore, at the scorn and incredulity with which the announcement of this discovery was received by the advocates of the new doctrines, nor at the various and often most ludicrous efforts by which it was attempted to throw discredit upon it.

Thus Dr. Gilbert Burnet, writing from Rome in the year 1685, not only hazarded that ridiculous account of their origin which was mentioned in one of my former letters, viz. that "they were no other than the *Puticoli* mentioned by Festus Pompeius, where the meanest sort of the Roman slaves were laid, and so without any further care about them were left to rot;" but also most studiously depreciated the character of their inscriptions, sculptures, and paintings, in every possible way, even at the sacrifice of truth and honesty in his description. Yet the same writer, when speaking of the Catacombs of Naples or of Syracuse, seems to delight in giving an exaggerated idea of their size, grandeur, and importance, and expressly says that those of Rome are not fit to be compared to them. The reason of this obliquity of judgment no one can be at any loss to discover; indeed, he takes no pains to conceal it; it is that "inexhaustible magazine of bones" which the Roman Catacombs had supplied, and many of which had been distributed throughout the Christian world as sacred relics of early martyrs; whilst, for the dead who lay buried in other Catacombs, no such claims of sanctity, and consequent veneration, had ever been pretended. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.*

But even independently of all sectarian prejudices, persons who are captivated by the love of what is merely ancient, without reference to the associations connected with it, whether they be Pagan or Christian, will not fail to prefer the Neapolitan to the Roman Catacombs, because, in the deep impenetrable obscurity in which their history is enveloped, scarcely any limits can be assigned to the antiquity which imagination may choose to attribute to them. And again, a similar judg-

ment may not unreasonably be expected from the artist, who would seek in vain in the whole range of the subterranean cemeteries of Rome for those lofty and spacious galleries, those graceful arches, and numerous detached columns of natural rock, which appear in the Catacombs of Naples, and which, by the judicious arrangement of torch-light, and with the help of the ancient *luminaria* not yet entirely obstructed, can be made to produce such various striking effects of *chiaroscuro*. It is far otherwise, however, with the Christian archæologist; examining minutely into their history, and forming his estimate of them only in proportion to the traces which they exhibit of the life and trials, the temper, faith, or discipline of the early Church, he will subscribe to the language of Bishop Burnet, but in a sense exactly opposite to that of the Anglican prelate; he too will not hesitate to say, that the Roman and Neapolitan Catacombs are not worthy to be compared with one another.

This is a point which it is of consequence to the interests of Christian archæology should be much insisted upon and clearly demonstrated; since it not unfrequently happens that arguments derived from the construction or the contents of the one are at once applied to the other, as though they were confessedly *ejusdem generis*, and might be judged by the same rules; and in this way many false prejudices are created against the claims of the more interesting and more authentic monument, the Catacombs of Rome; prejudices which would not otherwise have been heard of, because they arise, not out of any thing belonging to those cemeteries themselves, but only out of their supposed connexion with the Catacombs of Naples. What, then, is the history of these latter excavations? and wherein do they differ from those of which I sent you an account from Rome, and which I endeavoured to shew were, in their origin no less than in their use, exclusively a Christian work? These questions, more especially the latter, will not, I hope, be altogether uninteresting to some of your readers; though it must be confessed that, as to the former, it is impossible to give as clear and satisfactory an account as could be desired. The history of the Neapolitan Catacombs must probably be for ever a subject of doubt and difficulty, owing to the total want of cotemporary, or even of any really ancient, evidence.

Of the Catacombs of Rome we have the earliest notices in the Acts of the Martyrs, succeeded by the singularly distinct testimonies of St. Jerome and of Prudentius, as soon as the persecutions had ceased; next, we see them broken into and partially plundered by the Lombards and others who besieged

the Eternal City; afterwards, more religiously, yet more systematically, emptied of their precious treasures by orders of the Bishops of Rome, from Boniface III., in the beginning of the seventh century, down to Honorius III. in the thirteenth; nor do we entirely lose sight of them until the Popes, their natural protectors, were forced to fly from Rome and to take refuge in a foreign land. Then, towards the close of the sixteenth century, they are again recovered by the indefatigable labours of Bosio, only to be illustrated from that day to this by a continual succession of artists and authors of no mean celebrity. The Catacombs of Naples have been far less fortunate; it is true that they do not seem to have deserved either the same reverent and careful protection in the first instance, or the same attentive study at the hands of *litterati* afterwards; still, considering their undoubted antiquity and the memorials they contain of the early Bishops and Saints of this city, they certainly have not received that share of attention to which, at least from the Neapolitans themselves, they were justly entitled. They have been, of course, mentioned more or less fully by all writers upon the antiquities or curiosities of the city; but these notices have been, generally speaking, of the most cursory and superficial character. One author thinks they were originally stone-quarries, afterwards converted into a Christian cemetery; another, that they were from the very first intended as places of burial, and that they were used as such first by the Greeks, then by the Romans, and finally by the Christians; a third suggests that they were made by the Christians to furnish a means of concealment and escape during times of persecution; and so on through every variety of conjecture; but, for the most part, without a single attempt to support the particular theory adopted by any evidence or argument. Of these writers, the oldest and best, and indeed the only one who deserves particular mention, is the Canonico Celano, who was Mabillon's guide during his visit to Naples in 1685, and was in the habit of visiting the Catacombs continually, and exploring them as far as he was able at various times during the latter half of the seventeenth century. He appears to have adopted the second of the theories which I have named; but as it did not enter into his plan to examine with accuracy the foundation on which the theory rested, he has not even stated at length his reasons for adopting it. The value of his information, therefore, consists in its being the earliest detailed description of these excavations which is extant. He also published a plan of their extent and arrangement; but in this he must have been guided, as we shall presently have occasion to observe, more by the current opinions and exag-



gerated reports of others than by actual measurement of what he had himself seen.

As far as I have been able to learn, there are only three Neapolitan authors of any note who have made the Catacombs the subject of distinct examination in a separate treatise; Pelliccia, who wrote in the last century, and Sanchez and Jorio, who belong to the present; the latter of whom, indeed, still lives. Pelliccia found a considerable portion of them inaccessible; he republished Celano's plan (as Boldetti also had done in his *Observations on the Cemeteries of Rome*), but without adopting Celano's theory; instead of this, he advanced the very startling proposition that these excavations were only a fragment of the subterranean roads whereby the original inhabitants of Campania (the Cimmerii, as described by Homer and others) passed from one part of the country to another. The existence of subterranean roads and caverns in ancient days in the neighbourhood of Naples is sufficiently attested by various authors. Livy (xxiii. 1) describes the numerous *cava viæ sinusque occulti*, which facilitated the concealment of Numidian soldiers in an ambuscade planned by Hannibal, *ubi fines Neapolitanorum intravit*; Pliny the Younger (*Hist. Nat.* ii. 84) attributes the comparative exemption from damage by earthquakes for which Naples was remarkable to its *crebri specus, conceptum enim spiritum exhalant*. Seneca too, in one of his letters, describing his journey from Baiæ to this city, speaks of a dark subterranean road, which would seem to have been longer and more considerable than that which is still in use between Naples and Pozzuoli; that ancient tunnel (or Grotta, as it is called) under Posilippo. One would have thought, however, that the different form and manner of construction to be observed in these different excavations would have been sufficient to prevent anybody from attempting to identify them. The straightness and regularity of the *Grotta* we have spoken of, and, again, of the long subterranean passage at the lake Avernus, which introduces us to the Cave of the Sibyl, leaves no room for doubt as to the use which they were intended to serve: but how is it possible that the spacious, yet short, galleries of the Catacombs, parallel with one another, yet on various levels, and ending, moreover, abruptly in the natural rock, should have been designed for the same purpose? Nevertheless, this is the theory which has been advocated by the second author whom I named, G. Sanchez, in a work in two volumes, entitled *La Campania Sotterranea*.

This ingenious writer discovers in the Catacombs of Naples the dwelling-place of Troglodytes before lime and the art of house-building were known, temples of all the darkness-loving

abominations of the heathen, together with residences for their priests and sacerdotal colleges; in particular, the *crypta* or *sacellum Priapi*, with the chambers of its priestess Quarta and Psyche her waiting-maid, the baths and all the other apartments which form the scene of the infamous Satyricon of Petronius—the hiding-place of the soldiers of Hannibal in the third century before the Christian era—the secret passage (described by Giannone and all other historians as a disused aqueduct) whereby, seven hundred years afterwards, a portion of the troops of Belisarius gained admission into the city during its siege by that general—a considerable subterranean village, which furnished new inhabitants to the city of Naples after the cruel executions which succeeded to that siege, and which so frightfully diminished its inhabitants; finally, a mere fragment of a vast subterranean world, whose streets extend under Castellamare to Sorrento and even to the *Punto della Campanella* on the one side, and to Pozzuoli, Cuma, Nola, and Acerra on the other! Nay, incredible as it may seem, his keen eye reached still further, and in the deep hollow niches in the wall, which were used by the Christians as graves for the dead, he recognised the hard and simple beds of the aboriginal Cimmerii.

The last writer who remains to be mentioned is the Canonico Jorio, whose work is of a very different kind. Strangers who have not the opportunity of examining for themselves are indebted to him for a really accurate map of these mysterious caverns, and for the most complete and trustworthy account of the paintings and other objects of interest which they contain. As a practical guide, therefore, his work is invaluable; and it is only fair to observe that he does not pretend to furnish his readers with any thing else: still we must be allowed to regret that he should have left wholly untouched the history of what he has so faithfully described. Even if he were unwilling himself to hazard any theory as to their origin, yet had he collected whatever historical notices of them may exist in the writings of ancient Neapolitan authors, he would have contributed more to the elucidation of the problem than any of his predecessors have done; and the practical utility of his work would have been infinitely enhanced by it. Having described every particular of their form, extent, ornaments, and other details, he has done all that an author can do to supply the place of personal examination; he has given his readers all the *internal* evidence which the Catacombs supply as to their origin and history; it only remained to bring together into one view whatever fragments of *external* evidence there may be, scattered up and down among the monuments

or written memorials of Naples; and this task, the due execution of which would require an accuracy of local information and a familiarity with all the records of the city, such as could scarcely be expected in a foreigner, has not, as far as I can discover, ever been attempted by a Neapolitan.

However, he has at all events done good service to the cause of truth and science by thoroughly exposing the absurdity of those extravagant assertions as to their size which had been countenanced by all previous writers; and the field of conjecture as to their origin is thereby considerably circumscribed, to the no small convenience of those who may come after him. Previously to 1830, everybody who had occasion to speak of these Catacombs was loud in his complaints of the disgraceful condition in which they were permitted to remain; the principal entrances were blocked up by modern walls, the galleries in the interior were full of earth and stones, the accumulated rubbish of centuries; in fact, they were almost inaccessible, and to examine them with any minuteness was absolutely impossible. At length, the Governors of San Gennaro de' Poveri, a large and important institution of charity, to whose church the Catacombs are immediately adjoining, determined on re-opening them, and rendering them more capable of being explored and studied. The Canonico Jorio superintended the excavations which were made, and on their termination, in the spring of 1833, published a very short notice of their result, which was followed, five or six years later, by the volume which we have been speaking of, and which contains the only accurate plan of the cemetery that has ever been made. Since that time there have been no fresh excavations of any consequence; but some of the recesses have been more thoroughly explored, and new paintings and inscriptions have been brought to light by the quiet perseverance of Don Domenico Candiello, one of the priests attached to the institution, to whose kind courtesy we have been more than once indebted in our own researches upon the spot.

In their present condition, then, the Catacombs are very easy of access; and as there is not the slightest pretext for indulging in those idle apprehensions of suffering from poisonous air, or of being lost amid a labyrinth of intersecting paths, by which strangers often suffer themselves to be dissuaded from descending into the Catacombs at Rome, they hold a very respectable position among the "lions" of Naples. They are situated in one of those narrow elevated ridges, which form a species of amphitheatre, as it were, on the eastern side of the city, beginning from Capo di Monte at the one end,



and continued, with more or less interruption, towards the Castello San Elmo at the other. They are at no great distance from the summit of the ascent, and perforate almost the entire thickness of the rock, so that, had they been continued but a little further in the same direction and on the same level, they would have formed a complete tunnel through the hill. They consist of two *pianos*, or floors, so to call them; not excavated exactly one under the other, and the lower having no entrance excepting through the upper, such as we find in the Catacombs of Rome; but rather begun independently of one another, each with its separate entrance, opened at different degrees of height on the same side of the hill. Subsequently, however, in the prosecution of the work on the lower level, some of the minor or lateral galleries have come under some of the minor galleries of the upper, and a communication has been established between them. The exact similarity of arrangements and identity of ornament, and other details, in the two *pianos* oblige us to consider them both as having eventually formed parts of the same general plan; nevertheless, there are clear indications that the lower was made after the upper, and it is characterised by a superior regularity and neatness of workmanship, which renders it more convenient to be taken as a specimen, and examined first.

Passing by, then, for the present, the Basilica of San Genaro, as it is called, which forms part of this lower *piano*, and of which we shall speak by and by, we enter an oblong portico, about fifty feet long, gradually widening from thirteen or fourteen feet at the entrance to forty feet at its further extremity, where an open arch introduces us at once into the principal portion of the cemetery. This consists of a long, straight, and spacious gallery, nearly two hundred and fifty feet in length by twenty in width and fourteen in height. On the left-hand side are a number of small chambers, evidently the private burial-places of separate families, and a few narrow passages branching off at right angles, but soon ending in the rock, the longest of them scarcely reaching a hundred feet. On the opposite side of the main gallery, and separated from it only by a narrow wall of rock not six feet deep, is another gallery of equal length, but considerably narrower; somewhat lower also, and, at its commencement, much less regular. These parallel galleries communicate with one another by short passages at the distance of every six or seven feet; so that had there been but another of corresponding dimensions on the other side, we should have likened the whole to a nave of three aisles rather than considered each as a distinct

and independent road. Again, from this lesser gallery five or six short and narrow paths are cut into the rock still further to the right; and everywhere, as well in the walls of the chambers as of the greater and lesser galleries, and even of the pillars or buttresses which separate them, a number of horizontal shelves have been excavated for the reception of dead bodies, which were afterwards closed with facings of tile or marble.

This is exactly as in the Catacombs of Rome; but in all other respects the reader cannot fail already to have noticed most numerous and important differences. *There* the average height of the paths is not more than seven or eight feet; *here* they are nearly double that height. The difference in their width is still more remarkable: in Rome, it seldom exceeds three feet; in Naples, it varies from eight to eighteen or twenty. But, above all, how different is their size and extent! It is possible, indeed, even in the Catacombs of Rome, for a stranger who only visits them once, or only in company with others, and under the direction of the appointed guide, to have his attention so distracted by the novelty of the scene as scarcely to notice the infinite number of paths which diverge on every side from that which he is himself pursuing; or, if he notices them at all, he may conclude that they are mere unimportant by-paths which soon come to an end, and in which there is nothing of interest. But if he gives himself up with steady perseverance to a continued personal inspection of those places, and returns day after day to the same cemetery to thread his way through some different part of the excavation, and yet day after day ceases from his labour, not because he has exhausted it, but because the paths are impracticable, or he himself is weary; when he finds that the same wilderness of ways is repeated in two or three, or even in five, several stories (so to speak), and that these cemeteries exist on every side of the city, sometimes even five or six upon the same road; then at length he will begin to have a more just appreciation of the amazing vastness, as well as intricacy, of those mighty palaces of the dead, perhaps even to account them more vast than they really are. His feelings of wonder may diminish, but his admiration and his interest will increase. In the Catacombs of Naples, on the other hand, it is just the reverse; at first sight, indeed, they may appear extensive, and their lofty spaciousness gives them an air of imposing grandeur; but after a few visits, the stranger begins to realise how circumscribed they are, and to look upon their very spaciousness as itself a fault, inasmuch as it destroys that idea of secrecy and sacred seclusion which is such a special charm of subter

ranean Rome. He misses, also, that net-like intricacy of paths which constitutes the real secret of the extent of those Catacombs, more than the mere length and breadth of the superficial soil which is undermined by them; though even this too is far more considerable in Rome than in Naples. *There* we know that the same cemetery often extended underneath the whole space between one principal road and another, so that the Catacomb of St. Callixtus, for instance, might be entered both from the Via Latina and the Via Appia; that of St. Castolus from the Via Lavicana to the Via Prænestina, &c.; but *here* any one may satisfy himself by personal examination that the utmost limits which can be assigned to the lower cemetery (and this is the more extensive of the two) do not exceed three hundred feet in length by two hundred and twenty in width. This is very inconsistent, I know, with the accounts of Celano, Burnet, and others; but those writers, with their modern copyists, have too hastily concluded that, because excavations of a similar kind exist here and there in different parts of the neighbourhood, therefore there must be an actual communication between them; just as in Rome also, and for the same reason, it has been common among the uninstructed to represent the sepulchral streets as extending to Tivoli on the one side and to Ostia on the other. But none of these writers have ever pretended to support their assertions by their own personal experience; they have never professed, for example, to have entered at the Catacombs of San Gennaro, and to have emerged at those of San Severo, of Santa Maria della Sanità, or any others; their progress has been always arrested by impassable heaps of rubbish, or by a modern wall, and they have returned by the same way as they went. And now the excavations of Jorio have set these questions at rest; he has shewn us the streets on either side ending in the natural rock; or where, through the existence of wells or cellars of modern construction, it has been impossible to arrive at this certain and most satisfactory conclusion, he has yet made it clear, by an accurate measurement of the soil, and a consideration of the rapid declivity of the hill, that the paths could not have been prolonged in the same direction, and on the same level, even a very few yards farther, without emerging into the open air. Until, therefore, a third *piano* shall be discovered on a much lower level than the others (and nothing has yet appeared to justify the suspicion of its existence), the falsehood of those exaggerations to which we have alluded must be considered as absolutely demonstrated. The upper *piano*, in all essential particulars, exactly resembles the lower; there is the same



sort of portico, or basilica, or whatever else it should be called, at the entrance; in the interior, the same main gallery in the centre, flanked with graves and private chapels, only somewhat shorter than in the lower cemetery, because the thickness of the hill is, of course, diminished; there is no parallel gallery on either side, and those which diverge at right angles are both few and short, excepting the last on the left-hand side, which is continued to the depth of fifty or sixty feet, and has one or two side-paths of unequal length branching off from it. Altogether, this upper excavation is characterised by a much greater irregularity than the lower; yet, at the same time, this irregularity is accompanied by an apparent study of effect and an aim at something beautiful. In the lower piano all is regular, but simple; in the upper, the central gallery is neither straight nor uniformly of the same width; yet the triple arch, under which you ascend by four or five steps to the entrance-hall, the detached columns and arches of rock left here and there within the gallery itself, furnish the artist with striking views, such as are not to be found below. It is lighted also by three *luminaria*, whereas below there are but two, one at either end. A larger number was both more necessary above, because of the irregularity of the gallery, and more easily provided, because there was no fear of interfering with a higher excavation. These *luminaria* are not altogether the same as those which were used in the Catacombs at Rome, for they are cut, not perpendicularly, but obliquely through the soil: where they break into the vault of the gallery, there was the same iron grating, of which Boldetti fancied he could discover some traces in the *luminaria* at Rome; here, however, owing to the greater solidity of the rock, the holes in which it was fixed remain distinctly visible even at the present day.

Most of the graves are in every respect similar to the Roman ones, both those of the more simple form, the *loculi*, or horizontal shelves in the wall, as also the *arcisolia*, or arched monuments, which were so much more costly, and intended for the burial of individuals or families of distinction. Moreover, when one of these family vaults was filled, yet other members of the same family were anxious to sleep with their fathers, they adopted the same device for providing additional room as we see in the Catacomb of Sta. Priscilla in Rome, viz. they opened a staircase in the floor, and excavated another small vault underneath. Graves of the modern kind, however, dug perpendicularly in the floor, are much more abundant here than in Rome; and whereas I do not remember ever to have found there a single grave of this form con-

taining more than one corpse, here very many are to be seen, deep enough for three, five, or even six bodies, which were laid one over the other, and only separated from actual contact by large heavy tiles fitting into narrow ledges in the rock made to receive them. These graves are more frequent, perhaps, in the side galleries than elsewhere, and in some of these places they are piled one over the other, not only in the depth of the rock below the pathway, but even above that level up to the very vault of the roof, so as entirely to hide the paintings on the original graves, indeed to block up those graves themselves and to render the whole gallery impassable. This circumstance clearly indicates the use of these cemeteries at a period much later than their original construction, just as in the Catacombs of Rome the antiquity of many of the frescoes over the altars is demonstrated by their subsequent mutilation by graves dug in the rock on which they had been painted, since no one would have been at the pains of executing them where there was a prospect of speedy demolition.

As for the paintings which have been destroyed in this way in the Catacombs of Naples, they are not, as far as I have seen, among the most valuable or interesting; they consist chiefly of ornamental arabesques, birds, flowers, &c. Those which are found in other parts of the cemetery are either representations of the more famous early Neapolitan or other saints, or, in some instances, likenesses of the persons upon whose tombs they are found. Thus, in one place we see four figures crowned with diadems, and bearing the names painted at their sides of Saints Festus, Desiderus, Acuzius, and Eutiches, that is, of the deacon, the reader, and the two laymen who were companions of St. Januarius in his martyrdom. The Bishop himself appears in another place with the same diadem, and the monogram and other symbols inscribed upon it. On either side of him is a lighted candle and the figure of a person in prayer, the two buried in that grave, as we learn by the inscription—

SANCTO MARTYRI IANVARIO	
HIC REQUIESCIT	HIC REQUIESCIT
BENEMERENS	BENEMERENS
ENICATIOLA	IN PACE
INFANS.	COMINIA.

Elsewhere is a bust with the arms outstretched in the form of a cross, the ancient attitude of Christian prayer, with the same emblematic candlesticks on either side, and an inscription, HIC REQUIESCIT PROCVLVS. This is certainly not the burial-place of the Proculus, deacon of Preteoli, who suffered martyrdom with St. Januarius; yet the figure may perhaps be meant to represent that Saint, whose intercession is thus in-

voked for one of his clients bearing his name.\* In another chapel we have the figures of Saints Agatha, Catherine, Eugenia, Guiliana, and Margherita, each accompanied by her name, written as it is here printed. Over an *arcisolum* is a figure of a female in prayer, bearing on the tips of her fingers two open books, on whose leaves appear the names of the four Evangelists; and above her head an inscription, RITALIA IN PACE. Over another, the figures of a man, woman, and child, in whom the perverse ingenuity of some persons persists in recognising a Holy Family, in spite of the inscription which tells us of a man and his wife and their infant child who occupied that grave.

It is not necessary to enumerate at any greater length the paintings of the galleries or private chapels; the specimens which have been given speak distinctly enough both as to their general character, and—as compared with the great majority of the paintings in the Catacombs of Rome—their modern date. They are not the representations of subjects taken from the Old Testament or the Gospels, and symbolical either of the Sacraments, or of some article of the Faith, or designed to convey a lesson of patience and perseverance, such as was suited to the primitive times, and such as we find in Rome; but they are simply historical, and commemorative of certain Saints and Martyrs, to whom we must suppose the persons buried there to have been specially devout; and in their manner of execution (the *nimbus* round the head, the Bishops wearing the *pallium* and episcopal shoes, having the cross woven thereon, &c.), they shew themselves to be no earlier than the ninth or tenth centuries.

The same may be said also of the paintings in the *luminaria*, and large porticoes or basilicas at the entrance. In the *luminare* of the lower cemetery is a colossal figure of our Lord, with one hand stretched out as if in the act of giving his blessing, and with the other holding a book, on which are written the very appropriate words, *Ego sum lux mundi*; on each side is an angel with a thurible; and another inscription, now almost obliterated, the invitation of our Lord to all who labour and are burdened, to come unto Him; for that his yoke is sweet, and his burden light. And in the *luminare* of the upper cemetery is an equally colossal figure of our Blessed Lady, attended by two Saints, but without inscriptions.

The vault of the large irregular chamber which this *luminare* enlightens, appears to have been divided into various compartments, the principal of which were devoted to the

\* Thus Sozius, deacon of Misenum, is the only one of the martyr-companions of St. Januarius of whom there is no memorial in these Catacombs.



representation of some sacred subject, and the others filled with symbolical, or merely ornamental figures. Unfortunately but little can now be distinguished of these paintings; which is the more to be regretted, because they seem to be of a different character from the rest, and of very superior interest. In one compartment we see a man and woman standing with a tree between them, which seems manifestly to denote the history of our first parents; and in another, we have three or four women, lightly clad in the short sleeveless tunic used during active employment, busily engaged in building; the one is laying stones upon the edifice, the others are bringing them to their companion from a distance; and this picture seems no less manifestly to refer to one of the visions in the Pastor of Hermes, though not strictly agreeing with it in all its details: I mean his third vision, wherein he sees the Church under the figure of a great tower built upon waters with shining square stones, whereof some are brought from the earth, some from the deep, yet all together appear but as one stone, so beautifully did they fit one to the other. He speaks of young men, however, as the builders, and young women only as standing near, and watching and supporting it; Faith, Abstinence, Innocence, Simplicity, and the rest.

St. Jerome, in his Catalogue of Ecclesiastical Writers, describes this work as useful, and even as being publicly read in some of the Greek churches; but "among the Latins," he adds, "it is almost unknown." It is not strange, therefore, that the Neapolitan Church should have been familiar with it, since this city was not only Grecian in origin, but retained its Grecian character long after most other cities of Magna Grecia had entirely lost it. Strabo the Geographer, writing in the early years of Tiberius, laments how few cities remained in this province which could be called Greek; but Naples he expressly mentions as one of the few exceptions: and however much the settlement of numerous Roman families in the neighbourhood of the city may have had a tendency to render its inhabitants familiar with the Latin tongue and manners, yet its conquest by the Eastern emperors in the sixth century would have more than neutralised any effects that can have been supposed to arise from such a cause, and detached it more thoroughly from its Roman connexion. And so, in point of fact, we generally find, that on all disputed subjects Naples sided with the Greeks rather than with the Romans. It was so in the great question of iconoclasm; and even as late as towards the very end of the tenth century, the Emperor Nicephorus used his utmost endeavours, by means of the Patriarch of Constantinople, to

oblige the clergy of these parts to use only the Greek language in the Divine offices, that so they might offend, and, finally, separate from, the Roman Pontiff. It is nothing extraordinary, therefore, that we should find a scene taken from a work held in high repute in the Greek Church, depicted on the walls of an ancient Christian cemetery in Naples; nor is this the only Greek feature which we meet with there. The Greek cross, with the well-known inscription  $\overline{\text{IC}} \overline{\text{XC}} \text{NIKA}$  (or  $\text{NHKA}$ ) occurs more than once; and even in the very latest graves (those which I have mentioned as blocking up the whole gallery), the names which are inscribed inside them among the birds, and flowers, and other paintings, which had originally ornamented the wall, are all written in the Greek character, even though they be not all themselves Greek; thus,  $\text{ΠΡΕΙΜΟΣ}$ ,  $\text{ΦΗΛΕΙΚΚΙΜΑ}$ ,  $\text{ΝΕΚΤΩΡΙΑΝΟΣ}$ ,  $\text{ΞΕΝΟΣ ΕΥΤΥΧΗΣ}$ ,  $\text{ΑΘΑΝΑΚΙΣ}$ ,  $\text{ΑΓΑΠΗ}$ , &c. &c.

And now, I believe, I have given as full a description of these cemeteries, and of their contents, as is necessary in order that we may judge with greater accuracy of the various theories which have been proposed relative to their origin and early history. The first and most simple of these theories would have them considered as mere quarries of *tufa*, exhausted of their stores, or at least abandoned for some reason or other; and subsequently (no matter at what precise period) appropriated to Christian uses. I had myself a strong prejudice in favour of this theory when I first went to see them; but after a careful examination of their form, and a comparison of them in this respect with the quarries which are still being wrought in different spots of the immediate neighbourhood, it appears to be quite untenable. The roof of the cemetery is vaulted throughout, and with great regularity; whereas, when the *tufa* is cut merely for utilitarian purposes, the lines are always straight, not curved, that there may be no waste of material. Again, in a quarry, the apertures for admitting light are perpendicular, and generally provided with *pedarole*, as they are called, that is, small steps cut in the face of the rock, to enable the labourers to go in and out by this way, if the spot where they happen to be working is situated at any considerable distance from the regular entrance; moreover, the excavation is always of a pyramidal character, much wider at the base than it is at the top, a narrow flat roof of six or eight feet often covering a gallery of the width of 100 or 120 feet; and this with the very obvious purpose of endangering as little as possible the security of the superincumbent soil, which is built upon or cultivated. In all these particulars, the difference between the Catacombs

and an ordinary quarry cannot be overlooked; and although it is true that some of them are such as might have been altered by the Christians, had they really entered upon the fruit of other men's labours, and only accommodated them to the different use which they now intended to make of them, yet this is far from being the case with all; and no one who considers the regularity, the architectural precision, so clearly discernible in some parts of these cemeteries, more especially throughout the lower one, can fail, I think, to recognise some higher design, even in their original formation, than the mere extraction of a certain quantity of stone.

But what was this design? Shall we subscribe to the opinion of Sanchez, and say that this was the public cemetery of ancient Naples, and that Pagans and Christians were buried here together, tradition only distinguishing between the graves of the one and of the other? Impossible; this would be as contrary to every human instinct, as it is inconsistent with the records which we have of the habits and feelings of the early Christians. And where are the proofs of so strange a confusion? There is no trace of a *columbarium* within the cemetery; there have been found no urns or cinerary vases, excepting, indeed, a few insignificant fragments, which may have been brought in with the earth and other rubbish with which the whole place was so plentifully encumbered; nor has it been pretended that here, as in other ancient sepulchres of the neighbourhood, pieces of money have been found in the mouths of any of the skeletons. Coins, indeed, have been found, and shells, bits of glass, peach-stones, and other trifles; just as they have been found too in many of the graves in the Catacombs of Rome, but not in such a position as justifies our attributing them to any Heathen superstition.

Yet, at the same time, though there is no indication of these places ever having been used as Heathen burial-grounds, it can scarcely be denied but that there are, in some places, especially in the entrances, symptoms of Heathen occupation of some kind or other. The paintings upon the vault of the entrance to the lower piano are generally quoted as of an unchristian character; in fact, as almost identical with the ornamental paintings which we see in many of the houses of Pompeii. At present they are in a most faded condition; nevertheless, there can be no doubt that there were representations of stags, tigers, goats, and masks, all of which would seem to harmonise far better with some temple of Bacchus than with a Christian cemetery. Both stags and goats, indeed, are found in monuments which belong to the Catacombs of Rome, but under circumstances which demonstrate their



Christian signification; the stag drinks of the waters which flow from the foot of the Cross, and the goat is borne on the shoulders of the good Shepherd, who "came to seek and to save that which was lost:" but tigers and masks, these at least it is difficult to explain in a Christian sense. There are figures also of fabulous animals, half beast, half fish; and, above all, there is (or rather there *was*, until destroyed by some unknown hand, which has actually cut out and removed a round piece of the rock whereon it was painted) the figure of an ox with a human face. This same figure is found on ancient Neapolitan coins, and was intended to represent the Phœnician god Hebon, or the Sun, who (as we learn from Macrobius, *Saturn.* lib. i. c. 18) was an object of worship in this city as long as it continued Pagan. Its presence, therefore, in the Catacombs cannot be considered as an indifferent matter; we cannot imagine that it was painted here merely by the careless caprice of the artist; such caprice, even if it had been allowed the license of selecting ornaments so unmeaning, if not absolutely inappropriate, as masks and tigers, would certainly have been prohibited from representing figures to which the inhabitants of this very city had been in the habit of paying idolatrous worship.

This, then, must be allowed, I think, to be a clear proof of the occupation of these places by the Heathen for some purpose or other in ancient times; and we cannot too deeply regret that the wanton mischievousness of ignorance, or the most indiscreet covetousness of some curious antiquarian, should have deprived us of the power of examining into the matter more minutely. For it must be remembered, that in this very same chamber are the figures of Adam and Eve, and that scene from the vision of Hermes. The point, therefore, on which we want to be assured is, whether the painting of Hebon were really on the same coating of stucco with those sacred subjects, or whether it was not rather here, as we find it elsewhere in these Catacombs, that two or three coatings of stucco having been laid upon the rock at different times, and each ornamented with paintings, the last or uppermost coating has fallen off, and so brought to light the ancient Heathen painting, which had been carefully concealed. In the lower cemetery, the Canonico Jorio has distinctly specified that those ornaments which are of a doubtful character were painted on a different and more ancient coating of stucco than the Christian pictures which appear in other parts of the same chamber; but in this particular example, which would have been the most decisive of all, he has unfortunately made no observation; and now it is impossible to ascertain the fact. There

seems no other mode, however, of explaining the strange mixture of Heathenism and Christianity which these pictures at first sight present to us; and we do not hesitate to adopt it, both because it is unencumbered with any difficulties in itself, and because it falls in most naturally with what we are disposed to accept as the true history of these excavations.

Travellers tell us, in the same way, of caves and grottoes in Upper Egypt, where the figures of Isis and Osiris are apparently confounded with rude paintings of our Lord, of his Blessed Mother, and of the Apostles; yet no one ever dreams that the same persons paid worship to all these objects at the same time, but only that some of the numerous anchorites of the early ages, with which Egypt abounded, took possession of grottoes that had once been profaned by idolatrous rites, made them their own dwelling-places, and consecrated them in this manner to the service of God. It is still more to our purpose to remember how the bones of St. Babylas, Bishop and Martyr of Antioch, were translated to one of the suburbs of that city, as a means of dispelling the wickedness by which it was polluted, as the site of a famous Heathen oracle and the scene of the fabled history of Daphne; and how, at a later period, whole cart-loads of the sacred dust and ashes of innumerable martyrs were removed from the Roman Catacombs to the Pantheon, thereby to convert it from the Heathen temple which it had been, into a Christian church, such as it now continues, under the title of S. Maria ad Martyres. Just in the same way, these subterranean excavations in Naples, part of which (as we have seen) had certainly been made and occupied by the Heathen, were probably first consecrated to Christian uses by the translation of the body of St. Januarius. At any rate, this is the earliest historical notice of them, if we must not rather say that even this too rests in great measure upon tradition.

It is known that St. Januarius was first buried at no great distance from the scene of his martyrdom, at a place called Marciano, and that his body was removed from thence towards the end of the fourth century, with great pomp and ceremony, and re-interred in a basilica, which had been newly made in his honour by St. Severus, about a mile beyond the gates of the city. Neapolitan antiquarians seem to be unanimous in declaring this basilica to have been the subterranean excavation close to the entrance of the lower cemetery, wherein we still see the ancient altar (only spoilt by modern additions) and the ancient episcopal chair, hewn out of the solid rock, behind it. There is certainly no reason to doubt but that the body of St. Januarius lay here for a period of 400 years and more, until it was carried off by Sichon, Prince of Benevento,



in the year 817; and since I can find no traces of any disagreement among Neapolitan authors as to the identity of this excavation with the basilica of St. Severus, I presume this also is ascertained by some authority of which I am not aware; for certainly there is nothing in the language of John the Deacon (whose history of the Neapolitan Bishops belongs to the latter end of the ninth century, or the beginning of the tenth) to indicate that of the four basilicas which he attributes to that Bishop, some were mere subterranean excavations, whilst others were built in the ordinary manner.

Assuming, however, the fact to be so upon the authority that has been mentioned, it immediately occurs to inquire into the motives which led to it; for without entering upon the *voxata questio* of the precise date of the translation, or of the exact position which St. Severus then held in the ecclesiastical hierarchy, whether bishop, priest, or deacon, it is agreed on all hands that it was subsequent to the conversion of Constantine. The Church, therefore, being in the enjoyment of peace, there was no longer any necessity for concealment; this very same St. Severus had himself built a handsome basilica within the city, whose apse was ornamented with precious metals, and covered with mosaics representing our Lord and his twelve Apostles; Isaias, too, crowned with olive, Daniel bearing a handful of wheat-ears, Jeremias offering grapes, and Ezekiel with roses and lilies, to denote the bloody sacrifice of the martyrs, and the perseverance of confessors. Why, then, was the body of St. Januarius buried in a church that had merely been dug out of the rock? Some persons have supposed that the intention was by this means to consecrate a cemetery already existing, in which the bodies of Pagans and Christians had hitherto lain in mixed confusion. But what kind of consecration was this? Only to add another and a more famous Christian hero to the number of those whose dust had already suffered the ignominious misfortune (for such it was uniformly considered in those days) of being mingled with the dust of idolaters. The early Christians treated the bodies of their brethren, even when the spark of life was extinct, with a most reverent regard, as having been the living temples of the Holy Spirit, and destined to a glorious resurrection. To bury them among unhallowed bones, among the bones of Jews, of Heathen slaves, of camels, dogs, and other animals,—this was one of the ingenious devices of cruelty, which, we learn from ecclesiastical history, they were sometimes made to suffer at the hands of their persecutors, but which we are certain that they would never have voluntarily inflicted upon themselves. This theory, then, as to the cause



wherefore the body of St. Januarius was brought to the Neapolitan Catacombs is altogether inadmissible; there is no such difficulty, however, in supposing that it may have been brought hither as a means of consecrating a place polluted by Heathen worship, but which was henceforward to be dedicated to Christian uses. The examples of St. Babylas at Antioch, and of the Pantheon at Rome, shew this to have been no uncommon practice; and St. Chrysostom speaks more than once of the Heathen oracles that were silenced, the demons that were put to flight from places where they had before been worshipped, not only by the Crucified himself, but also by the bones of them that had been slain for Him.

What the precise nature of the Pagan occupation of these places had been, it is perhaps impossible, at this distance of time, to decide; whatever information the paintings might once have been able to give, is now obscured by the later painting of the Christians, and there is therefore little or nothing to guide us in our conjectures. We know that the inhabitants of ancient Naples were divided, like those of Athens, into a number of *φρατρίαι*, or colleges of citizens (so to call them), united by the bonds of the same religious rites, under the protection of the same deity, &c.; and it has been supposed that these chambers may in some way have belonged to one of them. Nothing, however, has been alleged to give probability to the conjecture; and others, therefore, with more shew of reason perhaps, recognise in this excavation a subterranean temple of the god Hebon, like that excavation in the rock on the left-hand side of the grotta at Posilippo, as you pass through it in going to Pozzuoli, which is now used as a little chapel in honour of the Madonna, but which an inscription, found there in the middle ages, seems to shew was once dedicated *DEO OMNIPOTENTI MITRÆ*; and, indeed, some writers expressly mention a subterranean temple of Vulcan as having existed in this very neighbourhood.

However, this is altogether too uncertain a topic to be worth dwelling upon at any length; it is more to the purpose to observe, that there does not seem any proof that the Pagans had ever excavated more than the chambers which are situated at the entrances of the two cemeteries; the galleries appear to have been the work of the Christians themselves, executed gradually during the lapse of centuries, probably with a direct intention to imitate, only on a grander scale, the Catacombs of Rome, which at that time were so justly famous throughout the Christian world, and were visited, as we learn from Prudentius, by long trains of pilgrims from Capua, Nola, and other cities of Campania.

The number of sepulchres that have been discovered in the neighbourhood of these Catacombs shews that here was the principal portion of the necropolis of ancient Naples; and St. Severus, guided probably by some local circumstances of which we are ignorant, determined to make it also the site of the cemetery of the Christians, which, in obedience to the laws of those times, must needs be provided somewhere outside the walls of the city. Having once buried the body of St. Januarius here, other burials succeeded immediately by that powerful attraction which has been so well explained by the eloquence of St. Augustine, St. Maximus, and other early Bishops, whereby (to use the language of one of them) *hoc a majoribus provisum est, ut sanctorum ossibus nostra corpora sociemus*. How long they continued in use is uncertain; inscriptions have been found shewing that the ancient Bishops and dukes of Naples were buried here at least until the eighth and ninth centuries; and about this time the removal of the body of St. Januarius, which has been mentioned, would have had a natural tendency to throw them into neglect. Towards the close of the ninth century, A.D. 873, Athanasius, Bishop of Naples, built a church and monastery here, that the memory of the saint, whose body was still absent, might not be lost in the spot where he had so long been venerated; and when, in the fifteenth century, this monastery was deserted by the Benedictines, to whom it had belonged, Cardinal Carrafa converted it into a hospital for persons infected with the plague, many of whom, therefore, were buried in the Catacombs, not only then, but again on the return of that dreadful visitation, at different periods, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

This, then, is all which is known about the Neapolitan Catacombs; and if their history be more fragmentary and indistinct than we could desire, it is at least sufficiently clear, I think, to satisfy all lovers of Christian antiquity (which has been one of my principal objects in examining them) that they are both more modern, and far less interesting, than the Catacombs of Rome. They are ancient, and as such deserve attention; they are Christian cemeteries, and, in particular, they were the temporary resting-place of the body of that saint, *cujus insigne ac perenne miraculum*, as Baronius says, is famous throughout all the world, and upon this plea they have a claim upon our reverence; but they lack those highest associations of interest which attach to the Catacombs of Rome, as places of refuge and of worship during times of persecution, and which constitute them in every way a genuine and perfect monument of the very earliest ages of the Church. And for my own part, I must confess that I cannot regret this result

of our inquiry; for though such venerable memorials of the faith would have been precious and important wherever they might have been discovered, yet it cannot be doubted but that they derive a peculiar interest from the fact of their position in Rome; so that we are disposed to say of them what an old author has said concerning some other glorious privileges of that wonderful city, that they are not only great and excellent in themselves, and such as cannot be found elsewhere, but such as we may not even wish to transfer.

P.S. If any of your readers should chance to have visited these Neapolitan Catacombs, he may remember a certain stone column in the lower cemetery, with the word ΠΡΙΑΠΟΣ carved on it in Greek letters, and a longer inscription in Hebrew, purporting to belong to the same abominable worship. I have purposely omitted all mention of it, not only because I have been assured by a learned Jesuit father, well skilled in Eastern languages, that the said Hebrew inscription is a forgery executed at no very distant period, but also because it is manifestly impossible that such a monument should have belonged to the place where it now appears. An image of Priapus in a Christian cemetery!—the combination is impossible; the column can only have fallen in through the *luminare* under which it lies.

In the other Catacombs of Naples there is nothing which deserves particular mention; that which is situated higher up in the hill, behind the church of San Gennaro, is, in fact, only a fragment of the upper one which we have been describing; that of San Severo is at present inaccessible; that of Sta. Maria della Sanità is small, and much of it is modern—one portion only is interesting, the burial-place of St. Gaudiosus and other Bishops who came over here from Africa to escape from the persecution of the Vandals.

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### TOWN CHURCHES. No. III.

TOWARDS the decline of classical architecture, columns were not only applied to sustain an entablature, but were used to support a series of arches, as may be seen at Dioclesian's palace at Spalatro, and in the circular temple of Claudius at Rome. The architects succeeding this period, having these examples before them, in the primitive churches applied the columns taken from the Heathen temples and other buildings in the same manner, that is, they rested the arches sometimes



on an architrave and sometimes on the capital of the column, without any intervening impost. By this arrangement the horizontal lines of the entablature, characteristic features of the ancient system, though still decidedly marked, are not forced on the eye; but the predominant feature is the arch in its complete and most perfect form, the semicircle. The genius of the style delighting in the use of this beautiful Christian symbol, fearlessly expanded it over the large and spacious areas forming the airy vaults and domes required for a church. Thus, the architecture of Christianity was made to assume a character harmonising to a certain degree with the classical, by not altogether neglecting its proportions, yet capable of considerable elegance and grandeur, adapting itself to the exigencies of the period, and making new combinations wholly different from the forms of Paganism.

To illustrate the principles found in buildings of this date, generally called Romanesque, the interior of the present design has been prepared. It applies the details of a somewhat later period in the principal façade of the exterior, a combination of very frequent occurrence in the churches of Rome.

The form of the ground and the arrangements of the several buildings correspond with those in a large provincial town, where the expense was limited to 4000*l.*; the plan contains nave, sanctuary, lady chapel, sacristy (communicating with both chapels), gallery at the west end, in which the organ is placed, baptistery, confessionals (with entrance from the private dwelling), loggia, and tower.

Supposing chairs to be used, the area of the interior affords accommodation for 750 persons; but should benches be preferred, a proportional diminution will take place in the number of the sittings.

The light is obtained principally from the windows of the clerestory, which are above the height of the adjoining buildings; apertures, however, are obtained in the ceiling of the sanctuary, and at both ends of the lady chapel. The glazing might be of coloured glass, in geometrical figures, or foliage. The drawing shews the timbers used in the roofs; when not of oak, they should be stained, or they may be concealed with panelling framed in compartments, which admits of great decoration in this part of the building. The columns and pedestals would be of stone, the walls plastered, and the pavement covered with stone of two or more tints.

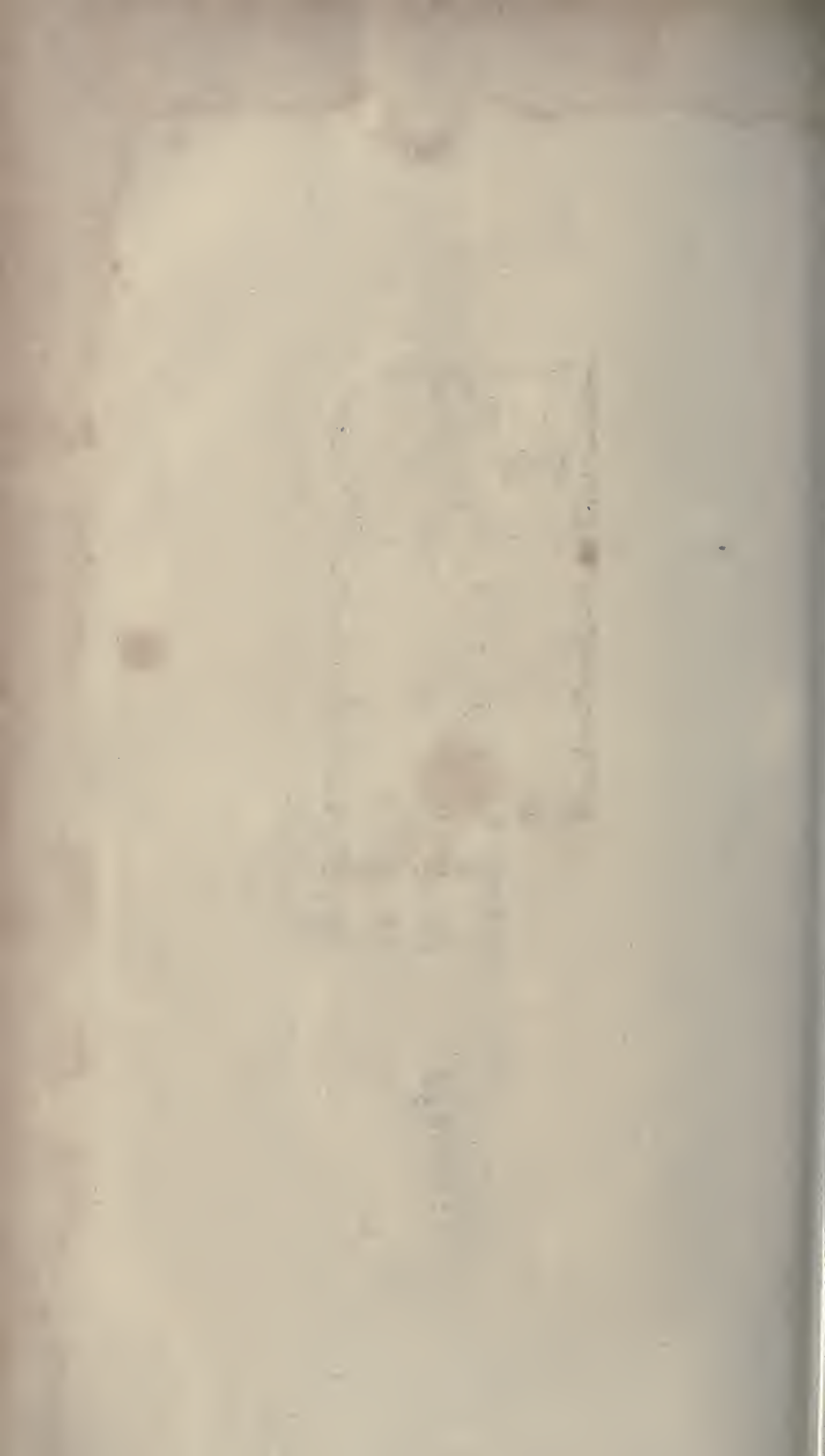
To mark clearly the profiles and lines of the principal elevation and tower, it is proposed to use stone in their erection, building the side and rear walls of brick, with stone dressings and enrichments.



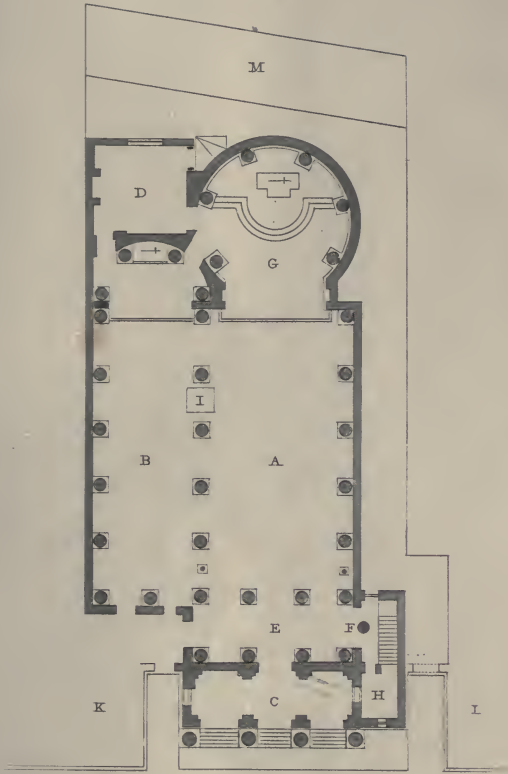








PLAN.



- A. Nave.
- B. B. V. Chapel.
- C. Sanctuary.
- D. Sacristy.
- E. Gallery.
- F. Font.
- G. Loggia.
- H. Tower.
- I. Pulpit.
- K. Priests House.
- L. Private House.
- M. Schools.





## Oratorium Harbun.

## No. IV.

## ST. PHILIP AND THE MIDDLE AGES.

[VI.]

Pining for old poetic times,  
 Young hearts have oft unwisely grieved ;  
 As though there were no days like those  
 When men loved less than they believed.

Yet are they sure, if on those days  
 Their span of trial had been cast,  
 They could have well, in penance drear,  
 The long-sustained ordeal past ?

Teasing hair-shirt and prickly chain,  
 Rude discipline, and bed of earth,—  
 Would they have tamed by these rough ways  
 Their love of ease and pride of birth ?

God's poor, God's church, are these to-day  
 Welcomed and nourished at their cost—  
 Yea, to the brink of poverty ?  
 If not, how sounds their idle boast ?

Ah, no ! it is not jewelled cope,  
 Brave pomps, or incense-laden air,  
 Can lull the pains of aching hearts,  
 Or bring the Saviour's pardon there.

No ! to be safe, these outward things  
 Interior strictness must control :  
 To play with beauty and with art  
 Saves not, nor heals the wounded soul.

No, dear St. Philip, we must learn  
 Our wisdom in thy heavenly school,—  
 Love thy restraints, and wear thy yoke,  
 And persevere beneath thy rule.

Love is to us, in these late days,  
 What faith in those old times might be :  
 He that hath love lacks not of faith,  
 And hath beside love's liberty.

[VII.]

## TO THE INFANT JESUS ASLEEP.

SLEEP, holy Babe,  
 Upon thy Mother's breast ;  
 The Lord of earth, and sea, and sky,  
 How sweet it is to see Thee lie  
 In such a place of rest !

Sleep, holy Babe ;  
 Thine angels watch around,  
 All bending low with folded wings  
 Before the Incarnate King of kings,  
 In reverent awe profound.

Sleep, holy Babe ;  
 While I with Mary gaze  
 In joy upon that face awhile,  
 Upon the beatific smile  
 Which there divinely plays.

Sleep, holy Babe,  
 Oh, snatch thy brief repose ;  
 Too quickly will thy slumber break,  
 And Thou to lengthened pains awake,  
 Which death alone shall close.

Then must those hands  
 Which now so small I see,  
 Those feet so lovely and divine,  
 That flesh so delicately fine,  
 Be pierced and rent for me.

Then must that brow  
 Its thorny crown receive ;  
 That cheek which now so roseate glows  
 Be drenched with blood, and marred with blows,  
 That I thereby may live.

O Lady blest !  
 To thee I suppliant cry ;  
 Forgive the wrong that I have done,  
 In causing by my sins thy Son  
 Upon the Cross to die.

O Jesu Lord !  
 By thy sweet childhood's years,  
 Blot out from their terrific page  
 My sins of youth and later age,  
 In these my contrite tears.

So may I sing  
 Immortal praise to Thee,  
 Who, once a Babe of human birth,  
 Now reignest Lord of heaven and earth,  
 Through all eternity.



## Reviews.

## CARDINAL PACCA'S MEMOIRS.

*Historical Memoirs of Cardinal Pacca, Prime Minister to Pius VII.* Written by Himself. Translated from the Italian by Sir George Head, Author of "Rome, a Tour of many Days." 2 vols. Longmans.

WHEN Sir George Head undertook the translation of these agreeable Memoirs, he probably little anticipated that they would furnish a striking and instructive lesson on events coming to pass in his own communion just at the time when the fruit of his labours would issue from the press. In a brief and pleasingly written preface, he tells us that the subject of the work is rendered doubly interesting by the analogy between the events in which Cardinal Pacca was an actor, and those which are now taking place in regard to the Holy See. Doubtless this is true; and still further, we cannot but express our thanks to Sir George for the tribute of cordial respect which he pays to the personal character of the Cardinal, a tribute the more grateful from its not being alloyed with any of those offensive qualifications with which Protestants generally render nugatory their eulogies upon Catholics. Sir George Head does not say that Pacca was either a fool or a semi-Protestant.

"The individual character of Cardinal Pacca," he writes, "as it becomes developed under the various stirring vicissitudes of fortune that befel him during his administration, presents an edifying picture to the public of a pious, well-regulated mind, constantly preserving its even tenor, and maintaining in all manner of trying situations a steady, unbiassed equilibrium. Whether captive in an Alpine dungeon, or returning in triumph with the Pope to the Eternal City, ever magnanimous and honourable, undaunted and patient in adversity, humble before God in prosperity, generous though justly indignant towards oppressors, grateful and tender-hearted to benefactors. Such exalted virtues, though exercised by an open, strenuous advocate of the tenets of the Roman Church, it were surely not unbecoming a member of the Protestant faith to respect and admire."

In most cases, such sentences as these would have been followed by a "testimony" against the Cardinal's weakness of judgment or superstitious practices, or by an insinuation that he was too acute a man to *believe* all the absurdities of the Romish creed. To our obligations, therefore, to the transla-

tor for his version, let us add our thanks for the candour with which he has estimated the Cardinal's virtues, and still more for the courage with which he has avowed his respect.

The translation (which, however, is not the first that has been made, as another was published in Dublin about seven or eight years ago) is well executed, though here and there appears a singular blunder, arising from Sir George's ignorance of Catholic religious phraseology. In one place, the Cardinal is made to give Communion to a number of persons after Vespers, when he really gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Sir George should have taken the precaution to shew his proofs to some Catholic friend, who would instantly, without looking at the original Italian, have seen that there was something wrong in the version. The translations, too, of common French and Latin phrases, which are given as notes, were surely needless. The incorporation of the original detached annotations with the body of the text assists the progress of the narrative.

As we have observed, the publication of the Memoirs at the present moment is singularly opportune, and will serve a purpose which probably was little contemplated. If any man, struck with the present position of the Established Church as a bond-slave to the State, claiming independence, pledged to heresy, and yet too powerless and too worldly to right herself, asks how the Catholic Church has demeaned herself in her hours of conflict with the State, let him turn to the history of Pius VII. and Napoleon, as here minutely recorded. If any man would know how far the true Church *can* go, and no farther; if any man would see her, by her supreme head, partially committing herself—not to a false doctrine—but to an error in judgment, and then instantly drawing back and setting herself free, let him ponder on the history of the last Concordat between the Pope and the imperial tyrant. If any man would learn how lovingly and mysteriously the Invisible Head of the Church watches over her destiny, and by the course of his Providence makes a way for her to avoid, without any loss of dignity, the consequences of any ill-judged step her rulers may take, let him ponder on the blindness with which Napoleon, having wrung from the Pontiff more than he could wisely grant, instantly *put himself in the wrong*, and nullified even what had really been agreed upon. And lastly, if any man would enter into the secrets of the Conclave, and of the heart and conscience of a Pope, and see how the affairs of the Church are managed by her Head and his councillors, and how a Pope feels when he has made one solitary movement too far in order to be on good terms with the

powers of the State, let him peruse these details of the events at Fontainebleau, and see how Pius VII. humbled himself *instantly* before God for one slight error of administration, and how he humbled himself before man, as though he had been guilty of some grievous sin.

Truly the history of the last Concordat between Napoleon and Pius VII. is a most instructive and consoling contrast to the attitude of the Anglican Church in her relations towards the English nation. Here we have the two opposing theories, that of national Churches and that of a universal Church governed by one head, *at work*. In England, the working capabilities of the Anglican system have been just tested on a question of vital doctrine, such as to give the Church the highest vantage ground she could possibly possess. In France, on the contrary, we see the Pope taken at every disadvantage, and on a subject simply of ecclesiastical discipline and jurisdiction, involving no doctrine, and still further, brought forward shortly after the Sovereign Pontiff had enforced the papal claims upon the French Church with a severity unexampled in history, and when many of the French Bishops and Cardinals united with the despotic Emperor to force from their spiritual superior concessions against the true welfare of the universal Church. If ever a Pope was taken at a disadvantage, it was Pius VII. at Fontainebleau; if ever there was a time when the maxims of the world could exert a *deceiving* power upon the ruler of the Church, and blind his eyes to the true nature of the peril he was encountering, it was when Pius VII., torn from his faithful Cardinals and friends, a prisoner in a foreign land, exhausted with sickness, fatigue, old age, and *bullying* of the meanest kind, and surrounded with ecclesiastical traitors of cunning tongue, stood face to face with the mightiest conqueror of modern times, whose heart knew no scruple when his own intense selfishness was concerned in his success. Had the Pope been called to martyrdom, the trial would have been far lighter; had he been loaded with fetters, or bribed with the most tempting offers, to induce him to alter some dogma of the Church,—all this would have been a less terrible trial to his constancy, and would less severely have tested the reality of that unseen power which guides the fortunes of the bark of Peter.

Yet compare the issue of his conflict with the condition of Church and State in England. Before the false step is fully taken, the hand of God intervenes, while a divine light shews to the Pope what would be the consequences of his error; in a moment all is cleared up, and the Church once more, by her supreme Head, maintains her front erect as



ever against the most terrible of the powers of the world. In the separatist communion, on the contrary, there is no escape from the consequences of the alliance between Church and State, but by flying from the Church itself, as heretical and self-condemned. Though the wound inflicted is struck at the very heart of the Christian faith, all remedy, so far from being instantaneous, is utterly visionary. Nobody expects it, nobody really waits for it, nobody believes it possible. The judgment in the case of Gorham *versus* the Bishop of Exeter is the natural fate of a Church without a Pope. Setting apart all consideration of Divine guidance, and comparing the constitution of the Anglican body with that of the Church of Rome, the *impracticable* character of the National Church theory strikes us in the broadest light. Nationalism shews itself to be the betrayer of the independence of the Church. It was for want of a Pope that the Church of England became the slave of the State. The moment the old English Catholic body cast off its allegiance to Rome, it became the prey of the first tyrant who had the courage to seize the reins of its government. When King Henry first claimed to make laws in the Church of England, had her prelates, clergy, and laity, as one body, held fast to the Papal supremacy, and refused to treat with the monarch, save through the Pope, she would have defied the tyrant's arm; he might have robbed her, persecuted her, imprisoned her, and shed her blood, but he never would have brought about a state of things in which her highest court would pronounce baptismal regeneration to be an open question. A Church without a Pope is like a ship without a helmsman, an army without a commander. She is open to attack on all sides; she has no power of resistance within. She has none to represent her with supreme and practical authority. Her prelates may turn traitors, her clergy may shift their doctrines at the tyrant's nod, and her laity stand aghast or follow the tide. She can but obey, make the best of her bargain, be rewarded for her infidelity, take service under the world, be alternately kicked and petted, and cease to be a portion of the Catholic Church of Jesus Christ. Such is the history of Anglicanism from its commencement; the contrast between her conduct towards the State and the conduct of the Catholic Church towards the Emperor Napoleon is but the necessary result of the diametrically opposed systems of Anglicanism and Catholicism. The sincere and candid Anglican will read of the conflict between Pius and Napoleon with a sigh, and *wish* that such was the conflict between his bench of Bishops and Queen Victoria; and a true and bitter misfortune he will count it that such a struggle cannot be

fought in his long-loved Establishment. But he will not perceive that what he calls his misfortune is, in truth, his fault; his Church *chose* to be governed by Bishops independently of the Pope, and she must take the consequences. If she had been contented with the governor whom God had given her, all would have gone well. As it is, she has preferred two Archbishops and four and twenty Bishops to the Vicar of Christ, and her abject captivity has been the natural and necessary result. If such a negotiation and such a breaking off as that which took place between Pius and Napoleon be *impossible* in the Church of England—as every man must see that it is—it is so because the Church of England has no Pope, to be at once her guide, her ruler, and her defence.

But it is time that we recur to the Memoirs themselves:—

“They comprehend the series of events that fall between the taking possession of Rome by the French in 1808, and the abdication of Napoleon in 1814; including consequently the intercourse between the Roman Pontiff and the French authorities in Rome till 6th July, 1809,—the attack of that day on the Quirinale Palace by escalade, and the forcible abduction from Rome of the Pope and Cardinal Pacca,—the imprisonment of the Cardinal for three years and a half, till February 1813, in the Piedmontese fortress of Fenestrelle,—the means used and the measures adopted by Napoleon in the interim to re-organise the Roman Church and subjugate the Pope, while under durance at Savona, on the shores of the Mediterranean,—and the negotiations that took place afterwards at Fontainebleau between the Pope and the Emperor relating to the conclusion of the Concordat, and his Holiness's subsequent retraction of that document.”

Considering that Cardinal Pacca was Prime Minister to the Pope at the time these events commenced, that he was eye-witness of almost all that he narrates, and that he professes to give a true, clear, and fearless picture of facts, and not to be pronouncing a eulogy or making out a case, it is obvious that, if the Cardinal is true to his professions, and is at all a competent narrator, his book must possess a singular interest and value. It is not often that a Prime Minister, and that minister a Cardinal, comes voluntarily forward to unfold the secrets of government, or to tell all the little minutiae of private daily life which accompany and influence the most momentous State affairs, though they may not reach the world at large.

That Cardinal Pacca was eminently fitted to fulfil the task he had undertaken, we think no reader of his Memoirs will doubt. A more *natural* book was never written, or one in which the writer's good faith was more apparent in every line.

The Cardinal tells his tale just as he would have told it to a friend; and as for any idea of fostering the veneration of Catholics for the Holy See by *puffing* the Pope and the Cardinals, it never seems to have crossed his brain. And the natural result is, that the reader sympathises with him to an extent rare in the reading of autobiographical writings, and is practically edified and pleased far more than by any studiously planned defence of the Papal policy. The genuine simplicity of the Cardinal's mind comes out in all the more striking light from contrast with the popular notions of the dark, intriguing spirit with which the vulgar invest the proceedings of Rome. The *naïveté* with which he puts down all the trifling incidents which struck him, his records of his personal comforts and discomforts, the genuine fondness for letters with which he introduces his quotations, from the Bible downwards, and the humility with which he apologises for his love for quoting secular authors, all tend to give life to the history, and to interest us in the character of the historian. Through the whole there further runs such a vein of deep, unaffected piety, while so clear and acute a judgment pervades every remark and reflection, that the Memoirs may, without exaggeration, be pronounced unique in the history of statesmanship. They have long been extremely popular in Italy; a French translation, together with a version of the Cardinal's other works,\* has had a wide circulation in France; and this second English translation can scarcely fail to make them well known in our own country, and must conciliate every candid Protestant mind.

The Memoirs open with an introductory chapter, of which we need not give the details, except so far as to mention that it contains an exposition of the Cardinal's views on the subject of the temporal power of the Pope. He says that, during his imprisonment, he was for a time impressed with a conviction that the temporal sovereignty of the Pontiffs *might be* coming to an end; and that the circumstances of the times were such that, in his opinion, the Church would be a gainer rather than a loser by the change.

"I considered," says he, "that the Pope, relieved of the weighty charge of temporal principality, that certainly obliges him to sacrifice too great a portion of his precious time to secular affairs, would be enabled to direct his entire thoughts and attention to the spiri-

\* These are, Additions to the present Memoirs, Memoirs on the Cardinal's *Nunciature*, a Report on the introduction of Protestantism into the Rhenish Provinces, some theological dissertations, a notice of Mgr. Pacca, Archbishop of Beneventum, historical remarks, and an academic discourse pronounced at Rome.



tual government of the Church, which, though thereby deprived of lustre, pomp, dignity, and the attraction of her temporal benefits, on the other hand would have the advantage of numbering those exclusively who are zealous in the sacred cause among her ministers—those who, so long as they ‘desire the office of a Bishop, desire a good work.’ The Pope also would in future have less regard, in the choice of his ministers and councillors, to the splendour of birth, the solicitation of influential persons, and the recommendation of sovereigns, of whose Roman promotions it may frequently be observed, ‘Thou hast multiplied the nation, and not increased the joy; they joy before thee according to the joy in harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil.’ Finally, in our councils on ecclesiastical affairs the fear of losing the temporal benefits of preferment would cease to be regarded as a motive, which, so long as it has a place in the scale, is liable to turn the balance, and influence the rejection or the adoption of a resolution, by pusillanimous condescension.”

This opinion Cardinal Pacca grounded upon the supposition that a universal European monarchy would be permanently established by Napoleon, by which the Supreme Pontiff would be placed in the *natural* condition of a subject, as in the earliest days of the Church. In such a state of things, the Cardinal considered that the temporal sovereignty would not be necessary to the independence of the Popes, as it has been since Europe has been divided into several separate and rival Catholic kingdoms, to none of which could the Pope be a subject without placing himself in a false position towards the rest of Christendom. And if the temporal kingdom thus became unnecessary, the Cardinal, who knew too well from his own experience what a terrible burden it is to the head of the Church, accounted it a positive evil, with no overbalancing advantages to make the Church regret its loss. This is the only ground on which Cardinal Pacca speaks unfavourably of the pontifical sovereignty of the Roman states; and as his anticipations respecting the empire of Napoleon proved groundless, he continued to uphold the temporal dominion as necessary to the Church, notwithstanding all the thorns which it plants beneath the gold and jewels of the tiara.

In the second chapter, Cardinal Pacca sketches the state of affairs in Rome at the time when he was called to be Prime Minister to Pius VII. In the beginning of the year 1809, Napoleon was preparing to consummate the wickedness of his career by seizing, openly and professedly, on the domains of the Holy See. Already he was practically master of Rome, and the Pope was little better than a prisoner in his palace; still Pius was the nominal sovereign, and his flag floated on

the battlements of the Castle of St. Angelo. Already his Holiness had done every thing that could be done for the peace of the Church; every point that could lawfully be stretched, he had stretched to the uttermost. That prerogative of his supremacy which would only be exercised in extreme cases, he had already put forth in the remodelling of the French Church, by the abolition of the ancient dioceses, and the construction of new episcopal boundaries, suited to the new political condition of the kingdom. He had even gone to the length of causing the French hierarchy to renounce their sees at his command, and had reinstated in jurisdiction only such of their number as he himself accounted fit for the new and delicate position. Like Pius IX., he had put his opponents in the wrong, by yielding to the very utmost that it was lawful to yield; but like Pius IX. also, he had to do with a foe whom nothing less than the slavery of the Church, and the possession of the Papal States, would satisfy.

At length the French commander who had military possession of Rome counted it needless to wait any longer; and in obedience to his instructions from Napoleon, he hauled down the pontifical flag and hoisted in its place the imperial ensign. The spiritual weapon, however, had been long before prepared by the Pope; and that very evening a Bull of excommunication against the guilty Emperor was published, and placarded at nightfall in the usual places in the streets of Rome. The details of the preparation of the Bull, and its publication, are so interesting, that we shall give them nearly at length in the Cardinal's words. It should be premised that, some time previous to this last outrage, instructions had been given to one of the Cardinals to prepare a Bull of excommunication against the Emperor, which had, however, been afterwards set aside on account of a temporary suspension of the despot's encroachments. Now, however, the peril was so imminent, that further delay was become impossible. Cardinal Pacca thus relates what then took place:

“The notorious circumstance of my arrest on the 6th of September, 1808, and the reports that were spread abroad in consequence, to the effect that the Emperor of the French, irritated by the spirited resistance of the Pope on that occasion, had already issued orders either to crush the Government, or at least to remove the Pope from Rome, induced the Holy Father to take again into his consideration the matters lately discussed in the house of the Dean Antonelli, and in the course of a conversation on the subject with Cardinal di Pietro at a special audience, he gave the Cardinal instructions to prepare another Bull of excommunication instead of

the one that had been destroyed. Another Bull was prepared accordingly, which the Holy Father, after having himself examined, put into my hands, directing me at the same time to employ the most trustworthy officials of the Secretary of State's office to make several copies of it. In compliance with these instructions several copies were made, uniform in every respect, with the exception of the clause assigning the immediate and conclusive reason of fulminating the excommunication, inasmuch as it was not yet a matter of certainty whether the destruction of the Government, and the union of the Pontifical States to the French Empire, would or would not precede the removal of the Holy Father from Rome. The above-mentioned clause was consequently worded differently in two separate sets of the same document, to the end that, according to the progress of future events, one to suit either contingency might be at hand, ready to be placarded at a moment's warning.

“ Reports meanwhile became every day more prevalent that the Pope, whether forcibly or otherwise, would be sent out of Rome at all events, even though it were necessary to storm the Apostolic Palace; and as these reports were corroborated by letters received from Paris, it was thought advisable to induce the Holy Father to sign with his own hand, and seal with the Pontifical seal, those copies of the Bull above referred to, which assigned, as the reason of its publication, that violence had been offered to the Apostolic Palace, and the Holy Father removed from Rome by force of arms. A few weeks after the Pope had signed the document, I had reason to suspect that intelligence of his having signed it had got abroad, in consequence of inquiries that were made of the officials in the Secretary of State's office by a person, not quite to be depended upon, who asked if the Pope were likely to adopt the *same* resolution in the event of both occurrences, namely, whether his Government were put an end to or he himself carried out of Rome. I accordingly immediately communicated my suspicions to the Holy Father, and we agreed, in order to embarrass the French, and delay for a short time, if not prevent altogether, the execution of their threat, that the Pontifical signature should also be affixed to the remaining copies of the Bulls that were prepared to meet the other contingency; to the end that, provided there were any person in the palace or in the Secretary of State's office who held traitorous communications with the French military commandant, he might consequently be the bearer of the intelligence to that functionary, and thereby place him in a dilemma. The Pope, however, did not finally determine to publish the Bull at present, but intended to submit it previously to a more mature and careful examination whenever the moment of the superseding the Government might arrive. \* \*

“ On the evening of the 9th of June, 1809, a celebrated dignitary of the purple, who, together with myself, was a recluse in the Quirinale Palace, came into my chamber, and asked me—‘What measures we intended to adopt, provided the report then current in Rome, namely, that the Pontifical Government would be put an end



to the next day, should turn out to be true?' I replied, that 'In such a case, we had everything ready for the publication of the Bull of excommunication, provided I received from his Holiness no order to the contrary.' My colleague then asked me—'Whether I had sufficiently considered the consequences of so grave a measure; and whether it would not be prudent to take the opinion of other able statesmen previous to putting it in execution?' I replied to this interrogatory by inquiring—'What were the motives that induced him to hold on the present occasion a style of language contrary to the opinions he had entertained previously.' In reply to the latter question—'Does your Eminence,' said he, 'conscientiously believe the proposed publication of the Bull to be a just and necessary step? For it is upon these points I trust I should be able to prevail upon the Pope to suspend it.' To this I honestly replied, 'That the predecessors of Pius VII. had fulminated their anathemas on grounds a hundred times more trivial than the reasons that actuated us at present; and that as the matter contained in the Bull was perfectly unobjectionable, the expediency of publishing it was alone a matter of question, and ought certainly to be gravely considered.' Here the Cardinal confessed to me ingenuously,—'That a well-informed person' (which person I have reason to believe was the Abbot Ducci) 'had told him confidentially that the Emperor Napoleon, in case so strong a measure were ventured on, was prepared to go to a very great extremity, even so far as to sacrifice the life of the Holy Father.'—'Then,' said I, coldly, 'in that case there will be one more Christian martyr in the series of supreme Pontiffs; but as to the Cardinals, whom the Emperor will naturally conclude to be cognisant and abettors of the act, what is to become of us?'—'As for the Cardinals, they tell me,' replied he, 'that they certainly would all be hanged.' So far from being alarmed, I really could not preserve my gravity at this declaration; replying at the same time—'That is not a canonical reason to give to the Pope. Let the will of God be done.' To this my very worthy colleague gave no answer, but subsequently conducted himself invariably with firmness and apostolic courage, which is a proof that he was neither actuated by fear nor any other unworthy motive; but that, on the contrary, he was relieving his conscience by faithfully communicating to me the malicious insinuations that had been made to him. In like manner, in many other instances, the furious menaces of the French and their partisans failed to inflict disgrace on the good Roman clergy; neither could they induce the great majority of that worthy body of men to swerve from their line of duty."

Still there was some hope that the French might postpone, if not ultimately give up, the plan of seizing the Papal States as their own. It is certain that, with all their mad infidelity, and all the blind fury of Napoleon, they could not bring themselves to account the thunders of the Vatican a mere *brutum fulmen*; and it seems that it was only because they imagined

that after all the Pope would not dare to execute his threat, that they ventured to commit the long-plotted crime. As it was, the 10th of June saw the Pope dethroned and Napoleon excommunicated.

“On the morning,” says Cardinal Pacca, “of the 10th of June, before I was well awake, a note, and at the same time verbal intelligence, was brought to me, stating that on the preceding evening the partisans of the French had triumphantly asserted at their private parties, as well as at the cafés, that the Pope, in case of a change in the Government, would do nothing more than issue a protest, to which the commandant, they said, would pay no more attention than he had done to his other notes; and they further added, that he had been persuaded to abandon the idea of having recourse to stronger measures by the advice of some of the Cardinals. The moment I read the letter, the reports I had heard relative to the promulgation of the imperial decree became fully confirmed in my mind, and I perceived at once that the fatal day had arrived. And so it turned out eventually: for the pontifical standard, that floated over the castle of S. Angelo, was lowered under a discharge of artillery at two hours before noon, and immediately afterwards the French tricolor was hoisted in its stead, and the decree announcing the termination of the Papal dynasty proclaimed through all the streets of Rome by sound of trumpet. Immediately I hastened to the chamber of the Holy Father, and entered with a palpitating heart, as may well be imagined. There, if my memory serves me right, the first words that both of us uttered simultaneously were the words of the Redeemer—‘*It is finished!*’

“I took courage, however, and felt heartily edified in perceiving that his Holiness still preserved his equanimity, and by his countenance betrayed no apparent signs of wavering or a want of determination. One or two minutes only now had elapsed when my nephew, Giovanni Tiberio Pacca, entered the room, with a printed copy of the imperial decree, of which the French were dispersing a great number all over the city.

“Taking it in my hand, and requesting the Pope to accompany me, we went to the window, for the curtains obstructed the light while we remained where we were. Accordingly, the Pope rose from his seat, and followed me; and I began to read, feeling at the same time a lively sense of the importance of preserving my mind in a state of tranquillity while the operations, which must now be immediately taken on perusal of the document, were depending. But all my efforts to preserve my calmness were unavailing, and my strength failing me, I was hardly able, even with frequent interruptions, to scan over the most important points of the document. The indignation that I felt at the sacrilegious outrage, the being in the presence—nay, hardly removed a single pace from my ill-fated sovereign, the vicar of Christ, who stood listening to the sentence of his dethronement, as it fell from my lips; the impostures and calum-

nies which, glancing my eyes rapidly over the paper, I could not help observing, and the incessant reports of the French cannon, that, as it were, with an insulting tone of triumph, announced the iniquitous usurpation, excited me to such a degree that my faculty of sight was obfuscated, my respiration impeded, and, as I said before, I could scarcely read the principal articles at all, even with frequent interruptions. Observing, however, the features of the Pope with more fixed attention, I perceived, at the few first words, an expression of an inward disturbance of spirit: not such as reflects the sensation of pusillanimous fear, but, on the contrary, manifesting a too reasonable feeling of indignation. He, however, speedily recovered the effects of the first impulse, and, recomposing himself by degrees, listened subsequently to the latter part of the decree with tranquillity and resignation.

“ His first movement then was to turn towards the table, and, with his own hand, to sign several copies of the manifesto, or protest, referred to in the beginning of this chapter, all of which were placarded the very same evening. I then asked him whether I should likewise give orders to have the Bull of excommunication placarded at the same time with the manifesto? To which he replied, after a few moments' reflection, ‘ Let it be done after sunset; but take special care,’ he added, ‘ to prevent the persons you employ being discovered, or they will be shot most certainly, and I should then be inconsolable.’ ‘ Holy Father,’ I replied, ‘ all possible precautions shall be taken, and nothing shall be done rashly; but I will not venture to answer to your Holiness that the consequences will not be melancholy. God, if the act find favour in his sight, will know how to protect us.’ \* \* \*

“ Such is the original account of my interview with the Pope on the above momentous occasion, which I wrote in my prison at Fenestrelle, when, being under apprehension that my papers might fall into the hands of the French Government, I omitted, from prudential motives, some circumstances—which I may now relate with impunity. First, then, notwithstanding that the Holy Father readily signed the manifesto as above stated, he was in fact under no small degree of doubt with respect to the publication of the Bull of excommunication; and observed to me, that having recently read the document over again, it appeared to him that there were in it some over-strong expressions against the French Government. I replied, ‘ That since we were compelled, in the face of the world, to take such a strong measure as the issuing of a Bull, we must unavoidably draw a fearful but unexaggerated picture of the unjust and oppressive conduct of the French Government, in order that whoever might read it would be constrained to admit that the Pope had even too long delayed to lift up his voice at so great and repeated acts of aggression.’ To this the Holy Father rejoined, ‘ But what would your Eminence have me do?’—‘ Since,’ said I, ‘ we have already threatened the French to take this important step, and the people expect it, I would publish the Bull of excommunication, but



I am embarrassed by your Holiness's question. Although,' added I, 'let the most blessed Father only give me his orders, and rest assured that the will of Heaven will proceed from his lips.' Then it was that his Holiness, lifting up his eyes, pronounced, after a short pause, the words above related—'Let it be done after sunset!' \* \* \*

"The effect, a few hours after it was done, was so extraordinary—I may venture to say prodigious—that the French were absolutely astounded; and all Rome was, as it were, in a state of stupefaction. Meanwhile the persons entrusted with the perilous undertaking had the courage, notwithstanding the precautions that were suggested to them not to risk their own personal safety without reason—they had the courage, I say, to execute their commission notwithstanding in broad daylight, and accordingly pasted the papers against the walls in all the usual places, including especially the three basilicas of S. Peter, S. John Lateran, and S. Maria Maggiore, which latter part of the enterprise was actually performed between the hours of 22 and 23,\* while they were singing vespers, and the congregations were continually arriving. Though these emissaries were seen by very many people, not one was discovered nor arrested, neither on the same day nor afterwards, notwithstanding that the so-called Consulta Straordinaria was aroused to a pitch of frenzy, and made the most searching and inquisitorial inquiries. When the news came to be generally promulgated in Rome, it occasioned, I will not content myself to say universal satisfaction, but a perfect state of enthusiasm; and among the thanks and congratulations that the Pope received next day from various quarters, were those of persons the most remarkable for learning and piety, who unanimously described the measure that had been taken as one long since desired by Providence."

It was not to be expected that the yet unconquered Napoleon would submit with patience thus to be defied by a powerless old man, as he reckoned power. The next step was clear: the Pope must be carried away from Rome without delay. But this was not all. Napoleon immediately conceived and began to execute what he considered a sure method for compelling the Church to succumb, and for bringing the Pope to be an instrument for consolidating the imperial power in France and Italy, instead of its most fatal foe. Miscalculating, as men of the world ever do, the indestructible power of resistance, and the undying elasticity in action which the Church exercises in the person of the Supreme Pontiff, not by virtue of his personal character, but through the influence of divine grace, the French Emperor formed his schemes upon a certain estimate (a false one, in fact) of the disposition of Pius VII., and took his steps accordingly. The Pope was to be separated

\* Between 6 and 7.

from all his firmest friends and the most energetic and enlightened Cardinals, and subjected to a system of the meanest bullying and daily insult, in the expectation that as his health gave way his mind would also fail to such an extent as to make him the helpless tool of the tyrant, who, with all his mighty power, could not do without him. We need not apologise for the length of the quotations which relate the more prominent events which now followed upon one another in the execution of this unholy work. The arrest of the Pope was thus accomplished :

“ On the evening before the sad morning of the 6th of July, 1809, I had ascertained that several cavalry picquets occupied, for the purpose of obstructing communication with the palace, the streets which led to the Quirinale from various parts of the city. Detachments also were stationed on the bridges; and at about seven o'clock a corps of infantry, moving from their quarters in the neighbourhood at a rapid pace, but in great silence, closed every avenue, and formed a ring that, removed to a considerable distance, entirely surrounded us. Such being their dispositions, the gendarmes and the police, together with some rebel Romans, who had already been remarkable for their aversion to the Pontifical government, attacked the palace by escalade at the first appearance of day-break.

“ For my own part, after a day of hard mental labour and uneasiness, having sat up all night, it was half-past six, Italian time,\* and the first white light of the morning had begun to appear, when, not hearing the sound of people in the Piazza and the adjacent streets, and thinking there was an end of our danger, at least for that night, I retired to my apartment to take a few hours' rest; but had scarcely lain down, when my chamberlain entered the room and announced to me that the French were already in the palace. I arose in haste and hurried to the window, whence I saw a considerable armed force collected, and soldiers running across the garden with lighted torches in their hands, endeavouring to find the door that led to the palace; while others were mounting, hand over hand, the ladders that were raised against the wall; and several had got into the cortile, called the Cortile della Panetteria. At the same time there was an assault from another quarter, whence other soldiers were ascending, by the help of ladders, to the windows of the apartments of the Pope's attendants, that look upon the street that leads to the Porta Pia, which windows they audaciously beat open with their axes; and having made an entrance, ran down and opened the great gate that communicates with the piazza, and let into the cortile a large band of their companions who stood ready outside.

“ Instantly I despatched my nephew, Gian Tiberio Pacca, to awaken the Holy Father, as I had promised to do in case of an

\* Thirty-eight minutes past 3 o'clock.

alarm in the night-time; and a few moments afterwards I went myself in my dressing-gown into the Holy Father's chamber. The Pope immediately got up, and, with the utmost serenity of spirit, dressed himself in his episcopal robe and stole, and going into the apartment where he was in the habit of giving audience, found assembled there the Cardinal Despuig, myself, some of the prelates who were inhabitants of the palace, and several officials and clerks of the Secretary of State's office. The assailants had by this time broken with their axes the doors of the Pope's suite of apartments, and had arrived at the door of the very chamber where the Holy Father and ourselves were. At this juncture, in order to avoid the chance of some more calamitous result, we caused this last door to be opened. The Pope now rose from his seat, and going opposite the table, stood nearly in the middle of the room, while we two Cardinals placed ourselves, one on his right hand, and the other on his left; and the prelates, officials, and the clerks of the Secretary of State's office, were on the right and the left of all.

“The door being opened, the first person that entered the room was General Radet, the commanding officer of the enterprise, followed by several French officers, for the most part belonging to the gendarmerie; and last of all came the two or three Roman rebels who had served as guides to the French, and had directed them during the escalade. General Radet and the above-mentioned persons having formed line opposite the Holy Father and ourselves, both parties stood face to face for some minutes in perfect silence, equally as it were confounded at each other's presence; while no one either uttered a single word or changed his position.

“At length General Radet, pale in the face, with a trembling voice, and hesitating as if he could scarcely find words to express himself, addressed the Pope as follows. He said that he had ‘a painful and disagreeable duty to perform; but having sworn fidelity and obedience to the Emperor, he was compelled to execute the commission that had been imposed on him, and consequently intimate to his Holiness, on the part of the Emperor, that he must renounce the temporal sovereignty of Rome and the Pontifical States; and,’ he added, ‘that in case of the non-compliance of the Holy Father with the proposal, that he had further orders to conduct his Holiness to the General Miollis, who would indicate the place of his destination.’

“The Pope, without being discomposed, but with an air full of dignity, replied in a firm tone of voice nearly in the following words:—‘Since General Radet, by virtue of his oath of fidelity and obedience, considers himself obliged to execute orders of the Emperor such as he has undertaken, he may imagine by how much the more we, who are bound by oaths many and various to maintain the rights of the Holy See, are under an obligation to do so. We have not the power to renounce that which does not belong to ourselves; neither are we ourselves otherwise than the administrators of the Roman Church, and of her temporal dominion. This do-



minion the Emperor, from whom, after all we have done for him, we did not expect this treatment, even though he cut our body in pieces, will never obtain from us.' 'Holy Father,' replied General Radet, 'I am conscious that the Emperor has many obligations to your Holiness.' 'More than you are aware of,' replied the Pope, in a somewhat angry tone; 'and,' added his Holiness, 'are we to go alone?' 'Your Holiness,' said the General, 'may take with you your minister, Cardinal Pacca.' Hereupon I, standing close at the side of the Pope, immediately replied, addressing myself to his Holiness, 'What orders does the Holy Father please to give me? am I to have the honour of accompanying him?'

"The Pope having answered in the affirmative, I requested permission to go to the room adjoining, and there, in the presence of two officers of the gendarmerie who followed me, and now were making believe to be looking at the apartment, I dressed myself in my cardinal's habit, with *rocchetto* and *mozzetta*, supposing that we were to be conducted to General Miollis, who was quartered in the Doria Palace in the Corso. While I was dressing, the Pope, with his own hand, made a memorandum of those attendants whom he wished to take with him, and, as was afterwards reported to me, had some conversation with General Radet, who, while his Holiness was engaged in putting some articles in the room in order, having observed, 'Your Holiness need be under no apprehension that any thing here will be meddled with.' The Pope replied, 'He who sets little value even on his own life, has still less regard for his property.'

"On my return to the Pope's chamber, I found he had been already obliged to depart, without even allowing sufficient time for the chamberlains to put the little linen he required for the journey into a portmanteau. Radet would, in fact, have wished the Pope to change his dress for a less conspicuous and recognisable costume, out had not the courage to tell him so. I followed and joined his Holiness in another chamber, whence both of us, surrounded by gendarmes, police, and the above-mentioned Roman rebels, making our way with difficulty over the fragments of the broken doors, descended the staircase and crossed the principal cortile, where the remainder of the troops and police had collected. We then went out through the great gate opening upon the Piazza, where we found in readiness the carriage of General Radet, which was a description of vehicle called *bastarda*, and at the same time we saw in the Piazza a considerable detachment of Neapolitan troops, who, having arrived a few hours before for the special purpose of taking a part in the great enterprise, were drawn up in line. The Pope was now desired to get first into the carriage, and afterwards I was bid to follow; and when we were both inside, the Venetian blind which was on the Pope's side, of a description called *Persiana*, having been previously nailed down, both doors were fastened with lock and key by a gendarme, General Radet and a Tuscan quarter-master named Cardini mounted in front on the dickey, and the order to

drive off was given. At this moment a few prelates, officials, clerks of the Secretary of State's office, and others of our attendants who had followed us down stairs, and were not allowed to accompany us to the carriage, stood pale and trembling at the great gate of the cortile. \* \* \*

"The same night, in pursuance of orders I gave previous to our departure, the following pathetic address of Pius VII., which may be considered as the farewell of an affectionate father to his beloved children, was secretly placarded on the walls of the city :

*" Pius P. P. VII. to his faithful Subjects, his own beloved Flock.*

"Amid the troubles that surround us, we shed tears of tenderness :—'Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation!' Seeing that the same calamity has befallen our own person that was announced by his Divine Son our Saviour to the prince of the Apostles St. Peter, of whom, without any merit of our own, we are the successor :—'Verily, verily, I say unto thee, when thou wast young thou girdest thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not.' We well know and declare, not having committed a single act of violence, being at peace with all the world, and having offered up prayers continually for the peaceful reign of all princes, that we cannot lawfully be removed from the city of Rome, our legitimate pacific place of residence, the capital of our dominions, the special see of our holy Roman Church, and the universal centre of Catholic unity, of which, by the Divine will, we are the supreme head and moderator on earth. We do therefore in real verity stretch forth our sacerdotal hands in resignation to the force that binds us and carries us whither we would not; declaring, at the same time, the authors of the outrage committed upon us responsible to God for all the consequences; while we, for our part, only desire, advise, and command our faithful subjects, our own flock of Rome, as well as the universal flock of the Catholic Church, earnestly to follow the example of the faithful of the first century, by whom, while Peter was kept in prison, 'prayer was made without ceasing of the Church unto God for him.' Successor, unworthy as we are, of that glorious Apostle, we feel confident that all our loving children will perform this pious and perhaps last act of duty to their affectionate and common father; and we, in recompense, with the most earnest effusion of our heart, bestow on them our apostolic benediction.

"Given at our Palace of the Quirinale, 6th July, 1809.

"PIUS P. P. VII."

*Place of the Seal.*

Thus his Holiness and Cardinal Pacca were carried out of Rome, with just eighteen pence in money with them, clad in

ecclesiastical vestments which made the heat of travelling intolerable, and allowed so little rest, that in a brief time the Pope's strength began to fail. The good Cardinal records the journey with all its details. At Monterosi the people discovered who the prisoners were, and a great clamour was the immediate consequence ; but

“ General Radet, apprehensive that the sight of the Pope taken off in such a manner, might, in the more populous parts of the country, excite a tumult among the inhabitants, requested his Holiness to allow all the blinds to be let down, in order that his person might not be recognised. The Holy Father gave his consent with the most pious resignation, and we continued for the rest of that day's journey close shut up in the carriage, through the hottest hours, under a roasting Italian sun in July, almost in want of sufficient air for respiration. About noon, the Pope having expressed a desire to take some refreshment, General Radet caused the carriage to halt at the post-house, situated in a lonely spot in the mountains near Viterbo, where, in a miserable room, that contained only one old broken chair, the only one in the house probably, the Pope, seating himself at a table covered with an extremely dirty tablecloth, ate an egg and a slice of ham. We then continued our journey, which was painful in the highest degree, owing to the excessive heat. Towards the evening the Pope was thirsty ; and, as we were not then in the neighbourhood of any house, the Quartermaster Cardini filled a bottle from a stream that ran on the roadside, and brought it to the Holy Father, who drank, and was refreshed exceedingly. Through all the different places we passed nobody had now any idea that the Pope was in the carriage ; in consequence of which, while we were changing horses at Bolsena, a certain friar of a neighbouring convent, one Father Cozza, ignorant who were in the vehicle listening to all he said, introduced himself to General Radet as a person with whom the general had had an epistolary correspondence on the subject of an advocate residing in Rome, whom, as it appeared, the friar had recommended to his notice. I could not catch the name of the advocate ; but it was evident that General Radet was very much embarrassed how to answer the question ; and at the same time the Pope turning to me, exclaimed, ‘ Oh, what a rascally friar ! ’”

“ After a hard journey of nineteen hours, during which the Pope suffered severely, and frequently complained to me on the way, though at that time I was not aware of a complaint that afflicted him, and was considerably increased by the motion of the vehicle, we arrived at about three o'clock, Italian time,\* or an hour before midnight, at a small mountain inn at Radicofani, where, as we had no clothes to change, our linen—bathed in perspiration as we were, and under a cold temperature, for there the air is continually cold, even in the middle of the summer—dried on our

\* Eight minutes after 11 precisely.



backs. When we entered the inn nothing at all was ready. The Pope was conducted to a very small chamber, I was consigned to another close adjoining, and gendarmes were placed sentries at our doors. Having first gone into the Pope's chamber, there, dressed in my cardinal's habit, with the *rocchetto* and *mozzetta* just as I had left Rome, I assisted the maidservant of the house to make his Holiness's bed, and afterwards to lay the table-cloth for supper. At our frugal repast, the Holy Father, whom I waited upon, had the complaisance to invite me to sit at the table with himself; though for my part I can truly say that now, during supper, as well as through the whole day's journey, I used my utmost endeavours to comfort the spirit of the Holy Father, and be to him the 'faithful messenger' mentioned in the Holy Scriptures: 'who, as the cold of snow in the time of harvest, refresheth the soul of his master.' Moreover, notwithstanding the melancholy prospect before me, the Lord preserved my hilarity of spirit and natural gaiety of heart to such a degree, that soon after our arrival at Radicofani, I received much satisfaction in being told by General Radet that he had frequently observed a smile on the Pope's countenance at what I was saying to him."

On the 22d of July the Pope arrived at Grenoble, where he remained with the Cardinal for about a week. The moment they had entered France, incessant proofs met them which shewed that, with all the horrors which had been acted in Paris and the provinces, a very powerful feeling of religion still existed in the country, among persons of all classes. Again and again the Cardinal notices the fact; and he repeatedly expresses his singular regard for the French people, apart from the acts of their government and the excesses of the dominant party. Even before this time he had been strongly impressed in their favour, both as regards their intellectual culture and their sincere piety; and the result of his intercourse during his compulsory visit to France was a very decided confirmation of his previous impressions. He also speaks in high terms of many of the French clergy, and gives some curious anecdotes of the state of the French Church, in respect to the contending opinions which divided it, consequent upon the Concordat of 1801, and upon the still remaining Jansenism and Gallicanism of many, both clergy and laity. At the same time he expressly states that in many instances these Gallican notions were the result of ignorance as to facts; and he considers that the intercourse which the disasters of the time brought about between the French and the Italian clergy materially tended to the benefit of both parties.

Here, however, for the present, want of space compels us to break off. In our next No. we shall return to the Memoirs,

and shew our readers how the Cardinal fared in his imprisonment; together with the results of Napoleon's policy towards the Pope, and the circumstances of the last Concordat between them.

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## IMAGES AND IMAGE-WORSHIP.

*The Seventh General Council, the Second of Nicæa, in which the Worship of Images was established: with copious Notes from the "Caroline Books," compiled by order of Charlemagne for its Confutation.* Translated from the Original by the Rev. John Mendham, M.A., Rector of Clophill. London, Painter.

[Second Notice.]

WE have said that the "cultus" of images was a matter of progressive growth, or development, in the Church, and we at the same time suggested several reasons to account for the fact. Now, at first sight, this view of the question seems contradicted by the express statements of the Fathers of the Council, as well as of the Popes who wrote on the subject when the controversy arose.

To take one instance only: in the Refutation of the pseudo-Council of Constantinople, read by Epiphanius before the assembled Fathers, these words occur:

"Now, from the time of the convocation of the sixth holy Œcumenic Council to that in which they were convened against holy images, there was not more than seventy years. That it was not during this period that the usage of pictures and images was delivered to the Church is evident to all; it must, therefore, have originated previous to that event. Indeed, to speak the truth, they came in with the preaching of the Apostles, as we learn from seeing the holy churches which have been built up in every place; and as our holy Fathers have testified, and as historians relate, whose writings are with us, even to this present time. In the year of the world five thousand five hundred and one, Christ our God having come amongst men, and having dwelt amongst them for thirty-three years and almost five months, and having accomplished the great and saving mystery of our redemption, went back again to heaven, ascending evidently thither, whence He had descended, having given charge to his Apostles to teach all things which were appointed them to teach. From this time, to the reign of Constantine the first Christian emperor, elapsed about three hundred years, before whom none but Heathens ruled, during which period the greater part of Christians, having fought the good fight and boldly protested

against idolatry, obtained the martyr's crown. In his days, the Christian public, inspired with godly zeal, raised many temples, some in the name of Christ, and others in honour of the saints; and in these they depicted both the things relative to the incarnate dispensation of our God, and also the combats and conflicts of the martyrs. Others again, wishing ever to have about them the memorial of some such beloved martyr, or of Christ himself, would have their images delineated on their garments. And, moreover, these images were wrought on the sacred vestments, and on precious stones, both by our holy Fathers and other religious men, and in these they offered the unbloody sacrifice: and from their time to the present all these things have been manifestly proved to continue, and they shall continue for ever."

In this passage it seems to be confidently asserted, that images were apostolic in their origin, and of universal use in the Church from the earliest times. How, then, are the two accounts to be reconciled? In the first place, it is to be observed, that it is far from being asserted that what are now generally meant by images, or that such as were common at the time the Council was held, were in use from the beginning; on the contrary, it is implied that their introduction dated from Constantine; again, nothing is said as to their being honoured in the same manner as was then become general in the East. All that is asserted is, that certain images and pictures had been in use from time immemorial, and that they were treated with a certain reverence and devotion. The solution of the difficulty, therefore, is to be found in what we stated in our former article, viz. that the *principle* was recognised in the Church from the first, not theoretically only, but practically. "Image-worship," in some form or other, had always existed. The use of holy images was never *merely* historical; it was this too, but it was something else also. Pictures excited devotion, but they likewise attracted it. A religious mind would use them religiously, and that religious use was in itself a certain veneration and worship in some way paid to them. The memorials of the Lord's Passion, and especially the Cross, the symbolical representations of his person and office, were *devotional* objects; their historical import would be wholly absorbed in their representative character. The sight of them must needs have elicited acts of love and adoration, and these acts would be in some manner referred to the visible material objects calling them forth. Whether the Cross were honoured with the salutation of the lips or the bowing of the head, or were adored on bended knees with incensings and lighting of lamps, the worship directly rendered to Christ would be indirectly paid to the image. The feeling



that prompted such acts might be more or less intense at one time than another; what we may call their relative value might vary with the devotion or the intention of the worshipper; but intrinsically they would be the same in kind, whatever the form or mode of their performance. And as the dogma on which the practice rested—we mean, the adorable Incarnation of the Son of God—became more deeply conceived in the mind, and more perfectly formalised in the objective creed of the Church, the piety of the faithful would naturally adopt other and further modes of satisfying the affections. The original principle would remain unchanged; but it would manifest itself in fuller and more diversified forms, until it had developed, as it were, into maturity by the simple force of faith and devotion.

Hence, then, the meaning and importance given by the Fathers of the Council to actions and expressions recorded in the annals of the Church, or transmitted from immemorial tradition, or inherited from their more immediate forefathers, which, taken in the bare letter and form, uninterpreted by the present living mind of the Church, seem inadequately to fulfil, or altogether to fall short of, or beside, the purpose for which they were adduced. Hence also (for there is the closest connexion between the two things,) the frequent use they make of the argument from analogy, and their appeal to the recondite, or mystical, senses of Holy Scripture. They did not look for express testimony or actual precedent; they went to the principles of things; they proceeded by inferences, and drew conclusions; without conscious subtlety of thought, without realising, perhaps, the closeness of the reasoning employed, they eliminated the truth for which they contended by a strictly analogical process.

All this, of course, is perfectly incomprehensible to Mr. Mendham. When he finds the Fathers of Nicæa adducing, in support of the "cultus" of images, proofs, the apparent scope of which does not extend further than to establish the fact that religious images had been in use from the earliest ages, that the sight of them had excited to pious affections, and served as instruments of instruction to the ignorant; he considers that they are reasoning weakly, and have utterly failed in proving the point in dispute; nay, that they are disingenuously evading the question at issue, and retreating to a different position. This arises from his inability to grasp the real bearing of the subject, or to penetrate the depth of the argument employed. He does not perceive that the Fathers are reasoning from analogy, and laying down a principle which lies at the root of the whole matter. He is ever exclaiming,

“ This is not proof : ” “ The passages quoted do not apply ; the two things are not the same. ” In fact, the Protestant mind cannot understand the Church’s use of tradition, or the rule by which she is guided to the truth. It is ever seeking for a literal text, or an actual precedent, such as men seek in law : it knows no other way of arguing. Spiritual things are not realities to it ; the region of faith—the interior of that mysterious kingdom of grace which Christ set up upon earth—is a *terra incognita* to it ; and therefore it is incapable of reasoning from one thing to another. The Church, on the other hand, does not count texts, or balance and reckon up precedents, and act upon a certain given number as sufficient for her purpose ; she interrogates the living tradition she has received, and compares it with the tradition of former days ; she seeks what is conformable to the doctrine of the Apostles, and the original deposit of the faith. *Conformable* : here lies the difference. Truth is one, error is manifold ; but truth has this distinguishing property, that it is conformable to itself. Consistency is its touchstone. Now this consistency it is which is the subject of the Church’s inquiry when any point of faith or practice is in question, not actual precedents.

This is why the *religious use* of images once established, the *veneration* of them follows. It was implicitly contained in it from the first. It was explicitly evolved or developed from it as time went on. And when that development had taken place, when the bud had opened into the blossom, it was sufficient to point to that bud to prove that the blossom belonged to the same parent tree ; nay, was but the bud in its more expanded form. For what is meant by the religious use of images ? It seems to be threefold, as they address themselves to the memory, the intellect, and the affections. The Fathers of the Council treat of them under all these heads ; vindicating the practice, sometimes under one, sometimes under another. Images speak to the intellect, when they instruct the ignorant, and act the part of books to the unlearned ; to the memory, when they help to recall the mind to heavenly things ; and to the affections, when they excite to pious sentiments. But such uses are really inseparable from their veneration, or they would not accomplish the object proposed. For it is by being *representative* that they lend themselves to these several uses. Now, that which represents affects us, more or less, as the object represented ; therefore, to treat it as though it were the object itself, is only to carry out into action a sentiment already entertained. Such treatment is a development, not an addition or a novelty. Hence the reasoning or the authority which justifies the one, justifies

the other also. The common example taken from the likeness of a deceased or absent friend, is fully to the purpose. It not only recalls the memory of the features, and, with the features, the virtues we loved in the person represented, but it also excites the affections in the same manner as if he were personally present. Accordingly it is often treated as if it were what it only images forth, receiving those testimonies of regard which are really intended for its prototype. Should we reckon a man foolish or extravagant for kissing the portrait of the parent whom he loved and revered while on earth? should we deem him mad, if he addressed some tender and affectionate expression to the inanimate image before him? There is no Protestant\* that will venture to say so. And yet he would be addressing words to one whom he believed to be ignorant of the homage and affection which his heart irresistibly offers to his likeness, which no Catholic believes to be the case with a glorified Saint, or the King of Saints.

Again, take the reverential treatment of the Bible by good Protestants, not of the words only, but of the book itself. Is not such reverence commonly paid? and is it not natural to a religious mind? Yet what is the true value of such an act? What account can a Protestant give of it? He will say that he honours the book on account of the words of God which it contains. But it contains really not the words of God, but the *images* of words; which words, again, as they reach the human ear, and as coming through human language, are but images of God's word. Anyhow, the book is treated with an honour similar in kind, though different in degree, to that with which God's word should be treated. It stops not short at the book, it passes on to God; in other words, it is relative divine honour. We do not mean that the Protestant does this consciously; what we wish to shew is, that the moment we regard any thing as the proper representative of another, and admit it as such, its treatment, in a certain degree or manner, as if it were the object it represents, is necessarily and logically involved in that admission.

And popular feeling has ever witnessed to the truth of this. Why do men burn an obnoxious statesman in effigy, or riddle his portrait with bullets? What is the meaning of saluting the national flag? and why is a refusal to be construed into an indignity and an offence? We should hope there are many Protestants who would shrink from trampling

\* Except Mr. M., who declares that none but fools and madmen so commit themselves. We beg to question the fact. Even though words are not uttered, yet does not the heart speak? We appeal to the experience of every reader, and to the "second thoughts" of Mr. M. himself.



on the cross, like the Dutch traders in Japan, and many a school-boy who would feel it not altogether loyal to his sovereign lady Queen Victoria, to pelt her bust with stones, or bespatter it with mud. Yet why not, except that such acts have a value which human instinct recognises? The abbot Stephen convicted the emperor alike of false reasoning and of impiety in profaning the images of Christ and his Saints, by setting his foot upon a coin on which the imperial countenance was stamped. He proved that the honour or dishonour rendered to an image was referable to the prototype;\* he proved it to his cost, for the tyrant cast him into prison, and put him to a cruel death. We conclude, then, that whenever an image is *used*—that is, the moment it passes out of the department of mere art and ornament, and is considered as representative—it becomes the object of sentiments and treatment similar to those which the original excites and receives, and a medium of expressing the feelings which we entertain towards him.

Although, therefore, it might happen that when the controversy about images first arose, individuals would not see what was involved in the principle they held, or the practice they approved; it was sufficient for those to whom the fuller doctrine was unfolded, and among whom devotions more *demonstrative* prevailed, to appeal, in their justification, to that principle and that practice. There was neither dishonesty nor weakness in such a mode of reasoning, any more than in the argument they employed, and which we have ourselves repeated above, drawn from the respect and affection shewn to the likeness of a friend; unless, in employing it, they had intended to give the impression that they meant *no more*; unless they had wished to establish a *parity* or *identity*, as well as an *analogy*, between the two cases; as though, for example, they honoured the Saints merely as departed friends, and paid them no higher homage. This would have been a miserable accommodation of the truth, to conciliate their opponents. But inasmuch as they were contending for a *principle*, their argument was just and fair. It is in the same way that, when explaining to Protestants the lawfulness of praying to the Saints, we remind them that they do not scruple to ask each other's prayers; not as though there was no difference in the act itself, or in the relative value and

\* Mr. M. tries (p. 183) to evade the force of this reasoning by arguing that to deface the king's image is not to do the king any injury; as if that were all. According to this, to blaspheme the name of God were no offence against Him, because it inflicts no injury upon Him. There is nothing like a practical proof in such a case. Were any one to take Mr. M.'s portrait and insult it, would he feel that it meant nothing against himself?

merit of the intercession of friends on earth and of the blessed in heaven, but because, admitting that the one is lawful, they admit the principle on which the other is founded; and thus the ground of opposition against Catholic practice is necessarily removed.

It should be observed that we have never said that there is no *distinction* between the religious or reverential use, and what is more properly called the "cultus" or "worship" of images. On the contrary, we are disposed to draw a broad line of separation between the two. Indeed, it is evident that such distinction exists, or it were inconceivable how individuals could have approved of the one and apprehended danger from the other; and yet it is true to say that there is no real substantial *difference* between them. The "cultus" of images was involved in the religious use of them, or in that less definite and indefinable veneration which necessarily accompanies that use, but it was itself something further and more explicit. Being such, however, it is nothing surprising to find portions of the Church, in which this "cultus" in its more developed form had not prevailed, unwilling to receive it at first, and even protesting against its introduction. They would not see or feel at once the connexion between the old principle and the new development, nor how the latter implicitly contained, and was but the extension of the former. And here lies the difference between the opposition which the veneration of images encountered in the East, and that which it met with in parts of the West. It is the difference which is always observable between orthodoxy and heresy. The orthodox were opposed, not to the principle on which the practice rested, but simply to the practice itself, as leading, under circumstances, to dangerous consequences, or as being, in their opinion, inconsistent with some Catholic truth; *i. e.* agreeing in the principle, they dissented from the safety or the lawfulness of a particular application of it; or altogether mistaking the nature of the practice, they were opposed, not to it, but to some error for which they mistook it, and to which the defenders of the practice were as much opposed as themselves. Good men, and even Saints, have done this in similar cases; that is to say, while a matter was under discussion and no authoritative decision had been pronounced by the Church. But the opposition of heretics is quite another thing; they are opposed to the very *principle* on which a development rests. This radical difference between the two parties is sometimes not apparent at first; but the progress of the contest brings it to the light, and shews that the question is one that reaches to the very heart of the faith. Hence it is that heretics never

rest where they begin, because, in reality, they begin much farther back than they appear to begin.

The Iconoclasts form no exception to this general rule. Even Protestant writers have observed their ulterior tendencies. "The spirit which gave birth to the struggle against image-worship," says Neander,\* "had probably inward motives for proceeding farther on its course." Beginning by protesting that they were not averse to the use of holy images, they were driven by the necessary force of their own reasoning to condemn such representations altogether. The conclusions of the pseudo-Council of Constantinople go far beyond what its Protestant admirers would be willing to accept, inasmuch as they are opposed not only to the *using*, but to the *making* images or pictures of Christ, the Blessed Virgin, and the Saints, and indeed to the representing them in any way whatever. They denounce the very art of the statuary and the painter as something illusory, presumptuous, and profane.†

But a much graver charge than that of fanaticism lies against this Council, a charge in which Mr. Mendham is certainly implicated, as he quotes with approbation, and supports

\* History of the Church, Dr. Stebbing's translation, vol. v. p. 282.

† Mr. M. endeavours to shew that what the pseudo-Council condemned was, not the making an image of Christ, but the making it to be worshipped. That it speaks ambiguously and inconsistently at times is true enough; the Nicene Fathers expose such self-contradictions more than once; but not only does it raise objections against the use of images on the ground that such representations *in themselves* involve heretical notions on the subject of our Lord's person, but it expressly asserts the absolute unlawfulness of such creations of art. "The Saints," it says (p. 367), "who have pleased God, and who have been honoured by Him with the grace of sanctity, live ever with God, although they are removed from us. He, therefore, who by an art dead and hateful, and which never can confer life, would endeavour to raise them up among us again, is a blasphemer." And again (p. 393): "We have been taught to make the figures of the Saints, not in pictures of material colours, but rather by copying their virtues, &c. Too evident is it that this device is a vanity and an invention of Satanic cunning." And of the Blessed Virgin it is said (p. 368): "How, then, shall any one dare to portray with this vain Heathen art the ever-to-be-praised Mother of God, whom the fulness of the Godhead overshadowed—by whom the unapproachable light shone upon us—who is more exalted than the heavens—more holy than the cherubim? Again: who will not blush to depict by this same Gentile contrivance those who hereafter shall reign together with Christ—who shall be assessors together with Him—who shall judge the world—who shall be conformed to his glory?—'of whom (as say the oracles) the world was not worthy.' (Heb. xi. 38.) It is not lawful for Christians who have the hope of the resurrection to make use of the customs of the Gentiles who worship devils, or to insult in inglorious and lifeless material those who shall hereafter shine in such glory." Dr. Waddington, in his *History of the Church* (p. 188), perceives the futile nature of the objections raised by the Iconoclasts. "According to them," he says, "even the painter is convicted of several and even the most opposite heresies." Quoted by Mr. M., p. 336. The opinion, after all, is not confined to ancient heretics. The writer of this heard sacred engravings zealously denounced in a debate at the "Christian Knowledge Society" within the last ten years.



with additional arguments, the following piece of reasoning, as heretical as it is shallow :

“After this preamble the Six General Councils are next considered in order, and it is declared that these had set forth, to the satisfaction of every Christian, all that was necessary for the completion of their immaculate faith, and that this faith so set forth was greatly blasphemed and seriously deteriorated by the art of the painter as applied to objects of divine worship. The image of Christ, therefore, becomes the principal object of discussion : for it was about his nature and person that the Six General Councils had been assembled ; and it was considered that the doctrine taught by them, and more specially that taught by the third and fourth General Councils, was thereby practically abrogated. This would appear when the inquiry is made, Of which of the two natures was the image of Christ the representation ? Of the human nature, or of the human and divine conjoined ? If it was the picture of the human nature only, then did not the worshippers become practical Nestorians, worshipping the humanity apart from the divinity ? But did they, on the other hand, assert that the image of Christ was an image of his human and divine nature conjoined—what was that but the error of Eutyches ?”

In the notes to the Acts of the Council we find our author putting into print statements and reasonings of which what follows may be taken as a fair specimen.

“The question is this, if men bow down before an image of Christ, of what nature is this [the] image ? If of the human nature only, then are the worshippers liable to the charge of Nestorianism, as worshipping the human nature apart from the divine.” (p. 337.)

And in the next page he says :

“The similitude between picture-worshippers and these heretics here enumerated it is not difficult to illustrate. As Arius worshipped what he considered as a created thing, so they worship created things : as Nestorius imagined the human nature apart from the divine, and so (as they say) worshipped a created thing, so do some worship the picture of Christ’s human nature, and therefore worship the picture of a created thing. As Eutyches imagined the divine and human nature to be one, so others in like manner look on an image of Christ as the image of his divine and human nature conjoined and confounded. The Eutychian view of images seems more common amongst Greek and Roman Catholics, for they seem to consider their images as having something divine in them.”

We need hardly remark upon this last gratuitous insinuation, for which the writer cannot produce one particle of evidence from the whole range of Catholic theology. But this is his way of proceeding throughout. He reiterates similar

groundless accusations even at the foot of passages which not only assert the very contrary of what he alleges, but most clearly declare the nature of the veneration which Catholics pay to holy images. But Mr. Mendham cannot, or will not, understand that any reverence, honour, veneration, and, in a true sense, worship, can be paid to a picture or image of Christ, which is not the direct and absolute adoration of that picture or image itself in itself. The idea that this form of Catholic devotion is one "monstrous superstructure of Pagan image-worship" is so deeply rooted in his mind, that no words, however plain and strong, seem capable of removing it. Absolute and relative are with him synonymous terms; yet we have no doubt that he regards his friend's likeness with a certain affection, and pays to it a certain respect; how is it, then, that he cannot understand that Christians naturally regard with another and a higher kind of love, and pay another and a higher kind of respect to that picture or that image which represents their heavenly Lord and Master — a respect and a love *corresponding*, in the divine order, to that which is given to the portrait of a friend or a superior in the merely human order? Could he once realise that Christ is, not an abstract junction of a divine and human nature, but a Divine Person, we have a very strong persuasion that his understanding would be enlightened on this matter also. He would then know how it is possible to worship an image of Christ even with relative "latria," and yet give divine honour to Himself alone. As it is, he does not see (as our next extract will shew more clearly) how it is possible to "worship" an image of Christ except under the belief that it is in a way substantially united with the Divine essence; which is just like a savage's imagining that the white man would not treat his friend's picture with so much care and affection, unless it were somehow vitally connected with, or inhabited by, the invisible spirit and presence of that friend. But our author does not understand an analogy. Here is the passage we have alluded to, and a strange confusion of ideas indeed does it evince:

"The Godhead of Christ was still uncircumscribable and unconfined to place, though essentially united to a body which was circumscribed. Now, it was because of this union of Deity to his human body that worship was paid to Him in the nature of his humanity. Had there been no such union, then no worship would have been due to Him. Now, if worship is paid to a picture, ought it to be so paid unless united to that picture which was the uncircumscribed nature of Deity, for this is the only ground why the human nature of Christ was worshipped? Either, then, with the humanity they must have pretended to depict the Deity, or the worshippers must

have worshipped the human nature by itself—a species of Nestorian error.”

Protestants are always very angry when we tell them that they use infidel or heretical arguments, or that they do not really believe the mystery of the Incarnation, and do not worship our Lord with divine worship; yet, with scarcely an exception, we have only to let them talk on and reason out their speculations to prove that our assertion is but too true. For what does Mr. Mendham's language really amount to? To nothing less than a denial of the great fact on which Christianity rests, or at least of the possibility of such fact being the subject of dogmatic statement or the object of practical belief. For observe: the very same difficulty proposed by the pseudo-Council might be alleged to prove that Christ had neither made Himself visible to human eyes, nor, if so visible, could be the object of divine worship. It might be asked: “Which of the two natures was visible? The human, or the human and divine conjoined? If the human nature only, then how can it be said that *Christ* was visible, since of his two natures one only was seen of men? If both the human and the divine, then this is to sensualise the Divinity by making it perceptible to the material or natural vision, or to confound the two by making of them one composite whole visible to human sight.” But such argument is plainly childish and absurd, as it would disprove the propriety or the possibility of representing, not only our Blessed Lord in his human nature, but any merely human being, seeing that the soul is immaterial and cannot be portrayed. Indeed, all the forms of common parlance, in which men speak of seeing and touching one another, would for the same reason be erroneous and senseless. But in truth they who argue thus do not realise the *personality* of Christ. When the disciples saw Jesus Christ in the flesh, they saw God made man. Their eyes, indeed, beheld but his sacred body; but as, in beholding that body, they beheld his Sacred Humanity, even though his human soul was invisible, so also did they behold, not indeed his Divinity, which no man hath seen nor can see, but *Him* who is perfect God and perfect man in one indivisible Person. An image of Christ, then, is the representation of that Sacred Humanity which, hypostatically united with the Divinity, is eternally inseparable therefrom. And yet we represent, not the Humanity only, as if it existed separately, nor the Divinity, which is immaterial and incomprehensible, but the *Person* of Him who is both God and man.

The theology of the whole matter is fully set forth and beautifully illustrated by the Fathers of the Council in refut-



ing the arguments of their opponents. The quotations we have room for will give our readers but a very slight idea of the depth and perspicacity with which they deal with the subject, but we hope they may induce them to study the Acts of the Council itself. The pseudo-Council having declared that "the unlawful art of the painter . . . establishes Nestorius, who divided the one Son and Word of God, who was incarnate for us, into two Sons," Epiphanius reads in the name of the Catholic Bishops as follows :

"Again, as we have said before, they only assert—they do not prove. How does he who paints an image of Christ establish Nestorius? Nestorius brings in two sons—one the Word of the Father, the other the Son of the Virgin; but true Christians confess one and the same Son to be both Christ and Lord, and when they paint his image in the fashion in which 'the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us'—that is, as perfect man—they do very right. For God the Word who dwelt among us was circumscribed in the flesh, and never did any one attempt to depict his Deity; for He says, 'No man hath seen God at any time.' He is as God uncircumscribed, invisible, incomprehensible, but He is circumscribed as to his manhood. We know that Christ is both *of* two natures and *in* two natures without division—that is, the divine and the human—and that the one which is uncircumscribed and the one which is circumscribed are seen in one Christ. Moreover, a picture is not like to its prototype in essence, but only in name and in the fashion of the depicted members. When any one makes the picture even of a man he does not attempt to represent his soul in his drawing, and between the human soul and the divine nature how vast the difference—the one uncreated, the Creator of all, and without time—the other created, made in time, made by the former! And would any one in his senses, if he saw the picture of a man, argue that the painter had made a separation of the man from his soul? For not only is the picture of a man without a soul, but without the essence of body—that is, flesh, muscles, nerves, bones, and the elementary parts, blood, phlegm, chyle, and gall, to introduce which into a picture is impossible: and indeed, if they were found, then we must say it was the man himself and not his image. This present vain speculation must have its part with the rest of their crudities."

The "conciliabulum" had said that to "make an image of Christ—God and man"—was to "circumscribe within the limits of created flesh the uncircumscribed nature of God, or to confound the unconfused union." To this the Fathers of Nicæa reply :

"The name *Christ* is significative of the *Deity* and the *Humanity*—the two perfect natures of the Saviour. Christians, however, have been taught to paint his image after that nature which is visible, not

after that which is invisible, for that cannot be circumscribed, for 'no man hath seen God at any time' (John i. 18), as we have heard from the Gospel. Christ, therefore, being depicted in his human nature, it is evident that, as truth has proved, so Christians confess that the image which is seen participates with the prototype in *name* only, and not in *essence*; but they, being utterly darkened in mind, affirm that there is no difference between the image and the prototype, and that identity of essence is found in diversity of essences. Who will not laugh at their ignorance? Or rather, who will not weep over such impiety? . . . . Let them, therefore, hear the truth: the Divine nature, as we have said, is beyond all circumscription; but the human nature is circumscribed. No man who judges aright when he asserts that the human nature is circumscribed, would circumscribe with this that which cannot be circumscribed. Now, the Lord, inasmuch as He was very man, when He was in Galilee He was not in Judea: this He himself makes evident when He says, 'Let us go into Judea again' (John xi. 7-15); and also when discoursing with his disciples about Lazarus, He added, 'I am glad for your sakes that I was not there;' but at the same time, inasmuch as He was God also, He was in all places of his dominion at once, being in all respects uncircumscribed. How, then, dare they, in their vain discourse, vent themselves in such intemperate absurdities as the following: 'He, according to his vain fancy, has circumscribed, within the limits of created flesh, the uncircumscribed nature of the Godhead' (Luke ii. 12)? If, when lying wrapped in swaddling clothes in the manger, the nature of the Godhead was circumscribed in the humanity, then his uncircumscribed nature may be circumscribed in the painted image. In like manner, if on the cross the nature of the Godhead was circumscribed within that of the manhood, then also his uncircumscribed Deity may be circumscribed in the painted image; but if, on the one hand, this was not the case, neither can it be on the other."

With this exposure we may dismiss the highest authority which Mr. Mendham has to produce.

We have as yet said nothing, except by implication, of the "Caroline Books," on which Mr. Mendham so much relies as a confutation of the acts and decisions of Nicæa. In themselves these Books present no difficulty, and indeed, in our opinion, are of very little value in any point of view. That a Catholic writer in the eighth century should have composed an inaccurate or even unorthodox work, containing many misapprehensions in matters of fact, and many erroneous statements and false arguments, is nothing more noticeable than that the same should occur in the sixteenth or the nineteenth. The only remarkable circumstances connected with the publication are: first, that it must be considered as in some sort emanating from, or sanctioned by, the Gallican Church of that

time, whether we believe it to have been written by Charlemagne himself, or compiled by his orders, or merely transmitted to the Pope by his direction, and associated with his name because of the answer or refutation which Adrian addressed to him; and, secondly, that neither it nor any of the Councils which took the same side were considered heretical either by the Pope, or, so far as appears from any records extant, by the defenders of "image-worship" in East or West.

The solution of both these historical difficulties—for such they have been regarded by Protestants and by certain Catholic writers, who, to our minds, have shewn an unreasonable anxiety to prove the antiquity and universal adoption of the practice in question—is to be found in the account we have already given of the gradual rise of the devotion paid to sacred images, and of what constitutes the difference between a crypto-heretic and one who, to use a theological phrase, is only *materially* unorthodox. The one impugns the principle from which a doctrine or a practice springs; the other holds the principle, but disapproves, through ignorance, or want of preparation, or illogicalness of mind, the forms and expressions with which it has begun to clothe itself. Such an one, before a doctrine or a practice has received any authoritative sanction, will dislike its introduction; he will misunderstand the terms in which a dogma is propounded; he will argue inconsecutively and make contradictory statements; he will act inconsistently, and do the very thing in one form which in another he condemns. The heretic, whatever his collateral inconsistencies and misconceptions, will be fatally consistent in the matter of his heresy; he will not shrink from the consequences of his own theories; he will carry them out perseveringly into practice; he will give up other known and established doctrines, other approved and authorised practices, sooner than disavow his error or abandon his pernicious ways. The one, as he is better informed, will discover and acknowledge his mistake; the other will retreat further and further into formal heresy, and entrench himself in a position of determined resistance to authority.

Now, this is most remarkably exemplified in the whole conduct of those who resisted the introduction of what is now called "image-worship" in parts of the Western Church. Take the "Books" which go by the name of Charlemagne. Judging from the inconsistencies with which they abound, as well as from the double line of argument adopted—at one time as against a dangerous and excessive use of images, at another as against a direct and positive adoration of them—one would conclude, either that they are the production of



different minds, or that the writer did not well know what it was he had to contend against. The greatest confusion of thought prevails throughout. He seems to write at random, with a strange indefinite dread of something, he knows not what, which it is necessary to meet and overthrow. He cannot enter into the deep analogical reasoning of the Fathers of the Council, and of the more ancient writers adduced by them as authorities; he does not see its bearing or feel its force. At times he allows that a certain religious honour is to be given to holy images, but seems ignorant of the ground on which that honour is due. The adoration of the Holy Cross he strenuously defends; he will have images erected as well within the church as without, but he will *oblige* no one to worship them. And then, again, he seems incapable of comprehending the very idea of relative worship; he argues as if all worship must be divine worship, and that rendered merely and absolutely to the image itself, directed to it and terminating in it. He makes the most frivolous objections. He argues as if an image was synonymous with *likeness*; as if it were not merely a *representation*, but a *resemblance* of the person to whom honour is due; and that the danger consisted in mistaking for an image of Christ or of the Blessed Virgin what in reality was not so. Thus, in one place, he says:—"Be it so, that the image of the holy Mother of God is to be worshipped (*adoranda*), how are we to know which is her image, or by what marks it is to be distinguished from other images? . . . How shall we know whether it may not be Sarah, . . . or Rebecca, . . . or Bethsabee, . . . or Elizabeth; . . . whether it might not be Venus, . . . or Alcmena, . . . or Andromache?" In short, it is very evident that he knew nothing of the philosophy or the theology of the matter on which he had undertaken to write.\*

And then, when we come to facts, we find more than sufficient reasons to account for this opposition and the confusion with which the subject was involved. In the first place, a most unfaithful translation of the Acts of the Council had been inadvertently sent into France, by which it was made to appear that the same divine honour was to be rendered to images as to the Most Holy Trinity, whereas the passage thus

\* The whole production, too, is characterised by a tone of arrogance and contempt, as if there were something of private or national dislike mixed up with theological polemics. Nor is it improbable that the writer was really actuated by a desire to pique the Eastern Court by rejecting a synod which had received the approbation of the then reigning emperor, seeing that Constantine had just broken off a projected alliance between himself and a daughter of Charlemagne, and, in conjunction with the Lombards, had endeavoured to drive the Franks out of Italy.

perverted from its meaning asserted the very contrary,\* viz. that supreme worship was to be given to the Most Holy Trinity alone. Secondly, the Latin word “adorare,” by which the Greek term *προσκυβεῖν* had been rendered, was restricted in the West to the adoration due only to God; and this again confirmed the misapprehension which the defective version had naturally caused. Nor does this appear the only mis-translation. Mr. Mendham himself says:—“It must be confessed that the author or authors of these books do at one time or other fall into error, allowance for which will be made when it is considered that the translation of the records of the Council which they had were *so very imperfect.*” And in his “Historical Sketch,” after regretting the large amount of “dangerous errors” which the Books contain (for on every subject, images alone excepted, they are thoroughly Catholic), he says:

“We find not unfrequently that the Council is censured amiss because its meaning has been mistaken. Thus, certain texts are censured as being applied improperly to image-worship; but the censure falls back on those who made it, when it is found that the text was not alleged for any such purpose. One error seems to be but too common in these books—to take for granted that every text which appears in the Council has been brought forward for the purpose of proving the worship of images—which is, after all, very far from being the case. Some of the objections seem rather hypercritical and captious, and others were occasioned by the very faulty translation† of the Council transmitted by Pope Adrian. To this cause must be attributed the error of charging the Council of Nice with passages which were not spoken by the Bishops there, but which they had brought forward from the previous Council of Constantinople for the purpose of confutation.”

And again:—“It is further to be remarked on this chapter, that the author attributes to the Nicene divines that which was actually spoken by their iconoclastic predecessors.” Here, also, we are told by the Protestant Dallæus that “in his preface the author [of the “Caroline Books,”] confesses that he *had not read the ‘Nicene Council’ itself, but only certain*

\* Mr. M, with his usual moderation of language where justice has to be done to the Catholic Church, says naïvely: “The difference between the Latin translation and the Greek original is *very great*: in the former, the words of Constantine are: ‘I receive and embrace with honour holy and venerable images, according to that worship of adoration which I offer to the Trinity.’ In the Greek it is thus: ‘I receive and embrace with honour holy and venerable images, but the worship of adoration I reserve for the Trinity only.’”

† Yet this Mr. M. forgets (p. lxxxiv), where he quotes a canon of the Frankfort Council as rejecting that of Nicæa for giving “that service and adoration to images of Saints which they paid to the Divine Trinity;” which canon was founded solely on the mistranslated Latin version!

*extracts*, which might be supposed to treat of the principal matters contained therein." From all this our readers may judge of the historical or controversial value of the "famous 'Caroline Books.'" "

Now it was upon this false report of the Acts of Nicæa that the Council of Frankfort, held A.D. 794, framed its judgment. Of this there can be no doubt; the second canon of the Council is proof positive in itself; for therein the ground of the condemnation is distinctly stated to be the very words which in translation had been misrendered.\* This misapprehension seems to have long prevailed, for we find Jonas, Bishop of Orleans, in his confutation of Claude, Bishop of Turin, still asserting that the Council gave to images the "honour due to God only."

As to the more general question, why the Western impugnors of the Nicæan Council were not regarded as heretics either at the time or since, the answer is not difficult. "Hitherto," says Dr. Döllinger,† "representations of Christ and of his Saints had not been in use in France; for in many parts of the kingdom Pagan ideas and Pagan superstitions were still prevalent amongst the people, and it had been a constant care of the Councils of the nation to exhort the clergy to labour in the extirpation of these relics of Heathenism. It might therefore be feared that the rude and half-pagan minds of the people might not understand the external honour which was paid to religious images, and might therefore easily convert it into idolatry. Moreover, there was not in France an analogy for the veneration of images. In the Grecian empire it had long been the custom to honour, not only the emperor, but his statues also, with marks of great external respect. The people were accustomed to honour these images and statues by burning before them incense and wax-lights; and they therefore thought, and thought correctly, that the same demonstrations of reverence might be exhibited to images of Christ and of the Saints. But it was far different in France, where these marks of respect would have borne another signification, and where the prostration sanctioned by the second Council of Nice would

\* "Allata est in medium quæstio de nova Græcorum Synodo, quam de adorandis imaginibus Constantinopoli [Nicææ] fecerunt, in qua scriptum habebatur, ut qui imaginibus sanctorum, *ita ut Deificæ Trinitati*, servitium aut adorationem non impenderent, anathema judicarentur."

† History of the Church, Dr. Cox's translation, vol. iii. p. 55. Anastasius the Librarian, writing to Pope John VIII., also says (p. xix): "That which this present Synod (of Nicæa) hath set forth concerning the worship of venerable images hath your Apostolic See, as the records testify, held of old, and the universal Church hath ever venerated them and doth still venerate them, with the exception of some few French Bishops, to whom, it may be, their great utility hath not been revealed hitherto."



have been viewed as an act of adoration due only to the Almighty." The practice, therefore, was simply not understood, or if understood, it was considered dangerous to a rude and newly converted people.

Nor in all that took place was there any intended opposition to a General Council (for the Bishops of France regarded that of Nicæa as a merely Eastern Synod), nor to the authority of the Pope. It is very important to observe that Adrian, in sending a version of the Acts of Nicæa into France, did so, not as having confirmed\* the Council, or as enforcing its decisions and the practices there enjoined, but rather, it would appear, with a view of ascertaining the mind of the Gallican Church, and obtaining information as to the desirableness of making a dogmatic and authoritative decision. The course taken seems analogous to that which has been pursued by his present Holiness in the matter of defining the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. And as the Pope did not act with authority, so it is clear that neither the author of the "Caroline Books," nor the Council of Frankfort (nor, indeed, that of Paris), opposed the head of the Church, or had any intention of doing so; on the contrary, they express the utmost devotion and submission to the Apostolic See. The Council of Paris, held A.D. 825, as it was assembled by the express permission of the Pope, so did it definitively declare that it was met, not to form any decision on the subject in dispute, but to submit its conclusions to the Sovereign Pontiff. Indeed, while setting itself to refute the arguments used by Pope Adrian in his reply to Charlemagne, it is careful to shew that it regards that document as bearing no dogmatic character, and goes out of its way to express its full agreement with what it professes to believe to be the Pope's real meaning.

On the whole, it is plain, from a review of the facts, that the question between East and West was not regarded as one foreclosed by any decision of the Church, and that while the Iconoclasts sought to overthrow established usages on heretical grounds and in violation of the Papal injunctions, the object of the Gallican protesters was only to prevent their introduction, through a misunderstanding of the nature of such devotions, or a fear of the consequences that might result from their adoption; and that, neither in fact nor in intention, did they

\* This appears from his letter to Charlemagne, in which he says that he had as yet returned no answer to the Emperor respecting the Council, fearing lest the Greeks, in their inconstancy, should relapse into their old errors. "Nos vero adhuc pro eadem Synodo nullum responsum hactenus eidem Imperatori reddidimus, metuentes ne ad eorum reverterentur errorem." Quoted by Palma, *Prælectiones*, tom. ii. p. 28.

reject any formal decision of the Church. The Church, or the Pope as the head of the Church, has never hurried on any developed form of doctrine or of practice. What was false in either he has at once condemned, but he has never imposed, as Protestants understand the term, a decision in any controverted matter by the mere force of his authority. When he speaks *ex cathedra*, it is as enunciating what the mind of the whole *Ecclesia dispersa* has already decided, and as *resuming* in himself its corporate and authoritative judgment. In the instance before us, this wisdom is signally displayed. We behold the Vicar of Christ, on the one hand, repressing the heresy which the development of true doctrine had brought to the surface; and, on the other, withholding that more formal decision for which the time had not yet come, waiting till it should be the deliberate and unanimous voice of the whole Church.

We now come to the question as to what was positively defined by the Fathers of Nicæa with respect to the "cultus" of images. We have already intimated that all that St. Germanus and St. John Damascenus and others, who contended for the practice previous to the assembling of the Council, strove to establish was, that the images of Christ, the Blessed Virgin, and the Saints, were to be treated with that honour and veneration which is respectively due to them; and this is also all that the Council itself definitively ruled, and indeed all that at this day is matter of faith in the Church:—that "the images of Christ and the Blessed Virgin, and of other Saints, are to be kept and retained, particularly in churches, and that a due honour and veneration is to be paid them."\*

As to the further question, what kind of honour and veneration is due, no dogmatic definition has been given. Particular divines, however, have treated of it like any other theological thesis, and have sifted the subject to the bottom. This naturally excites Mr. Mendham's ire, as it has that of Protestants generally, who, wanting the light of faith, and incapable of regarding theology as a divine science, look upon such disquisitions as subtle refinements and dangerous conceits. Indeed, they have gone further and charged the later Church with formal idolatry, from which even the Fathers of Nicæa are allowed to be free. Our readers will be surprised to hear, after all the strong language he uses, that our author exonerates the Council from every thing that can be properly called idolatry. Perhaps it is only by comparison, perhaps he has no very clear idea what the Council really declared, perhaps

\* Council of Trent, Session xxv.

he is only usually inconsistent or oblivious; but these are his words:

“The Council had made a marked distinction between the worship due to God and that to be paid to any image whatever, even of Christ or the Virgin Mary. This superior kind of worship was to be paid to God alone, and to no creature whatever; while the inferior worship might be given to pictures and images, saints and angels, as well as God. . . . . That this inferior kind of worship was the only worship allowed to images of any kind whatever, is further evident from the words of their decree or definition on this subject. But this view has not satisfied later divines on this head, and they have, in part at least, come to an opposite conclusion; and, it appears from Thomas Aquinas and many others enumerated in Stillingfleet’s *Defence*, that, after all, ‘latria,’ or supreme worship, does belong to images of Christ. . . . . Hence also has arisen a third point of difference. The Council of Nice recognised but two kinds of worship: ‘latria,’ the worship in spirit and in truth, due to God only; inferior worship, which is common to all sacred things whatever. This latter was by the Council called ‘proscunesis,’ but since it has been called ‘dulia.’ A third kind of worship, entirely unknown to the Nicene divines, has been established in succeeding ages, a worship inferior to ‘latria,’ and yet superior to ‘dulia,’ which is styled ‘hyper-dulia,’ and belongs to the Virgin Mary only.”

So that, after all, the Council of Nicæa is cleared from the charge brought against it, except perhaps as having implicitly favoured later corruptions; and as the Council of Trent simply repeats the decision of Nicæa, it follows that the Church of Rome is guiltless at least of having synodically sanctioned any form of actual idolatry whatever.

But what is it that the theologians referred to really say or mean? Despite scholastic language, and the confusion which Protestant controversialists have raised about it, the matter in itself is simple enough, and capable of being comprehended by any ordinary understanding. We will try to state it in common terms. You possess the portrait of a beloved friend; you regard it with a certain affection; in some way or other you look upon it, and you treat it as representing the person whose portrait it is. It reminds you of him, and in imagination you make him present to you; and this calls forth certain feelings and affections, of which the inanimate portrait is itself in a manner the recipient or the object. Any how, in whatever way you may please to express it, the portrait bears a certain relation to your friend; and the feelings with which you regard him are somehow associated with the image of him. Well, a metaphysician will analyse these feelings, and will give you the value of this relation; he will



measure the several acts of the mind, and sort and separate them into degrees and kinds; and all this he will do by a process and in terms which, if you are not of a metaphysical turn, you may not at once understand. And just so it is that the Catholic metaphysician or theologian proceeds in the matter of holy images. He analyses the devotional acts of the mind, and notes down, in theological terms, the several values of them. There is nothing more foolish or extravagant in the one case than in the other. It may be necessary in order to meet and expose the attacks of heresy. It is not that he invents a subtle science, and then sets men consciously to act it out; he simply expresses, in technical or scholastic terms, what the worshipper does naturally and unconsciously. This is one of the strange mistakes of Protestants. They fancy that all these subtle distinctions—as they call them—are intended for popular teaching; and that people are told, as if they were going through some metaphysical exercise, what kind of mental act, or series of acts, or combination of acts, they are to make, first before an image of our Lord, then before an image of our Lady, and then before an image of some Saint. The truth being, that they who are devout to the persons thus represented, will pay their image due honour; and this honour, when analysed, will prove to be what St. Thomas, Bellarmine, De Lugo, and others, have determined it to be. Religious honour is subject to the same metaphysical laws as non-religious honour, and is equally capable of being, so to say, scientifically defined. It is honour *secundum quid*, or it is a relative honour, or it is an inferior honour, in one case as in the other; the only difference being, that one belongs to the religious order, the other to the non-religious order. Such definition does not alter the nature of the act; it does not turn it into something more, or something else, than it was before being defined. It is a *theological* development, not a practical one; the result of a strictly analytical process in the minds of theologians, not of any extension, much less of any change, in the practice itself.

It is not true, then, that a species of worship, "entirely unknown to the Nicene divines has been established in succeeding ages;" the truth simply being, that while the "cultus" of images has remained practically the same that it was in the eighth century, it has been subjected to philosophical analysis, and has obtained in consequence a theological *status* which it had not in earlier times. Neither is it true that "later divines" have "come," even "in part, to an opposite conclusion to that of Nicæa;" and that they hold, after all, that "latria, or supreme worship, does belong to images of Christ."

The Council of Nicæa defined that images of Christ were to be venerated, but not with "latria;" that is, not directly and absolutely with that supreme worship which is due only to the Person of Christ. Later theologians strictly maintain the same proposition; but they shew that in venerating such image, the honour paid *properly* and *absolutely* to Christ is, by the very constitution of the human mind, paid *improperly*, and (as the phrase is) *accidentally* to the image. If properly and improperly be synonymous terms,\* then the Protestant charge is true; if not, it is a calumny, and what is more, a very stupid calumny. If the analogous honour paid to a friend's portrait be not *non-religious* idolatry, then the honour which is due to an image of Christ is not *religious* idolatry. Again, there being, as we have said, a certain necessary metaphysical connexion between a person and his image, the "cultus" shewn to the former has a certain relation or value in regard of the latter; and as the "cultus" varies with the person to whom it is shewn, so the terms in which that "cultus" and its relation to the image are expressed, vary likewise. Hence the distinctions in theology between "latria," the supreme worship due to God, "dulia," the "cultus" or worship due to the Saints, "hyper-dulia," a higher form of the same due to the Mother of God. And theologians speak of relative "latria," and inferior "latria," and "latria" *secundum quid*, and the other combinations in a like manner, simply because such, when analysed, is the technical value of the acts which are severally elicited by the images of those to whom the "cultus" is paid.

We cannot enter further into these questions. All that we would draw attention to is, that, in some sense or other, honour, veneration, worship, or what is meant by the Latin word "cultus," is due and is to be paid *to* a sacred image: to the person represented through the image, but also to the image itself, as that person's representative. The intention of the Church is not fulfilled by historical pictures, or symbolical figures, or sculptured *effigies* of Saints, as they are sometimes called (as if all that was set up was some monument or memorial of them), or statues which form part of the architec-

\* Yet this is what Protestant controversialists hold. The most flagrant instance, perhaps, is that of Mr. Palmer, who in his eighth "Letter" to Dr. Wiseman labours to shew that, in the very judgment of Catholic divines themselves, there is no difference between the adoration due to Christ and that which is due to his image *per se*. As a specimen of extreme dulness joined with a certain acuteness and aptitude for theological analysis, this series of "Letters" is, as far as our knowledge extends, unique. When Protestants take to systematising their opinions, it is like an insane man attempting to reason consecutively. The very madness of the thing baffles all refutation.

tural features and ornaments of a building. These are not images in the high, Catholic, devotional sense of the term. Images are representative. They are for worship; *objects* of devotion, as well as helps and incentives thereto. Their use is not only to raise the mind to heaven, where the Saint reigns in glory, but to bring him down to earth, to *re-present* him, or render him, as it were, present on the very spot where his image stands, that we may worship *him through it and it for him*. This was the very point at issue at the beginning of the Iconoclastic controversy. Leo the Isaurian would have retained images in churches, provided they were raised aloft out of the reach of the people, so that they could not be used in any way as objects of worship. This it is that the author of the "Caroline Books" complained of, that "those pictures and images which were made only for the ornament of buildings and the memorials of things past, are now . . . actually worshipped; tapers are lighted before them, incense, first-fruits, and other offerings are made to them." This it is that the Council of Trent both presupposes and prescribes, where it says that "the honour which is shewn to images is referred to the prototypes whom they represent; so that by the images *which we kiss, and before which we uncover our heads, or prostrate ourselves*, we adore Christ himself, and venerate the Saints who are represented thereby." In short, "image-worship" is one of the many varied forms of Catholic devotion. It springs out of a vital realisation of the mystery of the Incarnation; it is one of the natural expressions in which the devout mind gives vent to its affections towards the Sacred Humanity of our Lord and those who are the most closely connected with Him.

Doubtless, it has been a grievous loss to the faithful of this country that, for one cause or another, the *public* exercise of this most beautiful and innocent devotion has fallen into such desuetude and neglect. Happily, the annual solemnity of adoring the Holy Cross on Good Friday has not left us without some open exhibition of this most Catholic and pious practice; but the almost total absence from our chapels of the objects of its exercise, and its consequent disuse as a popular devotion, must be deplored by all who have felt how warm and loving is the atmosphere of a continental church, poor and rude as it may be, with its many shrines and altars, each with its picture and its image, and who have watched the people coming in to throw themselves before the Holy Rood, or to make an offering to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, or to kneel and say an Ave before our dear Lady's image, or to beg some favour from her holy spouse, kissing



their feet, not once, but many times, leaving them moist with tears, lighting little tapers in their honour on their festal days, and all so simply, and so sweetly, and in such a trustful, childlike way, as though it were part of their daily life of faith. *Privately*, of course, "image-worship" has never ceased to be most religiously practised; for how can one imagine a Catholic without his crucifix, his rosary with its oft-kissed medal, his little holy pictures, and other cherished objects of devotion? And much has been done, and more is doing, to encourage its public exercise, but it is our earnest prayer that the day may be hastened when Protestants shall be unable to suppose a difference in this respect between English and foreign Catholicism, and our brethren from more favoured climes, entering the very poorest and least ornamented chapel in this alien and heretical land, shall feel themselves still in the accustomed home of their heart, amidst the dear familiar tokens of the one communion and the one faith.

One word to those who dislike the forms in which this devotion exhibits itself abroad, who take offence at the gaily dressed Madonnas, with their spangled robes and muslin veils and tinsel crowns. We would say to them, Are you for "image-worship" in any shape? Do you admire the *devotion* of the people more than you dislike the form it takes? If not, is it quite certain that it may not be the devotion, and not the form, which is distasteful to you? Have you personally any *attrait* towards it? if not, can you be a fair judge of its due expression? Is it so certain that if you *practised* "image-worship" you would not naturally do what now displeases you? As a fact, does this practice prevail, has it ever prevailed, can it prevail, where the taste of the few and not the devotion of the many is consulted? As a fact, do we not find that wherever this devotion is popular, it takes such forms as shock good taste? Set up a fine statue, and see whether the people will pay it any "worship." Of two things one: either they will shew it but a passing admiration, or they will so bedeck and bedizen, or otherwise disfigure it, that it will soon be impossible to say of what material it is made. Popular devotion has a trick of smothering good taste and overpowering it altogether. In this matter at least, we believe that it is impossible to combine *devotional use* with *artistic effect*. Which do you prefer?

Again, Protestants will tell us we ought to *avoid extremes*. This is a common phrase; what, then, does it mean? With them every religious affection, every devotional act, borders upon sin; the perfection of every virtue is a vice, because it is an extreme. Even the love of God, in their judgment, tends

to making men enthusiasts and fanatics; reverence tends to superstition, and so on. There is a radical error in all this. Of course, popularly speaking, extremes are dangerous; but, strictly speaking, extremes come not through excess, but through defect, of good. Rashness is not excess of courage, but defect of prudence; prodigality is not excess of liberality, but proceeds from some inherent vice or weakness. Therefore also it is incorrect to say that we can love our neighbour too much; no one loves his neighbour too much if he loves God aright. It is a defect in his love towards God, not excess in his love towards his neighbour, which constitutes his sin when such exists. The difference between the love of God and the love of our neighbour does not consist in a due proportion between one and the other, but in that the love of God is supreme and the love of our neighbour is subordinate. We cannot love two objects supremely; it is impossible. If two objects are loved equally, neither is loved supremely. If one is loved more than another, it does not follow that the one best loved is loved supremely, because supreme love is not matter of proportion. This once understood, it will be clearly perceived how absurd it is to talk of the possibility of idolatry, when God himself is rightly adored and his true nature comprehended. The safeguard against idolatry is the knowledge and love of the true God. When men forgot God of old, forgot what He was and who He was, forgot his law, his will, his attributes, they turned to idols. The making and worshipping of idols was the result, the last expression, of this departure. But what parallel is there between this and the Church's "cultus" of images—she who so diligently teaches her children the knowledge of the supreme God, as He has revealed Himself in his Unity of essence and Trinity of persons? Let her accusers open any Catholic catechism, and they will see what pains are taken by the Church to lay deep this solid foundation on which error cannot stand. Of this the Protestant knows nothing. With the exception of the few who have borrowed so much from the storehouse of truth, what care is taken by members of the Established Church to instruct the youthful mind in the mysteries of the blessed Trinity, the eternal generation of the Son and procession of the Holy Ghost, the Incarnation, and the Person of the God-man? Protestants in general shrink from these subjects; they can but yield at most a cold belief to such high doctrines by averting their eyes from the contemplation of them; they are little sensitive to the most frightful heresies, they treat them as mere speculative differences, and then they turn to us and charge us with idolatry! Surely it might

move us to scorn and indignation, did it not move us rather to compassion; but let them know that our safeguard against idolatry, as against every other error, is not a pitiful fear of extremes, a shrinking dread of allowing free scope to our affections and the natural homage which the heart pays to all it loves and honours; our safeguard is this,—that we worship one God in Trinity and the Trinity in Unity, and one Lord Jesus Christ, who is God over all, blessed for ever. He who loves God cannot be joined unto idols.

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## SHORT NOTICES.

A remarkable and interesting Life has been added to the series of Modern Saints' Lives—that of the *Ven. Benedict Joseph Labré*, who was literally a beggar for Christ's sake. We trust English nicety will not be too much astonished at the dirt which the holy man cherished rather than avoided. It is his sanctity and mortification which are to be imitated, according to *our* vocation, and not according to *his*. The Editors remind the delicate reader that St. Philip Neri abhorred dirt quite as fervently as the *Ven. Benedict Labré* loved it; and we have little doubt that were the twelve Apostles now to reappear in the world, they would present very considerable varieties in personal cleanliness to the eyes of the astonished people of this island of "baths and washhouses for the labouring poor," and poisonous sewers for all classes of the community. A race which drains the filth of a city of two million inhabitants into a large open river running through the heart of its houses, and then drinks the polluted stream, need not turn up its nose very high at the anti-sanitary peculiarities of an Italian Saint. Those who love cleaner Saints may study with pleasure and profit the *Lives of the Ven. Fabrizio dall' Aste*, and the *Ven. Mariano Sozzini*, both Fathers of the Oratory, and whose biographies are also now published in the same collection.

A very useful supplementary volume to Cardinal Pacca's Memoirs, reviewed in our present Number, will be found in a book by M. Pradié, Secretary to the Comité des Cultes of the French Assembly, entitled *La Question Religieuse en 1682, 1790, 1802, et 1848* (Paris, Sagnier et Bray). The Cardinal makes frequent mention of the relation in which the French nation had at different periods placed itself towards the Holy See, especially by the Concordat of 1802, by which the Catholic religion again received the homage of the French Government under Napoleon. M. Pradié here gives a complete *résumé* of the events of the four different epochs above named. These include the declaration of the French clergy on the liberties of the Gallican Church in 1682, together



with the abominable decree of Louis XIV.; the report to the National Assembly in 1790, presented by M. Camus, with the "civil constitution" of the clergy thereon founded; the Concordat between Napoleon and the Pope in 1802, at full length; and the report presented by the Comité des Cultes to the Legislative Assembly in March 1849. These, however, are but a portion of M. Pradié's work, which includes a large number of documents hitherto unpublished, and discussions on the great questions involved in a union between the Catholic Church and any State.

Another aspect of France is supplied in Miss Kavanagh's *Woman in France during the Eighteenth Century* (Smith and Elder), an agreeably-written historical sketch of the most celebrated women who exercised so singular a sway during the march of French society to revolution and desolation. As a *complete* picture of the influence of women during this terrible and demoralised period, Miss Kavanagh's volumes are defective; for they tell nothing of the lives of those pure and devout souls who served God either in convents or in private life, and whose faith remained unshaken during an age of corruption unparalleled in France. Her own views, also, both religious and political, are vague and hesitating, and not founded on much real knowledge, or a very acute moral sense. Nevertheless, the work is amusing and instructive, pleasantly interspersed with anecdotes, and passes as lightly as may be over the grosser details of that licentious social life, of which the Reign of Terror was at once the result and the punishment.

Of the *inner* life of France, not only at the present time, but all through her periods of severest trial, a little book, just translated, gives a singularly pleasing and characteristic picture. The *Children of Mary* (Burns and Lambert) is a series of brief biographies of several young pupils of the convent called the Maison des Oiseaux at Paris. They have all the charm of truth, simplicity, and earnest feeling; and as they enter into various details of children's lives and deaths, they will be gladly welcomed to many Catholic fire-sides in England and Ireland. As yet it is the only book of its kind accessible to our young Catholic boys and girls.

A third edition of the Very Rev. J. Moore's translation of Père Martin's *Way of the Holy Cross* (Maher, Birmingham) attests the popularity of an excellent little manual for one of the most touching of Catholic devotions. The edition has one merit but too rare in our publications intended for popular use, it is printed in a large and readable type. For want of such a type a great number of valuable books are utterly useless for the aged, and also for the poor, who often cannot read small print without considerable difficulty.

*The Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary; a Selection of Poetry arranged in accordance with the Prayers and Meditations of the Rosary*, by a Member of the Sodality of the Living Rosary (Richardson), tells its own subject, though not its merits, which are those

of a very well-chosen collection of short poems. Many of them are translations from Catholic hymns, and many from Mr. Keble's version of the Psalms. Besides these, there are a few poems by other writers, including the compiler herself. From the last mentioned we take the following lines, for the sake of the happy image with which they conclude.

“Ave Maria! words that still  
The charmed air with music fill  
Whene'er they meet our ear, as though  
Th' angelic voice had power to throw  
Its own celestial tones upon  
Our earthly language; as when shone  
Of old the dawn on Memnon's stone,  
The rock breathed music not its own!”

A clever preface is prefixed to the volume, in which the authoress expresses her dissent from an article which formerly appeared in the *Dublin Review* on Keble's *Lyra Innocentium*. We suspect there is less difference between the reviewer and the writer of this preface than the latter suspects.

Mr. Price has published in a single volume his *Sick Calls*, which first appeared in *Dolman's Magazine*. They are already well known to many of our readers; but there is some addition made to the original series. They were amongst the best papers which the Magazine supplied during Mr. Price's editorship; and bearing all the impress of reality, are worth republication, and well deserve an extensive circulation. A graceful frontispiece and title-page adorn the volume, from the pencil of Mr. Henry Doyle.

The Rev. J. Hughes, whose treatises on the celebration of Mass are already well known, has published a small treatise on *Pontifical Ceremonies*, from the work of Monsignor Sillani, Bishop of Terracina. Now that pontifical functions of all kinds are becoming so much more common throughout Great Britain and Ireland, Mr. Hughes' manual will be an acceptable addition to his former publications. The price is very low, and the work deserves general circulation.

*The Unity of Government in the Church of Christ, considered in reference to the Gorham Controversy*, by the Rev. R. Sumner, S. J. (Rockcliff), is a very forcible and thoughtful sermon recently preached on the subject which its title describes. In the space of an ordinary discourse it contains the gist of the whole question between Catholicism and all forms of schism, as such. The profits of the sale are to go towards purchasing a new organ for St. Francis Xavier's Church at Liverpool; and they who love *material* as well as *moral* harmony will do well to purchase copies of the sermon (which is very cheap) for general circulation.

Dr. Miley's *History of the Papal States* (Newby) is a work deserving a far more extended notice than we can at present bestow. We must reserve it for a future occasion, and be content with saying, that it claims a place by right in every historical and Catholic library.

An excellent volume of *Thoughts and Affections on the Passion of Jesus Christ* (Richardson) has been translated, by Father Ignatius of St. Paul, from the Italian of Fra Gaetano M. da Bergamo, a Capuchin. They are eminently practical, and possess all that simplicity of style and unaffected fervour which is the characteristic of the best Italian ascetic and devotional writings. The translator says that it is the first work calculated to promote devotion to the Passion of our Lord to which he has put his hand since he became specially bound, as a Passionist, to devote his life to this object. A better commencement could scarcely have been made.

*The Saints of Ireland* (Dublin, Richardson) is a series of periodical tracts, giving a brief account of the Irish Saints of each month. The idea of the publication is a good one; and the work containing a good deal of information in a small compass, it merits support in England as well as in Ireland.

*The Way of the Holy Cross* (Richardson) is a useful tract; containing, in addition to the Stations of the Cross, the Seven Stations for Good Friday, the Clock of the Passion (for all Fridays and the whole of Lent), and the devotion to our Lady in Desolation; all translated from the French.

*The Decay of Traditional Faith, and the Re-establishment of Faith upon Philosophy*, by Henry Ierson, A.M. (Chapman), is a token of the rapid coalescence of Socinianism with Deism. Mr. Ierson is so kind as to admit that our Blessed Lord Jesus Christ was not, as the old-fashioned infidels asserted, an impostor. In his opening sentence he tells us, in terms which make the Christian heart shudder, that "the religion of nature holds in profound veneration the memory of Jesus of Nazareth." That this new school of unbelievers will long retain their present views is, however, impossible. An utter unbelief in *all* revealed doctrine cannot long co-exist with a belief that the Bible is not *intentionally* a fraud. However, it behoves us carefully to watch infidelity in all its stages of transition; and Mr. Ierson's two lectures are a fresh illustration of the overwhelming necessity which there is for the Catholic Church to come forward and claim her rights over the hearts and intellects of this nation. Even Mr. Ierson feels that there is a degree of consistency in the Catholic system which no shade of Protestantism can pretend to.

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We have for some time wished to call our readers' attention to a subject which has not received its due share of attention from the Catholic body. Many persons are familiar with the name and object of the *Catholic Life Assurance Company*, from its advertisements in our own columns, and those of other journals; but probably few are acquainted with the more important facts in the history of Life Assurance in general, and of the Catholic Association in particular. As renewed energies have for some time past



been brought to bear upon this last society, and as it has undeniable claims upon the support of Catholics, the present will be a fit opportunity for introducing the subject to our pages.

It is now nearly a century and a half since the first Life Assurance Company was established in England. During the first hundred years not more than twenty were brought into existence, while during the last forty-five years there have been upwards of one hundred founded; and yet the practice of assurance, as a provision for families, is by no means what it ought to be. One would think, judging from the number of existing offices, and their enormous accumulations of profits, that almost every man and woman in the United Kingdom made a practice of assuring. But this is very far from the truth. It is doubtful if there are at this moment much more than 150,000 lives assured in all Great Britain and Ireland. Numerous as are the present Assurance Companies, there is room for very many more; for it needs but a comparatively small number of annual assurers to create, in the course of twenty or thirty years, a vast Provident Institution.

The "Equitable," established nearly one hundred years ago, has received, in entrance-money, premiums, and interest, upwards of *twenty-five millions*, and it still possesses nearly nine millions in stock, mortgages, and cash. Among others not so long established is the "Scottish Widows' Fund," established in 1815; at the termination of its fourth year, the capital sums assured amounted to 68,000*l.*; while the annual revenue from the premiums on this sum did not exceed 2500*l.* In 1841, just twenty-five years after its establishment, the assurances had swelled from 68,000*l.* to 5,500,000*l.*, and the yearly income from 2500*l.* to 190,000*l.* Again, let us take what is called a "Class office," the "Law Life," an office which looks to members of the legal profession for its chief support. This Society was established in 1823. In 1833, after ten years' existence, it received 880,295*l.* in premiums, averaging 88,029*l.* per annum. But in the next *seven years* it received 1,399,066*l.*, averaging 200,000*l.* per annum, or more than double the annual average of the first period. Its assets now exceed *three millions* sterling, and its income exceeds *four hundred thousand pounds yearly*. Or to take another Class office, the "Clerical," established in 1824. This Society at first made its way slowly, but now its invested funds exceed 650,000*l.*; and the income, steadily increasing, is upwards of 127,000*l.* per annum.

Numbers of other instances might be given,—such as the "Church of England," the "Legal and General," the "Medical," and many more founded within the last ten years. In fact, now nearly all professions and classes have a flourishing office of their own. There are companies for lawyers, parsons, doctors, soldiers, mariners, merchants, architects, engineers, freemasons, licensed victuallers, teetotallers, clerks, farmers, Wesleyans, Quakers; and, to come to our special object, for Catholics also. Four years have not elapsed since the foundation of this last. Half of that period

was one of great commercial depression, and yet the Company has already a much larger amount assured than fell to the lot of the highly successful office named above, the "Scottish Widows," in the first four years of its existence. The "Scottish Widows" possessed but 68,000*l.* in policies; the "Catholic" has had upward of 110,000*l.* Its annual income did not exceed 2500*l.*, while the income of the "Catholic" exceeds 3000*l.* During the last twelve months the yearly business of the "Catholic" has been more than doubled, through the energies of those at its head.

Seeing the immense field for cultivation that lay open on the Continent, a proposal was some time ago made for the extension of the Company abroad. This was consented to; and ever since it has been working the preliminaries for successful action across the Channel. In France the last three months it has rapidly progressed in forming an organised system of agency throughout the departments. Travelling agents are traversing the whole kingdom; and in the course of the present year there is no doubt that a very large French business will be the result, and has already commenced. What the French people seem to like chiefly is, the provision of deferred annuities for themselves. This is a very safe and profitable business, which, if carried on to any extent, will speedily make the "Catholic" a rich Company. There seems to be also a great disposition on the part of the French people to invest money in England for safety, in the shape of immediate annuities. This likewise will be a great advantage to the "Catholic." It has likewise agencies in Belgium, and will gradually extend them to Germany, where so much life-assurance business has been monopolised by one or two offices only, for the word "Catholic" has a great charm abroad. The Company has also assurances in other parts of Europe, and in India, Australia, and America. Still coming nearer home, there is a large Catholic population in the United Kingdom, a considerable portion of which possesses the means for Life Assurance. They are becoming more and more alive to the value of taking out policies for the benefit of their families, churches, and schools; but there is still much to be learnt upon the subject among all classes.

We need hardly say that the "Catholic" has special claims upon us all. Almost every other class in the country feels the advantage of possessing one or more Insurance Companies; while there can be no doubt that Catholics possess one essential element for the prosperity of Life Assurance Societies in a higher degree than any other class;—our religion makes us more temperate, more regular, more cheerful than other men; and temperance, regularity, and cheerfulness are the fruitful sources of *long life*.

END OF VOL. V.









