

DE
14

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.

~~~~~  
VOLUME TENTH.

~~~~~  
LONDON :
BURNS AND LAMBERT, 17 PORTMAN STREET ;
AND JONES, 63 PATERNOSTER ROW.

DUBLIN: BELLEW, 79 GRAFTON STREET.
EDINBURGH: MARSH & BEATTIE, 13 HANOVER STREET.

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS AND NEWS-AGENTS.

—
MDCCLIII.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY ROBSON, LEVEY, AND FRANKLYN,
Great New Street and Fetter Lane.

CONTENTS.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

- A Pilgrimage to La Salette, 353, 427.
Cathedral Chapters, 29.
Catholic Lending Libraries, 83.
Christian Pilgrimages, 119.
Convocation at last, 463.
Dialogue between John Bull and an Oxford Divine, 485.
Historical Sketches of Devotions to the Blessed Sacrament, 179, 255.
Kate Gearey; or, Irish Life in London, 14, 88, 195, 268.
Popular Education, 1, 169.
Popular Music a part of Popular Education, 341.
Robberies of Religion, Ancient and Modern, 381, 441.
The Flight of the Pope, 470.
The Hymns of the Catholic Church, 219.
The Wedding; a Tale of the Tyrol, 399.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

- A Blue-Stocking in the Bush, 322.
Achilli v. Newman; or, the Enchanted Mirror, 226.
Alphonsus (St.), The Glories of Mary, 425.
Anderdon's Two Lectures on the Catacombs of Rome, 63.
Annals of the Institution of the Holy Childhood, 240.
Avrillon's Guide for passing Corpus Christi holily, 154.
Audin's Life of Henry VIII., and History of the Schism of England, translated by E. G. K. Browne, 36.
Borgo's (Father) Novena for the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ, 240.
Brescjani dei Costumi dell' Isola di Sardegna comparati cogli antichissimi Popoli orientali, 306.
Bridges' (W.) Passion of Jesus, 154.
Casali's Mass in C, 155.
Cistercian Order, a Concise History of the, 338.
Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V., 489.

- Controversy on the Infallibility of the Church of Rome and the Doctrine of Article vi. of the Church of England, between Bp. Browne and the Rev. J. Baylee, M.A., 46.
Extracts from the Reports of H.M. Inspectors of Schools, 337.
Faber's Catholic Hymns, 507.
Finlason's (W. F.) Report of the Trial Achilli v. Newman, 226.
Formby's Collection of Amusing Rounds and Catches, 338.
Formby's School Songs and Poetry, 426.
Formby's Young Singer's Book of Songs, 155.
Gutzlaff's Life of the late Emperor of China, 57.
Hirscher's (Dr.) Sympathies of the Continent; or, Proposals for a New Reformation, translated by Rev. A. C. Coxe, 155.
Huntington's (J. V.) America Discovered, 507.
Husenbeth's Refutation of a Treatise professing to be "The Truth about Rome," 46.
James Jordan; or, the Treasure and its Price, 154.
Letter to the Rev. Pierce Connelly: a Reply to "Reasons for abjuring Allegiance to the See of Rome," 239.
Lives of St. Jane Frances de Chantal, St. Rose of Viterbo, and Blessed Mary of Oignies, 336; St. Catherine of Ricci, St. Agnes of Montepulciano, B. Benvenuta of Bojau, and B. Catherine of Raconigi, 510.
M'Corry's (Rev. J. S.) Supremacy of St. Peter and his Successors, 71.
Mackay's (Dr. Charles) Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions, 149.
Magnentii Rhabani Mauri de Laudibus S. Crucis, edidit A. Henze, 71.
Manners and Customs of the Sardini-ans, 306.
Manning's Four Lectures on the Grounds of Faith, 507.
Manning's Sermon, The Love of Jesus our Law, 338.

- Montalembert's Catholic Interests in the Nineteenth Century, 509.
- Moodie's (Susanna) Roughing it in the Bush; or, Life in Canada, 322.
- Nampon (R. P., S.J.), Etude de la Doctrine Catholique dans le Concile de Trente, 506.
- Newman's (Father) Second Spring: a Sermon preached in the Synod of Oscott, 241.
- Novenas in honour of St. Theresa and of B. V. M. of Mount Carmel, 154.
- Penal Laws under Queen Elizabeth, 290.
- Ponte's (De) Meditations, 509.
- Prayer-Book for the Young, 240, 510.
- Protestant Controversialists, 46.
- Rock's (Dr.) Church of our Fathers, 135.
- Seymour's (Rev. M. Hobart) Lecture on Nunneries, 46.
- Shee's (Sergeant) Letter to the Hon. A. Kinnaird, Treasurer of a Society for Church Missions to the Roman Catholics of Ireland, 240.
- Sketches of the true Genius of Popery, 240.
- Spaur's (Countess de) Account of the Flight of the Pope from Rome to Gaeta, Nov. 24th, 1848, 470.
- Stewart's (Agnes M.) The World and the Cloister, 507.
- Stewart's (Agnes M.) Stories of the Seven Virtues, 507.
- Strain's (Rev. J.) Discourse delivered at the Funeral Service of the Right Rev. Dr. Carruthers, 241.
- The Bulletin, 424.
- The Choir, 69, 155, 425, 508.
- The Church of our Fathers, as seen in St. Osmund's Rite for the Cathedral of Salisbury, by D. Rock, D.D., 135.
- The Clifton Tracts, 241, 290.
- The Dublin Review, 155, 424.
- The Principles of Freedom applied to the Tenure of Land, 154.
- Theresa's (St.) Interior Castle, or the Mansions, 426.
- The Restoration of Belief, 509.
- The Roman Catacombs, 63.
- The Truth about Rome: a Short Treatise on Supremacy, 46.
- Thiersch's History of the Christian Church, 337.
- Translations and Editors, 36.
- Uncle Tom's Cabin, 413.
- Waterworth's (Rev. W.) Examination of the Origin, Progress, Principles, and Practices of the Society of Jesus, 239.
- Welsh Sketches, 425.
- White's Universal Circulating Library, 508.
- Wiseman, Cardinal, Portrait of, 426.

CORRESPONDENCE.

- Accentuation of Latin in the Mechlin Vesperal, 510.
- Catholic Lending Libraries, 245.
- Devotion to St. Winefride, 244.
- List of Books suitable for Catholic Lending Libraries, 167.
- Prize Music: Musical Accentuation of the Latin Language, 338.
- Popular Education, 72, 161.
- The Cultivation of Singing in Poor Schools, 242.

ECCLESIASTICAL REGISTER.

- Pastoral Letter of his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman on behalf of the Catholic Poor-School Committee, 156.
- Synodical Letter of the Fathers assembled in Provincial Council at St. Mary's, Oscott, 248.

The Rambler.

PART LV.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
POPULAR EDUCATION	1
KATE GEAREY; OR, IRISH LIFE IN LONDON	14
CATHEDRAL CHAPTERS	29
REVIEWS.—TRANSLATIONS AND EDITORS. Audin's Life of Henry VIII., translated from the French by E. G. K. Browne	36
PROTESTANT CONTROVERSIALISTS. A Controversy on the Infallibility of the Church of Rome, &c. between Bishop Brown and Rev. Joseph Baylee. The Truth about Rome: a short treatise on Supremacy. F. C. Husenbeth, D.D. on the Roman Question: a Refutation of the preceding. Rev. M. Hobart Seymour's Lecture on Nunneries	46
GUTZLAFF'S LIFE OF THE LATE EMPEROR OF CHINA. The Life of Taou-kwang, late Emperor of China; with a Sketch of the History of China during the last Fifty Years, by the late Rev. Charles Gutzlaff	57
THE ROMAN CATACOMBS. W. H. Anderdon's Two Lectures on the Catacombs of Rome	63
SHORT NOTICES.—The Choir, Part III.—Magnentii Rhabani Mauri de Laudibus Sanctæ Crucis.—The Supremacy of St. Peter, by Rev. John S. M'Corry	69
CORRESPONDENCE.—POPULAR EDUCATION. The English Statesman's Idea and Plan of Popular Education examined as to its Aim, its Details, and Results, and contrasted with that of the Catholic Church	72

To Correspondents.

J. W. B., Chelsea. Declined, with thanks.

F. W. We heartily subscribe to the concluding sentiment of your communication, and cannot recommend you to make a second attempt.

Correspondents who require answers in private are requested to send their complete address, a precaution not always observed.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

All communications must be *postpaid*. Communications respecting *Advertisements* must be addressed to the publishers, Messrs. BURNS and LAMBERT.

The Rambler,

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

VOL. X.

JULY 1852.

PART LV.

POPULAR EDUCATION.

A WORK is going on in this country, whose importance can scarcely be exaggerated, but to whose real nature and character few, we think, are as keenly alive as it would be well for them to be;—we mean the work of popular education, or at least what is called such. Most persons are probably aware of the existence of such a body of men as the Lords of the Committee of her Majesty's most honourable Privy Council on Education; many, perhaps, may have dipped into the bulky blue-books published year by year under their lordships' sanction, and "presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty;" and may have learnt, amongst other facts which they contain, that the sum of not less than 700,000*l.* of the public money has been paid within the last ten years towards promoting this great work of national education, and that more money, in a yet higher and continually-increasing ratio, is still being paid towards the same object. Some, again, may have heard of, or even been personally present at, certain examinations of poor-schools in their respective neighbourhoods, conducted by government officers called Inspectors, and involving very serious pecuniary consequences to the parties more immediately interested in them. Even these facts and phenomena, superficial as they are, are far from being known to all; and of those to whom they are familiar, a very small proportion, we fear, has given them that deep and earnest attention which they deserve, and which, sooner or later, they will imperatively demand at the hands of all thoughtful persons interested in the well-being of their country.

It may seem at first sight a work altogether superfluous, in this latter half of the nineteenth century, to say a word about the importance of education; but we are convinced that the very general recognition and acknowledgment of this truth *in words* is a fruitful source of practical evil. In the last ge-

neration, the education of the poorer classes was, to the nation at large, either a thing wholly unthought of, or thought of only to be reprobated as an evil which should be averted at all hazards. In the present generation, the tone is altered—popular education is become fashionable; and if some venerable octogenarian still cherishes in his secret soul the prejudices of his forefathers on this head, yet he scarcely dares whisper them to his neighbour, still less proclaim them in public; for he knows they would be ridiculed as the token of an imbecile mind, unable to divest itself of the antiquated notions of a bygone age. Hence nothing is to be heard on all sides but general felicitations upon the enlightenment of the present day, the great progress education is making throughout the country, and the still further progress it may be expected to make when the present scholars shall have become themselves schoolmasters. But amid this universal din of public congratulations, how many are there who patiently and dispassionately look into the matter as a question of *facts*, and not of *words*?

“The schoolmaster is abroad:” this is acknowledged on all hands, and is what, as a nation, we are beginning to feel proud of. But how many have taken the pains to ascertain, or even think it worth while to inquire, what it is that he is teaching? “Education is progressing;” these words are upon every body’s lips; but has every body made up his mind what education is, and satisfied himself that what passes current with the world under this name is the genuine article, and not a counterfeit? We think not; and under this impression we have not hesitated to admit into our pages, in another part of this Magazine, a letter in which the question is started and set before our readers in a forcible manner, by a gentleman who has devoted considerable time and thought to the examination of the subject, and who belongs, moreover, to that class whose “duty and constitutional privilege it is,” according to the admission even of those who might be suspected of leaning towards a contrary opinion, “to scrutinise with peculiar vigilance whatsoever affects the education of the poor, or is capable of modifying its scope and character.” “The clergy prove that they are animated by the true spirit of their mission,” said M. de Salvandy, himself Minister of Public Instruction in a neighbouring country, “whenever they evince their susceptibility in matters relating to education.”* Having said thus much, then, with a view to calling our readers’ attention to the letter in question, but without pledging ourselves to an unqualified assent to all the propositions it may

* Quoted by Mr. Marshall, in his *General Report*, 1849, vol. ii. p. 504.

contain, we proceed to make a few observations of our own upon the educational phenomena around us, quite independently of the line of argument pursued, or that may hereafter be pursued, by our reverend correspondent.

The one great fact which may be said to be the chief characteristic of this educational movement, and which forces itself upon the mind as soon as we begin to contemplate the present condition and future prospects of national education in England, is this,—that secular instruction in a great variety of branches is being imparted to the children of the lower classes with a zeal and to an extent altogether unprecedented in the annals of this country. What effects, then, are to be anticipated from this new and actively-encouraged element in the education of the poor? This inquiry naturally resolves itself into two branches—its intellectual effects and its moral. Has it a tendency to store their minds with useful and valuable learning, and to develop and strengthen the powers of their understanding? and will it make them good citizens and good Christians?

As to the first and less important of these questions, it is not our intention at present to go into it at any length. It is worthy of remark, however, that we are told by one of her Majesty's Inspectors themselves, that "those persons who are beset by fears lest too much should be done for the education of those whose lot it is to earn their bread in the sweat of their brow, may console themselves with this fact, that by the time these children become men, they will have forgotten the greater portion of the learning communicated to them whilst they were at school."* It is not, then, for the sake of the learning itself which is thus imparted to the scholar that this system of secular instruction is being so diligently pursued; for it is already foreknown and reckoned upon with certainty, that by far the greater portion of it will be soon forgotten. Indeed, how could it be otherwise, when we consider the usual age of the scholars, and the length of time during which they remain at school? It appears, from the tabular report which is inserted in the blue-book for the year 1850, that the per-centage of children of and under the age of seven years to be found in our English schools, whether Catholic or connected with the Establishment, ranges from 28 to 45; while the per-centage of children of the same classes of just double that age varies only from 1 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ (this highest per-centage, by the by, being to be found in our own Catholic schools). Even of scholars above the age of eleven, there are only 8 in every 100, and generally not more than 5. Moreover, in the agricultural

* Rev. H. Moseley's *General Report*, 1848-49, vol. i. p. 4.

districts of Berks and Wilts—and we know of no reason wherefore the average should be found to be very different elsewhere—the average time of a child's attendance at school is set down at something less than three years; in the manufacturing districts, the average stay of the children appears to be from nine to twelve months. A single glance, therefore, at these statistics should be enough to dissipate the alarms of the most sensitive as to any danger that is to be apprehended from too great a spread of real learning among the people under the present system. However great and numerous the evils of that system may be, this at least is not one of them; and whether the spread of learning among the lower classes be an evil or not, at any rate it seems certain that there is no immediate prospect of such a result from any causes already in operation.

On the other hand, we are by no means satisfied that there is the same security against the increase of that infinitely more mischievous gift—a *little* learning; and if we may judge from the reports, this is an evil which the Inspectors find it specially needful to guard against, both in the pupils and in the teachers. It is an evil, however, which a judicious Inspector has it very much in his power to discourage and to check; and we are bound to add, that those Inspectors whose reports we have most carefully studied seem to be fully alive to the importance of doing so. We observe that some of these gentlemen propose occasionally to test the excellence of a school and of its master by examining into the condition, not of the first class, but of the *last*, or of the last but one; and should this be found to be unsatisfactory, at once to make an unfavourable report of the school, as knowing with certainty that the attainments of the older scholars can only be superficial, where pains are not taken thoroughly to ground the youngest in the first elements of knowledge. We hope this ingenious plan—suggested, if we remember rightly, by Mr. Moseley, whose reports generally are well worth reading—may be not unfrequently acted upon. It cannot fail to have a most beneficial effect upon all the schools and schoolmasters who happen to hear of it, and would go far towards averting a calamity otherwise the almost inevitable consequence of our present system of public *flashy* examinations, namely, the bringing up our poor children to be what Madame de Sévigné so happily described, “*petits prodiges à quinze ans, et vrais sots toute leur vie.*” Other Inspectors, again, have not scrupled to recommend to schoolmasters proposing to become candidates for certificates of merit, a more limited range of study than seems at first sight consistent with the questions actually proposed to them at the

government examinations. These examinations, which take place twice a year, are continued during a period of five or six days, and embrace the following subjects:—Scripture History, Liturgy and Church History, English History, General History, Geography, Grammar, English Language and Literature, Modern Languages, the Dead Languages, School-management, Arithmetic, Algebra, Higher Mathematics, Mensuration, Geometry, Popular Astronomy, Nautical Astronomy, Industrial Mechanics, Physical Science, and Vocal Music. We wish we had space to set before our readers a complete set of the questions under each of these heads; it would enable them to form some idea of the extent to which the diffusion of secular knowledge among the lower classes is contemplated and encouraged by those in authority. But this is impossible. We cannot, however, refrain from giving two or three by way of sample. Under the head of General and English History we find such as the following:

What advances were made in civilisation from the accession of Henry VII. to James I.?

Enumerate the countries subject to the Emperor Charles V., and state by what title each was held.

How was Britain governed by the Romans? Name the chief officers of their government, with the duties of their respective officers. What were their *civitates* and *municipia*? what their *jus Latii*?

Under Geography and Natural History:

Describe the Punjab, and the course of the five rivers by which it is watered.

By what causes are the principal currents of the atmosphere and ocean produced?

What are the isothermal, isotheral, and isochimenal lines? What connexion have any of them with the geographical distribution of plants and animals?

Under English Grammar and Literature:

State and account for the redundancies and deficiencies in our alphabet.

Enumerate the authors who flourished during the Tudor dynasty.

These few instances must suffice; for we cannot pursue the subject through all that lies before us, of finding the length of the arc of a parabola, investigating the prismoidal formula, also a formula for clearing the moon's distance, and a general expression for determining the principal focus of a double-convex lens, and the construction of the electrophorus, the electro-magnet, and the galvanoscope, &c. &c. We are well

aware that it is by no means necessary that candidates should undertake to answer questions on *all* these different subjects: they are expressly told, in a formula prefixed to the papers, that the questions are only intended to afford them *an opportunity* of shewing the extent of their knowledge on each subject; but that if they are enabled to shew a competent knowledge in a fair proportion of the subjects, the Committee of Council will be disposed to grant them a certificate of merit. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to see that the very fact of government officers proposing questions of such infinite variety must have a natural tendency to create among those who are in any way dependent upon them a desire for an equally extensive range of study; and since it is impossible for any man of ordinary powers, already engaged in the business of tuition, really to make himself master of so many subjects, it is only natural, and just what we should have expected, that they should be found, for the most part, only to have attained a superficial knowledge of any.

Indeed there seems to be a great tendency—we will not say in the minds of the authors and promoters of these schemes for the extension and improvement of national education, yet certainly in the measures which they have adopted for the carrying out of those schemes—to countenance that most fatal error, of mistaking mere instruction for education. The more intelligent of the Inspectors set their faces against it, and protest most loudly against “mere fact-teaching,” as they call it; yet there it is, continually appearing and re-appearing in every possible form, and must ever continue to do so, as long as the result that is looked to, and that reaps a practical reward, is rather the amount of knowledge that has been imparted, than the degree of sound mental cultivation which has been effected in each pupil individually.

It is a part of the same system also, and cannot, we think, be too earnestly deprecated, that unnatural forcing of the infant mind which seems to be coming into vogue, almost as a necessary consequence of the present movement. In looking over the Inspectors' reports, we come every now and then upon commendations of infant schools such as really make our hearts ache for their unfortunate inmates. We read of children of five or six years old, that they have been taught much useful knowledge, shew a really creditable knowledge of geography, can make easy calculations in their heads excellently, &c. &c. It is true, as Mr. Fomby observes in his lecture,* “that we do not yet see infants creeping to school on all-fours through the streets, but only great numbers carried to school to

* *The March of Intellect*, p. 9. London, Dolman and Burns.

creep about on all-fours on the schoolroom floor, in order that no moment of this short mortal existence may be lost without drinking at the great fountain of light, knowledge:" but even this higher degree of perfection is a consummation which may not improbably be realised in the course of another year or two, under the fostering care of gentlemen who recognise an "absolute necessity to cram as much as possible into the little receptacle of the infantine minds of those who come to school, during the very brief period that they are in the hands of the educator." The result of such pernicious doctrines, if really acted upon, or rather if not steadily resisted, cannot fail to be most disastrous both intellectually and physically.

We cannot do more than thus briefly hint at these few evils, and pass by many others altogether; for we are anxious to look somewhat more closely into the moral and religious side of the question. Will the generation of children that are being subjected to this kind of education turn out good citizens and good Christians? Perhaps this question will be sufficiently answered by quoting the testimony of two or three of its most able and effective promoters. "I am constrained to acknowledge," says Mr. Norris,* "that the impression left upon my mind by *more than one-third* of the *higher* order of schools that I have visited is this, that the teachers are sacrificing, in a great measure, all that makes religion truly valuable to men as citizens and as Christians." "The children learn texts of the Bible by heart," says Mr. Blandford,† "are fairly acquainted with the outline of Scripture history, and can prove points of doctrine; but when questioned as to their practical application and bearing upon our every-day life and intercourse with each other, the inference, however obvious, can seldom be drawn. There is nothing more painful in the examination of a school than to hear the ready, and in many instances excellent answers that the children give in reference to the letter of Scripture, and how glibly they will repeat the words, 'to be true and just in all my dealings' [from the Protestant Church Catechism], but at the same time to feel, from the constant tendency they have to practise deceit and fraud during the examination, how slight have been the efforts of their teacher to inculcate upon them the plain duty of being true and just in common things. I believe the masters of our national schools to be, as a body, a respectable class of men; but they are deficient in that deep religious feeling, the expression of which will be visible in a thousand ways in the management of their schools, and will be identified in a greater or less degree with the conduct of the children. That this one thing is

* *General Report*, 1850, p. 626.

† *Ibid.* p. 467.

wanting, there is the testimony of the clergy to appeal to, who have daily and personal intercourse with them, and who complain of the want of this all-important element in their character." "When I consider," says Mr. Moseley,* "what is going on within the walls of our schoolrooms, and the chance there is of any given child receiving a religious education (in any sense worthy so to be called), the view I take of the present state of the educational question is far from sanguine. . . . I see no relation between the means and the end, the cause and the effect it is supposed to be capable of producing. Education must be something more than this to effect the good we expect from it; and I am contented to appeal, in evidence of this, to what has been done by it for the populations of many places where schools, equal in efficiency to the great majority of the present schools, and conducted on the same principles, have been in operation for the last twenty or thirty years,—to the moral condition of those places, and to the number of persons educated in those schools who are now regular communicants, or even attendants at church. We are too much accustomed to confound our notion of a religious education with that of religious instruction, and not to consider that a place should be sought for religion in the hearts and affections of children, as well as in their memories and their understandings."

There are few persons, we suppose, who have ever had an opportunity of watching the practical fruits of education in what are called National Schools, who could not corroborate Mr. Moseley's testimony by numerous examples. We ourselves remember, many years ago, to have watched one school in particular with very special interest, because of the great pains that were taken by the clergyman of the parish thoroughly to instruct the children in the principles of (so-called) Anglo-Catholicism. The religious knowledge of the scholars was, of its kind, really admirable, and their secular attainments were equally above the average; yet we know, and have heard the clergyman in question himself acknowledge, that there was not one among the most forward and promising of the girls educated in that school who did not, in her after conduct, cause him the most bitter disappointment. Why was this? Because Protestantism, though it may instruct the mind, yet is utterly powerless to train the soul; it may store the memory with knowledge, and even enforce a certain outward decency of conduct in morals, but it cannot penetrate man's nature in the inmost recesses of his heart; and without this, education is but a dream. In the particular case to which we

* *General Report*, 1849, vol. i. p. 1.

have referred, the clergyman was so deeply impressed by the results of his own observation, and experience with this essential defect of his religion, that he sought to provide a remedy for it by borrowing a hint from Catholics, and introduced among his school-children the practice of confession, or something as much like it as the prejudices of his parishioners would tolerate. What success may have attended this experiment, we are unable to say; but anyhow, there is not much chance of its being extensively tried in schools belonging to the Establishment; and we may assume, therefore, with perfect confidence, that there is nothing to prevent the fears of Mr. Moseley, Mr. Blandford, and others of their colleagues, from being fully realised; the children brought up in these schools will *not* be thereby made good Christians.

But if this be so, what an alarming prospect lies before us, of a generation having knowledge, but without religion! Looking at it only in a social and political point of view, it is a thought calculated to inspire us with the most lively apprehension; for although, as we have already shewn, the great majority of scholars will probably turn out to have as little real knowledge as they have religion, yet we must not forget that there is a class of persons connected with these schools who cannot *fail* to have knowledge, and a very high degree of it,—we mean the pupil-teachers, of whom there are probably about 6000 in the whole of England and Scotland, and who are destined hereafter to be themselves schoolmasters. And this, be it remembered, is the great pride of the panegyrists of these modern improvements; they are continually expatiating on the wonderful results which may be anticipated when these highly-educated youths come to be the teachers of others. But let us look for a moment at the results which have been already realised from a similar system in a neighbouring country. By an official inquiry* that was made two or three years ago in one of the departments of France, containing 533 instructors of youth altogether, and of these 188 who had been educated in the normal schools of the government, it was ascertained that only 79 were discharging their duties in a diligent and satisfactory manner, and that only 18 of these had belonged to the normal schools. Of the remaining 170 who had been brought up in these latter institutions, we find 32 reported as drunkards, or given to other immoral habits; 20 as simply irreligious, that is, we presume, neglectful of all religious duties, yet without any open violation of the moral law such as was cognisable by the criminal code of the state; 45 as demagogues; and 73 as careless, indolent, and generally un-

* See *Le Réveil du Peuple*, par Platon Polichinelle, 1851, pp. 171, 172.

trustworthy. Thus, whilst only ten per cent of these trained teachers turned out to be really valuable members of society, no less than fifty per cent proved positively bad, and exercised a most pernicious influence on all around them; and about half of these devoted their powers of mischief in a more especial manner directly towards the disturbance of the social and political fabric of the country. We do not suppose the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education are ignorant of these facts; we suspect that they are far from wishing to develop the intellectual faculties of the children of the lower orders to the prejudice of their moral and religious character; on the contrary, we find it expressly laid down in their instructions to Inspectors (dated August 1840), that they "are strongly of opinion that no plan of education ought to be encouraged in which intellectual instruction is not subordinate to the regulation of the thoughts and habits of the children by the doctrines and precepts of revealed religion." Yet such we do not hesitate to say is the practical result of their labours, even upon the testimony of their own inspectors; and we need make no pretensions to the gift of prophecy, or to anything more than the most ordinary powers of penetration, to see that such a state of things is fraught with the most serious dangers to the whole framework of society. If ignorance and irreligion combined are essentially brutal, knowledge and irreligion combined are certainly devilish. The one creates a generation of paupers and petty criminals; the other engenders Socialists and Red Republicans.

But how does all this affect us who are Catholics? What duties has the Catholic Church towards this educational movement, and how is she fulfilling them? "It has been impossible," says Mr. Marshall,* "so much as to pass through the Roman Catholic Schools, without being forced, as it were, to observe the fact, that the religious spirit controls and penetrates them in every direction. . . . That this momentous object is fully attained, with very few exceptions, in the schools which I have been instructed to visit, it is my duty to testify. It is evident that the managers of these schools do not conceive education to consist in the communication of one or more branches of knowledge, but that they justly regard it as the training of the whole man for the fulfilment of the destinies which await him both in this world and the next." Let us only take care that this praise shall always be ours, and we shall have nothing to fear, as far as our own poor are concerned, from too great a spread of secular knowledge; let us steadily persevere in making religion the absolute mistress and queen of all the in-

* *General Report*, 1849, vol. ii. p. 519.

struction given in our schools, and never cease to be on our guard against any plans, however fair to the eye or flattering to the ear, in which this supremacy of religion is not thoroughly secured; let us keep an eye on our teachers, lest, in consequence of the encouragement which such studies receive at the hands of government, they be tempted to give more time to, or to lay a greater stress on, those other matters which *tell* more in the public examinations and in the selection of pupil-teachers, to the neglect or depreciation of this one all-important subject. Let us not be dazzled by fine appearances, or tempted by a spirit of emulation of our Protestant neighbours, into communicating to our children scraps and odds and ends of every kind of knowledge; but having first secured to them thoroughly solid religious instruction, let us select any other secondary branch of instruction that we please, and by teaching this well and soundly, make it an instrument of real mental cultivation. Of course, if our children remain long enough in the school, we can proceed to teach them other things also; but let us rather aim at teaching one thing well, than at giving a smattering knowledge of many; and if we might venture simply to name that which appears to us to be most useful, when our space will not allow us fully to unfold and enforce our reasons for the selection, we would name Grammar, next of course to the three indispensable Rs, reading, writing, and arithmetic. Grammar really well taught would prove one of the most powerful instruments which a purely English education admits of for the cultivation of exactness and precision of thought; it both opens and strengthens the mind, and is, moreover, of incalculable value in enabling those who have learnt it thoroughly to understand what they read in books, and what they hear in sermons, public lectures, and speeches, too much of which is at present utterly thrown away upon the lower classes in consequence of their inability to comprehend the forms of speech in which they are expressed. But we have wandered again unconsciously into the intellectual side of the question, which we had intended to avoid. We repeat, then, whatever secular knowledge may be taught or not taught in our schools, at least let nothing be left undone to perfect the work of the *religious* education of the children entrusted to our care; let us not be niggardly in our use, for the benefit of the poor, of all those means and appliances which the Catholic faith puts within our reach, and whose value Catholic parents of the middle and upper classes so keenly appreciate in the education of their own children;—we mean such as religious pictures and images, oratories which the children themselves might help to furnish and adorn, pious confraternities; devo-

tions suited to their capacity and varying with the various fasts and festivals of the Church, and sufficient religious instruction. Upon this last point we would desire to say a few words, and so draw this article to a close. In Protestant schools, it may almost be said that religious instruction stands in the place of, or is taken to be identical with, religious education. We have already heard Mr. Moseley complaining of this common mistake, and reminding his brother clergy that "a place must be sought for religion in the hearts and affections of children, as well as in their memories and understandings." Among Catholics there is no room for such a mistake as this; a happy experience daily teaches them how easy it is to give religion its proper place in the hearts and affections of their children, long before it is possible for the memory or understanding to have anything at all to do with it. Every Catholic mother and nurse in the three kingdoms is in this respect competent to read a lesson to her Majesty's clergy, and to shew them how, by a thousand ingenious devices, a love of Jesus and of his holy Mother may be instilled into the infant mind, and be made to anticipate even the powers of speech itself. But we must not on this account, especially in these days in which we live, undervalue the importance of religious knowledge and instruction. Strengthen and develope religious feelings, teach religious practices, and create religious habits *first*, by all means; but let us be careful *also* to infuse religious knowledge in such measure as the minds of the children in our schools are capable of receiving it, and *in proportion to the secular instruction which we impart to them*. We do not say that it is necessary to secure for our poor-schools a regular professorial staff, and convert them at once into ragged-universities, duly furnished with chairs of canon law and ecclesiastical history, moral and dogmatic theology, holy Scripture, and the rest; but we think that where "grammar is being taught logically, analytically, and synthetically, and geography physically, historically, and politically," there religious instruction also should certainly be given in some higher form than the mere first catechism. And this for two reasons: first, we think there is some reason to fear lest scholars who have been instructed scientifically, and have penetrated far below the surface, in various branches of secular knowledge, should come to despise religion for its very simplicity's sake; and because they have been taught it, and of course *justly* taught it, as a matter of faith and not of reason, should come to think that it is *below* reason and not *above* it; and should not know that though it is sufficient to comprehend it by faith, and though faith alone is really able to comprehend it, yet it may also profitably employ, and actually has

employed, the most powerful intellects and most sublime geniuses that ever existed; in a word, that theology, or the science of religion, is truly *scientia scientiarum*: and secondly, we are satisfied that unless this higher degree of religious instruction is imparted to them, there will be a danger of their losing their faith in after years, through the false knowledge which their Protestant neighbours will have acquired in these normal schools, and which will be abundantly sufficient to perplex those who are not thoroughly well instructed in their religion. Besides, what will be the impression upon the minds of the children and of their parents as to the relative importance of religion, if they see such pains taken to make advances in all kinds of secular knowledge, whilst the standard of religious instruction is allowed to remain stationary?

Let us not be misunderstood upon this head; we are far from advocating any system of instruction that should bring up our children to be a set of shallow-pated, disputatious, and noisy controversialists. God forbid! But we would have them be so far instructed in their religion as to "know what they hold and what they do not, to be able to give an account of their creed, and to know enough of history to defend it." We would not have them trained to controversy; but we would have them so far instructed upon controverted points as that they should have facts and principles (not texts) always at hand to answer the objections which, as they grow up in years, they cannot fail to hear. Neither are we speaking of any thing that is to *supersede* the first catechism and the elementary religious instruction which is now given in our schools, but only to be added to it. We would only insist on the necessity of being careful that our religious instruction *keep pace with* our secular instruction. We shall augur ill for the future prospects of Catholicism in this empire, when we find a generation of pupil-teachers or others going out into the world, either as schoolmasters or in any other capacity, who can talk wisely and write fluently about the "redundancies and deficiencies in our alphabet," but cannot with equal readiness and precision point out the main inconsistencies and absurdities of Protestantism; who can clearly expound *civitates, municipia*, and *jus Latii*, but know nothing of hierarchies, dioceses, and *jus canonicum*; who have at their fingers' ends the dates and circumstances of the invention of printing, of gunpowder, and the introduction into England of the potato, but can make but a sorry guess at the dates and histories of the Rosary, the feast of Corpus Christi, and the like; who are familiar with Julius Cæsar, Themistocles, and Alexander the Great, but have made no acquaintance with St. Francis, St. Dominic, and St. Igna-

tius Loyola ; who know all about the civil and foreign wars of their forefathers in this country, but little or nothing about the heresies or the persecutions which have troubled the Christian Church ; to whom angles and circles, segments and cones, zenith and nadir, are as “household worlds,” but heresy and schism, dogmas and canons, beatification and canonisation, are as “an unknown tongue ;” in a word, whose wisdom in all that concerns the world is altogether out of proportion with their wisdom in all that concerns the Church.

KATE GEAREY ; OR, IRISH LIFE IN LONDON.

CHAPTER X. *The Burglars.*

A MONTH—that fairy month commonly known as the honeymoon—was over; but its wings, about which poets have sung and novelists raved, had been in Kate Gearey’s, or, as we must in future style her, Mrs. Daly’s particular case very leaden indeed; besides which, had she been a scholar, it would have puzzled her to find a word in the dictionary sufficiently bitter to express the state of her feelings during these four weeks, the first of her married life. In common parlance, she had done a very foolish thing, and one which she would have given worlds to undo. For a short time Florry had been tolerably kind; he had bought her some trifling presents, and to Kate’s surprise did not seem to want for money; he was at home all day long, nor did he stir even in the evening until the Burkes returned, when Jack and he usually went out together for a short time. In about ten days the scene changed; a stranger was added to their party, their whispered conversations being either stretched far into the night, or, what was still worse, Daly and the two Burkes would accompany him to the neighbouring public-house; when they did return, all three generally appearing the worse for liquor. To this stranger, who was no other than Ned Pratt, the young wife had a decided objection; there was something fearfully mysterious in the control he appeared to exercise over his companions; even Daly, otherwise so ungovernable, was but a puppet in his hands, in and out at his beck, like one under the influence of supernatural agency, although it was evident that he winced beneath the curb, like an impatient steed who longs to free himself, yet knows not how to set about it. Perhaps if there was one whom Pratt treated with any thing bordering on kindness, it was herself; he would say she reminded him of “his own lost

girl;" and even when Florry's money was all gone, he would lend him a trifle, unasked, to "get a cup of tea for his little wife;" and he had more than once interposed between her and her husband's drunken rage, an interference no other dared exercise.

Kate had hoped, when once she had a room of her own, her society would have been also of her own choosing; but in this she was mistaken. The Sheehans, Mrs. Casey, Murphy, and even the imperfectly recovered Phil, were carefully excluded, whilst the Burkes, Pratt, and the more and more disliked Nell Sullivan, were her constant companions. She remarked too with surprise, the latter invariably formed one of a council from which she herself was as invariably excluded, although she was certain this distinction was awarded more owing to some inexplicable hold she had over its members, than from any fascination the young lady in question might possess. Her manners to Kate became more arrogant and overbearing than ever; yet although Daly would redden and chafe at the insults offered his wife in his presence, it was evident he dared not interfere in her behalf.

They had been married some three weeks, when the Burkes, having succeeded in obtaining a job in the country, left for a fortnight or so; Pratt came more rarely; and Florry himself was often absent for a day or more, without offering any explanation as to where he had been or with whom. It was now that our heroine experienced poverty in all its bitterness: dejected in spirits, weak with hunger, she would creep down the "Hollow" after dusk, with some little necessary article of clothing under her arm, and entering the pawnbroker's, beg for an increase on the few pence offered, "jist to git a morsel for hersilf an a bit of supper for Florry." To say Daly did not feel all this were to make him worse than he was; it was apparent something had fallen out contrary to his expectations, and he cursed his own imprudence for bringing this misery on one so young and helpless; but to his outward manners these self-reproaches only gave a severity which added fresh gall to the bitter cup she was destined to drain.

"Kattie, do come an have a cup of tay," said Mary Sheehan, opening the door gently one afternoon when she knew Daly was out; "it ull cheer the life in you, girl; an there's no one at home barring Pat an the Murphys an Biddy Sarchfield, that's asleep wid the rheumatis."

"Indeed, an its meesilf wanths it bad enough, Mary dear; for its nayther bit nor sup has passed me lips this blisshed day," answered the girl, brushing away a tear with the back of her hand. "An its very lonesome I am intirely, and me where

Winnny Pratt died too; but I'm feerd Florry 'll be back primsintly; he promised to be in airly, an praps he'd bring a bit wid him for the supper."

"I wisht the rope that he's airning had been tightened round his neck afore you'd had any thing to say to him," exclaimed Mrs. Sheehan indignantly. "I should like to see Pat absinting himsilf day an night widout givin an account of his doings, an taching me who I'd have in me own room, that's all! But if you won't *come*, I'll jist fetch the tay an a bit of bread an butther; an don't cry, that's a darling," though, by way of enforcing her advice, Mary began to weep for company.

Somewhat restored by the tea, Kate dried her tears, and listened with some degree of interest to the news of the "Buildings," which Mrs. Sheehan retailed for her entertainment.

"The Lord be marciful to us, they say the cholera's in the turn-coorte," and she crossed herself as she spoke. "I saw old Learey carried off to the 'House;' an in two hours the bed was there agin to fitch Mary Danhafer, an I did hear she died that nite; the workhouse dochter is always pacing to an fro; Father Morgan was in the 'Buildings' three times yesterday; an Pat says he saw Miss Bradshawe in the forenoon."

"I wish *I* could see Miss Bradshawe," said poor Kattie.

"Let me bring her whin Florry's out," answered Mary eagerly.

But the very name of Florry banished the good intention which was half formed in her breast.

"No, I darn't," answered Kate, shaking her head mournfully; "he'd be the death of me widout marcy. Mary, I dreamt last night I was at home in Ireland, an I saw Father Phelim; an he frowned an made me look into my mother's grave; an it was open, an nothing in it but dhry bones, an in the middle was me marriage lines; and thin I thought they turned to Daly, an he was at the botthom of the will, an I looking into it. Now what do you think Moll Carty'd say to that dbrame?"

"Don't mind what the ould witch says. But tell me, Kate, does Florry iver talk of his first wife that died at home of the fever?"

"I niver heerd him mintion her: onst I asked him what was she like, and he snapped me up, and said he didn't know; so I asked him no more about it."

"Not know what his first wife was like?" said Mrs. Sheehan, with all the wounded dignity of a matron; "I spose that's the answer Pat Sheehan ull think proper to make whin he's

buried me; an' its coorting he'll be over me coffin no doubt; but I'll tache him ——." How far Mary's anger at her husband's supposed delinquencies after her death might have carried her it is impossible to conjecture; their expression was, however, checked by the sound of a heavy foot, which caused her to start, and changed the current of her thoughts as she exclaimed, "It's Florry, sure enough! I'll make meesilf scarce, Kattie; for I'd be sorry it's anger you'd be gitting through me. Well, praps there are worse than my Pat in the world afther all;" and Mrs. Sheehan hurried away, though not so swiftly but that Daly as he entered caught a glimpse of her retreating figure.

"Who's that, Kattie, I'd like to know?" he inquired, almost fiercely, throwing his hat on the floor and himself into a chair. "Isn't it a strange thing that I niver return home but I find you gossiping an' coshering wid the likes of thim, who are ownly thrying to pick all they can out of you?"

"It was ownly Mary Sheehan, who brought me a cup of tay; I'd not have taken it, Florry, but I was very wake intirely."

"Ah, I forgot," he answered, though not without emotion. "Mary's a kind-hearted creature, though a thrifle curious like the rest. Well, don't fret, my girl; here's a shilling, go and get me a pint of beer, and something for yersilf; I've a little job to do to-night, an' if ye'r wise, Kattie, ye may hould up yer head wid the rest of thim yet."

His wife took the money in silence, and quickly returned with the beer, a loaf, and a slice or two of rusty bacon. Daly watched her movements as she busied herself raking together the fire and preparing the frugal meal.

"Was Nid Pratt here to-day?" he inquired abruptly, and in a tone that made her start.

"What ud he do here, an' you out? Sure an' it's meesilf has little love for him; he's an Englishman, an, as I've heerde, fears nayther God or divil."

"Ye'r right in that, Kattie," answered her husband; "I've small rale love for him meesilf, and afther this onst I'll be shot of the whole affair. If I git the share that I expict," he continued in an under tone, "I'll go to America, and take her wid me, an' see can't I reform."

"Yer tay's reddy, Florry," interrupted his wife. "Isn't it very hot this evening? sure an' there's a storm brewing."

Daly sprang to his feet, gazing intently at the lurid sky, then sat down to his humble fare as if he had received a confirmation of something he wished.

"Now, Kattie, I'll not be home till very late, so go to bed; an' promise me this onst not to let ony of the neybour's here."

“But won't you want the fire?”

“Why it's hot enough, sure,” and he tried to laugh. “Here's another shilling; kiss me, girl, and make yerself happy; there's luck in store for us yet.”

His tone was so affectionate, that his wife ventured to say, casting as she did a wistful glance at the thunder-clouds which were rapidly gathering in the horizon,

“Couldn't you go to-morrow? it'll be a dredful nite, I'm fearing.”

“To-night or niver!”

And, as if anxious to avoid further questioning, he hurried away, leaving Kate with a load on her heart for which she was at a loss to account. It was not his absence—to that she was accustomed; it was not even his ambiguous hints—lately he had often spoken of some good fortune in store for them; but it was his very kindness made her tremble; and having no friend to whom she dared open her mind, she, by a sort of uncontrollable impulse, sank on her knees and began to pray fervently, first to her God Himself, then to his blessed Mother to intercede for her: “because,” as she herself afterwards expressed it, “the sweet Virgin niver offinded Him, an I've done nothing else iver since I came to this counthry.” Her short petition ended, she rose from her humble attitude, not without comfort, and thinking it useless to undress, lest Florry “ud wantn ony thing,” threw herself on her bed, and, overpowered by heat, sorrow, and mental anguish, soon sank into a deep though uneasy slumber. How long it lasted she knew not, yet she fancied it must have been of some duration, when she was aroused by a flash of light so vivid it illumined the room; this was succeeded by a terrific peal of thunder, making the crazy walls reverberate and totter, whilst the flooring shook beneath her. She sat up and looked fearfully around, when she for the first time discovered there were others who had been startled even more than herself. The flickering light of a candle burning low in the socket revealed the haggard and bloodless countenance of Florry Daly; he was standing erect on the hearth, with knit brow and folded arms, his eyes fixed on a bundle which Jack Burke and his brother were busily unrolling at his feet: it contained something very bright, with a tingling sound when moved; but as they escaped from the grasp of Corney Burke, Kate wondered what on earth they wanted with so many tin mugs and platters. She was about to inquire, when the sight of the fourth of the party made her resolve to lie down and remain quite still until he was gone. Seated at his ease, with perfect unconcern, was Ned Pratt, his always repulsive countenance rendered still more so

by the half smile it wore as he prepared to reply to some previous observation of Daly's.

"It's rather late to play the saint now," he exclaimed with a sneer; "these things must be stowed somewhere; if the peelers hadn't been on our track, they could have been taken to the Jew's at once; but I'm too well known to run the risk, so they must remain here for a day or two; you can keep out of the way."

"By St. Patrick an all the saints whom I've deserted, not a fraction of em shall bide here! I'd not have a hair of her head hurted for the whole booty, an tin times more; I wish, Nid Pratt, I'd niver seen you; but I'll shake you off now, that's detarmined."

The person addressed whistled carelessly, beating time with his foot, apparently deriving great amusement from the impatience of Daly, before he condescended to reply.

"You'll shake yourself off, Florry, like a fool as you are, and have the detective police after us before we've done squabbling. How can your baby wife come to harm, when there isn't proof? And even if it were found in the well, with all of us absent, who's to know how it came there in such a house as this?"

"I've said my say, an I'll bide by it," answered Florry sullenly. "Divide the spoil hophazard, and take yersilf off; yer the ownly one known, and that broken finger ull be a proof against you. But for *her*, Nid Pratt, I'd blow yer brains out before I'd see her trimbling in a poleesh-coorte."

And suiting the action to the word, he drew a pistol out of his coat-pocket, presenting it at the head of the Englishman.

"None of your mad freaks," said the latter, with seeming coolness, though inwardly much astonished; "I didn't take all this trouble for nothing, you may be sure. Here, Jack, catch hold of these light articles, and stow them where you talked of, they arn't good for very much; I must cut off with the rest. Will you meet me near Gray's Inn Lane in an hour, Daly? if you don't find me, look after yourselves;—why, what's the man mouthing about now?"

"I was jist thinking, Misther Pratt, suppose you cut off, as you call it, wid the whole, and lave us to be hung in yer stead, that's all," he answered with emphasis.

"They can't hang us, Florry, remember that; did I not offer to leave it all with you? Let us go together then."

"I was wrong not to trust you, Nid," said Daly with a sudden revulsion of feeling; "but somehow the bisness doesn't sit light on me stomach, an thin I think of Kattie."

“Poor Kattie!” answered his companion thoughtfully, “she always reminds me of—of Winny’s child, and I heard the boys say so too. But I must not stand prating here; be with me as soon as you can;” and gathering up the plate—for such it really was—he hurried away.

The Burkes were already gone, and Daly, after closing the door behind him, turned round, when to his infinite horror he perceived Kate standing in the midst of the room; her face was pale as that of a corpse, and her eyes positively glaring in the intensity of her fear; she strove to speak, but her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, and it was not before repeated efforts that she succeeded in gasping out the single word, “Florry!” For a moment he too stood motionless; then grasping her by the arm, dragged her towards the table on which still lay the loaded pistol, and pointing towards it emphatically with his disengaged hand, exclaimed in a voice husky with passion,

“Answer me, Kate, how much or how little is it you’ve heerde of what we were talking about; and if you desave me, by the powers I’ll be the death of you!”

“I’ll tell you the truth, Florry,” she replied with the courage so often produced by excess of terror. “I s’pose I heerde a dale more than you’d like, though I can’t say I understood it intirely. Now be said by me, an don’t you go afther that Pratt, for it’s to no good he’ll lead you; and if ill ud come to you, Florry, whad ud I do, darling?”

“No harm ull come, my own Kattie, if you keep quiet and don’t let mortal man know I’ve been home to-night; if any should ask afther me, you don’t know where I’m to be found, an that’ll be throe for you too; so God bless you, an I’ll be back whin I can settle wid Nid; an mind, I’ll bring you a beautiful new gownd, and you’ll have plinty to ate and dhrink too.”

So saying, he once more concealed the pistol, and embracing his wife prepared to leave the house; but she twined her arms round him, and besought him so piteously to stay that for a moment he was inclined to take her advice; then, ashamed of his fluctuation of purpose, he angrily broke from her, and departed as noiselessly as possible.

The poor girl fastened the door, and when fairly alone gave full vent to her grief; seating herself on the side of the bed, she sobbed like a child, rocking her body to and fro and talking to herself in Irish. The daylight streaming through the uncurtained casement, reminded her the “neybours ud be wondering;” so she washed her face, undid the bolt, and, to divert her anguish of mind, set about cleaning the room, sing-

ing as she did so to shew how happy she was. A hundred times during her work would she pause to listen for Florry; not a foot passed the door but she was sure it was his; not a voice met her ear but she was up "to see was it him calling;" and as these were momentary occurrences, no marvel that evening found the scouring not half done, and Kate exhausted and faint. She had a few halfpence left, "so she stepped into one of the hucksters to get a candle, a grain of tay, an a bit of butther, in case he'd come back." Yet that night passed, and the close of the succeeding day found her still alone and penniless. What was to be done? she thought not of herself; but there were no coals to warm *him*, no candle to cheer *him*, when he did come, "an of coorse he'd be in in a minute." She dared not ask Mary for the loan of a sixpence, lest she should question her concerning her husband; so she looked anxiously about the room to see if there was any thing on which she might procure the required sum. Almost every article was gone,—the plaid shawl, her best gown, every thing but her ring; with that she would not part come what might; and she was about to abandon the search in despair, when a bundle of something in the corner attracted her attention. Hastily taking it up, she discovered it to be a tolerably good jacket, such as is worn by grooms, and with it were a large pair of scissors, or rather shears, generally used in stables. Not remembering to have seen them before, she wondered how they came there; until recollecting her turn-out of the preceding day, she concluded they belonged to Daly, and had been dislodged from some hiding-place without her noticing it. She hesitated a few seconds, but strong necessity overcame even her fears of his displeasure; so rolling them up together, she proceeded rapidly down the "Hollow," lest her husband might return during her absence. She was well known to the pawnbroker, yet he turned the jacket about, and examined the shears with minute attention, inquiring more than once how she came by them? She told him they were her husband's, that she found them in the corner; and departed much pleased at so easily obtaining the sum she required.

That night, alas! was doomed to be another of maddening suspense to poor Kate; and the bright beams of a July sun found her still seated by the black and untidy grate, dirty, wobegone, without heart to stir, and in a state of mind evidently bordering on insanity. The clock of a neighbouring church struck twelve; she counted the strokes though without knowing why she did so, and in so pre-occupied a mood, that had any one asked her the hour, it would have been impossible for her to satisfy them. Sounds of many voices and heavy

steps were now heard ascending the stairs; she listened in the same dreamy way without evincing any surprise, although it was an hour at which the house was generally deserted. The room-door noiselessly opened, and then indeed she sprang to her feet, turning joyfully round to welcome her long-absent husband. She was, however, doomed to fresh disappointment; there were three or four men present, but the only familiar face amongst them was that of the pawnbroker. Two of the number wore the uniform of policemen, the other, though in plain clothes, was evidently one of the detective officers; and although not conscious of the object of their visit, their appearance made her heart beat thick.

"This is the person from whom you received the articles in question, sir?" inquired one of the force, pointing in the direction of our heroine.

"It is; and I do not think she will deny the fact," answered the man in a tone of great commiseration, for her gentle manners and civility had gained his good-will. "Did you not, my girl, pawn a jacket and shears at our shop last evening?"

"Indeed an I did, sir; sorry I was to do it, but I was obliged, for the fire was out, an ——"

"Let me caution you to say nothing to criminate yourself," interrupted the officer; "the goods are stolen, and we must take you in charge; Evans, search the room."

His comrade obeyed; the drawers and boxes were opened, the bedding shook, every hole ransacked, whilst Kate, paralysed by astonishment and fear, imploringly exclaimed,—

"Oh, thin, don't take me to prison, sir; I niver stole a thing in me life, barring the nuts whin I was a child, an thin mother bate me to make me remimber. Ownly wait till me husband cums home, and he'll tell you it was for himself, an not staling at all I was; I wouldn't wrong Florry for the whole world."

"We do not accuse you of robbing your husband, child," said the pawnbroker kindly, "and I really believe *you* to be innocent; the truth is, the house of Dr. Sumners at Norwood was broken into on Monday night, and the articles you pawned are identified as part of the property."

"Indeed, an I niver broke into a house," sobbed poor Kate, in an accent of unfeigned surprise; "so ye'r undher a mistake altogether."

"But your husband may have done so, girl; and you are accused of receiving goods, knowing them to be stolen. But do not frighten yourself in this manner; if you are not guilty, you will be discharged."

This speech of the humane officer's, though meant for con-

solution, sent the blood from her cheek, as she remembered the conversation which she had overheard the night of the thunder-storm; she, however, made no answer, but putting on her bonnet, walked quietly down the "Hollow" by the side of one of the policemen, the remainder of the party following at a short distance. To add to her mortification (had it been possible to do so), she was recognised on her road to the court-house by many of her associates, whilst her red swollen eyes and pallid cheeks did not fail to excite the sympathy of some and the derision of others. Yet their observations fell on deaf ears; her heart was with him whose guilt had placed her in her present ignominious situation, and the "Here we are at last" of her companion, as they reached the open door of the prisoners' entrance, was probably the most welcome sound she had heard that day. The van in which these latter had been brought to the office still stood at the entrance of the vaulted passage leading to the police-court, and, as was usual, the numerous hives with which the main alley is intersected, poured forth their idlers, eager to see them brought in, or rather out, as the examinations had been on since half-past ten o'clock. Amongst these loiterers were a few from the "Buildings," whose surprise at seeing Kattie in custody was loudly expressed, according to the dispositions of those who gave it utterance.

"Sure an it's Missis Daly; who'd have thought it! What's she been at, I wonther?"

"Ah, pride ull always come to shame. See that now, her husband's like to be transported, I've heerde."

"Poor thing!" said a third, "she was too good for the likes of him; she's ownly a Gracian too."

Their voices died into an indistinct murmur, as, passing on, her cheeks tingling with shame, she found herself in a long stone passage, or hall, lined on either side by benches filled with prisoners, witnesses waiting to be called, and anxious friends. Policemen were hurrying to and fro in every direction, bearing the truncheon-like rolls containing the charges; whilst others were gathered in knots, discussing the likelihood of getting up a case for the Sessions, and the consequent chance of their own preferment.

"Stay here one moment," said the officer; "I don't think we're called into court yet."

"Yes, Evans," exclaimed the sergeant of the division, "the case is now on; bring forward the prisoner."

"This way then," said the policeman addressed; and taking her by the arm, he led her the length of the hall up two or three steps into a sort of ante-room, from which a door com-

municated with the court itself. Here every thing wore a more official appearance; the inspectors were collected round a desk, at which presided the officer whose business it was to settle fines, examine the fitness of bails, and transact other matters of business peculiar to a police-court. At the entrance of this apartment Kate was resigned to the guardianship of the turnkey, one who under a rough exterior concealed a feeling heart, and who gazed in astonishment at her childlike appearance. "Why she isn't much like the rest on 'em, I think, Mr. Sweetly; there must be a mistake;" and throwing open the door, he escorted the trembling Kate into the court itself. This was a room rather confined and ill-ventilated; the bench being raised a step and carpeted, beneath it sat a copying-clerk, and on either side were oak forms, which printed notices appropriated to the use of reporters and counsel, though in the present case they were occupied by the friends of Dr. Sumners, as were also the vacant chairs on the bench. The space allotted for the public behind the dock was literally crowded by the lower orders; in fact, it was evident the examination was one which excited great interest. But it was on an elderly gentleman with powdered hair and a glittering watch-chain that the girl's eyes were riveted. He was the sitting magistrate; she felt it, and something told her she was glad of it: for he was blessed with a humane expression of countenance, which his actions did not belie; and though inflexibly just, he was one who grudged neither time nor labour in sifting a case, never consulting his own ease or convenience when the interests of the public required its sacrifice. True, his underlings sometimes grumbled, and designated the worthy magistrate as *prosy*. So did not the half-famished wife, who, with a squalid infant in her arms and a cut across her brow, sued for protection against him who had vowed at the altar to be her solace and comforter; so did not those whose differences, after disturbing a neighbourhood perhaps for years, were reconciled more effectually by the good man's jesting exhortations, than by the strong arm of the law. Yet the habitual drunkard and profligate feared his frown, for he could be severe as well as merciful; and it was evident the case before him had awakened the former more than the latter attribute.

Next to the magistrate was seated a gentleman whose appearance betokened him as belonging to the very highest grade of society: he started on the entrance of the girl, and fixed his dark penetrating eye on her with an expression of pity and almost painful interest, although she herself was too pre-occupied by her degradation to notice him then; had she done so, she would have recognised him as one who not very long

ago had well-nigh fallen a victim to her vanity and his own imprudence. She was placed within the dock side by side with the others; her pale though innocent face contrasting powerfully with the variety of evil passions impressed on the countenances of her fellow-prisoners. At the farther end stood the two Burkes; Jack sullen and dogged, his brother wretched enough, with downcast head and bloodshot eyes, from which he vainly strove to chase the tear which he seemed to think shamed his manhood, or more correctly boyhood,—for Corney Burke was not yet eighteen, and had been led into this scrape by his elders. Next to him was Nell Sullivan, lacking none of her usual effrontery; dirty, slovenly, no blush on her cheek, with a countenance which spoke as plainly as possible that she was resolved to brazen it out. Then came one hardened in guilt, a character well known to the officers, more especially in the neighbourhood of Fox Court, a locality remarkable for the nefarious propensities of its inhabitants; he had repeatedly been placed at the tribunal of justice for minor offences, but this, if proved home to him, was transportation, and he knew it, yet he was unmoved; he had cast glances of scornful defiance at his accusers, of contemptuous pity at his companions, until his eye met those of Kate, when a pang of remorse flitted athwart his countenance, and Pratt, bold and reckless as he was, cowered beneath the withering glance of Florry Daly, who then buried his head in his hands and groaned aloud. Placed by his side, the poor girl, almost forgetful of her dangerous situation, uttered a cry of gladness, stretched out her arms, tottered, and must have fallen but for his support; she clung around him, wept, laughed hysterically, and was evidently so unable to stand that a chair was brought for her accommodation.

We will not enter into the details of the case; suffice it to say, the Burkes had contrived by means of a forged character to obtain temporary employment in the stables of Dr. Sumners, and through their means, on the night in question, Pratt and Daly having obtained admission, an extensive robbery had been committed, though not so noiselessly but that the servants had been aroused, and Pratt, who was the last to quit the house, had his finger broken in the scuffle which ensued. Through the vigilance of the detective police the whole had been captured, and the plate recovered before it was melted down; and from the conclusive nature of the evidence they would have been sent to the Sessions on the first hearing but for the unavoidable absence of Dr. Sumners, owing to the rapid increase of the cholera and his consequent professional duties.

“Catherine Daly,” said the magistrate, “wife of the prisoner Florry Daly, charged with receiving goods, knowing them to be stolen: call the witness.”

“Indeed, yer riverince! sir! I ask yer wurship’s pardon, but I niver knew sich a thing an”——

“Silence, my girl; you will be heard in your turn: call the witness.”

The pawnbroker was placed in the box. He identified Kate as the person who had pledged the articles in question, adding he had known her some time; she had always appeared a quiet well-disposed person, and he really believed she was speaking truth when she asserted she had found them in cleaning out the room, and supposed them to be her husband’s.

“Now, prisoner,” demanded the magistrate, “what have you to say to all this? How came you by these articles?”

“Sure an yer wurship its meesilf do’sn’t know; I found thim in a hape, an there was no fire for Florry, and nothink to ate, so I parted thim; an can’t he do what he likes wid his own?”

“They were not his own; but answer me: were you not aware they were part of property stolen from Dr. Sumners’ house, and did you not receive them knowing this?”

“Indeed, an I didn’t; ask Florry, he’ll tell you so; an he, poor fellow! if they *are* stolen, it isn’t his fault for sartain, but that Ned Pratt’s, who was always cuming an takin him away from me, an I feared it was afther no good they were.”

“Well, my poor girl,” said the magistrate kindly, “I really believe *you* to be innocent. For Ned Pratt, Florry Daly, Jack and Corney Burke, the proofs against them are so clear, I must fully commit them to take their trial at the Old Bailey for burglary; also Ellen Sullivan as an accomplice before the act, and for receiving no inconsiderable share of the booty, knowing it to be stolen; but for yourself, if you had any one to speak to your character, I should discharge you.”

“An yer wurship, if my word ud be taken, she’s as innocent as an angel; Pratt ull say so too. She knew nothing of the bisness before or afther; and how should she?” passionately exclaimed Daly. “She’s little betther than a child, yer wurship, an don’t, God bless you, send her to jail, to be hardened by what she’s not used to; isn’t it bad enough that she iver came across the like of me? I’ve ruined meesilf, or that divil Pratt did it for me; but don’t let me have the ruin of *her* on me sowl.”

“Your testimony,” answered the magistrate, much moved, “would avail her little. You seem to love your wife; why

did you not think of her before you leagued with one who is well known as an old offender?"

"I did think of her," said Florry; "I thought of nothing else. It was all the dhrink; I couldn't keep the work, and I couldn't see her pining with want; whin she fretted I grew mad, an, God forgive me! I gave her the stern look and the hard word, but it was all on account of the love I had for her; though I s'pose whin I'm thransported, it's not long she'll mind it."

"With your case," continued the magistrate, "I cannot deal summarily; but for Catherine Daly," and he turned towards the officers, "is there no one who knows her?"

"If my guarantee would be of any avail," said the gentleman before mentioned rising from his seat, "I have some slight knowledge of the prisoner, and believe her utterly incapable of the offence she is charged with."

"You surely jest, Lord Norville," said Dr. Sumners with a smile, in which curiosity and incredulity were strangely mingled, "or probably are mistaken in the party; this girl lives in — Buildings."

"I know it, doctor, and have lately seen her under circumstances which convinced me she was as innocent as I knew those around her to be guilty."

The extraordinary beauty of the girl, and the unwonted eagerness of the usually stoically indifferent nobleman, awakened a strange suspicion in the bosom of Dr. Sumners, who, it may be remembered, had been mentioned by Mrs. Selby as the medical attendant of the Earl of Lindore; it was, however, chased or diverted into a fresh channel as Daly replied eagerly,

"Heaven bless you for that, my lord! I have much to ask your pardon for, an I do so heartily; an if you'd jist spake a word to Miss Bradshawe to look afther her, you'd have my prayers, though they're not worth much to be sure." At the mention of Josephine the colour deserted the earl's cheek, and, although conscious he was undergoing the scrutinising gaze of Dr. Sumners, he could not muster self-possession sufficient for a reply.

"Under all circumstances, then," said the magistrate, bowing towards Lord Norville, "I consider myself justified in discharging Catherine Daly; though, were she not the wife of one of the prisoners, Dr. Sumners," and he turned to the prosecutor, "her evidence might be of value."

"Indeed an she's no more his wife than I am," exclaimed Nell Sullivan, who was probably the only person present on whom this scene had failed in producing an impression;

“Florry Daly left a living wife and three childer at Roscrea, and his Pradestant widding was all a sham; let him deny it if he dare.” The face of the speaker bore the aspect of fiendish exultation, though it was well for her Pratt stood betwixt them, or not even the presence in which he stood would have been a protection against the effects of Florry’s rage.

“Liar! false, false liar!” he thundered; “you yersilf saw us married; don’t listen to her, Kate, me darling! it’s all invy, nothing else; you *are* my wife, an I’ll own ne’er anither.”

“Not till I’m dead, Masther Florry, vagabond as you are; an now you’ve got your desarts, here am I to the fore, yer lawful wife wid me lines in me pocket, and yer childer, you disobadient parint, all cum to look afther you; an an’t you shamed to look me in the face now?” So saying, the speaker, fighting her way through the crowd, stood before the bench, a stout red-faced woman, with a child on her back, another in her arms, and a third at her heels, the whole group being bare-footed and the worse for travel. “I’m an injured woman, plase yer lordship,” she continued; “I feared this gintleman was up to his thricks, so I follered him, an here I find him married an jist goin to be hanged; I was tould by a neybour that cumed from me own place where I’d find him, so she shewed me the way; so now he must lave this trumperry, an cum back wid his famerly.”

“What have you to say to this fresh and serious charge, prisoner?” inquired the magistrate, with a compassionate glance at Kattie, who seemed frozen into stone; “if it be true, the penalty is a severe one.”

“Thruel!” exclaimed the new-comer, “let him look me in the face and deny it. See his fine childer, as like him as two pays; an what ud he see in that pale-faced chit, I’d like to know? Wife indeed! I’ll pay her off, that I will, the jade!”

“Why do you not answer?” said Lord Norville anxiously; “the poor girl will be killed by this suspense; surely you cannot be such a villain?”

“I am a villain,” answered Daly in a tone of concentrated anguish, and with a look of fury at his new-found wife. “This woman’s uncle an I fell out; I hated the whole pack of em, an I swore I’d be revinged; but I loved Kattie too, an I thought I’d git the money and take her to America, an thin we’d be out of the way of that skirlling cat, an she’d niver be the wiser; but it’s all up wid me now. Kate, you must forget me, an thry an be happy widout me. An for you, marn, I’ll tell you a sacrate; it’s glad to be thransported I am, jist to keep out of the rache of yer claws.”

During this scene no word had been uttered by Kate, though her eyes had wandered from one speaker to another, as if she could read their inmost thoughts. But on Florry's words her very existence seemed to hang; she grew paler and paler, and busied herself striving to get the fatal ring from her finger; her hand was, however, so swollen that it for a time defied all her efforts; at last she succeeded; the colour rushed to her cheek, whilst an unnatural lustre blazed from her eye—"Florry," she exclaimed, "there was a curse on our widding; I knew it, I felt it *here*," and she pressed her hand on her heart, as though to quiet its tumultuous beatings. "Where will I go now? Who'll luk at me? I'll be pointed at, an all through you; but I forgive you, an lave you to God."

She threw the ring violently towards him, reeled forward, and fell on the floor, bathed in the blood which gushed from her mouth and nose; a bustle ensued; a stretcher being procured, the unfortunate girl was placed tenderly upon it, and conveyed to the infirmary; the prisoners were ordered to be removed, when Pratt, opening his lips for the first time, muttered, "Daly, you are the most cold-blooded scoundrel I ever encountered, and, please God I get the chance, I'll settle with you for this; so look to yourself, my fine fellow."

Mrs. Daly also retired with her "frinds," all talking and condoling together; and order being at length restored, the business of the day was proceeded with, and Kate Gearey soon forgotten, as new subjects of commiseration presented themselves.

CATHEDRAL CHAPTERS.

MANY of our readers will doubtless have asked themselves the question, What is a chapter? when they heard of the calling into life of the new chapters. Our past peculiar position has hitherto shut us out from all opportunities of acquiring even a slight knowledge of the details of the Church system as it is developed in all the fulness of her hierarchy; and now when our bishops in ordinary, and their assistant chapters, are once more established in England, we may perhaps feel that our ideas in ecclesiastical matters have not kept pace with the march of events. We are like the young proprietor suddenly called to his estate, unprovided with the knowledge which is to teach him the worth and value of what he has so lately acquired. If our information is not equal to

our present condition, we may reasonably cast the blame upon the extraordinary circumstances in which we have been placed for the last three centuries. Such being unquestionably our present position, we think our readers will not require from us any apology for offering some remarks upon a subject, novel indeed in our pages, and at first sight somewhat dry perhaps, yet really so full of interest for us all; we feel that we shall only be satisfying a very general and reasonable curiosity, whilst we trace a slight outline of the constitution and history of Cathedral Chapters.

We have said '*cathedral* chapters,' because there are many other bodies in the Church which are known by the same title. Such, for instance, are the chapters of regulars, which are held at stated intervals to deliberate upon the general concerns of their respective orders; or the daily or weekly meetings of certain religious communities in the presence of their superior. Again, there are secular chapters of collegiate churches, with the style and title of canons, having the obligation of chanting daily the divine offices;—we use the word "offices" in the plural, in order to include the *Missa solemnis*, which forms one of the daily obligations of chapters. But cathedral chapters, beside the above-named style and title of canons, and the daily chanting of the divine offices, inherit a certain power and jurisdiction, and may be called the senate and counsellors of the Bishop (*nati consilarii Episcopi*, as Thomassinus calls them). They are distinctively known without any prefix as *the chapter*, whereas other bodies having this same name usually require a more specific description, and their quality, as secular or religious, or whatever it may be, must be distinctly stated before we can comprehend their precise nature.

In the articles of reform drawn up by Cardinal Pole for the English Church, he expresses in a few words the object of the institution of chapters.* "Canonries and prebends," he says, "were established in the Church in order that those who are appointed to them may assist the Bishop, and aid him with their labour and advice in the duties of his charge, and serve the Church in the celebration of the divine offices." In reference to the former and more specific privilege of cathedral chapters, the Council of Trent recites:† "Whereas dignities, especially in cathedral churches, were established to preserve and increase ecclesiastical discipline, with the view that those who should obtain them might be pre-eminent in piety, be an example to others, and aid the Bishop by their exertions and services, it is but right that those who are called to those dig-

* V. Thomassin. De Benef. p. 1. lib. iii. cap. ix. n. 6.

† 24 sess. 12 cap. de ref.

nities should be such as are able to answer the purposes of their office ;” and at the end of the same chapter we are told, “ that the canons may deservedly be called the senate of the Bishop.” In this capacity, chapters may be said to have existed from the very earliest times, for we find frequent mention made by ecclesiastical historians of the presbytery and clergy, and of their being called the counsellors of the Bishop. In the first ages, whole dioceses were confined within the limits of single cities, and had little or no extension into the neighbouring country ; moreover, for a long period there was but one principal church in each city, whither the clergy and laity were wont to resort and gather round the common father of them all. Hence the Bishop found no difficulty in assembling his counsellors together ; for all the clergy assisted him daily in the celebration of Mass, and so were constantly at hand to be consulted upon the affairs of his church. Even after the faith had been more extensively propagated in the country districts, and priests and choir-bishops appointed to take charge of rural churches, the clergy of the cities persevered in the ancient custom of assembling at the cathedral for the sacred functions, and were therefore ever ready to deliberate and consult with the Bishop. By and by, however, after the downfall of the empire and the conversion of the barbarians, the multitude of the faithful increased too rapidly for all to be able to find accommodation in the single basilica where the Bishop resided. Other churches were erected, and a greater number of priests ordained, and separate districts or territories were marked out, each having its own church and its own sacred functions, and its priests and attendant clergy to preside therein in the name and place of the Bishop. When these changes had been introduced, and the numbers of the clergy had multiplied in town and country, it was soon found to be impossible to adhere to the ancient custom of convoking all the priests of the diocese to the episcopal conferences ; and hence, in the course of time, the members of the cathedral church, who were ever near the Bishop, assisting him at all the solemn functions of the liturgy, naturally came to occupy their present position, and to be considered in a manner as the representatives of the rest of their brethren, and the hereditary advisers of the diocesan Bishop.

During the middle ages, the chapters come more and more prominently before us, and we find them receiving honour and titles above the rest of the clergy, and some of their members (their dignitaries) ruling with jurisdiction and *in foro externo*. In those times, the importance of the chapters as a body was fully developed, so that in the first authoritative compilation of

canon law, the Decretals published by Gregory XIII. (1234), and afterwards increased by Boniface VIII. (1298), we read in the third book several heads or titles* which enumerate the different powers and functions of chapters. From these documents it appears that in some cases the consent of the chapter was necessary to give validity to episcopal acts, as, for instance, in the alienation of church-property; in other cases their counsel and advice only were required. Many additional privileges were at times conferred on them by the popes, or they themselves frequently acquired new rights by the prescription of custom.

Ultimately, however, this immense increase of power acquired by the chapters proved detrimental to them; sometimes they attempted to exercise undue influence over the ordinary, or even claimed a controlling power over his acts; at other times, vicious members of their body took occasion of the exemptions which they enjoyed to screen themselves from episcopal superintendence, and were supported in their pretensions, perhaps, by others of their brethren, to the great scandal of the faithful. From this and other causes, popes and councils, who had first raised up the chapters to dignity and importance, now enacted other laws restricting their rights and privileges; and according to the Council of Trent (the *jus novum* of the canonists), there are now-a-days very few cases in which it is necessary for the ordinary to gain the consent of the chapters for the validity of his enactments: still the same holy synod recognises in the canons of the cathedral the counsellors of the Bishops; they are the Bishop's senate, and their *advice* must be taken upon many important concerns of the Church.

Some time after the Fathers of Trent had dispersed, some few of the chapters began to revive their ancient claims; and St. Charles Borromeo, in his fifth council of Milan, deemed it necessary to interfere and to defend the episcopal authority. In the eleventh chapter he enacts, "that where the Council of Trent or provincial synods have enjoined that any thing is to be done with the advice of the chapter or clergy, the Bishop must not think that he is under any obligation of following that advice, excepting only in those cases where it is especially and particularly provided." So too Benedict XIV., treating on this subject in his work *De Syn. Diœces.* (lib. xiii. cap. i. n. 6), tells us, "that although the Bishop may be bound to

* *Ne sede vacante*; *De his quæ fiunt a Prelatis sine consensu Episcopi*; *De his quæ fiunt a majore parte capituli*; *De Prebendis et dignitatibus*,—under which titles canonical writers, who follow the order of the Decretals, generally treat of questions affecting chapters and their privileges.

ask the advice of the chapter, he lies under no obligation of acting up to it, *nisi in casibus a jure expressis.*" Again, he warns us "not to consider this consulting with the chapter a merely useless injunction; for although the Bishop is not absolutely required to follow this advice, he may still be instructed by the arguments of his counsellors, and guarded against inconsiderate and hasty measures. On this account the Roman Pontiff is not wont to determine difficult matters without the advice of his cardinals, though he is aware that the exercise of his supreme power is in no way dependent upon their consent."

Thus according to modern canon law, in the ordinary concerns of the diocese the Bishop conducts his administration uncontrolled: he appoints priests to parishes, absolutely or according to the rules of the *conkursus*, as the case may be; he holds ordinations or makes visitations at appointed times; in him resides the jurisdiction and authority to rule, and he confers upon confessors delegated power to act in the entire or in any part of his diocese; he can take cognisance of the misconduct of his clergy, and inflict punishment upon them by his ordinary power; or, when this is insufficient, he is commissioned to act in many cases as the delegate of the Holy See. But when affairs of greater moment are involved, the utility of a consultive body becomes manifest; the chapter is called in according to the provisions of the law, and their advice and opinion is taken. Thus, the members of the chapter have the right of appearing personally at the diocesan synod, and have a consultive voice in its proceedings; and when the prelates of different churches are assembled together in a provincial synod, the several chapters of those churches are there represented by their delegates, and take part in the consultations of the Bishops; but they are not allowed to give a decisive or deliberative vote upon the questions under discussion. Again, in countries where the *conkursus* for parishes has been established, the examiner of the candidates must be appointed at the diocesan synod; and whenever a synod has not been held for a twelvemonth, and the examiners, either from death or other causes, have ceased to hold office, the Bishop can name other examiners out of synod, with the concurrence of the chapter.

We must not, however, look upon the newly-erected chapters simply as so many episcopal senates and councils, for we are further taught by canonical writers that the Bishop and his chapter are, in fact, the two great components of a church; both together they make up a see, and hence the dictum of canon law that "*sedes non moritur*," the see never dies; for

when the Bishop is taken away by death, or he himself resigns his charge, the see still lives and survives in the chapter. Hence upon the demise of the diocesan all his ordinary power and jurisdiction devolves upon the chapter, which, as Devoti remarks after Cardinal de Luca,* receives this authority, not in force of any special privilege or delegation, but by a kind of natural and special right (*quodam nativo et proprio jure*). Formerly the members of the cathedral church seem to have exercised their power in common, appointing others to rule in their name, and recalling their commissions at will; but the Council of Trent, in order to obviate the inconveniences resulting from this system, ordained† “that within eight days after the death of the Bishop the chapter shall be absolutely bound either themselves to appoint an official or vicar, or else confirm the one who already fills that office.” The person thus elected is styled vicar capitular, and administers the diocese as the representative of the chapter: his appointment is irrevocable, and he remains in office until a new Bishop has been named by the Pope; and if the interregnum continue for any length of time, the vicar capitular may make a visitation of the diocese, or convoke a diocesan synod, whenever a twelvemonth has elapsed since the last synod or visitation was held. But if the chapter should neglect to name its vicar within the prescribed time, the appointment devolves on the metropolitan; and it is further ruled by the same council, that if the chapter of any suffragan church should allow its privilege of naming a vicar to lapse at the time when the archbishop is dead, and the affairs of the metropolitan church are administered by a vicar capitular, in that case the forfeited privilege of the suffragan church would be transferred, not to any of the nearest Bishops, but to the chapter of the metropolitan church.‡

If any one should think that the more modern legislation of the Church has curtailed too much the ancient privileges of chapters, he must at least confess that the Council of Trent has increased their dignity and pre-eminent position by ordaining§ that a canon penitentiary should be appointed in every cathedral where it can be conveniently done; and also by renewing more imperatively the decree of the Council of Lateran, which enacts the creation of a canon theologian. These two canonries belong more especially to cathedral chapters; whereas other secular collegiate churches have no penitentiary, and very few of them can erect a theological

* Lib. i. tit. iii. sect. 8.

† Sess. 24, cap. xvi. de ref.

‡ Bened. XIV. de Synod. lib. ii. cap. 9, v. 2.

§ Sess. 24, cap. viii. de ref.

canonry. The penitentiary receives at his institution to his canonry jurisdiction to hear confessions in any part of the diocese; he requires no delegation of faculties from the Bishop or vicar-general; but in the act of his installation the law itself, in the name of the Church, confers faculties upon him *in perpetuum*; so that he need not renew them from time to time, but they remain with him to his death, unless he himself voluntarily resigns his office and its annexed rights. In countries where there are cases reserved to the Bishop, the penitentiary has generally more extensive powers of granting absolution from them than other confessors. In some dioceses it has been customary for the canon penitentiary to draw up the cases for the clerical conferences, as was the custom in the archdiocese of Bologna when Benedict XIV. was archbishop of that city; but very often this duty has been affixed to the theological prebend. The office of the canon theologian, as defined by the Council of Trent,* especially consists in expounding holy Scripture to the clergy and people; or in those dioceses where the clerical students may stand in need of a theological professor, his scriptural expositions may be commuted into lectures of divinity; or, again, where the diocesan laws have annexed to his office the care of compiling the cases for the clerical conference, he may be required to propound moral or liturgical questions, and to be ready at the end of the conference to bring forward a formal solution of them. Such is the interpretation of this decree given many times by the Congregation of Cardinal Interpreters of the Council of Trent, and which has been adopted into the diocesan statutes of many churches abroad.

Before we conclude this brief outline, it may be well to mention that the canon law has not fixed any definite title (*e. g.* dean,) for the head of the chapters, and that custom in different countries has given a different name to the first dignitary of the cathedral. In Italy, we are told by Devoti, the most usual designation is that of archdeacon; in Spain and Portugal the principal canon is styled dean; and in Germany he is named *præpositus* or provost; or he might be called archpriest, after the fashion of many churches in the middle ages.

We have said nothing of the duty incumbent upon the members of cathedral chapters to chant the divine offices and assist the Bishop at all solemn functions and processions in the cathedral, not because we undervalue this portion of their office, but because it is both more commonly known, and also, with our present paucity of priests and absence of endowments,

* Sess. 5, cap. i. de ref.

less capable of being revived. Benedict XIV., in his bull *Cum semper*, has declared that every day the divine office and the conventual Mass are to be offered up in general for all the benefactors of the chapter; and we would fain hope that the times may not be far distant when our canons may be summoned to discharge this same duty, and repay, by offering the holy sacrifice and by psalmody, the charity of many benefactors.

Reviews.

TRANSLATIONS AND EDITORS.

The Life of Henry VIII., and History of the Schism of England; translated from the French of M. Audin, by E. G. K. Browne. Dolman, London.

M. AUDIN's merits as a biographer (if we ought not rather to say historian) have been so long acknowledged in his own country, and indeed in Europe generally, that it is needless for us to speak of them. Opinions will differ as to the merits of his *style*: we should ourselves, perhaps, be inclined to take objection to it as being too laboured, too dramatic, for the grave subjects with which his pen is engaged. His pages, too, are almost overloaded with facts; he has so intimate a knowledge of every detail of his subject, that he is tempted, every now and then, to become somewhat too discursive,—to step aside and give us an insight into the interior of some pretty little cottage or magnificent palace which he has occasion to pass, when he should rather be making progress along the main road on which he has undertaken to guide us. These faults, however, are faults on the right side; and all must agree that he deserves the very highest praise for his painstaking accuracy in the collection of materials, and for his dispassionate judgment upon the several events and individuals which are brought before him in the course of his narrative. On the whole, therefore, we know of no modern author to whom we should more confidently recommend the student who was in search of trustworthy information about the rise and progress of the Reformation than M. Audin. His lives of Luther, Calvin, Henry VIII., and Leo X., each in itself voluminous and valuable, go far, when taken together, towards forming a complete history of that event.

But in proportion to our appreciation of the works of this author as they stand in the original, is our regret and disappointment at the translation which is here presented to us of one of the most important of them,—of one which, to Englishmen at least, is *the* most important and interesting of them all. We have often had occasion to complain of the worthlessness of some of our Catholic translations; but the present specimen far exceeds any thing of the kind that we ever read or could have imagined. Some translations, though in the main correct, are spoiled through occasional carelessness and blunders; others again, without violating a single rule of grammar, are yet unreadable from their extremely un-English, un-idiomatic character. But Mr. Browne has contrived to unite in his translation both these, and almost every other conceivable fault. His translation is careless, clumsy, and incorrect. Whole paragraphs are occasionally omitted without rhyme or reason, unless it were that the translator saw a difficulty which he could not otherwise solve; portions of paragraphs are omitted still more frequently, probably in more than twenty different chapters. New ideas are introduced, or (much more commonly) the ideas of the original text are lost in almost every page. Then, as to the elegance of the translation—a quality which is sometimes purchased by other translators by those unwarrantable liberties which we have been reprehending—it is impossible to read ten consecutive pages without being most unpleasantly interrupted, if not actually puzzled, by the un-English idioms and forms of speech which are continually recurring. But above all, this translation is utterly incorrect. Verbs are mistaken for substantives; tenses, past, present, and future, are interchanged with the most supreme indifference as well to the drift of the history as to the actual text of the original; negatives are exchanged for affirmatives, and one word substituted for another of a totally different meaning, without the slightest compunction. Need we say that the result is disastrous in the extreme? Many sentences have no sense at all, and many more have a sense at variance with, if not diametrically opposed to, the sense of M. Audin's real words.

So severe a judgment requires, perhaps, that we should allege a few particulars for its justification; for our readers' sake, however, they shall be few. We pass by the more foreign expressions, such as, "changing her love *with* violent hatred," "confiding weighty functions *on* the sovereign," "too great a trial *on* his vanity," and a hundred others of the same kind; strange words likewise, such as "humanist," "attribution," "acephalous" (or, as the printer's devil has maliciously

put it, by way of still more hopelessly perplexing the unlearned reader, "acephalous"), &c.; and confine ourselves to a few only of those passages which have either no sense at all, or not the sense of the corresponding passage in M. Audin's work. As a specimen of the former class, we will take the first that comes to hand; the following occurs in the account of Cardinal Wolsey, and is intended to express the extraordinary versatility of his talent.

"Not content with studying the great problems of psychology, he dipped into the physical world at his leisure; and after having examined the position assumed in the creation of *her* (whose?) purely spiritual acts, would vouchsafe to think of her material actions" (p. 65).

Of passages mistranslated, yet not making actual nonsense, we will give two or three examples, exhibiting M. Audin and his translator in parallel columns, in order that the reader may see, not only that they *are* mistranslated, but also *how* they came to be so, viz. through the translator's most imperfect knowledge of the French language.

"Le cardinal Pole prétend que Cranmer *ne devait pas tenir son sérieux.*"

"Un théologien d'Oxford, Hubbardon, espèce d'*histrion*, qui, sans respect pour sa robe, s'amuse à débiter de grossières injures contre la royauté, et dans la chaire sainte danse et gambade en décrivant Anne Boleyn" (tom. ii. p. 158, ed. Tournai).

"Qu'on ne pense pas qu'Henry perdit patience; le crime luttait d'obstination avec la vertu. Au glorieux confesseur de la foi . . . il voulut offrir un spectacle capable de glacer d'effroi; une femme serait là qui, pendant la défaillance de la chair, surprendrait peut-être chez le patient une tentation toute matérielle, et comme une aspiration à la vie: le corps vaincu, l'âme céderait enfin" (p. 133).

"Cardinal Pole pretends that Cranmer *could not have been serious*" (p. 225).

"A theologian of Oxford, Hubbardon, a kind of *tutor*, gave utterance to gross insults against the king, in the pulpit, *in the hall-room, and in jesting*" (p. 264).

"It must not be imagined that Henry gave way to impatience; he struggled obstinately with More's virtue. He tried this glorious confessor of the faith . . . *in a way which would have made others shrink*; a woman would be there who *would perhaps be able to overcome the old man*: the body once vanquished, the soul would yield" (p. 253).

Was there ever a sentence more thoroughly emasculated by the process of translation than this? and yet we could find its parallel in too many chapters of the volume before us. We

will mention but one instance more, taken from the celebrated letter of Anne Boleyn to her tyrant-lord, after she had been thrown into prison, and was now awaiting her trial. In the course of this letter, the unhappy prisoner protests that no prince ever had a more devoted wife "than Anne Boleyn always was to you." Hereupon, after mentioning this name, Mr. Browne makes the lady continue thus: "I shall willingly confine myself to that name; I shall willingly, and without the slightest regret, retain my present position, unless God and your majesty decide otherwise." That she should have been willing to make a compromise with the king, and have readily consented to perpetual imprisonment rather than stand the chance of losing her head as the issue of a trial, was not to be wondered at perhaps; but we were certainly puzzled, in reading this passage, to know how she proposed to confine herself for the future to the use of her maiden-name. To help ourselves out of the difficulty, we had recourse to the original; and there we found that Mistress Anne Boleyn had never dreamed of surrendering herself so quietly as an inmate of the Tower for life, but had only declared that she *should have been* well content to retain her maiden-name and her original obscurity of station, had not God and his majesty—or rather, had not his majesty and somebody else—willed it otherwise. The translator had simply mistaken *serais* for *serai*. He then goes on thus: "I never so far forgot myself on the throne to which you raised me as to expect the disgrace from which I now suffer." The original says directly the reverse; she had always contemplated the possibility of such a reverse of fortune. Again, the translator continues: "I justify myself so far as to say, that my elevation being only founded on caprice, another object might easily seduce your imagination and your heart." What sort of a justification this was for a woman about to stand her trial as a faithless mistress or an adulterous wife, we were at a loss to conjecture. But Anne Boleyn never said that it *was* a justification; she had only said that even in the height of her prosperity she had been so far *just to herself* as always to remember that, as she owed her elevation to a caprice of affection, so she might at any time lose it again through the same cause.

After this example, it cannot be necessary that we should say another word upon the merits of this translation. There is another point, however, on which we are anxious to say a few words *à propos* to Mr. Browne's performance; and that is, the use and functions of an editor. We observed in a former number, that the aid of some thoroughly competent editor appeared to us to be an essential requisite for the success of Mr.

Dolman's promised Library; and the appearance of the present volume confirms us in that idea. Of course the editor and the translator may be, and in the present instance probably are, one and the same person; but this need not be. A bad translator may still be a competent editor of a translation, provided that he can be assured on other sufficient authority of the goodness of the translation which he edits; and on the other hand, the most eminent linguist may be but an indifferent hand at the work of editing.

An editor's duties concern the general "getting-up" of the volume. We do not of course mean the choice of type, paper, and the rest; these belong to the publisher. (And whilst on this subject, may we venture to express a hope that in the volumes of the forthcoming Library of Translations we shall not have printing in double columns? It has, we know, its commercial advantages; but these are dearly purchased, we think, at the cost of beauty and general readableness.) But an editor has to do with all the *literary* getting-up of the volume, the preface, notes, index, and the like, which, according to the manner in which they are executed, may be made to add or to detract most materially from the value of a work.

One of the least duties which devolves upon him (in case of any deficiency in this particular on the part of the translator) is to have an eye to the punctuation; a very trifling matter, but on which much of our comfort in reading certainly depends. It has fallen to our lot before now, in our editorial capacity, to have to decipher Mss. well worth deciphering—(which is saying a good deal for some specimens of calligraphy?)—but which have been rendered almost unintelligible by faulty punctuation. We have sometimes been tempted to suspect of a few of our kind contributors, that they must keep their commas, colons, and semicolons in a pepper-box, and give a good hearty shake, once for all, over each page as soon as it is written; or perhaps, as lazy boys sometimes manage the accentuation of their Greek exercises at school, they catch a daddy-longlegs, dip his feet in the ink, and let him crawl promiscuously over the paper. Anyhow, whatever the cause may be, the punctuation of Mss. is often most defective; and so is the punctuation of this volume of Mr. Browne's. Occasionally we have a sentence from fifteen to twenty lines in length, with half a dozen *whos* and *whiches* in the middle of it, with no stop bigger than a comma; whilst in other places we have such a bountiful supply of full-stops as to make an unnatural divorce between the nominative case and its verb, or even to give us whole sentences from which both of those necessary ingredients are altogether absent.

The next point to which an editor should direct his attention, and which requires a little more thought than mere punctuation, concerns the division of a work into chapters and paragraphs. The chapters, perhaps, may be safely left to the discretion of the original author; but not so the paragraphs, at least not in many translations. In some parts of the original of this work of M. Audin's, for instance, almost every sentence is printed as a separate and complete paragraph in itself. Had these multiplied divisions been retained in the translation, the result would have been most unpleasant; a nasty *jerky* style, by which the reader's mind would have been continually jolted up and down, with much the same prejudice to his equanimity as if his body were undergoing a similar process in a rough carriage upon a bad road; there is no repose, no certain breathing-time, no knowing where you may venture to make a momentary halt. In the translation, therefore, a number of these homœopathically-diminutive sentences have been wisely rolled together to form a single paragraph. But, unfortunately, this operation has not always been performed with that tact and delicacy which it requires. The operator on these occasions ought to be very careful in ascertaining that all the globules which he proposes to compress in this summary manner are really of a cognate nature; in other words, he ought so thoroughly to have mastered the sense of the whole and the connexion of the several parts, as to be able to re-arrange the divisions with precision and certainty. A paragraph, like a period, ought to contain within itself the conditions of its own limitation, if not obvious to all, yet at least easily distinguishable by the thoughtful and attentive critic. But the paragraphs of Mr. Browne's translation are for ever violating this fundamental law of composition, greatly to the reader's annoyance; as, for instance, in the last paragraph of page 225, both the paragraphs of page 265, and innumerable others.

We will not detain our readers by any notice of the preface and index, as part of the paraphernalia of a book belonging to the province of the editor, but come at once to what is the most important item of all,—the notes. Here there is obviously room for considerable difference between the original and a translation; and here, therefore, is especial opportunity for the display of skill and judgment on the part of a really competent editor. Some notes, almost indispensable in one language, would be simply ridiculous in another; points in English history, for example, or details of English manners, might require elucidation to a French reader, which are “familiar as household words” to an Englishman, &c. &c. M.

Audin's pages *abound* with notes; sometimes in a sentence of scarcely more than five lines we are directed three or four times to look at the bottom of the page; and wearisome as this process is, there is generally something to be found there worth looking for. Mr. Browne has retained the wearisome part of the business,—the perpetual interruption of our progress in the text by infinite references to foot-notes; but in nine cases out of ten has contrived to render the references utterly useless. Thus, M. Audin, in his great anxiety to satisfy his readers as to the authenticity of every detail of his narrative, has taken the trouble of quoting the very language of his original authorities at some length in the notes. Mr. Browne has retained this peculiarity precisely where it is of no use to the English reader, namely, where the original authorities are our most common historians or any other writer in our own language; but when the quotations are made from German, Latin, or other less common volumes, he has omitted them. Again, whenever M. Audin refers to an author, either ancient or modern, he is scrupulously exact in naming the volume, chapter, and page; Mr. Browne gives us the bare name of the author, and nothing more. The consequences of these two careless variations from the original are often most ludicrous. Thus, in one place the translation gives us three separate references to the same author for the details of a single execution for high treason; the references standing therefore simply thus, *Sanders, Ibid., Ibid.*; whereas the original had given in all these cases the *ipsissima verba* of the author quoted. Now we do not say that it was necessary that all these quotations should have been inserted at length; but certainly, if dispensed with, there was not the slightest advantage in retaining those empty memorials of them. In another place, the text tells us that "Hall has left a detailed account" of something, which is then immediately quoted with the usual inverted commas, &c.; at the end of the quotation stands an asterisk, which asterisk is duly interpreted in the notes, "Hall,"—neither more nor less than what we knew before. In fact, four-fifths of the notes as they appear in the translation are absolute trash, and would have been far better suppressed altogether; indeed, by way of making them a positive source of perplexity, as well as wholly unintelligible to the English reader, M. Audin's list of the principal authorities whom he has quoted, together with their precise dates, titles of their works, and the like, is here entirely omitted. This is a fruitful source of difficulty and confusion to the unlearned reader; thus, he finds himself referred some ten or twelve times to *MSS. Thompson*, and whilst his imagination is conjuring up

some dim vision of a mysterious owner of valuable manuscripts, there are no means placed within his reach whereby he may learn tidings of a certain Mrs. Thompson, who wrote a book on Henry VIII. some twenty years ago. *Schmidt*, again, is by no means an uncommon reference; but those who know only of the Canon Schmid, who writes children's tales, or of another, the author of a Concordance to the Greek Testament, are left to grope in the dark as to the secret link which could have brought either of these individuals into connexion with the life and times of Henry VIII.

Having said thus much on the subject of editing, we are anxious, before drawing this notice to a conclusion, to add a few words about the duties and difficulties of a translator. We have often had occasion to observe, that translation is by no means so easy a work as some persons seem to imagine. First and foremost, it requires, of course, a very thorough knowledge, not only of the language in which the original work is written, but also of our own, or whatever other language the original is to be translated into. And not only must the translator be in possession of this knowledge, he must also be very diligent in his use of it. Translation is not a work that can be taken up and put down again at little odds and ends of time, as a sort of by-play to fill up the intervals of more laborious occupation; it is itself laborious, often *very* laborious. It requires the most constant and unflagging attention to catch the exact sense of the original, and then an equally careful discrimination in the choice of English to do justice to it. The translator should aim at establishing a kind of sympathy between his own mind and the mind of the author on whom he is engaged; he ought to make the author, as it were, his dearest and most intimate friend for the time being, in order more thoroughly to imbibe his spirit, to enter fully into his meaning, and so to be able fairly to represent him to the public, into whose presence he is about to introduce him. Hence there is a natural propriety, which every one will recognise, in having an author and a translator of the same, or at least of kindred tastes, habits, and occupations. Mr. Dickens or Mr. Thackeray as a translator of Duns Scotus or St. Thomas Aquinas would be a self-evident absurdity; and in like manner, should it ever be imposed upon us, by the stern necessity of want, to earn our bread by translating M. Eugene Sue's novels, or treatises on logarithms and the differential calculus by some eminent French mathematician, we fear the result in both instances would be as unsatisfactory to the public as the task would be hateful to ourselves. There is not, of course, an absolute necessity for a real moral and religious sympathy

between the author and the translator, though even this too would be a great additional security for the value of the translation; but where there is a positive antipathy, as in the case of a Protestant translating the work of a Catholic theologian, or *vice versâ*, the translator need be very specially on his guard, or he will most undoubtedly fail to do justice to his author. In such a case he must endeavour to create an artificial sympathy for the time being; he must take great pains to put himself into the mind and mode of thought of the writer with whom he has to do, "handling his arguments, not as so many dead words, but as the words of a speaker in a particular state of mind, which must be experienced, or witnessed, or explored, if it is to be understood;" and if he does not take these pains, his translation will certainly be feeble, if not positively unjust. The following extract from Father Newman's well-known Lectures furnishes us with an example (though, it must be confessed, an extreme one) of what we mean. "Calvin," he says, "somewhere calls his own doctrine, that souls are lost without their own free-will by the necessity of divine predestination, horrible; at least, so he is said to do. . . . Now I conceive he never can really say this; I conceive he uses the Latin word in the sense of fearful or awful, and that to make him say 'horrible' is the mere unfairness of some Lutheran adversary, who will not enter into his meaning." In this instance Father Newman supposes there to have been conscious and deliberate unfairness, and probably there was; but translators, with the most honest and upright intentions, have not unfrequently been guilty of the very same injustice through sheer carelessness and want of the necessary thought and application thoroughly to master the "informing principle" of their author.

Translation then is, as we have said, a *laborious* task; it is also *difficult*. "It should be considered," wrote the same learned author ten or twelve years ago, in an advertisement prefixed to a work,* containing probably as beautiful specimens of translation as any that are to be found in the English language, — "it should be considered that translation in itself is, after all, but a problem, how, two languages being given, the nearest approximation may be made in the second to the expression of ideas already conveyed through the medium of the first. The problem almost starts with the assumption that something must be sacrificed; and the chief question is, what is the sacrifice?" Now the settlement of this question obviously depends in great measure on the nature of the work to be translated and the particular object of the translator. It would be settled

* *The Church of the Fathers* (Rivington).

very differently, for example, by the translator of Isocrates or Demosthenes and the translator of Livy, Tacitus, or Herodotus. What might be legitimately sacrificed in translating the works of a philosopher or an historian, it would be high treason rudely to meddle with, or even in the slightest degree to change, in the writings of a poet or an orator. As our object in these remarks, however, is practical, not critical, we abstain from following out this subject into all its details; we shall content ourselves with laying down the canon by which Father Newman proposed to guide himself in the work to which we have alluded, and with heartily recommending the adoption of the same canon to all who may be engaged in the Library of Translations, for whose success we are most solicitous. "It is, perhaps, fair to lay down," he says, "that, while every care must be taken against the introduction of new, or the omission of existing ideas in the original text, yet in a book intended for general reading, faithfulness may be considered simply to consist in expressing in English the *sense* of the original, the actual words of the latter being viewed mainly as *directions into* its meaning, and scholarship being necessary in order to gain the full insight which they afford; and next, that where something must be sacrificed, precision or intelligibility, it is better in a popular work to be understood by those who are not critics, than to be applauded by those who are."

This seems to us to be the plain common-sense recipe for making a good translation of such works as M. Audin's, for example, and any others of the same class which it is desirable to place within the reach of the English public. It is also the surest mode whereby we can secure that which is so essential to the success of a translation, its thoroughly English character. One who aims only at being critically correct is too apt to become "obscure, cumbrous, and foreign;" but he who observes the golden rule here laid down will produce a translation that shall *read like an original*. This is the great test of the merits of a translation, considered as a work intended for general use; and it is a test by which but few of our modern translations could afford to be tried.

We have criticised the merits, or demerits, of this book more closely than we should otherwise have done, in consequence of the announcement of a "Library of Translations" to be issued by the same publisher, and including amongst its volumes other works by the same writer; for we have heard fears expressed in more than one quarter lest the present publication should create a prejudice against that very spirited and useful undertaking; and we confess that we ourselves too participated largely in these fears, when first we saw the adver-

tisement of the Library: but since the publisher has made the very important addition to his scheme of a literary council, who will be responsible for the selection of books, and (if we understand it aright) for the faithfulness of the translations also, we are quite of another mind; and we hope that the public too will be of another mind, and will not allow themselves to be thus prejudiced. They may rest assured that the imperfections, or to speak more strictly, the utter failure of the present volume, will prove to be the most powerful stimulus that could have been devised to the translators and editors engaged in bringing out future volumes. The consciousness of starting at a disadvantage will put them all upon their mettle; and the members of the literary council presiding over the whole have their reputation sufficiently at stake in the matter to take care that so good a work shall not be spoiled, either through their own carelessness or through the carelessness of others. If the Catholic public will only do *their* part well, by supporting this undertaking as heartily as it deserves, we shall have taken a most important step in a most important business,—a business indeed which is daily growing more and more important, and to which we shall probably take an early opportunity of recurring, viz. the providing a more abundant supply, and of a better quality, of English Catholic literature.

PROTESTANT CONTROVERSIALISTS.

A Controversy on the Infallibility of the Church of Rome and the Doctrine of Article VI. of the Church of England, between the Right Rev. Bishop Brown and the Rev. Joseph Baylee, M.A., Principal of St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead. Richardson and Son.

The Truth about Rome. A Short Treatise on Supremacy. London, Houlston and Stoneman.

The Roman Question. A Refutation of a Treatise professing to be "the Truth about Rome." By F. C. Husenbeth, D.D. Burns and Lambert.

Nunneries. A Lecture delivered in the Assembly Rooms, Bath. By the Rev. M. Hobart Seymour, M.A. Bath, Pocock; London, Seeleys.

IN reading the specimens of Protestant controversy whose titles we have placed at the head of this article, we have been involuntarily reminded almost at every page of two passages

in Father Newman's Birmingham Lectures: one in his opening lecture, where he speaks of "Protestant facts being commonly fictions, and Protestant arguments always fallacies;" the other in the very last lecture of all, where, addressing his brothers of the Oratory, he tells them, with a severity of tone that is by no means common with him, that "their opponents are too often emphatically *not gentlemen*." We know nothing of the controversialists whose productions lie before us, excepting what may be gathered from their own publications: whatever we feel bound to say about them, therefore, in the present article, must be understood as spoken solely of their public and literary character, not at all of their private and personal qualities. Mr. Baylee and Mr. Hobart Seymour may, for aught we know, be most unexceptionable men in the discharge of all the duties which attach to their social and domestic relations; they may be fond husbands and affectionate parents, just landlords and hospitable neighbours; they may pay their rates and taxes, their rent, and their butchers' and bakers' bills with exemplary punctuality; and if they had confined themselves to these harmless, or even commendable occupations, they might have passed out of this world without suffering any molestation from Catholic orators and Catholic reviewers. Unfortunately, however, they have rushed into print; and the printer's devil has taken possession of them in the most obnoxious form under which that evil genius is wont to harass the children of men,—the form of polemics; ay, and religious polemics too, which are the worst of all. Henceforward we fear that their names will obtain a most unenviable notoriety amongst a very large class of her Majesty's subjects; their amiable qualities, if they have them, will be overlooked, and they will be known only as most conspicuous specimens of reckless and dishonest controversialists. This is a grave charge, and we must proceed to justify it.

To begin, then, with Mr. Baylee. It is not necessary that we should inflict upon our readers a tedious examination of his rambling and illogical letters; we need only select two or three of the most striking instances of the faults of which we complain that admit of being fairly represented in a small compass. Our first example shall be taken from his account of that session of the Council of Trent in which the question of the canon of Scripture was finally determined; and we shall best answer our purpose by leaving the Protestant professor and the Catholic Bishop each to tell his own tale. The Protestant professor begins thus:

"After 1500 years of exclusion from the Christian canon, who were the men that declared the apocryphal books to be inspired?"

FORTY-THREE INDIVIDUALS CALLING THEMSELVES A GENERAL COUNCIL [the capital letters are his own], namely the Pope's legates, the Bishop of Trent, two archbishops, two titular archbishops, twenty-eight bishops, three abbots, and four generals. These, sir, were the forty-three men who, on the 8th day of April, 1546, departed from the Catholic canon of Scripture, pronounced books to be inspired which were rejected by our blessed Saviour and by the Christian Church in all preceding ages, and pronounced a fearful curse on any one who would not follow the decision of those forty-three men."

To this Dr. Brown's reply was as follows:

"You write, as if your word were truth, that at the session of the Council of Trent, wherein the canon of Scripture was defined, there were present only forty-three individuals, 'namely, the Pope's legates, two archbishops, two titular archbishops, twenty-eight bishops, three abbots, and four generals of orders.' Whereupon you cannot contain your disgust, that such a handful of men should presume to make so important a definition. Really, sir, I am growing weary of controversy with so reckless an antagonist, to whom truth appears no dearer than is the courtesy incumbent on a minister of religion claiming to be a *scholar and a gentleman*, whilst affectation of religious sentiments superabounds. But even your own Paolo Sarpi convicts you of misstatement the most gross. He puts down the numbers as five cardinals and forty-eight bishops, in all fifty-three.* The facts are, that there were present forty bishops, selected and deputed to represent the Churches of Italy, Sicily, Sardinia, France, and Spain, with others from Dalmatia, Greece, Switzerland, and Scotland, also three cardinal legates, two other cardinals, *eight archbishops*, three abbots, five generals of orders; all men of distinguished learning and abilities, as appears even from the narration of that unfaithful historian, Paolo Sarpi. There assisted also forty of the most eminent theologians that the Catholic world could select, skilled in scriptural learning, as the works of many of them prove, and distinguished by their virtue. In all these were present not forty-three, but *one hundred and one*!† From Germany bishops could not then be present, on account of engagements at the conference of Ratisbon and the Diet; but they corresponded with the actual members at that session, received their decrees with acclamation at the council's close, and so did all the Churches of the Catholic world."

How, then, did Mr. Baylee meet these assertions of the Bishop? did he shew that they were false, and his own original assertion true? or did he acknowledge his error, and promise to study history more accurately before he ventured on any historical statements again? The reader shall judge for himself.

" 'I stated,' he says, 'that at the Council of Trent, forty-three

* L. ii. n. 57.

† Pallavicini, l. vi. c. 17.

men set themselves against the Church's canon of Scripture, and even against the authority of our Lord himself.' . . . You say, 'it was not forty-three, but fifty-three men who composed the Council of Trent, assisted by forty theologians. Mr. Baylee is therefore neither a scholar nor a gentleman for objecting to that council.' . . . To this I answer, 'that neither forty-three nor fifty-three men could constitute a general council. The forty-three or fifty-three (or even one hundred men, as you allege) at the Council of T. e. t, could not raise it to the rank of a general council. They were indeed daringly presumptuous to oppose the authority of *forty-three* men to that of the universal Church of Christ.'"

Observe, Mr. Baylee represents the case as though it were a simple question of *assertion* between himself and the Bishop, resting upon their own respective credibilities, and incapable of being tested by any historical documents; moreover, in his final statement of the case, he actually has the effrontery to repeat his own original number of forty-three, as though it were certainly correct. We are not surprised, therefore, at the Bishop's indignant reply:

"I allowed you to reply to my last letter, in order to afford you the satisfaction derived by every ingenuous mind from an apology for error. You had endeavoured to make a strong case against the Catholic canon, that it had been passed at the Council of Trent, by a handful of theologians, *in all only forty-three* INDIVIDUALS, on whose qualifications you commented sarcastically. In reply, I proved that you had erred most grievously as to number and qualifications; in a word, that your blunders, if such merely, were of the very grossest into which a man can fall, having the slightest pretension to learning and truth. There was no escape by the privilege of private judgment. I feel convinced that if any one, not totally hardened against shame and conscience, were convicted of such gross falsification of facts, directed, too, against the religious belief of any denomination of Christians, he would be overwhelmed with confusion; that his only relief would be found in the earliest and fullest acknowledgment of error, with an offer of any reparation in his power. Now, sir, let our readers judge with what an unscrupulous adversary I have to contend. Do you make an avowal of error? Do you offer any expression of regret? Do you do any thing of that which, I say not a meek and sincere minister of religion, earnest in his frequent and warm appeals to God, to conscience, and to charity, but what any man retaining a spark of honour would adopt? No, sir! But, with as much effrontery as though a mere unimportant inaccuracy had been slipped into, you write: 'It was not forty-three, but fifty-three men who composed the Council of Trent, assisted by forty theologians. Mr. Baylee is, therefore, neither a scholar nor a gentleman' [mark what follows—the artful but truthless evasion] '*for objecting to that council.*' . . . Methinks I should henceforth be held, even by your

very friends and admirers, justified in declining further discussion with such an unscrupulous and dishonest opponent ; but I am engaged by far higher interests than those of mere human feeling, by His honour, who sometimes visits with infatuation those whom it is His design to confound."

We quite agree with the Bishop in thinking that he would have been abundantly justified in declining all further correspondence with such an opponent as Mr. Baylee had now proved himself to be. We rejoice, however, for the sake of truth, that the higher motives to which he alludes induced him to fulfil his original agreement, and having ended his defence of an article of the faith against Mr. B.'s attacks, to commence in his turn an attack against, we cannot say the *faith*, but one of the professed opinions of the Anglican establishment. His lordship's subject was well chosen and ably handled ; and, indeed, it would require a far keener wit and higher powers of argumentation than the principal of St. Aidan's has been blessed with, successfully to defend the sixth of those articles to which Anglican ministers are bound to subscribe. What was wanting in learning and ability, however, the Protestant professor abundantly supplied by recklessness of assertion, glaringly false quotations, and dishonest subterfuges.

As a specimen of the former, we may mention Mr. B.'s assertion that the Church of England does not allow her members the use of strangled meats and of blood. "I believe," he says, "the prohibition in Acts xv. 28, 29, to be still binding ; and were it true that the Church attempted to relax that divine command, I should raise my voice against so daring an attempt." We must acknowledge that we have lived for many years in habits of social intercourse with various members of the Church of England, both clergy and laity, yet never before suspected them of this heroic exercise of self-denial ; we were not aware, we say, that the practice of our Anglican neighbours differed in this particular from those of the Catholic Church or of other Protestant communions, and that the great majority of Englishmen held themselves bound by this apostolic precept because having once been distinctly enunciated in holy Scripture, in the name and by the authority of the Holy Ghost, it had nowhere in the same volume been repealed. We should even have said that we had seen many a zealous member of the establishment partaking of "black puddings, or hunted hare, or a brace of woodcocks sent by a neighbouring squire," without any apparent misgivings, or even with undisguised satisfaction ; but doubtless our memory plays us false, or perhaps the individuals in question had obtained a dispen-

sation, or perhaps they were doing violence in order not to be an occasion of scandal to ourselves and others, their self-indulgent neighbours. But a truce to jesting; we ask in all sober seriousness, and in the name of common sense, what *does* Mr. Baylee mean by denying that the Church of England permits the use of strangled meats and of blood? Had he any meaning at all? or did he make this assertion only because he saw no other way of getting out of a difficulty?

Still more discreditable are his misquotations, and his pertinacious refusal to withdraw them and to acknowledge their falsity, even under the most desperate circumstances. A single example must suffice. In p. 317 we find the following passage:

“Of the Jewish canon, St. Augustine says, in his great work on the City of God, ‘This reckoning is not found in the holy Scriptures that are called canonical, but in certain *other books, amongst which are the Books of the Maccabees.*’”*

And presently afterwards,

“St. Augustine rejected an argument in favour of suicide drawn from the case of Ragias, in the book of Maccabees, alleging that that book had no divine authority, not being in the Jewish canon.”

Upon these quotations the bishop observes:

“Let the reader judge between your corrupt version and the true reading . . . St. Augustine writes thus, ‘This reckoning is not found in the holy Scriptures that are called canonical, but in certain other books, amongst which are the Books of the Maccabees, *which the Jews do not consider canonical, but the Church does* (quos non Judæi sed Ecclesia pro canonicis habet).’ I insist, sir, upon your not overlooking in your reply this charge of grossly garbled quotation. After you shall have satisfied thereon yourself and every reader, who must feel indignant at such a manifest attempt to mislead him by falsehood, I beg to submit to your sense of honour another similar offence, recurring after four short paragraphs. St. Augustine writes thus: ‘This book of Scripture which is called Maccabees the Jews do not hold, as they do the law, the prophets, and the psalms, &c., *but it is received by the Church, &c.*’ Now, sir, do not forget to point out where you found St. Augustine alleging that the book had not divine authority.”

And what is Mr. Baylee’s answer to this charge of gross dishonesty? We could scarcely believe our eyes when we found that it stood simply thus:

“You charge me with a garbled quotation from St. Augustine. I have no hesitation in asserting that the two additions which you quote as the words of St. Augustine are simple forgeries. I am

* Lib. xviii. c. 36.

now writing at a distance from my library, and so have not the means of examining your quotations from St. Augustine and St. Hilary." [Another misquotation of Mr. B.'s, by the by, scarcely less gross than those we have transcribed from St. Augustine.] "I shall not fail to do so, however, and I have no doubt of the issue of my examination . . . I shall send to the printer the result of my inquiries on my return."

Upon this the Bishop exclaims with most just indignation,

"Shameless effrontery! When accused of misquotation, Mr. B. dares to assert the charge a falsehood, rather than shew the humility and love of truth to retract it. Three months have passed, and he has not recalled or explained, but maintains against his opponent what he trusted would be an enduring, because unexposed untruth. Reader, I tested the quotations by the originals, and found them garbled. I stake my reputation upon their being so. Say, now, what reliance is due to Mr. B.'s sincerity, with all his appeals to the eye of an all-seeing Judge?"

Such is Mr. Baylee's mode of controversy, and a more discreditable one we never came across. He begins by making, or (which we would fain hope more probable) by copying, a most grossly garbled quotation from St. Augustine, whereby that holy doctor is represented as saying the very contrary of what he really does say. His opponent, being better read in the Fathers, detects the falsehood and exposes it by quoting the *ipsissima verba* of the passage in dispute; whereupon Mr. Baylee coolly replies that he has no doubt the words quoted by Dr. Brown as St. Augustine's are simple forgeries; that he hasn't his books at hand to give him the means of verifying this assertion, but he is so confident about its truth that he does not think it at all necessary to wait for this useless ceremony; however, on his return home, he will just look into the book, and send the printer the result of his investigation. Three months pass away, and not one word is communicated to the printer on the subject, or at least none is allowed to transpire to the public. Now what are we to think of this silence? Most undoubtedly this is a matter in which, as far as Mr. Baylee is concerned, the old proverb holds good, "the least said is soonest mended;" did he speak at all, he would have to acknowledge that there the words stand in every copy of St. Augustine's works, precisely as Dr. Brown had quoted them; he would have to retract therefore his calumnious charge of forgery, and to apologise for his own original misquotation in the best way he could. Doubtless all this would be a very humiliating process; at the same time it is one which the circumstances of the case imperatively

demand from every upright and conscientious disputant. Mr. Baylee has chosen to place himself without the pale of this class, and we must be content to leave him there. We entertain the most lively hopes, however, that this specimen of Protestant controversy will not be without the happiest results upon the minds of some of the lookers on; for these, after all, are the only persons to whom controversy is ordinarily of any use. No one expects when a Catholic and a Protestant undertake to carry on a public discussion on some important theological question, that either the one or the other will be convinced by his adversary and acknowledge himself to have the worst of the argument; such discussions are carried on solely for the benefit of others, deeply interested perhaps, but not themselves personally engaged in them. And amongst this number we cannot but hope that the eyes of not a few may be opened by the discovery of such unworthy artifices as those which it has been our painful duty to expose in the letters of Mr. Baylee.

We believe that many and many a zealous Protestant has owed his first suspicions as to the truth of his creed to the dishonesty and falsehood, or to the manifest weakness and inconsistency, of some Protestant controversialist. The passages from the early Fathers of the Church, which the course of the argument has obtruded upon his notice, have startled him and stuck by him, while the strained and unnatural interpretations by which the Cumming, or the Stowell, or the Baylee of the day, has attempted to evade them, have first dissatisfied and then disgusted him. Then he has turned perhaps to some Catholic work, and there he has met with the very same passages, and many more, each fitting into its proper place, without any preliminary process of hewing or hacking to bring it into shape, each telling its own story and all agreeing in one. If the inquirer be something of a student, having some acquaintance with the records of primitive antiquity, however partial, this impression will sink still more deeply into his mind; the whole tide of his previous reading will seem suddenly to *set in* in one unexpected direction; he will see how the acceptance of the Roman system would give a meaning and a consistency to what before were floating incoherencies or even positive perplexities in his creed; and by the grace of God he becomes a Catholic. We are convinced that this is no imaginary process, not even a rare one, whereby men are brought into the true fold; and even the works of Barrow, and Leslie, and Laud, and other such *invincible* champions of Protestantism, have in this way done much good service to the cause of truth.

Our space will not allow us to enter into details on this point, or it would be an easy task to select examples from these writers, scarcely less sophistical and calculated to excite suspicion in all thoughtful minds than those we have already given from the pages of Mr. Baylee.

We must pass on, however, to the next work which appears on our list, and which being the production of some anonymous female scribbler, we should not have noticed at all but for the sake of the answer which it has called forth from the pen of the Very Rev. Dr. Husenbeth. Even as it is, we cannot afford to make more than a very brief allusion to it. We do not remember ever to have seen a specimen of theological controversy more presumptuously self-sufficient, and at the same time more ludicrously inane, than this short *Treatise on Supremacy*. The authoress is one of those silly individuals who does not hesitate to deal in prophecies about the downfall of the Pope, and is rash enough to fix the precise year and day for this long-looked-for event even in the very times in which we live. At first she declared that it would "positively come off" on the eighth of February 1850; then she quietly slipped into the Errata, that for 1850 we were to read 1851; and in the work before us, for 1851 we are requested to read 1866. Talk of the blindfold submission of intellect on the part of the Catholic laity towards their priests, the credulity which Protestant prophets seem able to reckon upon with certainty on the part of their unfortunate dupes, surpasses all belief. This lady, not a whit abashed at her failure as a seer, now steps boldly into the chair of dogmatic theology; or rather she embraces at once the whole field of theological science, and discourses with fluency through ninety or a hundred pages, first, as an interpreter of holy Scripture, then as a professor of ecclesiastical history, and finally as a moral theologian, an experienced casuist, and a director of consciences. The enormities which she has perpetrated, and the ignorance which she has betrayed, in the exercise of her functions in all these various capacities, need not be inflicted on our readers. They are really too extravagant to deserve serious refutation; or where refutation is necessary, Dr. Husenbeth has abundantly supplied it. She confounds St. Augustine of Hippo with St. Augustine of Canterbury, yet undertakes to unfold the true sense of passages of Scripture "of which the early Fathers do not seem to have seen clearly the meaning;" says that the Septuagint translation alone is the version of the Bible which we Catholics use, yet undertakes to tell us the exact truth about events which happened 1800 years ago, and which have been strangely misrepresented ever since, &c. &c.; in a

word, her displays of ignorance and of assurance are commensurate, both being in fact infinite.

We come now to the last Protestant controversialist upon our list, Mr. Hobart Seymour, a man who, as far as our experience reaches, has never yet come before the public either as a speaker or as a writer without being convicted in the most summary manner, often even by his own brother clergy, of having given utterance to the grossest misrepresentations and falsehoods, yet who still seems to reign supreme among a certain class, proverbially numerous in one of our provincial towns, and, as Mr. S. himself tells us, one of "the most useful and the most ornamental that charm society there," the class of unmarried ladies. Mr. Hobart Seymour needs no introduction to our readers; they are already familiar with him as a false accuser of his brethren at some meeting of the Protestant Association in the year 1846; as the author of divers fables strung together in a *Wedding Pilgrimage to Rome*, published in 1848; and lastly, as the inventor of sundry disputations with the Jesuits which had never taken place, as the falsifier of other disputations which *had* taken place, as the multiplier of one Jesuit into five after the manner of Falstaff's men in buckram, and altogether as a literary impostor, in his *Mornings among the Jesuits*, published in 1849.* He now comes forward again, and precisely in the same character. He delivered a lecture in Bath on nuns and nunneries, which was afterwards published, and which proves, like all his other publications, to be full of lies, "gross as a mountain, open, palpable." The digestive powers of his audience, however, were decidedly above par, and we have no doubt that the whole lecture was devoutly believed by the majority of those who heard it, just as they would have believed a sermon from the same reverend lecturer; that is, believing every word of it to be as unquestionably true as the text on which it was spoken. It happened, however, most unfortunately for Mr. Seymour's character, that no less an individual than the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster chanced to be paying a visit to the same city within a very few weeks afterwards; and his Eminence took the opportunity of delivering a lecture on the very same subject. In the course of this lecture he handled some of Mr. S.'s choice stories with the severity which they deserved; and as we listened to the masterly exposure of their utter worthlessness and falsity, with the consciousness too that the individual who had coined them, or at least who had attempted to give them currency, was listening to it also, we marvelled with Prince Henry in the play, "What trick, what device,

* See *Rambler*, vol. iv. p. 144; vol. v. p. 142, &c.

what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?" In a few days a *Reply* was advertised, in the shape of a lecture to which *none but men would be admitted*. The trick was palpable; it was not intended really to *reply* to the Cardinal, because this was felt to be impossible; but only to talk a little about what the Cardinal had said just sufficiently to throw dust into people's eyes, and then to go on to the introduction of new matter, which should draw them off from the real questions at issue. We say this trick was palpable, because the Cardinal's accusations of falsehood and misrepresentation were as precise as the counts of an indictment in a court of law, and did not require for their refutation, if refutation were possible, the introduction of a single topic which called for the exclusion of ladies. And accordingly the trick was played; with what success, it matters not to inquire. To some of the Cardinal's charges not even the semblance of an answer was so much as attempted; the others were talked about, misquoted, set in altogether a false light, and then evaded.

We are sorry that there has been some delay in the publication of the Cardinal's lecture, so that we are not able to lay before our readers specimens of its contents; and we are unwilling to quote any of Mr. Seymour's falsehoods without setting side by side with them their unqualified denial and refutation, as expressed in his Eminence's peculiarly clear and forcible language. We beg, however, to call their attention to it by anticipation, as furnishing a most characteristic specimen of Protestant controversy,—a specimen in every way worthy of its author, and deserving a place in the page of history by the side of the veritable narratives of Maria Monk, Jeffreys, Theodore, and the rest.

These specimens of Protestant controversy have been brought together in our pages by mere chance as it were; they have no connexion with one another beyond the accidental connexion occasioned by their contemporaneous publication; but they tell a tale of bigotry, of ignorance, of blind prejudice, of fanatical hatred of Catholicism, and of a reckless resolve to withstand its progress by *every* weapon, whether of truth or falsehood, of reasoning or of calumny, such as, we fear, is but too widely spread throughout the country, and such as is truly piteous to think upon. As long as the developments of this spirit of evil are confined to such manifestations as are furnished by Mr. Baylee, or any other merely theological disputant, there is nothing to fear from it, but rather every thing to hope. It excites doubts, encourages inquiry, and often leads to enlightenment and complete con-

viction. But when it assumes the more concrete and practical form of employing itself in the malicious invention of lying narratives, and sending them forth to the world under the shadow of names, if not respectable in themselves, yet at least in some degree respectable by reason of the class of society to which they belong, the case is widely different; and there is no limit to the mischief which they are not capable of producing, unless they be met at once by some prompt and vigorous denial such as they have received in the instance now before us. We cannot too earnestly impress upon our readers—and the approaching elections are sure, we fear, to furnish only too frequent an occasion for remembering our advice—the imperative duty, as it appears to us, of not allowing such narratives as those we have been alluding to—of Mr. Seymour's, for instance—to be publicly uttered or circulated in their respective neighbourhoods without instantly denying their truth, and calling upon their authors either to establish or to withdraw them. It is more than probable that, like Mr. Hobart Seymour, they will do neither one nor the other; but the fact that they are indignantly denied on the one hand, and are not proved on the other, will serve at least to open the eyes of all those who are not hopelessly and wilfully blinded by the most inveterate prejudice.

GUTZLAFF'S LIFE OF THE LATE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

The Life of Taou-kwang, late Emperor of China; with Memoirs of the Court of Peking, including a sketch of the principal events in the History of the Chinese Empire during the last fifty years. By the late Rev. Charles Gutzlaff, author of the "History of China," "China opened," &c. Smith, Elder, and Co.

DR. GUTZLAFF is a writer of a species which has long been growing more and more scarce in this country. Of the lively, flashy, story-telling, anecdote-making, and viewy style, which almost every traveller and so-called historian now delights in, he knows nothing. His object is to tell what he knows, rather than to compound a book. A foreigner by birth, and long resident in a land where circulating libraries and reading societies have not yet penetrated, he lived and died in happy ignorance of the mode in vogue among fashionable authors and dashing tourists. By profession a "missionary" of the

Protestant persuasion, his tastes and habits were literary rather than theological; and he contrived to establish himself in peace in a country where Protestantism has ordinarily met with little sufferance, and to conciliate the respect of a large number both of his co-religionists and others. With the Catholicism which he occasionally encountered during his long stay in the Celestial Empire, he had not the slightest sympathy; but the tone of his mind indisposed him to any extraordinary outbursts of bitterness; and he contrives to mention the Catholic priesthood and their proceedings with a very tolerable degree of equanimity. He died in the month of August last, aged forty-eight, while the present work was passing through the press, leaving behind him a high character for integrity and for learning in all that relates to China and its history.

The volume before us has been revised by the author's friend, Sir George Staunton. It is a straightforward, unpretending narrative, giving a clear picture of the character and feebleness of the Chinese government, and shewing (unless Dr. Gutzlaff strangely errs) that in the end that most extraordinary of empires must fall to pieces like a cracked vessel of earthenware. How it stands at all, is, to the European eye, a matter of marvel. Its existence demonstrates the wonderful power of traditionary ideas, even of the most artificial kind, when they have once thoroughly got hold of a people. To tradition emperor and people alike bow down; and it is tradition which binds into one enduring body a mighty multitude of different races, and prevents that singular union of autocratic power and democratic license which prevails in China from ever coming into really mortal conflict. In a brief introduction Dr. Gutzlaff thus sketches the true position and power of the despotic sovereign:

“To be an Emperor of China is perhaps the highest dignity to which a mortal can aspire. Leaving out all that superstition has added to the exalted rank the monarch holds, there remains still very much which would fill minds like those of Alexander and Napoleon, even at the acmé of their glory, with envy. It is not necessary to talk about the great emperor as the prince of princes, the vicegerent of Heaven on earth, the very representative of all living beings, to give a sublime idea of his position; the simple fact of being sovereign ruler over three hundred and sixty-five millions of human beings, is enough to raise the autocrat in worldly estimation.

“When one adds to this, that the descendant of a mere chief of hunters sways the above myriads according to his will, keeps the unruly Mongols in utter subjection, maintains his supremacy over Tibet, is liege lord of the Eluths, and administers his government over the wild inhabitants of Kokonor, and the no less brave inhabitants of

Turkistan, one cannot refuse a tribute of homage to such a mighty potentate.

“To the unregenerate heart of man there is something inexpressibly charming in the contemplation of unbounded rule, of which the Chinese emperor furnishes the beau-ideal. His word is law; his very actions, how trivial soever, the pattern of conduct; he can slay and respite at pleasure; the lives and whole property of all his subjects being at his disposal, he is under no responsibility to a watchful parliament or a powerful nobility. Sole master and lord, under the endearing title of a father, he does what seemeth good to him. Were there ever sovereign power entrusted to man, it is the Emperor of China who wields the same. To judge of him, we must always view the man in this light; for though he may theoretically pretend to be amenable to Heaven and his ancestors, yet these are mere emblems of powers that exercise no influence, except occasionally a moral one, upon his mind.

“In viewing the monarch of China in this light, we must not forget the other side of the question. He who has none to command him, must be himself a slave to custom; he who is a legislator through life, has to attend to the most trivial demands of etiquette. Innumerable forms render the Emperor of China an automaton. He may break through them, despise them as they really deserve; but he will not hold long his high rank, nor yet attempt this with impunity. He may be a tyrant, and spread desolation through the court and over the whole land; but let him be attentive to the sacrifices of his ancestors, regularly hold the plough in spring, go to the temples in rotation, appear in times of national calamity as a penitent in sackcloth, impute to himself all the guilt of the nation, and he will be considered an excellent emperor. On the other hand, let him neglect the behests of the board of rites, withdraw from the frequent audiences that are regularly given, dress or deport himself differently from what is prescribed by immemorial usage, and a hundred voices will exclaim against the unworthy ruler, and with censure upon censure will denounce him.

“A Chinese emperor can make his mere will the rule of a nation; but he must, at least ostensibly, now and then pay deference to the better judgment of his statesmen. The nation at large is nothing in itself; yet the man without an equal must make himself popular by listening to the wishes of his subjects. Every one ought to have access to his ear; the poorest widow be allowed to speak to him through the court of appeal. In recent years, we may say it has become fashionable at court to talk about the wishes of the people; to speak of them as the first to be attended to, as the guide and loadstone in all measures. Though a great many of these phrases are mere verbiage used on proper occasions, still the principles thus expressed have found many admirers throughout the whole land.

“From one part of China to the other, demagogical ideas are current, aiming at the curtailing of provincial as well as supreme

authority. The Emperor has to contend with these, and to accommodate himself in such a manner as to reconcile the purest despotism with a popular democracy. The Chinese monarch must be the father of the great Black-haired race; always tender, kind, and thoroughly Chinese in all institutions and sentiments. He has to shew himself the worthy chief of his Manchoos, who look up to him as such, and expect much from his bounty. Amongst the Mongols, he must appear as a great Chan; whose riches in cattle, whose influence, whose pervading power in the steppes, must awe down all antagonism. To the Tibetans and the numerous nomades, he has to shew himself as a great devotee, who looks upon the Dalai Lama as Heaven's incarnation, and feeds all the Lamas who come near him, from motives of extreme piety.

“The enormous responsibility thus devolving on the shoulders of the Chinese monarch does not exempt him from paying due regard to these nationalities; and a deviation on either side might often have dangerous consequences. The administration of so great an empire requires the aid of many distinguished men; and it would be impossible that some should not become the guides of the monarch, though they call him their master, and reign in his name. However enlightened the ‘sons of Heaven’ may wish to appear before the world, the thralldom in which superstition holds them is nevertheless very strong; and an astrological board—miscalled astronomical—regulates all their important movements.”

Of Taou-kwang himself, Dr. Gutzlaff draws a not very inviting picture. With certain merits, on the whole his avarice and feebleness of character turned him into a weak despot, perhaps one of the most unfortunate of sovereigns to whose sway a people can be doomed, especially when—as was not the case with Taou-kwang—personal cruelty is superadded to his other unamiable qualities. Still, many a civilised autocrat has been a worse ruler than he.

The most amusing parts of Dr. Gutzlaff's narrative are its less historical portions. Such is his account of the emperor's choice of his future burying-place:

“Peculiar stress is laid by the Chinese upon the exact spot of their burial; and to make a proper choice of the same, no labour is spared, no expense grudged. There are professors of the art—which has received the name of Fung-Shwey, or wind and water—whose sole business it is to find out the propitious piece of ground desired. But months often elapse before even such a diligent individual can come to results satisfactory to himself and his employers; and the greatest eulogy to be bestowed upon him is, that he has worn out a pair of hob-nailed shoes in the search. Much investigation must take place before an Emperor can erect a mausoleum for himself, which is generally done during his lifetime; the coffin is also prepared, while he is still hale and strong, to receive his last remains.

“To be very certain in this particular, Taou-kwang sent his minister, and a celebrated doctor of this wonderful science, to make the needful search. They did not betray their trust; but, after long and anxious investigation, the identical spot where the tomb ought to be erected was finally discovered, and the work begun in good earnest. This, however, only prepared the downfall of the minister; for water collected in the hole that had been dug, and the ground proved to be entirely unfit for a burial-place. The unfortunate statesman was consequently doomed by the exasperated monarch to exile, on the borders of the Amour, near Siberia, there to spend the few remaining days of his life amidst snow and ice. The grave of the Emperor's departed mother was, however, chosen with greater care; the diggers first making a hole, and waiting for a long time to see whether any water would collect. Similar precautions were also taken when subsequently selecting a spot for the grave of his wife.

“There was still a very pious act to be performed by the dutiful Emperor,—his pilgrimage to the tombs of his ancestors; a duty which devolves upon every Chinese monarch. The consultations upon this subject had been manifold; there being always a lurking dread, that during his absence some bold usurper might seize upon the government. The emperor, therefore, proceeds thither at the head of an army. The astronomical, or rather astrological board, must first calculate the propitious month, day, hour, and even minute, when the stars will benignantly shine upon the great emperor; and when this is ascertained beyond all doubt, the cavalcade proceeds: the temporary administration of government meanwhile having been entrusted to the most excellent personages who can be depended upon.

“There were no less than two thousand camels in the train; the princes of the blood, several beauties of the harem, and the favourite ministers, all joined the procession. The road leads through very uncultivated spots, and is often impassable; so that even an emperor cannot travel without being subject to great fatigues. Preparations of every description had been made beforehand; sheds and wooden houses were erected where no villages are to be found; still Taou-kwang, with his whole court, had often to encamp under tents.

“Along the whole journey the people crowded in thousands to see their monarch. In Peking such liberties are severely punished, and the streets through which the imperial cavalcade wends its way are empty and silent as death; none dare look up to the great emperor, unless specially allowed by his rank to behold the dragon-face. In the country, however, the same formality could not be observed; and some Chinese even went so far as to present petitions; but Taou-kwang could not brook such liberties, and had recourse to punishments to deter others from approaching his person.

“After many days he arrived in Moukden; an insignificant place, which owes its celebrity to the first establishment of Manchoo power, and is therefore considered as a sacred spot. It has all the tribunals

and institutions of Peking in miniature; the most celebrated establishment, however, is that of the ancestral tombs. These are kept in good repair, well guarded, and have always a considerable garrison, to keep watch that the abode of the imperial manes be not desecrated.

“Taou-kwang during this time shewed himself quite the family man: they were his dear countrymen amongst whom he spent his time, his friends, his relations. Laying, therefore, all formality and imperial pride aside, he hastened as a poor pilgrim to the shrine of the mausoleums, to prostrate himself there. This he did repeatedly, acknowledging his utter insufficiency to emulate the virtues of his ancestors. Thousands and thousands followed his example, especially his own numerous kith and kin, who did so as in duty bound.

“When all ceremonies were performed, the Emperor looked about for some deserving subjects upon whom to shew his favour, and singled out the descendants of some of his most meritorious officers, who contributed most materially to his conquests. They received three-eyed peacock feathers, the highest distinction an emperor of China can confer.

“Great numbers of poor and proud noblemen live in and near the city, who are entirely destitute; for they have no inclination to labour, and if they do so they lose caste. Towards these the emperor was very bountiful, and gave large sums of money to relieve them from their pecuniary difficulties.”

We quote one more extract, to shew that, after all, secret societies are not a product of Western democracy alone.

“Foreigners,” says Dr. Gutzlaff, “who know nothing about the internal state of the country, are apt to imagine that there reigns lasting peace. Nothing is, however, more erroneous; insurrections of villages, cities, and districts are of frequent occurrence. The refractory spirit of the people, the oppression and embezzlement of the mandarins, and other causes, such as dearth and demagogues, frequently cause an unexpected revolt. In these cases, the destruction of property and hostility against the rulers of the land (especially if these have been tyrants) is often carried to great excess: there are instances of the infuriated mob broiling their magistrates over a slow fire. On the other hand, the cruelty of government, when victorious, knows no bounds; the treatment of political prisoners is really so shocking as to be incredible, if one had not been an eye-witness of these inhuman deeds.

“Since 1831 several insurrections occurred in the northern provinces, and in Se-chuen. The worst of these was in Shan-tung, where a priest of the Tao sect headed the rebels. He had gained many adherents, and might have proved formidable, if the system of bribing had not been found efficacious. It was throughout the policy of the government to set the leaders against each other by administering suitable bribes; and then, when their cupidity had been inflamed, to induce them to betray one another. In this manner

protracted civil wars, like those under the reign of Keaking, were avoided, and a revolt was very soon quelled.

“Secret societies again obtained the credit for being at the bottom of all the mischief: the Tien-tee-Hwuy, or Triad Society, to appear patriotic, would still talk about the usurpation of the Manchoos, and incite the people to shake off the yoke. These efforts, however, were very feeble, the plans badly concerted, and amongst all their political professions there lurked always a very strong desire to rob; vagabonds like these, therefore, were very soon put down, and the government recovered its ascendancy.

“On many occasions the mandarins wreaked their vengeance upon the Christians, whom they included amongst the dangerous sects. Local persecutions were set on foot; and European missionaries not rarely suffered death. The Emperor, however, never approved of these proceedings, and in some instances put a stop to them.”

THE ROMAN CATACOMBS.

Two Lectures on the Catacombs of Rome. By W. H. Anderdon, M.A. London: Burns and Lambert.

THIS very modest unpretending little volume does not assume to be any thing more than a hasty and imperfect sketch of the ancient Christian cemeteries in Rome. The author aims at persuading his readers to enter more deeply into the subject and to explore for themselves; being well contented, as he says, merely to “have stood as doorkeeper.” Nevertheless, he has contrived to give us in these eighty pages a more full and correct account of the subject of which he treats than is to be found in any other single volume within the ordinary reach of Englishmen. We trust therefore that it may really fulfil the purpose for which it is intended, and may succeed in turning the attention not only of Protestants, to whom we believe these lectures were originally addressed, but also of Catholics, towards these most interesting antiquities of the Christian Church. For it is an undeniable fact, that these sacred relics of primitive Christianity have never yet received at the hands of our countrymen, whether Catholic or Protestant, that degree of attention which they deserve. In part, perhaps, this indifference may arise from the extreme scantiness, and, in many instances, incorrectness also of those descriptions of them which have hitherto been published amongst us; in part also from an exaggerated notion of the inconvenience and risk which attend a personal examination of those deep and darksome galleries. The present volume will do something, we

hope, towards remedying both these faults. The author has evidently examined the Catacombs for himself, and yet he says nothing about having suffered from the poisonous air, or having had a narrow escape from being buried alive by a sudden fall of earth, or from being lost amid the labyrinth of intersecting paths, or any other of those marvellous tales whereby too many of his predecessors have sought to give an interest to their narrative at the cost of truth. Moreover, his statements are in the main correct and trustworthy; here and there he has quoted an inscription whose authenticity is justly questioned, *e. g.* in pages 7 and 21, and adopted other slight inaccuracies from the works of earlier writers; but on the whole, Mr. Anderdon's compilation is such as may be safely relied upon.

The truth is, that the time is scarcely yet come when a really exact and complete account of the Roman Catacombs can be published, because they have not yet been thoroughly explored, and many of the treasures which they contain have never yet been duly examined and arranged. At this moment very extensive excavations are going on in them under the superintendence of two of the most learned antiquarians of whom Rome can boast, Father Marchi and the Cavaliere de Rossi; and fresh discoveries are being made every day of a most interesting kind. We fear that the resources of the Pontifical government are too limited, especially since the short but ruinous reign of Mazzini and his crew, to allow of these works being carried on with that spirit and energy which they deserve. De Rossi, however, is a man who will not fail to make the best use of such means as may be placed at his disposal; and unless his labours should be interrupted by some unforeseen accident, we anticipate the most important results from his indefatigable perseverance and profound learning, devoted as they now are to the elucidation of these precious monuments. It is on this account, amongst others, that we regret the intended publication of which many of our contemporaries have spoken so highly, the publication by the French Government of a very large collection of architectural and other drawings taken in the Catacombs by a French artist, M. Perret. A publication so costly is altogether premature; for however valuable each individual drawing may be, the whole, as a collection, must necessarily be very imperfect. It will not furnish that complete history of early Christian art which the public have been led to expect, to say nothing of its deficiencies in another and a higher point of view, namely, in its account of the Catacombs as throwing light upon the condition of the early Church, bearing testimony to

Catholic doctrine, or confirming and illustrating various points of ecclesiastical discipline. We have reason to believe too that it is owing to considerations of this kind that the numerous papers which appeared in the second and third volumes of our own Magazine, on the subject of these ancient cemeteries, have not long since been re-arranged and published in a separate form. We understand that they have for some time been almost ready for the press, but that their author is detained from publishing them in consequence of the continually new discoveries that are communicated to him by the Cavaliere de Rossi.

To some of our readers it may seem, perhaps, a matter of surprise that fresh discoveries should still remain to be made, and fresh books remain to be written, about places so old in themselves, and so copiously illustrated by learned authors, as the Roman Catacombs. Such persons, however, must have formed to themselves a very inadequate idea of their extent, or have but a very imperfect knowledge of their history. This subterranean world (for it deserves no meaner title) was first made and used for purposes of Christian burial and the ordinary celebration of divine worship during the very earliest ages of the Church—the ages of persecution; then it was frequented by a voluntary exercise of devotion on the part of the faithful, anxious to do honour to the noble army of martyrs whose mortal remains reposed there; next, it was entered for purposes of wanton plunder and violence by barbarous Goths and Huns; after this, its sacred contents were more reverently, yet more thoroughly and systematically removed by order of the Popes themselves, wishing to enrich the numerous basilicas of Rome with the precious relics of the saints; by and by, as a natural consequence of this practice, it was gradually neglected; and finally, during a troublous period of two or three hundred years, it was lost sight of altogether, or very nearly so. Then, towards the close of the sixteenth century, it was accidentally rediscovered; exhumed, as it were, by the good providence of God, to bear testimony to the ancient truth at a time when multiplied forms of error were arising to distract the Christian world. But 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. The announcement of the discovery of these Catacombs, the home, the church, and the cemetery of the early bishops and doctors, the martyrs and

confessors of imperial Rome, must have sounded strangely in the ears of Christendom at such a moment of universal strife and confusion—a still small voice issuing from the tombs of the mighty dead to recal the wanderers to the ancient paths. By those who had embraced the new doctrines it was received with scorn and incredulity; and even the Catholic writers of those days, some of whom had seen and examined for themselves, yet shrunk from assigning to them that high position among the evidences of the Christian faith, which more recent and scientific investigation has shewn to be their due.

We have said that the Catacombs were rediscovered by a mere accident as it were. It was the cemetery of Sta. Priscilla, on the Via Salara, about three miles out of the city, that was first brought to light in this way; and Baronius, an eye-witness, has left us an account of the amazement of his fellow-citizens at the discovery. "The city was amazed," he says (quoted by Anderdon, p. 5), "at discovering that she had in her suburbs long-concealed towns, which, though now filled only with sepulchres, had once been Christian colonies in days of persecution; and she then more fully understood what was read in documents, or seen in other cemeteries partially laid open. For what she had read of these places in St. Jerome or in Prudentius, she gazed upon with lively astonishment when she beheld them with her own eyes." And there was one amongst those who gazed and wondered who was so absorbed by the sight, that he devoted his whole time, fortune, and energies to the recovery of as many of those precious monuments as he was able to find any trace of.

It is scarcely possible for us at the present day duly to appreciate the labours of this indefatigable man, the Columbus, as he is justly called, of subterranean Rome, Antonio Bosio; it is certain that every student of Christian antiquity owes him an infinite debt of gratitude; for truly his task was Herculean; every thing had to be done *ab ovo*. His first labour was to make himself master of the *Acts of the Martyrs* and other authentic records, in order to learn something of the probable situation of each cemetery; then it was necessary for him to explore with untiring zeal and patience the whole neighbourhood of each locality that he had thus selected, to see if he could find or force an entrance. Next, when he had succeeded in this, it often happened that he had to remove with his own hands the accumulated rubbish of centuries from the interior, before he could make any real progress in his researches; and finally, after thirty-three years of uninterrupted labour in this way—labour which had been undertaken and persevered in, we must remember, without the patronage of

government or of any other powerful friend—he left behind him materials for a most valuable and voluminous work, describing and illustrating all that he had thus discovered.

By this means a general interest in the Catacombs was again excited, and the practice of translating the bodies of the martyrs from these places into the churches of Rome was once more renewed. It does not appear, however, that the cemeteries were kept open, and the excavations in them carried on, at the expense of the Pontifical government; but rather that a permission was granted from time to time, according to the will of the Popes, to individuals wishing to obtain relics, and that these individuals conducted the excavations in whatever way they pleased, and at their own expense. In consequence of the many inconveniences and abuses to which this system was found to be liable, Clement IX. annulled all the faculties that had ever been granted either to religious communities or to private individuals for this extraction of relics, and his successor reserved the whole superintendence of the matter more immediately to himself and his own officers, by a decree issued on the 13th of January 1672. It has remained in the hands of the Popes ever since, that is to say, in the hands of the Cardinal Vicar and of the Pope's Sacristan for the time being; but as the main object which was aimed at was the discovery of the bodies of the martyrs with a view to their removal to other places, the work of excavation has never been carried on upon any fixed plan. The consequence is, that the result of all that has been done during the last two centuries is, as far as any *complete* knowledge of the Catacombs is concerned, in the highest degree unsatisfactory. Many new cemeteries, or portions of cemeteries, have been discovered; new galleries of graves, or new chapels for the celebration of the holy mysteries, have been brought to light in cemeteries already known; innumerable paintings, signs and symbols, and inscriptions, have been deciphered every where; but little or nothing has been done towards obtaining a more definite idea of the number and extent of these subterranean burial-places; our knowledge upon this point is scarcely more accurate and scientific than it was in the days of Bosio himself. At present, however, the work is going on, under the directions of De Rossi and Father Marchi, on a far wiser plan; they are taking for their guide two old *Itineraries*, belonging to the sixth or seventh century, written by foreign pilgrims who went to visit all the sacred places of Rome, and left on record a precise account of the route they took and of each spot they visited. At that time the memory of the Catacombs had not yet grown faint and feeble; they were still visited by the

faithful, and the precise resting-place of every martyr and confessor was well known. It is hoped, therefore, that if excavations be now made in exact conformity with the topography laid down in these works, every cemetery will in time be brought to light, and its name and the names of the principal saints who were buried in it known with certainty: and we understand that the experiment, as far as it has yet been tried, has proved eminently successful. Under the guidance of these ancient pilgrims, they have discovered the staircase leading down to the Catacomb of Sts. Nereus and Achilles, and many other spots equally easy of identification; and if this plan be only steadily persevered in, under the same able direction, for two or three years, the most important results may, we think, be confidently anticipated from it. Then a *Roma Sotterranea Nuova* may profitably engage the pen of some worthy successor of Bosio; a new and corrected edition of Bottari and Buonarotti may be expected; and the whole subject be fairly exhibited in its true and full proportions.

It is scarcely fair upon Mr. Anderdon to mention his two Lectures in such close proximity to works of this gigantic character; yet we are unwilling to conclude our notice of his book without giving our readers some specimen of his style. The directly historical and descriptive portions of his lectures are already so condensed, that any extracts we could make from them would necessarily seem dull and heavy: the following practical application of his subject is more lively, and is not, what some of our readers might perhaps be disposed to imagine, at all overdrawn or exaggerated.

“The Catacombs are either elaborate forgeries, or they are stubborn witnesses for the doctrines of the Catholic Church. To suppose them forgeries would imply qualities of mind which we need not stop to characterise. But by an effort of fancy it is easy to see the kind of person who might be supposed to say it. Now what does such a one take for granted? That some later Pope, when those corruptions whose birth (in spite of their celebrity) is still undated were full grown, by a decree in conclave, or an act of his personal will, ordered the construction or adaptation of certain Catacombs, to be a kind of man-traps set on the premises, into which the simple might fall unawares. Or he imagines these dangerous places to have been the personal toil of some Jesuit or Jesuits unknown, who, renouncing all other objects of existence, turned themselves into fossors for the benefit of future controversialists; hewing passages and crypts, scooping out sham sepulchres, conveying into them innumerable bones, with phials of blood to match, chiselling inscriptions full of false theology, to suit the corrupt teaching of their day, with wilful bad Latin to simulate the rudeness of the early Christians. This laborious work, which must have been either public or life-long,

proceeded without the eagle eye of any precursor of the Reformation to detect it. There was no Huss, or Wicliff, or Arnold of Brescia, on the spot; no one breathed a whisper to the electors of Germany; no turbulent monk in the pulpit, no black-letter duodecimo from a press of reforming energy, denounced that the fraud was in process. Hence, Baronius could describe with impunity the cemeteries as primitive, long-concealed, and re-discovered, only because 'the memory of the oldest inhabitant' was too short to confute him.

"Enough; we will dismiss our objector. But whither shall we send him? To the plain of Marathon? He will come back to teach us, that the flint arrow-heads found there were not Persian relics; no, but pebbles washed out of the Ægean Sea. Or to the field of Culloden? The rusty broadswords now and then turned up by the plough afford him no proof of a battle having been fought there. Or to the top of that mountain, where the numerous shells have always impressed ordinary minds with the notion of a deluge? He agrees with Voltaire, that it is an improbable fancy. That mountain lies, it may be, near the high-road of pilgrims going to Rome. What more natural than that they should always ascend to the top? Doubtless it was part of their penance. When there, they would of course take their scallop-shells out of their hats, and leave them on the ground. Future ages find these relics and speculate upon them: but they prove nothing, except that the pilgrims of those days were active climbers, and very careless of their shells.

"Thus the keen discernment, the dispassionate criticism of the latter days, comes in to correct the inexperience or unmask the frauds of the earlier. Bosio, Arringhi, and a circle of antiquarians and scholars with them, were deluded. But if they could not well be so, if they lived on the spot, spent their lives in the research, and exhibit all tokens of learning, exactness, discrimination, then they were knaves. *Sic volo, sic jubeo: stet pro ratione voluntas.*"—pp. 48-50.

SHORT NOTICES.

THE third part of *The Choir* (Burns and Lambert) contains a "Proposal for Prize Music," which we partly reprint, both in order to give it increased publicity, and for the sake of the very judicious character of the conditions proposed. The premium offered is sixty pounds for two Masses, with two Motetts appended to each.

"I. Both the Masses to be written full, for four voices of men and boys; one in the first of the two styles mentioned in the 'Proposal,' viz. the vocal, with organ part *ad libitum*; the other in the second style, with organ *obligato* accompaniment.

"II. Without wishing unnecessarily to confine the composer, the following may be mentioned as general directions. The compass of the soprano (to be written in the G clef) may be from C to F. The

alto (to be written in the *Alto* clef) A to C; the tenor (in the Tenor clef) F to G; bass G to C. Exceptions will of course occur, such as the soprano ascending to G, and the others in proportion; but any considerable deviation would be undesirable for general use. Though four voices full have been mentioned as the rule, yet *sol*i parts, and parts for three voices, may be interspersed, and five voices may also be sometimes introduced; (that is, any of the four parts may be doubled for the time); single voices and two voices will likewise of course be employed where a subject of imitation has to be commenced.

“ III. The Music required consists of a *Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, Benedictus, and Agnus Dei* (in which all the words of the text must be included), and two Offertory Motetts for each Mass. In the ‘Gloria’ and ‘Credo’ the length must in some degree be left to the composer, provided they are not so long as to be out of proportion with the other parts of the Mass. Much repetition of words or short sentences, as well as short staccato effects upon single words, are to be avoided; and generally each voice should sing the words once over; if oftener, care must be taken to prevent them having a disjointed and unmeaning appearance. The Music, in short, both of these and the other parts of the Mass, should be an accompaniment to the sacred text, not the words a peg on which to hang a series of musical effects. There is no reason, however, why a succession of notes should not be given to one syllable. This is perfectly consistent with and even conduces to dignity, and at the same time gives full scope for artistic structure, and sufficient length for working out a subject of imitation, without that cutting up of passages and unnecessary repetition of words which is so prominent a fault in many Masses. The *Gloria* should commence with the words, ‘Et in terra pax,’ and the *Credo* with ‘Patrem omnipotentem.’

“ IV. The Music of the *Kyrie, Sanctus, Benedictus, and Agnus Dei* should be of such a length as to fit as nearly as may be into the space usually allotted to them in the office, in order that the celebrant may not be kept waiting an inconvenient time. This, however, is more particularly necessary in the case of the *Sanctus*. The following may be stated as the average length of each; reckoning for convenience each bar as four beats of common ‘*Alla Cappella*’ time. *Kyrie* (in order that the Introit may be sung previously) should not exceed forty-five or fifty bars: *Sanctus* (sung before the Elevation) forty bars: *Benedictus* (after the Elevation) forty-five bars; *Agnus Dei*, fifty-five to sixty bars.

“ V. The conditions as to length, &c. will be the same in both Masses. In the ‘Organ obligato’ one, short symphonics may of course be introduced, except in the *Sanctus*, where the space is too short to admit of it.

“ VI. In conclusion, it is desired that in both Masses there should be as much variety and expressiveness as is consistent with a scientific and dignified church-like style of writing. To this end there may be *sol*i and *tutti* passages, *trios*, &c., and the voices may move

together; or at other times follow each other in imitation, at the taste of the composer. As, however, the object aimed at is a practical one, and the merits of the compositions must be determined not merely on musical grounds, but with reference to their fitness for Church use, it is not intended that the music should be loaded with scientific intricacies or difficulties. Any competitor is at liberty to compose one or both of the Masses, as he may prefer. One Mass gaining a prize would of course be entitled to an amount in proportion. It is proposed that the time allotted for the preparation of these compositions should be until December 31, 1852.

“Each Mass must have a particular title affixed to it, and should be accompanied by a sealed letter, containing the name and address of the composer, and endorsed with the same title as the Mass.

“Copies of these proposals may be had at the houses of Messrs. Schott, in Brussels and Mayence; Messrs. Lecoffre, 29 Rue du Vieux Colombier, Paris; and Messrs. Burns and Lambert, 17 Portman Street, London; of any of whom further particulars may be learned if desired.”

The same part of *The Choir* includes three more compositions by Mr. Richardson of Liverpool. Two of them, the *Veni Sancte Spiritus* and the *Salve Regina*, especially the former, are admirable little works; the third—*Confirma hoc Deus*—is musician-like, but lacking point and character in the melody and general breadth of effect. Of the other compositions, the most noticeable is a fine *Adoremus in æternum* of Allegri,—a model of simple and solemn counterpoint.

Magnentii Rhabani Mauri de Laudibus Sanctæ Crucis, edidit Adolphus Henze (Lipsiæ, Pœnicke et Fil.; London, Franz Thimm, New Bond Street), is at once a curiosity in literature and in typography. It is a work truly “mirificum et artificiosissimum et laboriosissimo carmine contextum,” as Wimpfeling justly calls it, such as no man would attempt in these days, but was not altogether uncommon in the ninth century, when the author lived. It consists of a series of anagrams, acrostics, and other literary puzzles, of the most intricate character, forming the shape of the Cross in every possible variety of pattern, wrought (without injury to the sense) into the framework of a number of poems; these poems meanwhile celebrating some of the principal mysteries of the Christian faith, the mystical numbers of the Angels, the Beatitudes, and divers other things more or less intimately connected with the Catholic religion. It is impossible to appreciate the difficulty of the task and the ingenuity with which it has been accomplished, without an actual examination of the work; but the types of Pœnicke and Son display both the labours and the success of the writer to the best advantage.

The Supremacy of St. Peter and his Successors, by Rev. John S. M'Corry (Edinburgh, Marsh and Beattie; London, Dolman), is a work ably written, and very clearly arranged in four chapters, which treat respectively of the promise, the institution, the exercise, and the perpetuity of this supremacy.

Correspondence.

POPULAR EDUCATION.

THE ENGLISH STATESMAN'S IDEA AND PLAN OF POPULAR EDUCATION EXAMINED AS TO ITS AIM, ITS DETAILS, AND RESULTS, AND CONTRASTED WITH THAT OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

SIR,—Knowing the interest you take in the question of Popular Education, I venture to beg at your hands for the means of communicating to others a train of thought that has been for years in my own mind. Of course, an individual who thus asks the favour of a hearing disclaims all pretension to speak in an oracular character. If the favour he asks is granted, he tells his tale and disappears; and if he is found to have said any thing which his readers have a difficulty to consider just and reasonable, a nameless writer offers them this advantage, that they are not importuned by the prestige of a name to fall in with opinions which they may not like to adopt without more reflection.

I propose, then, to come to the point as quickly as possible; and for this purpose, without further preface, lay down the plan of campaign as follows:

I. To try to define in what the statesman's idea and plan of education consists as to its aim and its details, and in these two respects to place it in contrast with that of the Catholic Church.

II. To investigate the position in which the Catholic Church appears to stand towards the English Government, with a view to ascertain whether there may or may not have been a compromise of liberty on the part of the Church, and what likelihood of any future compromise of this kind may or may not exist.

III. To glance at the question of the results of education, as carried into execution in conformity with the statesman's idea and plan, as far as these appear and can be legitimately set down as the fruits of such education.

If a house has to be built, or a new machine has to be made, the first step in the work is to obtain the plan on which it is to be constructed. For this purpose an architect or an engineer, as the case may be, is applied to, and the plan required is obtained from them. The house or machine is thus first formed in the mind of its architect or engineer, by them it is put down in an intelligible way in the form of plans and working drawings, which are then given to the subordinate artificers to carry into execution; and thus the house or machine comes into being. It is the same with the work of education, as far as it is a work which deals with what in some sufficient sense may be called raw material, supposed to be capable of being moulded and fashioned in that particular way which we call education. There must be an idea and a plan upon which the educating work proceeds, and to which the result, when effected, will answer. As the house when built not only answers to the plan upon which it was built, but was determined by the plan in question before it existed as a house at all, to the form which its builders have given to it; so in the work of education, not only are children to be expected to turn out *in the main* what the plan of instruction pursued with them previously determined that they should be, but it is impossible to conceive the work of education going on at all without

a plan and an idea, which both directs the work as it proceeds, and also in the main determines the result. It is particularly important here to observe, that in the education of the human mind we do not presume to say more, than that the result is to be expected to correspond *in the main* to the plan pursued. The human mind, it must never be forgotten, is not only gifted with a free will and a free understanding, which is not the mere creature of a system of training, but it is also open to receive inspirations from God himself, or from his enemy Satan, by which the training pursued for years may be overthrown in a comparative moment; and consequently however great may be the influence of a plan and system of education over the flexible powers and ductile will of the human mind during the years of childhood and youth, it would be a singular error to suppose that there can be any absolute and fixed result reckoned upon, as the certain termination of the educating process. Experience, however, shews that Almighty God has formed the human mind to be extremely flexible and ductile in youth; and even without the light of revelation, the same authority is sufficient to assure us, that such as is the plan of education pursued, such *in the main* will be the character and principles of the young people who have been subjected to it.

Now the plan of any work is in all cases the creation of the master-mind; and in order to form a judgment what a work is likely to be, it is in ordinary cases sufficient to know who the person is who has drawn up the plan. I suppose that few persons would feel their fears at the thought of crossing the Atlantic in a new steamer at all diminished on being told that the steamer in question had been constructed from the designs of a person eminent in his profession as a physician; and that few Catholics would feel their confidence in the new Irish University particularly increased from being informed that the Irish Bishops had determined to apply to her Majesty's Ministers for the draft of its constitution and working plan: it being a truth of experience that not only such as is the working plan, such will also be the work; but such as is the architect of the plan, such will be the *plan* itself upon which the work has to proceed. And without an idea laid down in a working plan, there can be no work at all, for every work implies the existence of some kind of plan according to which it is carried into effect.

This being granted, I may proceed to say that the difficulties, as well in theory as in practice, that hang over the work of education, appear to arise from what is the commonest possible, as it is also the least remediable source of confusion in the affairs of this world; I mean, the existence of two rival authorities and proprietors who claim the right to the ground, and two rival master-minds who claim the right both to furnish the plan and also to send their own workmen to carry it into execution. These two rival parties being the state or civil government on the one side, and the different societies who are held together by religious creeds or opinions on the other. As regards ourselves, of course it is a question between the Catholic Church and the government.

The State is half disposed to advance the claim, and to say, The whole people of the land are mine, and it is my duty to provide for their education. It is to be observed, however, that statesmen in this country falter and hesitate considerably to come to the point, and to say point blank, "The people of the land belong to the civil government;" for they know very well that the people of the land have at present so very little idea of belonging to the civil government, that they would but think them fools for their pains. Still statesmen go so far as to assert, and what is worthy of remark, not without some success, that it is the duty

of the State to provide for the education of her people—a position which seems to require nothing more, in order to become reasonable, and intelligible on the part of the statesmen who maintain it, than that they should be equally plain spoken on the question, *who* those are whom they call their people.

The Catholic Church says unhesitatingly, “The Catholic people of the land are my inheritance. Almighty God has given them to me; I am bound to provide for their education.” And here the fact is, that while Catholics willingly and with confidence admit the claim of the Church to teach, they are supposed to know nothing of the claim of the state.

The State goes on to say: “Since I am bound to provide for the education of my people, I am presumed to know what I mean by education, and consequently to have my own idea and plan of carrying it into execution.”

The Catholic Church, in the same way, is not a whit behindhand in saying, “I, and not you, am bound to provide for the education of my people; and I have my idea and plan for carrying the work into effect. There is, moreover, this difference between us, that while you do not clearly say who the people are for whom you are bound to provide, or define on what precise title you claim them, I both know my people and on what title I claim them, and they also know me, and most willingly acknowledge my claim.”

From the different character of these two rival proprietors, we shall be prepared to find two widely differing plans of education. We must try, then, to see first what these plans respectively are, and afterwards to compare them together.

Now in wishing to do the most impartial justice to the English statesman’s plan of education, we are met by the difficulty, that we do not know where it is. We can hear of no one who has seen it; and neither where it may be kept, or whence it has come, is there any thing certain to be known. That it exists, it is impossible to doubt, because a work necessarily implies a plan. And, of course, if education is in any real sense a state work, it cannot be so without there being a state plan. That education is a state work appears from the fact of a large sum of the public money being annually voted for the purpose of being spent upon it, as also from the fact of a body of gentlemen being sent round the country in the capacity of clerks of the works, to inspect and to report to head-quarters how the workmen are doing their duty, and how the work is proceeding. If it could be for a moment supposed that there was no state plan of education to be carried into execution—and with reference to which the gentlemen in question make their reports—it would be silly for the State to have inspectors, who in that case would have nothing whatever to make a report about except their own fancies. The state plan of education, therefore, exists.

But it is not enough to be convinced beyond a doubt that a state plan of education there must be: the question is, to find out where it is, what it is, and to lay hands upon it, if possible, in order to transcribe it for public inspection. Perhaps it may turn out, after all, to be a thing far more like a dissolving view than a working drawing; but still we must try to ascertain what it is.

As politicians appear to be reluctant to commit themselves to any direct statement upon this subject, no other resource is therefore left but that of inference and speculation.

As was previously said, when the plan itself cannot be known, it is useful, as a subsidiary means of information, to know who and what kind

of a person is the architect. And if it should be found possible to gain a proximately clear notion of the form or character of intellectual and political being which distinguishes the modern statesman, a useful clue is at once obtained to the kind of idea and plan of education that he would be likely to conceive.

As, however, it will be necessary to attempt this very briefly, I must be satisfied with a quotation or two from M. de Tocqueville.

“The statesman is it who has undertaken to give bread to those who are in want of it, support and attendance to the sick, and work to the unemployed;” and “he (the statesman) has made himself the almost exclusive repairer of every misery;” and it is the tendency of opinions, according to this author, to regard the statesman in this light. “Men of our day,” he writes, “all conceive the civil government under the image of a power whose attributes are unity, oneness, providential foresight, and creative energy.”

If M. de Tocqueville's authority be admitted, the characteristic of the modern statesman is, that he regards the functions of civil government as bearing the *whole* burden of society; and that he is not satisfied with such functions as are consistent with the belief of Divine Providence bearing the burden of social life, and employing him in his proper capacity; but he conceives civil government to be “the exclusive repairer of every misery,” “the sole responsible person.” The statesman of other times has been willing to become the instrument of the Church, like David; or he has sought to use the Church or religious doctrines for purposes of his own, like Saul or Henry the Eighth; or he has been a mere despot, like Antiochus Epiphanes, ruled by his own private lusts and passions; but until the present times he has not aspired to view himself as bearing the exclusive burden of social welfare, and has not before the present day so clearly laid claim to the attributes of the Divine government.

M. de Tocqueville gives us an insight into his ideas of education. “Education,” he says, “as well as charity, has become in our times in various nations a national affair. The state receives, and not unfrequently takes, the child from the arms of its mother to entrust it to its own agents; the statesman undertakes the charge of inspiring each generation with its sentiments, and of furnishing it with ideas. Thus uniformity reigns in studies, and diversity as well as liberty disappears each day.”—Vol. iv. p. 288.

Speculating further on the nature of the present English statesman's plan and idea of education, I am inclined to say (and it is the general character of the architect which disposes me to take this view,) that it must be something of the following kind:

The training of the intellectual faculties of the mind to the acquisition of various branches of secular science and art, and to the knowledge of the existing creation, in independence of God, and independently also of parental and family affections.

I do not of course mean to say, that the English statesman in his private capacity is an infidel, who denies the being and attributes of God and the relation in which man stands to his Maker; and that he does not value the social and political benefits which result from the belief in the power and providence of God being upheld among the people, or that he would wish to see his own children brought up on the plan here said to be his idea and plan of education. Nothing of this kind is asserted of the English statesman in his private capacity; but that if in his public capacity he is determined to take the work of education into his own hands, and in any sense seek to make it his own by having an idea and

a plan that originates with himself, this idea and plan must necessarily be conceived without reference to God, and in practice worked independently of God.

A few words will suffice to shew the reason of this necessity.

A plan of education is independent of God in two ways: 1. If it stands aloof from God as an object of science, from inability to take up any definite doctrines and statements relative to his Divine Being and attributes. 2. If it is unable to mediate in the relation of friendship or enmity which may exist between God and man respectively as moral beings.

In these two respects state education is necessarily independent of God. In the first place, although a statesman can at all times take up whatever dogmatic assertions he thinks proper respecting the being and attributes of God, and force them to be taught through a mechanical process by all the agents under his control, he can never command any *belief* in them on the part of those who are taught; state education, being powerless to guarantee the *truth* of any doctrine respecting God that it might adopt, can never at any time really *teach* doctrine respecting Him; at least not in the true sense of teaching, which implies a power that state education cannot have, of commanding belief in the person taught. But the present English statesman cannot even wear the semblance of admitting doctrines respecting God into his education, for were he so much as to attempt to do this, he must commit himself to a state theology; and independently of the difficulty of making or selecting such a system, no one would consent to receive it from him. The clergy of the Established Church too imperfectly comprehend the need of theology at all to trouble themselves about it; it would be sure not to be Evangelical enough for the Dissenters, and Catholics could not keep from laughing at it, while Lord Brougham and his friends would say, "Have the ministers, then, turned theologians? Is Saul also among the prophets?" If, therefore, English statesmen discard the knowledge of God as a branch of science in their plan of education, this is not from impiety, but from sheer impossibility to do otherwise. If they restrict their efforts to the inculcation of grammar, and of such truths as the longitude and latitude of Nankin and Peking, &c., they do so not because they are impious, but because, however much they might wish it, beyond facts and natural sciences they cannot go.

That state education is independent of God as a moral being is a fact arising from the same cause, viz. impossibility that it should be otherwise. In order that a plan of education should be in dependence upon God, it is necessary that God should give his commission to those who are engaged in the work, and that He should say to these persons, "Go ye and teach, look to me for your support; let your dependence be on me; I am with you." The plan of education of these persons would then become a plan acting in dependence upon God. It is not in the power of statesmen, if they wished it, to place their plan of education in dependence upon God, as long as they are determined that it shall be *their own, and originate with themselves*. God is not bound to accept their plan; and if He declines to own their plan, it remains *their* plan, and not *his* plan, and therefore independent of Him, and it is simply impossible for statesmen to render it otherwise. Indeed, as far as we have experience as yet of their educational measures, statesmen seem to be honest, and to lay no kind of claim to any higher authority than their own. The authority of the God of the world to come does not enter into the reasons of the statesman for busying himself with the labours of education; he thinks his own authority all-sufficient, and is

quite satisfied with it. The future heaven or hell is not his object of solicitude in behalf of those whom he aspires to teach; their knowledge of facts and sciences forms the whole of his anxiety, and could it be supposed possible that an inspector's report should wind up the tragic narrative, that a particular class had been found unable to answer a single question in the use of the globes, by an expression of the inspector's fears that a majority of the pupils were also in a state of mortal sin, the official grief and consternation to be caused by such an announcement, great as it would be for the deficiency in geography, can hardly be supposed otherwise than non-existent for the deficiency in virtue.

Against the notion that state education (in England at least) holds itself aloof from God as an object of science and as a moral governor, and in both respects acts independently of God, there appears to militate the fact, that the provisions of the Committee of Council have from the first required that the Bible should be read by all children taught in schools in connexion with the government, and that in all cases those who are engaged in teaching must give proof of a certain amount of Scripture knowledge. According to Protestant ideas, "the reading of the Bible" is the test between "belief and unbelief." A school where the Bible is read is a Christian school, a school of true believers; a school where it is not read, a school of the profane and the unbelieving. To these ideas I am aware that statesmen can, and, if they find it necessary, will appeal, to shelter themselves from the charge of acting in their education independently of God.

The defence, however, is but an apparent one. It would require to be shewn that the Bible, as used in school education, is necessarily more than a means of teaching reading. Certainly, the Bible by itself, apart from an authorised interpretation, cannot teach the knowledge of God as a *science*. For if so, in this respect, the Bible would be at one and the same time the text-book of both the Unitarian and the Trinitarian, of the maintainer and of the denier of regeneration by Baptism, &c. Supposing, therefore, the Bible to be the state's system of theology, it is found to teach that to be true to one class of the state's pupils, which it proves to be false and the direct contrary to be true to another class. If a state class-book of geography existed which taught that London was the capital city of China and also of the Turkish Empire, this would in its way be a parallel to the Bible as the state system of theology, which, with the cognisance of the state, is actually teaching at this moment to a large number of persons, that God exists in three persons, and again to another large number that He does not exist in three persons, but only in one.

Moreover, as regards such knowledge of God as a moral governor, which both results, and may be expected to result, from the distribution of the Bible, and its admission into schools as a reading-lesson, it may possibly be a wise and even a well-meant measure on the part of statesmen to make the reading of the Bible, with this view, a part of their plan of education. It may be all this, and we should be glad to believe that it is so; but the point is, does the state plan of education thereby become dependent upon God? I think not; for supposing a certain amount of the knowledge of God and of his attributes to be spread among the population by means of this Bible-reading, statesmen see, and always have seen, a state utility in the existence of a popular belief in God, and a popular religion resulting from such belief they are always disposed to befriend. "In the Roman Empire," says Gibbon, "the various modes of worship which prevailed were all considered by the people as equally true, by the philosopher as equally false, and by

the magistrate as equally *useful*." The statesman's principle is to make the knowledge of God subserve the purposes of the state. The statesman knows the *utility* of religion; and as a nurse often finds no means so effectual to bring an unruly child to order, as to threaten to hand it over to the Jew rag-merchant or the old clothesman, so statesmen in the same way also perfectly understand the advantage of being able to menace their subjects with the wrath and vengeance of God. This, by itself, is quite sufficient to account for Bible-reading forming a part of the state plan of education; and as statesmen themselves do not claim for their system any dependence upon God, I do not see that any further inference is warrantable.

But if the state plan of education unavoidably dismisses from its range of instruction the being and attributes of God as a branch of science, and assumes a position intellectually independent of God, it appears to make up for the loss of the knowledge of the Creator by offering, in the way of compensation, to let the human mind loose upon the knowledge of creation. State education seems to say to her pupils, "I cannot undertake to say any thing definite about God, not even whether He exists in three persons or in one, for I know nothing certain respecting Him; but I will make up for this by letting you range at will over the whole of his known creation; there is not a known thing in the entire creation that I will not teach you if you wish to learn, nay I am almost determined that whether you like it or not, you shall learn. And by means of my inspectors I shall satisfy myself that the great work of education is going on."

But here, again, we are left to inferences to gather what statesmen really intend in their plan of education, and notwithstanding that inferences are liable to be fallacious, I do not see what other inference has more apparent reason than that state education has for its aim, the "*letting the human mind loose upon the knowledge of creation*." What else is to be inferred from the fact, that so many learned and polite gentlemen are sent far and wide round the land, to inspect and to certify to her Majesty's Ministers, that all the little Bill Nokes and Sarah Styles in town or country know the height of Mont Blanc, or the longitude and latitude of Cape Town, and that the more promising disciples, who are found worthy of yearly payments, can reason satisfactorily on the true theory of granite, and scientifically understand the difference between the quadrumanous and the pachydermatous tribes—knowledge of which, in the statesman's view of the matter, it cannot but be feeble and inadequate praise to say, that it is indispensable to the political prosperity of the empire, and necessary to the very existence of society.

Of course, if statesmen would commit themselves to any definite description of what their idea and plan of education really is, and what precise results they contemplate effecting by means of it, we should be spared the process of going to work by means of inferences; but in the absence of all definite statement on their part, there is no other way of rendering the matter tangible. Statesmen have a plan of education, and are working it. They do not say what it is, or what is to result from it. It is not our fault, therefore, if, when we wish to know its nature, we infer in the best way we can what it must be.

But to proceed to the idea and plan of education as held by the Catholic Church: here we are no longer in a region of inferences, but of well-known truths.

Education in the idea of the Catholic Church is the training and preparation of the human being for his rank and social position in the order of things in which God has placed him. The order of things in

which we are placed is twofold, that of things natural and that of things supernatural, or, as they are familiarly termed, secular and religious. Each order of things is found to require a process of training which has a special reference to itself; and hence the education of the Catholic Church comes to be made up of two distinct elements: the supernatural or religious training, which immediately aims at preparing the pupil to occupy the rank assigned to him in the supernatural order of things; and the natural or secular training, the immediate aim of which, in like manner, is to fit the pupil for his position in his secular life. The two kinds of training, however, are but parts of one and the same education, and are not separable in *practice*, however they may be separable in theory; because the actions of the natural life, under the aspect of virtue and vice, and considered as pleasing or displeasing to God, and as in conformity or at variance with the eternal moral law of God, become also the actions of the supernatural life. A separation between the two in practice is therefore impossible. Theologians hold that in *practice* there cannot be an action which is indifferent. Every action of secular life in the case of the Catholic is raised to the supernatural order. "Whether ye eat or drink," says the Apostle, "do all to the glory of God." The order of the secular life and the order of the supernatural life are theoretically in themselves distinct; but in the case of the Catholic the actions of secular life become invested with the rank and character of the supernatural order. The Catholic, like other men, may be shoemaker, baker, or printer, &c., and will do his work and expect to be paid for it in each of these capacities; but he is also a citizen of the heavenly Jerusalem, and his citizenship of the heavenly Jerusalem invests all that he does as a citizen of the secular order of things with its own supernatural character and dignity.

The citizenship of the heavenly Jerusalem is not finally guaranteed to any one. Its being finally guaranteed will be the result of an investigation and a trial; before this trial will come all the actions, as well those of the secular life as those of the supernatural life; and upon the judgment then given will depend the secure possession of that citizenship. Now this citizenship may be as effectually denied to a man at this judgment, in consequence of actions morally bad, which have been done in the capacity of baker, shoemaker, or printer, as for bad religious actions, such as sacrilegious confessions and communions.

Catholic education, therefore, although consisting of two separate elements, belonging in theory to two orders of things, and capable of being viewed apart from each other under the respective names of secular and religious instruction, cannot, according to the Church's idea and plan of education, be admitted to be separate in practice. The necessity for their being inseparably united in practice, and of their forming *one education*, arises from the fact that the actions of both will come before one and the same last judgment with a view to one and the same award. They will not be separated there. The award of the heavenly citizenship will depend equally upon both. Secular life is under the cognisance of the one last tribunal as much as religious life; and hence in the Church's *idea* and plan of education, the two elements of secular and religious instruction are not, and cannot be, two separate educations carried on independently of each other and under different administrations; but they are constituent elements of *one and the same education*, which aims at training the pupil to occupy his place, and to understand his citizenship in the heavenly city. The first point, then, in the Church's idea and plan of education is, that it is *one education*, and not two; that it is *one whole* made up of two parts,

and these inseparably connected with each other; that it has one main end in view, and not two ends, viz. the securing the heavenly citizenship; and as a corollary from this it will be found to require, in order to be carried into effect, *one administration* and not *two*.

The second point in the Church's idea and plan of education is, that education is a work of *authority*. In order to have education you must have the authority which says, *Go and teach*. If education has for its one principal aim the securing the heavenly citizenship, the authority required must be the authority of one who has power over the citizenship in question, and in whose hands it rests to give or to withhold it. If that alone be education which has this end in view, the authority of the State can be of no use; for the State is not in possession of any powers over the heavenly citizenship. It must be God himself who gives the authority; for the heavenly citizenship is in the hands of God alone. Hence in the Church's idea and plan of education, the commission given to persons employed in teaching can come from herself alone, for the reason that the Church regards herself as exclusively possessed of the divine commission and authority to teach, and alone able to impart it to those whom she judges fit. If the State, therefore, claims any independent right or power to educate the subjects of the Church, the Church is bound to regard this as an invasion of the divine right and power given to herself, and her duty is to resist.

As regards secular knowledge (the sum and substance as it appears to be of State education), the Church in no way denounces it as unlawful *per se*. Her subjects, who are supposed to be living with the citizenship of the heavenly Jerusalem continually in view, are completely at liberty to learn the difference between the quadrumanous and the pachydermatous tribes, and to store their minds with the latitudes and longitudes of every known place in both hemispheres, provided of course they can do so without real loss of time and detriment to other duties. But secular knowledge, although lawful, and in its degree and kind necessary, useful, and meritorious, is neither the *end of man*, nor in itself the rest and happiness of the soul. On the contrary, God has made the acquiring it a painful and laborious task. The human mind is appointed to acquire it with toil, to retain possession of it with difficulty, and not to find any permanent rest or happiness in it when she has acquired it. To amass secular knowledge may often be praiseworthy as a point of duty, but in any case he who acquires it, acquires it subject to a condition which God has decreed. *Qui addit scientiam addit et laborem*; acquiring the knowledge of this world is not rest and joy, but labour and exercise; and like all other labour, it admits of being carried to such an excess as not only to inflict great weariness, but even to cause disease and premature death.

Separating in idea the secular from the religious education, the Church, I conceive, would say that a secular education was good in its own degree, not by reason of the amount of diversified secular knowledge which could be crammed into the mind of a learner, but by reason of the wise way in which it fitted him to occupy his position in secular life, whatever this might be. And I think we may safely presume the idea of the Church on this head to be, in such a case, for instance, as that of a baker's or a shoemaker's apprentice, that the power to discriminate between the quadrumanous and the pachydermatous tribes would be an inadequate compensation for incapacity to mind the oven or to handle the awl.

Lastly, as it is better for a man to pluck out his right eye, or to cut off his right hand, and so to enter into life with one eye or one hand,

than to be cast into hell-fire with two eyes or two hands, so the Church's idea with respect to secular knowledge is, that it will be equally better for a man to enter into life, that is, to secure his citizenship in heaven, without being a grammarian and a philosopher, than to be either, and notwithstanding to be cast into hell.

With this view of the idea and plan of education as held by the Catholic Church, we may proceed to bring the two into a position of contrast with each other.

If the lines of a poet can be accepted as in their degree an expression of the Church's idea of human life,

“ He liveth (prayeth) best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.”

State education would say :

He liveth best who knoweth most
Of all things great and small.

God, the greatest of all, alone excepted, there being nothing certain to be known respecting Him.

Catholic education has for its one and sole aim the training of the soul for its citizenship in the eternal kingdom of God ; State education, the drenching of the mind with a diversified knowledge of facts and sciences.

Catholic education aims at directing even secular knowledge with a view to the needs and requirements of a future position in secular life ; State education is satisfied that its knowledge should be aimless, provided only it is prodigious in extent and variety.

The Catholic idea of education presupposes a state of moral and intellectual disorder, the fruit of original sin, and consequently takes correction and remedy into its system of training. In other words, to effect its purpose, it must combine guardianship as well moral as intellectual with its tuition. State education, ignoring the doctrine of original sin, appears to pre-suppose an original perfectibility, which excludes the notion of correction and remedy being required ; thus State education is tuition without guardianship.

Catholic education presupposing a moral guardianship and an intellectual tuition, requires these to act in concert with the sacraments of the Church, with divine worship, prayer, and in dependence upon the gifts of the Holy Ghost. State education does not aspire that its tuition should be any thing more than human.

And lastly, Catholic education, considering that man is gifted with love, affections, and sensibilities, as well as with the capacity to acquire knowledge, and contemplating in the work of education all that is required for it, as also the issue involved in it, cries out with Solomon : “ My son, give me thine heart ; let thine heart receive my words, and thou shalt live.” State education, on the contrary, thinks it all-sufficient to say, “ My son, give me thine head. Son,” exclaims State education, “ give me thy head, and thou shalt be brought to know the difference between the cetaceous and the saurian tribes ! Son, give me thy head, and thou shalt learn which trees are deciduous and which are not ! Son, let thy head receive my words, and thou shalt be put in possession of the true theory of granite !”

Indeed by the time State education can be said to have done its work, it will have made the head—O wonderful and imposing result !—into a

very magazine of facts and sciences, if, indeed, it be not nearer the truth to say a CURIOSITY-SHOP!

If this be in the main a correct summary sketch of the two opposing ideas and plans of education, as respectively held by statesmen when they take upon themselves to be concerned with education, and by the Catholic Church in discharge of a duty which God has given to her, the further question immediately opens upon us: if it appear that the two plans are so diametrically different, and that they cross each other's path in more than one essential point, is it possible that they can in any way be worked together conjointly?

[The remainder of the letter, which treats of this point, and also of the results of State education as hitherto ascertained, we are compelled by press of matter to defer to our next Number.—*Ed.*]

I remain, Mr. Editor, your obliged servant,
A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

NOTE.—It is due to the writer of this letter to state, that it had been already transmitted to the Editor before the publication of the first of Dr. Newman's recent Lectures on Education.

ERRATUM.

In the last paragraph of the article on the *Doctrine of the Immaculate Conception*, vol. ix. p. 468, for "we feel confident that they will find our desires to be both reasonable and opportune; that they will add to them their own voices, &c.," read "we feel confident that should they find our desires to be reasonable and opportune, they will add to them, &c." We translated correctly from the *Univers*; but the editors of the *Civiltà Cattolica* have addressed a note to the editors of that journal, pointing out this error in their translation.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY ROBSON, LEVEY, AND FRANKLYN,
Great New Street, Fetter Lane.

The Rambler.

PART LVI.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CATHOLIC LENDING-LIBRARIES	83
KATE GEAREY; OR, IRISH LIFE IN LONDON	88
CHRISTIAN PILGRIMAGES	119
REVIEWS.—DR. ROCK'S CHURCH OF OUR FATHERS. The Church of our Fathers as seen in St. Osmund's Rite for Salisbury, &c. By Daniel Rock, D.D.	135
DR. MACKAY'S POPULAR DELUSIONS. Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds. By Charles Mackay, LL.D.	149
SHORT NOTICES.—Dr. Hirscher's Sympathies of the Continent, or Proposals for a new Reformation.—James Jordan, or the Treasure and its Price; a Working Man's Narrative.—Avrillon's Guide for passing holily the Day and the Octave of Corpus Christi.—A Novena in honour of St. Theresa; and one in honour of the most Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel.—The Principles of Freedom applied to the Tenure of Land.—The Passion of Jesus.—The Dublin Review.—Casali's Mass for Four Voices in C major.—The Choir, Part IV.—Formby's Sixty Amusing Songs	154
ECCLESIASTICAL REGISTER.—Cardinal Wiseman's Pastoral Letter in behalf of the Catholic Poor-School Committee	156
CORRESPONDENCE.—POPULAR EDUCATION. The English Statesman's Idea and Plan of Popular Education examined as to its Aim, its Details, and Results, and contrasted with that of the Catholic Church (<i>concluded</i>)	161
LIST OF BOOKS SUITABLE FOR CATHOLIC LENDING-LIBRARIES	167

To Correspondents.

Correspondents who require answers in private are requested to send their complete address, a precaution not always observed.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

All communications must be *postpaid*. Communications respecting *Advertisements* must be addressed to the publishers, Messrs. BURNS and LAMBERT.

The Rambler,

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

VOL. X.

AUGUST 1852.

PART LVI.

CATHOLIC LENDING-LIBRARIES.

WE have already on more than one occasion insisted upon the desirableness of establishing in all our large towns (and generally, wherever there is a mission capable of supporting it) Catholic Lending-Libraries; and we return to the subject to-day in connexion with what we spoke of in our last Number, the present condition and probable progress of popular education. In the last generation, a Catholic lending-library would have been practically useless, because few among the class of people for whose benefit such an institution would be chiefly intended would have been able or willing to profit by it. But now the case is widely different, and every year the difference is becoming more and more palpable. Of the rising generation a very large proportion are being taught at least to read, and for the most part are put in possession also of those elements of knowledge which will enable them to comprehend what they read; moreover many of these, when they leave school, will be imbued with a positive taste for reading. But all this will be useless, or rather a great deal worse than useless, if we do not provide them with good serviceable books upon which this taste may be profitably exercised. We are afraid that in too many instances incalculable mischief has been already done to Catholic young men and women of the middle and lower classes from the want of this essential requisite. Such persons cannot afford to purchase books for themselves, even if books suitable for their use were readily to be had; but they either borrow from their neighbours, or hire from some circulating library; and in either case we need hardly say with what deleterious matter their minds are soon corrupted. In a letter which will be found in another part of our pages, it is stated that an investigation was once made into the contents of some ten or twelve of our ordinary circulating libraries (we mean, of course, such as tradesmen or mechanics can avail themselves of), and that when books of a trashy or

positively pernicious character had been eliminated, the residuum was found to be considerably less than one per cent; only one volume in 150 even pretended to have a moral or religious tendency. And if we were to make from this miserable remainder the still further deduction which a Catholic censor would find himself obliged to make, by setting aside those books which, though professedly moral and religious, were violently anti-Catholic, or, to say the least, very un-Catholic, how much good and wholesome food for Catholic minds do our readers imagine could be found in all the circulating libraries of London, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, Bristol, Sheffield, and those other populous cities in which large numbers of Catholics of the working classes are so thickly congregated? If any one thinks that we have over-estimated the badness of the books in ordinary circulation amongst the lower classes, we would only beg him attentively to study the title-pages of the publications which he will see ornamenting the shop-windows where libraries of this kind are established; and if he is not satisfied with the badness of those which are thus publicly exhibited, let him penetrate into the interior and ask to be allowed to look at the catalogue, or enter into conversation with the shopman and ascertain what books are most greedily asked for, and what class of periodicals obtain the most ready sale amongst his customers. Having thus satisfied himself of the *quality* of the literary food with which the intellectual portion of his poorer neighbours are being supplied, let him next turn his attention to the *quantity* of it that is daily consumed; and for this purpose, let him ask some zealous priest of his acquaintance just to take him on one of his rounds for sick-calls one day, and let him reckon up as he goes along the number of houses which he passes that are engaged in this traffic. We suspect he will be startled at the sum-total, as we ourselves were when first our attention was drawn to the subject.

Nor are we arguing from mere probabilities and sketching an imaginary picture, when we talk of the evils which must ensue to Catholics from these establishments, and from the want of any of an opposite character to which they may have recourse for their own use. We *know* of instances in which the minds of intelligent and respectable Catholics in the humbler classes of life have been perfectly poisoned by the perusal—not merely of immoral tales, foolish romances, and the like, which they have persisted in reading against the whispers of their own conscience, but of works of altogether a higher stamp, which they have read simply for reading's sake, and because there was nothing else within their reach that

they could read—Protestant and Infidel histories. A young shoemaker, for example, is found reading Tom Paine's works, "not for their religion," as he said, "but for their politics;" and on entering into conversation with him, he has proved to be well read in such books as Volney's Travels, Voltaire's histories, *et hoc genus omne*; and amongst other important truths which he has gathered from his study of these veracious authors, he has satisfied himself that the priests were the sole authors and responsible causes of all the horrors of the French revolution, &c. &c. He has borrowed these books from his master's library, "who has plenty more of them, and is very willing to lend them," and he has access to two or three other libraries of a similar character, and there are such and such other young Catholics amongst his friends and acquaintances who frequently come to borrow books from the same person. "He would be very glad to read other books, *if he could get them*; for he has never felt happy and comfortable since he took to reading them, and so he has left off going to the clergy and bides at home on Sundays; but *where is he to get other books*? these are the only libraries he knows of, and there ain't no *good* books there."

This is a true picture, and, we suspect, by no means an uncommon one; and the frightful evil which it indicates is one which, unless it receive some timely and vigorous check, cannot fail of constantly and rapidly increasing, until it assumes the most gigantic proportions, under the high steam-pressure of the present educational movement. The poor are being taught to read, and they must and will read; and if we do not provide them with good books, the devil will be quite sure to provide them with bad. Next to the priest and the school-master, we look upon a good library as one of the most essential requisites, under existing circumstances, for the thorough *furnishing* of a mission; and we may quote, in support of this opinion, the language of a circular addressed by several Canadian Bishops to the clergy of the dioceses of Quebec, Kingston, Montreal, Bytown, and Toronto. The document from which we quote is dated from the Bishop's Palace, Montreal, 11th May, 1850, and parts of it have already been published in this magazine.* "It is evident," say these assembled Bishops, "that to prevent the people from reading bad books, it is of importance to supply them with good ones; for every disease has a special remedy. We recommend, therefore, the immediate establishment of parochial libraries, *each parish or mission, as appears to us, being able to procure its own*." Encouraged by this authority, we venture to recommend the

* Vol. vi. p. 272.

adoption of the same measure for the benefit of our own people; it is certainly as much needed here as in Canada, and might, we imagine, be much more easily executed. We believe that libraries of this kind have been already established in some of our chief towns with the happiest results; and in order to do what we can towards promoting their establishment generally throughout the country, we take this opportunity of fulfilling a promise made nearly two years ago, but which we have allowed to remain too long unredeemed, namely, of publishing a list of books suitable for the purpose. We have had great difficulty in making a selection; and although we cannot expect that all our readers will be satisfied with it, we think it may tend towards such a result, and have some other advantages besides, if we state briefly the principles by which we have been guided in making it.

It is quite clear, then, that in establishing a Catholic library, we have two things to consider,—the precise nature of the want which we purpose to supply, and our means of supplying it. As to the first, a Catholic library should, we think, be made to answer the double purpose of providing innocent entertainment and useful instruction to the reading portion of our middle and lower classes and to the more advanced scholars from our schools, and also to that numerous body of Protestants from among the same classes who are constantly seeking information about our belief and practices, but who have not the means or the inclination to provide the books containing that information at their own expense. In the present state of England, any Catholic library which was not formed with a view to this double result would most inadequately supply the public need, and involve a culpable neglect of existing opportunities of doing good. Amid the general unsettlement of men's minds in all directions which is so eminently a characteristic of the days in which we live, the class of Protestants to whom we have referred is continually increasing; and it is a most necessary work of charity, therefore, to place within their reach all the means of acquiring information about the Catholic Church and her doctrines which it is possible they should enjoy as long as they remain external to her communion. The various conflicting theories of Protestant heresy are rapidly losing favour with the great bulk of the nation; and those whose moral nature causes them to draw back with horror from the abyss of unbelief which is yawning before them, not unfrequently seek a solution of their intellectual difficulties at the lips of some Catholic acquaintance, whose undoubting faith is at once a puzzle to them and an object of their envy. We have therefore admitted into our list a greater number and

variety of controversial works than would have been necessary, or even desirable, for the use of Catholics alone. On the other hand, the age and intellectual attainments of the scholars for whose tastes we have also to cater, and whose wants are far from being the last which we would desire to see satisfied, necessitates the introduction of another class of works which may seem at first sight almost too childish for our purpose. Such then is the general character of our wants; literature for the young, for older Catholics of various degrees of intelligence and of mental cultivation, and for inquiring Protestants. Now what are our means of supplying these wants? We fear, it must be confessed, that the difficulty in establishing such libraries as we have described is twofold; first, in respect of money; secondly, of books: and of these, the difficulty of raising money is undoubtedly the least. A very few pounds, judiciously laid out, would go far towards setting the thing decently afloat; and when once started, it might easily, under proper management, be made self-supporting afterwards. With a view to practising economy, however, as far as possible, we have abstained from multiplying books of the same character, even at the cost of making invidious comparisons, and have named that only which seemed to us to be the best in its class. The difficulty with respect to books is not so easily to be disposed of; the truth is, that, as we have often had occasion to remark, there is a lamentable scarcity of good Catholic books suited for the use of the middle classes, and little or no encouragement to provide them. We have a superfluity of big books and little books written against Protestantism in one shape or another; but of books that are really interesting and instructive to persons of the class we have mentioned who are already Catholics, there are very few. The "Historical" and the "Entertaining and Instructive" Libraries in the Clifton Tracts will furnish us with some by and by, when the several subjects are completed and the tracts well arranged in separate volumes; but this is a slow process; and we wish the editors could feel themselves justified in undertaking an extension of their plan, and publishing an occasional *volume* under these heads, without sending them through the preliminary process of distribution throughout the country in the form of homœopathic globules. Perhaps the very measure we are now advocating of the establishment of lending-libraries may prove to have a powerful tendency towards calling a new class of Catholic books into being; we sincerely trust it may have such an effect; meanwhile, persons engaged in forming a lending-library of any size for the use of Catholics will find themselves compelled to admit into their shelves a certain number of works

on general subjects published by Protestants, but not containing any thing positively immoral or heretical.

One of the advantages attending this proposal of founding Catholic libraries in connexion with all the missions in England, is the extreme *elasticity* of the plan. There is no necessity for any complicated machinery of any kind, while yet, on the other hand, it might be made the nucleus of almost any thing. Where the mission is small and its resources limited, an outlay of a few pounds and the superintendence of the schoolmaster,—or if the mission is unable to command the services of this functionary, even the priest's housekeeper,—is all that is requisite to put it on an effective footing. But in our large cities, where Catholics are numbered not by units, but by thousands, a good lending-library might soon engender a reading-room, and in a reading-room we might have lectures, and lectures—but we will not prolong our hypothetical sorites; it is enough to have thrown out a hint to the spirited and practical among our readers; to others—should we have any such, which we will not for a moment imagine—no amount of instruction, however detailed, would be of any real service in enabling them to put plans into execution. Only on the subject of public lectures, we would beg to refer our readers to some remarks which we made on a former occasion,* and which we desire now to repeat, with the most intense conviction of their justice and truth, and with all the authority which the practice of the Church in America, as exhibited in the persons of some of the most distinguished members both of her hierarchy and of her religious orders, may be supposed to give them.

KATE GEAREY; OR, IRISH LIFE IN LONDON.

CHAPTER XI. *The Temptation.*

NOT only to the family of Lord Lindore, but to Mrs. Selby herself, had Josephine preserved a total silence on the subject of her meeting with the Earl of Norville, thereby sparing herself the multiplicity of questionings and surmises in which that good lady was prone to indulge whenever an event occurred that she did not quite understand, or about which she considered that she ought to have been consulted. For more than a week Miss Bradshawe had to listen to ambiguous speeches “on the impropriety of a young lady's not returning home at seasonable hours—of being seen alone in the streets at night,

* Vol. v. p. 500.

and the folly of affecting singularity ;” this was generally succeeded by a rigid cross-examination as to the manner of Winny Pratt’s death, the probable spread of the cholera, &c. &c. However, in process of time even this subsided, and Mrs. Selby’s attention was divided between the perplexities of the “laburnum pattern,” and the still greater difficulty of removing a stack of hostile chimneys, the smoke of which *would*, every windy day, take possession of her back windows, committing violent assaults on her snowy dimity, and which for years past she had purposed inditing as a nuisance the first convenient opportunity. Nor was this all ; the chapel, of the congregation of which she had formed one for the last seventeen years, having for about the tenth time during that period been purchased by a fresh sect of Protestants, she was too busy accustoming herself to the peculiar tenets of the self-styled “*Saints*,” to have leisure to bestow even a passing thought on her niece, whose spiritual blindness (however it might be deplored) she had long since abandoned all hopes of removing. Yet, to do the old lady justice, she had singularly liberal ideas regarding religion ; she rarely passed cathedral, church, or meeting-house without entering, considering herself equally on the high road to heaven, whether assisting at the Puseyite form of worship, or seated the admiring spectator at a Jew’s synagogue. Neither had she any objection to Catholics ; she considered them “a very good sort of people,” and had no doubt, if they would do away with confession and fasting, “they would benefit their cause and augment their numbers.” When in the country she often went to their churches, but in London it could not be done, as the “*Saints*” would be offended ; and she had lately been nominated an elder, and voted in by one of the congregation as “worthy to take the sacrament.” Since that time she had been favoured by visions and voices, which manifested themselves in so extraordinary a manner, that the uninitiated might have considered her slightly deranged, her ecstatic dissertations on their meaning forming probably one of the severest trials of Josephine’s patience. Yet with all this, Mrs. Selby was excessively fond of her charge, and, as the only child of a nephew she had idolised, was peculiarly sensitive to any slight she received from “the proud race,” who she pertinaciously persisted was honoured, not degraded, by an alliance with a Bradshawe. That there was something the matter with the “girl,” she was certain, and equally so, that of this something Lord Lindore (whom she could never bring herself to regard with thorough cordiality) was the cause. So she guessed and fidgetted, and made up her mind a hundred times, and was yet as far from

the mark as ever. It was, however, certain that Miss Bradshawe's visits to Grosvenor Square became less frequent than before; though, whatever her motives, they were closely enconced in a corner of her own heart, or rather conscience, for a sharp strife between duty and inclination was rendering her pale cheek paler than ever, and visibly undermining a naturally delicate constitution. To analyse her feelings would have been, even to herself, a difficult undertaking; for, sooth to say, although she had been schooling them for six long years, they even now eagerly watched their opportunity to rebel against the mental discipline she sought to establish. Josephine was far from exempt from the weakness of humanity; though enthusiastically attached to her religion, and humbly grateful to her God for the grace which had led her to a knowledge of the truth, she could not, strive as she would, forget how very dearly she had once loved Edgar Wellborne, now Earl of Norville. On being exiled from her uncle's house, she had cast no lingering look of regret on her forfeited position, estranged friends, or the loss of what the world styles pleasure. The weight of the blow was diminished by its very severity, and Miss Bradshawe resigned herself to the change of circumstances with an equanimity which wounded the self-love of the Earl, gratified Mrs. Selby, and rather puzzled every one else. But all the consolation her new religion could afford was required to wean her from the remembrance of him whom she had resigned at the very moment she had prized him most; and however strictly she adhered to the line of duty she had drawn for herself, there were moments when the constancy of her nature and intensity of her feelings raised a storm in which her frail resolution must have been infallibly wrecked but for Her on whom she rested with the trusting affection of a little child; Her who, though exempt from human failings, had drained to its last drop the chalice of human woes: Mary, the humble, the immaculate, the pure! Mary, the extirpator of heresies, and, under that title more especially, the convert's friend.

Still, for the first three years, Josephine's sufferings were intense. Lord Norville was abroad; and well was it for her she was thus spared the temptations his presence would have awakened. Hers was not the disposition to repair broken ties by forming fresh ones, and it was but slowly she could be taught to sanctify and purify those predominant passions, only dangerous when ill-directed. She had hoped in her first fervour to be able to strip off human frailties, as she would divest herself of some garment when weary of its fashion; and the severe mortifications she endured from her repeated

failures were not always borne in a proper spirit of humility. For a considerable time she would shrink within herself at the bare mention of a name once so dear; though by repeated schoolings she at length conquered so far, as to receive with at least outward equanimity the intelligence of his engagement with Lady Angela Malvern. When this family secret was being imparted with due ceremony by the countess, Miss Bradshawe, who felt her uncle's eye was on her, comported herself with such perfect indifference as to baffle even his penetration, and make him marvel more and more by what witchery the wayward and impetuous girl had learnt to subdue her feelings, without crushing at once a heart the innate pride of which he so well knew. The worst part of Josephine's task was, however, accomplished. Lord Norville's love was now the *right* of another; and as she gazed in the radiant face of the young Angela, she felt that as far as *he* was concerned, she had nothing more to hope or fear. A rapid change for the better took place in her character; less morbidly sensitive in her feelings, less alive to the want of refinement in her associates, duties became pleasures; she could now smile with real cheerfulness, and learnt to interest herself in what she would before have contemptuously regarded as a trifle, carrying her self-denial to such perfection as to pass occasionally through the ordeal of Lady Lindore's parties without considering herself more than half a martyr. Of course she must some time or other meet the bridegroom elect,—but how? where? Often did she detect herself making the inquiry of her heart, and still more frequently wondering whether her pretty spoiled cousin were really worthy of one possessing those high intellectual acquirements and that unbending firmness of character which had engaged and rivetted her own early affections. 'Tis true the thoughtless little beauty had during her first season bestowed no inconsiderable portion of her smiles on the youthful scion of nobility alluded to by her father in a preceding chapter as Charles Howard. 'Tis true she had spoiled her beautiful face by pouting, and her bright eyes were suffused by something very like a tear, when informed by her mother of the intended alliance already settled to the satisfaction of the female heads of either family. Her reluctance had, however, little weight with Lady Lindore; Angela was her only daughter; earls were not to be met with every day; as to humouring the romantic folly of a girl of eighteen, it was not to be thought of; so she was talked to, lectured, and bribed, until, her head full of carriages, point-lace, diamonds, and opera-boxes, she informed Josephine very gravely, she thought it must have been a mistake

of her own, and that she really was in love with Lord Norville after all. How much the temporary absence of his rival had to do with this discovery may be hereafter seen.

It was not, however, to be concealed that they were an ill-assorted pair, and matters neither proceeded so rapidly or prosperously as the Countess had anticipated. The gay and heedless Angela had from her very childhood been the darling of one parent, the pride of the other. Courted, followed wherever she went, exacting and receiving the most deferential homage from her numerous admirers, no wonder that the calm unimpassioned manners of a suitor, who had secured the consent of her parents before her own, and did not at all times seem *quite* blind to her imperfections, struck a chill to her heart, making her by no means anxious to quit a home where she decidedly formed the first thought and principal object of attention to all. On the other hand, Lord Norville was not always pleased with a light-heartedness which to one of his temperament savoured of frivolity; so that a want of confidence gradually sprang up between them, which promised but ill for their future felicity. This was their relative position when his unexpected encounter with Miss Bradshawe had rekindled a passion in his bosom, never totally extinguished, and caused him to ponder seriously on what he now termed his own obstinate folly, which had separated him from her he loved, and almost united him for life to one whom he felt he could never have rendered happy. After some days of bitter inquietude, his mind was made up. One more interview with Josephine, he would then explain himself to Lord Lindore, who had been all along a quiescent rather than a consenting party. The difficulty was, how to obtain this interview; he positively haunted Grosvenor Square, without catching even a passing glance of her whom he sought; and he was about to abandon the plan he had formed and speak to the Earl at once, when an unexpected accident favoured his wishes.

It was on a bright sultry morning in July, that Lady Angela, attired in the most becoming manner for a horticultural fête, from which she expected to derive great amusement, escaped from the hands of her maid, and entering the drawing-room tried to wile away the time until her mother should be ready. The carriage was at the door; but the Countess, who inherited no trifling portion of Italian indolence, never hurried herself, and her more mercurial daughter knew she had a full half-hour to wait. She took up the nearest volume, but she was in no humour for study, so she threw it from her, and struck a few chords on her harp; alas, the instrument was out of tune. She viewed herself over and over again in a lofty mirror,

anxious for an excuse to summon Pauline to her assistance; but no, her costume was faultless; and as a last resource, she seated herself on an ottoman, striving to arouse her favourite little spaniel from his siesta by pulling his long ears, and pressing him rather roughly with her foot; but May, after one or two uneasy movements in his dreams, slightly snarled, and curling himself round still more comfortably, slept on. Almost out of patience, Angela was about to re-ascend the stairs, when a servant announced Mr. Charles Howard, causing her to start, blush, look exceedingly foolish, and feel uncertain if she ought to quit the apartment or stay.

“Your pardon, Lady Angela. I had hoped—that is, I thought—to have seen Lady Lindore.”

“Mamma will be here directly, pray sit down.” And she re-seated herself merely because she felt incapable of standing. Young Howard did not, however, follow her example; biting his lip, he exclaimed somewhat bitterly,

“There was a time when I flattered myself my presence would not have so disconcerted the Lady Angela Malvern. It was but last week I returned from Rome, and not until yesterday I learnt I might with *certainly* congratulate her on her approaching marriage with the Earl of Norville.” During this address the colour had deserted her cheeks, and the rich tassels of her giridle suffered considerably from the efforts of fingers not often so industriously employed; she, however, tried to smile, and stammering out something about being very glad or very sorry, she was not certain which, gazed wistfully at the door, wondering if the Countess ever meant to appear. Charles Howard was very handsome, very much smitten with Lady Angela, but neither very old nor very wise, or he would never have been guilty of the unpardonable folly of falling in love with the only daughter of an earl, more especially as, though of ancient and honourable descent, he had a father still living, and three elder brothers, two of them married and blessed with progenies, such as precluded all fear either of the extinction of the time-honoured name, or of the family estates devolving upon a younger branch. Now the intended union of the “fair ladie” of his love with Lord Norville, though considered by others the most natural thing in the world, was in his estimation an act little short of high treason. She had danced with him, smiled on him, nay he was almost sure half sighed when he bade her adieu last year; and for his part, he had thought of her, dreamed of her, and once, when rehearsing for the private theatricals which constituted one of the winter amusements of the British Embassy at Florence, had addressed his Juliet of the hour by the more musical name of Angela, thereby eliciting peals of mirth from the

spectators, when he expected showers of tears, smelling-bottles, and pocket-handkerchiefs. Under all these circumstances he considered himself perfectly justified in upbraiding her with perfidy, and making himself miserable for a time. Hoping for an opportunity of executing this romantic resolution, he had proceeded to Grosvenor Square, and much to his astonishment, found himself, without quite knowing how, alone with Angela. Her visible and unlooked-for agitation gave him courage; though not very well knowing how to begin, he darted forward, and bending his knee, prepared to address her in the most approved theatrical style. This was too much for the courage of a naturally timid girl; hastily rising, before the enamoured swain had time to commence his appeal, she hurried towards the door, at the threshold of which she encountered the innocent cause of this demonstration, no less a person than Lord Norville himself. Conscious of the ridiculous figure he was likely to cut, young Howard regained his feet and effected a very speedy exit; whilst Angela, though crimsoned with blushes, had the good sense to return to the apartment, and after anxiously glancing at the face of the Earl, waited until he should enter on the subject. To her great surprise, wonder was the predominant expression of his countenance; jealousy, anger, there was none. Taking her hand, he calmly led her to a seat, and placing himself beside her, merely inquired if she would answer him simply and candidly. On her bowing assent, he continued, "Then, Angela, do you really entertain a partiality for Mr. Howard? that he does for you, I must infer from the attitude in which I found him; and remember, not only your future peace, but mine depends on your present sincerity."

"I do not wish to render any one unhappy," she replied; "I would much rather you spoke to mamma; she knows more about it than I do." The *naïveté* of this remark made him smile; he had, however, too much at stake to be so easily contented. He therefore replied, kindly though firmly, "It is better you should answer yourself; have you made any promise to Mr. Howard?"

"No, that I certainly did not; we used to dance together last season, and talk; and—and perhaps he thought—but the news of our engagement surprised him, or he would never have acted so foolishly," and a large tear trembling on her long lashes did not escape the notice of her companion.

"Nay, my dear girl, you cannot deceive *me*, though you may yourself. Were there no mamma in the way, the Lady Angela Malvern would rather be the wife of Charles Howard, with all the disadvantages attached to her position, than she would of the wealthy Lord Norville, whom she considers

grave, though not old enough, to be her father. Now, smile again, and trust to me; I am a very safe confidant; we will talk of this hereafter. Shall I find the Earl in the library?"

"I do not think he is at home," she answered, breathing more freely, "but will you tell him I expected Josephine; she must keep him company until we return." It was now her companion's turn to look confused, although the entrance of Lady Lindore prevented its being remarked by Angela. A slight bustle ensued; and after seeing the carriage drive fairly away, Lord Norville re-entered the house, desiring the servant, if Miss Bradshawe called, to shew her into the library and let him know, adding, as though in extenuation, he had a message to deliver from Lady Angela. The man, however, never very remarkable for his punctuality, allowed Josephine to remain a considerable time in the house before he remembered the latter portion of his injunctions; and when the Earl entered, he found her so deeply engaged with a pamphlet which she had taken up from the table, as not to notice his presence until he was close to her side. When she did look up, there was a deep flush on her cheek, though it was evidently the offspring neither of pleasure or confusion, and her lip was slightly curved as she rather haughtily returned his mute salutation. One glance at the salmon-coloured cover of the book she held explained the mystery. Lord Norville inwardly groaned as he recognised the "Annual Report of the Ragged-school Union," of which Lord Lindore, as already hinted, was so staunch a supporter. Not knowing exactly what to say, he hesitated, when Miss Bradshawe broke a silence he alone felt to be awkward, by observing, "There appears some slight discrepancy between the rules of this association and the notices of the schools; the latter teem with calumnies of so gross a nature, that I am only surprised they obtain credit from any individual one degree above the most illiterate. I thought the days were past when such phrases as 'machinery of the Popish system,' 'altar denunciations,' 'bigoted Papist,' 'worshippers of a God made of flour and water,' to say nothing of those 'underground vaults reminding one of the cells of the Inquisition,' could make more impression than Blue Beard, Jack the Giant-killer, or other similar productions, *formerly* considered the exclusive property of children of a smaller growth. Yet here I find them first gravely read before, then printed and circulated under the sanction of, a committee, who certainly must have offered their understandings as a sacrifice on the altar of their zeal." The turn the conversation appeared likely to assume would

have discomfited a more able politician than Lord Norville. Josephine was, however, too full of her subject to notice his embarrassment, and continued with some warmth, "Your sixth rule expressly enjoins, 'that those children be *alone* admitted who are *destitute of any other means of instruction*;' yet in their reports your zealous and well-paid missionaries complain that 'Catholic parents force their children into the Romish school,' in some cases resorting to the unheard-of expedient of taking urchins (who, having arrived at the mature ages of six and seven, are of course competent judges of their own actions,) by the shoulders, and, as is more than intimated, by a special understanding with the Roman Sec;" and throwing the book from her, she concluded by observing, "Do you really think my uncle gives credit to all this folly? or is he worked upon by others?"

"His opinions seem to make little impression on you, Miss Bradshawe," said Lord Norville, internally wishing the pamphlet had never left the society's office. "Dare I say you yourself are to blame for the unfavourable eye with which Lord Lindore regards Romanists? Have you not proved a bigot in the strictest acceptation of the term?"

"Probably you would take the trouble to define the word 'bigot;' it is a pet phrase with Protestants, and generally applied to those who do not think proper to believe one thing and practise another."

"Shall I then substitute enthusiast? Is it *necessary*, when a young lady becomes a Catholic, in opposition to the wishes of her natural guardians, that she should be found near midnight in a court infested by the wild and lawless, who"——

"Wild, if you will, but not quite so lawless as you imagine; neither, as a rule, is it *necessary*. On the occasion you allude to, it was to comply with the request of a fellow-creature in her last extremity. Can the Earl of Norville find an equally justifiable motive for his presence, where, I must say, he was neither expected nor required?"

"Perhaps, Josephine," he replied, "you might have had something to do with an act which I candidly acknowledge to have been imprudent. Will you hear my explanation of the circumstance?"

"No," she answered, half-jestingly; "my own failings are more than sufficient, without burdening myself with yours. I am in no way accountable for the rash performances of others; and even if serious evil had accrued, I could not have blamed myself, however I might regret it."

"Yet do you know," he continued, musingly, "I often hoped the faults of these people must sooner or later disgust

you with the religion for which you thought it right to desert that of your baptism, and have expressed myself to that effect to your uncle."

"Then you were deceived," said Josephine gravely. "There can be no more convincing proof of the divine origin of Catholicity than the pertinacity with which the lower order of Irish adhere even to the most minute precepts of a creed which they cherish as dearly as their own existence. The most ignorant have a faith clear and defined; a faith which they receive, not because it is written in books or taught by men, holy though they be, but because it is transmitted from age to age by the Holy Ghost Himself, through the medium of those invested with sacerdotal authority. This they know so well, that they would regard as a sacrilegious mummery an attempt to administer one of the Sacraments by even a dignitary of the Protestant Church, no matter how high his rank. I once knew a father steal a dying child scarce three hours old from one of the hospitals (under his coat), lest it should be baptised by a parson, knowing, if he could not succeed in finding a priest, a Catholic lay baptism was preferable to the random sprinkling by which the souls of these poor children are so cruelly risked."

"But why," inquired Lord Norville, insensibly interested in this discussion, "if such be their faith, do they not act up to it? why bring disgrace on both their country and religion by habits of intoxication and natural idleness?"

"First premising that crime is not nearly so rife amongst them as amongst English Protestants of the same class, I will endeavour to explain this seeming inconsistency. The Irish born in London, or, as your report there styles them, 'the Cockney Irish,' have in many cases been deprived of their parents at a tender age, and having no natural protectors, have been consigned to the workhouse. Here, as far as their bodies are concerned, they are treated with kindness or cruelty, as the case may be—too often, I fear, the latter; but for their souls, it is a *fact*, that however strenuous an endeavour be made to inculcate 'good sound Protestant principles,' it is always unsuccessful; they forget they are Catholics, or rather retain only the name, and issue from those soul-destroying walls a disgrace to the members of their own religion, a scandal to those of others. So they go on during life; at the hour of death a priest is generally sent for, though I regret to say they oftentimes die without, thus depriving themselves of the slender chance (for it is but a slender one) of a death-bed repentance. Now whom, may I inquire, have we to thank for all this? The Protestant legislators of the land; and it does

seem a hard case that Catholics, who, despite the other imperative claims on their slenderly stocked purses, contribute their proportion also towards the support of workhouses and unions, have to feel that in the existing state of affairs such of their little ones as once enter there are in all human probability destined to mourn the loss of their immortal souls; they invariably quit those places destitute of any fixed principle of belief whatever. Have not the majority of those who daily throng our police-courts learnt their first lessons in vice from evil associates picked up in the parish workhouse? and for the females is it not still worse? In fact, I consider it next to a moral impossibility for a young girl, however well disposed, to escape the contamination of the example she there beholds."

"You surely would not do away with workhouses altogether?" inquired Lord Norville: "what would you substitute in their stead? No properly organised government can hold together without them."

"In a Protestant country they are, I grant, necessary evils, though, if you remember, your own Cobbett satisfactorily proves we once contrived to get on very well without them. Now suppose your philanthropic rulers, instead of raising the hue and cry they do (as if we were worshippers of Moloch, or a horde of wild Indians come to invade a peaceful territory), would assist us with a little of the money they are wasting on missionaries, Bible-readers, and 'Christian females,' for the attainment of that impossibility, our *sincere* conversion to Protestantism, we could endow our present orphanages and erect new ones, whilst *they* would confer a more radical benefit on society, and lessen more effectually the amount of crime, than by permitting the above-mentioned phalanx to prowl about, employing promises, bribes, and resorting to the most disgraceful subterfuges, in order to draw up a report for the next Exeter-Hall meeting, scarce a word of which any one of you credit."

"Yet," said Lord Norville, inwardly much struck by these arguments, "do you mean to tell me all the inhabitants of those Buildings, of which I had lately so unfavourable a specimen, were reared in an English workhouse? If not, in what do those born in Ireland differ so materially?"

"Not only in their faith, but their superior morality; for there really are many in that very court whose simple piety and strength to resist temptations might be a source of edification to every one of us. I could point out some from whose conversation I have derived more benefit than from the most eloquent discourses of my days of Protestantism; and how often, when witnessing the resignation of the poor under phy-

sical sufferings, have I blushed to think, that with every comfort and means of amelioration, I have chafed and fretted under some ailment too trifling to bear comparison with the tithe of what they endure! Neither you nor I, Lord Norville, have ever felt what it is to *want*, to rise early, lie down late, no firing during the day, the bare boards at night; starving in the very midst of abundance, yet knowing that the crumbs, the very offal, the food of the pampered domestic animals in the house of some wealthy neighbour, would renerve the strong arm, give blood to the wasted heart, or restore to life the mother of your little ones, perishing before your very eyes from famine."

"But their habitual intemperance, their want of cleanliness,—do you excuse this?"

"Certainly not; intemperance, though often in the first instance resorted to in order to still the cravings of nature or to drown mental sufferings, is still, in the eyes of Almighty God, a crime and the parent of crimes. Far be it from me to extenuate it, either in the half-starved Irish labourer, who expends his last penny in gin, or the proud English noble, who, without the same excuse, indulges the same vice at a more costly price. But for their squalor, their positive dirt, I think had we the means, we could find the way to remove at least *that* odium (deserved as it at present is) from them."

"In that case, Josephine, you would indeed work one of the miracles for which your Church is so celebrated." This was said somewhat sarcastically, and Miss Bradshawe, with a heightened colour, continued,

"Give me the gold, and I will work the miracle, as you so irreverently style it. The tenements at present inhabited by the lower order of Irish are the most unhealthy, dilapidated, and ill-situated for the purpose in London; generally in the very midst of a fashionable, and therefore expensive neighbourhood, hemmed in by lofty walls, to the exclusion of every breath of fresh air, ill-drained, and devoid of the very means of cleanliness. Two or three of these skeletons of houses are generally taken by an individual, who lets them out in apartments at two, three, four, and in some cases five shillings a week, whereby, losses included, he himself clears a profit of about sixty per cent; and as he seldom lays out a farthing in repairs, not even to mend a square of glass, these leaseholders generally make a good thing of it. Now as it is not to be supposed the tenants can afford to pay this sum for their cellar, garret, or even first floor, they in their turn take in lodgers, as many, nay more than the room can conveniently hold; and since they are obliged to give long credit, or even put up for

weeks together with the chance of a coal or share of a bread ticket, in lieu of the current coin so impossible to come at, the whole speculation generally terminates by the broker being sent in, and the little articles of furniture sold, more to get rid of a tenant who can no longer pay, than for their actual value. The dispossessed family either become lodgers in their turn, or after crouching for days, nay weeks, on stairs and in entrances, repair as a last resource to the union, where the whole family are separated, never perhaps to meet again in this world."

"Yet I am quite sure in more respectable neighbourhoods lodgings may be had for less than you mention. I have an old pensioner who only pays five shillings a week for a comfortably furnished room."

"Your old pensioner has not six or seven noisy half-naked children, nor will they in your 'respectable neighbourhoods' allow the rent 'to run;' but for this, I know many of our poor who would have quitted the Buildings long ago, as when out of work it is impossible to meet the weekly demands with any thing like regularity."

"But what remedy, in the name of reason, could you possibly propose for so extensive an evil?"

"That of building lodging-houses—a plan I know to be already entertained by many Catholics, although, of course, it would entail considerable expense; and even as a body, I doubt if we are rich enough to make it generally beneficial, unless it could be rendered in some measure self-supporting. I mentioned this once to my uncle, but I think he imagined, instead of asylums for our poor, we intended erecting barracks, from whence conspirators were to issue ripe for the destruction of Church and State; yet if we can once procure a piece of ground, we should be inclined to try the experiment, giving in the first instance preference to such families as would subscribe to the rules (that of cleanliness, for instance, to be rigidly enforced) and endeavour to pay the very moderate rent fixed. After all, the public in general would be the gainers; they would have the satisfaction of knowing that vegetables and other hawked wares are stowed for the night in airy and well-adapted places, instead of standing in the corner of an over-crowded room, or, what is just as likely, forming a portion of the bedding, lest they should be appropriated before their owners are awake. Now," she continued, laughing, "I am quite out of breath, and only hope my plans have made a convert of you."

"Could the doctrines of your Church be as clearly explained as her views of practical charity, I should have been converted, as you call it, long ago, and I—dare I say *we*?—have

been happier. I have listened to you, Miss Bradshawe, not only patiently, but with interest; it is now my turn. Nay," he added, taking her by the hand, and replacing her in the seat she had just quitted, "this is neither just nor generous; hear me fairly to an end you *shall*, even if we then part for ever." Feeling the folly of resistance, Josephine re-seated herself, and, after an internal aspiration for strength, prepared to listen with at least the semblance of composure.

"You cannot—it is not in human nature, however pure and exalted that nature may be—you cannot have forgotten what we once were to each other, although I now believe my feelings were the strongest, the most enduring of the two?" He paused as though he would fain meet with contradiction; but receiving no reply, continued, "Ours was not the passing affection of our age; we owed our happiness neither to birth, rank, or fortune; it was based on similarity of pursuits, tastes, feelings; in short, we were friends before we were lovers; there was no opposition from relatives, no impertinent caprices of friends, to be apprehended or studied; the current of our love ran smooth, and in proportion deep; together we formed our plans, not only for our own future happiness, but for that of our fellow-creatures:—and I must interrupt myself to remind you, who are so very zealous for their welfare, that none of those plans have ever been put into execution."

"Almighty God willed it otherwise," answered Miss Bradshawe calmly; "He has assigned me a fresh sphere of usefulness, more humble, and less exposed to the shafts of self-love. I am content."

"So am not I," said Lord Norville bitterly. "Does not that very expression savour of selfishness? has it not ever struck you in the moments of reflection, that you had no right even to ensure your own felicity at the expense of another's? Did you never reproach yourself as the cause of the hours of youth wasted in frivolity, not to say sin, and which you might have prevented? Did you never inquire if you were justified in rending asunder the chain you yourself had helped to forge? And for a matter so trivial, that ——"

"Do you call a difference in religion, the salvation of immortal souls, a trivial matter, Lord Norville?" inquired Josephine in an accent of unfeigned astonishment. "You acted generously, nobly on the occasion, but I did my duty; true, not unrepiningly, but yet, thank God, *I did my duty*."

"You acknowledge, then, you were not altogether insensible to the pain you so *heroically* inflicted. I suppose you shared it in about the same degree as the surgeon feels for what his patient endures under the knife."

“Of course I was not insensible,” she answered gently, willing to soothe his irritation, though more and more puzzled as to its cause. “I was grateful to you *then*; and although circumstances have altered our relative positions, and time abated the ardour of our mutual sentiments, I am grateful to you still.”

“And you are happy, Josephine?”

“I have no cause to be otherwise; am I not fulfilling my vocation?”

“I do not understand what you mean by vocation,” he petulantly rejoined; “all I have to say is, I never disliked Catholics half so much as since you became one; such conduct is enough to disgust any one with the religion.”

“Why, what *have* I done?” she replied, with difficulty suppressing the smile which she was conscious must give pain. “I really beg your pardon if I have been the cause of scandal to you; it was quite involuntary.”

“Of course you must be aware you have for the last six years been a continual source of anxiety both to your uncle and myself. It cannot be very pleasing to him to find your talents completely thrown away; nor to me to be liable any day to hear that you have fallen a victim to some disease engendered by contact with those whom you might more effectually benefit if you would but listen to me.”

“I should indeed be grateful for any suggestion for their greater good, poor things,” said Miss Bradshawe, disregarding the former portion of his speech; but I warn you beforehand we must have no interference from ragged-school teachers or visitors from Bible-societies. Better their bodies waste from want, than the soul perish eternally.”

“You wilfully misunderstand me, Josephine. Did you not but now say, had you the means, you would find the way? those means can, shall be yours. In one word, my engagement with Lady Angela is dissolved.”

“Not on my account, I trust, Lord Norville,” she exclaimed, rising with dignity; “rest assured that —”

“No, not on your account, though you have much to reproach yourself with that it was ever entered into. From your overstrained notions of duty, your young and too yielding cousin might have been doomed to pass her life the wife of a man for whom she merely entertained a cold respect, whilst her warm heart incessantly cherished the image of another. Now, thank God, we both are free; and whilst ensuring the happiness of Angela, it rests with you to decide how far *I* am to participate in it.” Miss Bradshawe turned very pale, but not being quite unprepared for the turn the

conversation had taken, she merely assumed an attitude of attention. "You recollect our parting," continued Lord Norville, "and the sacrifice I then offered to make of prejudices, interest, and in some measure conscience. This sacrifice you rejected; it was, I am aware, deemed lightly of in the full-blown ardour of your recent conversion; but if I ever admired, loved you more than at that moment, it is now, when in renewing the offer I then made I can only add, give me but time, and I too, for thy love, may yet become a Catholic."

Miss Bradshawe's eyes filled with tears; she trembled slightly; then shaking her head, after a few moments' reflection exclaimed,

"Why have you unnecessarily exposed us both to so severe a trial? Is not my duty the same as it was six years ago? Can I consent to be the temptation in your path? If for my sake you falsify your conscience, better, far better, never become a Catholic."

"I thought," said Lord Norville sarcastically, "you would risk much for the sake of gaining a convert. I have heard your priests scruple little at the means, provided they attain the end."

"You have doubtless heard much that is untrue, and I grieve to see have yielded easy credence to it; with you I must therefore be explicit. Know then, whatever my feelings might otherwise be, I hold a mixed marriage as displeasing in the sight of God, and prejudicial to the spiritual interests of all concerned."

"This is indeed scrupulosity; I could name many instances where friends of my own are married to Catholics, a convincing proof that your Church permits ——"

"The Church *permits*, as you have truly said, but does not *countenance* such unions. Believe me, where they do take place, they are generally productive of much misery, sometimes undying remorse, and this in proportion to the affection between the parties. Would they could be altogether prevented; but this the present state of society renders impossible."

"And you deny that you are a bigot? But, Josephine, I have an argument stronger than any I have advanced: can you in conscience refuse the infinitely wider field for the benefit of others which wealth such as mine would open before you? As a Catholic, do you, *dare* you refuse my offer?"

"Were you a Catholic, I should answer, Almighty God would accept no offering, however it might otherwise redound to his greater glory, if made at the expense of conscience; as

it is, I can merely say, let this be the last time the subject is broached between us. I am neither cold nor insensible, and deeply do I grieve that an accidental meeting should have re-awakened sentiments I had hoped had long since taken another direction."

"Then, Miss Bradshawe, I am again refused." He drew himself up to his full height, mortified pride and wounded affection struggling for mastery in his bosom. "Catholics are indeed mere machines, beings without individuality, heart, or ——"

"*Heart* has nothing to do with my present decision, Lord Norville; I am simply following the safe yet more rugged path of duty. Would that I could convince you of this, or do any thing to soften your present disappointment."

"How can you convince me that affection for another, not this duty of which you talk so earnestly, does not influence your conduct?"

"Easily," said Josephine. "Edgar, hear me. I loved you once, I love you still, though with a purer, better-tryed affection, for now I prize your immortal soul; and never will I peril that soul; never will I lure you on by what might be a merely human motive to profess the faith, which I would otherwise lay down my life to see you embrace; yet solemnly do I promise never to bestow on another the hand I now refuse to you, though you would secure my happiness by wedding one more worthy of you than her of whom you must now think no more."

There was an energy in Josephine's manner, a lofty determination in her tone, which carried conviction to Lord Norville's mind and agony to his breast. He could not trust himself to speak, but pressing her hand to his lips, hurried from the room to conceal the tear which was wrung from his proud heart; yet as he did so he involuntarily exclaimed—

"This, then, is a member of that religion stigmatised as sparing no art to entrap converts, no means to acquire wealth, and above all, of keeping no faith with those of a different persuasion. God, not man, must have prompted such a sacrifice."

CHAPTER XII. *The Cholera.*

IT will be long ere the August of 1849 fades from the memory of the present generation, more especially those whose business or duty retained them in London during a season now become a mournful epoch in the lives of many. For more than twelve months previously had the cholera been talked of

and expected, nay its very route was distinctly traced; the sea-winds laden with the deadly moisture of the Mediterranean had swept over every tract of inhabited land, ravaging, and in many cases partially depopulating the whole chain of countries from Affghanistan to Southern Russia, from whence the transition to Central Europe was both natural and swift. The intense heat of the preceding summer, when the temperature had for months averaged 90° , had occasioned a disorder which, though modified, was so suspicious in its nature that a medical board was formed to watch its progress, whilst sanitary committees were called upon to bestir themselves, in order, if possible, to avert the impending calamity.

But this mysterious disease seemed to baffle their every effort, setting at nought any fixed rule either for prevention or cure. Capricious in its attacks, it would in some instances pass over the habitually dissipated, to descend with fell swoop on those who had never infringed the laws of temperance; though it must be remarked, that recovery was in the latter class of patients more general, as the complaint usually assumed a milder form, probably owing to the action of the lungs being less impeded. The inhabitants of confined, ill-ventilated neighbourhoods were of course the greatest sufferers; but the mansions of the wealthy were far from being exempted from the visitation of a pestilence esteemed by many, and those not contemptible authorities, to be identical with the "black death" or "sweating sickness," which had for centuries visited Persia, Asia Minor, and Europe itself.

And London at the period of which I write was truly a "city of the plague;" go where you would, the funeral crossed your path, though unheeded in the bustle of business or amusement. Strange to say, a town-funeral carries no warning, no moral to the hearts of those to whom it is as every-day an occurrence as the city omnibus or the light neck-endangering carts of the Parcels-delivery Company. Who in the tumult of life has time to sorrow for the dead? Yet even the casual observer could not fail remarking how frequently the fresh mourning habiliments bespoke the recent loss, or the closed shutters pointed out where the corse remained still unburied. Talk with whom you would, the cholera formed the theme; contagion, non-contagion, the efficacy of friction, bleeding, wet sheets, were discussed by all. The most opposite opinions were strenuously advocated: now to alleviate by a single drop of water that burning thirst, which constitutes one of the most excruciating torments of the disease, was certain death; at another time, copious effervescing draughts were an almost equally certain cure. And hence it happened in many

cases (especially amongst the poor), that positively nothing was done by the paralysed attendants, until the mass of blood, refusing to flow, thickened within the distended veins, forced clammy moisture from every pore, and gave to the skin that deadly tinge of blue which, when accompanied by lethargy and want of pulse, announced the stage of collapse, as fatal though less painful than the more active state of fever, where spasm and nausea produce sufferings fearful to behold, and in most cases impossible to ameliorate.

It is scarcely necessary to mention that the courts and alleys with which this great metropolis is every where intersected were peculiarly exposed to the inroads of a disorder, the general agents of which are atmospheric vapours and intercepted currents, whether produced by impassable mountains and dense forests, or the close streets, high walls, and narrow low-pitched rooms, which man delights to erect in every large city, as though to torture and debase his fellow-man; to say nothing of the impure gas inhaled from rotten vegetables, and the still more deadly miasma of the human breath when confined within an apartment without any legitimate means of ventilation, and situated perhaps several feet below the surface of the earth.

Probably none laboured more under the twofold scourge of sickness and want than the inhabitants of C—— Buildings. The workhouse doctors were at first tolerably prompt in their attendance; and as the sufferers were in most cases immediately removed to the hospitals, the living were spared that awful proximity with a corpse, where putrefaction in some measure preceded death itself. But even this trifling alleviation to human misery was not, could not be, of long duration; the hospitals and infirmaries became crowded, and it was an every-day occurrence to see beds filled in the morning with cholera patients who were borne to the dead-house in the forenoon, their berth before night to be again occupied by fresh sufferers. The poor Irish looked upon the public institutions to which they were carried with unmitigated horror. It was not that all that circumstances permitted was not done to alleviate their pain; the nurses were kind, the house-surgeons indefatigable, and to *some* of the hospitals their priests had easy access, so that there was little fear of *their* dying without the sacraments. Still it grieved them to see their Protestant neighbours (it is a sad truth, but truth must be told) expire without any one to cheer their last moments, no one to read to them or talk to them, unless some Catholic, like the good Samaritan, stood by their side and whispered words of consolation, avoiding controversy—for what could it *then* avail, when

the moments of the sinner were already numbered? But can we conscientiously blame the Protestant minister? In most cases the married father of a large family, and with a sincere conviction that his presence at a death-bed could be of no real benefit; who, I say, could blame him if, following the dictates of nature, he left others to perform what any one could do as well as himself, and studied the preservation of those to whom he might convey contagion, and for whose temporal advantage he had perhaps adopted his profession? Many and painful were the scenes to which this neglect gave rise, and amongst them to one which, though fortunate in its results, might, but for the Divine mercy, have proved otherwise.*

So long expected and talked of, the cholera had taken none, much less Catholics, unawares; and Josephine had, some time before its real outbreak, chalked out the line she felt herself called upon to pursue. On the disorder she had read much, consulted many, and, being of a naturally fearless disposition, she could not consider it a duty to abandon the care of the poor because it *might* be attended with risk to herself; she was so far a non-contagionist as to believe it was only in the dead body that infection lay, although, before the cessation of the pestilence, she had more than one convincing proof that her rule was not without its exceptions. Before the disease had raged so fearfully as to render the hospitals a secondary consideration, Miss Bradshawe was in the habit of visiting them to say a few prayers for such as were already prepared, and to see that none ran a risk of perishing without spiritual assistance. It was on one of these occasions, as she was about to depart, that a woman, who lay in a bed in the corner of one of the wards, shrieked after her in a voice of thrilling agony, "For God's sake, madam, just come here; I am dying." Josephine obeyed, and discovered an elderly female, one of the helpers, but now herself a patient, struggling with all the violence of unimpaired muscular strength against the spasmodic action of the nerves. She had evidently passed from the state of collapse into that of active fever; the cramps, now seizing the limbs alternately, now fixing on all together, required the force of three or four attendants to prevent the patient flinging herself out of bed. The spasms having fixed in the chest and upper extremities, the countenance presented the appearance of a corpse after disinterment, the whole body being of an indigo tint, rendered still more ghastly by the lack-lustre eyes, and lips at once swollen, black, and parched.

* The reader must not forget that there were honourable exceptions to this rule, *e. g.* in the clergy of St. Saviour's, Leeds, and others.

By the side of this pitiable object sat an elderly man, weeping; his dress and manners betokening that he moved in a grade of society superior to that of the unfortunate woman.

"Miss Bradshawe," she gasped rather than uttered, "this, this is worse than hell! Do you call it charity to hang over your own people, and leave me to perish because I am a Protestant?"

"I did not know you were ill, Johnson," answered Josephine, taking in hers one of the cold glazed hands, and pressing it affectionately. "What can I do for you? only tell me."

"I sent for the clergyman—but—he will not come. Can you bring me a Wesleyan preacher? Any thing; I care not, so he can save my soul. I have been a great sinner—and—no I dare not die as I am—they told the chaplain I had the cholera, and he said nurse could read me a chapter in the Bible. Will no one help me?"

A frightful scream terminated these disjointed sentences, whilst the nurses laboured in vain to give temporary ease by applying flannels steeped in turpentine to the legs and stomach. During this, the man before mentioned rose from his seat, and in a broken voice addressed Miss Bradshawe:

"Madam, I am a butler in a nobleman's family, and that unfortunate being is my sister. I need scarcely say it was her way of life that reduced her to becoming the helper in a parish infirmary; we have not met for years, but I heartily forgive the disgrace she has brought on her family. I implore you, if it lies in your power, to ameliorate her distress of mind. What renders her so wretched is, that she has never been baptised, and some one has put it into her head she cannot go to heaven without."

"No," exclaimed the sufferer, "I am not a Christian; Mary told me so before she died. She had the cholera worse than I have, and the priest came to her, and stayed with her, and did not seem afraid at all, and she was so tranquil after, though her agony made *us* tremble, and she expired so happily; and here am I left to go like a dog."

"If you really wish for baptism," answered Miss Bradshawe, "I will send Father Horton, though I fear there will be little time for instruction."

"God bless you; I feel sure I cannot be saved unless I am baptised, and I know your religion must be the true one, or why are you so anxious for your poor when they are dying? It cannot, I have often thought, be a pleasant thing for ladies and gentlemen to come here at all hours; and they wouldn't do it either, unless there was more need than we knew of."

But oh, be quick, or it will be too late; I have been so great a sinner, I dare not face God as I am." Suppressing her emotion, Josephine hurried towards the chapel-house; Father Horton was at dinner, but it needed no second summons to despatch him on his errand of mercy.

On her visit to the cholera-ward the following day, Miss Bradshawe learnt, to her inexpressible satisfaction, that although Johnson had expired the preceding night, she had not only been baptised, but received the sacrament of extreme unction, leaving with almost her last breath a blessing for her, to whom, as the instrument of Almighty God, she was indebted for procuring the means of salvation.

Never, probably, had the priests of the London district to contend with such an accumulation of physical sufferings, distress, and misery, as during this eventful summer; and it is here worthy of remark, that although continually exposed to contagion, hard worked during the day, and with scarcely two consecutive nights' rest unbroken by sick-calls, not one of them fell a victim to a disease whose ravages were felt by every other class of society. Yet their exertions were almost superhuman; for although the locality where I have fixed my tale belonged to a chapel neither considered to possess so large or so poor a congregation as many in the metropolis, it might perhaps excite some surprise in the bosoms of those who accuse Catholics of "neglecting the education of their poor," and making no efforts "to keep pace with the age," were they told this *small* congregation averaged *twelve thousand*, of whom during the year full *ten thousand* at one season or other require relief, some only occasionally, others at all times; about a thousand subsist on their own industry; and the remaining thousand are able, in a greater or less degree, to assist their poorer brethren, and to contribute towards the support of a Church which in this country depends entirely on the piety of its members, and their zeal for the religion they profess. Now to contend with this mass of human wretchedness, how many were the labourers in the vineyard? Four! at the best of times inadequate to meet the spiritual wants of their flocks; but the demand for priests over the whole district being now so great, no additional assistance could be procured. So they girded themselves for the task; the harvest to be reaped was great, and they prepared to enter the field in the very teeth of death itself, not only without a murmur, but with joyful alacrity; not from any enthusiasm of the moment, but with the same lofty resolve, the same generous self-denial, which characterised the martyrs of old, which *will* characterise the priests of God's Church even to the end of the world. 'Tis true the Catholic

priests, though their numbers when compared to the ministers of the Established Church in the immediate neighbourhood were but as 1 to 20, possessed over the latter an advantage which more than compensated for this deficiency. The black banner of plague was unfurled, the red flag of famine met them at every turn; but *they* had no home-ties to keep them back; their bride was the Church, their children the poor; and whilst a coin remained in their purses, they could share it with the beggar, without a scruple of robbing those whose prior claims were advocated by nature herself. Nearly three years have elapsed; we can now look back upon that fearful time as on an event that is past; the excitement is over; we view things as they *were*, and it perplexes us more and more when we reflect how much was done, how little left undone. The numerous offices of the Church proceeded as usual; there were the seven services on Sundays and holidays of obligation, the daily masses, marriages, baptisms; the long hours spent in the confessional oftentimes stretched far into the night, for the fear of impending death drove many to that sacred tribunal who had absented themselves for years. Even from this would the priest be summoned to the bed of death; did he find rest on his return? No, one duty accomplished, he hastened to another, never dreaming of refreshment or repose whilst one soul remained to which he could either afford consolation or assistance; and then, when these offices of charity were done, twenty chances to one but a portion of his office still remained to be said; and when at last he threw himself on his bed, it was only to be roused by a fresh sick-call, almost before his eyes were closed in sleep. There are few Catholics to whom all this is not well known; but if perchance these pages should reach the eye of any who differ from us in creed, let them remember that these are the men (not indeed these very individuals, but the class of which they are a fair sample) on whom the Protestant journals consider no calumny too gross to be heaped; against whom the orators not only of Exeter Hall, but of assemblies where more toleration might be expected, inasmuch as their members are considered superior both in point of birth and intellect, publicly declaim; whilst in more private meetings they are gravely accused of violating the whole criminal code from petty larceny up to murder, and that too with an impunity which, in a country so remarkable for the vigilance of its detective officers, is indeed little short of miraculous. These, too, are the men to whom the epithets "slothful," "avaricious," and "designing" are the milder terms applied in every-day conversation, and on whose actions the most glaring misconstructions are placed; and all this is

done or said—by the prejudiced and illiterate? no, but by those who on other points exhibit a clear-sightedness and depth of judgment which cause them to be looked up to by their fellow-creatures; thus adding the poison of influence to the arrow already barbed, we would fain hope, by ignorance.

Over C—— Buildings the death-blast swept with all its fury, rendering impotent every attempt to arrest or even to weaken its force. Rare indeed were the cases in which the victim was snatched back to life, sometimes perishing before medical aid could be procured, often dying whilst an attempt was being made for his removal, but in scarce a solitary instance passing away without the assistance of a priest; and even then through no fault of his, but because he was not made acquainted with the attack until the vital spark had fled. In the front attic of one of the houses in the turn-court a family had resided for years, multiplying of course until the room seemed too small even to hold them; yet there they remained, literally *packed* at night, absorbing almost every portion of oxygen, until in lieu of atmospheric air a species of animal humidity was produced, acting as poison on the frames of those by whom it was inhaled.

It was about half-past ten on the Sunday before the Assumption, that Miss Bradshawe, who had attended an early Mass, entered the Buildings, anxious to ascertain how it fared with one of the younger girls, who had, it was supposed, been attacked by the dire disease. In a corner of the turn-court her attention was arrested by a group of school-children, who stood clustered together, perfectly quiet, and with an air of mysterious importance. In the hands of a few were the well-known purple-covered hymn-books, and after a preliminary pause the two following stanzas reached the ear of Josephine:

“ Faith of our Fathers! living still,
 In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword,
 Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy
 Whene’er we hear that glorious word!
 Faith of our Fathers! holy Faith!
 We will be true to thee till death.

* * * * *

“ Faith of our Fathers! Mary’s prayers
 Shall win our country back to thee,
 And through the truth that comes from God
 England shall then indeed be free.
 Faith of our Fathers! holy Faith!
 We will be true to thee till death.”

As the voices ceased, Miss Bradshawe advanced, and in-

stantly recognised an unusual solemnity in the manner of the little ones, which led her to inquire its cause.

“ Why thin, miss, isn’t it poor Ellen that’s dying up there, an she used to like the hymn, an it’s singing it undher the winder quite gently we were, just to plase her for the last time.”

“ I’m feard, miss,” said an elder girl, “ it’s not praying for her they’ll be; mother heerd thim quarrelling all nite; an whin I stole in to bid her good-bye, she said she hoped the Blessed Virgin ud mind an fetch her on the Assumption, because it was the anniversary of her first communion.”

“ Almighty God will fetch her when He thinks fit,” said Josephine, laying her hand on the child’s head. “ Now go away without noise, and don’t forget to pray for her when you are at Mass, although I would rather none of you went into the room again.”

Thus cautioned, they departed without any signs of their usual mirth, each dropping a curtesy to Miss Bradshawe, and casting a wistful glance at the window of the room where their playfellow lay in so hopeless a condition. Josephine immediately ascended the stairs; but although she knocked at the door more than once, so great was the bustle within, she could not succeed in making herself heard, and was at length compelled to enter without invitation. Here, indeed, she encountered a scene of confusion; the inroads of the pestilence during the last four-and-twenty hours had been terrific. Two beds, which almost filled the chamber, were let down and tenanted; whilst in the spaces between were laid two strong men labouring under the pangs of approaching dissolution, groaning, gasping, and in the violence of the cramps throwing off those who tried to minister to their relief. Amongst this latter number was Mrs. Casey, who, kneeling on the ground, her arms bared to the elbow, was rubbing away at the legs of one of the sufferers until big drops of perspiration stood on the forehead of the kind-hearted old creature.

“ Arrah, now, Jack Rourke! be aisey, can’t ye, mee darlint; first one lig, thin anither! its enuff to frighten a horse from his oats, to say nothink of a Christian, to hear the crathers. Ah thin, Miss Bradshawe, it’s wilcome you are at all saisons. What ull I do? musha, its meesilf doesn’t know who’s alive at all!”

“ Ah, miss, it’s a fearful nite we’ve had of it,” said the wife of the patient, who, almost beside herself with terror, was hurrying from one bed to another, anon casting distracted glances on the floor. “ Father Morgan was here wid me sis-ther about twelve, an poor little Nilly died as he was laving

the room, an now the min are down; an it's meesilf an Meggy has our hands full of it."

"Jist cum and luk at the baby, miss," urged Meggy, pulling Josephine's sleeve, and pointing towards the bed on which Mrs. Mulvin lay; "it wouldn't be quiet with Nelly, becuse she can't talk to it now she's dead, so we gave it to aunt, an it scrames worse nor iver; we think it's could it tuk, for I was obliged to carry it whin I ran for the praste last nite, for there was no one to mind it for me."

"It is hungry," said Miss Bradshawe, compassionately, as she observed the poor little thing vainly endeavouring to draw the nourishment which was completely dried up by fever. "You had better ask some of those who have infants to nurse it for a time."

"Indeed an I did," answered Mrs. Rourke, "but there was no gitting thim to let it near thim; it's feard of the cholera the lot of thim are."

"I am fearful it will not escape," exclaimed Josephine, as she reluctantly placed the famished infant beside the body of little Ellen. "You had better, Mrs. Rourke, send to the work-house for an order to bury this poor child, or all your lives will be endangered."

"Bury the corse is it? afore its bided a nite undher the roof wid me! It's what I'd never consint to, if it were to be the saving of me siven generations."

"Yet remember yourself; Meggy,—your sick husband, Mulvin,—indeed some of them ought to be removed to the infirmary."

"Let thim tak thim, an wilcome; but I'll not have me child moved till we've passed the nite over her: the neybour's ud think us worse than haythens if we hadn't the frinds."

"Now, Mrs. Rourke," said old Norry, wiping her brow, as she paused in her work of charity, "can't ye be said by Miss Bradshawe? Sure an don't she know more than all the docthers in the parish? an didn't she save the life of my Jim wid the limonade, whin it was meesilf was afther dosing him wid the whisky?"

"That was a different case, Norry," answered Josephine, with a sigh. "Has Rourke been prepared? for I fear he will not recover."

"Indeed an he wasn't ill whin Father Morgan was here; an its nayther on um ull be the worse for the praste, but there's no one to sind; I can't spare Meggy, an what ull I do? But God is good!"

"I will let one of the priests know directly; but how you will contrive with so many in one room"—

“An it’s meesilf doesn’t know; but as Jack’s the worst, I spose we must drag him into next doore; it’s impty since Missis O’Brian went to the House, an I think there’s a hape of shavings in the corner.”

Finding she could render no real assistance, Miss Bradshawe hurried towards the chapel, and on entering the sacristy found it not quite so easy to fulfil her promise as she had imagined. Father Wilford had said the ten-o’clock Mass, but had been hurried away immediately afterwards, and without breaking his fast, to Cato Street, where one of the “carriers” had been brought home in a state of spasmodic cholera; the three remaining chaplains were ready vested, and about to enter the sanctuary, when a few whispered words to Father Morgan, who was to officiate as deacon, caused him instantaneously to exchange dalmatic and alb for his walking attire, whilst his brother priests proceeded to the altar without him. Josephine knelt down in the sacristy, and the sermon had just commenced, when a peal at the bell, which was repeated before it could possibly be answered, sent the sacristan in all haste to the door. “A man was dying in Cleveland Street; he hadn’t been to his duty for forty years an more; an the baby was jist off, an worse luck it hadn’t been baptised.” There was of course no time to be lost, the place was full a mile distant; a sign was therefore made to Father Horton, who, quitting the pulpit somewhat abruptly, was obliged to depart without refreshment of any kind, that being his fifth sick-call since seven that morning.

“What shall we do now?” inquired the sacristan, positively scared by the predicament in which he found himself; “the Mass must proceed, and—Hark! there is the bell again.” This time it was an English convert, pale and breathless with haste. His father, who had long wished to become a Catholic, but had postponed it from day to day, had been seized by the disease in its most hideous form; collapse, accompanied by cold sweats, had already placed him beyond the power of medicine; and being a man of powerful frame, his sufferings were proportionately intense. He raved continually for a priest, and his medical attendants had decided it was impossible he could hold out for more than an hour. Miss Bradshawe and the sacristan gazed on each other with countenances pale with dismay. Mass could not be over in less than half an hour; there was no knowing when either of the absent chaplains might return, as it was more than possible that though summoned to one, they would find several others requiring assistance on their road to and fro. In this emergency a sudden thought struck Miss Bradshawe. “This person,” she exclaimed, “does not live far from Cleveland Street: give me the baptismal

water, I will follow Father Horton, and send him there before he returns home." As there really was nothing else to be done, her request was acceded to. The young priest was found; and after spending more than an hour over a man semi-stupified by laudanum and disease, he was hurried to the bedside of a second, struggling with the pestilence in its most agonising and unmitigated form. Prompt as he was, he was only just in time; the procrastinator expired before he quitted the house, although the first sufferer lay for nearly a week in a state of collapse, totally deprived of consciousness, almost of motion. Nor was Father Morgan more fortunate. Rourke and Mrs. Mulvin died before night, the infant not long afterwards, Mulvin himself the middle of the following day, and poor Mrs. Rourke, being attacked immediately, expired in eleven hours, leaving Meggy not only the last of her family, but the sole living inmate of a room which three days before had contained no less than seven persons in full health and strength. *This is no imaginary scene.* So rapid had been the progress of the plague, so virulent and deadly its effects, that at one and the same time, even in this confined space, there lay a pining child, a man momentarily awaiting dissolution, the half-putrid bodies of two already dead, and one within whose veins the poison lurked which in so short a space was to curdle the healthy blood, cause stagnation round the lungs, and consequent death.

These were by no means the only victims of those two fearful days. The quiet of Mrs. Selby's abode was disturbed on the Monday morning, not by one, but by a continuous succession of peals, first on the visitors', then the servants' bell; and as there was no intermission between the startling sounds, this generally quiet household was so frightened from its propriety, that a considerable time elapsed before the opening of the door occasioned a cessation of the din. A tall powerful man, who, though well known to our readers as Pat Sheehan, was yet a stranger to the very orderly and somewhat antique-looking dame who, in snowy apron and pink streamers, answered the ring, "just to see what it could possibly mean," and who, drawing herself up in all the dignity of cook and housekeeper, demanded the business of the intruder, and how "he dared pull the visitors' bell in that ere violent manner, to the imminent risk of damaging not only the wires, but the organs of her (Mrs. Bevan's) ears."

"Sure an me good woman, jist spake aisey, and be after bein quick if you plase, an till Miss Bradshawe its wanthing her I am on partic'lar business, or it's not so airly I'd be thrubbling her."

"Good woman, indeed! well I'm sure!" ejaculated the

stately dame, crimsoning with indignation. "Miss Bradshawe is at breakfast, and you'll please to leave your name and message with me, for ——"

"Indeed an what use ud that be? Me name's Pat Sheehan; jist mintion it will you, me darlint; she'll see me directly, an no harm done ayther."

"It's of no use; you must call again. I knows what a proper hour is, if Miss Bradshawe doesn't. She's with Mrs. Selby; and I knows my place better too than to carry *impertinent* messages."

And Mrs. Bevan made an attempt to close the door she held in her hand, so as to put a stop to all farther parley with so importunate a beggar, for such in the recesses of her heart had she designated Pat. But the latter was not to be so easily repulsed. Anticipating the good lady's movements, he seized her by the waist, twisted her completely round, and before she had recovered sufficiently to express her sense of outraged propriety, reached the parlour-door, and unceremoniously turning the handle stood in the presence of Josephine and her aunt, just as the latter was about to ring for the purpose of inquiring the cause of the disturbance. The flushed countenance and excited manner of the uncouth being before her changed Mrs. Selby's curiosity into positive alarm. Dropping with a faint scream the morsel of toast she was in the act of conveying to her mouth, she caught up the nearest knife, though whether with an idea of preventing its being used by the intruder, or of herself acting on the defensive, is an enigma which we cannot solve.

"Why, Sheehan," exclaimed her niece, rather surprised at the apparition, "what is the matter?"

"Musha, miss, I beg yer pardon, but the ould lady outside stood so long consiidering if it was a pickpocket I was or not, that I was feared it was too late intirely I'd be; and it's about off the poor crather is by this time, so it was of no use to stand palavering there."

"Come, what is it all about?" inquired Josephine, who wished to avert the bursting of the storm that was gathering on Mrs. Selby's brow. "You should have sent in your message as you were desired; it would have been attended to quite as quickly."

"Sind in me message, an it about life an deth! No, miss, I know me duty betther than that ony day. But if it's Norry Casey you'd like to go off like a dog, why I've done."

And aware that he had effectually roused Miss Bradshawe's sympathy, he turned towards the door as if about to depart, with an air of offended dignity which would under other circumstances have aroused her risible faculties.

"Nay, Sheehan," she exclaimed, "I really cannot understand you; Norry was quite well yesterday?"

"Why thin, miss, it's ded she's intirely to-day. Didn't she catch the cholera, I'd like to know? An hasn't the clargy been wid her before airly Mass? An isn't there somethink on her mind she can't die wid? So she tould me to come to you an ——"

"Now, Josephine, I really will not allow this," interrupted Mrs. Selby, at length finding utterance. "You are neither a *priest*, nor a *nun*, nor yet an *hospital nurse*; and if the woman has any thing on her mind, let her send for the former."

"Saving yer prisince, me lady, the clargy's been wid her. But it's a request she has; an I'll tell her, miss, it's yersilf ull lose no time, will I?"

Miss Bradshawe nodded assent, and shortly after Pat's disappearance, escaped from the breakfast-room, equally eager to avoid her aunt's lectures, and to discover what really was the matter with old Norry.

It was not very long before she reached the Buildings and commenced the somewhat perilous descent of Mrs. Casey's cellar. A low moaning struck her ear, which at intervals amounted to a groan; and after *feeling* her way along the passage, Josephine rounded the corner, and entering the doorway, stood within the abode described in a previous chapter. It was, however, so dark, that for a few moments she could discern nothing distinctly; a human figure was crouching by the side of the half-dead embers, though enveloped in a cloud of smoke, which made her eyes tingle and caused her to gasp for breath, whilst a restless movement on the floor at the other end pointed out the place occupied by the sufferer.

"God be wid you, miss, yer cum at last," exclaimed a voice which she had no difficulty in recognising as that of Jim Casey; "a sorry day it is for me to see me poor girl dying before me eyes an laving me all alone wid no one to look afther me. See thin, an Heaven bliss you, is it this time she'll die."

"It is so dark, Casey, I cannot see," answered Josephine; "have you no candle?"

"I think there's a bit on that shilf overhead; I'm a poor cripple, an can't rache it meesilf. Here, stand on that ould baskit, an mind yer dress don't take the fere; ye'll find it undher the cracked mug; there's no keeping ony thing for thim impudint rats." Accustomed to similar contrivances, Miss Bradshawe mounted the frail support and succeeded in reaching the treasure, which being with considerable difficulty lighted, she approached Norry, who was a great favourite, not

only with her visitor, but with all who knew her. The poor old woman was evidently in the most acute agony; her limbs were drawn together as if the muscles had shrunk, although at intervals they were suddenly stretched out as by the action of an invisible pulley, then recoiling until she assumed almost the appearance of a ball. It was of her arms, however, that she chiefly complained; in the palm of either hand was a round spot of deep black surrounded by what appeared gangrene, from which up to the very elbow the dark hue prevailed, though gradually diminishing in intensity, until it assumed the prevailing bluish tint so often alluded to.

"Ah, an it was rubbing Jack Rourke I tuk it," she exclaimed, spreading out the affected members before Josephine, who felt her heart sicken within her. "It's all over wid me, me lady, an glory to His holy name, it's prepared I am; but there's a thing thrubbles me, an if you'd promise me to see to that, I'd die contint." The girl hesitated, a painful thrill pervaded her bosom; gladly, most gladly, would she have given an unreserved promise to comply with the request of this martyr to charity, but prudence whispered "no." She had more than once mourned over her inability to fulfil the last wishes of the expiring poor, and she was reluctantly compelled to inquire what it was Norry required.

"Ownly jist nothink, me lady. You see poor Jim there isn't able to look afther himself, an it ull break his ould heart if it's sint to the poor-house he is, an I don't think it's long the crather ull be afther me; for, barring the cat that follers him wheriver he goes, an lays on the bed whin I'm out, there's no Christian in the warld to care for him now I'm gone."

"Ah, an it's not far out you're there, Norry," sobbed the disabled creature, as the sleek animal at his feet leapt on his knee, as if she too were petitioning for her master. "I couldn't bide in the house, wid the cursing, and swearing, an jeering at every thing good; an what ud I do for the tay an the snuff? An worse than all, what ud I do for you, Norry? Blissed's the day I saw you, though it's not long ago nayther, an now for you to go home before me," and a fresh burst of tears choked his utterance, whilst his tabby favourite testified her sympathy by rubbing her face against his, patting him with her large paw, and purring with all her might.

"Look at thim, miss; aint they a purty pair? What a stoopid you are, Jim, to be shure," ejaculated Mrs. Casey, with a burst of something like her former energy; "but I'm not long for this world; an I was thinkin as the stall's here, an the baskit's all safe, if Jim had a little to begin, he could sill cresses, and may be young onyons an cowcubbers in the saison.

There's one Lanhahin does a little that way himsilf, an I'm thinkin he'd markit for Jim, and the boys ud lind him a help in the marning, an may be bring him an the stall home at nite; but it's betther he'd not meddle wid the swates, or it ud be a temptation to the crathers. Now, me lady, I expict you'll promise him sixpence a week to keep up the stock, an its happy I'd be, for I'd know he'd niver want, an I spose there'll be a bit for the cat, an she'll bide wid him an comfort him." Cheerfully did Josephine pledge herself to allow the sixpence which was to elevate Mr. Casey above the possibility of poverty; and Norry having settled her temporary concerns so much to her satisfaction, returned to those of her immortal soul, the care of which she had happily never neglected during life, and therefore had no cause to tremble at death, even in its present appalling aspect.

"The holy Virgin guard you, Miss Bradshawe; the pain's aisier, ma'am, an its not long I'll last. Jist kneel down an read me the litanies; and Jim, as you can't stoop, lave off crying like an omadhaun, an be afther praying for me poor sowl; an Father Morgan ull say the mass for me, and the saints ull pray for me, an it's in pace I'll die."

Josephine obeyed; placing the morsel of candle on the edge of Norry's bed, she bent her knee, and continued reading until the expiring light rendered it impossible, although sometimes interrupted by the old woman, whose senses were apparently wandering. She would murmur the "Hail Mary," then call Jim, and once the name of Kate Gearey passed her lips. At length all was silent, and as Miss Bradshawe arose she placed her hand on her brow, thinking she slept. An involuntary shudder ran through her frame at the cold clammy contact; but unwilling to alarm Jim, she groped her way to the front kitchen, and having borrowed a light returned. Her surmises were correct; Norry Casey was indeed dead.

CHRISTIAN PILGRIMAGES.

PILGRIMAGES are so natural and true a picture of human life, as viewed by a thoughtful and religious mind, that wherever the faith of a people has been real, earnest, and simple, these pious journeyings have been always in vogue. "We have not here a lasting city, but we seek one that is to come:" this is the language of Holy Scripture, but it is also the language of our own inmost souls, of our experience and of our observa-

tion; excepting only in the case of those persons who, by a vicious indulgence of their sensual appetites, or by "covetousness, which is idolatry," have so corrupted their hearts and understandings as to be unwilling, and sometimes therefore almost unable, to receive so plain and obvious a lesson.

It would be scarcely too much to say that pilgrimages are a part even of natural religion; certainly they are to be found at every period of the world's history among the most sober-minded and religious people. "In profane antiquity," says a recent traveller speaking on this subject, "those who took any heed to religious belief at all repaired to Egypt, in order to be initiated in the mysteries of Osiris, and to seek lessons of wisdom from his priests. It was to travellers that the mysterious sphynx of Mount Phicæus proposed the profound enigma of which Œdipus discovered the solution. . . . The Turks, while they were yet believers, repaired to Mecca in great caravans; and in our travels in Central Asia, we constantly met numerous pilgrims going to or fro, all of them profoundly filled with, and earnestly impelled by, a sincere sentiment of religion." Nor was it otherwise amongst those who worshipped only the true God. Long before the promulgation of the law, there were the pilgrimages of the holy patriarchs, recorded and recognised as such in the written Word of God. Abraham, going out of his own country in obedience to the call of God, became a stranger and pilgrim in the land of Canaan; Isaac also was a pilgrim out of his own country amongst strangers; the life of Jacob too was full of pilgrimages; Joseph his son was a pilgrim in the land of Egypt from his youth; and his children after him, the Hebrew nation, were as strangers in that same country for a period of four hundred years, until the Exodus and the giving of the law on Mount Sinai; then they walked as pilgrims in the wilderness for forty years, carrying with them the ark of the Testament for their comfort and spiritual solace in their pilgrimage, until at length they gained possession of the promised land. "All these confessed that they were pilgrims and strangers on the earth; for they that say these things do signify that they seek a country."

Nor did these pious wanderings altogether cease when the promised land was won; on the contrary, Almighty God especially provided for their continuance, lest his chosen people should imagine that they had already entered into their rest and found that *civitatem permanentem*, that "heavenly country," on which He desired that their whole hearts and affections should be fixed. Three yearly pilgrimages were obligatory upon all the Jews, wherever they might be dispersed throughout the land, unless they were actually resident within the

walls of the holy city itself; and the latest of the three solemn feasts on which they were thus required "to appear before the Lord their God," the feast of tabernacles, was specially kept in remembrance of their former pilgrimages in Egypt and in the wilderness. This obligation was laid upon the males only of every family; yet so universally was the religious use and character of these pilgrimages, as a figure and mystical instruction of man's condition in life, felt and acknowledged, that it was a very common practice for the women also to accompany their husbands in these journeys, at least once in every year, if not oftener. We see this from the example of the devout Anna, the wife of Elcana and mother of Samuel; as also from the example of our blessed Lady herself, "going up every year to Jerusalem, at the solemn day of the pasch."

Moreover, although the obligation which we have mentioned was binding only upon the children of Israel, yet Holy Scripture tells us of others also, not of the seed of Abraham, who joined in these sacred pilgrimages, and found a reward in so doing. On Palm Sunday, during our Lord's triumphant entry into Jerusalem, "there were certain Gentiles among them who came up to adore on the festival day;" and the Ethiopian eunuch too, whom Philip baptised "in the way that goeth down into Gaza," had gone up to Jerusalem "to adore." The language of the royal Psalmist, too, shews us how familiar to the Jewish people was the idea of a pilgrimage as an emblem of life: "Advena ego sum apud te et peregrinus, sicut omnes patres mei."

Under the law of nature then, as exhibited in the life and conversation of the holy patriarchs of old; under the same law as manifested in broken and imperfect images among the practices of some of the heathen nations, both in ancient and modern times; and under the written law of God as promulgated on Mount Sinai, a pilgrimage was a praiseworthy and religious act. Did it cease to be so when Christ had suffered and died for us? Was all this thoroughly done away with and utterly reversed by the law of grace? Who shall pretend that it was? Is there anything whatever, either in the reason of the thing, or in the practice of the early Christians, to give countenance to such an idea? Have Christians a less clear and lively perception of the transitory nature of this life than the patriarchs of old, the Jews, or the very heathen? If an inspired apostle exhorts us to behave ourselves "as strangers and pilgrims," shall we be deemed guilty of sin, and branded with the mark of "grovelling superstition," if we become strangers and pilgrims in very deed? Or if another apostle bids us remember that "the time is short," and that "the

fashion of this world passeth away," and that he "would have us to be without solicitude," is it so very unreasonable for us to conclude that this same apostle would not have thought a man altogether regardless of his admonitions, who should abandon his home, his parents, his country, all the comforts and conveniences of a settled abode, and lead the hard and penitential life of a pilgrim or wanderer upon the face of the earth; and being "without impediment," "solicitous only for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please God?" These are questions worthy of the deepest consideration by all those who, like the Eunomians and Vigilantians of old, scoff at the very notion of a religious pilgrimage. For ourselves and for the great majority of our readers, they have been long since answered by the infallible judgment of the Church; nevertheless it may be useful even for us too, amid the comforts and luxuries of this material nineteenth century, to cast at least a momentary glance at the *rationale* of Christian pilgrimages; and certainly it will not be uninteresting to take a hasty review of their history, noting the principal places to which from time to time they have been directed.

Of the *rationale* of pilgrimages we have perhaps spoken enough already. All particular pilgrimages, whatever may be their ostensible end, whether Jerusalem, or Rome, or Loretto, or Compostella, or Einsidlen, or Walsingham, or what not, are in truth, when religiously undertaken, but figures and similitudes of the pilgrimage which we all make from our birth to the grave, the pilgrimage of life. "The true pilgrim," to borrow the words of a French Jesuit, who wrote the *Pilgrim of Loretto*, early in the seventeenth century,* "hath always in his thought the place whither he tendeth; he chooseth the shortest and surest way; he goeth forward without any markable stay. The cities, buildings, palaces, fields, gardens, and places of pleasure, if he must needs see them, yet he seeth them only as in passing by them, being always attentive to his end. He endureth in town and field all the incommodities and dangers of men and beasts, contempt, injury, hunger, thirst, want, heat, cold, hail, and snow; sometimes lying under the house-roof, sometimes under the cope or canopy of heaven; sometimes merry and well-disposed, sometimes again weary and crazed; humble, patient, courteous, wise, and circumspect in all his actions." What is all this but to fulfil the apostle's injunction to the very letter of "using this world as though we used it not?" "All this," continues Father Richeome, "all this, point by point, is practised in the

* We quote from an English translation, dedicated to the wife of Charles I., and published in the year 1630.

pilgrimage of man's life by those that are well-advised pilgrims: these, walking upon the earth, have heaven in their heart, which is the end of their mortal course; they strive and walk without rest towards virtue, holding the directest and surest way, which is that which the Catholic Church, our good and common mother, doth shew us in her great *itinerarium* of the laws and commandments of God; they make no reckoning of worldly magnificence, and take with an equal mind prosperity and adversity. If their affairs go well forward, they thank the Divine Providence without pride; if they suffer shipwreck, they lift their hands to heaven and bless the same Providence. . . . Our pilgrim (that is, the pilgrim of Loretto, for whom he writes) should mark all these similitudes to the true pilgrims, and should contemplate in the figure of his the form and tenour of the other, and make his profit thereof. He shall also allegorise all the parts of his furniture and apparel, and shall attire his soul to the likeness of his body. For his hat he shall take the assistance of God; his shoes shall be the mortification of his affections; patience shall be his mantle or leather cloak; civility shall be his coat or cassock; chastity his girdle; contemplation and meditation shall be his bag and bottle; the love of the cross his pilgrim's staff; faith, charity, and good works shall be his purse and money."

The quaint simplicity and deep truthfulness of this passage must be our apology for making so long an extract from an old but rare volume; and we think we need not say more to demonstrate the truth of what we said at the beginning, namely, that the true pilgrim cannot fail to find in every step of his pilgrimage

" An heavenly draught and image
Of his frail mortality,
Tending to eternity."

We will only add upon this subject, that the processions which the Catholic Church makes use of in her solemn functions, and which are in truth a kind of memorial or epitome (so to speak) of pilgrimages, are of course to be interpreted in the same way. They represent to us that life is a journey. "How many household truths," it has been well said, "are symbolised in a procession! The Church is its starting place, the Church its goal, signifying to us that in her we begin and in her must end. It moves, and so do we; and high in front of it is reared the image of the Crucified, to denote that in the Church, unlike the world, we move under his banner, and, as it were, in his train."

Pilgrimages then being, like prayer itself, a mere form and expression (as it were) of natural religion; having been al-

most the normal state of existence of the ancient patriarchs; being, moreover, positively enjoined as a precept to the children of Israel by the law given on Mount Sinai, and not being in any way discountenanced by the law of grace or inconsistent with its requirements,—it is not to be wondered at that they should have been continued by the early Christians, as soon as time and opportunity served. And the first and most natural object of such pilgrimages was of course the Holy Land, “that most worthy, most excellent, and lady and sovereign of all other lands,” as Sir John Maundeville so justly calls it, as having been blessed and hallowed with the precious body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ; that land in which it pleased Him to take flesh and blood of the Virgin Mary, and to become man; where He dwelt for three-and-thirty years, going about doing good and working many miracles, and preaching and teaching the faith and law of Christian men unto his children; finally, that land in which He suffered passion and death from the Jews for us, “to redeem and deliver us from the pains of hell and from death without end. Well may that land then be called delectable and a fruitful land, that was made moist with His precious blood;” and well might Christian pilgrims flock with holy zeal to visit all those places which had been sanctified by His sacred presence. For it is natural to us to have our feelings and affections towards particular places powerfully influenced by our feelings and affections for those persons with whom such places are in any way associated. Thus in England, where wealth and rank and royalty are the objects of worship, if the sovereign of the country, or any other extraordinary grandee, pay a visit to a place, though it be but for a single day, immediately the fact is chronicled in the annals of that place, and becomes a part and parcel not only of its history, but, in a certain manner, if we may say so, even of itself. Henceforward it claims for itself certain privileges; it is no longer to be looked upon in the same light as other places, which must stand or fall by their own merit, but it demands our sympathies by virtue of our loyalty, or of our admiration for the great, or of whatever other feeling the personage in question would, by his own presence, inspire. Just so, from the very same natural instinct, in Italy and other Catholic countries, the place where a saint was born or died, or where he wrought any special miracles, or where he habitually lived, is pretty sure to become an object of devotion to the people, and, sooner or later, to be converted into a church or chapel. It was impossible, then, but that Jerusalem and the other sacred places of Palestine should have become objects of the most tender devotion to all Christian people from the very first.

“It would take us too long,” says St. Jerome,* himself too a pilgrim, like those of whom he writes, “to reckon up the number of bishops, martyrs, and eloquent and learned ecclesiastics, who, in every age of the Church, from the day of our Lord’s ascension into heaven down to the present time, have come to Jerusalem; not considering that they had yet attained that degree of perfection in religion, knowledge, and goodness which they *might* attain, until they had first adored their Lord in those very places whence the Gospel originally shone forth to the world from the tree of the cross. Here are collected the first and best of every land: not that we mean to deny but that there are holy men in other places also, and not that we are ignorant of the fact that the kingdom of God is within us, and does not consist in any external locality whatever; nevertheless so it is, that in this land, which God has so highly honoured above all other lands, the most eminent individuals of every Christian people are to be found gathered together. Hither come the flower of Christendom from Gaul; the distant Briton too, leaving his western home, hastens hither to visit those places already so well known to him by report and through the Holy Scriptures. And why need I speak of the Persians and Armenians, the Indians and Ethiopians, and the neighbours of Egypt—that country so rich in cenobites,—the people of Pontus and Cappadocia, Syria and Mesopotamia, and every part of the East? These all, according to that word of our divine Saviour, ‘Wheresoever the body shall be, there shall the eagles also be gathered together,’ flock to Jerusalem, and exhibit to us there the edifying spectacle of their respective gifts and graces; for though the outward semblance of these different people is so various—their form, features, and language—yet their faith is one; all are bound together in the unity of the same holy religion.” This passage of St. Jerome (of which, however, we have given a free paraphrase rather than a literal translation) reveals to us, in a very distinct and unmistakable manner, the opinions and practice of the Church in his day on the subject of pilgrimages. It shews us that in the fourth century pilgrimages were already much more frequent, and even universal, than we should have anticipated.

Nor was this a *corruption*, as our adversaries speak, a novelty just then for the first time creeping into the Church—a mere remnant of Paganism retained by ill-instructed converts. On the contrary, the attentive reader will have observed that St. Jerome himself expressly states that Christian pilgrims had flocked to the Holy Land from the very first,—

* Ep. 17, ad Mar.

“from the ascension of our Lord into heaven down to the present day;” and St. Cyril of Jerusalem has somewhere given the same testimony. Moreover, the very conduct of the heathens themselves is sufficient to assure us of this. It shews us that those sacred places were held in the utmost veneration by all Christian people from the very first, and that they were frequented by them for purposes of religious worship. For ecclesiastical historians tell us that the reason wherefore the heathen took such especial pains to deface and even destroy the *quasi recentia Nativitatis, Crucis, et Passionis vestigia*, as St. Jerome calls them, was this, that they hoped thereby to hinder the approach of the faithful, or at least to prevent their shewing any signs of reverence and worship there. “Ungodly men, or rather the whole race of demons by means of them,” says Eusebius,* “endeavoured to bury in darkness and oblivion the memorial of the holy sepulchre.” They therefore raised a great mound of earth over the sacred place, surrounded it with a wall, raised an altar and other buildings upon it, and placed there a statue of Venus, “in order,” says Sozomen,† “that if any Christians should come to adore in that place, they might seem to be adoring Venus;” an imputation which would be so hateful to every true disciple of the Cross, that they would rather deprive themselves of any religious consolations and privileges not absolutely indispensable, than voluntarily expose themselves to it. Now, we learn from St. Jerome, that it was the Emperor Hadrian who had recourse to these measures; so that it appears that Christians used to frequent these places, and to manifest tokens of religious reverence for them, in the very earliest part of the second century.

And this was done not by the mere native Christians of the neighbourhood only, but pilgrims came also from a distance for the same purpose. One of these was Alexander, a bishop of some place in Cappadocia, of whom we read‡ that he came to Jerusalem to visit the holy places in consequence of a vow which he had made, and that whilst there he was pointed out, by certain divine revelations, as the future Bishop of Jerusalem; whereupon he was not allowed to return to his own country, but was immediately appointed as coadjutor to the aged Narcissus. There is extant too, even at the present day, the itinerary of a Christian of Bordeaux, who visited the Holy Land in the year 333, that is to say, two years before the consecration of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, built by Constantine and St. Helena; and this itinerary was evidently compiled for the use of his countrymen who might be

* Vit. Constant. iii. 26.

† Hist. Eccl. ii. 1.

‡ Euseb. H. E. vi. 11.

about to undertake the same long and perilous journey, shewing thereby that such pilgrimages were by no means uncommon. Indeed, it is acknowledged by the recent Protestant editor of *Early Travels in Palestine* in Bohn's Antiquarian Library—a work, by the by, which the said editor has done his best to spoil, by the unwarranted liberty which he has taken of omitting all such miraculous narratives or theological observations as, in the supremacy of his private judgment, he considers to be either “incredible” or “totally devoid of interest,”—it is acknowledged, we say, that “we learn from the writings of some of the Greek fathers, that pilgrimages to the Holy Land had already, even at that early period, *become so frequent as to lead to many abuses.*”

It is quite certain, then, that from the earliest times of which we have any distinct and authentic records, the idea of a religious pilgrimage was familiar to the Christian mind. So far from its being a mere outward and formal act, obligatory indeed upon the Jews, but to us Christians forbidden, and, together with the rest of the ceremonial law, utterly abrogated and taken away,—it would be a nearer approximation to the truth to say, with our old friend the “Pilgrim of Loretto,” that “Christians have always undertaken such holy pilgrimages so much the more courageously, as they have more places than the Jews had to acknowledge and praise God in some peculiar sort, and to obtain and gather the fruits and gifts of His graces: they have practised them so much the more piously and diligently, by how much the more they have received the light and heat of the Holy Ghost, giving them a clearer acknowledgment of the pilgrim-like condition of man in this mortal life, and have received more abundance of truth, of love, and of desire of the life to come, and other gifts of the same Spirit.” And, as we have already said, Palestine, and in a more especial manner Jerusalem, has ever been the first and most constant object of these pious journeyings, because *there* are united together each and all of those claims or titles to veneration, one or more of which taken singly is wont to make other places holy and honourable. Thus, if the beginning of a place makes it venerable, “when it is accompanied with some notable, strange, or wonderful thing,” the land of promise, so remarkably chosen by Almighty God for ages beforehand, and set apart for the inheritance of his people, may certainly claim a singular pre-eminence in this particular. Or if “another thing that doth beautify and sanctify a place be divine apparitions made in them,” what place can compete on this title with the land wherein God appeared so often, and made such marvellous displays of power and of goodness to Abraham,

Jacob, Moses, and the rest, and where at length the Son of God wrought the redemption of mankind. If, too, we hold in honour and reverence places that have been inhabited, or constantly frequented, by saints and martyrs, how much more venerable must that place be where the Saviour of the world became man, and for the space of thirty years came in and went out amongst the children of men? Finally, if any notable action or suffering, any great victory or rare sacrifice, above all, if any miracle be enough to make a place famous and memorable for ever, what claims has not that land which God has illustrated by an infinite number of miraculous works throughout all ages? Jerusalem, then, has always been the especial object of the Christian pilgrim; and so completely was it the centre of all their thoughts and hopes and wishes, that even the wisest and most learned men in the middle ages, having but an imperfect knowledge of geography as compared with that which the Lords of her Majesty's Privy Council require at the present day from the lips of some aspirant teacher of the youth of our country villages, believed that Jerusalem was also, physically and geographically, the centre (or, as they often called it, the navel) of the world, and that this was implied in that verse of the psalm, "God is our king before ages; He hath wrought out salvation *in the midst of the earth.*"

By degrees, however, and even from the earliest times, other places began to divide with the Holy City the veneration of Christians; and amongst these secondary places Rome of course stands first. It is indeed *facile princeps*; other pilgrimages may have obtained a greater degree of favour in particular localities, but none was ever so universally famous and popular throughout the whole Christian world as the pilgrimage to Rome; and not without reason, since, next to Jerusalem and all places connected with the life of our blessed Lord upon earth, none can have a greater claim upon the reverence and esteem of Christians than that city. Indeed, in some points of view its claims might almost seem to be superior to those of the Holy City, because it stands to the Christian Church in the position in which Jerusalem once stood to the Jewish; it is the living centre of government and authority, "the mother and mistress of all churches."

"In the royal city of Rome," says St. Chrysostom,* "all things else are neglected, and men of all ranks crowd to the tombs of the fisherman and the tent-maker, kings, consuls, and generals;" and in another place,† "Rome is like some strong and mighty body, having two bright and shining eyes,

* Hom. c. Judæos, § 9.

† Hom. xxxii. in Epist. ad Rom. §§ 2, 3.

the bodies of those two famous saints, St. Peter and St. Paul. The very heavens are not so bright, when the sun shoots forth its rays, as the city of Rome sending forth throughout the whole world the brightness of these two shining lights. Thence at the great day of the resurrection shall Paul and Peter both be caught up into heaven. Oh, how fragrant a rose, then, does not Rome send forth to Christ; with what a double garland is she not crowned, girt about as it were with two golden chains, ornamented with two perpetual fountains! Wherefore I love and admire that city, not for its much gold, not for its noble pillars, not for any other part of its pomp and outward magnificence, but because of these two pillars of the Church. Oh, who will grant me the privilege of throwing myself upon the body of Paul, of embracing his tomb, and seeing the dust of that body which filled up those things which were wanting of the sufferings of Christ, and bore his sacred *stigmata*; the dust of that body, I say, whereby Christ spoke, whence there shone forth a light more brilliant than the lightning of heaven, and there issued a voice more terrible than thunder to the devils of hell! Would that I could see the dust of those hands, which were once bound with chains, and by the laying on of which the gift of the Holy Ghost was conferred, and which when the viper saw, it fell into the fire! Would that I could see the dust of those eyes, which once were blinded, but which were also deemed worthy to behold Christ! Would that I could see the dust of those feet, which traversed the whole world to carry the glad tidings of the Gospel! Would that I could see the tomb wherein are buried those limbs, dead and mortified to the world whilst yet he lived, but now truly living unto God! That sacred body is a more powerful protection to the city wherein it lies than ten thousand towers and bulwarks. And with it is the body of Peter, whom whilst living he honoured (for he says himself, 'I went up to Jerusalem to see Peter'), and whom, when dead, the providence of God has brought together into the same tomb."

No one can doubt, after reading these eloquent words of the golden-mouthed preacher, what was his opinion on the subject of Christian pilgrimages; whether he would have denounced them as superstitious, or encouraged them as natural and praiseworthy. Indeed, elsewhere* he has spoken still more distinctly, saying (with reference to the chains wherewith St. Paul was bound, according to what he himself tells us in his Epistle to the Ephesians), "Would that I could be in that place where those chains now are (for it is said that

* Hom. viii. in Epist. ad Ephes. iv. 1.

they are still preserved); would that I could see those chains, whereat devils tremble and are afraid, but which angels look upon with reverence! . . . Were it not for the ecclesiastical cares wherewith I am burdened, and if my body were hale and strong, I would not hesitate to undertake a pilgrimage merely for the sake of setting my eyes upon those chains, or upon the prison wherein the apostle was bound with them." The reasons which detained the Archbishop of Constantinople, and hindered him from executing the desire of his heart to make a pilgrimage to Rome, were not of course equally cogent with other ecclesiastics, whose occupations were less laborious, or who enjoyed the advantage of a greater proximity to the desired goal. Thus, to mention only a single instance, Paulinus, the noble and saintly Bishop of Nola, used to make a *yearly* pilgrimage to Rome,* always celebrating there the feast of its patron saints, St. Peter and St. Paul, and spending a few days (either before or after the feast) in visiting the shrines of other saints and martyrs, which were scattered in such rich profusion through the innumerable churches of the city, that, as he himself complains, he had not time to visit them all during that short time (*Romam, quam vix decem dies vidimus non videntes*). For the custom had not yet grown into general use—indeed, if we may trust the testimony of St. Gregory,† had scarcely even begun—of dividing the bodies of the saints, and so distributing portions of their relics to different parts of the world.

Hence pilgrimages were made not only to the Eternal City, where, as Prudentius says,

" Vix fama nota est, abditis
Quam plena sanctis Roma sit,"‡

but also to numberless other places, where the bodies of individual martyrs lay, and which, in consequence of visions seen, or miracles wrought, or prayers answered, or vows suggested, or lives changed, or from some other cause more or less remarkable, had become famous. Rome was the very hearth and home of every Christian throughout the whole world; at those "low bannisters, with their coronal of starry lights, round the Confession of St. Peter and St. Paul," there have ever knelt hundreds and thousands of pilgrims from every nation under heaven; but other shrines in distant places have been more commonly frequented, either only by the inhabitants of their own particular locality, or else by a particular class of pilgrims. The most famous, after Rome and Jerusalem, was that of St. James of Compostella, in Galicia;

* Ep. ad Sever. xiii.; Ep. ad Delph. xvi.

† Lib. iv. Ep. xxx.

‡ Peristeph. Hymn. 2.

and this was a peculiar favourite amongst our own countrymen, probably in consequence of its being more readily accessible than the other two. When Richard Cœur de Lion arrived at Marseilles, *en route* for the Holy Land, he found many pilgrims who were detained there for want of sufficient funds to prosecute their journey; and even in earlier times, before the Crusades had been begun, it was by no means uncommon for pilgrims to be detained at the very gate of the Holy City itself, because they could not pay the tax which the caliphs exacted from every stranger who entered. A pilgrimage to Rome would not have been so difficult and so costly as one to Jerusalem; yet it certainly could not have been accomplished without both considerable fatigue and expense. A pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James, however, was comparatively easy; and hence the public records of England during the fifteenth century are said to contain very frequent mention of vessels chartered for this destination. We do not specify the pilgrimage to Loretto, now and for many ages past the most frequented of all, because of course it may very properly be considered as in some sort a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; that is to say, it has precisely the same claims upon the universal reverence of Catholics as any of those holy buildings which still remain in their original position in Palestine.

Other shrines, much resorted to by pilgrims of particular countries or neighbourhoods, we cannot specify; they are of course innumerable. We can only allude to one or two, of which we happen to have very ancient notices: as, for instance, the shrine of St. Stephen the proto-martyr, that is to say, the church whither his relics had been translated, to which, says St. Augustine,* “*veniebat magnæ multitudinis concursus et occursus;*” and again (on the same unexceptionable testimony), the tomb of St. Cyprian, as also the actual spot where he was martyred, at both of which places there was a continual concourse of persons come to venerate the saint. Indeed we know, from other sources, of one at least (Posthumianus, the intimate friend of Sulpicius Severus) who went from a considerable distance, crossing the seas, to make this latter pilgrimage, before going on to visit the holy places of Palestine.† The hymns of Prudentius, too, would furnish us with innumerable instances of similar local pilgrimages; there is scarcely a martyr whose praises he has sung, of whose shrine he has not expressly recorded something of the same kind as in the following lines he has written about the tombs of two martyred saints at Calahorra, in Spain:

* De Civ. Dei, xxii. 8, § 10.

† Sulp. Sev. Dialog. i. § 2.

“ Illitas cruore sancto nunc arenas incolæ
 Confrequentant, obsecrantes voce, votis, munere ;
 Exteri, necnon et orbis huc colonus advenit ;
 Fama nam terras in omnes præcurrit proditrix,
 Hic patronos esse mundi, quos præcantes ambient.”

There is one, however, which we desire specially to mention, because it furnishes us with a very remarkable instance of that other class of pilgrimages to which we alluded just now, namely, of pilgrimages undertaken to this or that shrine rather than to another, not because of any accidental nearness of neighbourhood, but because that shrine had obtained a special celebrity for certain particular cases. Nothing is a more favourite subject of ridicule with our Protestant adversaries than the idea, so familiar and so dear to every Catholic heart, of Patron Saints. This is a large subject, which we cannot enter upon at present; we would only make a brief passing allusion to a particular branch of it, which belongs also to the matter we have now in hand of Christian Pilgrimages.

We have said, then, that some holy places were resorted to by particular classes of pilgrims; and amongst the number of these we may place the tomb of St. Felix, at Nola in Campania. This shrine had become so famous in its own neighbourhood, that St. Paulinus tells us that on the feast-day of the saint the little city of Nola was quite crowded with the inhabitants of many other cities; people flocked together from all parts of Italy; and even Rome itself, rich with the sacred treasures of St. Peter and St. Paul, yet poured forth its thousands of pilgrims to go and worship at the tomb of St. Felix.

But this was not all; its fame reached the opposite shores of Africa, and St. Augustin had recourse to it to solve a very perplexing difficulty in which he found himself involved. Boniface, one of St. Augustin's clergy, had brought an accusation against one Spes, a religious, but not an ecclesiastic; Spes denied the charge, and recriminated his accuser. The bishop was puzzled; and though inclined to give credence to the priest rather than to the monk, as indeed the circumstances of the case sufficiently warranted him in doing, he was loath to condemn either upon such very meagre and doubtful evidence as he had been able to collect upon the subject. He was equally unwilling to suspend the priest or to expel the monk, and hoped that the matter might be allowed to die a natural death. By and by, however, the monk expressed a desire to be promoted to the clerical rank; but this the bishop could not consent to; he could not on any account, he says, be persuaded either himself to ordain, or to give letters dimissory to any of his brethren to ordain, a man of whom he had reason to suspect so much.

This made an important change in the relative position of the parties. Before this decision, neither the priest nor the monk had suffered any prejudice whatever from the accusations that had been brought, excepting, of course, the unavoidable prejudice of public opinion, which would press with equal justice upon both parties; but now the monk pleaded that, by refusing him ordination, the bishop had done him a wrong; he had, in fact, given a verdict against him, without, as the bishop himself confessed, being at all more able to settle the question in dispute than he had been at the first. He insisted, therefore, that if the inability to prove his innocence was sufficient ground to exclude him from the ranks of the priesthood, the same fact should be held to be sufficient ground also for suspending Boniface from his exercise of the sacerdotal office. Boniface, who, if we may judge by the whole tenour of his conduct, was certainly innocent, declared himself willing to submit to this degradation rather than be the occasion of scandal to his weaker brethren; but St. Augustin could not acquiesce in this mode of settling the matter, and said that he should refer it to the judgment of God. How, then, did he propose to ascertain this judgment? By sending both the accuser and the accused on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Felix at Nola, where (he says) the mighty works which God does will reveal the conscience of each, and compel them, either by some punishment or by the fear of it, to make a true confession. But wherefore did he send them to so great a distance? Even granting that the superior reverence due to a holy place might be expected to have a salutary influence upon the culprit's conscience, and hinder him from giving utterance to a falsehood, yet were there no holy places, no martyrs' tombs or shrines, to be found in Africa? St. Augustin himself says in this very place, that Africa was full of such. Why, then, must they needs go to the tomb of St. Felix in Campania, rather than to that of St. Cyprian, or to the shrine of St. Stephen, so much nearer home? Had the bishop taken counsel with some discreet and sober-minded Protestants, they would at once have answered, if they had not been too much shocked by the Popishness of the whole proceeding to give any answer at all—they would have answered in the words of Naaman to the servant of Eliseus, “‘Are not the Abana and the Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel, that I may wash in them and be made clean?’ Is not the tomb of St. Cyprian as holy as that of St. Felix? May they not go there and purge themselves of the accusation laid to their charge?” And since the arguments and objections of Protestantism are but the arguments and objections of

the natural human mind not brought into subjection to the obedience of faith, something analogous to the supposed Protestant reasoning seems to have been whispered amongst a portion of St. Augustin's clergy; or if not actually whispered, at any rate the wise and prudent bishop thought it not improbable that some such notions might occur to them, and therefore he answered them by anticipation. "I very well know," he says, "that God is everywhere; and that He who made all things is not contained or confined within any particular place, and that He must be adored by all true worshippers in spirit and in truth, and that He who heareth in secret can also justify and reward in secret: nevertheless, we go by notorious facts, facts which are seen and known by all men. We do not attempt to pry into the hidden counsels of God, and to inquire *why* these miracles are done in one place, and not done in another. We are contented with the fact. It is a fact within our own knowledge, that at a sacred shrine in Milan, where even the evil spirits are in a wonderful and terrible manner forced to declare themselves (he is alluding probably to the relics of Gervasius and Protasius), a certain thief, who came there with the intention of perjuring himself and so deceiving others, was nevertheless compelled to acknowledge the theft, and to restore the stolen property. In the same way, the sacredness of the shrine of St. Felix of Nola is notorious to the whole world; and thither we have chosen to send these people, because from thence we shall have more easy and certain intelligence (through the intervention probably of his friend, the bishop of that see, St. Paulinus) of whatever manifestations God may vouchsafe in either of them. We have an abundance of holy martyrs' remains in our own country, yet we do not know of any where such things as these are wont to happen." He does not mean that he does not know of any African shrines where miracles are wrought; this would be inconsistent with the very minute information which he has himself given us in other parts of his writings of miraculous cures, conversions, and other graces received at different holy places in the neighbourhood of Carthage; but he means precisely what he says, that "*hæc miracula*," "*talia miracula*," (these very same miracles, miracles of this particular class) are not, as far as he knows, wrought at any native altar. Diseases may be healed, vows and prayers may receive a miraculous answer in several places, but falsehood is not miraculously detected there; this is a peculiarity of some other sanctuaries, to one of which he has therefore sent these two individuals for the more satisfactory elucidation of the truth. "For," as St. Augustin goes on to say, "just as (according to the apostle's

word) not all saints have the grace of healing, nor all the discerning of spirits, so neither has God willed that these miracles should be done at the shrines of all saints, but only at some: He divides to every one according as He will."*

We trust we have now sufficiently vindicated both the principle of Christian pilgrimages and also their high antiquity, having been moved to do so partly by the extremely silly and pernicious nonsense which has been lately written on this topic in certain Protestant publications not unlikely, we fear, to fall into Catholic hands, especially into the hands of Catholic youth; partly also by the appearance of the interesting journals of pilgrimages to Jerusalem which we lately noticed. On some future occasion we may probably enter upon more minute and entertaining details.

Reviews.

DR. ROCK'S CHURCH OF OUR FATHERS.

The Church of our Fathers, as seen in St. Osmund's Rite for the Cathedral of Salisbury: with Dissertations on the Belief and Ritual in England before and after the Coming of the Normans. By Daniel Rock, D.D. In 3 vols. London, Dolman: 1852.

WE are glad to announce the publication of the third, though we wish we could add the concluding volume of this important work on the ancient English Ritual. We feel, in truth, a little disappointed that a treatise long ago announced for completion in three, will be expanded into four thick octavo volumes. The reading public—in this department of literature by no means numerous—is apt to be jealous of a contract which they regard as broken, and to overlook the fact that the immense mass of ecclesiastical lore collected by a diligent scholar like Dr. Rock cannot always be accurately reckoned until worked up into a book. St. Osmund's Dissertation on the Divine Offices, whatever its merits may prove to be, is at all events not inappropriately reserved, with some other matters, for a supplementary volume, since it is clear that it can only be regarded as a secondary part of the work,—a mere vehicle, as it were, for the principal portion already in the hands of the

* Epist. lxxviii. : class ii. aliter 137.

reader, and consisting of the fullest and best account ever yet compiled of the belief, rites, popular customs, and observances of the ancient English Church. The statements in the text are in all cases proved and attested by the original authorities given in their original languages at length; a course of proceeding liable indeed to the charge of tediousness from the unlearned reader, but for the controversialist and the scholar obviously indispensable. And though, from the very nature of the case, so vast an accumulation of testimonies may seem to present an appearance of desultory compilation, we are willing to believe that the whole subject could not have been better treated, regard being had to its completeness and permanent utility, rather than to the mere popularity of an amusing book.

The object of the work may be stated in a few words; namely, to furnish irrefragable proofs of the identity, even down to the minutest details, of the Catholic doctrine and practice of the present day with that held and professed by our ancestors from the time of Venerable Bede downwards. Not a shadow of a pretext is left for the absurd statements of Anglicans of a certain school, that "the Church of England" (*i. e.* the Establishment) "is the veritable old Church, only with the dirt washed off its venerable face." The "dirt" in question must indeed have been a rather thick incrustation, not to say a compact and firm petrefaction, if, by scaling it off, the very features of the original have been so completely obliterated. The alleged "novelties of Popery" are in these pages brought back at least to the respectable antiquity of ten or twelve centuries. Dr. Lingard, indeed, in his immortal works, and especially in his *Anglo-Saxon Church*, had done, and *well* done, though much less fully, the same task many years ago. Yet has the enemy not been silenced. A Dr. Hook of Leeds, and a Canon Wordsworth of Westminster, still rejoice in distorting the plainest historical facts to suit Anglican theories. Still we are told to believe that Dr. Sumner of Canterbury is the direct successor and sole representative of St. Augustin, though the one was appointed to that dignity by the Pope, the other by the secular authority of the State. Still the youth of England are assured, often against their own better convictions, that the Anglo-Saxon Church and the Protestant Establishment are (somehow or other) essentially the same, "Popery" being a kind of fungous excrescence, a sort of moral lichen, which overlaid the stones of the old fabric in the course of that indefinite and much maligned period commonly known as "the dark ages;" so that when scraped clean by the tool of the reformer, it came out all bran-

new and stainless,—in fact, precisely as it was first built by St. Paul (himself an excellent Protestant) in “the lifetime of the Apostles.” Such are the assertions of a certain section of the English clergy; and the melancholy truth is, that these persons will not, simply because they dare not, read either Dr. Lingard's or Dr. Rock's account of the Anglo-Saxon Church. They see no use in unsettling their minds. They cannot trust the statements of an adversary; and Papists, it is well known, always falsify quotations and suppress inconvenient evidences. They are aware, of course, that Bede lived some time before the “middle ages,” and that there are some uncomfortable passages in his writings about Masses and purgatory, miracles and invocation of saints. But they prefer to ignore them; or they beg *you* to see how triumphantly a certain Mr. Soames of Oxford, in his Anglo-Saxon history, explains them away, or, where he cannot do that, sneers at them. Dr. Lingard is not to be trusted; he was a party-man. Dr. Rock, too, has an end in view, a party to serve, a cause to write up. We repeat, these books are written in vain. Anglicans rarely read them, and absolutely never put any confidence in their unquestionable veracity. Hold up the page to their faces, and they will peruse it only through smoked spectacles.

Nor are Catholics in general, though for a very different reason, disposed to appreciate as they ought the patient labours of these learned antiquaries and historians. They, it is true, have this excuse for their apparent indifference, that they do not dwell in a dreamy antiquity, and have no anxiety to recal and revive all that their forefathers in the faith did and thought; they are content to possess a present and living reality, being convinced that whatever has become obsolete in the lapse of ages may be suffered to lie in oblivion without any detriment to the Church of to-day. Still, it is very desirable that educated Catholics should be well-informed on the ritual and observances of the ancient national Church; and for this reason we hope that the *Church of our Fathers* will find many Catholic readers. Of course, some will pronounce it too dull, others too long, others too costly, and some again “too learned.” There is indeed some reason to fear that the formidable aspect of whole pages of notes, made up of Greek, Latin, Anglo-Saxon, Norman-French, and old English, spelt in such impossible ways as medieval men only ventured to spell, will frighten the latter class not a little. Yet we hesitate not to say, that if they will overcome their first impression and diligently apply themselves to a perusal of Dr. Rock's pages, they will find them as interesting as the information they con-

vey is for the most part new. How many terms and practices have long been so completely forgotten, that they now only occur to those engaged in the study of ecclesiastical antiquities! How many more—often unconsciously retained even by Protestants—have a meaning and an origin utterly unintelligible except to those who have read such works as these! How very few there are who, on visiting a cathedral or an old parish church, have any clear knowledge what purpose this niche or that bracket, this screen or that quaint aperture, was intended to serve! Who of the present generation has ever heard of “Canterbury-water,” with the cry of which all England once rang? Who can explain “soul-shot,” “portous,” “pryck-song,” “a certain,” “trindles,” “gawdyes,” “frith-stool,” or “Gabriel-bell?” Yet these terms were once familiar to our Catholic ancestors, and are certainly worth rescuing from oblivion, even though they have no direct application to the church-customs of the present age. Something curious might here be told of every one of these words. But let us take only one by way of example. What was the “portous?” It was the *portiforium*, or breviary; the book which, as opposed to the missal always placed on the altar, was carried about, *portabatur foras*. And as the finely-limned and precious-bound volume was worthy of careful regard, it had a leather-wrapper such as we now call a *portfolio*,* the very shape of which, with its side-pockets, clearly recalls its primary use as a book-cover.

The volume before us is divided into three chapters, which treat in the main of purgatory, invocation of saints, and veneration of relics, respectively. We say *in the main*, because a great deal of very curious and interesting information is introduced *by the way*, which is in many instances quite as valuable as that which forms the more staple commodity of the chapter. Our space will not allow us to do more than take a hasty peep at each of these chapters in turn, making a few remarks as we go along upon some of the more curious facts that have been brought together by Dr. Rock in illustration of them.

Towards the end of the chapter on purgatory, there is a very excellent and convincing dissertation (pp. 114-126) on the “ankret’s window,” the low side-aperture in chancels known to many of our readers by the unmeaning, or at least inappropriate word “lychnoscope.” Nothing, perhaps, has given rise to more vague conjectures and more conflicting

* The interchange of *l* and *r* is well known to etymologists. Those who reject the above derivation, which we believe to be the true one, will refer it to its use *portandi folia*.

opinions among antiquaries than this window, which is so commonly found even in village churches, that, whatever its use, it would seem to point to a custom almost universal during some centuries. The learned writer now before us shews that it was designed as a means of communication between the people without and a recluse, or anchorite, who lived within the church-walls, usually perhaps in the sacristy or vestry, but sometimes in the parvise* over the porch, and who acted in the capacity of sacristan, or even chantry-priest.

We would venture, however, to ask Dr. Rock what may be his authority for those strange-looking words, "anker," "ankrage," "ankern," "ankret," and "ankress," elsewhere (p. 119) spelt "ancker" and "anckress." Dr. Rock, who is a Greek scholar, need not be reminded that the word is formed from ἀναχωρεῖν, "to retire from the world," "to go into retreat;" and that etymologically "ankret" is as incorrect as "hermit" for "eremite," from ἐρημία, where the initial *h* has no proper place. "Hermit," however, has now become an established word; but there is no reason why we should revert to the inaccurate and often ignorant spelling of our forefathers, where a more correct usage prevails in our own time. To do so is to incur the charge of affectation or pedantry. The want of system and fixed laws of orthography, not only in the middle ages, but in the Saxon times, and even (as we know from the certain evidence of inscriptions) in the best ages both of Grecian and Roman literature, will at once account for and excuse a great variety and quaintness in spelling. But they wanted that salutary fear of *vulgarity*, which attaches to a blunder in a time when words are no longer spelt from their sound, but from regard to the elements of their formation. Certainly, the abbreviation of "ankret" from "anchorite" is not nearly so portentous as the contraction of a word of six syllables into one, viz. "eleemosynæ" into "alms:" nevertheless, it is a sound principle not to revive erroneous practices for the senseless reason that they are old.

Almost every village church (to say nothing of cathedrals and collegiate churches, respecting which direct testimonies remain) had its *recluse*, who lived within, and probably never went without the walls of the church, or at least beyond its precincts. Thus, each church was, in its own way, a sort of secular monastery, or rather hermitage. We entirely believe, from the evidences our own researches have supplied, that the learned Doctor is perfectly right in his theory. The recluse,

* We suggest that this word, which is supposed by some to be a corruption of "paradise," was properly *pervisium*, or the place commanding a view through a slit or window, either within or without the church.

moreover, was often in priest's orders. How could so many priests have been spared from active secular life? The question can only be answered by calling to mind the fact, that previously to the schism there were in England a hundred thousand churches, chapels,* and chantries, and probably at least as many clergy; whereas now, with perhaps a tripled population, there are only some 15,000 of the Established clergy, and still fewer churches. England *then* compared with England *now*, must have been what modern Rome is to modern London. Whatever may be thought of an undue, that is of an unnecessarily large proportion of clergy to the whole number of inhabitants, the fact as least is certain, that, seculars and regulars included, the entire number in this kingdom during the middle ages was very great.

If there is one point more clear and certain than another in the Anglo-Saxons' creed, it is the Invocation of Saints, and the particular devotion which they paid to our Blessed Lady. The proofs of this collected by Dr. Rock in the second chapter of this volume are of great value and interest, because they for ever set at rest a question which, like so many others, has been most unfairly treated by the majority of Protestant controversialists. Indeed, Dr. Rock is happy in his remark (p. 171), that "in the earliest known legal document belonging to the Anglo-Saxon age (A.D. 604), the first words are an invocation to St. Andrew." On this subject also we cannot forbear quoting the following extract from Venerable Bede's *Homilies* :

"Fuere hæretici qui propter hoc quod dictum est, 'non cognoscebat eam donec peperit Filium,' crederent Mariam post natum Dominum cognitam esse a Joseph, et inde ortos eos quos fratres Domini scriptura appellat, assumentes et hoc in adiutorium sui erroris, quod primogenitus nuncupatur Dominus. *Avertat Deus hanc BLASPHEMIAM a fide omnium nostrum, donetque nobis Catholica pietate intelligere parentes nostri Salvatoris intemerata semper fuisse virginitate præclaros*" (p. 183).

The above opinion, which Venerable Bede so earnestly condemns as blasphemy, is a favourite Protestant argument at the present day. We have ourselves repeatedly heard it urged with all the warmth of theological odium.

The lily, that symbol of purity and virginity, "has been for ages," says Dr. Rock, "acknowledged as the emblem of our Blessed Lady" (p. 248). The learned writer, however, is unable to adduce any proof of this assertion beyond an equi-

* This is stated in one of Mr. Maskell's liturgical works, to which we have not at present a reference.

vocal passage from certain verses attributed to Bede; and even here the *virgineus flos* is assigned *not* to the B. V., but to the *candida agmina* of virgins which the B. V. leads or conducts (*trahit*). The other quotations are from comparatively recent authors; and even of these, not one directly attributes the lily to the B. V. We notice this, because Dr. Rock enters into minute details on the supposed symbolism conveyed by the number, &c. of the flowers. He thinks that "the forsaking of an old traditional symbol, and the choice in its stead of a new one (the fleur-de-lis), so easily mistakable for an heraldic device, is to be sorely regretted" (p. 249). He alludes to the commonly applied (or, as he will have it, misapplied) embellishment of fleurs-de-lis *or* in modern churches or chapels dedicated to our Lady; and says, that "the fleur-de-lis belongs to the iris family, and therefore is quite a distinct flower from the *lilium candidum* or lily." It is true that the yellow flag (*iris pseudacorus*) was popularly called "flower-de-luce," probably because the triple division and the golden colour of the heraldic ornament bore some fancied resemblance to the flower. But we think that neither the ornament was originally intended to represent a flower at all, nor was it, as Dr. Rock supposes, exclusively a late French device, introduced subsequently to A.D. 1340. The fact is, that both in painting and sculpture the fleur-de-lis is a common ornament even in work of the thirteenth century,* and we have succeeded in tracing it in every variety of its changing form even to Norman architecture. Its origin is as difficult to determine as any one of the many purely conventional ornaments used in medieval decoration; but very probably it was meant for a spear-head. So far we agree with Dr. Rock, that it never had the remotest connexion with the B. V., that idea having lately arisen from its unmeaning heraldic appellation of fleur-de-lis. As for the white lily, generally seen in pictures of the Annunciation, we believe it to have been first assigned to the B. V., as an emblem of virginity, by the earliest school of oil-painters in the fifteenth century.

Here also we would mention another disputed point in antiquarianism on which we are unable to coincide with Dr. Rock. We allude to his theory about the SS collar, so often seen round the necks of recumbent knightly effigies, and so puzzling to all antiquaries. That it was a Lancastrian badge is agreed by all; and Dr. R. thinks that it was originally an heirloom in the house of Lancaster; and he endeavours to shew that the letter S was a cognisance or livery of John of Gaunt's house-

* It may be seen in a diaper painting of this date from West Walton Church, Norfolk, engraved in vol. i. of Colling's *Gothic Ornaments*.

hold, on the authority of an inventory of plate belonging to Edward III. and Richard II., whereon the said letter was engraved. This, however, can hardly be called satisfactory evidence for the fact. Still less successful appears to us his conjecture that the S stood for *sanctus*, or rather that SS signified the repetition "sanctus, sanctus." We venture to suggest another explanation, which will of course be spurned by the ardent antiquary as being destitute of "symbolism," but which does not on that account appear to us the less probable. A piece of wire bent into a double link, *i.e.* to form two connecting eyes, is simply the figure **8**; and if, instead of eyes, mere hooks are required, the letter **S** is the result. We are quite aware that so simple an explanation as this will be regarded by many as falling little short of positive heresy, and we do not care to be at the pains of defending it; we merely throw out the idea, and leave it to be ridiculed or accepted according to its deserts.

It is well known that the popular names of flowers were in many instances intended to do honour either to the Blessed Virgin or to others of the holy Saints. On this practice Dr. Rock observes,

"The hind also knew how to tell the feelings of his heart; and though he owned no mead nor field nor grove, upon which to bestow the name of her he loved, he could and did choose the flowers that grew there for his symbols, calling one 'our Lady's mantle,' another 'Marigold,' this 'Virgin's bower,' that 'Mary's fan;' culling them to grace his cottage-walls, with a hope that he and his would be shielded from ills and harms by the kindness of God, won for him through the prayers of her under whose protection he had thus openly put himself in hanging this emblem of hers about his homestead" (p. 288).

"In some parts of Cornwall, branches of sea-weed dried and fastened in turned wooden stands are set up as ornaments on the chimney-piece, &c. The poor people suppose that they preserve the house from fire; and they are known by the name of 'Lady's trees,' in honour, I suppose, of the Virgin Mary."*

We believe that "Lady's trees" is a corruption of "Lady's tresses." A small plant of the orchis family, *spiranthes autumnalis*, not uncommon on chalk downs, still bears this popular name, which seems to be an old one, for the twisted spike of that flower much resembles one of the hair-dressings in use at the close of the fourteenth century. All names of flowers compounded with the word Lady probably mean *our Lady*. Thus, Ladies' slipper (*cypridium*); Ladies' fingers

* Quoted by Dr. Rock, p. 289, from *Notes and Queries*, iii. 206.

(*anthyllis vulneraria*); Ladies' Bed-straw (*i.e.* bed-strew,* *galium*); Ladies' smock (*alchemilla vulgaris*); and similar names, such as Maidens' hair (*adiantum capillus Veneris*); Motherwort (*Leonurus cardiaca*); and perhaps Rosemary, which others plausibly derive from Horace's *ros marinus*;† all of which bear an interesting testimony to the same devotions. Many other names might be quoted which have descended from Catholic times: Archangel (*galeobdolon luteum*); Sweet Basil (*calamintha acinos*); Sweet Maudlin, Sweet Cicely (from SS. Magdalene and Cecilia); costmary, *i.e.* *costum Mariæ*, or Mary's balsam; Bishop's weed, Monkshood (*aconitum napellus*); Herb Robert (*geranium Robertianum*); Samphire (*i.e.* San Pierre, *crithmum maritimum*); Pasqueflower (*anemone pulsatilla*); Herb Bennet (*geum urbanum*); Cross-wort (*galium cruciatum*); Osmund Royal (*osmunda regalis*), &c. Canterbury-bell (*campanula latifolia*) is a term explained by Dr. Rock (p. 443) from the hand-bells rung in the processions of pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas.

"Our Lady's Psalter," now known by the term Rosary (which, however, is comparatively modern), is very fully explained by Dr. Rock (p. 320 &c.), as well as the origin of *beads* and *beadsmen* (p. 131). *Beadsmen* are prayer-men, *i.e.* persons specially appointed to say *aves* and *paternosters* for the soul of the founder of the charity. How few children are there now-a-days wearing a necklace of *beads*, who know that it properly means a necklace of *prayers*! The "belt of *Paternosters*," one of the earliest known forms of the rosary, and mentioned in an Anglo-Saxon council held at the beginning of the ninth century, seems to have been

"The girdle worn round the waist by religious persons, of leather, and studded with small metal button-like bosses, or else deeply notched all along that end which, after being fastened by a buckle, hung loose almost to the ground at the wearer's side, so that it could be easily used for telling the 'Our fathers' at prayer-time" (p. 8).

"The ankret (anchorite) of Finthall, St. Godric, used little stones. For singing the rosary, beads were in England employed very generally, though not to the exclusion of other modes, for numbering its 'Hail Marys' and 'Our Fathers.' These strings of beads were mostly of two lengths, one of fifty, the other of no more than ten 'Aves.' This shorter one was carried in the hand, fastened to the little finger by a ring, from which it fell in a straight line; the longer one used to be worn slung, as it was circular, about the arm, or hanging somewhere upon the person; and not unfrequently were they as precious as art, or as costly as the richest materials could

* Hence the use of the vulgar expression, "to be in the straw."

† Od. iii. 23, 16.

make them. Instead of beads, finger-rings of gold or silver, having ten low knobs for the 'aves,' and a higher and broader one shewing the crucifix wrought on it for the 'Pater noster,' were occasionally worn; and several persons there were who, like Archbishop Winchelsey, said our Lady's psalter, not by telling their beads, but their fingers" (p. 326).

Hence we find in old wills the terms "a pair of gold pater-nosters of fifty pieces," "a pair of beads of gold," "a ring with the five roses," "a litil peyre of beyds of silvir of x. and with a knöppe of gold," &c., and many such curious allusions, which are intelligible to few but those who are deeply versed in antiquarian lore, or have gained such knowledge in a more easy way by the study of this interesting volume.

Among the various ways by which our Anglo-Saxon forefathers strove to shew their reverence for God's saints, which are enumerated by Dr. Rock in the third and last chapter of his work, was one which was in fact adapted from the habits of their Pagan ancestors; we mean the practice of bestowing upon those churches which contained the relics of some of the more celebrated among the saints, the right of sanctuary or refuge for criminals, called the "Frith-stool," or stool of peace (p. 365). We repeat that this was but the revival of a privilege that had been attached to the temples of certain heathen deities under the Roman empire. The classical reader may satisfy himself of the identity of the two things by a reference to Tacitus,* where the claims of certain Greek states to the "*vetustum asyli jus*" and the "*licentia atque impunitas asyla statuendi*" are recorded. And it is more than probable that the truths contained in the following passage out of the same author† were felt in their full force before this abused privilege was taken away from the ancient churches of this kingdom:

"Complebantur templa pessimis servitiorum; eodem subsidio obæratı adversum creditores, suspectique capitalium criminum receptabantur. Nec ullum satis validum imperium erat coercendis seditionibus populi, flagitia hominum ut cæremonias deorum protegentis."

There are many estimable persons who cannot bear to hear of any analogy between classical and Christian usages; who are startled, if not positively disconcerted, when they come across such a phenomenon. Yet it is an unquestionable fact that even our Church vestments are simply altered and curtailed forms of the Roman robes of office, as Dr. Rock himself has proved, at great length and with much learning, in vols. i. and ii. of the present work. Again, the sprinkling of the people and

* Annal. iii. 60; iv. 14.

† Vol. iii. 60.

the altar with lustral water before the sacrifice, was a practice of the Greeks centuries before the birth of our Lord.* Probably those who pretend to make such acknowledged adaptations an objection to Catholicity, have yet to learn that the bride-cake they eat at weddings is derived from the marriage by *confarreatio* of the Romans; and that the three handfuls of dust which are thrown on the coffin, even in a Protestant funeral, are nothing more than the *ter injectus pulvis* of Horace.† The truth is, that a certain admixture of the old leaven is inseparable from long-established civilisation and traditional usages; nor is it reasonable to object to ancient customs on account of their origin, where they involve neither errors in doctrine nor social disadvantages. Otherwise, the old-fashioned festivities of Christmas, the yule-log, the green boughs, the masques, and the "frumety,"‡ must be condemned as pernicious superstitions. To wish our friends a "happy new year" must be pronounced wrong, because the old Romans did the same;§ in fact, the whole framework of our social institutions would require to be remodelled.

It is much to be regretted that the fine specimen of rhyming Latinity given in p. 257, from a Psalter in the author's own valuable collection of mss., should have been so deformed by false punctuation as to be unintelligible to most readers. A more perfect example of the double rhyme (*i. e.* terminal and medial) we have seldom met with: thus,

" Quamvis sciam quod Mariam nemo digne prædicet,
Tamen vanus vel insanus est qui illam reticet," &c.

Yet in the printing of seventy-one verses there are not less than twenty-two instances in which the stops positively destroy the sense, to say nothing of at least as many more in which they are either omitted or wrongly inserted. Perhaps, indeed, the transcription from the ms. was so religiously made, that every stop, right or wrong, was carefully represented in the typography. But why should we take pains to publish evidence that our forefathers read and wrote verses which they could not have understood? This is to act like the Chinese artist, who having received an order to make a costly set of porcelain after the *exact* model of a dish which happened to have a crack in it, took care to copy not only the design, but the crack too. As the lines just quoted are specimens of a

* Aristoph. Pax. 957, 970.

† Od. i. 28, 36.

‡ "Yule" is an old word (the same as *gold* and *yellow*) meaning "the sun," so that the "yule-log" is, in fact, a remnant of heathen fire-worship. "Frumety" is a sort of porridge made of "frumentum," bread-corn.

§ Ovid. Fast. i. 175.

spurious trochaic measure, so the following (p. 313) are good instances of the same kind of rhyming hexameter :

“ Salve Regina, mater miseris medicina,
Lux matutina, rosa flos, et stella marina ;
Clavis es, ut credo, celestis apertio valvæ,
Vitæ dulcedo, spes nostra piissima, salve :”

where each distich rhymes in two places. Yet even here a palpable error is allowed to remain in v. 5, “ celi, virgo, decor, assumpta *suis benedictis*,” which is nonsense, and does not rhyme with *relictis* in the following verse. Read, therefore, *tuis benedictis*. These little matters are not unimportant ; they constitute the difference between spiritual meaning and a jargon of mere words. Even our own Vesper-books, by the way, are not unfrequently disfigured by such faults. Take, for instance, the *Alma Redemptoris* in the Complin, which we have often seen printed thus :

“ Alma Redemptoris mater, quæ pervia cœli,
Porta manes, et stella maris, succurre cadenti.
Surgere qui curat, populo : tu quæ genuisti,
Natura mirante, tuum sanctum Genitorem.
Virgo prius ac posterius, Gabrielis ab ore.
Sumens illud Ave, peccatorum miserere :”

where we need hardly say that the stops after *cœli*, *cadenti*, *Genitorem*, and *ore*, entirely disguise the meaning. We could mention other instances not a few ; but it is enough to have called attention to the subject.

As the origin of rhyming or doggrel Latin verse is, perhaps, not generally well understood, and as it is the undoubted parent of an almost universal practice in modern poetry, a few concluding remarks on this subject will not be altogether out of place. The classical poets, it is well known, differ from the medieval in this essential point, that the former were restricted by unvarying laws of syllabic quantity, while the latter merely attended to the *number* of syllables in a verse, regard being generally had, though not always, to the usual accent in pronouncing them. When this latter was wholly disregarded, a most unmusical effect is produced. This sort of verse (the lowest in the artistic scale) is well illustrated by the hymn in the Vespers for Easter Sunday, which must be accented thus, if any rhythm at all is to be extracted from it :

“ O filii et filiæ,
Rex cœlestis, Rex gloriæ,
Morté surrexit hodie,
Alleluia.

Et mane primi Sabbati
Ad ostium monûmenti
Accésserunt discipuli
Alleluia.

Et Mária Magdalene,
Et Jácbi et Sálome
Venerunt corpus ungere
Alleluia.

At all events, we must choose between reading the lines as plain prose, or perpetrating what in classical Latin would be many false quantities. The rhyme, however, of each stanza shews that the latter alternative must be adopted. Now it would be a mistake to suppose that rhyme was a principle wholly unknown to the classic poets of the best age; but it is rather curious that its origin seems to have been purely accidental. Thus Virgil, in constructing the verse,

“Cornua velatarum obvertimus antennarum” (*Æn.* iii. 549),

had no choice in the matter; a rhyme was forced upon him. In the same way, the similarity of termination in two places of a pentameter arose from the unavoidable position of an adjective and substantive agreeing in gender and case; as Ovid, *Fast.* i. 22,

“Civica pro trepidis cum tulit arma reis;”

of which hundreds of examples might be collected from any elegiac poet. This rhyme seems mightily to have pleased the Christian poets, who adopted by preference and as a principle what was at first, perhaps, rather avoided than otherwise as an untoward accident. What the one regarded as a jingle of sounds, the other admired as a musical harmony. But there are fewer examples of rhyme in the classical hexameter. Such are,*

“Nec tibi Tyrhena solvatur funis arena,”

and

“Quin etiam absenti prosunt tibi, Cynthia, venti.”

Still fewer where a distich rhymes, as†

“Non, non humani partus sunt talia dona;
Ista decem menses non peperere bona.”

Had proper attention been paid to the rhyme, we should not now read in the prose for Easter Sunday,

“Surrexit Christus spes mea: præcedet vos in Galilæam,”

where *in Galilæa* is the true reading: this use of the preposition with the ablative case, though not classical, being not very uncommon in ecclesiastical Latinity.

Some kinds of medieval rhyme are scarcely perceptible to our ears, and probably depended for their effect on a cer-

* Propertius, i. 8, 11, and i. 17, 5, where Lachmann (ed. 1816) has collected many similar instances.

† Propert. ii. 3. 27.

tain intonation or accentuation now little understood. Few perhaps observe, often as those verses are sung, the alternate rhyme in *O salutaris Hostia*, more particularly since the last word in the second line is very often printed *ostia*, thus making it rhyme with the first line, instead of *ostium* as it should be, to rhyme with the fourth line. Similarly in the *Lauda Sion* and the *Stabat Mater*, the only rhymes which arrest the ear are those of the couplets; yet the third verse of one stanza invariably terminates similarly to that of the next.

We must, however, conclude; and perhaps we ought to do so by apologising to our readers for a somewhat desultory notice of a very interesting, learned, and instructive work. No apology, however, will be needed for giving at length the eloquent passage with which this third volume concludes:

“ We have now gone over, if not all, most at least of the articles in that belief which was held in this country for a thousand unbroken years as the national faith. During those ten long centuries not merely great but organic changes were brought about here in every corner of our social life. Strangers came hither, and fought and overthrew the Saxon; the old race of kings was tumbled from a throne upon which the Norman seated himself; laws, language, customs, dress, every thing of this world's fashion, was altered. But throughout all these throes at each birth of a new state of society, it mattered not what dynasty wielded the sceptre, what hand grasped the sword, the Church never varied one smallest tittle in her teaching; it mattered not what region bred the men, who sat either in our primatial or our episcopal sees, all and every one of our pastors, from the sainted Austin down to the forsworn Cranmer, themselves believed and taught others to believe the one same faith; all our princes, from Æthelbert to the eighth Henry, believed and upheld its tenets. Whether the Italian Austin, Theodore the Greek, Dunstan the Anglo-Saxon, Wilfrid of Northumbria, the Irish Aidan, Cuthbert of Lindisfarne, Lanfranc and Anselm the Lombards, Osmund the Norman, or Thomas the Martyr and stout-hearted Englishman, sat at Canterbury, or York, or Sarum, or elsewhere, each and every one of them spoke and wrote and taught the selfsame doctrines. What those Catholics believed in their times and places, neither more nor less do we Catholics believe in ours; and our Church now is, as it has ever been, the very same with THE CHURCH OF OUR FATHERS.”

DR. MACKAY'S POPULAR DELUSIONS.

Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds. By Charles Mackay, LL.D. 2 vols. London, Office of the National Illustrated Library.

IN noticing the Travels of MM. Huc & Gabet, which were published in this same series of the National Illustrated Library, we remarked that the editors had thrown into the preface a few grains of spice of a very doubtful character, seemingly intended to humour the Protestant appetite of the public for whom they were catering, which might otherwise shew symptoms of nausea at the Popish dish that was being set before it. The present volumes, however, are a perfect holocaust offered up on the same altar of anti-Catholic bigotry; and it is with extreme regret that we observe such a phenomenon in a series which had seemed to promise to the reading portion of the Catholic as well as of the Protestant public so much innocent entertainment at a very moderate price. The series calls itself a *National* Library, and on the binding of its volumes are exhibited the three national emblems, the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle, very pleasingly and artistically combined; yet the specimen whose title we have placed at the head of this article is little else than a continued elaborate insult of every thing which the Catholic respects and venerates. It is a book which no Catholic would knowingly place in his children's hands, or could himself read with ordinary patience, unless he be blessed with a singular equanimity of temperament, to which we make no pretensions.

Those who have not looked into these volumes will be somewhat surprised to hear us speak so severely of a book seemingly on so innocent a topic. "Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds:" what can be more harmless? Surely an entertaining work might be written on this subject, even by the most bigoted Protestant, which should not be offensive to Catholics. Let us run through the headings of the chapters, and see whether Dr. Mackay at least has succeeded. The first extraordinary popular delusion in one of these volumes is the *Crusades!* the last in the same volume is *Relics!* Let us look closer into the work, and see whether the whole piece tallies with this sample. In the chapter on the Crusades, we read that in those days "the clergy were all in all, and kept the popular mind in the most slavish subjection with regard to religious matters;" that such and such a priest "became from that day forth 'dreamer of dreams' in general

to the army ;” and a great deal more in the same strain which we do not choose to repeat. In the chapter on Relics, it is enough to say that the wood of the True Cross ranks side by side with Shakspeare’s mulberry-tree and Napoleon’s willow, the relics of saints with those of murderers and other criminals, &c. &c. Nor are the intervening chapters, even when written on indifferent subjects, free from the same leaven. In the chapter on the Witch Mania, we read of “the absurd impersonation of the evil principle formed by the monks in their legends,” and that “in the early period of this epidemic the persecutions were directed by the heads of the Catholic Church.” Dr. Mackay cannot even write about “slow poisoners,” without having a fling at “the miraculous oil which was said to ooze from the tomb of St. Nicholas of Bari ;” nor about “great thieves,” without insinuating that Italian bandits are more charitable than Italian monks ; nor about “haunted houses,” without inserting a malicious story about “a clever trick of this kind having been played off by six monks,” for the sake of obtaining fraudulent possession of a magnificent royal residence which stood in their neighbourhood. Finally,—for we think we may fairly leave this specimen as the climax of our author’s bigotry and ignorance,—Albertus Magnus and St. Thomas Aquinas figure in these pages among “the alchymists,” and stories are told of both of them as having had recourse to “the black art” and the use of cabalistic charms.

After what we have said, our readers will neither expect nor desire to be favoured with many extracts. We shall confine ourselves to one or two taken from the first volume, which as a whole is far less objectionable than the second. Our first extract shall be taken from one of the most interesting chapters of the whole, “the Money Mania, or Mississippi Scheme,” a career of extravagant speculation in France somewhat of the same character as the South-Sea Bubble in England, and nearly cotemporaneous with it.

“Law was now at the zenith of his prosperity, and the people were rapidly approaching the zenith of their infatuation. The highest and the lowest classes were alike filled with a vision of boundless wealth. There was not a person of note among the aristocracy, with the exception of the Duke of St. Simon and Marshall Villars, who was not engaged in buying or selling stock. People of every age and sex and condition in life speculated in the rise and fall of the Mississippi bonds. The Rue de Quincampoix was the grand resort of the jobbers ; and it being a narrow inconvenient street, accidents continually occurred in it, from the tremendous pressure of the crowd. Houses in it, worth in ordinary times a thousand livres of yearly rent, yielded as much as twelve or sixteen thousand. A cobbler,

who had a stall in it, gained about two hundred livres a day by letting it out, and furnishing writing materials to brokers and their clients. The story goes, that a hunchback man who stood in the street gained considerable sums by lending his hump as a writing-desk to the eager speculators! The great concourse of persons who assembled to do business brought a still greater concourse of spectators. These, again, drew all the thieves and immoral characters of Paris to the spot, and constant riots and disturbances took place. At nightfall, it was often found necessary to send a troop of soldiers to clear the streets." * * *

"The honest old soldier, Marshall Villars, was so vexed to see the folly which had smitten his countrymen, that he never could speak with temper on the subject. Passing one day through the Place Vendôme in his carriage, the choleric gentleman was so annoyed at the infatuation of the people, that he abruptly ordered his coachman to stop, and, putting his head out of the carriage-window, harangued them for full half-an-hour on their 'disgusting avarice.' This was not a very wise proceeding on his part. Hisses and shouts of laughter resounded from every side, and jokes without number were aimed at him. There being at last strong symptoms that something more tangible was flying through the air in the direction of his head, the marshal was glad to drive on. He never again repeated the experiment.

"Two sober, quiet, and philosophic men of letters, M. de la Motte and the Abbé Serrason, congratulated each other that they, at least, were free from this strange infatuation. A few days afterwards, as the worthy Abbé was coming out of the Hotel de Soissons, whither he had gone to buy shares in the Mississippi, whom should he see but his friend La Motte entering for the same purpose. 'Ha!' said the Abbé, smiling, 'is that *you*?' 'Yes,' said La Motte, pushing past him as fast as he was able; 'and can that be *you*?' The next time the two scholars met, they talked of philosophy, of science, and of religion, but neither had courage for a long time to breathe one syllable about the Mississippi. At last, when it was mentioned, they agreed that a man ought never to swear against his doing any one thing, and that there was no sort of extravagance of which even a wise man was not capable.

"During this time, Law, the new Plutus, had become all at once the most important personage of the state. The ante-chambers of the regent were forsaken by the courtiers. Peers, judges, and bishops thronged to the Hôtel de Soissons; officers of the army and navy, ladies of title and fashion, and every one to whom hereditary rank or public employ gave a claim to precedence, were to be found waiting in his ante-chambers to beg for a portion of his India stock. Law was so pestered that he was unable to see one-tenth part of the applicants, and every manœuvre that ingenuity could suggest was employed to gain access to him. Peers, whose dignity would have been outraged if the regent had made them wait half-an-hour for an interview, were content to wait six hours for the chance of seeing Mon-

sieur Law. Enormous fees were paid to his servants, if they would merely announce their names. Ladies of rank employed the blandishments of their smiles for the same object; but many of them came day after day for a fortnight before they could obtain an audience. When Law accepted an invitation, he was sometimes so surrounded by ladies, all asking to have their names put down in his lists as shareholders in the new stock, that, in spite of his well-known and habitual gallantry, he was obliged to tear himself away *par force*. The most ludicrous stratagems were employed to have an opportunity of speaking to him. One lady, who had striven in vain during several days, gave up in despair all attempts to see him at his own house, but ordered her coachman to keep a strict watch whenever she was out in her carriage, and if he saw Mr. Law coming, to drive against a post and upset her. The coachman promised obedience, and for three days the lady was driven incessantly through the town, praying inwardly for the opportunity to be overturned. At last she espied Mr. Law, and, pulling the string, called out to the coachman, 'Upset us now! for God's sake, upset us now!' The coachman drove against a post, the lady screamed, the coach was overturned, and Law, who had seen the *accident*, hastened to the spot to render assistance. The cunning dame was led into the Hôtel de Soissons, where she soon thought it advisable to recover from her fright, and, after apologising to Mr. Law, confessed her stratagem. Law smiled, and entered the lady in his books as a purchaser of a quantity of India stock. Another story is told of a Madame de Boucha, who, knowing that Mr. Law was at dinner at a certain house, proceeded thither in her carriage, and gave the alarm of fire. The company started from table, and Law among the rest; but seeing one lady making all haste into the house towards him, whilst every body else was scampering away, he suspected the trick, and ran off in another direction."

Our second extract shall be taken from a far less disgusting mania, though perhaps an almost more unaccountable one, the *Tulipomania*. The tulip was first introduced into this country from Vienna in 1600, but it had been known in Germany for fifty years before, having been first sent to a gentleman in Augsburg by a friend at Constantinople, where the flower had long been a favourite. It was in Holland, however, that the Tulipomania reached its most extravagant height.

"In 1634, the rage among the Dutch to possess them was so great, that the ordinary industry of the country was neglected, and the population, even to its lowest dregs, embarked in the tulip trade. As the mania increased, prices augmented, until, in the year 1635, many persons were known to invest a fortune of 100,000 florins in the purchase of forty roots. It then became necessary to sell them by their weight in *perits*, a small weight less than a grain. A tulip of the species called *Admiral Liefken*, weighing 400 *perits*, was worth

4400 florins; an *Admiral Van der Eyck*, weighing 446 *perits*, was worth 1260 florins; a *Childer* of 106 *perits* was worth 1615 florins; a *Viceroy* of 400 *perits*, 3000 florins; and, most precious of all, a *Semper Augustus*, weighing 200 *perits*, was thought to be very cheap at 5500 florins. The latter was much sought after, and even an inferior bulb might command a price of 2000 florins. It is related that at one time, early in 1636, there were only two roots of this description to be had in all Holland, and those not of the best. One was in the possession of a dealer in Amsterdam, and the other in Haarlem. So anxious was the speculators to obtain them, that one person offered the fee-simple of twelve acres of building-ground for the Haarlem tulip. That of Amsterdam was bought for 4600 florins, a new carriage, two grey horses, and a complete suit of harness.

“People who had been absent from Holland, and whose chance it was to return when this folly was at its maximum, were sometimes led into awkward dilemmas by their ignorance. There is an amusing instance of the kind related in Blainville's *Travels*. A wealthy merchant, who prided himself not a little on his rare tulips, received upon one occasion a very valuable consignment of merchandise from the Levant. Intelligence of its arrival was brought him by a sailor, who presented himself for that purpose at the counting-house, among bales of goods of every description. The merchant, to reward him for his news, munificently made him a present of a fine red-herring for his breakfast. The sailor had, it appears, a great partiality for onions; and seeing a bulb very like an onion lying upon the counter of this liberal trader, and thinking it, no doubt, very much out of its place among silks and velvets, he slyly seized an opportunity and slipped it into his pocket, as a relish for his herring. He got clear off with his prize, and proceeded to the quay to eat his breakfast. Hardly was his back turned when the merchant missed his valuable *Semper Augustus*, worth 3000 florins, or about 280*l.* sterling. The whole establishment was instantly in an uproar; search was every where made for the precious root, but it was not to be found. Great was the merchant's distress of mind. The search was renewed, but again without success. At last some one thought of the sailor. The unhappy merchant sprang into the street at the bare suggestion. His alarmed household followed him. The sailor, simple soul! had not thought of concealment. He was found quietly sitting on a coil of ropes, masticating the last morsel of his ‘onion.’ Little did he dream that he had been eating a breakfast whose cost might have regaled a whole ship's crew for a twelvemonth; or, as the plundered merchant himself expressed it, ‘might have sumptuously feasted the Prince of Orange and the whole Court of the Stadtholder.’ . . . The poor man remained in prison for some months on a charge of felony preferred against him by the merchant.”

SHORT NOTICES.

A VERY painful feature in the more recent developments of Puseyism is the eagerness with which its advocates seek to appropriate any work that has emanated from a Catholic pen, but has been authoritatively condemned by the Church. *Sympathies of the Continent, or Proposals for a new Reformation*, by Dr. Hirscher, translated and edited, with notes and introduction, by Rev. A. C. Coxe (Parker, Oxford), is a phenomenon of this kind.

James Jordan; or, the Treasure and its Price: a Working Man's Narrative (London, Dolman), is the history of a convert from the Establishment to the Church. It differs, however, from ordinary tales of its class, by eschewing minute details of doctrinal controversy, and grappling only with the vital question, on which all others depend. Even this, too, is altogether subordinate to the delineation of the temper and character of the principal heroes and heroines of the narrative. This alone gives it an immeasurable superiority over most other controversial tales; but it has also the additional merit of being written with great talent and liveliness. Some of the incidents strike us as improbable; but the characters, more especially of the *respectable* Establishmentarians, are eminently truthful, and the whole is full of life and spirit.

Avrillon's Guide for passing holily the Day and the Octave of Corpus Christi (Richardson and Son), has come to hand too late for our recommendation of it to be of any practical use to our readers, at least for this year.

A Novena in honour of St. Theresa, translated from the French (Richardson and Son), and *A Novena in honour of the most Blessed V. Mary of Mount Carmel*, translated from the Spanish (Burns and Lambert), are acceptable additions to our devotional stores. Perhaps it is easier to translate from the Spanish than from the French; certainly the translation from the Spanish appears to us to be the most successful of the two.

The Principles of Freedom applied to the Tenure of Land, by One of the People (Richardson and Son), advocates various reforms in the laws which at present regulate the tenure and transfer of land, more especially the abolition of the law of entail, but is altogether opposed to the Tenant-Right League in Ireland, which it condemns both as unjust and impracticable.

The Passion of Jesus (Richardson and Son) is a collection of very pleasing poems on various points in the Passion of our Lord, arranged so as to illustrate the five sorrowful mysteries of the Rosary. Their author, M. Bridges, Esq., is already known to our readers by another volume of poetry, entitled *Hymns of the Heart*. The hymns in the present volume are of the same general character, and in many instances, we think, of even superior merit.

The *Dublin Review* for this month contains a short but *telling* article on Meyrick's *Church in Spain*, and an interesting notice of *Lord Jeffrey's Life and Letters*. The articles on Miss Sellon and her sisterhood, and on Scudamore's *Letters to a Seceder*, leave off just where we would have had them begin.

A very useful *Mass for Four Voices, in C major*, composed by Giovanni Battista Casali (Burns and Lambert), has just been brought out by an editor whose initials, "C. N., St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw," will be a guarantee for the good taste and ecclesiastical character of the work so recommended. We think it one of the most serviceable and pleasing masses available to English choirs; the melodies pleasing, the harmonies musician-like and varied, and the solo movements not excessive. The whole is neither too long nor too short, and sufficiently easy in execution.

The Fourth Part of *The Choir* (Burns and Lambert) contains eleven pieces, in an ample variety of styles. The first and most remarkable, a *Laudabo Dominum* by Verhulst, is a clever and effective work, but we question the judiciousness of the choice by which it was selected as a specimen of an organ obligato accompaniment. The instrumental part strikes us as eminently orchestral. Of the rest of the compositions, the most perfect is a charming little *O bone Jesu*, the composer's name not given. Stadler's *Ecce Sacerdos Magnus* is a favourable example of the skill of Mozart's master. Apell's *Ecce Panis* is a sweet and plaintive movement in a more modern style. Capsberger's *Stabat Mater*, Palestrina's *O Salutaris*, and Casali's *Constitues eos*, are of fair merit; Hasse's *Sanctus* is pleasing and useful (as the editors justly call it), and the same may be said of Marcello's *Kyrie*. Soriano's *Salve Regina* is an excellent harmonised chant, much to our taste. The only defect in the Part is the selection of the words adapted to a short piece by Carissimi, which are utterly unsuited to the rhythm of the music.

Mr. Formby promises to be one of our very best contributors to the amusement and real *education* of the young mind. His *Young Singer's Book of Songs* we have already strongly recommended our readers to buy and circulate in all school-rooms; and we lose no time in repeating a similar recommendation of his *Sixty Amusing Songs* (Burns and Lambert, and Longmans), on behalf of nurseries and all places where little people are congregated. The present collection is introductory to Mr. Formby's former series, and contains an admirable selection of lively, pretty, intelligible, and unexceptionable songs and tunes. The accompaniments are perfectly simple, but executed with the care of a musician. We should be glad to see the words printed separately, to provide for the wear and tear of children's fingers, at as small a cost as is compatible with the expenses, —paper, print, and editorship.

Ecclesiastical Register.

[As we look upon the Catholic Poor-School Committee as one of the most valuable institutions of which the Church in England can boast, we have great pleasure in giving increased circulation to the following powerful appeal in its behalf, taken from a late Pastoral Letter of his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman.—*Ed. R.*]

NICHOLAS, by the divine mercy, of the Holy Roman Church, by the title of St. Pudentiana, Cardinal Priest, and Archbishop of Westminster, to our dearly beloved children in Christ, the Faithful of the said Archdiocese, health and benediction in the Lord.

THE Sunday after the octave of Corpus Christi, the day consecrated to the Divine Heart of Jesus, has been appointed, by the joint consent of the English Bishops, for a general collection throughout their dioceses in favour of the Catholic Poor-School Committee. We address you, therefore, dearly beloved children in Christ, according to our wont, in recommendation of this important charity. Every year that we discharge this duty, we necessarily bear an additional testimony to its efficiency and usefulness; for every year of its duration tests its solidity, and proves the wisdom of those principles which have secured to it a harmonious action with such varied elements.

It may not, indeed, be without its use to bring before you once more, in a few words, the nature and objects of this important organ of Catholic educational interests. The necessity of some Committee to guard and promote the interests of Catholic poor education had long been felt, and attempts had been made in vain to organise such a body. A plan was at length brought before the Bishops and adopted, which has proved admirably suited to the ends proposed. Two gentlemen of high character and position were joined to a priest from each district or diocese, by the Bishop's selection; and those delegates meeting together formed a council of representatives, to whose honour, zeal, and prudence could be safely entrusted any general and public interest. And when, last year, upon the filling up of the newly-created Sees, the members of the Committee were greatly increased, no diminution of zeal and energy or of harmony and unanimity was the result. Presided over by a veteran in the cause of charity, of education, and of religion, enjoying the confidence of the episcopal body, commended to all by long-tryed fidelity to its trust, as well as by the unimpeachable character of every member composing it, this Committee has been the powerful instrument of the Church in achieving incalculable good, and the faithful dispenser, under Providence, of blessings which otherwise must have been lost. It has given proof of the immense benefit that must result from a firm union between clergy and laity, and their generous co-operation in the same holy cause.

We know and deplore the narrow feeling which has been sometimes expressed against a plan so comprehensive, as though cramping local energies and diverting local resources. Now, in answer to this jealousy, which no doubt springs from an impulse of charity, we will mention only three out of the many important benefits due exclusively to this organisation.

I. And first, dearly beloved, few of you are aware of the difficulties that oppress a poor congregation and its struggling pastor, when endeavouring to obtain assistance for their proposed or rising school. In a retired country neighbourhood, or in a small bigoted town, with a handful of poor Catholic settlers or workmen, but a teeming growth of chil-

dren, beset with snares for their faith baited with education, or left to the alternative of idleness and ignorance, the poor priest soon exhausts his resources and those of his flock in vain attempts to open a school. A loft, or a garret, or a stable, it is at best, or a room in his own small house; crowded, ill-ventilated, unhealthy, interrupted from time to time by the departure of an ill-paid master or mistress, or the failure of means, or the tyranny of a landlord, it is utterly unequal to the demands upon it; and it may sink ere long, with the hopes and the health and the life of him who has spent himself in vain for the little ones of Christ. But no: this *was* so once; thanks to the universal and impartial operation of the Poor-School Committee, it is not so now. To no purpose would that zealous and retired priest have tried to rouse the sympathies of the rich in favour of his helpless flock. Perhaps not one person of that class possessed a local connexion with his mission; and his appeal by advertisement or circular would have fallen dead amidst the multitude of similar applications. But now, instead of this weary and hopeless task, he writes but once to this society: his cry is infallibly listened to; his claim is impartially canvassed by a council representing whatever is noblest in the Catholic body; he receives his fair share of the donations of the rich, and of the contributions from more favoured congregations; his flock is received into the communion of charity by their brethren, as they are already in that of faith. Moreover they feel that they are not alone, their spirits are raised, their courage roused to new exertions; the grant forms the basis of more energetic operations; assistance is meanwhile granted for the maintenance of education; and the neat, airy, and cheerful school that rises under the fostering care of this Society is the first landmark of Catholicity in that waste region, the first evidence of its existence that excites the attention and the inquiries of a neighbouring population. This is no exaggerated picture: many a school now exists which never would have raised its head but for the existence of a central source of distribution, which could make the waters of charity flow to the most lonely and desert places.

II. But further, there are certain general interests which have required an active and a central agency to conduct them. We allude to the obtaining our due share of public educational grants, a benefit involving more delicate negotiation when we are concerned than in the case of any other religious body. For, not to mention some points which might only awaken the keen sensibilities of adversaries, the arrangement of what are called the "management clauses" was the subject of a long and intricate treaty carried on by this Committee with the government of the country. From beginning to end it was conducted by the former on the sternest principle of not yielding one jot of Catholic feeling for any amount of worldly profit; and more than once all was on the point of being abandoned, rather than compromise the smallest ecclesiastical or religious right. But the patient perseverance and calm prudence of the Committee have conquered every difficulty, and obtained terms which more influential religious corporations have complained they could not procure. And all this has been done in the most unostentatious way, without meetings, or speeches, or letters, or appeals to public feeling.

III. Yet, dearly beloved in Christ, this is by no means the greatest benefit which this Society has been the active instrument in securing. Its noblest work is the establishment of an admirable normal school, the fruit of which must be permanent as it will be universal. To begin this task required no little courage; it was literally beginning with nothing and from nothing. A site had to be selected and found to lay the foun-

dation of the material building; an institute had to be thought of in which the very first elements of the spiritual edifice were to be collected. Worldly means, to a large extent, had to be procured for raising the first from the ground to its completion; and the living stones of the second had to be gathered together, we knew not whence nor how. But God knew it all; and never did his blessing more clearly approve a work than it has done the efforts, beyond all praise, of our Committee in this undertaking.

A site was offered so opportunely, so convenient, and so easily to be procured, nay, so formed almost to hand, that Providence seemed to supply it. And at the same time, after studying the various institutions that presented themselves as suited to our wants, the Committee most wisely fixed upon the order established at Ploërmel, in Brittany, by a venerable priest who now counts a thousand brothers under his direction, but who had refused to extend its limits beyond that province, though requested often to do so by the Bishops of France. But for us he charitably relaxed his determination, and kindly answered our application by offering to receive our novices. These were found and sent to be trained while the necessary buildings were in course of erection.

And here too much praise cannot be bestowed on the Committee. By the published estimates you will learn, that while the entire sum collected for this purpose amounts to 7318*l.*, or, deducting a government grant of 1400*l.*, to 5918*l.*, of this no less than 5045*l.* has been contributed or procured by members of the Committee itself. This proves how truly zealous and generous this body has been in its unrequited exertions; how worthy, in truth, of the confidence reposed in it. The result has been most satisfactory. A most beautiful structure, admirably fitted at once for a poor-school and for a training-school, has arisen at Brook Green, and is in full operation under the care of our Brothers, now twelve in number. Of these, some already go to teach in more distant schools; while more youths are passing through their probation in France. We invite you, dearly beloved, in your hours of leisure or recreation, to visit this establishment; for which, as for its neighbouring alms-houses and rising church, the Catholics of London have good reason to be, not proud, but grateful. We regret, however, to add, that as yet a considerable debt, amounting to 468*l.*, remains upon the building; and we earnestly implore those who have the means to contribute liberally towards this special purpose.

And we conclude this hurried and imperfect glance by asserting that, in this establishment, the Catholic Poor-School Committee have founded, and will leave standing for ages, a splendid monument of their disinterested zeal.

Wherefore, beloved children in Christ, have we wearied you with these details? Because we have too plainly observed that of this, as of every great and general charity, it is needful from time to time to refresh the memory and sharpen the feelings of our faithful people. When first such a work is established, all are alive to its purposes and aware of its usefulness. Then forgetfulness creeps on, and newer objects come fresher before the mind; and some grow up to the power of good who remember not its beginnings, and require new information. Then it becomes our duty to recur to the topic again, and repeat what many know; if so, we may lead them back to their first feelings, and quicken once more their holy sensibilities. But we have a further and an important reason for this. There is not, thank God, a church or chapel in which this our Pastoral will be read, wherein there will not be found some, perhaps many, who since the foundation of this Society have em-

braced the Faith. To these it presents, in its bare title, no peculiar claim to preference, no particular attraction for their charity. They know not how it enjoys the confidence of the Bishops, how it has received the sanction of the Sovereign Pontiff, who has opened his spiritual treasury to its benefactors, nor how it has been the means of so much religious good. And to them, therefore, we wish more especially to direct some further exhortation.

You, then, whom God in his mercy has conducted to the bosom of his holy Church, our joy and our crown, listen to the affectionate words which, in the fulness of our heart, we address you. After years of thirst, you have come to the fountains of living waters; after a long desert-wandering, you have reached the promised land. Gladly do we accord you many privileges to us denied, in your keener relish for the sweet taste of its overflowing milk and honey, the livelier appreciation of the sublime truths and deep wisdom of religion, a fresher sense of gratitude for blessings which had well-nigh escaped our thoughts. Engrafted later into the olive, you have put forth your brighter greenness, you have shed forth your richer oil of gladness, with a strength and an abundance that have gladdened your fellows in the courts of God's house. Starting after us in the race, you have often run before us; in the vigour of your youthful fervour you have outstripped your elders by the boldness of your aims. But there is one thing which from us alone, your elder brethren, you can learn. The stranger, when he comes to a great and ancient city, soon explores, and knows better than many an old inhabitant, its public places, its stately edifices, its historical monuments, its points of grandeur and of beauty. He has soon ransacked them, within and without; and wonders at the ignorance or indifference of those who have, daily for years, seen and not admired. But, in the mean time, these know and can teach what to him is yet unexplored, and can only by patient and weary attention be learnt—the by-ways, and the narrow lanes, and the homely places, in which the real great business of life is carried on, and the every-day mind and the anxious thoughts of those to whom it is entrusted. And thus, dearly beloved, does the convert soon become acquainted with the glories and the charms of God's City on earth, its broad and definite highways of truth, its noble institutions that have filled the world with praise, its monuments preserved through all ages from the very catacombs; its sublime liturgy and splendid ritual, still more its endless overflowings of grace, and its heavenly intercourses with their Source. Life, light, beauty, holiness, divinity itself encompass him, ravish him, and give to his soul anticipations of bliss.

But if he wish truly to incorporate himself with the Body of Christ, which is His Church, he must descend to other scenes, and enter into full communication of charity with what is but poor to contemplate and humiliating to join. He may be thus for years wrapt up in most soothing enjoyment of what is good and fair, yet unacquainted with what forms the Church's great mission around him, its practical work, its daily life. He may not know how many thousands of sinners shrink from facing the dazzling light of the sanctuary in which he basks; how many, sunk in iniquity near the very door of the Church, want courage to pass its threshold; what multitudes of children are beginning to sink into the very mire of iniquity over which they have to walk to life, or are skulking away from instruction in the dark haunts of guilt. He can easily hear the voice of Wisdom calling aloud from the high places, inviting the little ones to her banquet in her stately house (*Prov. ix.*); but he cannot follow the servants of the good Master as they go through

the dark alleys, collecting the blind and the lame, and gently forcing them into his wedding-feast (Luke xiv.). Then hear and receive kindly these our paternal words. Make yourselves acquainted with our old and homely charities; inquire into our misery, and see how it is relieved. Look not to considerations of taste, nor to higher standards of form; but take our charities as they have been ever conducted, old-fashioned and simple as they may appear, and unlike the more pompous ones of the world. We have our orphanages for the destitute of both sexes, equal, in all but patronage and endowment, to those possessed by any other body. Yet though we read the splendid array of names that attend on any public occasion at any of the latter, ours but seldom receive a sympathetic visit from any of the great; their existence seems unknown. There are in the heart of this metropolis religious communities, educating multitudes of children and visiting the poor, to loss of their own lives, that seldom see a stranger call, of those who most admire the religious life, to cheer them or help them in their work. We have societies most venerable in age as in their object, to relieve and support the aged poor; but while names that have stood there for generations are gradually cancelled from the subscription-lists by death's hand, we do not see their places filled by the many who have brought to us consolation in every other way. God, indeed, forbid that what we have said should be meant to cast a reproach; but, as most dear children, we affectionately exhort you that so in this respect also you may be made perfect.

And to return now to the principal object of this our Pastoral Letter, we assure you, dearly beloved, that while there is no branch of charity more dear to us than the education of the poor, so is there no means by which this is obtained which we so earnestly recommend and so highly value as that for which we address you. We know that prejudices may exist in some minds against it; as conducted upon a form that seems to some worldly-wise, and too dependent on human agency, or as embracing too wide a scope, and too much centralising separated interests. But if the answers which we have made are not convincing on this subject, we entreat you to view it on a higher principle; and, as Catholics, at once to feel that what has obtained the highest sanction and approbation that any such institution can receive from the Church, must be beneficial, excellent, and worthy of cordial support.

Sincerely, then, have we deplored the deficiency in last year's collection, and earnestly do we desire to see it compensated. For this purpose we raise our voice, and call upon you, through the bowels of compassion of our Lord Jesus Christ, to have pity on his poor children, and come to their rescue from peril, and perhaps from destruction, by your generous co-operation with a society which has been, and still is, most efficient in saving them. It is not your contributions merely, when this is read to you, that we desire; but we entreat all whom Providence has blessed to enter themselves as annual subscribers to this institution, so as to secure to it the essential requisite for energetic action, assurance of permanence and of future support.

“And may the Lord multiply you, and make you abound in charity towards one another, and towards all men; as we do also towards you: To confirm your hearts without blame in holiness before God and our Father, at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all his Saints. Amen.” (Thess. iii. 12, 13.)

Given in Westminster, this seventeenth day of June, being the Octave of Corpus Christi, in the year of our Lord MDCCLII.

N. CARD. ARCHBISHOP.

Correspondence.

POPULAR EDUCATION.

THE ENGLISH STATESMAN'S IDEA AND PLAN OF POPULAR EDUCATION EXAMINED AS TO ITS AIM, ITS DETAILS, AND RESULTS, AND CONTRASTED WITH THAT OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

[Concluded from p. 82.]

If the State hold to *her* idea and plan of education, and the Church also to *her* idea and plan, can statesmen and churchmen come to any terms, so as to work together at what is supposed to be the same building, each being also supposed to have their own separate plan of the work, and each wishing to employ their own workmen in the carrying out of their own plan, to the exclusion of any other. Of course any person of common sense must see that this is impossible without a compromise at least on one side, if not on both.

As the State appears to be taking for the present a real part in conjunction with the Church, it is natural to wish to know on whose side the concession has been made. The inquiry, however, is limited to the attempt to ascertain the fact, and no opinion whatever is intended.

The state of the case then appears to be something of this kind :

Politicians seem to say : " Assuming the duty of the State to provide for the education of the people, and to determine what this education is to be, that the great thing against their ideas being carried into effect is, that they have so few whom they can persuade to come and be educated, and for the present compulsion is out of the question. Statesmen, in respect of their education, seem to be rather in the predicament of the ostler in the song, who comes back to his mistress to say,

' I've been to the ducks that are in the pond,
But they will not come to be killed, Mistress Bond.'

They are quite ready to educate, and thoroughly comprehend what education is, if they could but find persons who would come to be educated. As an *au pis aller*, they seem to say : We must levy money, and pay to have our work done, as we are not suffered to do it ourselves. We must fix our scale of prices and advertise for tenders, and try what we can get done in this way."

The Catholic Church appears to say : " I have the obligation to educate, I know how to educate, and I have also plenty of poor people who will come to me for education ; but I am extremely poor, and cannot adequately support the necessary expenses of the work."

Then says the State : " Why do you not think of sending in your tenders to me. You know all that I require is the diffusion of secular knowledge ; religion I leave to you. If you send in tenders to me, you may have money, I will build you schoolrooms, I will supply you with books, and help to train and support your teachers. In a word, all I ask you to do is to supply persons to teach and persons to be taught."

" No," says the Catholic Church, " you shall not build schoolrooms for me, for I will not be your tenant at will ; and to tell the truth, I suspect your books ; but if you want education carried into effect, give me your money, and I will lay it out."

" Very well," says the State ; " I am ready, as you know, to give money to get my own ideas of education carried into effect."

"If you will give me your money," replies the Church, "without my giving you any *real control* over the building which I have to raise, without my suffering you to send your workmen or to substitute any portion of your own plan and design for mine, I shall receive it with much gratitude."

"Well," says the State, "I have, it is true, no concern with your religious ideas, but have we not a common ground in the diffusion of secular knowledge? I will give you money for this purpose, and I shall send an inspector to satisfy me that you are spending my money in the diffusion of this knowledge. He shall have no power to interfere with you, but my grants of money shall be determined by his reports, and you shall guarantee him admission."

The inference here seems tolerably clear, that in the *theory* of such a compact as this, there is little if any real concession on the part of the Church. The Government inspector's visit to a school is not in theory any thing more than the visit of any other stranger who comes to satisfy his curiosity, and who is known to have money to give away in case he happens to be pleased and delighted. - It need not in practice be more than this; it *may*, of course, be made much more. The coming of the inspector may, for instance, be announced from the pulpit, the hours at which he will examine the different schools may be accurately proclaimed, and both committee-men and parents may be invited to attend the examinations, and to shew by their presence the interest they take in the progress of the "state plan of education." The priests also may accompany the Government inspector on his tour through their schools, and also evince their sympathies with the "state idea and plan of education;" and the state functionary may thus become the centre of an animation, an interest, and an eclat, all directed in the line of the ascendancy of the state idea and plan of education, much greater than would result from an inspection on the part of the Bishop. This, of course, is conceivable as within the limits of what is possible. But as all this is no part of the theory of the compact, in *theory* it remains quite true that there has not been any injurious concession.

In theory also the Church is completely free; for the moment the State begins to assume any control, it is said that the compact may be broken, and the connexion shaken off. The fact, however, is that the Church has induced, and is inducing, a greater or less number of young persons to enter upon the career of teachers in schools, while she really depends for their maintenance upon the State's money; and were this to be withheld, these young persons would be thrown upon the wide world, with the knowledge of the longitude and latitude of a great many different places, it is true, but without money for their support in it. That a time *may* come when an ambitious educating statesman *may* annex to the gift of his money a condition that would sorely try the conscience of those who have learned to depend upon it for their support, is no prejudice to the *theory* of the Church's freedom; the compact with the State, *theory* says, may be broken any moment. Would there be any imprudence in asking, if the same *theory* is also able to provide for those who, in the event of the breaking of this compact, may then find themselves thrown on the world deprived of a support on which they have learned to depend?

I now come to my last point.

Statesmen have their reasons for claiming to take education into their own hands and for making it their own work. We are benefactors, say they, of society in so doing, and as such we are entitled to general gratitude and support.

Statesmen have not been at all times equally enthusiastic about education, or disposed to make it so much their own concern; there have been long periods of history when they have been satisfied to leave education very much to the discretion of parents, and have troubled themselves extremely little about it. But at the present time statesmen claim it as their province; and in taking it into their own hands they appear to contemplate beneficial results of the following kind:

I. As regards the youthful portion of the population, that the secular education of their schools shall produce a complete reformation amongst them.

II. As regards adults, that their education will produce (1.) such a taste for the cultivation of scientific pursuits, such a thirst for knowledge, as will infallibly wean the population from falling into those sensual vices and excesses which, by corrupting and degrading a people, sap the political prosperity of the state.

(2.) It will produce among the people a better observance of the laws, and diminish the number of crimes which come before the courts of judicature, crimes being the fruits of ignorance.

(3.) It will inspire the people with that self-respect and self-confidence which is the best security for respect for social order and the stability of government. Thus state education will be the strength of the state, for revolutions too are the fruits of ignorance.

It is certainly natural and fair to take a glance at the results of the sort of education which theirs professes to be, if there is any thing tangible and apparent in the way of results to which an appeal can be made. To wish to come at once to an issue upon the question of results, it is true, might be premature; for state education in England, properly so called, is a thing rather in embryo than in real life, as regards actual state measures and living state organisations for carrying it into execution, and there are consequently no results of any importance that can be indisputably laid at its door. But as we have had for some years in England and Scotland, on no small scale, a kind of education tolerably akin in its idea and plan to what state education really is, and as it is the peculiarity of the English as a nation that what are in themselves statesmen's ideas and plans are carried into execution by the people independently of ministerial intervention, the merits of the state plan of education, which is as yet only in its infancy, cannot be considered wholly independent of the results of the kind of education of which we have now more than a quarter of a century's experience. To these results, therefore, an appeal can be fairly and reasonably made.

A far-sighted statesman is necessarily a man versed in history; for it is from history that he derives the experience of the past, by which he shapes his course and forms his judgment. Hence it is that many statesmen have also been historians; and were historians, in like manner, gifted with the practical sagacity, promptitude in action, and talents for business, which a statesman requires, they would also make the best statesmen. On a question, therefore, of state policy, the testimony of an historian possesses a just and natural weight. With regard, then, to the question of the results of education, if we can find a living historian who has maturely considered the bearing of the subject, who has well weighed and examined into evidence on the matter, his testimony will best answer the purpose, and will throw a light upon the question which even statesmen themselves cannot refuse to consider.

The historian whom I shall select with this view is Mr. Alison, author of the *History of Europe during the French Revolution*; and it will be at once admitted that the peculiar line of his historical studies, being the history of the workings of modern, not to say almost of living

European society, gives an additional value to his testimony. The particular work I shall quote, it is true, was written in 1840; but as the period of time now referred to extends beyond the quarter of a century, and as the author, moreover, is still living to answer for his work, the twelve years that have elapsed cannot be said to have rendered his testimony in any sense antiquated or out of date.

Touching the promise of a juvenile reformation of manners as one of the expected fruits of a state education, Mr. Alison quotes the testimony of the author of *Old Bailey Experience* to this effect:

"The national schools have taught their scholars immorality, hence the demoralisation of the rising generation. The very calling together of so many children daily, without some plan being first laid down of a moral guardianship over them, justifies the assertion that they are taught *immorality*, and I will add (for I know it) *crime*, at these establishments. There is nothing of a mental nature performed in them; a hundred boys at one time are taught to bawl out, 'Lon, lon, don, don, London,' with a few more words, which leads them in the end to learn just enough of reading to enable them to peruse a twopenny life of Turpin or Jonathan Wild; when with this, and when they have taught each other such matter as they gather from their honest and virtuous parents, their education is completed, and they are fully qualified to figure in the streets as — pickpockets. It needed not inspiration nor prophetic powers to see that the national schools must necessarily become sharers in the crime in disorganising society. . . . In these schools not one moral axiom is inculcated, no precepts of principle are instilled into the mind, all is mere rote and mechanism; and their scholars offer to the world the most extraordinary collection of tyros in crime ever seen or heard of in its history."*

I may remark by the way, with regard to the above testimony, that if it be objected that the schools in question are far better organised than they were at the time this was written, and that it is not consequently a fair account of them at the present time, it is obvious to answer that the absence of moral guardianship remains the same, and that in this, which is the essential point, there has been no improvement. The ensuing extract, however, from an American newspaper of August 1851, which I copy as it stands from the respectable provincial paper in which I met with it, brings the testimony down to the present time:

"*Increase of Crime in New York.*—By the report of the Secretary of State, which has just been published, it appears that crime during the last few years has been increasing as regularly as our imports and exports, or the growth of our population. In ten years, we learn by this report, crime has doubled in this state. We have seen various causes alleged for this deplorable result, but none of them in our opinion are satisfactory, or reach the root of the evil. We suspect very much that the important revolution which has taken place in our system of common school-education during the last few years has materially increased juvenile delinquency and crime of every degree. Under the impulses of philosophy and socialism, which have operated very much on our politicians and on our elections for the last fifteen years, the school system of this state has been constructed entirely on philosophical principles, without regard to religion, revelation, Christianity, or any of those doctrines on which human society is best founded. In fact, under the present system of education, all moral and religious instruction seems to be banished from our schools, and the education of the youthful mind is confined merely to its intellectual and material developments. Materialism—that modern system of philosophy which ignores a future

* Alison on Population, vol. ii. p. 325.

life, and looks on revelation as a blank—has seized on our school system, and given a direction to all the youthful exercises of the day.—The consequences of rearing the youthful generation in intellectual or material principles merely, without reference to revealed religion or Christian morals, are beginning to be seen in the extraordinary growth and increase of crime, which has been doubled during the last ten years—a space of time covered by these philosophical, material, and mere intellectual methods of instruction.”—*New York Herald*, Aug. 1851.

The theory of state education is, that the destructive pleasures of sense are to be counteracted by the pleasures of knowledge.

Mr. Alison reasons as follows on the little antecedent likelihood of this being found to be the case :

“Can it be affirmed that any class of men in the state,—the Peers, the Commons, the Church, the bar, the medical profession, the mercantile community,—have generally found in the attractions of science, or in the study of philosophy, any effectual antidote to the stimulus of the senses?” A certain proportion, he admits, may do so; but, he adds, “Can it be affirmed that this is *generally* the case? Does it obtain with the majority? Are such habits ever to be found except in the small minority? No man ever yet found a fifth part of his acquaintance in whom intellectual cultivation or studious habits formed any counterpoise whatever to irregular or vicious habits.” (Vol. ii. p. 305.) And again (p. 330): “It is hopeless to expect that intellectual pleasures, never at any time capable of being felt by more than one in ten, and attended in the outset with such distasteful qualities, can when left to themselves stand for a moment in competition with those of sense or fancy, with licentious novels, demoralising poetry, infidel abuse, levelling misrepresentation. . . . This is not peculiar to the lower orders, it pervades alike every walk of life—the Peers, the Commons, the Church, the bar, the army. No man ever found a twentieth part of his acquaintances, even in the most cultivated and intellectual classes, who really derived pleasure from the pursuits of the understanding, or who would prefer them to other enjoyments, if they could abandon them without risk to their professional prospects. We cannot expect in ploughmen and weavers a degree of intellectual capacity which we look for in vain at the bar or in the House of Commons.”

Statesmen, however, confidently expect the contrary to be result in the case of the multitude. Is their expectation well founded? Mr. Alison continues :

“One curious and interesting fact has been brought to light by the French statistical inquiries on this subject. It appears, as M. Guerry has pointed out, that the great majority of licentious females come from the northern and most highly educated provinces of France. Deplorable as this result is, it is still not surprising. *Over education* is the common source of the passions to which they owe their ruin. . . . The statistical details taken, by which it appeared that in ten ordinary circulating libraries in London there were only twenty-seven volumes on morality and religion in them, and above 1500 fashionable, indifferent, or libertine novels, evidently enough shew what an abundance of inflammable matter is poured into the minds of the young of both sexes by this unrestrained system of reading. . . . Philanthropy pictures to itself the studious mechanic consuming his midnight oil over the labours of the mighty dead, or the weary labourer delighting his family by reading after the hours of toil are over; but *experience* exhibits to us the operative sitting in an alehouse with dissolute companions, enlivening drink with the effusions of the democratic press; pale factory-girls devouring

the most licentious publications of the day; or delicate sempstresses working fourteen hours in close confinement, and listening all the time to one of their number who reads eternal descriptions of the intrigues and dissipations of high life: need we be surprised, after a few years of such tuition, that 50,000 unfortunate females nightly walk the streets of London" (p. 315).

Education, however, of course produces beyond all doubt a great diminution of the crimes that come before courts of law.

Scotland, says Mr. Alison, is the great example to which the advocates of secular education constantly point, as illustrating the effect of intellectual cultivation upon the character of mankind. That country has witnessed the progress of schools and education at a rapid rate; of course crime has proportionably diminished.

"It appears," says Mr. Alison, "from the evidence laid before the combination committee last session of parliament (1839), that the progress of felonies and serious crimes in Glasgow during the last sixteen years has been beyond all precedent alarming; the population having during that period advanced about seventy per cent, while serious crime has increased *five hundred per cent*. Crime over the whole country is advancing at a very rapid rate, far beyond the increase of the population. In England the committals, which in 1813 were 7000, in 1837 were 23,000, that is to say, they had tripled in twenty-four years. This advance will probably be considered by most persons as sufficiently alarming in the neighbouring kingdom; but it is small compared to the progress made by Scotland during the same period, where serious crimes have advanced from 89 in 1815 to 3418 in 1838, being an increase in twenty-four years of more than thirty-fold.

Lastly, statesmen expect that their education, by inspiring men with self-confidence and respect, will be certain to draw them over to the side of *social order*, and thus add to the stability of the state. Hence Sir Robert Peel, in his celebrated Tamworth speech, says: "I beseech you to enter upon the path that leads to knowledge; you will be cheered onward by a voice from within of self-confidence and self-respect." Mr. Alison takes rather a different view.

"Every person," he writes, "who has observed the condition of the middling and working classes of society of late years, must have noticed in them, and more particularly in the most intelligent and intellectual of their number, a dissatisfaction with their situation, a feverish restlessness and desire for change, an anxiety to get out of the sphere of physical into that of intellectual labour, and an incessant craving after immediate enjoyment either of the fancy or of the senses. This is the natural consequence of the means of reading being extended to the masses of the people, without attention to their moral discipline or religious improvement. They are accustomed by the books they read to alluring and very often exaggerated descriptions of the enjoyments arising from wealth, rank, and power. They become in consequence discontented with their own situation, and desirous by any means to elevate themselves into that magic circle of which they have heard so much. In the sober paths of honest industry they see no prospect of speedily obtaining the object of their desires; they are prompted, therefore, to change their line of life in the hopes of ameliorating their condition, and more rapidly elevating themselves to the ranks of their superiors. Disappointment awaits them in the new line, equally as in the old. They become bankrupt and desperate, and terminate their career by penal transportation, voluntary exile, and swelling the ranks of the seditious and disaffected."

Now were statesmen, in the justification of their ideas and systems of education, to say that Mr. Alison's testimony on this head is gratuitous and without foundation, they would find themselves confronted by the following facts, which are phenomena that have appeared since Mr. Alison wrote. Educated England gives birth to increasing numbers of discontented Chartists; educated France to great multitudes of socialists and communists; educated Germany to numerous partisans of rebellion and insurrection; educated America to a great increase in the number of criminals against the laws. All these, in the eyes of statesmen, are phenomena in their nature subversive of the state; and yet each of these forms of political evil mainly recruits its principal adherents from that class of persons who, in compliance with Sir Robert Peel's entreaties, have "entered upon the path which leads to knowledge, and have found themselves cheered onwards by a voice from within of self-confidence and self-respect." If Sir Robert Peel had but had the good fortune to have said, confidence in *self alone*, and respect for *self alone*, and in nothing else besides, either God or state, but only on *self and self alone*, he would have given an excellent description of the fruits of state education, and might have almost passed for a prophet of political events that have come, and seem yet likely to come to pass.

I beg to offer my kind acknowledgments for the privilege that has been granted to me of occupying your columns with the above reflections; and remain, Mr. Editor, your very obliged servant,

A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

LIST OF BOOKS SUITABLE FOR CATHOLIC LENDING-LIBRARIES.

THE following lists do not profess to be complete; and in a future Number we may probably furnish a supplement to them. The second might of course have been almost indefinitely enlarged; but we feared to discourage an undertaking whose success we have much at heart by seeming to propose it on too grand a scale. The same motive has induced us to make a distinction also between the books we have recommended, and to place in the first list those which we consider most necessary to *begin with* in founding a Catholic lending-library. We believe, that all the books contained in the two lists together might be purchased for about 20*l.*, and that not more than two-fifths of this sum would be necessary to procure those in the first list. There can be no doubt, however, but that in a great number of instances a large proportion of the books on these lists could be supplied gratuitously from the bookshelves of the more wealthy members of the congregation, and so the expense of establishing these libraries be considerably diminished.

List, No. 1.

BURNS AND LAMBERT.

History of England.
Sketches of Catholic Life.
Cottage Conversations.
Schmid's Historical Tales.
Popular Natural History.
Mary, Star of the Sea.
Four Years' Experience, &c.

Newman's Lectures on Present Position of Catholics, &c.
Little Flower-Garden.
Snowdrop.
Children of Mary.
Select Plays of Shakspeare.
Tales of Adventure by Sea and Land.
Clifton Tracts, 2 vols.

168 *List of Books suitable for Catholic Lending-Libraries.*

Balmez, Protestantism and Catholicity compared.
Robinson Crusoe.
Gordon's Reasons for Conversion.
Capes' Bible History.

DOLMAN.

Wiseman's Lectures on the Catholic Church.
Keenan's Catechism of Christian Religion.
Keenan's Controversial Catechism.
Ravignan on Institute of Jesuits.
Life of Sir Thomas More.
Audin's Life of Henry VIII.
The Young Communicants.
De Maistre on Spanish Inquisition.
——— the Pope.
Geraldine.
Duties and Happiness of Domestic Service.
James Jordan.

DUFFY.

Bossuet's Variations.
Liguori's Heresies.
——— Victories of Martyrs.
Reeves' Church History.
Mrs. Herbert, or the Villagers.

Life of St. Dominic.
——— St. Elizabeth of Hungary.
——— St. Vincent of Paul.
——— St. Francis Xavier.
Father Drummond.
Bishop turned Slave.
Lost Genevieve.
Sundays at Lovel Audley.
Orsini's Life of our Blessed Lady.
Benjamin, or the Pupil of the Christian Brothers.
The Virgin Mother and Child Divine.

RICHARDSON.

Catholic Instructor.
Butler's Lives of Saints.
Challoner's Missionary Priests.
Milner's End of Controversy.
——— Letters to a Prebendary.
Poor Man's Catechism.
Old Fashion Farmer's Motives.
Lamp of the Sanctuary.
Fourfold Difficulty of Anglicanism.
Marie, or the Fisherman's Daughter.
The Black Lady.
Maxims and Examples of the Saints.
Life of St. Aloysius Gonzaga.
——— Bernard Overberg.

List, No. 2.

BURNS AND LAMBERT.

Graces of Mary.
Household Tales and Traditions of England, France, &c.
Loss and Gain.
Manzoni's Betrothed.
Jesuit in India.
Sunday in London.
Gulliver's Travels.
Arabian Nights.

Miscellaneous.

Cardinal Pacca's Memoirs.
Maitland's Dark Ages.
——— Reformation.
Huc's Travels in Thibet.

DOLMAN.

Waterworth's Council of Trent.
Wiseman's Lectures on Connexion between Science, &c.
Wiseman on Holy Week.
——— on Real Presence.
Price's Sick Calls.
Home of the Lost Child.
Father Oswald.
Stothert's Glory of Mary.

Orsini's Flowers of Heaven.
Rev. T. Power's Selections from the Lettres Edifiantes.
Annals of the Propagation of Faith.
Kenrick's Primacy of the Apostolic See.
Kenrick's Validity of Anglican Orders.
Lingard's Anglo-Saxon Church.
M'Cabe's History of England.

DUFFY.

Ward's Errata of Protestant Bible.
Liguori's Glories of Mary.
Smet's Missionary Travels.
Josephine.
Father Rowland.
Willie Burke.
Pauline Seward.
Griffin's Stories.

RICHARDSON.

Madden's Penal Laws.
The Catholic Florist.
Life of Dr. Gentili.
The English Pope Adrian IV.
M'Cabe's Hungarian Revolution.
——— Legend of St. Ethelbert.

The Rambler.

PART LVII.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
POPULAR EDUCATION	169
HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF DEVOTIONS TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT. No. VII. Miracles wrought by the Holy Eucharist	179
KATE GEAREY; OR, IRISH LIFE IN LONDON	195
THE HYMNS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH	219
REVIEWS.—ACHILLI <i>v.</i> NEWMAN; OR, THE ENCHANTED MIRROR. Finlason's Report of the Trial and preliminary Proceedings in the case of G. Achilli <i>v.</i> Dr. Newman	226
SHORT NOTICES.—Waterworth's Examination of the Origin, Progress, Principles, and Practices of the Society of Jesus.—A reply to Reasons for abjuring Allegiance to the See of Rome.—Sergeant Shée's Letter to the Hon. A. Kinnaird.—A Protestant Nonconformist's Sketches of the true Genius of Popery.—A Prayer-book for the Young after First Communion.—Annals of the Institution of the Holy Childhood.—Borgo's Novena for the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ.—Dr. Newman's Sermons: The Second Spring.—Strain's Discourse at the Funeral Service of Right Rev. Dr. Carruthers.—The Clifton Tracts	239
CORRESPONDENCE.—THE CULTIVATION OF SINGING IN POOR-SCHOOLS.—DEVOTION OF ST. WINEFRIDE.—CATHOLIC LENDING-LIBRARIES	242
ECCLESIASTICAL REGISTER.—Synodical Letter of the Fathers assembled in Provincial Council at St. Mary's, Oscott	248

To Correspondents.

Correspondents who require answers in private are requested to send their complete address, a precaution not always observed.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

All communications must be *postpaid*. Communications respecting *Advertisements* must be addressed to the publishers, Messrs. BURNS and LAMBERT.

The Rambler,

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

VOL. X.

SEPTEMBER 1852.

PART LVII.

POPULAR EDUCATION.

NOTHING can be more evident from an examination of the reports of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, than that the work of popular education in this country is at present in a most crude and imperfect condition. We do not mean by this merely that practically the work is very imperfectly done,—that there are many parts of the country where the children of the poor get a very bad education, or no education at all, and that there are very few places indeed where they get a really good one; but much more than this, that the very theory of education itself is very imperfectly understood, that the civil authorities who have taken the matter in hand have by no means made up their minds as to what the best education really is, and consequently cannot possibly have any definite idea as to what are the best and most efficient means for attaining it. They are making a series of experiments in a subject which is new, and therefore obscure to them; and they have appointed officers diligently to watch the fruits of these experiments, and faithfully to record them. They cannot be said to have done more than this; and as long as matters remain in this unformed elementary state, Government is not in a condition materially to hamper the freedom of individual tastes and individual exertions. It is not to be expected, however, that this state of things should be of long duration. Time was when Government left the whole burden of providing for the education of the people to the voluntary efforts of individuals; at present it offers assistance to all indiscriminately, provided only that they will admit the visits of an inspector, and allow him to print for the benefit of the public, once a year, his impressions about the material and intellectual condition of the school, the efficiency of the master or mistress, the state of the desks, books, and other school-furniture, the instruction, discipline, and organisation, &c. &c.;—all these he is to study and to report upon, though he cannot authoritatively amend.

Before long, we shall see attempts made on the part of the Legislature to interfere with the internal arrangements of those schools which they assist in a far more direct and tangible manner. It cannot be otherwise; the educational question amongst us is manifestly at this moment only in a transition state, and is encumbered with all those inconsistencies necessarily incident to such a state. What can be more inconsistent, for example, than the expensive apparatus of inspection, apprenticeship of pupil-teachers, remunerating certificated masters, and other measures of a similar character, all having a most powerful tendency to create good schools and efficient schoolmasters, yet the utter absence of any corresponding measures calculated to secure the attendance of scholars? And this is only one inconsistency among many. It is perfectly plain that all that has hitherto been done towards effecting the thorough education of the poorer children of the country is but a necessary preparation for something more; it absolutely *requires* a complement of ulterior measures for its own perfection; indeed, it is truly observed by one of the inspectors themselves, that "a feeling pervades the minds of all who are earnestly engaged in this work, that we are on the eve of some further development of our educational machinery."*

We need hardly say that we are far from having any anxiety to see this complement speedily supplied; not because we rejoice in any thing that may seem to put a hindrance in the way of the education of the people, but because we have no sort of confidence that the measures likely to be adopted are such as would really promote the end they profess to have in view; and still further, because we have many serious misgivings as to what might be their practical bearing upon ourselves. Indeed, it is mainly this latter consideration which has induced us to recur to the subject to-day. There is reason to believe that Catholics who are jealous of receiving any assistance from Government, even under the conditions that are at present annexed to such grants, sometimes make this circumstance an excuse for sitting still and doing nothing in the matter of education. Their means are too limited, they say, to do any thing efficient by themselves; they are afraid to accept the proffered help of men whom they know to be most bitter enemies of their faith—*timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*; therefore they refuse to do any thing. A more fatal mistake, we believe, could scarcely be made. For Catholics to neglect, or to handle feebly and with a doubtful grasp, the education of the poor, is, in the present condition

* Minutes of the Committee, &c. for 1851-2, p. 723.

of this country, to be guilty of suicide as far as regards our social position as an integral part of the body politic, and of murder as far as regards the spiritual welfare of the poorer portion of our members; it is to risk—we might almost say to secure—such a loss of immortal souls as it is perfectly frightful to contemplate. The education of our poor is no longer, what from the very nature of the case it must *always* be, a useful and desirable work; under existing circumstances it is absolutely *necessary*, if we do not wish to give them up an easy prey to the multitudes who are anxiously plotting their destruction. Education is at this moment the very bait of proselytisers, whether individuals or societies, and it is an infinitely more subtle and dangerous one than the more open and material temptation of food, money, or clothing. In the one case, the bribe is palpable even to the most obtuse, and its very grossness causes it to be rejected with scorn by all whose faith is not already lost, or their conscience hardened; but it is far otherwise with an insidious offer of the advantages of education, accompanied too, as it very often may be, by an express promise that the religious opinions of the scholar will be respected, that there shall be no tampering with his creed, &c. An offer such as this is tempting and plausible, and looks as if it might be innocently accepted; yet who does not know the almost inevitable result? and who can calculate the number of poor children who have already fallen victims to this system, and been for ever lost to the Church, simply through these means? We are called upon, then, most imperatively called upon, to protect the children of our poor from so imminent a peril; and the only efficient means of doing this is to provide them with an equal, or rather a better education, ourselves. To warn them against the schools of sectarians, and to forbid them having recourse to them, yet not to place good Catholic schools within their reach, is to be guilty of the same mockery as though we were to bid the hungry be satisfied and the naked to feel warmth, yet neither to give food to the one nor clothing to the other. And let us not imagine that it is enough to provide four walls with a roof, and a man with a tongue in his head, and then to say that we have found a school and a schoolmaster; we must labour to establish schools that are really good, and to place over them masters that are thoroughly efficient; otherwise we shall present but a feeble defence against the assaults of those enemies of whom we have been speaking. For we must remember that it is not only the *very* poor who may be persuaded unwittingly to sell their birthright in order that they may gain the merest elements of education for their children, which they know not

how otherwise to obtain; but the labouring classes generally, and a certain portion even of the middle classes also, may be very easily led to make the same fatal bargain, in their natural and very praiseworthy desire to secure for their children *the best education that the neighbourhood can supply*. We have no right to assume that Catholic parents will always act from motives of the very highest principle, and will therefore send their children to a bad or to an indifferent school which is under Catholic superintendence, rather than to a good school which is in the hands of Protestants. Far otherwise; motives of worldly prudence will not be altogether overlooked; and since a good intellectual education is sure of obtaining for their children certain commercial rewards or advantages in life, they will send them wherever they have reason to believe that an education of this kind is really imparted. And this will be done in a multitude of cases without the slightest intention of sacrificing spiritual interests to temporal; on the contrary, the best-disposed parents may be influenced in their choice of a school by the motives we have alluded to, believing all the while that the religious education of the young scholars will be sufficiently secured by taking them to hear the public catechising of the priest on Sundays, or by what they themselves may be able to teach them at home in the evenings. They do not know how easily false prejudices may be imbibed, or still more fatal indifference be induced, by unrestricted intercourse with companions who are strangers to the household of faith, and by the exclusive study of books which ignore, if they do not actually oppose, all the articles of the Catholic creed.

We repeat, then, that one of the first and most necessary duties of Christian charity at the present moment seems to be the establishment of good Catholic schools; to bring home to the doors of the very poorest members of our body a sound Christian education, such as is at once suited to their station in life, and calculated to protect them against the allurements of Protestant schools which seem to hold out the prospect of greater advantages. And in proportion to our jealousy of the assistance of Government, should be our eagerness to provide these schools with the least possible delay; for we may rest assured that the interference of the Legislature in all that concerns the interests of popular education will grow more and more decided as time goes on, and that whatever ground we may neglect to occupy in this wide field will undoubtedly be taken possession of ere long, either by some of our Protestant neighbours, or, in default of these, by the state. It has always been the wisdom of the Church to avail herself of the

popular tastes and opinions of the day, to work out her own high and spiritual ends. We do not of course mean that she has ever adopted false maxims, and principles that are at variance with the faith, to effect any purpose whatever; but she has kept a watchful eye upon the current of men's thoughts and desires, and then set an object before them by which they might be innocently, or even profitably satisfied. It is, however, equally true that the Church has often withstood popular tastes and fancies, and put herself in direct antagonism to them; but it often happens that she is doing this most effectually when she seems to be most thoroughly humouring and falling in with them. Such we conceive to be the true state of the case in the question now before us. The world clamours for education of the poor; it says the ignorance of the people during the last generations has been a national disgrace; and when we call to mind the reports that have been issued, from time to time, by some of the chaplains to our prisons and houses of correction, and remember of how many prisoners it has been recorded that they had never heard the name of Christ, that they knew nothing of the creed or of the Lord's prayer, that they even answered doubtfully to the question "How many Gods are there?" we heartily agree with them; such facts *are* a disgrace to any nation calling itself Christian, to say nothing of a nation that almost claims to be in *exclusive* possession of the truth and the blessings of Christianity; and such ignorance ought not to exist. We join, therefore, with all our hearts in the popular cry for education, and we rejoice that the public attention has been directed to it; but when we come to look more closely into the matter, and to discuss the quality of the article that should be provided to meet this general demand, the Church and the world go different ways. The one says, teach all the children of the nation the *credenda* and *agenda* of the Christian faith, and whatever secular knowledge you can find time for, and that you think suited to their condition in life; the other says, teach them history and geography, and literature and science, and don't omit religion; and these various positions occupied by that one word 'religion' represent a most real and essential difference. Nevertheless, under the conditions which at present regulate the Government grants in aid of education, this does not prevent the two systems from being comprehended under one and the same general plan. "Your Lordships' inspectors," writes one of the ablest and most indefatigable of them, the Rev. H. Moseley, "are specially instructed not to interfere with the course of instruction in any of the schools they may inspect;" and again, another of the same class expresses the same thing

in still stronger terms: "There can be no doubt that an inspector is strictly precluded, by the very terms and conditions of his appointment, and by the instructions on all occasions issued by your Lordships, from any direct interference in the management, organisation, and educational systems of the normal as well as elementary schools; and this interference is especially to be deprecated in those points where it would be most sensibly felt, viz. in the religious and moral training."*

Under these favourable circumstances, we cannot but wish that the managers of Catholic schools had shewn themselves somewhat more original, and more independent of the fashions and tastes of the day, than we gather from the reports that lie open before us has hitherto been the case; we allude to the choice of subjects on which to exercise the intellects of the more advanced portion of their scholars. The first and most essential rudiments of education must necessarily be the same for all classes, whatever their "ecclesiastical connexion" may be, as Dr. Cumming quaintly expresses it;† but we conceive that the higher branches of study might very advantageously be changed in Catholic schools, and that Latin, for instance, would for obvious reasons form a most desirable substitute for that numerous and highly respectable family of *ologies*, which are so very prominent a feature in most modern schools for all ranks of society. This, however, is a subject on which we cannot now speak at any length; at present we are more anxious to impress upon our readers the absolute necessity of doing *something*, and doing that something *well*, in the matter of popular education, than to enter upon the discussion of minute details, however interesting and important. We wish, indeed, that the Catholics of England were so thoroughly alive to this simple and obvious truth as to dispense us from the obligation of insisting upon it; but the pastoral letter of Cardinal Wiseman which was published in our last Number, and which will well repay a most careful perusal, seems to tell a different tale. The falling off of the funds placed at the disposal of the Catholic Poor-School Committee certainly does not appear to indicate an increased interest in the subject for which that Committee so ably and so zealously labours; yet we are satisfied that this subject yields to none in the claims which it has upon our sympathies and our most active co-operation, and that those who disregard it are hazarding, if we should not rather say sacrificing, the truest interests of the Church in this country. Spacious and well-proportioned buildings, with deep chancels and lofty spires, with painted windows and sculptured images, and every ornament that the most correct

* Minutes, &c. pp. 203, 230.

† Ibid. p. 1077.

taste could desire or the most lavish expenditure supply, may make indeed a greater show at the time, and produce a more striking impression upon the thoughtless; but it is in the humble schoolroom and among the children of the poor that the real strength of Catholicism is to be consolidated and increased. Let us not be misunderstood, as though we would speak disparagingly of those who in the midst of an unbelieving and self-indulgent age have generously sacrificed their substance to raise temples that should be less unworthy of the Divine Presence that condescends to dwell among the children of men; nevertheless we do most earnestly wish that we could more frequently register gifts of equal magnificence expended on the cause of education: the one is a material fabric, which some sudden outburst of popular fury, some handful of Stockport rioters, might in a few hours level to the ground and make as though it had never been, save only in the reward that awaits the man who built it; the other is a moral and invisible work, which violence and persecution would only root the more firmly, and whose fruits would grow more and more abundant in every successive generation.

One such work has been at length begun, and most heartily we wish it God-speed; we allude, of course, to the establishment of the religious community from Plöermel in the Normal School at Brook Green, Hammersmith. This is a most important step, and one of the right kind. It is beginning at the foundation; for if ever the work of popular education is to make any real solid progress amongst us, it can only be by creating and employing a new and superior race of schoolmasters. The power which a schoolmaster possesses for training the children of his school cannot be over-estimated. "As I go from school to school," says Mr. Moseley, "I perceive in each a distinctive character, *which is that of the master*; I look at the school and at the man, and there is no mistaking the resemblance. His idiosyncrasy has passed upon it. I seem to see him reflected in the children as in so many fragments of a broken mirror." This may sound very strong language; but nobody who has had an opportunity of observing phenomena of this kind would hesitate to adopt it as his own. The moral and religious character of the master, therefore, becomes a subject of the very highest importance; and what security on this head more certain, more thoroughly satisfying, than that the master, if not himself a member of a religious order and consecrated to the work of education (which would of course be best), yet at least should have enjoyed the advantage of associating with such, and of undergoing some considerable degree of regular religious discipline, before entering

on the discharge of his duties in the disciplining of others? We take it for granted that there can be no question whatever among Catholics, but that religious would be the best schoolmasters; let us only try to picture to ourselves what it is that we require in a schoolmaster (over and above his intellectual qualifications, which of course are, to say the least, quite as likely to be found amongst religious as amongst any others), and we shall find that we have unconsciously drawn the portrait of a member of one of these holy institutes. We want a man of high moral qualifications and irreproachable religious conduct; one of unwearied love, gentleness, and patience; one calculated by his example, as well as by his constant attention, to make his pupils humble, patient, gentle, courteous, cheerful, and affectionate: and what are these but the virtues of the cloister? Indeed it is most curious to observe how even those who are without the true fold seem to feel the lack of religious orders, and to grope after them as it were, both in their attempts to delineate their type of a teacher of youth, and in their attempts to form such a one. To quote once more from that keen observer of facts and of human nature, Mr. Moseley, we find him enumerating among the advantages to be derived from the training-schools lately established in the Church of England, that they “remove *in some degree* that sense of *isolation*, which is a fatal source of discouragement in the work of the teacher. It creates a *brotherhood* of teachers, and makes of the work of elementary education a common cause and a united labour. That which seems to me to characterise regularly trained teachers, and to distinguish them as a body from others, is greater dedication to their work. To excel in it, sometimes rises with them to the height of a devotion.” What is all this but a faint and imperfect shadow of what is realised and found in its true perfection in the members of a religious community dedicated to the work of instruction? Again, the same writer says in another place: “Of the three, faith, hope, and charity, which take part in the work of the teacher, the greatest is charity. We little appreciate the power in education of patient, enduring, abiding love. Could we but bring to bear upon the work of the teacher the whole power that there is in love—never to be discouraged, wearied, or repulsed—there is perhaps no obduracy of the heart of a child that would resist it, and no evil that it would not reach and purify. If in a school the spirit of love could remain unbroken from day to day, and from year to year, that would constitute the perfection of its discipline; and although it be impossible to establish this perfect discipline in any case,” &c. &c. But is not this precisely the very secret of the wonderful success of

those schools which are under the care of our religious? "These schools," says Mr. Marshall, "are effecting, in many cases with extraordinary completeness, *all* that it belongs to educational institutions to accomplish; and one of the causes of their success, independently of the special blessing which may be supposed to accompany labours undertaken in the purest spirit of charity and self-sacrifice, is to be found in the unexampled *personal influence* exerted by the teachers. In these schools irregularity of attendance is no longer known, and even the temptation to gain the scanty salary of premature labour is in a good measure weakened."* Other countries of Europe have long been familiar with schools of this class; but in England they are comparatively new and rare. Happily they are becoming daily more and more common, and through the instrumentality of the institution at Hammersmith we may hope by and by to see a still more rapid increase.

We cannot take our leave of this subject without observing, with reference to the efforts that are being made to improve the state of popular education, and the character and attainments of national schoolmasters in connexion with the Establishment, that one evil which was long ago foreseen, and which threatens most materially to impair their progress, has already begun to manifest itself. It is now more than six years ago since we read the following passage in the pamphlet of a clergyman of the Oxford school, who had then recently become a Catholic. He is speaking of the different principles which the Churches of England and of Rome, respectively, assume as the basis of their calculations in organising any extensive plan of beneficence, and he says that the Catholic Church, in such cases, appeals to self-devotion, the Protestant to self-interest; and he instances, as a case in point, this very subject of trained schoolmasters. In the Catholic Church, when the need was felt, towards the end of the seventeenth century, of more extended machinery for the purposes of education, the movement had its issue in the foundation of a new religious order or confraternity, the *Frères des Ecoles Chrétiennes*; but when a similar need was felt in the Church of England, and the National Education Society endeavoured to meet it by establishing schools for the training of parochial schoolmasters, it was confidently prophesied "that the scheme would fail after all, because young men educated on the scale proposed would be able to obtain much more lucrative situations in other departments than they could as schoolmasters, and therefore it would not be 'worth their while' to adhere to their ori-

* Minutes, &c. p. 966.

ginal destination.”* Such was the prophecy; the latest reports of her Majesty’s Inspectors of Church-of-England Schools furnish most instructive comments upon the prophecy, and at the same time most abundant evidence of its fulfilment. “A cognate evil to this,” says the Rev. F. Watkins,† “and arising chiefly from the same cause—a desire of improving worldly circumstances—seems to be increasing in a very inconvenient degree. I speak of the rapid change of teachers in schools. . . . The extent to which this evil has spread in my district (part of Yorkshire) may be imagined from the fact, that in the 235 schools which I inspected this year there have been 90 changes of teachers, *i. e.* nearly 38 per cent! . . . Nearly two-thirds of them may be fairly considered as the voluntary act of the teachers themselves, the chief causes of which were the desire of a higher salary or better position, the love of change, and the dislike of inspection.” Again, the Rev. W. Kennedy writes thus concerning his experience of schoolmasters in Lancashire: “Many excellent schoolmasters, especially, I think, out of those who have passed two or three years in a training college, are, I fear, unsettled as to their profession, and desire to obtain holy orders. During the past year, four masters in Lancashire, three of whom had certificates, have left their profession in order to be ordained; and others in Lancashire and the Isle of Man have sought to obtain ordination. In order to avert this feeling and this practice (which, under present circumstances, is not an unnatural proceeding, though hurtful, I think, to the cause of elementary education), I beg to record my desire that there was more scope for laudable ambition, in short, better positions and more prizes for schoolmasters, in the line of their own calling.”‡ We need not detain our readers by making any comments on these statements, only let us not rest contented with mere barren self-gratulations at the thought that there are institutions in the Catholic Church to which evils of this kind are not incident; but let us do our utmost to strengthen the hands of those who have undertaken to transplant such institutions into this country, and to spread far and wide the blessings, both spiritual and temporal, of which they are so remarkably the instrument. Let us not keep ourselves aloof from the work of popular education because quacks are in the market, distributing pernicious poisons as though they were salutary medicines; neither let us blindly follow the example of our Protestant neighbours, because their numerical majority enables them to set the fashion of the day; but having first exercised

* Northcote’s *Fourfold Difficulty of Anglicanism*, p. 51.

† Minutes, &c. p. 467.

‡ Ibid. p. 691.

a sound discretion in the choice of subjects to be taught and in the manner of teaching them, let us then strain every nerve, and make all possible sacrifices, to secure the establishment of good and efficient schools, such as we conscientiously approve of, in every town and village of the land where there are Catholic children to be taught, and Catholic parents unable to teach them.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF DEVOTIONS TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

No. VII.—*Miracles wrought by the Holy Eucharist.*

EVERY one knows how many facts and histories recorded in the Old Testament are types and figures of that which is the great mystery of Christianity, the Incarnation of the Son of God; and, by consequence, figures also, in a greater or less degree, of that adorable Sacrament by which the Incarnation is as it were continued and wrought anew in each one of us individually, the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ. These shadows and anticipations of the truth have been very beautifully used by many doctors of the Church as means of explaining the nature of the Holy Eucharist, or at least as illustrations assisting them to set forth its praises. Their language about them has been something of this kind: these things which we read concerning what was done among God's chosen people of old are truly great and marvellous, yet that which they foreshadow must needs exceed them in marvellousness; learn, then, from these with which you are familiar the surpassing dignity of the other, which as yet you know only by faith and cannot understand. For this is indeed a manifest axiom, that if the type or shadow be itself mysterious and a miracle, the reality must be much more so; thus, how imperfect a figure were the sacrifices of animals by the Jews of that true Sacrifice which was offered on the cross, and which is still offered day by day upon the Christian altar; the child-bearing of Sara and Anna and Elizabeth, whom being barren, the Lord "made joyful mothers of children," of that birth of a spotless Virgin, whereby the world was to be saved; the sufferings and persecutions of the just, of the Passion of Christ; the washings and cleansings prescribed by the law, of Christian Baptism; and so in like manner, the manna in the wilderness, of the Holy Eucharist. Now that was a very great

and divine miracle which God wrought in raining down manna from heaven to be the daily food of the Jews; the bread, therefore, in the Christian Sacrament must be something still more divine, still more miraculous. If it was only by a miracle that the children of Israel received that bread from heaven, the food of angels, prepared without labour; so is it only by an exercise of the same power that Christians are fed on the body and blood of Christ: and as the manna was possessed of many extraordinary and supernatural properties, increasing or diminishing according to the appetite of those for whose consumption it was provided, putrifying if laid up until the morning, excepting only on one day in the week, when, contrary to its own nature, it remained in sweetness, "having in it all that was delicious and the sweetness of every taste;" so in like manner it ought not to excite any wonder or mistrust in us, if we hear many strange and marvellous things told of the Holy Eucharist.

Yea, and why do we speak of it only by comparison with its types? why not rather consider it in its own nature, its own Divinity? If the body and blood of Christ be verily and indeed present in this adorable Sacrament, surely it is nothing strange that that presence should be sometimes manifested in wonderful displays of power such as He vouchsafed to exhibit while He visibly sojourned upon earth. He could dwell among the children of men during thirty successive years, and yet his infinite and incomprehensible majesty be utterly unknown to the great majority of those amongst whom He lived; and so in like manner, though He has continued ever since to remain upon the earth in this Sacrament, yet those who had not the gift of faith have despised and set Him at nought, and even treated Him with contumelies and injuries, such as the Jews themselves offered to his sacred body ere yet it had been crucified; and as bright rays of his omnipotence sometimes burst forth from beneath the cloak of his humanity for the confirmation and encouragement of those who believed, or for the warning and instruction of those who believed not, so has it been also from the deeper humility of his present disguise in the most holy Sacrament of the altar.

We propose therefore in our present Number to give a brief account of some few of the most remarkable and best-authenticated of these miracles, arranged and classified, as far as we are able, in such a way as shall commend them more readily to our understandings and impress them more deeply upon our memories.

And first we would mention those that correspond most exactly with the miracles which were most frequently wrought

by our Lord during the time that He “came in and went out among us” “in the likeness of man.” Thus we read that “in that hour He cured many of their diseases and hurts, and evil spirits, and to many that were blind He gave sight;” and the very same works of mercy He has wrought again and again in the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist.

St. Augustin tells us of one Acacius,* who had been born blind, and his mother would not suffer any operation to be performed upon him, but when he was about five years old or upwards, anointed his eyes with the Blessed Sacrament, and immediately they were opened. St. Gregory Nazianzen commends the faith of his sister Gorgonia, because, when she had been suffering for a long time under some strange and grievous malady which defied all medical skill, she went one night either into a church, or into a room of her own house where the Holy Eucharist was reserved, and there, after having prayed with the most intense devotion, leaning her head upon the altar, made a vow that she would not depart thence until she had obtained the object of her petitions; then taking the consecrated species into her own hands, she did not receive it into herself for her soul’s health, but applied it outwardly for the healing of her body, and she too was instantly made whole. St. Gregory the Great, in like manner,† mentions of Pope Agapitus, that as he was travelling to the Emperor Justinian, he healed a boy that was lame, after he had said Mass, and then putting the Blessed Sacrament into his mouth, conferred upon him the gift of speech, which he had never before enjoyed; and St. Silvinus,‡ a Bishop in Gaul in the eighth century, both cast out devils and healed lepers by the same irresistible power. To these instances, taken from ancient and most authentic sources, it may be well to add two or three of the same character quite of recent date; such as the case of Pierre Renaudt, a student in the little seminary of Versailles, who was visited towards the end of February 1845 with the heavy affliction of blindness, an effusion on the brain having brought on a complete paralysis of the optic nerves. Early in the month of April, a novena to our Blessed Lady was made for him by the whole community, and on the last day of the novena he received the Holy Communion, but his sight was not restored. On the following Monday, April 14, he was to have been removed to the infirmary, there to be put under very severe medical treatment with the hope of restoring to him, as the doctors said, “a little light;” but before taking his departure, he was anxious to hear Mass and to

* c. Julian. iii 162.

† Dialog. iii. c. 3.

‡ Mabillon, Acta SS. Bened. tom. iii. p. 297.

communicate once more, and for the last time, in the chapel of the seminary. This was allowed him, and the sequel shall be told in his own words: "Whilst I was on my knees at the foot of the altar, waiting for the Holy Communion, a voice said to me, 'Believest thou?' And I answered, 'Yes, Lord; I believe that thou canst work a miracle: Thou hast taken away my sight; Thou canst easily restore it to me.' *As soon as the sacred Host had touched my tongue, I found myself dazzled; I saw every thing and I saw nothing.*" Presently he perceived the step of the altar; then a bench, to which he directed his course; and having taken up a book that was lying there, a copy of the *Imitation of Christ* in very small print, he found he could read it distinctly. At the same time he was perfectly cured also of that disordered action of the heart which had been the original cause of his maladies.* The second instance we would mention is of still more recent date. The subject of this miracle, a young girl aged fourteen, had been blind for more than seven months, when after very earnest devotions to our Blessed Lady and to St. Vincent of Paul, she went to the chapel of this latter saint in Paris on the morning of the 12th of May, 1848, heard Mass and communicated there. "*At the moment she received our Lord, her sight was suddenly restored to her, and a violent pain in the head which she had felt from the moment of her loss of sight disappeared at the same time.*"†

It would of course be very easy to multiply instances of this kind, taken from every age of the Church; but there is no object in doing so, since they are commonly acknowledged even by those who are strangers to the household of faith; who attribute them, however, not to the immediate and wonder-working presence of God in his own proper Person in the Sacrament, but to the fervent faith of the individual, which would have received the same reward even without a participation of the bread of life. Let us pass on, then, to miracles of another kind, the driving out of evil spirits; since this was one of the works of mercy specially enumerated concerning our Lord in the passage which we quoted from the Gospel, and to which we promised to find a parallel in the history of the Holy Eucharist.

And here too our first witness shall be St. Augustin, whose testimony is peculiarly valuable in this matter, not only on account of his great reputation and the age in which he lived (though these of course give a certain value to any thing

* See the letter from the Superior of the Seminary to the Bishop of the diocese, translated by C. Seager, M.A. Richardson, 1845.

† *Allies' Journal*, p. 351, ed. Brussels.

which may happen to have received the sanction of his name), but still more in the present instance, because the event which he records happened, if not to himself, at least in his own family, as one may say. A certain magistrate* named Hesperius farmed an estate at no great distance from Hippo; his servants and cattle were continually afflicted with strange sicknesses of various kinds, until at length Hesperius was satisfied that it could only be through the special agency of Satan; he sent therefore for St. Augustin to come and destroy this satanic power. The Bishop, however, chanced to be from home, so that one of the priests went in his stead; and when he had celebrated the sacred mysteries there, immediately the whole evil ceased. This is as much of the story as concerns our present purpose; the sequel, however, is too interesting to be omitted. It seems that Hesperius had hitherto always kept at his bed's head, for his own personal security, a small portion of earth that had been brought from the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord at Jerusalem; but when the powers of Satan had been thus broken by the holy sacrifice of the Mass, he felt unwilling to keep so sacred a treasure for his own private property, and therefore sent to the Bishop to know what he should do with it. St. Augustin, accompanied by another Bishop, proceeded to the place, and having first buried the holy earth in the ground, caused a chapel to be raised over it, in which not long afterwards a poor peasant afflicted with paralysis received a miraculous cure. But to return to our subject, the expulsion of evil spirits by means of the holy Eucharist. It is related of St. Bernard,† that when he went to Milan in the capacity of papal legate, after the Council of Pisa, a woman was brought to him who had been possessed by an evil spirit for many years, and was now a most piteous object to behold. It was with difficulty that she could be constrained to be present whilst he was celebrating Mass; as often as he had occasion to make the sign of the Cross, either upon the people or upon the oblations, he made it also in an especial manner upon her; and when he had finished the Paternoster he descended to the place where she was, and holding the Blessed Sacrament over the paten, which he rested on her head, he addressed the evil spirit with these words: "Behold, thou wicked spirit, behold thy Judge; the Almighty God is present; resist Him if thou canst; *He* is present who, when He was about to suffer for our salvation, said plainly, Now shall the prince of this world be cast out. Here is that Body which was taken from the body of the Blessed Virgin, stretched

* S. Aug. de Civ. Dei, xxii. 8.

† Malabaila, Vit. S. Bern. lib. iii. c. 7.

on the wood of the Cross, laid in the tomb, raised again from the dead, and which finally ascended into heaven in the presence of the Apostles. By the terrible power of his majesty, then, I command thee, thou wicked spirit, to go out from this his handmaid, and never again to presume to touch her." And his words were instantly obeyed; or at least as soon as he had returned to the altar and given the *pax* to the cleric who was serving his Mass, and the cleric had given it to the people.

But not only has Satan thus been forced to yield to the merits of the unbloody sacrifice, offered for that express intention; his power has been often broken by the mere presence of the Blessed Sacrament in Itself. Thus, in the early part of the thirteenth century, when by virtue of his assistance the Albigenses* and other heretics were performing lying wonders in confirmation of their false doctrines (just as in days of old the magicians of Pharaoh withstood for awhile the messenger of God, and rivalled some of his wonderful works), it was by this alone that his devices were brought to nought. A priest, acting no doubt from the secret inspiration of God, proceeded to the principal scene of their impostures, carrying with him the most holy Sacrament enclosed in the accustomed pyx; he found many of the heretics walking on a river before a vast multitude of people, supported by some invisible and supernatural hand. The priest, seeing that they were unmoved by his presence and the presence of the Blessed Sacrament with him, called to mind what had been revealed concerning the greater malignity of some evil spirits over others, and did not hesitate to commit the pyx itself to the stream. Immediately the might of the evil one was destroyed; and of those who had been upheld by it some perished miserably in the waters, and others with difficulty escaped; and the next morning the pyx with its sacred contents was restored to the tabernacle by the ministry of heavenly spirits. A few years later in the same century,† a still more remarkable miracle occurred in the neighbourhood of Milan, where St. Peter of Verona and his companions were successfully resisting the progress of another poisonous heresy, and Satan was labouring against them, transforming himself into an angel of light, so as to deceive, if it were possible, the very elect. One of the friars preachers themselves was almost staggered by the accounts which reached him of the wonders that were being wrought, and he determined to become an eye-witness of them. Having consecrated, therefore, two hosts at the Mass which he celebrated that morning,

* Bzovius, *Annales*, tom. xiii. ad ann. 1211.

† Campana, *Storia di S. Pietro Martire*, lib. ii. c. 3. Thomas Cantipratanus, *Bonum Universale*, lib. ii. c. 57, § 23.

he carried one of them to the appointed place of meeting; and when they made to appear before him some phantom of the Blessed Virgin, reproaching him with his opposition to the new opinions, he immediately presented It before her, bidding her, if she was indeed the Mother of God, to fall down and adore her Son; upon which the whole delusion was instantly dispelled. This history has come down to us on the most unexceptionable testimony of a contemporary author and bishop, and is in harmony with all that we read elsewhere of oracular responses and other works of the great enemy of mankind having been sometimes made to cease by the presence of the same Adorable Sacrament; just as we read in the Gospels that they ceased by the visible presence of Christ's body, or, as in the Acts of the Apostles, by the invocation of his holy name.

Moreover, as during his visible sojourn upon earth He sometimes exerted the hidden might of his divinity to deliver Himself from the snares or open violence of his enemies, so too in this mysterious Sacrament He has not unfrequently interposed some marvellous display of power as a hindrance to the irreverent handling of impure and unworthy persons. When, in the days of St. Cyprian,* some woman who had apostatised was seeking to be readmitted to the communion of the faithful without any public confession of her sin, as she drew near with this intention she was suddenly seized with such violent trembling that she fell to the ground, scarcely able to breathe. The same unimpeachable authority has preserved to us the history of another woman, who having committed some sin of impurity, yet not fearing to receive the Body of Him who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, was on the point of uncovering the vessel, in which (according to the custom of those days) she had it reserved in her own house, when she was forced to desist by a sudden flame of fire which issued from it, and which terrified her so that she revealed her fault; and of a third also, who, having dared to approach the holy mysteries after having assisted at the idolatrous rites of Paganism, found, as he was returning with the Blessed Sacrament in his hands, that it had miraculously disappeared, and a cinder only remained in its stead. The respect for antiquity, or at least the profession of it, which still lingers among a certain portion of our countrymen, under whose eyes these papers are not unlikely to fall, induces us to allege yet a fourth example from the writings of the same Father; an event of which he was himself an eye-witness. Some Christian parents flying from persecution had left their infant daughter in the charge of a nurse, who presently carried it before the magis-

* S. Cyp. de Lapsis, § 25, 26.

trates; and there the unconscious child was made to partake of some bread dipped in wine which had been offered to idols. By and by the mother returned, and recovered her child from the hands of the nurse. Knowing nothing of what had happened, she carried the babe in her arms when next she went to church; the child screamed and almost went into convulsions during the celebration of Mass (*mixta cum sanctis*, says St. Cyprian, *precis nostræ et orationis impatiens*); no notice, however, was taken of this; at least, both mother and child remained among the congregation; when the deacon came round to administer the chalice, and it was presented in the usual manner to this child, "with an instinctive perception of the majesty of God" (to use the very words of our author) she turned away her head, firmly closed her lips, and refused to partake. The deacon, however, persisted, and a few drops "of the sacrament of the chalice" passed her lips. Immediately the child began to heave and vomit; "the holy Eucharist would not remain in a mouth and body that had been thus profaned; such is the power and majesty of God," says St. Cyprian; or in other words, it was as St. Paul had said, "You cannot drink the chalice of the Lord and the chalice of devils; you cannot be partakers of the table of the Lord, and of the table of devils."*

In the following century, we read of a woman in Constantinople who, wishing to conceal her attachment† to the Macedonian heresy from her husband, who had himself been reconciled to the Church by St. Chrysostom, ventured to come to communion as though she were a Catholic: afraid to consume the host which she had received, she bowed her head to the ground as if in silent adoration, but really in order to take a portion of common bread, with which her servant was to provide her, and which she intended to consume instead of the sacred host. No sooner, however, had she taken it into her mouth than it became a stone; she was obliged to confess her guilt, and the stone itself was for a long time kept as a memorial in the church. The story too of St. Tharsycius, the acolyte, in the middle of the third century, may very properly be classed among the miracles of which we are now speaking. Whilst he was carrying the Blessed Sacrament by order of St. Stephen, the Pope, to some of the Christians who had been unable to assist at the Mass, he was overtaken by Pagans, who bade him shew them what he was carrying. This he steadily refused, whereupon they beat him to death; yet when they came to search his dead body, they could find nothing of what they desired, save only the linen coverings in which it had been

* 1 Cor. x. 21.

† Sozomen, viii. 5.

wrapt.* So too, in our own country, one of those priests who suffered martyrdom in the reign of King James I. was seized, when he happened to have his pyx with him, and in it two consecrated hosts. The magistrate before whom he was taken ordered the constable to search him; whereupon "he was under the greatest concern for fear lest the Blessed Sacrament should fall into their hands, and be exposed to some profane or sacrilegious treatment. But he assured me" (writes one of his fellow-prisoners),† "not without tears in his eyes, that whereas the search was most strict, even so far that his shoes were pulled off in the presence of the justice, that nothing might escape them; and whereas also, in searching of his pockets, the constable, to his feeling, had his hands many times both upon the pyx and upon a small reliquary, yet neither of them were discovered, to the great surprise and no less joy of the good man: a passage he never spoke of during his confinement without blessing and praising the Divine goodness for this merciful—may I not venture to term it with him even miraculous—preservation?" To these must be added that of which the mother of St. Gregory of Tours‡ was herself a witness in one of the villages of Auvergne on the feast of St. Polycarp, namely, the miraculous translation of a tower or tabernacle in which the Sacrament was, out of the hands of the deacon who was carrying it in procession before the celebration of Mass, to the altar whither he had been going; a portent of which none could guess the meaning, until it was afterwards known that the deacon was a man of unholy life.

We lately read in the foreign newspapers an account of a feast which the inhabitants of Turin were celebrating with great pomp and splendour as the fourth centenary of a miracle of a somewhat similar kind which happened there on the 6th of June, 1453,§ and which earned for that city the title which it still retains, "the city of the Most Holy Sacrament." The circumstances were as follows: A man was driving a mule, apparently laden with fagots, through the streets of Turin, and immediately opposite the Church of St. Sylvester the beast fell, the fagots were thrown here and there in disorder, and a silver ciborium containing the sacred host, which had just been stolen from a village church in the neighbourhood, remained elevated in the air, resplendent with light. A number of persons who were witnesses of the miracle ran to summon the Bishop from his palace. He came, accompanied by an immense multitude running together from all parts of the town; and

* Damasi Carm. xxxv. His feast is on the 15th of August.

† Challoner's *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*, vol. ii. p. 54.

‡ De Gloriâ Martyrum, i. 86.

§ Ughelli, *Italia Sacra*: Torino.

there, in the presence of them all, the sacred vessel descended into the hands of the prelate, and was carried by him in triumphant procession to the cathedral. A magnificent tabernacle was provided by the chapter for the preservation of the miraculous host; a confraternity established in honour of the Blessed Sacrament; and, at a later period, a marble chapel built on the spot itself where the miracle had happened. The contemporary records of this event are most distinct and authentic; the numerous *ex votos* suspended from the walls of the chapel attest the continual flow of *grazie* that have been received in this new Bethlehem, or House of Bread; a yearly festival has been regularly celebrated to perpetuate its commemoration; and we observe with pleasure that, even in the present political condition of that country, the municipal council has not hesitated to vote a sum of sixteen thousand francs for its more magnificent celebration on occasion of this fourth centenary.

In all these instances—and many more might have been mentioned—Jesus manifested his power, hidden under the veil of the sacramental species, by averting in an extraordinary manner the profanation to which it must otherwise have been subjected. At other times He has permitted it to be used as a means of deliverance from temporal danger; not that it had been instituted for these ends, or that the success which rewarded the faith of those who so applied it should tempt others to follow their examples; nevertheless, though these histories be not proposed to our imitation, yet they are very profitable and consolatory to those who hold the true Catholic faith, and are, of course, simply set aside as absurd and false by those who do not. Thus St. Ambrose tells a most interesting story concerning his brother Satyrus; how that, on one occasion, before he had been admitted to a participation in the fulness of Christian privileges, he was in danger of death by shipwreck, the vessel in which he was having struck upon a rock, and breaking in pieces by the fury of the waves. “He was not one of those,” says his brother, in the sermon which he preached on occasion of his death,—“he was not one of those who feared death on its own account, yet he certainly was anxious to live until he had received the pledge and token of everlasting life; accordingly he went to one of his fellow-passengers whom he knew to be fully initiated in the faith, and to be possessed therefore of that which he coveted, and begged it of him; not from any desire to gratify idle curiosity, nor yet presuming to partake of it unbidden; but binding it carefully about his neck, he leapt into the sea, without looking for a plank or any other means of help, but trusting only to the heavenly

armour of his own undoubting faith, and to that mysterious gift which he bore about him. Nor was his trust disappointed; he was the first to reach the shore in safety, where he immediately ran to the church, desirous to receive into himself that wondrous thing of whose power he had already had such experience. Yet he did not suffer his zeal to outrun his discretion; he first went to the Bishop, and inquired whether he was in union with the Catholic Bishops, that is, with the Roman Church. Now it happened that the Church of those parts was at that time in schism; so when he was made aware of this, although at so great a distance from those of his own faith, yet forasmuch as he knew that there could be no grace where there was not the true faith, and no true faith where there was schism (for though there might be faith towards God, yet there could not be towards Christ, the purposes of whose passion were thereby frustrated, and the limbs of his Body, the Church, torn asunder), he thought it better to postpone the fulfilment of his desire till it could be more safely gratified, notwithstanding that he was loath to put himself again in danger whilst so great a vow remained unpaid."

Here then the Blessed Sacrament was a defence against the winds and waves; at other times it has stayed the progress of devouring flames,* or itself resisted their consuming might, when every thing around it has been reduced to ashes. We have already had occasion to mention an instance of the former class in the monastery of Castro, which had been set on fire by lightning in the year 1090; and of the latter we may take an example from the fire which threatened to destroy the town of Deutsch, in the archdiocese of Cologne, in the autumn of 1128, and of which we have an accurate account from the pen of the learned Rupert, abbot of the monastery in which the miracle took place. He tells us that the priest had forgotten to remove the Blessed Sacrament from the church, as he ought to have done, when the fire threatened to come near and destroy it. It remained therefore in a wooden pyx in a recess, a little window or apse in the wall near the altar; in this recess, which was itself also made of wood and closed with a door of the same material, there were, besides the pyx containing the Blessed Sacrament, another pyx full of unconsecrated hosts, a thurible, a small tin vessel full of wine, and some other appurtenances of the altar. The fire increased until it had consumed the church and the outer doors of the monastery; the bells fell from their hangings, and the whole atmosphere is described as having been heated beyond the heat of Nabuchodonosor's furnace itself; but

* Pelbartus, Serm. i. de C. C.

there was One in the midst of the fire, whose form was like the Son of God, over whom the fire had no power, nor could the smell of fire pass on Him: the pyx containing the Blessed Sacrament was the only thing in the whole church which escaped unhurt, except indeed the altar-stone, which remained unbroken, though the stones adhering to it on every side were reduced to the smallest possible fragments by the action of the fire. He adds that on the next day, which was Sunday, they carried the Blessed Sacrament in procession, and finally laid it up on the high altar, with a short inscription on the vessel which contained it to perpetuate the recollection of the miracle. A similar history is told of the Sacred Host in the church of a Benedictine monastery in Burgundy in the year 1608,* as also of a relic of the true cross which belonged to the Empress Leonora, and which alone remained undestroyed amid the burning ruins of the imperial palace at Vienna in the year 1668, in memory whereof his majesty instituted an order, or company, of Ladies of the Cross. Here too belongs the far more ancient and more classical story of the boy who remained in a burning furnace for three days without being burnt, after having partaken of the heavenly food of the Holy Eucharist. He was the son of Jewish parents in Constantinople in the middle of the sixth century,† though frequenting a Christian school, and (apparently) baptised and instructed in the Catholic faith without their knowledge or consent. Having been called upon one day, with others his companions, to consume some of the consecrated particles which remained after Mass, and which were not to be reserved in the tabernacle, he returned home much later than usual. His father inquired into the cause, and when he had heard it, was so transported with rage as to throw his son into the fiery furnace which he used for the purposes of his business as a glass-maker. His mother sought in vain for her lost child both on that day and on the next; but on the third day, being guided by his cries, she discovered him alive and well in his father's furnace, where he said he had been visited and protected from all injury from the flames by a lady of surpassing beauty, clad in a purple robe. The event soon got noised abroad in the city, the father was put to death for his cruelty, and the mother became a Christian.

At another time the Blessed Sacrament has proved a sufficient protection against the evil designs of armed enemies. As St. Hyacinth, one of the earliest spiritual sons of St. Dominic, was saying Mass one day in their convent in the city

* Aggiunta alla Chron. Eccl. del Rev. P. Panvinio, ed. Venice, 1674.

† Evagrius, H. E. iv. 35.

which is now called Moscow, news was brought him that the Tartars had taken possession of the city and were already at the gate of the monastery, attempting to force an entrance. As soon as he heard this, he took the Blessed Sacrament in the vessel in which it was kept and went out, clad in the sacred vestments as he was, and together with his companions passed through the very midst of the enemy, who made no attempt whatever to molest him, and indeed did not appear to be even conscious of his presence.* St. Clara did even more than this: when Assisi was closely besieged, and almost already occupied by the Saracens, she desired to be carried (being too ill to walk) from her own monastery to the gate of the city, bearing in her hands the Holy Eucharist, enclosed in a silver pyx within a larger tabernacle of ivory. These being set down before the enemy, she raised the sacred vessel aloft, and immediately many of them were struck blind, and the rest were driven back and dispersed.

Miracles of this kind, however, being the fruit of extraordinary actions, undertaken not without some secret inspiration of God and with very earnest prayer, or being conceded as a reward for exceeding faith, are by no means of such frequent occurrence in the annals of ecclesiastical history as those others which we first enumerated as resembling the actions of our Lord recorded in the Gospels, and which have been in truth so abundant in every age of the Church, that it has been a work of real difficulty to make a selection of the most striking and the best authenticated. There remains yet another class of miracles which ought to be spoken of under this head (of miracles attesting the presence of the Son of God in the Holy Eucharist); we mean those instances in which the Divine Presence has been recognised and proclaimed even by creatures that are irrational. Protestants, indeed, mock at these, and without casting so much as a single glance at the evidence upon which they rest, seem to feel themselves privileged to treat them at once, the moment they hear of them, with the utmost contempt and ridicule, as childish, absurd, and manifestly false. Yet are not the brute beasts the work of God's hands as much as man himself? and are they not designed to shew forth his praise and to "fulfil his word?" "Beasts and all cattle, serpents and feathered fowls," are not these called upon to "bless the Lord, to praise and exalt Him above all for ever," even as "the sons of men, and the spirits and souls of the just?"† And may He not therefore in his infinite wisdom make use of these creatures to manifest his glory, and to put to shame

* Razzi, *Vita di San Jacinto*, lib. i. c. 5.

† Psalm cxlvi. 8, 10; Daniel iii. 81-86.

the obstinate gainsaying of heretics? "The foolish things of the world hath God chosen that He may confound the wise; and the weak things of the world hath God chosen that He may confound the strong. And the base things of the world and the things that are contemptible hath God chosen, and things that are not, that He might bring to nought things that are."* Moreover, we have seen that "out of the mouth of infants and sucklings God has perfected praise;"† and if He thus vouchsafes to make use of creatures that have not yet attained to the use of reason, may He not also do the same even with those creatures which never have the gift of reason at all? Nay, to come still nearer to the point, is it not revealed to us in holy writ that God did once make use of the tongue of an ass to rebuke the folly of the perverse and covetous Balaam? and may He not therefore in like manner make use of other brute beasts to rebuke the perverseness and folly of wilful wanderers out of the way of truth? The eyes of Balaam's ass were opened to see an angel whom her master saw not; why may not other irrational creatures, whether beasts, birds, or insects, be made to recognise the presence of one greater than an angel, even of Him whom all the angels adore, but whom men blinded by sin and ignorance refuse to acknowledge in the lowly guise of this divine Sacrament? Surely then it must be confessed that there is nothing unreasonable, or even improbable, in such a supposition; and many stories are told by authors of credit of these miraculous respects and acknowledgments having actually been rendered.

What is recorded by St. Optatus is scarcely perhaps an exact instance in point, yet certainly it is sufficiently pertinent to the subject before us to be worth mentioning. He tells us‡ that when the Donatists were guilty of the horrible profanation of throwing the Holy of holies to the dogs, those dumb, but usually most faithful, animals turned upon their own masters and tore them to pieces; thus being made the instrument of vengeance upon those who had treated the Blessed Sacrament with indignity, and so indirectly paying an unconscious homage to its divinity. A story of the same kind, though not with the same tragical conclusion, is told of a much later date in our own country, and we have it on the authority of one who was an eye-witness of the fact; he mentions also that the Lord Chancellor of England and other nobles were present at the same time. A certain heretic from the diocese of Worcester was being questioned in the church of St. Paul's in London in the year 1384 by Thomas Arundel Archbishop of Canterbury, Alexander Bishop of Norwich,

* 1 Cor. i. 27, 28.

† Psalm viii. 3.

‡ Lib. ii. c. 18.

and other prelates, on his faith concerning the holy Eucharist, which he obstinately refused to call by any other name than that of blest bread; presently he was required to do it reverence, but he declared that he would sooner do reverence to a living insect than to an inanimate piece of bread; whereupon a large overgrown spider immediately let itself down from the roof and dropped directly into his mouth, and it was not without difficulty that he could prevent swallowing it: * *Qui Eucharistiæ araneam præferbat, ab araneâ proditur.*

But to come to more direct examples of what we were speaking of,—positive acts of homage paid by irrational creatures to this Sacrament,—the instance which is best known perhaps and best authenticated is that which happened to St. Antony of Padua. Whilst that saint was engaged in preaching the true faith in order to stay the spread of heresy in the north of Italy, he chanced to fall into an argument one day with one of the leaders of the heresy, named Bonello or Bonvillo. At first the controversy turned upon the sense of certain passages in Holy Scripture and in the Fathers; but when the heretic found himself beaten upon these points, he challenged the saint to a sensible miracle, and himself proposed the particular miracle which he desired to see: “I will keep my beast without food,” he said, “for three days, and at the end of that time he shall be brought out into the public square; I will set food before him on the one side, and you shall hold the consecrated Host on the other; and we shall then see whether he does not prefer a mouthful of corn to your pretended God.” St. Antony accepted the presumptuous challenge, nothing doubting, as he said, but that God would be pleased to vindicate the truth of his word even by such means as these; and after most earnest prayer and having offered the holy sacrifice on the morning of the appointed day, he proceeded to the place that had been fixed upon, and there preached to the assembled multitudes a most eloquent discourse on the dignity of the Blessed Sacrament, at the end of which the proposed trial was made. The mule being led forth, St. Antony holding the sacred Host in his hand, addressed it with these words: “I command thee in the name of thy Creator, whom I, an unworthy priest, now hold before thee, that thou draw near and adore Him, that so these heretics may learn once for all how the very brute beasts recognise as their Creator Him whom the priests daily handle upon the sacred altar.” Immediately the mule, turning itself towards the place where the saint stood, bowed its knees and head to the ground, as if in the act of adoration, giving no heed what-

* Thom. Wald. c. Wiclef apud Garet. de verâ præsentia, class vi. ex. ult.

ever to the food with which its master would fain have tempted it in the opposite direction. Perhaps the most extraordinary part of this history is that which yet remains to be told, namely, the miracle of God's grace whereby the heart of this arch-heretic was so moved that he renounced the false doctrine which he had held and taught for the last thirty years, and became a faithful and obedient son of the Church; and a considerable number of his adherents followed his example.

This fact, recorded by all the most ancient biographers of St. Antony,* is, as we have said, probably one of the best-authenticated stories of the class to which it belongs; and we have allowed ourselves to run on to so great a length already in the enumeration of miracles of other kinds, that we must be contented for the present with but a single specimen of this. There is not wanting, however, a considerable variety of others, some recorded by eye-witnesses, others attested by the erection of chapels or confraternities for their commemoration, and narrated by trustworthy authors. A small collection of these was published by Father Bridoul, of the Society of Jesus, at Lisle in the year 1672; and his volume was very soon translated and republished in this country; not, it will readily be believed, from any friendly feeling towards the subject of which it treats, but simply to turn it into ridicule. Nor was this a difficult task; it was only necessary to misstate the object of the collector, or at least to set a wrong object before the mind of the reader, and the work was done. The following motto, therefore, was affixed on the title-page, taken from some book then recently published: "Let us view more particularly what *rational ground* Catholics exhibit of their belief of a corporal presence in the Eucharist, and so of adoration." By this motto, which we have reprinted precisely (even with the same italics) as it stands on the title-page of the English translation,† it was intended to create an idea in the reader's mind that the stories which he was about to peruse were the said *rational ground* which Catholics were in the habit of exhibiting in support of their belief in this matter; and viewed in this light,—more particularly in a work like Father Bridoul's, which consisted merely of a number of extracts from various authors, arranged in alphabetical order, without a word of criticism, or examination of evidence, or confirmatory arguments, or any thing else whatever beyond the bare facts,—the stories would naturally appear ridiculous and untrue, which is precisely what the translator wished them to appear. And so in the same manner, if these pages should fall into the hands of any who are not Catholics,

* Missaglia, Vita di San Ant. lib. ii. p. 112, ed. Parma.

† The School of the Eucharist, &c. London, 1687.

and they should look upon the histories which have been narrated as forming in any, even the slightest degree, the foundation of the Catholic faith on the subject to which they refer, doubtless many of the histories would seem to be trifling and false. Our Catholic readers, therefore, will bear with us, if we think it worth while expressly to mention what they themselves are already so well aware of, namely, that even though it could be proved that all the histories which we have repeated are utterly false, and that not one single miracle had ever been wrought by the Holy Eucharist any where, nevertheless the steadfastness of our belief in the presence of Jesus Christ in that Divine Sacrament would not be one whit impaired. These histories may illustrate the Catholic doctrine, and may quicken and confirm our faith; but they are not in any sense whatever the foundation either of one or of the other.

And it is particularly necessary to bear this in mind whilst reading the chapter which has yet to follow, because in that we propose bringing together authentic and trustworthy accounts of some of those numerous miracles in which the Catholic doctrine on this high mystery has been to a certain degree made manifest even to our finite senses. So far is that doctrine from depending in any way upon such testimony, that it is always spoken of as a doctrine which confounds the reason and contradicts the senses, and is therefore in an especial manner the mystery of faith, because faith alone can receive it. Nevertheless it has pleased our merciful Redeemer sometimes to attest his unerring words to our touch and to our sight; and it is of these miracles—both more numerous, more interesting, and, if possible, more incontrovertibly established by convincing evidence, than those which we have described to-day—that we propose to speak in our next and concluding Number.

KATE GEAREY; OR, IRISH LIFE IN LONDON.

CHAPTER XIII. *The Recognition.*

IN the north end of London, some distance from the localities I have endeavoured to depict, is a nest of streets intersecting each other in every possible direction, chiefly occupying the space between Lisson Grove and the Edgware Road, and which, from the circumstance of infamy of every description being rife amongst its inhabitants, has not been inaptly deno-

minated (in the report of the City Mission) "the St. Giles's of the West." This (and I rejoice to say it) is *not* an Irish neighbourhood; to use an expressive blunder, "infidelity and atheism are the established *religions* of the district;" the grossest ignorance prevails, and the only place of worship patronised by the majority of the dense population is a Mormonite chapel, generally tolerably filled. There is, of course, little intercourse between the inmates of —— Buildings and those of the particular street to which, for a very brief space, I must request the company of my reader; and although the place itself is tolerably decent in appearance, and undisturbed by the outward confusion which characterises the aforesaid Buildings, I must still wish that this want of intercourse between them may long continue. Avoided by the inhabitants of a really respectable vicinity, marked by the police as containing so many dens of iniquity where crime is remorselessly perpetrated, and where the guilty would find encouragement to evade, if not security to defeat, the strong arm of the law they had violated,—you might yet pass through this street in the early part of the day suspecting nothing; you might even turn into one of the small shops with which it abounds, make your purchase and depart, still ignorant of its true character. But the hours wear on; groups of men in the prime of life assemble at the corners, gambling away the few pence they possess, whilst curses loud and deep startle the ears of the passers-by at each fresh loss; pedlars with trays begin to pace up and down the pavement; others with bundles of tracts, but of such a nature as would have disgraced even infidel France, when the banner of the Cross was for a time trampled down, and licentiousness of the most revolting description enshrined as God. Return towards midnight, and every sense will be sickened by the moral degradation at which human nature, unsustained by any fixed principle of religion, is here seen to arrive. From whom comes that ribald jest, those obscene expressions, that bold laugh?—from the hardened and old in vice? Not so; but from the *child*, young in all save sin. Mark that form so slight, so fragile; the bounding step of early youth is there, and at an hour when all like her should be sleeping the healthful unbroken sleep of innocence. Perhaps she was at first an unwilling wanderer, decoyed into those haunts of evil by those who gloried in teaching their victims to emulate the infamy of their own misspent existence: but mark her now; the eye wild with intemperance, the lip whitened by disease, the cheek hollowed, pallid with sin, sorrow, and carking hunger; or rendered still more horridly ghastly by the dull staring red with which art strives to hide the ra-

vages of a premature old age, and to the terrors of which no description can do justice. Nor is old age itself less depraved: the crone weaves her meshes like the bloated spider; alternately busy in endeavours to entrap the unwary, or preying on those already entangled in a web from which there is little chance of escape, until their thread is snapt, sometimes by personal violence, oftener by the slow lingerings of disease. As may be readily surmised, the male portion of the inhabitants are on a par with their female companions. Here crime is reduced to a system: from their earliest infancy children are punished for inconvenient honesty; houses are established in which burglars, pickpockets, malefactors of every description, find—the elder a refuge, the younger academies where they are regularly trained to whatever department of vice they may think fit to adopt for their future subsistence.

Near the farther end of this street is a passage between two houses, leading to a very steep flight of steps, covered by a bricked arch stretching some distance into what you at length discover to be a long narrow court, although you must penetrate the semi-obscurity for a considerable time before you discover the strip of sky which canopies the tall contracted dwellings; not one of these houses can boast a back window or outlet of any kind save that by which you enter. Bad as the street is, the court is still worse, though possessing an incalculable advantage in the eyes of the declaimers against Popery; the inmates (with *very* rare exceptions) are, if not exactly staunch Protestants, what is next door to it, "*strict anti-Catholics.*" A score of Bible-readers might work away here without being shocked by rosaries, crosses, relics, prayer-books, or other weapons of Roman superstition; the people can go comfortably out of the world without having their consciences disturbed by "meddling priests or still more meddling laymen;" there are no sons of the sainted Vincent, no Sisters of Mercy (all well known as "*disguised Jesuits*") flitting to and fro; after the body is once under-ground, the warning and individual are speedily forgotten by those whose principal anxiety is "to die game" when their turn comes.

In an upper chamber of one of the largest houses of the court—one, it may be remarked, which had attained pre-eminence, even in a locality so universally execrated—was assembled a party, so ill-assorted that the most careless beholder would have involuntarily inquired by what strange chance the different individuals were thus thrown together. The whole were poor, dejected, even suffering; yet at a glance you could single out the oppressor from the victim; the most

careless ear might distinguish betwixt the complainings of grief checked by holy resignation, and the ejaculations of despair which at times broke the otherwise painful silence. The room was tolerably neat, more so than could have been expected; there was even an attempt at taste; a few gaudily-coloured prints were pinned against the wall, and a sprig or two of mint stuck in a broken tea-pot endeavoured to struggle into vitality, in defiance of the clouds of blacks which covered their leaves and obscured the insecure ledge from which they vainly wooed a straggling sunbeam, if one were ever found to penetrate this inhabited cavern, for such it might be justly styled. On either side of the grate (where, notwithstanding the intense heat, burned a small fire) lounged two females, evidently mother and daughter, from the strong resemblance, not in features alone, but in form, action, the very mode of expression. The fierce dark eyes of each told the same tale of fearful passion; the iron hand of intemperance had left its mark on the flushed cheeks, both of her whose life should yet be in its prime, and of the crone, as hideous as a vice-stained old age could render the human countenance. Though none, as we have said, would ever doubt the relationship that existed between the two, yet in their outward bearing there was one striking difference;—as she covered over the fire, the old woman's furtive glances betrayed the habitual craftiness of her soul; whilst her daughter, with her head erect, crossed arms, and feet stretched out on the broken fender, seemed as if, in scorn of her own moral degradation, she waged war with a world, to which perhaps in the first instance she was indebted for that very abasement, the shame, though not the punishment of which, she had outlived.

To her parents Martha owed but little; her father, one of a gang of "smashers," or passers of counterfeit coin, had been transported whilst she was yet a child; and over the means to which her mother had resorted for a livelihood we must draw a veil. Suffice it to say, that an incredible number of young, friendless, and inexperienced girls owed a life of evil, and death sharpened by all the pangs of remorse, to the "respectable matron who met them in the Grove, and so kindly procured them a lodging, when they, poor things, were quite strangers, and knew not to whom to apply."

"So you seem to have failed in both your precious bargains, mother," said the woman yawning, and drawing her tall figure to its full height. "The old fool does nothing but blubber about his cat and his wife; besides, if he's really ill, I don't want him to die here; and as to *her* (couldn't I make

her stare, though?),—but, take my word, you'll do nothing with her, as sure as my name's Martha Warden."

"That's the worst of those plaguy Cath'lics," muttered the crone. "I've had a few Irish gals here in my time, and though they were as bad as bad could be *at first*, somehow or other they all began to wince and grow mumpish; and if they didn't keep to drink, they were sure to prate about repenting; and if they took ill, there was such a bawling for a priest, and we were obliged to send for one once, and of course that wasn't convenient."

"I should think not," said Martha, with a loud sickening laugh. "I remember I cut off; but what did he say to *you*?"

"More than I like to think about, I can tell you. You know you've heard me say my grandmother was a Cath'lic, and had me christened on the sly at one of the chapels; so I can't call myself a Protestant, you know."

"And me; what am I, pray?"

"Oh, you were never christened at all; your father wouldn't hear of it; he never took much to religion, poor man."

"Well, it doesn't much matter what we *call* ourselves, eh, mother? The devil's sure to have us at last; so you and I may make ourselves quite easy about that. I have often wondered, though, what a church is like. And *she* reminds me of what the other *was*, when she mumbles so many words, and gives herself so much trouble with her prayers. You'll be wiser if you let her go; for if there *is* such a thing as conscience, I feel it whilst she's here."

"Fiddlesticks' ends! I should manage her well enough if that cracked idiot was gone or dead. I'm sorry I ever brought *him* here, at any rate; but he looked so simple, I thought he'd make a good decoy-duck. I wish I'd left him to rot where I found him. See how pretty she is—she's quite a catch. Now, Martha dear, why don't *you* talk to her?"

"Don't *dear* me," said the woman fiercely; "I'll not do your dirty work; not that I care for *her*, but I feel sure, some how, we'll be sorry for this, at least *I* shall. If it hadn't been for Ned, that scamp of a husband of hers might have got off."

"Got off? Why, he was transported before she left the infirmary; besides he's got another wife, and that's why the girl's ashamed to shew herself amongst her own people; they think a good deal of any thing of the kind. But she went out as merry as a grig yesterday evening when I asked her to take a little walk;—and where did she get that tea, and those oranges she gave Jim?"

"She *did* go out, and if you were not blind, mother, you'd

see she's quite altered like; she fancies Jim's dying, but there's plenty of stuff in him for a while; and you watch my lady, how she's tidied the room and made every thing neat about the old rogue, and how she's been mauling those beads in her fingers all the morning, and how fidgetty she looked when you took a pull at the gin-bottle just now. There's something up, you see if there isn't."

Though apparently struck by her daughter's observations, Mrs. Buckland made no reply, but turning round glared for a few moments on those who had called them forth.

On a few shavings in the corner was crouched the emaciated form of a human being; he had no covering save his own ragged attire, his head was supported by the old baskets which had formerly contained poor Norry's stock in trade, the sufferer being in fact no other than the bereaved Jim, though, in addition to his former afflictions, it was sufficiently evident the little intellect he had ever possessed was impaired from the grief occasioned by his wife's death, and the subsequent ill-treatment he had received at the hands of his landlady. Restless and unquiet, his mutterings were continual, though he did not seem to recognise the persons of those by whom he was surrounded.

"Sure an it's a purty way to keep her word; didn't she promise Norry to see to me? An it's not what I'd have expected at her hands, that's the truth iv't. An the boys, the spalpeens! staling the onions, and no one to make me the warm dhrink. I'd betther have bided where I was, for it's not here I'm like to face the clargy, that's sartain too. Well, to be sure, I thought there was a face I knew; an so it's no one but Mither Buckland and her dochter, an it's not meesilf ull waste the breath on the likes on em;" and with inaudible ejaculations, intended apparently for his own private benefit, Jim Casey curled himself closer together, as though to exclude objects by no means pleasant.

But there was still another occupant of the narrow chamber, and one in whom I hope my readers still retain an interest. Seated on the foot of Casey's most uninviting couch, her knees drawn up, her neck so stooped as to allow her forehead to rest on them, was the attenuated figure of Kate Gearey. Alas, how altered! Her curls, still long and brilliant, escaped in their wild profusion from her soiled and tumbled cap; the tattered gown, which, though shrunk from continued washing and mending, was yet too large for the meagre frame it covered, told a tale, not of poverty alone, but of that heart-sickness which could render one so young totally indifferent to any remains of a beauty

she had once so innocently cherished; the little hand, now shrivelled and yellow, tenaciously grasped the beads of which Martha Warden had spoken; not the silver ones she had brought from home,—those were gone for ever (now scarcely missed),—but a common pair of black wood, which fortunately tempted no one's cupidity. There was a species of fascination in the old woman's fixed gaze, which disturbed her from the half doze into which she had sunk. She raised her head, and then might be detected the slow but sure inroads of the disease which was hurrying her to the grave; the large blue eyes appeared distended to double their natural size, the features were pinched and sharpened, whilst the course of the blood could be distinctly traced beneath the ashy skin. At that moment Kattie's countenance was decidedly not adapted to attract admiration from any, much less the class amongst whom her lot appeared cast. Her exhausted sickly look excited the momentary commiseration of even the selfish Martha. After struggling for a brief space with a sense of shame at what she styled her own "chicken-heartedness," she exclaimed in an unusually husky tone,

"The girl's half dead from want of sleep, with that old file; here, mother, give her a drop of your comfort; I know it will go to your heart, but you may as well do a good action, if only for the novelty of the thing."

Kate shook her head, refusing Martha's offer with a look of such inexpressible disgust, that the latter, feeling much offended, settled herself again by the fire, whilst her more politic parent uttered in as soothing a voice as she could possibly assume,

"Why, child, what's the use of moping in this here way? bygones are bygones, isn't they? and since it can't be worse, if I was young and pretty like you, I'd make it better."

"It ud niver be betther, Missis Buckland, an how would it?" said Kattie, the bright delusive colour which mounted to her cheek restoring for the time more than her former loveliness; "it ull niver be betther, I tell you; it isn't me own disgrace, an that I could niver look me people in the face agin, but that Florry's thransported, as I've heerde, an what ull become of him, the crathur?"

"But, dearey, that needn't prevent your riding in your coach, and wearing your silks and satins; no one will ever look at you again as you are, and when Florry comes back, there's his own real wife; besides, if you don't pay me something for your board, you must troop at once; I can get plenty on such terms."

"Kate has money, mother," said Mrs. Warden, signifi-

cantly; "she only wants to make herself out better than she is; she didn't get those things for that lazy idiot for nothing. Ask her where she was last night."

"I'll tell you, an wilcome," said the poor girl, with all her former simplicity. "You timpted me a sight at first, Missis Buckland, an I thought I'd be revinged on meesilf an Florry if iver he'd cum to hear of it; an the divil didn't let you want for words an me for thoughts; they came all at once in me heart, an I began to think I'd have plinty to ate an dhrink, an a fine gound like Martha's, an as I'd got married in the Pradestant church, praps I'd betther keep to thim for a time. But somehow or other I couldn't make up me mind ayther; an whin I said me prayers, I couldn't sleep, an I mint to stale away wid meesilf. But whin you brought Jim here, an I remimbered poor ould Norry (God rest her sowl, an all of thim!), me heart opened to the crathur, an he dying in sich a divil's den too, widout the praste; an I minded me own death, for I think it's not far off it is; an I saw Jim famishing wid the drought; an though it's not sensible he is, an doesn't know *me*, there are some he'd know in a minute. But didn't I ask you for the laves of the tay to moisten his mouth yisterday? an didn't you laugh an throw them into the ashes? Now, sure, wasn't it yersilf druv me to it?"

"Drove you to what, hussy?" said the old woman, as a leer of indescribable satisfaction puckered her thin lips, increasing, if possible, her natural ugliness.

"An it was meesilf took courage, an called on a frind an got a shilling for Jim; an thin as I was coming back I turned into the chapel, an knelt down all alone, an cried a dale too, whin I thought of me thrubbles, an Fermoy, an Father Phelim, an —"

"Who cares a fig for your thoughts? You'll not stir out again in a hurry, so make yourself easy, my girl," exclaimed the enraged Mrs. Buckland, whilst her somewhat softened daughter made no reply.

"I knelt, an cried, and prayed," continued Kate, not heeding the interruption; "an I minded it was all me own fault for neglicting the dooty, an one way or other I thought I'd spake to the praste, an not let Jim here die like a dog; so I catcht houlth of the clargy as he was going to the box, an as luck ud have it, who should it be but the same as prepared Norry? so himself promised he'd see to *him* this blissed day, an thin I up an tould him a word of me own, an he's to see afther me too whin I go to him again, an praps I'll be happy an forgit Florry, an git a sarvice afther all."

"A service, indeed! who'd take you, from a place like

this? why it's very name's enough to frighten any one," exclaimed Mrs. Warden wildly; and rising as she spoke, she paced to and fro; then stopping short, continued in a broken tone, regardless of her mother's warning glances, "Attend to me, Kate; don't you go and listen to *her*, she's no more feeling than a stone, unless it's for the gin-bottle, and she's pretty constant to that; she calls herself a Cath'lic, but her religion's much of a muchness with my own, and that's saying little enough for her; she'd sell every one of us for sixpence, or less if it suited her purpose; and now, if you wouldn't be made as bad as I am, get away from here as fast as you can."

"Martha!" screamed Mrs. Buckland; then continued in a whining tone, "Surely, my child —"

"Silence," said the woman bitterly; "don't you think I've lost my pluck. Perhaps what I'm a-going to say, Kate, is more to spite her than to serve you; but if you're not a hypocrite such as she is,—or I'd never have been what I am,—a whining, canting hypocrite, I say again, get away from here to-night, sleep any where, in the streets—the station-house—break a window and they'll put you there; but for the sake of that God whom you have not yet offended, go from this —"

"Martha," repeated her enraged mother, for Kate was too bewildered to reply, "what humbug you're going on with! you know you're only gammoning her, and making yourself out worse than you are;—don't mind her, child."

"Yes, I'm a respectable married woman now, and she's safe enough too as long as I'm at home; but *then*"—a significant whistle terminated this speech, and Mrs. Warden, deliberately walking to a cupboard by the side of the fire-place, applied to her lips the neck of a black bottle, which having replaced she more quietly continued, "Now, Kate, I'll tell you *who I am*; but don't you go on piping and squalling, or maybe it will change my humour, and then —"

"I'll cut your throat if you dare do any such thing, you slut; do you mean to bring us all to the gallows?" and seizing a broken knife which lay conveniently near, Mrs. Buckland aimed a blow at her daughter; the latter contemptuously wrenched it from her feeble grasp and threw it behind the fire, exclaiming in a slow hissing tone,

"Mother, you know me; I'll be heard, let who will hang for it." There was a strange lustre in her dark eye more expressive than words; and as the old woman sullenly resigned herself to her fate, she resumed, in a half-solemn, half-mocking manner,

"Kate, do you remember Ned Pratt?"

The effect of the name was electric; the girl started to her feet with a cry which, though low, was so bitter, so mournful, that Martha felt her eyes slightly suffused.

"Och!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands, "isn't it meesilf has raison to know him too; didn't he break me heart, and kill me outright? didn't he make a robber of Florry? Ah! wasn't it a sorry day whin he darkened our doores! For marcy, don't be afther naming him, or it's wild outright I'll be."

"You must listen, or you'll be wise if you get from here alive; and don't *you* speak," she continued, holding up her finger in a menacing way at Mrs. Buckland. "I'm bad enough now, but I suppose I might have been better if *both* my parents had been transported; don't think I'm going to repent, it's too late in the day for that. I never remember one that wasn't worse than myself, except *her*, and—I must say it—*yourself*, Kattie. I have puzzled lately to find out how this was, and I think it must be that as you were both Cath'lics, you both went to confession, and then you couldn't go far wrong, you know; because, I marked, I could do nothing with *her* until I made her give it up, though go to church she never would." Not understanding this incoherent speech, Kate, whom fear had effectually stilled, made no reply, whilst the excited woman continued, "I was very young when I made Pratt leave his wife and come and live with me; it was even then more my fault, or rather my mother's, than his; for he was fond of Winny, and always pined after the children. I wasn't altogether depraved *then* (perhaps I am not now, at least compared to others), but I was fond of him, and I let him bring little Mary home, because I thought it would quiet him, and he'd not think so much about his wife. But oh! I couldn't bear it; the child was so good, so pretty, so innocent, so different from any thing I'd ever seen, I could not wonder her father loved her, and it drove me mad to see it; I was like a devil watching an angel, all envy; when she knelt by her little bed and prayed, I longed to kill her, and perhaps I should have done so but for her father. I burned her books, beat, and starved her; struck Ned if he interfered, and at last hated him too. Still it might have ended there but for my mother; my heart was hard enough without her prompting, but even *I* started when she whispered to give the girl to her, and she would soon make her worse than myself. Still I thought of her words; and as I had determined to leave Pratt and marry a prize-fighter, who offered to make an honest woman of me, I couldn't bear the thoughts of his going back to Winny, and I knew if any thing happened to Mary he need never shew his

face at home. As the devil would have it, he got a fever from drink, and whilst he was in the hospital I treated the girl worse than ever. My mother pretending to pity her, took her home. You have heard the rest; it's too bad even for me to tell. Yet I was punished; the man I married robbed me, treated me worse than I did *her*, was transported, and I returned here to —"

"But what became of her? an where ull I find her?" inquired Kate eagerly. "I mind the moan poor Winny used to be afther making for her, an it's for yersilf I'll be praying yet, Martha, an blissing ye too."

"Spare your prayers, girl, they're useless to me; *if* there's a hell, I've deserved it; *if* there's a heaven, I shall never see it. But for Mary, she's *here*, in this very house; a house, mark me, where none ever prospered, where I alone protect you, and which you cannot, *shall not* leave unless with her."

"An what ull I do wid her? sure an I'd be quite agreeable; it's nothink I've got for meesilf, but I'll share that same wid her, an welcome."

"I have no money, not a coin," said Martha bitterly; "but these," she added, after a pause, disregarding the grimaces of the old woman, "are worth something, and they ought to be hers, as I stole them from her father." So saying, she placed in Kate's hand an old-fashioned pair of ear-rings, continuing in a hurried tone, "I'll see you both clear of the court, and then you must shift for yourselves; but hark! who is there?"

A low quick knock at the door occasioned the question, whilst Kate readily answered, "I suppose it's the clargy come to prepare Jim, an it ud be a weight off me mind, for I'd be loath to have left the crathur, an he greeting in that way." Martha advanced at once towards the door, as if for the purpose of opening it; but before the girl was aware of her intention, turned the key, which chanced to be inside; when, having effectually secured herself from interruption, she seized Kate by the arm, and dragging her into a remote corner of the room, hoarsely whispered, "Now, Kate Gearey, if you but breathe one syllable of what I've told you to any living being until you're free of this house, there are those within call, and you know it, who'll put a gag into your mouth, and that of the officious meddler, be he priest or parson, who is fool enough to run his head into danger for the sake of such an old ricketty piece of lumber as that;" and she pointed contemptuously towards Casey, who had given no signs of having understood a word of the preceding scene.

"I'll not spake at all, Martha dear; but don't hurt a hair of the clargy's head. Sure an if you did, it's the curse ud be on you an yours for ever; I'll say nothink to vex you for."

“I care not for myself; but though *she*,” pointing to the trembling old woman, “deserves the rope, I’d rather not fasten it myself round her throat; some one else will do that soon enough, if she don’t mind;” and with another of her forced laughs, she undid the fastening, and standing aside, allowed the intruder to enter. Mrs. Buckland and Martha breathed, however, more freely, when instead of the person they expected, they discovered the visitor to be a girl. Closing the door, she walked without hesitation to the side of Jim Casey’s apology for a bed, and raising her veil, discovered features which, though pale, evinced neither alarm nor disgust; in fact, her movements were marked by a self-possession which, notwithstanding her appearance and the richness of her dress and shawl, betokened her not altogether unfamiliar to such scenes. Yet it must be confessed the heart of Josephine Bradshawe beat somewhat hurriedly in her bosom; and despite her outward bearing, it needed all the charity which had prompted her to place herself in her present perilous position in order to uphold her rapidly sinking courage. Before addressing the seemingly inanimate object at her feet, she glanced around, and was reassured on observing the younger and bolder-looking of the two women hang her head, writhing as it were beneath her steadfast gaze. Martha Warden, by one of those unaccountable freaks of the human heart, so impervious to shame that she would without a blush have trumpeted forth her misdeeds in a police-court, glorying in the very brand which separated her from her kind, now shrank humbled and abashed before one of her own sex; and although there was nothing of rebuke in that calm almost sorrowful face, without the interchange of a single word, each understood their relative position: vice yielded an involuntary homage to virtue.

“I fear he is not sensible,” exclaimed Miss Bradshawe, breaking a silence she herself felt irksome. Her question was answered by a loud joyous exclamation, and in another moment Kate Gearey, laughing, crying, uttering disjointed sentences in Irish, was cowering at her feet. Her appearance seemed both to surprise and shock Josephine, and the reproachful “Kate!” which burst from her lips, whilst it chilled the very heart of the girl, did not escape the quick ear of Martha. As, confused and humbled, the former drew back, Martha whispered in her ear, with more kindness than she had ever been known to assume, “Bear it now, Kattie, for poor Mary’s sake.”

“Casey,” exclaimed Miss Bradshawe, kneeling by his side and taking his hand, “do you not know me? Father Morgan has sent me to see you; why did you go away without letting us know?”

“ Know you, miss? in coorse I do,” and the sufferer turning with difficulty, fixed his lack-lustre eyes on her face. “ An isn’t it the voice I heerde when me poor Norry died, an meesilf was left in the world wid no one to comfort me barring the cat; an how can I look you in the face now?” Here a violent gush of tears impeded the utterance of the unfortunate man.

“ Shall we leave the room, madam?” inquired Martha respectfully, though with a glance towards Kate, as if to intimate she too must form one of the retiring party. “ I would much prefer your remaining;” and the tone in which these few words were uttered completed Josephine’s triumph over the strange wild being, who would now have hazarded her very existence rather than have allowed the most trifling insult to be offered to one who she felt confided in her protection.

“ Miss Bradshawe,” interrupted Jim in a querulous tone, “ may the heavens be your bed for this! yer a glorious crathur, an the slave of the warld; but I promise you I’ll niver let on to any, living or dead ayther, that you came to look afther me in this divil’s den.”

“ Do not think of me, Casey, but tell me at once why you left the Buildings?”

“ Thin, miss, I was ould, an afther Norry died (it’s not so long ayther) I became lonesome; I’d no one to do for me, an *she* picked me up, an tould me a lie, that she cum from my parts, and she niver in Ireland, good or bad; howiver, she put her ‘cum hether’ on me, an brought me an the stall home. I was a dirty ould man, becuse of missing Norry; an not having the hands, I was could an hungry; an, giv the divil his due, she claned me and warmed me, an gave me the cup of hot tay, an thin I was sent out to look for lodgers; but glory be to *His* name, I tuk to the bed whin I found out what they were afther, an I think it’s in a dhrame I’ve been iver since.”

“ But you must leave here, Casey; you are very ill, perhaps dying; and you surely would not wish Father Morgan to find you in this place?”

“ Indeed, an I’d shake at the sight of his riverince (God bless him!) like a dog in a wet sack; but does he know any thing about it?”

“ He does, or I should not be here; they told him you were senseless, so I thought that perhaps you might recollect me on account of your poor wife.”

“ An that’s jist it, miss; an God bless you, come an see me an —”

“ No, I cannot, dare not come again; I am only here now to tell you you must quit this house at once.”

“An where will I go? sure an I daren’t face the Buildings now.”

“You *must* go to the infirmary,” said Miss Bradshawe decidedly; “the chair will be here this afternoon; there is no alternative.”

“Ah, miss, don’t send me to the House; I’ll niver die there in pace; what ull I do for the tay?”

“The brothers of St. Vincent of Paul will supply you with tea; but if you persist in remaining here, none of us can visit you.”

“He’ll go, miss, he’ll go,” exclaimed Kate eagerly, as she saw Josephine turn towards the door.

“God help us, it’s not ony of us has a liking to the House; but the poor have no choice.”

“Poverty is preferable to sin,” said Miss Bradshawe sternly; “surely you yourself do not intend to remain?”

“She does not, madam,” exclaimed Martha, advancing as she spoke; “I will see her safe and harmless from this cursed house. Oh, if I were as she now is;—but it is folly talking of what can never be.”

“Did not even the Magdalene repent?” asked Josephine soothingly, holding out her hand as she spoke.

“Yes, madam, but Magdalene was a *Catholic*, whatever they may call her; I am no scholar, but I have heard of her;” and seizing Miss Bradshawe’s hand, she pressed it to her lips, turning hastily away to conceal the tear which glistened in her large dark eye, the most precious she had ever shed. As Josephine descended the stairs, she was startled by observing the divers doors cautiously opened, and bold reckless countenances hurriedly protruded, and as hurriedly withdrawn. There was, however, one amongst the number, fair and young, which, though unheeded at the moment, haunted her imagination afterwards. Rapidly ascending the steps, she threaded her way through the street, though she scarcely ventured to look around until fairly beyond the vicinity of the Grove.

CHAPTER XIV. *The Baptism.*

THERE are few who do not remember Friday, Sept. 7th, 1849; the intense heat, the lowering sunless sky, the perfect absence of wind, when even the most timid, as they watched the lurid clouds in the horizon, which marked the setting of the veiled monarch, wished for a thunderstorm “to clear the air.” People that day traversed the streets with sinking hearts and disturbed countenances, for they knew the atmospheric pres-

sure must fearfully augment a disorder they hoped had already reached its climax. But as the evening wore on, there arose a thick mist, obscuring the brilliancy of the gas-lamps, and causing the more cautious to hurry homewards, closing door and window to exclude the terror-inspiring visitant, who, however, more especially in the proximity of the river, would force his way into the very dwelling-houses, increasing the panic already prevailing to an unusual degree in a city the inhabitants of which, to use a common expression, "are not easily frightened." The recent and fearfully sudden death of more than one eminent medical man had proved how the destroying angel laughed to scorn all that skill could do to arrest his progress. Yet there was one, and that no inconsiderable portion of the population of London, who, in defiance of precautionary measures, seemed to have forgotten the risk they ran by inhaling the poisonous vapour, in some pursuit of paramount importance. Although waxing late, the doors of the various Catholic places of worship in the metropolis stood invitingly open, from the stately cathedral-like edifice to the humble building which could scarcely be called a chapel; and although there was no public function going on, persons of every rank, sex, and age passed continually in and out, to the amusement, astonishment, and oftentimes contempt of the loiterers.

In one of the prettiest of the West-end churches the scene was to the thinking mind unusually interesting, and could not fail to impress even those who differed from them in religious opinions with a sense of the strong devotional feeling that could thus induce individuals of every class to disregard exposure to the night-air, then considered so fatal, rather than fail to do honour to the great festival of which it was the vigil. The building of which I speak was in the Grecian style, erected many years ago, large and irregular, having been added to gradually, as the spiritual wants of an increasing congregation demanded greater space. At the time of which I write, though not any thing like what it now is, it gloried in a spacious sanctuary, and such ample accommodation for its poorer children as few churches of even twice its size could boast; in fact, a fair half of the edifice was appropriated to their use; and as that portion contained three of the confessionals, it was now brilliantly illumined and densely crowded, leaving what was generally distinguished as "the old chapel" (the farther aisle excepted) in shadow. That aisle was not, however, untenanted; a very fair proportion of the congregation lingered near a thick crimson curtain, anxiously waiting their turn to prepare for the morrow, the feast of the Nativity of Our

Blessed Lady, when none of her children would willingly allow their morning salutation to proceed from a heart defiled by sin. Nor was the nave itself deserted; many who had just quitted, or were preparing to approach, the tribunal of penance, knelt in the softened and uncertain light, sufficiently subdued to render visible the rich tint of the sanctuary lamp suspended before the high altar. It was the banner which proclaimed that there the Holy of holies deigned to dwell, not proudly floating as the national standard above the palace-arch of earthly potentates, but gently gleaming, whispering comfort, hope, and love to the bruised hearts who left their woes at that tabernacle's foot, and departed with a peace surpassing that of earth.

The hours passed by; one by one the worshippers had disappeared, until not more than half a dozen lingered in that spacious and now lonely pile; yet by the sanctuary rails, in the very centre of the altar, just in the halo formed by the ruby beams of the lamp, knelt motionless and abstracted a slight female figure; her hands were tightly compressed, her head bent forward, and but for the tears which fell thick and fast down her pale cheeks, she might have been mistaken for one of the chiselled figures which adorn the niches of those old cathedrals, so dear and yet so saddening to every Catholic heart. It was not until one of the attendants touched her on the shoulder, informing her that they were about to close the church, that she arose, and drawing her veil closely around her agonised countenance, proceeded with a firm though swift step towards Grosvenor Square; even during her short and rapid walk her lips continued to move, and as she approached the house which was to terminate her journey her whole frame shook so violently, as to render her gentle knock so tremulous as to be scarcely audible. It was, however, instantaneously answered; and as Josephine cast a quick inquiring glance at the scared domestics who were congregated in the hall of Lord Lindore's usually quiet and well-ordered mansion, it was evident she was avoided by the most timid, as though there was some fearful contamination in her proximity.

"I am so glad you are returned, madam," exclaimed the porter, with tears in his eyes; he was a grey-haired man, had grown old in the family's service, remembered the birth of Josephine's mother, and was therefore fondly attached to her child. "I am so glad you are returned; Dr. Sumners has sent down to inquire after you two or three times; perhaps you will go to him at once?"

"But Lady Lindore? My uncle?"

"They have locked the doors of my lady's apartments, as her

screams only disturbed Lady Angela; Pauline has been taken to bed ill; my lord is in the library, and has asked for you repeatedly, though perhaps you would see Dr. Sumners first."

Consigning her cloak and bonnet to the care of one of the housemaids who chanced to be passing, and who appeared to receive the deposit rather unwillingly, throwing it from her the moment Miss Bradshawe was out of sight, the latter rapidly ascended the deserted staircase. As she passed the Countess's apartments, she could distinctly hear the repeated and violent sobs of the fond, weak mother, mingled with a confused sound of voices; but she did not pause until she reached the door of Angela's boudoir, which was divided from her bed-chamber by a dressing-room, now deserted by its presiding priestess, the alarmed Pauline. A sickening sensation stole over Josephine, as she feebly grasped the handle; nor had she recovered herself sufficiently to conceal her anxiety until she stood in the presence of Dr. Sumners and two other physicians who had been called in. They were the first in the profession, of undoubted skill and deserved reputation, yet their countenances were perturbed; they were evidently divided between themselves; and as each held a separate theory regarding the disease in question, it was probable the patient would derive little benefit from the consultation. Dr. Sumners himself was rapidly pacing the apartment, and turning hastily round, addressed Miss Bradshawe in a voice hoarse with emotion:

"It is really too bad, child; where can you have been? in a house, too, where every one seems to have taken leave of their senses. You're not afraid of the cholera, I suppose?"

"Afraid? no. But surely, Dr. Sumners—Angela?—it appeared but a slight attack?"

"Slight, eh? What do *you* think, Melton?" and an enormous pinch of snuff was imbibed as an apology for the tears which suffused the eyes of the abrupt though kind-hearted old man.

"Really can't hazard an opinion, Doctor," answered the person addressed, a tall, thin, mild-spoken individual, who owed his present attendance more to the patronage of Lady Lindore than from any opinion entertained by his companions of his ability. "Would be exceedingly presumptuous to do so. Life is uncertain—very." And he gazed intently at his watch, an invariable custom whenever he felt himself puzzled by being called upon for a decisive answer. "Yet, if I might venture—case of collapse—painful position—sympathise with the Countess—very precarious—yet hope for ——"

"Not a bit of it," interrupted a rough old man, one of the

oracles of his profession; "not a shadow of a chance—can't live six hours—no use deceiving you."

"But this drowsiness, Sir Edward? it has been regarded as a favourable symptom."

"Too far gone, I tell you, Dr. Sumners; the child will sink in it; not much more to suffer though, if you don't disturb her; but *hope!* Psha! sir, I tell you there's none."

"Well, then, Josephine," said Dr. Sumners testily, "I must trust you; never was in such a confounded house in my life—women frightened to death."

Not caring to remind the vexed old man that he ought to be pretty well conversant with a house the inmates of which he had attended for twenty years, Miss Bradshawe, who knew his ways, remained in an attitude of fixed attention; and, after a pause, he continued,

"Sent for a nurse—makes Angela restless—you must go and sit by her; you're used to it, I know, my dear, and are not quite so full of affectation as the rest of them. Dr. Melton will attend the Countess; for me, I shan't stir to-night, and my little pet in danger."

Dr. Melton, not feeling any particular relish for his present position, pulled out his watch, as if to take it into his confidence; and with a bow to his colleagues, and another to Miss Bradshawe, hastily quitted the room, Lady Lindore having in the meanwhile worked herself into such a state of excitement as really to stand in need of his assistance.

"Melton is a contagionist," said Sir Edward Armstrong sneeringly; then with an abrupt nod towards Josephine, looked inquiringly towards Dr. Sumners.

"Oh, she is fearless enough to take the situation of nurse at a cholera-hospital, if she was wanted, and knows pretty well what she's about too. Your cousin is tranquil now; the longer she remains so the better; should the spasms return, send for me directly."

With a look of relief, which seemed to Dr. Sumners rather ill-timed, Miss Bradshawe proceeded into the sick-room; and he exclaimed, as she closed the door behind her,

"There's certainly something odd about that girl; one would think she was going to a wedding instead of running herself into danger; she never seems to fear death; it's very strange."

"She is not simple enough to believe in contagion," said Sir Edward approvingly. "Good-night, Dr. Sumners, I have yet to complete my rounds."

"And you really entertain no hopes?" inquired his colleague anxiously.

“None whatever;” and after a cordial grasp of the hand, the great man departed; and the doctor, settling himself in an easy-chair, soon yielded to the fatigue engendered by a long and anxious watch, and all the more readily as he knew himself to be within call.

As Josephine passed through the dressing-room, every thing reminded her of Angela; the flowers she had placed there were still fresh and beautiful; the bouquet she had worn, the pearls which had encircled her neck, the very dress in which, not twelve hours before, she had been the admired of all beholders, were scattered about in every direction, proving the suddenness of the attack, and the consequent confusion which had prevailed. A pang pierced her heart as she thought of her uncle, and what he must suffer at the prospect of losing his darling in the very flower of her age, the zenith of her loveliness; she longed to fly to his side, to whisper words of consolation into his ear; but no! it must not be, the opportunity she had so ardently prayed for was hers, and by a most blessed unexpected chance the soul of Angela might yet, through her instrumentality, be saved.

She pressed rapidly forward, and after a few whispered words with the nurse, who was seated near the open window, the latter gladly withdrew into the dressing-room, and Miss Bradshawe fearlessly approached the bed. Gently withdrawing the muslin curtains, she gazed anxiously and wistfully on that young still face,—so still, so motionless, that but for her experience in similar cases she would have imagined the spirit had already passed away. Never, in the hours of triumphant mirth or youthful folly, had Angela Malvern appeared so lovely, as, by the subdued light of the screened lamp, she lay extended in the deep stupor of exhaustion. Her dark locks unbound, dishevelled by the violence of her paroxysms, had strayed in rich profusion over the snowy pillow, rendering the bloodless cheek more marble-like by the force of contrast; but as Josephine tenderly removed the glossy tresses from the brow of the beautiful girl, she shudderingly observed the blue tinge on the lips and the darkened hue of the nails of the little hand, which felt so cold and clammy in her own feverish grasp; the pulse too, its beatings scarcely responded to her eager pressure; her worst fears were verified; she knew that ere the dawn of the next day there would be mourning in Lord Lindore’s house, sorrow round his hearth, and his favourite child would be numbered with those who had been. Yet she did not despair; long and fervently had she petitioned for the preservation of that soul so pure, so innocent, that soul into which she herself had in-

stilled the first seeds of Catholicity; and she felt that her petition would not be denied, for that there was one in heaven who prayed with and for her. Still, no language can do justice to the intense anxiety with which she watched each faint breath from those closed lips,—so faint, she trembled lest each should be the last,—nor the almost rapturous feeling which took possession of her heart, when the girl unclosing her heavy eyes, fixed them on her face and faintly murmured “Josephine!” To throw herself on her knees, so as to bring her head on a level with that of the sufferer, and gently inquire what she could do for her, was the work of a moment; and when by signs Angela gave her to understand the burning thirst which consumed her, that experience which had so often formed the jest of happier hours stood her in good stead. Hastily selecting an effervescing draught from amongst the refreshments with which a small table was covered, she raised the drooping head on her arm, and without assistance, though scarcely equal to the dead weight, held the glass to her lips. It evidently refreshed the sufferer much, for she did not relinquish it until the last drop was drained; then sinking back on the pillow, she feebly articulated, as though in answer to her cousin’s hopeful glance,

“Josephine, do not deceive yourself, I am dying.”

“My sweet Angela,”—but it was in vain; Miss Bradshawe’s firmness completely deserted her; forgetful of all she had to say, the important duty she had to perform, she buried her face in the coverlet and sobbed aloud; her fair hair mingling with the auburn curls, and her warm breath playing on the cold cheek of the sufferer, to whom it seemed to impart a momentary life. With an incredible effort Angela contrived to raise her hand, allowing it to fall heavily on the bent head of her cousin; this action effectually roused the latter, and with a hurry proportionable to the value of the few moments which might still remain, she exclaimed, “My own Angela! do you remember what we have so often spoken of, and —”

“I know what you would say, Josephine. I remembered it all, when you thought me asleep. I did so wish for you—and then to find you here. But go to papa—be very gentle to him,—tell him not to fret,—that—I must die,—and—I have never been properly baptised,—he will not be angry now; but say I must become a Catholic.”

Not waiting a second bidding, Miss Bradshawe summoned the nurse, and without passing through the suite of rooms by which she had entered, gained the landing by a door communicating directly with the sleeping apartment, and with the speed of an arrow flew down the staircase, crossed the spacious

hall, and entering the library pale, breathless, and agitated, her dress and hair disordered from the recent embrace of his daughter, stood before her uncle.

“Good God, Josephine! O Norville, my child is dead;” and he turned towards his companion, whom at first she had not perceived, and even then did not regard.

“Not dead! not *yet* dead!” and she clung to him weeping, trembling, unable to support herself. The Earl was moved; softened by his own grief, he passed his arm round her, and pressing her closely to his heart, inquired as he did so, “Yet, my Josephine, surely there is hope?”

Here was another of Josephine’s late so frequent trials. For six long years had the barrier remained between them, a barrier placed there by one she had loved with more than a child’s affection; and now, when forgetting pride and prejudice, he himself had removed it, to be obliged to re-erect it with more than adamantine firmness. Still there was no time for hesitation; raising her eyes timidly to his face, she exclaimed, “I fear not. Angela herself bade me tell you she was dying, and” —

“Dying, and I loiter here! My child! my darling! and so suddenly too. Where is Dr. Sumners? has not Sir Edward Armstrong been sent for?”

“Every thing has been attended to, dearest uncle; and Angela herself, convinced that nothing can be done for her young life, bids me implore you not now to deny her where-with to save her soul.”

“Her soul? What mummery is this, Josephine?” and he released his hold so suddenly, that Miss Bradshawe must have fallen but for the heavy frame of a carved screen, against which she tottered. “You have not been disturbing her mind with your fanatical notions, or torturing her weakened imagination with the absurd chimeras of your idolatrous creed?”

“There is no time for discussion, Lord Lindore,” said his niece firmly. “Angela is dying; her hours, her very moments are numbered; long convinced of the truths of the Catholic religion, she eagerly desires to embrace it. Can you, will you refuse her?”

“What, allow a Popish priest, an emissary of Rome, to enter my house? to stand deliberately by and permit the spiritual perversion of my child? to see that innocent mind torn *now* by contending doubts? to allow the fluctuations, the weakness of disease, to be played upon, tortured? And for what? to have it bruited abroad that the Lady Angela Malvern, the only daughter of the zealous *anti-Catholic* Earl of Lindore, was received into the bosom of the Catholic Church.”

There was a passion in her uncle's tone, a wildness in his eye, that made Miss Bradshawe tremble for his reason; but when she thought of the dying Angela, her uncertain baptism, and how she now probably wondered at her protracted absence, her excitement became so great that, darting forward, only intent on carrying her point, she threw herself at Lord Norville's feet, who had remained an astonished though not an unmoved spectator of the scene, and bursting into an agony of tears, exclaimed, "Lord Norville! Edgar Wellborne! hear me; plead for me, for *her*; let him not thus peril the immortal soul of his innocent daughter, by allowing her to appear before her Maker perhaps unbaptised. Let him drive me from his roof, from his presence for ever; I would suffer that, nay more, death itself, so he hearken *now*. Believe me, 'tis not the conversion of Lord Lindore's daughter, but the salvation of Angela Malvern which I seek."

"Nay, Josephine, be calm," said Lord Norville, in a broken voice, raising her from the ground, and endeavouring to place her in a chair. "Your cousin has been baptised, and you know it would be sacrilege to repeat the sacrament."

"But we cannot trust a Protestant baptism; has not even my uncle often remarked on the careless manner in which ministers administer this most sacred of rites, as if it were a mere ceremony, to be performed or omitted at pleasure? And was it not those very expressions which awakened the first doubt in Angela's mind?"

"And which," said Lord Lindore, "you so dishonourably improved, with an eye to the future aggrandisement of a Church of which you are so worthy a member."

"Nonsense, my lord! You are now, indeed, unjust," said Lord Norville angrily, and nettled by this attack on Josephine. "What aggrandisement can a Church, as ancient, as firmly established, as, to say the truth, the Catholic really is, derive from the conversion of a dying girl scarce past her childhood? Think better of it, my dear friend, whatever your private opinions may or ought to be, by conceding to her request. You have it in your power to soothe the death-bed of your expiring darling; do you, dare you hesitate? Believe me, Lord Lindore, if you persist in this refusal, when Angela's place is vacant, when her smile no longer gladdens you, you will remember your present firmness only to your own misery; and should you ever become convinced of the truths of that creed you now despise, what will, what *must* be your remorse, your deep undying remorse, at having refused!"

"*Should I ever become convinced?* Is it not enough to lose my child, without the added misery of her apostacy?"

And you, Edgar Wellborne, son of my oldest friend, it is not possible that you too can become a renegade?"

"I am no renegade; yet would I cheerfully, with your consent, summon a priest to your daughter's bed of death. You remember how ambiguous was Dr. Selwood's reply, when you expressed a wish for him to visit her; he fears contagion."

Somewhat shaken by this address, the Earl was about to answer, when a loud shriek in the direction of Lady Angela's room was followed by the sound of footsteps, as of persons hurrying to and fro; in another moment one of the housemaids, abruptly throwing open the door, exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Bradshawe! Oh, my lord! it's all over! Lady Angela's gone. Dr. Sumners told me to call you. But who'll face my lady? I'm sure I daren't."

"O my God, forgive me! forgive and strengthen me," groaned the bereaved father, as overpowered with agony and remorse he endeavoured to stagger towards the door. Josephine, more active, was about to pass him, when turning back, as by a sudden revulsion of thought, she laid her hand on Lord Norville's arm, and hurriedly whispered,

"She is not, she cannot be dead; if you yourself would find mercy in your last hour, go for a priest."

"But where can I find one? and will he come at this unseasonable hour?"

"Will he come? go to Hill Street and bring one of the priests from there; they will not hesitate a moment, and it is close at hand."

Lord Norville instantly obeyed, for he felt that at such a moment it would be sinful to delay.

When Josephine had quitted her cousin's apartment, the nurse had been the sole attendant on the suffering girl, and the silvery light of the single lamp had been so arranged, that not even a stray beam could reach the bed where she lay. On her return, she found it filled by such of the female domestics as had surmounted their dread of cholera; even Pauline, in her *robe de chambre*, had left her "couch" to say "von leetle adieu to her goot young lady;" whilst, to crown all, the Countess herself was supported in a large arm-chair, weeping hysterically, and ever and anon muttering something concerning the danger of ices, which no one, Dr. Melton excepted, gave themselves the trouble to understand; but he, watch in hand, felt it quite a professional duty to give an affirmative answer to whatever she might advance, since her complaint was one likely to be augmented by contradiction. Now as each and all of the spectators, for such they may properly be called, had armed themselves with the nearest

candle, previous to answering the housemaid's warning scream, innumerable wax-lights flared in every direction, increasing the temperature in a fearful degree, and arousing the ire of the tortured Dr. Sumners, whose surly "Take away those cursed lights!" was only obeyed by their being removed from one place to another. And where, during all this confusion, was the Earl? crouching on the ground by the side of his expiring child. For, as Josephine had surmised, the awful change had not yet taken place; a deeper fit of exhaustion than usual had been mistaken by Mrs. Margaret for the event, on the strength of which she felt herself justified in alarming the household, becoming for the time quite a person of importance, "even," as she afterwards observed, "making that disagreeable Mr. Adams prick up his ears, though at other times he'd snub her for chattering like any thing."

As Miss Bradshawe made her way through a throng whose principal occupation appeared to be impeding each other's movements, there was something in the scene which reminded her of one that, notwithstanding her then early age, had never died away from her mind, her mother's death-bed; the half-raised form of the young Angela, the wan yet beautiful face shrouded by the long rich curls; her uncle's prostrate form, in both cases repenting when it was too late, completed the illusion, and something like indignant reproach flashed from her eyes as they encountered his. The glance, by one of those invisible sympathies for which there is no accounting, recalled the same train of ideas to a mind already sufficiently tortured.

"Josephine! oh, forgive me! Angela, my darling! only speak to me once, once more;" and the proud Earl literally grovelled on the earth, writhing like a worm in his agony, and regardless of the presence of his menials, groaned aloud.

"Papa! dear papa!" gasped the dying girl; "but where is Josephine?"

"Here, dearest," and her cousin twined her arms around her: "you are better now?"

"No—did you ask him?—did you tell him?—he would not be angry with me now."

Lord Lindore bent his head, as he encountered the fixed upbraiding gaze of Josephine. Oh, that last half-hour! could all his wealth, his titles, his dearly-prized character for consistency, have won that one half-hour back again, they would have been willingly, thankfully given; how valueless was pride and the most cherished prejudice, when compared with the power of bestowing one last moment's happiness on his idolised child! Was it yet too late? he glanced wistfully at

Dr. Sumners; the latter shook his head, resorted to his snuff-box, glanced uneasily towards the mother, and allowed his eyes to rest on the face of Josephine, with an expression which she at least did not misunderstand. Quick as thought, she tenderly replaced her cousin's head upon the pile of cushions, flew to a table, and in a moment was again by her side, holding in her hand a goblet filled with water. Slightly elevating the pillow with one hand, before any one was aware of her intention, she bathed the fair brow with the regenerating waters, pronouncing at the same time those conditional words, which at least insured the reception of that first and most important sacrament. Though her uncle had watched her intently, he appeared to want either power or will to oppose her; he even mechanically stretched out his hand for the empty glass, whilst Miss Bradshawe, with a sickening fear lest she might have been after all too late, bent with pallid countenance and strained ear to catch the faintest breath.

"Papa!—Josephine—mamma!" was murmured so faintly that the voice did not reach the Countess; her cousin felt the arm tighten round her neck, the weight grow heavier, the lips so near her own were cold and still; the graceful head fell back. Lady Angela Malvern was dead! Without a sign, a tear, a sound, did Miss Bradshawe gaze for one brief moment on that calm sweet face, and then fatigue, sorrow, and anxiety did their work; she swayed unsteadily for a second, strove to gaze again, and then sank fainting by her side. At that moment the door hurriedly opened, and Lord Norville entered the apartment, followed by a priest.

THE HYMNS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

WE propose in the following pages to collect together a few interesting fragments of information regarding the dates, authors, metre, and general spirit of the principal hymns that are used by the Church. These hymns may be grouped into two classes, the hymns of the Missal and those of the Breviary. Photius somewhere remarks, that a hymn is so called *quasi ύπομνησις*, *i. e.* a commemoration of something past; and though this observation is absurd enough considered as an etymological conjecture, yet it furnishes a tolerably happy clue to the scope and spirit of the hymns of the Catholic Church.

Those hymns which are used by the Church in the Mass are properly called *sequences* or *proses*: sequences, it is said,

because the gospel followed them; proses, because though written in a species of rhythm, they are not confined to metre. Proses are generally supposed to have been originated by Notker, abbot of St. Gall's, in the year 880; and in them we trace the first beginning of the rhyme which distinguishes the modern from the ancient classic poetry. The Roman Missal has but five sequences or liturgical hymns, properly so called: the "Dies iræ" for Masses of the Dead; the "Lauda Sion," for Corpus Christi; the "Stabat Mater," for the Feast of the Sorrows of the B. V. Mary; the "Veni Sancte Spiritus," for Whit-Sunday; and the "Victimæ Paschali," for Easter-tide. Three other hymns, though not sequences, must be classed among the Missal hymns, and may be termed quasi-liturgical: they are the "Gloria, laus, et honor," sung in the Palm-Sunday procession; the "Pange lingua gloriosi," sung during the kissing of the cross on Good Friday; and the "Vexilla Regis prodeunt," sung when the Blessed Sacrament is removed from the sepulchre for the Mass of the Pre-sanctified.

The Breviary hymns may be classed into the *common* and *proper*. But before proceeding to consider these two classes of hymns separately, we will say a few words about the writers of the Church hymns, which are the accumulated growth of every age, from the fourth century down to modern times; the work of various authors, from St. Ambrose and St. Jerome down to the Roman academicians of the seventeenth century; the expression of every subject, be it history, biography, doctrine, piety, asceticism, spirituality, or theology; the representative of every variety of metre, from that of Horace to the quaint rhythm of mediævalism; and the embodiment of every species of Latinity, from the purity of Prudentius to the formalism of St. Thomas. Their authors may be divided into writers of metrical and writers of rhythmical hymns, the commencement of the seventh century being the dividing point. St. Ambrose, Prudentius, Sedulius, and St. Gregory are among the well-known authors of the first period. It is certain that *St. Ambrose* (340-397) wrote two, probably even five, of the hymns of the Church. His masterpiece is the hymn "Veni Redemptor gentium;" and the other which is universally assigned to him is the "Æterna Christi munera," the matins hymn for the Common of Apostles. The other three, about which there is more question, are those that are used at tierce, sext, and none: "Rerum Deus tenax vigor," "Rector potens verax Deus," and "Nunc sancte nobis Spiritus." St. Austin, St. Isidore, St. Bede, and others ascribe to him the composition of twelve hymns. It is a peculiarity of this writer that he is always careful that the sense should conclude with

the end of each fourth line, in order that the verses may be sung alternately by two choirs.

Prudentius [c. 348-410] was a Spaniard, and the prince of early Christian poets. Only one of his hymns, however, is in constant use in the Church, the "Salvete flores martyrum," at lauds on the feast of Holy Innocents.

Sedulius [about A.D. 460] was a British poet, born in Scotland. He composed two hymns, or rather one, for the second should be considered only as the continuation of the first: "A solis ortus cardine," used at lauds on Christmas-day; and "Crudelis Herodes Deum," used on the Epiphany at Vespers. The hymn "Sanctorum meritis inclyta gaudia," used in the Vespers of Many Martyrs, and one of the few hymns in a classic metre, is of doubtful authorship. We only know that it was composed before the time of St. Gregory the Great.

St. Gregory the Great [540-604] composed several hymns; amongst others, the "Audi benigne Conditor," the proper hymn for Vespers in Lent.

The second period of Church hymnology commences with the seventh century. Rhyme now became not a mere ornament, as it had hitherto been, but almost an essential element in their composition. *Venantius Fortunatus* [-609], an Italian, and Bishop of Poitiers, heralded in this new school. He has immortalised himself by composing the "Vexilla Regis prodeunt." Another of his hymns, divided into two parts, is the "Pange lingua gloriosi lauream certaminis," used for matins on Passion Sunday. He also composed many poems in honour of several saints.

Charlemagne [742-814], the soldier-scholar, has the credit of the composition of the "Veni Creator Spiritus," used in the Vespers for Whit-Sunday.

St. Rabanus Maurus [-856], Archbishop of Mentz, is the author of the "Tibi Christe splendor Patris," used on the Vespers of St. Raphael.

St. Bernard [1091-1153] composed that lovely hymn the "Jesu dulcis memoria," used in the Vespers of the feast of the Holy Name, and so well known by its popular translation in all our prayer-books.

St. Thomas [1226-1274] composed the "Pange lingua gloriosi Corporis mysterium," the "Lauda Sion Salvatorem," and others.

We will now proceed to consider the sequences and chief hymns separately, merely premising that sequences are distinguished from hymns, 1st, by their being used in the Mass, and when used, by coming between the Epistle and Gospel; 2d, by the freedom and irregularity of their versification; 3d,

by their irregular rhythm and the constant use of double rhymes. Formerly, these sequences were very common in the various Missals; and in the Dominican Missals, and others of various religious orders, they are so still. The Sarum Missal was full of them. In the Roman, however, but five have been retained. Mr. Neale, in a lecture lately published on hymnology, divides the sequences into two sorts: the Notkerian, after St. Notker, their introducer; and the Victorine, after Adam of St. Victor. The "Victimæ paschali" is an instance of the first kind, and the "Dies iræ, dies illa," of the second. The "Dies iræ" claims our first notice. There seems to be little doubt that it was composed by Thomas Celanus, a Franciscan, who was the friend and disciple of St. Francis of Assisi. Anyhow, it is certain that it is of Italian origin, and dates back to the middle of the thirteenth century, and it has been justly pronounced the masterpiece of sacred poetry. The admirers of the wonders of art flock annually in vast crowds to the Sistine chapel at Rome, to gaze on the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo; but in every country of the world one may, without going from home, be lost in admiration and turn pale with fear, in contemplating a far greater work, a composition of still more marvellous character and power, the "Dies iræ." The height of the sublime and beautiful has been here realised by a poor unknown friar, in whom Catholic faith and piety have combined to accomplish what no mere poetical genius could ever have effected. Its metre is the triple rhyme, and its opening verse is merely a quotation from the Scripture, "Dies iræ, dies illa," &c. (Soph. i. 15). Almost every language has its version of this incomparable prose. There are no less than seventy or eighty German versions extant. The English Catholic translations are: 1st, the one that is given in the English Missal, beginning,

" The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
As David and the sybils say," &c.

and 2d, Mr. Caswall's version, which renders it very beautifully, but a little less literally:

" Nigher still, and still more nigh,
Draws the day of prophecy,
Doom'd to melt the earth and sky," &c.

There are also some Protestant translations of this same hymn, of which the best are those by Mr. Williams and the author of the *Hymnal noted*.

The "Lauda Sion Salvatorem" claims our next attention. It was composed by St. Thomas. In the grand painting in the church of St. Dominick at Bologna, St. Thomas is repre-

sented writing this hymn from the dictation of angels, whose beaming countenances are reflected in his looks. It is to be regretted that this should have been paraphrased rather than translated in the English Missal, and that too in a metre by no means in accordance with the original. Mr. Caswall's translation partakes, we think, much more of the spirit of the Latin prose :

“ Sion, lift thy voice and sing,
Praise thy Saviour and thy King ;
Praise with hymns thy Shepherd true :
Strive thy best to praise Him well,
Yet doth He all praise excel ;
None can ever reach his due.”

The third sequence is the “*Stabat Mater dolorosa*,” second to none save the “*Dies iræ* ;” and this too is ascribed to a Franciscan friar of the fourteenth century, named Jacoponus. It brings the Mother of sadness before our eyes as if with the pencil of Raphael. In reading it, to use its own words, “*quis est homo qui non fletet ?*” Mr. Caswall's version very cleverly retains the versification and much of the feeling of the incomparable original :

“ At the cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Close to Jesus to the last :
Through her heart, his sorrow sharing,
All his bitter anguish bearing.
Now at length the sword had pass'd,” &c.

The sequence “*Veni Sancte Spiritus*” is attributed to Hermann by some, by others to Pope Innocent III. It is an extremely difficult hymn to translate well ; Mr. Caswall, however, has succeeded wonderfully in rendering with minute fidelity every thought and word in very easy and graceful versification.

The fifth sequence is the “*Victimæ paschali laudes*,” &c. of Easter. This song of triumph is lively and rapid ; first relating the great combat, then calling on us to rejoice in its issue, then apostrophising Mary Magdalen as a witness, and finally making an act of faith and prayer to the victorious Christ. “*If that*,” adds a French critic, “*be not the genius of lyric poetry, I know not what is.*”

Of the three hymns which are not sequences nor yet Breviary hymns, but still used by the Church in her altar services, and which we have therefore called quasi-liturgical, the first is the “*Gloria, laus, et honor*,” sung in the procession of Palm-Sunday. The origin of this hymn is thus related. Theodulph, Bishop of Orleans (who died in 821), had been falsely accused and imprisoned by the Emperor Lewis, son of Charlemagne, in a tower at Angers. On Palm-Sunday the proces-

sion passed by this prison, and the Bishop opening his case-ment, intoned these verses, which were of his own composition. The Emperor, who was present, was so pleased with them, that he ordered him to be released and restored to his see; and from that day these verses have been always sung in the procession.

The second of these quasi-liturgical hymns is the "Pange lingua gloriosi, lauream certaminis," &c., sung during the adoration of the cross on Good Friday. Venantius Fortunatus was its author. It is the first instance of a hymn in the triple trochaic versè (though in this case without rhyme), the noblest Latin measure. Always ranking as a very popular hymn, its first line was borrowed for the commencement of others, *e. g.* St. Thomas's hymn, "Pange lingua gloriosi Corporis mysterium," &c.

The "Vexilla Regis prodeunt" is the third of these hymns, and is sung also on Good Friday, whilst the procession returns from the sepulchre with the host for the Mass of the Pre-sanctified. No other hymns are now to be found in the Roman Missal; but formerly, as we have already said, there were many others, as may be seen in the Sarum Missal, the Paris Missal, the Cluniac Missal, &c. &c. From the last-mentioned source, by way of illustration, we will give an old interesting prose in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary :

" O quam sancta !
Quam serena !
Quam benigna !
Quam amæna
Esse Virgo creditur !
Per quam servitus finitur,
Porta cœli aperitur,
Et libertas redditur.

O castitatis lilium,
Tuum precare filium,
Qui salus es humilium,
Ne nos pro nostro vitio
In flebili iudicio
Subjiciat supplicio :
Sed nos tua sancta prece,
Mundans a peccati fœce,
*Collocet** in lucis domo ;
Amen dicat omnis homo."

It would occupy too much time and space to enter upon the consideration of the authors and dates of the various Breviary hymns; but it may be well to add a few words concerning their metre. Every one knows that the usual metre for the hymns of the Church was the "iambic dimeter," or long metre. Many, however, may not be aware that by far the

* This must be pronounced in reading 'collœcet,' a false quantity.

The other classical metre has its representative in the hymn for Vespers of Many Martyrs:

“Sanctorum meritis inelyta gaudia.”

The Urban revision, however, in numberless instances dropped the rhyme of the iambic dimeters; though, as we have already stated, the greater part of the old hymns in this metre were written in rhyme, assonant or consonant: *e.g.* our Breviary has

“Qui dæmonis ne fraudibus
Periret orbis, impetu
Amoris actus, languidi
Mundi medela factus es;”

where the old hymn, in very good rhyme, had it thus:

“Qui condolens interitu
Mortis perire sæculum
Salvasti mundum languidum
Donans reis remedium.”

We will not, however, pursue these details any further; for we have no intention of canvassing the relative merits of the old hymns and the Urban classical revision of them, but simply to call attention to the principal facts in their history. For as day succeeds to day, and we read in the Church's holy office the hymns of the Breviary, and, as the chief feasts come round, the hymns of the Missal also, we are reminded that our holy mother, in fulfilment of her high and heavenly calling, seeks the aid not only of architecture, music, painting, and sculpture, but also of the beautiful inspirations of poetry, in obedience to the divine teaching, “*In psalms, hymns, and spiritual canticles, singing in grace in our hearts to God*” (Coloss. iii. 16).

Reviews.

ACHILLI *v.* NEWMAN; OR, THE ENCHANTED MIRROR.

Report of the Trial and preliminary Proceedings in the Case of the Queen on the Prosecution of G. Achilli v. Dr. Newman, with an Introduction, &c. By W. F. Finlason, Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London, Dolman.

THERE is a story told in one of Hans Andersen's entertaining tales of a certain looking-glass made by a very wicked hobgoblin—the very arch-fiend himself,—which possessed the

power of diminishing, almost to a nonentity, every thing good and beautiful mirrored on its surface, while all that was worthless or ill-looking was brought out into still stronger relief. The most lovely landscapes reflected in this mirror looked, we are told, like cooked spinach; and the best amongst mankind appeared repulsive, and as if standing on his head: the countenances were so distorted that they were not recognisable; and if any one stood before the glass who had a single freckle on his face, immediately it appeared as though the blemish extended over his whole countenance. The arch-fiend said this was extremely entertaining, and that people had now for the first time an opportunity of seeing how the world and its inhabitants really looked. He took care that the fame of this wonderful glass should be spread in all directions, until at last there was not a land nor a human being left that had not been seen distorted on its surface. Some wicked persons then took it into their heads that they should like to fly upwards and see how the regions of the blessed would look when viewed through this same medium; but the higher they flew with the glass the more it cracked, until by and by it fairly slipped out of their hands and fell upon the earth, where it split into millions and billions of pieces. But so far from the glass being thereby destroyed and its malicious qualities altogether put an end to, it only became still more mischievous than before; for some of the shivers were scarcely so large as a grain of sand, and these flew about the world, and when they lodged in any body's eye there they remained, and the person thenceforth saw every thing through a distorted medium, or only approved the perverse side of a question; for every minute fragment of the glass possessed the same qualities that formerly belonged to the whole glass. Moreover some of the fragments were large enough to be set as spectacles; and it was hard for those who wore spectacles of this kind to see any thing in its proper light, or to have the least sense of justice. And the arch-fiend laughed till he shook his sides, so amazingly was he tickled by all the mischief that arose.

Hans Christian Andersen is a Dane, and he wrote this tale many years ago; otherwise we could almost have fancied that we had been transcribing the record of some poet's dreams, who had fallen asleep immediately after reading one of the London morning papers for the 22d, 23d, and 24th of June, 1852. In the earlier history of the glass we should have recognised the state of popular feeling in this country as to every thing that concerns the Catholic Church, as that feeling existed some ten, twelve, or fifteen years ago; the date of the fracture of

the glass and its consequent multiplication we should have fixed without the smallest hesitation as contemporaneous with the publication of a certain letter addressed to the Bishop of Durham in the autumn of 1850; as to the precise spot where the melancholy accident in question took place, we might have been somewhat more doubtful whether to say that it was at Woburn Abbey, or in St. Stephen's Westminster, or in the neighbourhood of one of the royal palaces, or elsewhere; but the concluding paragraph about the spectacles and the administration of justice would have seemed to contain so palpable an allusion to a particular individual, a certain eminent legal functionary in this kingdom, that we might almost have feared to publish it lest it should have rendered us obnoxious to an action for libel. However, all this only shews how easy it is to put any interpretation we please upon the bare letter of a written document; for however ingenious our commentary may seem, we beg to assure our readers that it certainly is not the true one, since Hans Andersen—we repeat it—is no Englishman but a Dane, and he wrote this tale long before the month of June 1852. Either “coming events, therefore, cast their shadows before them;” or Andersen’s tale is but a general formula for expressing the plausible cunning of malice, the power of prejudice, and the miserable weakness of human nature in many places and under a great variety of circumstances. In either case, we are clearly justified in applying it to the solution of the problem before us, viz. the late trial of Father Newman, and the conduct of the principal parties concerned in it.

The particulars of this extraordinary trial have been so long before the public, and the more respectable portion of the press has been so unanimous in its appreciation of its injustice, that there is no necessity for us to enter minutely into all its details. We cannot, however, resist the temptation of saying a few words about it; taking as our guides Mr. Finlason’s very elaborate report now lying before us, and Hans Andersen’s pleasant story which we have just narrated. The one will furnish us with the facts of the case, the other with their interpretation; so that the two together leave us nothing to desire towards a thorough understanding of the whole.

And first, with reference to the conduct of the Lord Chief-Justice—a title which once commanded the universal respect of Englishmen, and was associated in their minds with the purity of the ermine, the uprightness of Aristides the Just, and other illustrations of a similar character—, his remarks, his inuendoes, his no less ominous silence, and, in a word, his whole demeanour, appear to have furnished an exhibition of

the extraordinarily mischievous powers of spectacles made out of fragments of this glass, such as may have made "the arch-fiend laugh till he shook his sides," but has certainly produced a very different effect on all lovers of truth and justice and of their own country. We can only mention one or two of the most obvious specimens. A document was put in, in the course of the trial, purporting to be a copy of a resolution passed by the Committee of the Malta Protestant College relative to the dismissal of Dr. Achilli from the professorship which he had held in that establishment. This resolution began, as such resolutions are wont to begin, with a preamble setting forth the reasons for the decision that had been come to; and Dr. Achilli's counsel objected to this preamble being read or admitted as evidence; he insisted that only the bare resolution ought to be received; the practical decision, without any statement of the reasons that had induced that decision. The Lord Chief-Justice very reasonably judged that the whole formed but one document, and must be read and admitted together. This document emanated from a thoroughly Protestant institution, and there was nothing therefore in its general character and history that called forth the latent malice of the spectacles, or prevented the gentleman who wore them from seeing straight. But by and by another document was put in, purporting to be a copy of a resolution passed by a very different body; not the private committee of a voluntary society, but the judges of a regular court of justice, of a sovereign and independent prince; and this too set forth, plainly and distinctly, the reasons for the decision that had been come to, or rather for the sentence that had been passed. What, then, was the Lord Chief-Justice's judgment upon this document? We quote his own words: "We must draw a distinction between the judicial part, the sentence, and the previous portion. It does not set out the offences for which the sentence was pronounced." Now the document in question runs thus: "I, the undersigned, &c., do testify that, after a complete investigation of the proceedings instituted in the Holy Office against Father Hyacinth Newman, *it is proved from the same acts* that the said Achilli, having been examined by the established authorities, confessed himself guilty of"—here follow the *precise* immoralities, many of which Father Newman had alleged against him, and which are too well known to need repetition in this place. The document continues—"Lastly, I attest that *on account of the above-named crimes, and other crimes, of which mention is made in the acts, &c. &c., their Eminences decreed*" such and such punishment. This is the document on which the Lord Chief-Justice of

England officially declared that "it does not set out the offences for which the sentence was pronounced;" and again, that it must be taken as "evidence that a sentence was pronounced, but not evidence of the facts which it recited;" in other words, the practical decision alone is to be received, the preamble is to be rejected. The whole document is, as Mr. Finlason justly observes, "absolutely one sentence; and Lord Campbell's separation of it into two portions is not only arbitrary, but absurd." But this comes of those wicked spectacles, which, when a man wears, "prevent his seeing any thing in a proper light or having the least sense of justice." The document in question had emanated from the INQUISITION! and this made all the difference in the acuteness of the Lord Chief-Justice's logical and grammatical powers.

Again, it was sworn concerning one of Achilli's victims in Italy, whose presence at the trial as a witness would have been most important, that she was at this moment *enceinte*, and too ill to bear the fatigues of a journey to this country. Lord Campbell, in summing up, actually commented upon her non-appearance thus: he was reading from Father Vincent's evidence, who had said, "I saw Rosa di Alessandris, and told her to come, but she would not;" and Lord Campbell observed, "Gentlemen, this deserves consideration. *No doubt the means were afforded her to come,*" evidently implying his own suspicion, and leading the jury to suspect also, that she had not come because she was not able to swear to the truth of the facts that had been alleged against Achilli in connexion with her. Here those hateful spectacles appear to have impaired the judge's memory as well as his understanding.

Again, when certain questions were put to Achilli relative to his general habits on the score of chastity during his residence in this or that particular place, or during such and such a period of his life, the Lord Chief-Justice told him that he was not bound to answer; Achilli availed himself of the privilege, and declined accordingly; whereupon the judge, in summing up, urged this silence as a circumstance which should "raise Achilli in the estimation of the jury as regards his credibility as a witness." On the other hand, when one of the witnesses against Achilli manifested the same hesitation to answer similar questions, that were intended to insinuate that she was a woman of loose character, Lord Campbell ruled that the witness was obliged to answer; and the fact that she *did* answer, and answer truly, to the disparagement of her reputation for modesty, was then allowed to destroy her character for credibility.

We pass over many other specimens of minor interest, and

come at once to that which was so flagrant as to have attracted universal notice; we mean, of course, his conduct with reference to the applause of those who were in court during the trial. Once, after an eloquent passage in Sir Alexander Cockburn's speech celebrating the praises of pure and impartial justice, the audience ventured to cheer; but Lord Campbell immediately interfered to check such indecorous expressions of feeling, and emphatically observed that it "*must not be repeated.*" At another time, however, the learned judge himself received this same homage of applause from the assembled audience; and it was when he had delivered himself of a speech, not celebrating the praises of heaven-born justice, but pandering to the vulgar and ignorant prejudices of a Protestant jury; and on this occasion not only did those wicked spectacles prevent the noble lord from recognising the indecorousness of such interruptions, and declaring that they must not be repeated, but he himself actually repeated the same speech to elicit a repetition of the same applause. "After he had been sufficiently applauded," says the *Times*—and the evidence of this witness is peculiarly valuable, since of late years all the window-panes in Printing-house Square have been made up of fragments of this same mischief-making glass—"he renewed the remark, that it might be applauded again, and assured the audience, with grotesque solemnity, that by admitting this document (that from the Inquisition already spoken of), he did so without the slightest degree of danger to the Protestant religion—a discovery which was received by the enthusiastic audience with a third round of cheers."

Under the guidance of such a judge,—we had almost forgotten ourselves; we meant to say, a judge encumbered by such a pair of spectacles,—it is not to be wondered at that the jury (the clearness of whose vision was already obscured by some of those infinitesimally minute shivers of the same glass that Andersen says are always flying about in the world) should have "seen every thing through a distorted medium, and approved only of the perverse side of the question." It is true indeed, as the *Spectator* remarks, that they were "ably instructed how to pick and choose what to see, think, and believe," and that in the main they proved very apt pupils; in some particulars, however, the perverseness of their vision exceeded even that of the noble lord with the spectacles. For instance, one of Father Newman's pleas was this, that "the name of the said G. G. Achilli came before the civil tribunal at Corfu in respect of a certain crime of adultery;" and in due course of time a document was put in and admitted as evidence, bearing the seal of the civil court of Corfu, in which the name

of a certain Signor Giacinto Achilli *does* appear at full length in connexion with a certain alleged crime of adultery. A British jury, however—"that great palladium of English liberty," as Junius once called it—could not see the relevancy of so plain-spoken a document, and declared that this plea was not proved, though even Lord Campbell himself had distinctly stated, "No doubt *this* allegation is supported." And this is not the only plea on which the verdict would seem to have been given—we do not say against the evidence, for this we consider to have been manifestly the case with the great majority of them, but even—against the opinion of the judge, and, we shrewdly suspect, of the jury also.

However, the trial is now *un fait accompli*; the verdict has been duly registered in the annals, if not of English justice, yet at least of English judicial proceedings; and the conduct both of judge and jury has been sufficiently reprobated by public opinion. It is a far more interesting and profitable subject of inquiry, therefore, to investigate what effects are likely to be produced upon the Protestant mind of England by the whole exposure of facts of which this trial has been the occasion. We are not speaking now of its *immediate* effects as bearing upon the characters of "the two converts" who have been thus brought into juxtaposition, in such a way as almost to force upon people the task of instituting a comparison between them; for we suppose that there is not a sane person in the three kingdoms who would not infinitely rather be able to reckon as a member of his own religious communion the defendant, upon whom the late verdict may be supposed to have attached the stigma of having uttered a rash and uncharitable libel, than the ex-Dominican, whose character has been whitewashed, and whose single oath has been set at so high a price as to outweigh the testimony of a host of disinterested witnesses. But we are speaking of its ulterior and more general effects, as bearing upon the judgment which Protestant Englishmen may be led by it to form, either of the character of the Catholic clergy in general, or of Italians, or of Dominicans in particular; or again, of the state of discipline in the Church, or of the character of some of its most maligned institutions, such as the Court of Inquisition, for example. Of course, it is obvious to mention that the late trial did but disclose the history of a single individual, and that individual instances can never be safely used as the premisses for an universal conclusion. Nevertheless the argumentative processes of the world are rarely confined within the strict limits of technical accuracy, and the old aphorism—*Ex uno disce omnes*—is practically the whole science of logic to

the great majority of mankind. There can be no question; then, but that the history of Dr. Achilli, as elicited in the course of the late trial, will take its place in the public mind as a fact pregnant with the most weighty conclusions. Would that we could feel equally certain that those conclusions will be just and reasonable! Would that there were not too much reason to fear that, in some cases at least, their absurdity will be only equalled by their iniquity! We have heard, for instance, of Protestants professing to believe in the innocence of Dr. Achilli, or at least actively befriending him as though such was their belief, and yet at other times speaking of the trial as a most awful *exposé* of the impurities that abound in the Church of Rome; in other words, they look upon the sworn evidence of a number of persons coming from different places and under different circumstances, all agreeing in the imputation of the grossest immoralities to a particular ecclesiastic who is named and identified, as proving absolutely nothing against the individual thus solemnly accused, yet proving every thing, and more than every thing, against the hundreds and thousands of *other* Catholic priests in Italy, Spain, France, Germany, and England, whose characters have never formed the subject of a judicial inquiry at all, and against whom in their own respective neighbourhoods not a suspicion of evil has ever been breathed. The obliquity of judgment implied in such a sentence as this is truly marvellous; and we would hope, therefore, proportionately rare; and—to remain faithful to our fable from Andersen—those who are guilty of it can only be accounted for by supposing that they “have a piece of this fatal glass right through their heart.” But a far more numerous class of persons are thoroughly convinced of Achilli’s guilt, and frankly confess it; only they go on to say that after all he is but a fair sample of the Roman priesthood; who are driven into the commission of such crimes as these by reason of the unscriptural severity of the discipline to which they are subjected. This is precisely analogous to Andersen’s description of a man having a single freckle on his face, yet being looked at in the mirror of prejudice, and the blemish seeming instantly to spread over the whole countenance. Here is a single priest accused of having repeatedly violated the obligation of chastity during a period of ten, twelve, or fifteen years, before he is finally and irrevocably suspended from the exercise of any sacred functions by the sentence of the Holy Office; and upon the faith of this single example, men do not hesitate to attribute the same heinous crimes to the whole body of the Catholic clergy. What association composed of the children of men, however limited in numbers or exalted

in privileges, could ever stand such a test as this? Of twelve Apostles, the chosen companions of the Son of God upon earth, was not one a traitor and a devil? of the seven deacons, chosen by the first Christians as men of good report, and set apart by the Apostles to assist them in the sacred ministry, is not one said to have proved an heresiarch? of the eight souls that were saved in the ark, one lived to receive his father's curse; of the four whom the angel of the Lord delivered out of Sodom, one looked back and became a pillar of salt;—and with these examples before our eyes, shall it be thought a great thing to find a single scandalous and unworthy priest?

But we have understated the case; in the course of the trial it came out that similar crimes had been laid to the charge, not of one, but of three or four priests. Most true; yet what proportion do these, or even ten times this number, if so many culprits could be found, bear to the whole body of clergy in the countries from whence they come? Moreover we observe that these three or four priests had also *another* point of agreement; they all professed to be convinced of the errors of Popery, and to have embraced the pure truths of Evangelical Protestantism: and this coincidence suggests a very grave reflection, which, however, concerns the Protestant community far more than ourselves; namely, whether the secession of these individuals and of others of their class was altogether a *voluntary* change, or whether it was not rather a prudent anticipation of a compulsory ejection. It suggests also a further reflection, how far indulgence in sin (in thought at least, if not in act), more especially in sin of that particular kind which was laid to the charge of Achilli, Sacchares, and Leonini, is not the ordinary antecedent of these sacerdotal *conversions*. But we must not let these thoughts lead us away from our subject, viz. the use which Protestant prejudice is likely to make of the facts that were deposed before the Court of Queen's Bench against Dr. Achilli, and the conclusions which those facts really and fairly warrant. We therefore repeat, that there is absolutely nothing in them which can logically or morally justify any *general* charges against the Catholic priesthood; as Father Newman very truly said, "with him the argument begins; with him too it ends; the beginning and the ending he is both." It is true indeed that the first offence which was sworn against him was alleged to have taken place in the autumn of 1831, and that the sentence of the Inquisition which suspended him from exercising any of the functions of the sacerdotal office bears date the 16th of June, 1841; and most persons will probably agree with us in regretting that punishment should not sooner have overtaken so flagrant a delinquent as

the allegations of Father Newman's plea and the preamble of the official document issued by the Holy Office assert that he was; they may be of opinion also, that this long forbearance or delay of ten years indicates something like a culpable degree of laxity in the discipline of the religious order to which he belonged. Yet, after all, there is not a shadow of proof that there was ever the slightest connivance in his guilt on the part of any of his ecclesiastical superiors; and it must be remembered also that his continual shifting from one part of Italy to another, both rendered the task of convicting him more difficult, and also materially weakened the motives that would naturally have led to the undertaking of such a task. For those who had detected an ecclesiastic in the commission of any grievous offence, or at least felt that they had only too good reason to suspect him of such, would charitably conclude, not that he was an habitual offender, but that this was his first transgression; they would hope that, having now bought a knowledge of his weakness by bitter experience, he would be more careful in guarding against the occasions of sin hereafter; and that the wisest as well as the kindest thing therefore that could be done was to give him an opportunity of retrieving his character by allowing him to begin life anew, as it were, in a place where his previous history was unknown. We have mentioned these things, because we think they ought in fairness to be taken into consideration by those who are disposed to judge harshly of the leniency with which Achilli seems to have been treated as long as he remained in the Dominican order. At the same time, it is fair also to state (for the benefit of those who are unread in ecclesiastical history, and know nothing of the relations which subsist between the several religious orders in the Church and her ordinary ecclesiastical authorities), first, that a temporary relaxation of discipline in this or that religious community is not incompatible with a very healthy state of morals in the Church at large; and secondly, that at this very moment a reform is going on—we might almost say under the special direction of the Pope, certainly originated by him—in that particular order whose character the history of Achilli has so seriously compromised.

One feature there is, and only one, in this dark history on which the mind can dwell with satisfaction; it is the feature more distinct and prominent than any other, for it is supported by the united testimonies of plaintiff and defendant, or at least of their respective witnesses, and it is not called in question by a single statement made on either side. Nevertheless, we will venture to say that there is none which will make less impression upon the Protestant public; in fact, as far as we

have seen, and as we anticipated from the first, it appears to have been overlooked altogether: we allude to the extreme moderation of the much-hated Roman Inquisition. And this fact, we repeat, is equally undeniable, whether we believe the statements made by the officers of the Inquisition themselves and by the other witnesses called on behalf of Father Newman, or whether we choose rather to believe the assertions of Dr. Achilli, backed as they were by the acceptance of the Lord Chief-Justice. The evidence adduced by Father Newman and the express declarations of the document forwarded from the Office of the Inquisition went to shew that Achilli was cited before that tribunal, and on his own confession found guilty of divers and gross immoralities: Achilli himself stated that his dealings with it were solely and entirely confined to charges of heresy; and in summing up, the Lord Chief-Justice adopted Achilli's view, and said, "we should rather suppose it was for heresy." Be it so; the persons of whom we are speaking are not likely to think that the Roman Inquisition would deal more leniently with a heretic than with a libertine; so we are content to take their view of the matter, and to allow (*argumenti causâ*) that judgment was pronounced upon Achilli, not for immorality, but for heresy. What, then, *was* this terrible judgment? In the clap-trap speech of Lord Campbell's of which we have spoken before, wherein he thanked God the Inquisition has no place in this country, his lordship said he was not considering whether the document before them was evidence "under which Achilli could be led out to be burnt alive, or to be imprisoned for life in the dungeons of the Inquisition," implying that these of course were the punishments ordinarily inflicted by that terrible tribunal; and the Attorney-General, in like manner, more than once made use of this same expression, "the dungeons of the Inquisition," with a view to produce the same effect. But both the Lord Chief-Justice and the Attorney-General spoke from mere hearsay, from the common bugbear reports of Protestant romances and the like: let us see what the sentence actually was in this particular instance. First, what says the official document itself? "Their Eminences the Inquisitors-General decreed that the accused Father Hyacinth Achilli, after having been for ever suspended from the celebration of the sacrifice of the Mass, and for ever disabled from any sort of direction of souls and preaching the word of God, and deprived of active and passive voice in the government of his order, and after having had salutary penances imposed upon him, be condemned to remain for three years in some religious house of his order of the most strict observance." Now for a person who had for ten

years (as he himself asserts) been teaching what the Church of Rome calls heresy, and perverting others to it, surely this is no very barbarous and inhuman punishment. It can be no matter of surprise to any one, and no just cause of complaint on the part of the individual himself, that *such* an one should be for ever incapacitated from teaching and directing others in the Church of Rome, or from exercising any part of the sacerdotal office. "The salutary penances," indeed, might be supposed to allude to a liberal use of the rack and the thumb-screw and other such appliances, so familiar to all Protestant orators haranguing upon the Inquisition, were it not for Achilli's own admission (in his printed book) that "*he had no fault to find with the slight correction which he received;*" possibly it was a little wholesome fasting two or three times a week; evidently it was nothing very formidable. And then the last portion of the sentence, the three years' imprisonment, this was not to be in "the dungeons of the Inquisition," but in a religious house of the Dominican order "of the most strict observance;" in other words, that kind of life which St. Dominic had prescribed for all his spiritual children, for the good of their own souls, and that they might labour more effectually for the souls of others, was now to be *enforced* upon an unwilling and unworthy son, by way of punishment for past offences, and with the hope of thoroughly effecting his reformation. Truly a most cruel and bloody sentence this, for ten years' preaching of heresy! We recommend it to the special attention of the frequenters of Exeter Hall. But even this, if we are to believe Achilli himself, was not really enforced upon him. He swears that he never knew that this compulsory residence in a convent "of the strict observance" was a condition of his liberation; he knew that he was suspended and that he was under surveillance; moreover, that he was "advised, admonished, warmly recommended, to pass some time in retirement, to go through what is called in Rome 'spiritual exercises;' but nothing more." O inhuman tribunal, whose severest sentence for ten years' preaching of heresy is that the culprit should go through a course of ten days' prayer and meditation, and listening to sermons and communing with his own conscience and with God, and whose non-existence therefore in this country is worthy to call forth a special hymn of thanksgiving from the lips of the Lord Chief-Justice!

But we shall be told, perhaps, that it is not the severity of its judgments which Englishmen object to in the Inquisition so much as its mode of procedure. This is not strictly true; for the epithets "bloody, barbarous," and the like, usually attributed to the Inquisition; the coarse vulgar pictures to be

seen in so many of our shop-windows, and the very language of Lord Campbell himself, all point in the most unequivocal manner to the *results* of a trial by the Inquisition, not to the legal *process*. The Solicitor-General indeed raised objections on this latter score, and a few persons of education, ill-instructed, however, in this particular matter, may appreciate it; but this is *not* "the head and front of its offending" in the eyes of Englishmen in general, nor of the judge and jury who were engaged in this trial in particular. Nevertheless, it is doubtless an interesting subject, on which we hope to have an opportunity of speaking more at length on a future occasion. At present we must take our leave of the whole matter by referring to one or two long and valuable notes in Mr. Finlason's Report (p. 104, &c.), and to the following summary of the Book of Practice of the Inquisition, which we derive from the same source, and in which the passages that we have printed in italics will be found specially worthy of notice :

"The Court of Holy Office is charged with the correction of all offences against faith and morals, and from the nature of its functions proceeds most commonly on accusation made, or, as it is technically termed, '*per via di denunzia.*' In cases of notorious offenders it proceeds '*ex debito officii,*' or '*per via de Inquisizione.*' *The depositions are all taken on oath, and in writing, by the notary of the court, and are signed by him and by the witness. If, after preliminary inquiry, and perusal and consideration of the evidence so taken, the judge considers that the case should proceed, he decrees accordingly; and upon the decree so made, which is signed by the notary, a citation issues. After the evidence against the accused is completed, the accused is interrogated upon the facts so obtained; and if he denies them, the evidence is read over to him, but in the first instance the names of the witnesses are not given. If he still persists in the denial, he is confronted with the witnesses, and all are again interrogated in the other's presence, and he may call witnesses to contradict if he can. Upon the result the judges then proceed to judgment. In cases where the accused, upon interrogation, confesses the charges, or some of them, no confrontation takes place."*

What is the feature in these proceedings that is so obnoxious to English habits and English prejudices? Is it the way of taking evidence by written deposition given upon oath before a notary of the court? Lawyers tell us, that "evidence in Chancery and the civil courts is taken in the same way." Is it the fact that publicity is never given to the charges that are made, and the offences that are proved? But where is the injustice of this? The prurient curiosity of the public is defrauded, it is true, of much injurious food, with which the English journals too frequently teem, to the great scandal of

all good people and the general detriment of public morals. But there is no injustice to the party accused. He hears the evidence that has been sworn against him; and if he pleads not guilty to the charge, he is confronted with his accuser and with the witnesses, and has every opportunity of disproving the accusation, if it be really false. "In the Inquisition," says Achilli himself, "every accusation has to be fully entered into. The accuser gives his name to the tribunal, the same with the witnesses," and every statement is confirmed by an oath. What more can be desired? "The duties of the Congregation of the Holy Office are very well known," says Viscount de Tournay, Prefect of Rome under Napoleon from 1810 to 1815; "but that which is *not* so well known is the moderation of its decisions and the gentleness of its proceedings." Englishmen have now had an excellent opportunity of appreciating this gentleness and moderation in the case of one who confesses to having rendered himself amenable to the severest sentence of the tribunal in question, yet himself acknowledges that he scarcely received any punishment at all. Will they look this fact steadily in the face, give it its true value, and remember it when next they hear some itinerant preacher haranguing on the awful cruelties of the Inquisition? or will they still persist in looking through spectacles that diminish almost to a nonentity every thing good and beautiful, and distort it so that it is scarcely recognisable, while all that is worthless or ill-looking is brought out into still stronger relief? Alas, we have but too keen a conviction that the application of Hans Andersen's tale to the British public will not cease with the present instance! We wish we could think there was any probability of its ceasing with the present generation.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Jesuits; or an Examination of the Origin, Progress, Principles, and Practices of the Society of Jesus, with observations on the leading accusations of the enemies of the Order, by the Rev. W. Waterworth, S.J. (Dolman, London), is a most admirable and useful little publication. It contains more real information on the subject of which it treats than any other compendium we are acquainted with, and we sincerely hope it will find its way into every Catholic lending-library in the kingdom.

A Reply to Reasons for abjuring Allegiance to the See of Rome, a Letter to the Rev. Pierce Connelly (Burns and Lambert), is a most

pleasing specimen of the *temper* in which we wish we could see every thing written on the side of Catholic controversialists; it is deficient, however, in power and in rhetorical effect. It is more amiable than able. It sufficiently answers the *title* of Mr. Connelly's pamphlet, but certainly not its contents. The concluding prayer for forgiveness, "if in what I have thought my duty I have said aught which gentleness should have repressed," reads almost ludicrously at the end of a dozen pages whose *gentleness* it would be impossible to surpass, and extremely difficult to equal.

Serjeant Shee's *Letter to the Hon. A. Kinnaird, Treasurer of the Marylebone and Paddington Auxiliary Society for Church Missions to the Roman Catholics of Ireland* (Burns and Lambert), is a much more spicy production; though this too nowhere exceeds the strictest rules of propriety and Christian charity in addressing an opponent. It is a manly, straightforward statement of facts, which every Protestant who feels bound to assist in promoting these "Church Missions" would do well to study.

Sketches of the true Genius of Popery, by a Protestant Nonconformist (Burns and Lambert). The title of this work not a little perplexed us, when coupled with the name of a Catholic publisher; and we cannot say that our perplexity has been altogether removed even by a perusal of its pages. It contains a number of observations, some shrewd and original, others trite enough, some orthodox and trustworthy, others not altogether Catholic, upon a great variety of subjects. The solution of the problem is to be found in the history of the author. These sketches were guesses at truth whilst the writer was still an alien to the fold, and they have been published, apparently without correction, since he was received into the Church.

A Prayer-Book for the Young after First Communion, including Devotions for Confirmation, &c. (Burns and Lambert), does not, as far as we have observed, contain much that is new, but is rather a selection from the many other prayer-books of the same publisher, arranged in a cheap and portable form for the use of children who have made their first communion. We are disposed to regret that it should not have been made *complete* for the class for whom it is intended, by the insertion of some form of devotions to be used during Mass.

In the *Annals of the Institution of the Holy Childhood* (Leeds, Bradley), it is proposed to translate from time to time the Annals that are published in France by the Council of the Parent Society; and we hope it may be the means of extending that charitable institution among the juvenile Catholics of England.

Novena for the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ, by Father C. Borgo, S.J., translated from the Italian (London, Richardson and Son), is a most beautiful book of devotion, which has been long popular among our brethren on the continent, and only needs to be known in order to be equally appreciated at home.

The Second Spring: a Sermon preached in the Synod of Oscott, by J. H. Newman, D.D. &c. (London, Richardson and Son), will have been long since in the hands of all our readers. They will therefore have anticipated our notice of it, as one of the most beautiful of Father Newman's compositions. It is at once a most touching poem and a most effective sermon.

A Discourse delivered at the Funeral Service of the Right Rev. Dr. Carruthers, by the Rev. J. Strain (Edinburgh, Marsh and Beattie), is a very pleasing panegyric of the deceased prelate, and contains many interesting notices of the progress which the Church has made in Scotland during the last fifty years.

The Clifton Tracts (Burns and Lambert) are far from falling off in vigour and usefulness. The two last, *Why did the Pope excommunicate Queen Elizabeth?* and *Why don't you keep holy the Sabbath-day? a question for all Bible Christians,* are equal to any that have yet appeared. We observe that an adventurous clergyman at Bristol, Mr. J. B. Clifford, proposes to publish a series in reply, to be called Kingsdown Tracts. We have only seen No. I. of this series, which professes to be an answer to "Know Popery," No. 33 of the Clifton Tracts. Its claim to this title, as well as the controversial acumen of its author, may be estimated by the fact, that whereas the Tract expressly affirms (p. 15) that "nothing which is here said is meant to imply that the number of converts proves the Catholic religion to be the true one," Mr. C.'s so-called answer proceeds on the assumption that it declares the very reverse. Again, the Tract says that Protestants cannot point to any literal fulfilment of certain prophecies; Mr. C. takes this to mean that Catholics do not hold that there is any figurative or spiritual fulfilment also. The Tract calls the numerous conversions going on in England "*miracles of grace.*" Mr. C. catches at the word, and enters on a silly tirade against certain "pretended" Popish miracles, as he terms them, which the "great, strong, broad-shouldered, full-grown, real men, natives of English soil"—a strange description, by the way, of "the spiritual man" of whom he elsewhere speaks—will never believe. We leave the matter to these "real men," with full confidence that such as are of an honest and good heart, which is much more to the purpose than breadth of shoulder, will see that an answer like this is worse than no answer at all.

Correspondence.

THE CULTIVATION OF SINGING IN POOR-SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

SIR,—You have frequently advocated the introduction of singing into the daily routine of our poor-schools, and, as it would appear, with extremely general, if not universal concurrence. But unfortunately, between the theoretical proposition that it is “desirable to introduce music into our poor-schools,” which we admit, and the proper steps to be taken to effect its introduction, there still continues a lamentable distance. Ought we not at all times to feel sensitive at appearing to recognise an end to be desirable, and afterwards exhibiting an incapacity to effect it? Ought we not to take, at least, a little pains to escape incurring the disrepute, either of inability to begin to act, or of inability to succeed, in a matter not beset by any preternatural difficulty and which we all agree in thinking desirable? If music, then, is really to be cultivated in our poor-schools, and if we are determined not to be satisfied either with the repetition of past panegyrics upon its desirableness, or with new disquisitions upon the advantages of an acquirement which never yet grew up of itself, but are resolved to proceed to action and to try what can be done, permit me, Mr. Editor, in the character of a practical man, to offer a few suggestions, founded on personal experience, as to an available means of attaining some part of the end in view, and of avoiding the disgrace of a complete failure.

The first thing whenever any end is in view must always be clearly to understand what it is that is wanted, and then to calculate what force can be brought and what means can be had to carry it into effect. The end in view here is said to be the cultivation of music in poor-schools. Permit me to say that this is vague in the extreme. If the end in view is not something much more definite than this, it need not be a matter of the least surprise if nothing whatever should come of it. The music of the poor-school will be a thing talked about for a while, and here all will end. What is it *precisely* that you want to have done? Do you want the children of the school to be taught to read music and to sing from written notes? do you want them to learn the notation of the Gregorian music, or of the modern, or of both? do you want them to learn to sing vespers and benediction in plain-chant, or do you wish for English hymns, and after a while for motetts and figured music masses. If you have made up your mind that you want the modern notation only taught, and you do not fancy square notes in the least, do you mean to encourage any secular music or to fight shy of it? and if you decide for it, do you aim at part-songs, glees, madrigals, and catches, or will you be satisfied with a good joyous chorus of a song in unisons, learnt by a non-scientific process, called “teaching by ear.”

When the person in authority over the school has made up his mind definitively *what* he will try for and what he will *not* try for, which is an indispensable preliminary, his next step is, to cast about for his means of carrying his desires into effect; that is, in other words, he looks out for some one to give lessons and to begin to teach. Here is the grand “*crux*.” Every thing up to this point is pleasing and delightful in the extreme; there is a prospect of present fun and merriment in the school, and of a future choir of fully fledged choristers for the church; but who is there to teach? At this stage of the proceed-

ings comes the salutary memento, that our Catholic undertakings are in a state of very incipient organisation, and that our wisdom for the present should be of that order which cuts the coat according to the cloth, rather than according to the taste of the wearer.

The reason why throughout northern Germany there is scarcely a parish-school where the children are not habituated to sing songs, sacred and secular, in two and three parts, from a very early age, is solely because the master and mistress are always competent to teach them, and because a fixed time each day is given to the lesson in singing, besides the continual practice of enlivening the school-hours from time to time by a song, which the master or mistress knows how to conduct in person. The people also have the habit of singing in their churches; and the wonder that the population is so musical is thus easily accounted for. In the arch-diocese of London, under the direction of the Poor-School Committee, an attempt has been made, for upwards of two years, in behalf of teaching the children in a certain number of schools on much the same plan as that pursued in Germany, viz. to sing music in parts; and this by the employment of an individual who has merited well in the cause of poor-school singing, to give lessons from school to school. If the success of the plan has not been all that its framers could have wished, it would appear that the cause is to be sought for mainly in the fact, that the system adopted of cultivating music in parts is not and cannot be adequately provided for, except the master or mistress, who is always on the spot, is competent to teach, and to keep up the continual practice of what has been taught. The visit of a master for an hour's lesson twice a week is not enough to produce any very satisfactory result. On this system, it is the smaller number of the children of the school who can learn to sing a separate part; and without continual practice under competent direction, their mode of singing will have little in it that can be very agreeable either to themselves or to others. This plan, I am of opinion, must for some years to come produce extremely meagre results, until it can be competently taken in hand by persons continually on the spot connected with the school; but in this case there does not appear any reason why it should not produce much the same results in England as in Germany,—that is, after due time.

I hope that in the extreme infancy of the growth of a real cultivation of music in our poor-schools, I may be pardoned for throwing out the suggestion (*valeat quantum*) that it would answer on the whole better, in the efforts supported by the Poor-School Committee, to aim at teaching the whole body of the children good songs in unison, whatever else may for the time be put aside, in order that the benefits of the undertaking be extended as widely as possible, and not confined to the apter few, to whom a music-master is naturally disposed to be partial on account of their aptitude. If the schools in London which have the benefit of the periodical visits of a singing-master could be known to have learned a variety of instructive or cheerful and humorous songs in a short time, on the *non-scientific* method of learning a good melody by ear, the cause of popular music in schools would receive a great encouragement throughout the country. No music-master, it is true, will lend himself without some reluctance to the *non-scientific* method; but where an obvious practical reason demands its temporary and partial employment, there appears no reason for his raising an objection.

I think that there is great reason to fear if the cause of music for our poor-schools, circumstanced as we are, be inseparably wedded to the *strictly* scientific system of teaching music,—*i. e.* buying *sol-fa* books

and going to work with a professor who will insist upon progress being made only *secundum artem*, and in no other way,—that the introduction of singing into our poor-schools will try in vain to become a practical question of our day on any great scale. It will not be found possible, and will be in practice remanded to a future time, when singing-masters may be more at command. A metropolis alone can afford to support a music-master specially for the schools; the other schools of the country at large must be left to their fate,—the music-master can rarely be had for them. With the *non-scientific* system, however, I suggest that something may be effected in most schools. Upon this plan it is sufficient to procure any collection of good songs, sacred and secular, and then to enlist the services of either some good-natured or stipendiary person who has a fair voice and knows how to sing a song. A select number of the children may thus be made to learn the tune and words of the song by ear; these may be afterwards stationed in different parts of the school-room to lead and support the whole body of children, while they are learning both words and melody in the same manner. It is obvious to observe how useful a little cheap book containing a selection of school songs would be for this purpose, which might be put into the hands of the children to facilitate their learning the words of the song.

I would wish then, Mr. Editor, to advocate trials being made of the *non-scientific* system; not as preferring it to regular instruction in music, but regarding it as something which it is worth while to try, rather than to make no trial at all: we should either try to do something, or otherwise should do better to remain silent. If teaching children how to enjoy themselves with a merry and joyous song *necessarily* imply the previous discipline of sol-fa and beating time, and of learning minim, crotchet, and quaver, circumscribed as we are for the present, certainly silence about music for poor-schools is, for some time to come, the preferable alternative; but if the *non-scientific* system is worth trying, preparatory to something more perfect, I think there can be no question but that something may be done, and that something will be sure to be very encouraging in the line of promoting cheerfulness and merriment among the children; and if the result should turn out to be open to cynical criticism from a professor of music on the score of musical imperfection, this would matter very little so long as it were found to serve but one important end, viz. that of instruction combined with cheerfulness.—Your obedient servant,

PAROCHUS.

DEVOTION TO ST. WINEFRIDE.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

DEAR SIR,—You will perhaps think the enclosed list of indulgences granted by our Holy Father on the 23d of November last, in honour of St. Winefride, sufficiently interesting for insertion in your journal. Their publication will no doubt increase the devotion of her clients, and give them fresh confidence in her intercession. It may also induce some to testify their devotion and gratitude by uniting with those who are endeavouring to erect a statue in her honour, without which one of the indulgences cannot be gained; and I trust it may also obtain a few fervent prayers for this unhappy country.

1. A perpetual daily plenary indulgence, applicable to the souls in

purgatory, for all the faithful who, after confession and communion, shall visit the church of St. Winefride, Holywell, and pray there for the advancement of the Church in England, and especially in the Diocese of Shrewsbury.

2. An indulgence of 100 days, applicable to the souls in purgatory, for all the faithful who shall devoutly pray before the statue of the Saint in the above church for the conversion of the Diocese of Shrewsbury.

3. A plenary indulgence on the feast of St. Winefride (Nov. 3d), applicable to the souls in purgatory, for all the faithful of the Diocese of Shrewsbury who, after confession and communion, shall devoutly pray in some church or public oratory for the increase of the true religion in the Diocese.—Yours, &c. SACERDOS.

CATHOLIC LENDING-LIBRARIES.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

DEAR SIR,—In directing the attention of the Catholic public to the subject of “Parochial or Lending Libraries,” you have pointed out a means which, in efficient hands, may prove of very great benefit. We all know how much Dissenters and others avail themselves of such plans, and how much they do by the circulation of books and tracts among the poor; and I do hope that we shall be ourselves duly alive to the importance of both these instruments before long. Perhaps some of your readers who have had some practical experience on these matters may be induced to offer some suggestions that may be of use to those who are anxious to make a beginning.

It will be generally admitted, I presume, that more are now able to read than formerly, and that our schools are in a more favourable position than they ever were before. This indeed is our great boast now-a-days. But in giving to our people thus much knowledge, we have not done every thing; on the contrary, we have only made them sensible of a want which they otherwise had not known. We have raised their appetite, as it were, and it is our duty to furnish them with good wholesome food that so they may satisfy its cravings; if they cannot get this, like a hungry man, they will seize upon the first thing within their reach, and this may prove a deadly poison to them. For what is the general character of English literature at the present day? Some books are full of sneers against the holy mysteries of the Catholic faith; others make light of revealed truth altogether; and others, under every charm which language can give, instil that sad Pantheistic and Rational spirit, the rapid progress of which betokens, by too many signs, that storm which has swept over other countries, and which sooner or later will burst upon England. Books of this kind are only too easily procured, and have a ready sale: they are sold at a low price, and often in a periodical form; they find their way to stalls at fairs and stands at railway-stations, and to the shops which abound in the lower parts of our towns. Few people who have not seen it have any idea how much these kinds of books are read, and the injury they do. Sooner or later they will tell not only upon the minds of their readers, but through them upon the social and political condition of our country.

Now, how are we to guard against this sad evil? The answer is plain and simple. If people will read, we must furnish them with good

reading,—with books which will please as well as instruct. The price, however, of such books, and particularly of strictly Catholic works, is such as to place them beyond the ordinary reach of the poorer or even middle classes. They may be able now and then to spare a few shillings for a new book; but in time they will tire of this, and naturally wish to have something fresh. The only way to place a variety of books within their reach is by the establishment of a lending-library, when by subscribing a few pence they may have their wishes gratified.

Much good has already been done in many places by the establishment of such libraries,—in places, too, where at first there seemed but a poor hope of success. One priest told me that for some time he had only one subscriber for his library, and that he had attended almost alone for many Sunday evenings. But as the thing became more known, one subscriber dropped in after another; the number of members gradually increased; their subscriptions began to form a little capital, and fines now and then brought in a few pence; debts were paid, and new books were purchased, and got well thumbed; and in a few years the library kept itself. The funds were such as to enable them to procure almost every new work of interest which appeared. A taste for reading was thus created, and many found a comfort by their own fireside with a pleasant book, who otherwise might have sought to guile away their time in places where their morals and their pockets and their families might have suffered. This, I am sure, is only a sample of what has occurred in many places.

With a little spirit and perseverance, and constant supervision, it is not often that a library will fail to do good. Like every thing else, it will require to be looked after. At times, too, the interest of the members may flag; but new books coming in at reasonable intervals will tend to keep it alive. A few judicious regulations, the observance of which should be enforced by a small fine, will preserve the books from injury and loss, and at the same time augment the funds of the library.

With regard to the character of the books which should be placed in a parochial library, I think your remarks are good, and the selection you have made is excellent as far as it goes. Of course no book should be admitted without its having previously received the approbation of the priest. Besides works of a strictly religious kind, works of an imaginative and scientific character should also find a place on its shelves. In a town, especially a manufacturing town, it might be well to have some good work upon mechanics and other branches of natural philosophy; and in an agricultural district, books on farming, gardening, geology, natural history, &c. might be useful to the members. Works, too, of a topographical or local interest, if free from religious prejudices, would not be out of place. It is a pity that Catholics, living in the midst of so many associations of their ancient faith, should be as ignorant as they often are of the history of the old churches and ruined abbeys which cover the land. But unfortunately we have few, if any, Catholic works which treat of such subjects, and it is very seldom we can find a Protestant writer who is able to write upon them without shewing both his ignorance and his prejudice.

It is very desirable, I think, that wherever it is practicable a “reading-room” should be attached to the library, where one or two newspapers might be taken in, and also a few periodicals, which might interest and improve their readers. But this, of course, could be more easily carried out in a town than in the country.

It is a question, I believe, whether a library would be better sup-

ported by a regular annual subscription, or by a payment on taking out a book. Could a middle course be adopted? Thus: a person paying an annual subscription—not a very large one—might be entitled to borrow a book by paying a halfpenny or penny each time; but persons who are not annual subscribers should pay more. The first plan, however, is the one adopted in mechanics' institutes, and I do not know that we can improve upon them; for their system and regulations have been drawn up by men of large experience and business habits, and have been found to answer well in most cases. Indeed, I think institutions of this kind carried on in a strictly Catholic, and not in a mere worldly or scientific spirit, would be a very great boon to the Catholic body;—a place where, after the labours of the day were over, our Catholic youth might find a good library and reading-room; or a hall where they might hear good music, or listen to lectures, not on scientific subjects only, but on subjects bearing more directly on religion. F. Newman has shewn, in his own incomparable way, how all knowledge must be connected with religion, and what evils flow from considering them apart. Some one—a German author, if I remember rightly—has beautifully said, that if religion hold the torch of science, she will lead her followers to the fountains of eternal life; but if the dazzling lustre of science alone be their guide, it will prove to them an *ignis fatuus*, and sink them in the pit of perdition. It is to be desired that our people should be shewn how all science bears homage to religion; how the Church has ever been the nurse of true learning and of all the fine arts; how she has been the regenerator of man, and the promoter of his domestic and social happiness; how her monastic institutions have been the sources of blessings unnumbered; and how her Saints and Pontiffs—St. Thomas of Canterbury and St. Gregory VII. for example—have been great men and good, and not the men of cruelty and ambition which they are represented. As yet we have not books—for we can scarcely say that we have a literature of our own—which do this for us, and we are not likely all at once to obtain them. Meanwhile, might not much be done by a course of lectures in our towns during the winter season? It seems to me that if one or two *really good and clever* Catholics would devote their talents to subjects of this kind, the clergy in many places would be very glad to engage their services, and would not find it difficult to afford them proper remuneration.

Hoping that you will keep the subject of "Parochial Libraries" and "Lectures" before your readers, and looking to some of them for practical suggestions regarding their management, I remain, yours very truly,

Y. Miss. Ap.

Ecclesiastical Register.

[We think it worth while to mention that the first article in this Number of our Magazine was in type before the publication of the Synodical Letter that follows.—*Ed. R.*]

SYNODICAL LETTER

OF THE FATHERS ASSEMBLED IN PROVINCIAL COUNCIL
AT ST. MARY'S OSCOTT.

WE, the Archbishop and Bishops of the province of Westminster, in Provincial Synod assembled, to our dearly beloved brethren and children in Christ, the Clergy, secular and regular, and the Faithful under our jurisdiction; health and benediction in our Lord Christ Jesus.

A FEW months ago we separately solicited your prayers, and we enjoined public supplications, to obtain for ourselves the light and guidance of God's Holy Spirit in the Synod which had been convoked and appointed to be held by us on the 6th of July at St. Mary's College. It is now our more pleasing duty conjointly to address you before separating; to announce to you that Almighty God has graciously heard your prayers, and to claim from you a tribute of sincere and cordial thanksgiving to Him for his many mercies bestowed upon us. For although it would ill become us to speak with commendation of any thing that we have done, and, according to our Divine Master's commands, we must needs say, at the conclusion of our work, that "we are only unprofitable servants" (Luc. xvii. 10), yet we may not be silent and withhold from you a share in that joy and gratitude which fill our own hearts, because God has dealt kindly with us in these days, which we have cheerfully devoted to our highest duties. For to Him we attribute the peace and cheerfulness, the union and charity, which have made this our first Synod truly a meeting of brethren dwelling in unity (Ps. cxxxii.); to Him we owe the edifying assiduity and exactness with which all engaged in this holy work have discharged their allotted functions; to Him we refer the calm, the impartiality, and the prudence which have distinguished the deliberations and conclusions of the theologians invited to assist us; and if it shall please Him that there shall be found aught of wisdom or usefulness in the decisions to which *we* have come, not to us, but to Him and to his holy name be given all the glory (Ps. cxiii. 9): for on his promises we have relied, and to his light we have looked, and not to our own unworthiness, for being rightly led to conclude what might please Him best.

And surely, dearly beloved, it is no small token of the Divine favour, that after many ages, during which the synodical action of our holy Church has been here suspended, we should have been enabled so naturally and so easily, and with so much comfort and fruit, to re-assemble and accurately perform whatever has been prescribed for such solemn occasions, and proceed in peace and undisturbed calm till we brought our undertaking to its joyful conclusion.

Such mercies must not be passed by without their merited expression of gratitude; and we have therefore appointed the coming festival of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, Sunday the 15th of August next, for a day of general and solemn thanksgiving. On it, this our joint

Synodical Letter shall be read and published to our faithful people. In each church or chapel also there shall be performed an act of thanksgiving, either at the close of Mass, or at benediction in the evening. The *Te Deum*, with its versicles and prayers, will be sung (or recited where no music is ordinarily performed); and the prayer for thanksgiving will be inserted in every Mass under the same conclusion as the collect of the day.

We earnestly invite you all, dearly beloved, to join your hearts to ours in the warm and hearty discharge of this duty of gratitude and love; for we feel assured that you will agree with us in the conviction, that through this Synod great and lasting blessings have been bestowed upon the Catholic Church in this country, so soon as the decrees and provisions therein made shall be published and put in force. You are not ignorant that the acts of a provincial council have no authority, and therefore cannot be made public, nor can its decrees be enforced, until they shall have been submitted to the correction and judgment of the Holy Apostolic See, and so have received its confirmation. Until then whatever has been enacted necessarily remains suspended and secret; but we trust it will not be long before we may communicate it to you.

But in the mean time we wish to impart to you such fruit of our deliberations as does not come within the limits of this stricter law, and to address you upon various topics possessing a religious interest, which we think it timely and profitable to urge on your serious attention. They will thus come before you with that weight and authority which the united voices of all your pastors can bestow.

1. The first and paramount subject on which we desire to speak to you, as fathers conveying to their children the dearest wishes and interests of their hearts, is the Education of the Poor. On this topic you are yearly, and even more frequently, addressed by each of us; and it is difficult to add to the repeated and urgent appeals which are made to your consciences and your sympathies. But the more the subject is considered, the more its importance increases, and the more we feel it our duty to awaken your minds and hearts to its pressing claims.

The education of the poor has always been considered as one of the most important duties confided to the Church. But while in every age she has faithfully discharged her obligation, it is clear that the manner of doing so will vary with the circumstances of time and place. Where faith is undisturbed and morality unassailed, where the war of life has to be with the inward passions more than with the outward world, then the training of the child in the way whereon he has to walk is a simple task: the habit of divine faith gives a solid groundwork for the building which has to be raised, and simple instruction, line upon line, raises it up to the required measure without hindrance or opposition; the example of all around, the unanimity of their convictions, and the repetition of identical principles, co-operate with the early precepts, strengthen them, consolidate them, and help to keep unimpaired the foundation first laid. But where on every side aggression has to be encountered, where every stone that is added to the building is contested and has to be defended, where not only counteracting but destructive influences have to be resisted, where not merely the superstructure but the very foundation must be secured by endless precautions and multiplied safeguards,—the duty of attending to early education becomes complicated and difficult, and requires more serious thought, more time, more agencies, and more vigilance than at other times. And such is our case now. Except through a laborious education, we cannot guarantee to our little ones a single sound principle, one saving truth. From the

doctrine of the Blessed Trinity to the smallest precept of the Church, they are exposed, even in childhood, to hear all dogma and all practice assailed, ridiculed, reasoned against, blasphemed. Systems of education, made as tempting as possible by promises of greater learning or offers of present advantage, surround parents and their offspring; and too often the fatal bait is swallowed, and the religion of the child is sacrificed to an imaginary temporal welfare.

It is in the midst of this state that we have now to secure the education of our poor. If we wish to have a generation of Catholics to succeed the present one, we must educate it, or others will snatch it up before our eyes. If we determine to educate it, it must be with all the means and pains necessary to cope, first, with the efforts made to defeat our purpose, and then with the dangers and temptations that will beset those on whom we bestow this heavenly boon. In other words, our education must be up to the mark of modern demand, and yet it must be solid in faith and in piety.

The first necessity, therefore, is a sufficient provision of education, adequate to the wants of our poor. It must become universal. No congregation should be allowed to remain without its schools, one for each sex. Where the poverty of the people is extreme, we earnestly exhort you, beloved children, whom God has blessed with riches, especially you who, from position, are the natural patrons of those around you, to take upon yourselves lovingly this burden of providing, if possible, permanently for the education of your destitute neighbours. Do not rest until you see this want supplied; prefer the establishment of good schools to every other work. Indeed, wherever there may seem to be an opening for a new mission, we should prefer the erection of a school, so arranged as to serve temporarily for a chapel, to that of a church without one. For the building raised of living and chosen stones (1 Pet. ii. 5), the spiritual sanctuary of the Church, is of far greater importance than the temple made with hands; and it is the good school that secures the virtuous and edifying congregation.

2. We have said that our education must be up to the mark of modern demands; in other words, we must take advantage of the means afforded us to render the *secular* part of our education as effective as that which others offer. The great bribe which the age holds out to our children in exchange for the surrender of their faith is a greater amount of worldly knowledge. This, it is true, is but a snare, such a one as deceived and ruined our first parents in Paradise;* and it is our duty ever to cry aloud, and warn foolish parents that not all the wisdom of Solomon, even if it brought with it the wealth of the whole world, would compensate their children for the loss of their souls. But this will not suffice. We must remove the temptation as far as possible from human frailty; we must not even leave an excuse to lukewarmness. Make your schools equal in every respect to those which are opened to allure away our children; avail yourselves of every encouragement and every improvement which tends to raise the standard of your education; and let there be no pretence tenable for sending Catholic children elsewhere.

In effecting these most useful purposes, and procuring means for encouraging a high order of education, as well as extensively diffusing its blessings, we consider that the Institution established by us, and known as the "Poor-School Committee," has been eminently useful, and deserves our public approbation and our joint recommendation. Composed as it is of priests and laymen selected from all our dioceses, it has

* "You shall be as gods, knowing good and evil."—Gen. iii. 5.

attended to their several interests with fidelity and impartiality ; and it has been the instrument for obtaining assistance and means for education, which without its co-operation would not have reached us. Through it the character of our poor-school teaching has been signally raised ; and the erection of normal and training schools, which we now owe to its exertions and zeal, promises to secure on a stable basis the future enjoyment of this blessing. We therefore exhort and urge you to support this excellent Institution by your liberal contributions, by your hearty co-operation, and by your friendly encouragement.

3. But while we thus wish to promote a secular instruction equal to what others offer, we consider sound faith, virtue, and piety by far the most important elements of education ; and these, as we have already declared to you, we are the most anxious to secure and to promote. We cannot, of course, conceal from ourselves that the encouragement which the state or the policy of the age gives to education has a tendency to increase the importance of worldly knowledge, if not to the disparagement, at least to the consequent depreciation of religious learning. The inspection, the rewards, the honours derived from the state are strictly limited to proficiency in the former class of instruction ; and the youthful mind is easily led by its own ardour to pursue what obtains public approbation and reward, to the neglect of less prized but far more important acquirements. It is our duty to find a counterpoise for this undue preponderance ; and after mature deliberation we have gladly adopted for this purpose the excellent suggestions made to us in Synod by the Poor-School Committee through its worthy chairman. We propose, therefore, to appoint in our respective dioceses ecclesiastical inspectors of schools, whose duty it will be to examine the scholars in the religious portion of their education, to grant certificates and award prizes for proficiency in it ; and so give any one who aspires to be a teacher of Catholic children the means of proving himself morally fitted for the office, and prevent the unworthy from obtaining so serious a trust. This plan, the utility of which must at first sight be obvious, will entail additional expense and increase the demands on the funds of the Poor-School Committee ; but we rely on your sense of its vital importance for redoubled exertions and augmented resources to meet this new exigency.

4. While we thus turn our most serious thoughts towards the education in sound faith and virtuous morals of our poorest children, who are most exposed to the evil arts and temptations of enemies, we cannot overlook the wants of other classes no less dear to us. Where there is a sufficient Catholic population to warrant it, we earnestly recommend the establishment of a middle school, as it is called, in which a good commercial and general education shall be given to the children of families in a better worldly position. At present the youth of this class aspiring to a higher standard of instruction, and for obvious reasons unable to attend the gratuitous or poor-school, are generally sent to day-schools where religious education is out of the question, and where often their faith is exposed to serious trials. The experiment of establishing such a school as we allude to has succeeded in several towns ; and we beg both clergy and laity to extend this great blessing wherever they see a reasonable prospect of success.

5. We cannot leave the subject of education without alluding to the noble effort that is being made by our venerable and beloved brethren the Bishops of Ireland for the establishment of a Catholic University. Acting under the directions and with the approbation of the Holy See, seconded by the co-operation of their clergy and their flocks, encouraged

by the contributions of both hemispheres, these zealous prelates are aiming higher than we can dare—at the providing of an unmixed education of the very highest order. From our hearts we wish them success, and we are glad of this opportunity to testify to them our warmest sympathy. What we have hitherto done we will continue to do—recommend the undertaking to the charity and liberality of our faithful people. Should such an institution grow up so near us, its advantages to us will be incalculable. We shall see open to future generations the means of a liberal, scientific, and professional education, united with solid religious instruction, a blessing denied to the present; and we may see revived what formed the pride of Ireland in early ages of Christianity, multitudes who loved heavenly as well as earthly wisdom sailing to her from distant shores to obtain the still undivided treasure at her hands.

6. You will see by all that we have addressed to you how solicitous we are about the preservation of the faith committed to our charge. It is no wonder that we should be so. While this is the groundwork of all piety and of our salvation, though without it we cannot possibly please God (Heb. xi. 6), it has become less and less an object of care or of esteem to others. The innumerable contradictions of doctrine which have long prevailed in every system out of the Catholic Church, fretting and clashing together, have worn themselves down into a smooth apathy; and the simplest hypothesis for getting rid of the scandal of contention about sublimest truths has been adopted—that they are matters of indifference. Hence the attachment of the Catholic to specific truths, and his jealousy of change in matters of religion, are derided as narrow-minded and illiberal; and the very characteristic which St. Leo gave to the worship of Pagan Rome is now popularly attributed to genuine Christianity, that it is truly religious in proportion as it opens wider its arms to embrace and comprehend more conflicting errors.* The age is one which rejects all strict dogmatism, and its spirit is the enemy of faith. It is difficult to be in contact with it and not feel its influence. Its reasonings, its disdain, its jeers, its very blasphemies, become familiar, and cease to inspire horror; the sacredness of what is habitually assailed remains less vividly impressed on the mind; and many who would die for their religion in general and its truth do not feel so keenly about particular doctrines, each of which is absolutely necessary to form the whole faith of the Church, not one of which can be impugned or given up without destroying the entire structure of truth. Wherefore, dearly beloved, we earnestly exhort you, as the apostle found it necessary to do the first Christians, exposed as they were to the same dangers, “to watch, stand fast in the faith, do manfully, and be strengthened” (1 Cor. xvi. 13). “Let no man deceive you with vain,” that is specious “words” (Ephes. v. 6). Follow not your own opinions, nor those of other men; but remain steadfast in the teaching of God’s Church, keeping the very form of sound words which she delivers to you (Jac. ii. 17), and not reputed any thing light or unimportant which she communicates. Above all things prize the great blessing of unity, which is so distinguishing a mark of God’s Church. Let there be no contentions, no dissensions found among you (1 Tim. iv. 8). Hear the voice of your pastors, who in their turn are careful to preserve themselves in the unity of the spirit (2 Cor. ix. 7), adhering closely to the Chair of Peter, wherein sits the inheritor of his jurisdiction and

* “Et magnam sibi videbatur assumpsisse religionem, quia nullam respuebat falsitatem.”—*In Natali SS. Apostolorum.*

supremacy, holding the keys of Christ's kingdom, and the staff of pastoral jurisdiction over all the sheep of his one fold.

7. But faith must be rooted in charity, and quickened by good works (Phil. iv. 8), to be available unto salvation. And, therefore, we exhort you to all piety, and the faithful discharge of all your duties. For "godliness is profitable to all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come" (2 Tim. i. 13). In proportion as the times are evil, increase your own fidelity to the religious observances of the Church. He who frequently prays to God, who, if possible, daily attends at the Adorable Sacrifice, purges at short intervals his conscience from stains by the Sacrament of Penance, and often devoutly receives the Source of Life in the most Blessed Eucharist, will not easily feel his faith weakened. Perform then these duties with cheerful fervour, "not with sadness or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver" (Rom. xiii. 13). Towards the most Holy Sacrament we warmly entreat you to entertain the most tender devotion; promote its honour, its solemn adoration, its silent worship, its frequent reception. In the ever Blessed and Immaculate Mother of God we earnestly exhort you to feel a filial confidence, which is the fruit of love towards her Divine Son, and will make you have daily recourse to her patronage and intercession. Love the glory of God's house and the majesty of his worship, and minister to them generously according to your means. Love the poor of Jesus Christ, his dearest disciples, and assist them charitably, especially by supporting such institutions as secure their spiritual together with their temporal welfare. Edify all around you by the blamelessness of your lives, the Christian order of your families, and the virtues suited to your condition. "For the rest, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever just, whatsoever holy, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good fame, if there be any virtue, if any praise of discipline, think of these things" (Ephes. iv. 3).

But you are exposed to trials of another sort, in which it is likewise our duty to direct you. Dearly beloved, we need not recal to your minds the many and various ways in which your faith, your morals, your pastors, your holiest institutions, your Church, in fine, and your religion have been lately assailed. We need not trace the progress of injury from words to deeds, nor shew the ripening of ill-judged expressions into destruction of property, shedding of blood, and desecration of what is most holy. And you know, too, that many persons around you would not hesitate to proceed to greater lengths, were it permitted them. Now under these circumstances your line of duty is clear, and we must not refuse to point it out to you.

First then, we exhort you not to be deterred by evil threats, nor by such injuries, from the free, the manly, and the Christian discharge of your duties, and the lawful defence of your rights as citizens. Exercise the prerogatives which belong to you in an honourable and generous spirit. Shrink not from any obligation imposed upon you by your state of life. If in the senate, or among the representatives of the people, or a magistrate, or holding any office of trust or honour, or a simple citizen, remember that your rights are the same as those of other persons similarly situated; and allow no one to daunt you, or drive you from the fearless, peaceful, and dispassionate performance of the duties which ever accompany a privilege.

But, in the next place, we still more strongly exhort you to patience, to long-suffering, to meekness, to the uttering only of the blameless word, that "he who is on the contrary part may be afraid, having nothing evil to say of us" (Tit. ii. 1). Let nothing however bitter that

may be said, however unjust that may be threatened, rouse you to anger, or provoke intemperance of speech. Let no amount even of actual injury excite you to revenge or to the desire of it. You particularly among our poor children who have felt more sorely than others the violence inflicted on yourselves or your neighbours, through religious animosity, we most earnestly and affectionately entreat to put away all angry, unkind, and uncharitable thoughts. Be followers of Him who "when He was reviled did not revile, and when he suffered, threatened not" (1 Pet. ii. 23). "Be not overcome by evil, but overcome evil with good" (Rom. xii. 21). Look to the justice of the laws for protection from oppression and insults, and not to any unlawful combinations or exercise of your own strength. Remember that even should justice be refused you here, God hath prepared a reward hereafter for the patient sufferer, that will amply compensate him for the light and momentary tribulations of this life (Rom. viii. 18). Hear then in this, as in higher things, the voices of your Pastors and Fathers in God most lovingly reminding you, "that tribulation worketh patience, and patience trial, and trial hope; and hope confoundeth not" (Rom. v. 3). Thus will your present trials only advance you in perfection, and through the Cross and Passion of our Blessed Lord unite you closer to Him, and make you inheritors of his promises.

9. One, and only one, revenge can we permit you, that of praying for all who afflict, or persecute, or hate you. Beg of God to turn their hearts to charity and peace, and bring them to the knowledge and love of his blessed truth. But not for them only must you pray, but for all who are not partakers of the same light and grace as have been vouchsafed to you. You have heard of the great charity with which God has inspired your brethren of other nations, of praying for the return of your beloved country to the unity of the faith. We surely will not be behind them in our zeal and love, where the motives, the interests, and the rewards of these virtues are so peculiarly our own. Pray then daily, though it be but by one short *Hail Mary*, for the return of your fellow-countrymen to the one Fold of Christ; that we may all be one, even as He and his Father are one.

And may the Father of Mercies and God of all consolation pour out abundantly upon you every blessing; strengthening you to every good work, and perfecting you in all virtue and holiness, unto the day of our Lord Jesus Christ (Philip. i. 6), who, with Him and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth for ever and ever.

Given at St. Mary's College, Oscott, this seventeenth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two.

Signed by all the Fathers or their Procurators.

R. BAGNALL,	}	<i>Secs. of the Provincial Synod.</i>
A. GOSS,		
W. CLIFFORD,		

The Rambler.

PART LVIII.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF DEVOTIONS TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT. No. VIII. Miracles wrought in the Holy Eucharist	255
KATE GEAREY; OR, IRISH LIFE IN LONDON—(<i>conclusion</i>)	263
REVIEWS. — THE PENAL LAWS UNDER QUEEN ELIZABETH. The Clifton Tracts, Nos. 40 and 47	290
MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE SARDINIANS. Dei Costumi dell' Isola di Sardegna comparati cogli antichissimi Popoli Orientali. Per Antonio Bresciani	306
A BLUE-STOCKING IN THE BUSH. Roughing it in the Bush; or, Life in Canada. By Susanna Moodie	322
SHORT NOTICES.—Oratorian Lives of the Saints; St. Jane Frances de Chantal, St. Rose of Viterbo, and Blessed Mary of Oignies—Thiersch's History of the Christian Church, translated from the German by Thomas Carlyle, of the Scottish Bar.—Extracts from the Reports of H. M. Inspectors of Schools.—Manning's Sermon, The Love of Jesus our Law.—A concise History of the Cistercian Order.—Formby's Collection of Amusing Rounds and Catches	336
CORRESPONDENCE.—Prize Music: Musical Accentuation of the Latin Language	338

To Correspondents.

Correspondents who require answers in private are requested to send their complete address, a precaution not always observed.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

All communications must be *postpaid*. Communications respecting *Advertisements* must be addressed to the publishers, Messrs. BURNS and LAMBERT; but communications intended for the Editor himself should be addressed to the care of Mr. READER, 9 Park Street, Bristol.

The Rambler,

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

VOL. X.

OCTOBER 1852.

PART LVIII.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF DEVOTIONS TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

VIII.—*Miracles wrought in the Holy Eucharist.*

WE believe, and are confidently assured by faith, that in the holy Sacrament of the altar the substances of bread and wine are, by the words of consecration, changed into the substance of the Body and Blood of Christ. Yet we know also by the testimony of our own senses, that the qualities—or *accidents*, as they are called—of bread and wine remain, though their substances remain not; we can touch and handle them—we can see their form and colour—we recognise the presence of all their other sensible qualities. So that the Catholic faith is this, that whereas the qualities of bread and of wine are present, their substance is absent; whilst contrariwise, that of flesh and blood the substance is present, though their qualities are absent. This is the Catholic doctrine which the Church has ever taught; nevertheless the lamp of Christian faith does not always burn with the same steadfast brilliance, and there are moments in which many a faithful disciple might best express the secret feelings of his soul in those words of the anxious and sorrowing parent, "Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief." And the Son of God, mercifully condescending to our weakness, has sometimes vouchsafed to send an answer to this prayer in a most unlooked-for manner, even calling in the evidence of our senses to revive our feeble faith, and manifesting the truth of His unerring words to our touch and to our sight.

This is no vague indeterminate tradition, living in the memory of a few ardent and imaginative minds, or loosely stated by writers of little credit and authority; but on the contrary, it is a most certain truth, both witnessed by multitudes at the first, and recorded in the most authentic documents, and transmitted to the memory of succeeding generations,

either by churches or chapels built expressly for this purpose, that they might be lasting memorials of what had happened, or by the celebration of annual festivals instituted to the same end. "No one who has ever read the lives and histories of the saints," says Paschasius Radbertus,* a monk of the monastery of Corbie in France in the ninth century, "can be ignorant that the mysterious sacrament of the body and blood of Christ has been often visibly manifested, either under the form of a lamb, or with the colour of flesh and blood; either as a reward to some more ardent lovers of their Saviour, or else to strengthen the doubtful, and mercifully to reassure those who as yet do not believe. When the host has been broken or offered in communion, a lamb has sometimes been seen in the hands of the priest, and blood has been seen to flow into the chalice as from a sacrifice; so that what is ordinarily hidden under a mystery has been made manifest to the doubtful by a miracle. For the mercy of God has vouchsafed this, as we have said, both to some who already believed, and also to others who were in doubt, that they too might have confidence concerning the truth, and every where partake in the same faith concerning the grace of Christ. Because of the hardness of our hearts, God has been pleased to grant this to a few, that all may be satisfied, and none may ever again doubt of these things. But since I have said that this manifestation has often been made to persons remarkable for their love of Christ, I will mention one instance out of many." And then he goes on to mention as his first example a priest of this country, whose history *we* too cannot do better than repeat by way of introduction to other histories of the same kind which are to form the subject of this chapter. He tells us, then, of one Plegilus, a very religious priest who used constantly to say Mass at the tomb of St. Ninian, Bishop and Confessor, whose relics were venerated, until the so-called Reformation, in the church of Whithern in Galloway.† This priest led by God's help a very holy life, and he used often to entreat the all-powerful God to give him some manifestation of the nature of Christ's body and blood; and this he did not from any want of faith, as is too commonly the case, but from a feeling of love and piety, and because he had a longing desire to see Christ, whom no man on earth can see in the glory in which He is ascended up on high above the stars. One day, therefore, as he was celebrating Mass, he was saying this his usual prayer on bended knees: "Reveal to me, O God, un-

* Lib. de Corp. et Sang. Christ. c. 40, apud Garethium Lovan. de verâ præsentia, &c. class vi. § 16.

† Butler's Lives of the Saints, Sept. 16.

worthy as I am, something of the nature of Christ's body in this mystery, that I may behold Him here present with my bodily eyes, and may handle with my hands that infantine form which his Mother once bore upon her bosom." Presently an angel from heaven came to him and said, "Arise quickly, if you desire to see Him clothed in that body which his most holy Mother bore." Then the venerable priest lifted up his eyes with trembling, and saw upon the altar that child whom Simeon once had the privilege of carrying in his arms. And the angel bade him stretch forth his hand and take *Him* whom heretofore He had consecrated with mysterious words under the semblance of bread; and the priest did so, and took the Child into his trembling arms, and embraced Him, and gave kisses to his God, and pressed his lips against the lips of Christ. When he had done this, he replaced the Child again upon the altar, and prayed that He would deign to return to his former outward appearance, which was immediately done. "Wonderful dispensation of God's providence," concludes the narrator of this history, "that He should have vouchsafed for the desire of one man to make Himself visible, not in the form of a lamb, as He has sometimes appeared to others, but in the form of a child, that so the truth might be made manifest, the desire of the priest be miraculously satisfied, and our faith be confirmed by the relation of it. Nevertheless, it is worth observing, that we do not read that he received in communion the body and blood of this child until they had first returned to their former outward appearance."

In this instance, then, the sight of the miraculous and repeated change was conceded in answer to the prayer of faith, and as a reward of exceeding love; though, as St. Gregory somewhere says, "the merit of faith is thus taken away, if there be sensible experience of that which we are required to believe;" since here surely, as in all other mysteries of the Christian faith, that saying is true, "Blessed are they that have not seen and have believed." Our next example shall be of another kind; that is, the same change, but manifested for a different end, in order to confirm the faith of one who was giving way to the temptations of doubt.

"How shall any Christian," asks Archbishop Guitmund in the eleventh century,* "how shall any Christian presume to call in question the life of the blessed Gregory the Great, which has been published to the world with the attestation of all Rome, and which so many saintly and learned Pontiffs have ever approved, and against which no dissentient voice has

* De Smto. l. iii. G. Aversanus, Magn. Bibl. Vet. Pat. tom. vi. p. 254, Paris, 1644.

ever yet been heard?" In this life we read, that as St. Gregory was once distributing the holy communion to the faithful, he observed on the face of a noble lady amongst them an irreverent and contemptuous smile; immediately replacing the host upon the altar, he concluded the Mass, and then inquired into the cause of what he had seen. She confessed that she had laughed in a spirit of mockery and unbelief at hearing him declare *that* to be the body of Christ which she had made and offered with her own hands and knew to be only bread; that he should have used a form of very solemn words, and attributed to it a supernatural and even a divine power, saying, "The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve thy soul." Upon this, the saintly Pontiff desired the bystanders to unite with him in earnest supplications to God that He would vouchsafe to deliver her from these evil thoughts, and to confirm her in the true faith; and after some minutes spent in prayer, he turned again to the people, and exhibited to them the host as very flesh indeed, staining the corporal with its blood. But now, no longer doubting concerning the doctrine, the lady shrank from the act of partaking of that which she saw and knew to be in very truth the real body and blood of her crucified Redeemer, until, in answer to renewed prayers, the host once more returned to its former condition, and so she communicated. Thus was it verified by the testimony of actual experience, what has been affirmed by many doctors of the Church, namely, that the real nature of the blessed Sacrament is hidden from our bodily senses out of condescension to our weakness. "Because we are weak and could not have borne to eat raw flesh, and especially the flesh of man, therefore it appears to us bread, though in reality it is flesh." "The outward appearance and certain other qualities of the bread and wine are preserved," says our own Archbishop Lanfranc,* "lest we should be terrified at seeing what is raw and full of blood."

The same miracle is recorded in the old English chronicles as having been vouchsafed both to St. Odo, Archbishop of Canterbury, and St. Oswald, Archbishop of York, who lived at the same time, namely, in the latter end of the tenth century,—and it was vouchsafed to both of them for the same reason; not for their own sakes, but for the sake of others who were assisting at their Mass, and whose faith was wavering. St. Peter Damian, who lived a century later, tells us that he himself heard the Bishop of Amalfi (a town on the sea-coast in the kingdom of Naples) testify upon oath to Pope Stephen IX., that on one occasion, when he was assailed with doubts and

* Lib. de Euch Sac. c. 18.

temptations about the Catholic faith, just as he was in the act of breaking the host in the middle of the Mass, immediately the host became as a piece of flesh in his hands, and his fingers were stained with blood. Another instance of the same kind led, as we have seen, to the institution of the feast of Corpus Christi; and, indeed, we may truly say that the annals of ecclesiastical history quite abound with them. Sometimes, as Paschasius says, as a reward of faith, sometimes to confirm it; sometimes also to deter persons who were about to make, or were already in the act of making an unworthy communion: as, for instance, in the case of one at Middleburg in Zeeland in the year 1374, who was making his Easter communion only to escape the censures of the Church, without any inward preparation or any resolution of amendment; the host was changed into flesh in his very mouth, so that he could not swallow it. It was removed therefore from off his tongue, and preserved with reverence at the high altar, from whence it was afterwards taken to the church of the Augustinians at Louvain; and there it still remained three hundred years afterwards, and many miracles were continually performed through its means.

Nor is this at all a singular instance of hosts of this kind having been preserved for many centuries, and being the instruments of many miracles, as we shall presently have occasion to mention. First, however, we would notice a very remarkable circumstance connected with these sensible manifestations of the miraculous nature of the blessed Sacrament, and of its being really flesh and blood, though in outward seeming it be not so; namely, that they have been almost more frequently accorded to blaspheming Jews than to doubting or sacrilegious Christians.

There was a curious tradition afloat in certain parts of the ancient Church, and mentioned by some of the early commentators on Holy Scripture, that at the last supper the traitor Judas did not consume that portion of the holy Eucharist which had been given to him in common with the rest of the Apostles, but that he concealed and afterwards exhibited it to the Jews, telling them in derision how his Master had declared that this was his own body, and that it would confer on those who partook of it the gift of eternal life; and that it was for this reason, they say, that Jesus, wishing once more to give the miserable traitor an indication of his intimate knowledge of all his most secret thoughts and acts, added that word as He gave them the chalice, "Drink ye *all* of this." But however this may be, the testimony of history makes it certain that from the very earliest times, the Jews (*genus hominum cala-*

mitosissimum, as they have been well described with reference to this subject),* who had stumbled so fatally at the lowly guise in which the Redeemer came when He was born of the Blessed Virgin and expired on the Cross, scoffed yet more loudly at that inconceivably more humble form wherein He now dwells among the children of men in this sacrament; that they continually manifested an especial curiosity to see and to hear concerning it; that they spread abroad the most false and malicious reports about it; and finally, that they loaded it with the most ignominious injuries whenever they had the opportunity, and that whilst so doing, they were again and again the unwilling witnesses of its true but hidden nature. St. Amphilochius, in his life of St. Basil, tells us of a Jew who had contrived to gain admission into the church where that bishop was celebrating Mass on Easter-day, and who saw, as he believed, a beautiful child offered upon the altar; presently he drew near to partake of the sacrifice, as though he had been of the number of the faithful, and he seemed to receive into his hands a portion of real flesh, which he took with him to his home; after much consideration, he determined on seeking instruction in the Christian mysteries, and finally embraced the Catholic faith. In later times, when it was impossible for them to approach the holy altar themselves, they procured the assistance of Christians, over whom they chanced to have power, for the accomplishment of their sacrilegious purposes; such as servants of their own household, or persons whose poverty had obliged them to borrow or to pledge their goods to these usurious money-lenders, and then, rather than undergo the shame or the miseries of privation, did not hesitate to give the sacred host into the hands of these wicked wretches. And in almost all instances the sacrilege was discovered by means of the fame of certain prodigies which were wrought, and which could not be concealed from the knowledge of the neighbourhood. The host was pierced again and again in bitter hatred against the very name of Christ, and blood flowed copiously at every wound, as happened at Brussels in the year 1379, where the hosts themselves were preserved, and the event commemorated by a yearly festival, from generation to generation: it was divided with a knife, and the edges dropped with blood; it was cast into the fire, and the flames were extinguished by the blood, as happened in Paris on Easter-day, A.D. 1290, where the house in which it took place was converted into a chapel three or four years afterwards, and the event received a yearly commemoration on the Sunday after Easter.† The same thing had happened at

* Bredenbach Sac. Collat. i. 51.

† Spond. Ann. Eccl. ad A.D. 1290.

Lanciano, on the eastern coast of Italy, not twenty years before; and there too the house was changed into a chapel, which was visited with much devotion even so late as the last century.* Every where there was some token more or less wonderful of its divinity; and every where, or almost every where, were those tokens rejected. Sometimes, indeed, of those who only heard rumours of the miracle, and had had no share in the crime which was the occasion of it, a few, being convinced of their errors, were admitted into the Catholic Church; but for the most part, those who had themselves perpetrated the abominable and sacrilegious enormities were thereby rendered yet more blind and incensed with still greater fury; indeed, it often happened that they were put to death by the Christians for these very crimes.

There is extant, however, a letter of Pope Innocent III. dated in the sixteenth year of his pontificate, that is, early in the thirteenth century, and addressed to the Archbishop of Sens,† commending to his especial care a Jewish family of his diocese, that had been converted by a miracle of a somewhat different kind, which is worth mentioning. A maid-servant, who had acquired a secret disbelief of the Christian faith, from long habituation to the arguments and blasphemies of the Jews with whom she lived, yet feared to make an open confession of her apostacy, and in order to screen herself from suspicion, did not hesitate to receive the holy Sacrament of the altar during the paschal festival. Still she dared not, or she did not choose, to consume what was given her; but concealing it in her mouth, presently left the church, and took it to her master, saying, "Look! here is my Saviour, as the Christians call him." The Jew, delighted to have such a treasure in his possession, went immediately to deposit it in a small empty box which was lying in a chest close by; but being interrupted by a knock at the door, hastily threw it aside into a box of money which chanced to be nearest at hand. Returning a few minutes afterwards, he could find nothing in the box but only more hosts, such as the one he had received from his servant, and as many in number as there had been pieces of money. Vexed at this loss, he thought that if he could but remove the original host, the rest might perhaps be restored into money again; but he looked in vain for any mark of difference between them: he had thought to distinguish it by the moisture which he had noticed on its surface; but this was now gone, and they were all perfectly alike. What effect these things had upon himself, we do not know;

* Ughelli, *Italia Sacra*, in loc.

† *Epist. Rom. Pontif. lib. xvi. ep. 84*: ed. Baluz. Paris, 1682.

but his son, who happened to be present, was so much struck by them, that he determined to lose no time in examining the evidences of Christianity, and to embrace it if he should be satisfied of its authority. For this purpose he committed his wife and family to the care of some of his Christian neighbours, and then journeyed to Rome, as to the most authentic and trustworthy depository of Christian knowledge. Here he was duly instructed and received by the Cardinal Bishop of Frascati; and the Pope being much interested in his history, gave him this letter of recommendation on his return to Sens, begging the Archbishop to look to his temporal concerns, so that his conversion might not involve him in circumstances of distress, such as to endanger his perseverance in the faith.

We have already said that hosts in which miracles of this kind had been manifested were very commonly preserved in the churches where they had been consecrated, or even sent as a precious gift to some other church; and that miraculous cures of different kinds were not unfrequently wrought by them. The instances of this are far too numerous to be reckoned up in these pages, but we must not omit two or three of the most famous and best authenticated. In the year 1597, some Moors stole the silver pyx, containing several consecrated hosts, from one of the churches in a town of New Castile, in Spain. The hosts themselves these sacrilegious thieves were going to throw away as worthless; but one of their number, who was an apostate Christian, or at least was born of Christian parents, was not so hardened in sin but that he desired to rescue them from this profane treatment, and took an opportunity therefore, not long afterwards, to have them restored to one of the Jesuit fathers in the college which they then had in that town. This father, acting upon the advice of the celebrated theologian Vasquez, who was a professor in the same college, placed the hosts in a damp place where they might soon corrupt; for they misdoubted the information they had received, and thought it most probable that the hosts had been prepared with some poisonous ingredients by the perfidious Moors. At the end of a few days Father Suarez (not *the* Suarez, but one of the same family) returned and found them not only uncorrupted, but shining with a very remarkable brightness. He guessed at once that this was a miraculous manifestation of their sacred character; nevertheless he judged it prudent to make a still further experiment, by putting in the same place a number of hosts that had not been consecrated. By and by these unconsecrated hosts were found to be entirely putrefied, whilst the others were perfectly sound,

and still retained the same extraordinary brightness. The experiment was repeated with the same result; whereupon the matter was brought before the theological and philosophical academy of the place, and by their advice it was referred to the dean and chapter of Toledo. Finally it was determined that they could only be truly consecrated hosts, and that they should be exposed to public veneration in the church of the Jesuits whither they had been first brought; and there they were still preserved, and illustrated with many miracles, sixty years afterwards, when the learned Petrasancta published the work* from which we have taken this account of them.

Another miraculous host, which had been seen to have all the qualities of flesh by the whole congregation assembled in the church of the monastery of the Holy Cross in Augsburg, on the 11th of May, 1199,† and which, moreover, visibly increased in size until the following feast of St. John the Baptist, was reserved for centuries, and many wonderful miracles were wrought by it, such as casting out devils, healing the sick and the lame, opening the eyes of the blind and the ears of the deaf, and loosing the tongue of the dumb. Some of these miracles were juridically examined and approved, and a *Te Deum* was appointed to be sung as a public act of thanksgiving for them. Even as late as the year 1611, the Princess Maximiliana, sister of William Duke of Bohemia, being very lame and otherwise infirm, was carried to the said monastery by her servants; and having made a vow before this host, she returned on foot and without help, having been made perfectly whole. A similar host was preserved in the sixteenth century in the church of St. Ambrose at Florence, memorial of a miracle which had happened in the year 1230; and another still remained in the middle of the seventeenth century in the Chapel Royal at Dijon,‡ having been originally presented by Pope Eugenius IV. to Philip Duke of Burgundy in the year 1433. But, in truth, the time would fail us, should we attempt to enumerate even those which have attained the greatest celebrity, still less all that are recorded in history: the few that have been mentioned will suffice. It is more to our purpose to observe, what was not spoken of indeed by Pelbartus in the passage with which we prefaced these histories, though the first example which he gives was itself an instance of it, namely, that our Blessed Lord has sometimes declared His presence in the holy Eucharist by appearing in the form of an infant. In fact, it would almost seem that this had been the most common

* *Thaumasia Veræ Religionis*, tom. iii. cap. 2.

† *Bzovius*, *Annales*, tom. xiii. ad ann. § 43.

‡ *Sauvegarde du Ciel pour la Ville de Dijon*, par P. Boulier, 1643.

form of His appearance, as certainly it is a most touching and appropriate one.

It was the practice in the Eastern Church—and modern travellers assure us that it is so still—to represent the holy Eucharist, not as a host lying on a paten, but as a little child lying on a dish. This picture is to be seen very frequently painted on the wall above their altars; and in the Latin Church too, the words, “*Parvulus natus est nobis*,”* were not uncommonly inscribed round the edge of the paten, with a similar mystical allusion. This naturally reminds us also of the wicked calumny which was believed concerning the first Christians by their Pagan neighbours, and which manifestly had reference to their celebration of the eucharistic feast; namely, that they were in the habit of meeting together on certain occasions to partake of the flesh and blood of a young child whom they had previously put to death by means of innumerable piercings of its tender body. How this notion first got abroad among the heathen, we are not pretending to inquire; but its coincidence with the miraculous appearances which we are about to mention is certainly not a little remarkable. The history of the Jew recorded by St. Amphilochius in his life of St. Basil has been already spoken of; and St. Arsenius† tells us of one of the fathers of the desert, towards the end of the fourth century, who being in doubt about the true doctrine of the Church upon this sacrament, went to Mass with two others who had been trying to instruct him; and that there they all saw a little child lying upon the altar, with an angel from heaven standing by its side, holding a knife ready to sacrifice it; that this was actually done at the moment when the priest was seen to break the host; and that the hermit whose faith had been doubtful partook of the sacrifice. A similar vision is said to have been vouchsafed to St. Hugh of Lincoln again and again; as also to St. Edward the Confessor;‡ and the story of St. Louis is known to all: how that in the Royal Chapel at Paris, in the year 1258, when a priest was elevating the host for the adoration of the people, the whole congregation were amazed at beholding a most beautiful child borne aloft in his hands; those who stood nearest to him begged that he would prolong the elevation until the king could be summoned to witness so wonderful and edifying a sight; but when the saintly monarch heard of it, he answered, in words worthy of perpetual remembrance, “Go rather and tell it those who do not believe; for myself, I have no need of the

* Isaias ix. 6.

† Vit. SS. Pat. apud Garet. ubi supra.

‡ Ailred. Abb. Rievall. p. 389, Cronicon J. Bromton, p. 949, apud Hist. Angl. Script. London, 1652.

evidence of my senses, because the faith is already written in my heart." Perhaps the most valuable instance, however, because narrated to us by one who was himself an eye-witness of what he relates, is that of a host in the church of St. Amatus, in Douay, in the thirteenth century. This host had accidentally fallen from the hands of the priest whilst he was communicating the people at Easter: he stooped to pick it up; but lo! it was borne aloft without any visible hands, and reposed on the purificatory which lay upon the altar. The exclamations of the priest bring the other canons to the spot, and all behold in the host the engaging sight of a lovely innocent child; the people see it also: at least, this is the appearance which it presents to the great majority of them; some, however, see in the same host a face of awful majesty, as of an offended judge; and others, again, the moving spectacle of their bleeding Saviour hanging upon the cross. Dr. Thomas Desey, or, as he is more commonly known (from the monastery to which he belonged), Thomas Cantipratanus, afterwards Bishop of Cambrai, was living at this time somewhere in the neighbourhood of Douay; and although he was not present at the first moment when the miracle happened, yet within a few days afterwards, whilst yet the host continued to exhibit these remarkable appearances, he went to the dean of the church of St. Amatus, who happened to be an intimate friend of his, and asked to be allowed to see it.* The dean opened the door of the tabernacle, and uncovered the pyx in which the host had been placed; and immediately the people about him, he tells us, were lost in astonishment at the sight which presented itself, and exclaimed, "Now I see, behold the Saviour!" For himself, however, at first he saw nothing; but on raising his eyes again, he beheld the figure of his Redeemer in the full stature of a man, bearing the crown of thorns upon his head, with two drops of blood on either side of his face, trickling down from the forehead. He afterwards saw in the same host the figure of our Lord as of one of most imposing majesty and grace, without any token of the Passion whatever; and he tells us that to others also it presented the same variety of appearances at various times. The same phenomenon (of multiplied appearances presenting themselves to different persons simultaneously, or to the same person successively) is mentioned as a characteristic of a miraculous host preserved in the parish church of a village in Portugal about two centuries ago.† The host of which we have spoken at Douay was reserved for a very considerable period, and a yearly festival

* Bonum Univ. de ap. lib. ii. c. xl. § 2.

† Petrasancta Thaumasia, &c. t. iii. c. 10.

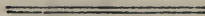
was celebrated in commemoration of the event, on the Tuesday in Easter week, down to at least the middle of the seventeenth century.

We have now brought together a great variety of miracles all more or less directly demonstrating the reality in the holy Eucharist of Christ's whole and undivided presence—of the presence, that is, both of His manhood and of His divinity—under the outward semblance of bread and wine; and we have seen too that these miracles are attested by every kind of evidence which even scepticism itself could require: the testimony of eye-witnesses, the authentic records of history, the conversion of heretics and infidels convinced by what they had seen, and the still more permanent memorial of churches built and festivals celebrated for the sole purpose of their commemoration. Let us say one word then, in conclusion, to any who may chance to have read these histories, disbelieving the doctrine which they confirm. Such a one must of course refuse credence to the histories themselves; and the only plea upon which, with any shew of reason, he can justify his disbelief will be found ultimately to resolve itself into his own personal inexperience of such wonders in times present. He may ask (as it was often asked, St. Augustin* tells us, in *his* age), "Why are not such miracles wrought in these days as you tell us were wrought in times past?" To this inquiry the same authority says, that "it would be sufficient to answer that miracles were only necessary before the world believed, for that they were wrought in order that it might believe;" that is, if we may be allowed to adapt his language to the present condition of those who are external to the Church, miracles are more necessary in times of doubt and discussion and difficulty, than when the faith is defined and settled, and the whole Church is at rest concerning it: not that the Church herself, considered collectively or in the person of her chief rulers, needed such confirmation of their belief even at the time when it was granted; but these wonders were mercifully permitted as a testimony to the true doctrine which she taught, not for her own sake, but for the sake of those whom Satan was seeking to entice from the fold and to involve in the snares of heresy and error. Her teaching, indeed, had been always clear and distinct enough for such as were willing to be guided by it; nevertheless to some who were unstable God in his great goodness conceded these sensible manifestations of the truth, sufficient as it were to keep them by force in the right path, until the Church should have spoken with still greater precision, distinctly denouncing the false doctrine by which they

* De Civ. Dei, xxii. c. 8.

were tempted. But as soon as this had been done, men of simple and humble minds, if ever they found themselves assailed by doubt, could turn at once to the clear and positive enunciations of that voice which God had provided to be their guide, and would silence all their own private conceits and opinions before her who is the pillar and ground of the truth. This, we say, would be both a fair and a sufficient answer to the question which we have imagined; moreover, it would be very pertinent to the state of the case before us: for certainly there is evidence of a far greater abundance of miracles connected with the holy Eucharist from the eleventh to the thirteenth century, when the heresies concerning it were first growing into notice, than at any other time; and, as we have seen, it would be only reasonable that it should be so. Still this is not perhaps the whole truth, not all which the revilers of the Church might know, if they really asked the question in sincerity and truth. Neither was St. Augustin himself contented with this answer only. He goes on to say, that "in truth miracles *are* wrought even now in the name of Jesus, either by His sacraments or by the prayers or relics of His saints; only they are not so much noised abroad, nor attain the same fame and notoriety; and for this reason: those first miracles are written in the Scriptures, which cause them to be known every where; but these of our own day are only known in the very places where they happen, and often hardly even there by the whole city or neighbourhood. Sometimes very few indeed know any thing at all about it, especially if the city is large, or if the story is told with some variations perhaps by different persons, so that it does not come with such weight of authority as to command instant and unhesitating belief, though told by one Christian to another. Thus, the miracle which happened at Milan whilst we were there (we are still quoting from St. Augustin), when the blind man was restored to sight, is known to a good many, because the city is large, the emperor was there at the time, and the thing was done in the presence of an immense crowd of witnesses, who came running together to see the bodies of Protasius and Gervasius. The state of the case was this: these bodies had been buried, and nobody knew any thing at all about them, until it was revealed to Ambrose, the Bishop, in his sleep, and they were found; and by means of them a man that had before been blind now saw light, the former darkness being entirely taken away. This miracle then became pretty notorious; but others, on the contrary, which have happened at Carthage, in my own presence and before my own eyes, are comparatively unknown." This testimony of St. Augustin is especially valuable, foras-

much as he knew by experience what were the difficulties and objections which stood most in the way of strangers, whether heretics or infidels, and hindered them from embracing the Catholic faith; and the truth of his testimony in this matter is what all history proclaims, and the experience of every Catholic still confirms. It would be foreign to the general purpose of these papers to enter into any details upon this subject, but we could not wholly omit it, after having brought together so many miraculous tales taken from ancient and mediæval times. We have been withheld by obvious reasons from adducing more modern instances; at the same time, we consider it due to ourselves, no less than to our readers, to make these few observations. Miracles in the holy Eucharist *do* still happen from time to time in various parts of the Church, not less real or less wonderful than those which we have related, only they are less generally known and less accurately related: in a word, if one may be permitted to use so familiar an expression, they are only known, and their histories are only handed down, *in the family*; they are not drawn up in an accurate and scientific form, so as to be subjected to the rude criticism of persons indifferent or hostile to the faith which they so powerfully illustrate and confirm.



KATE GEAREY; OR, IRISH LIFE IN LONDON.

CHAPTER XV. *The Lodging-House.*

“*The Lodging-house.*” To what different associations do these words give rise! To the expectant wife and blooming daughters who have as yet failed in extorting from the too prudent husband and father that *ne plus ultra* of female felicity, a well-appointed town mansion, they in “the merrie month of May” never fail to conjure up visions of apartments regally furnished, fashionably situated, first-rate attendance, and every other requisite, all for the exceedingly moderate rent of from twelve to sixteen guineas a week. To others they merely represent a quiet, respectable, private street, such as one meets in the neighbourhood of the squares, and where any given house may serve as a model for the whole row, with almost every other parlour-window exhibiting a neat embossed card intimating that here furnished apartments are to be let. In most cases these residences are parcelled out into floors, the mistress doing the cooking, the maid-of-all-work waiting at

table; and what with the exactions, caprices, and impertinences of their temporary occupants, both, poor things, are equally to be pitied in their endeavours to make ends meet. But it is quite another class of lodging-house with which I have to do. The common lodging-house is a distinct specimen of its species, abounding more plentifully in this vast metropolis than is conducive to the morality and well-being of its poorer inhabitants; though of course even here there are different grades, some being considered, and really proving, more respectable and well-conducted than others. Now as the identical establishment of which I am about to speak is a very fair type of its class, I shall at once introduce it to my readers, not only such as it was at the period of my tale, but such as it continues to the present day.

Not far from the Buildings, and close to A—— Court, though leading directly into one of the most fashionably frequented business-neighbourhoods in the West End, is a street without thoroughfare, tolerably wide, clean, well-paved, lighted, and for about two-thirds of its length composed of small respectable-looking houses,—houses whose parlour-windows one sees decorated with a bright-green miniature paling, a five-barrèd gate in the centre, all looking so natural and rural, and a number of deep-red flower-pots within. The plants they contain might be better, to be sure; but what of that? they are very well for London. And then there is an egg or two resting on the upper pane, and the hens who laid the said eggs are pecking busily up and down, as though to warrant their being genuine new-laid; and with so convincing a proof of their parentage close at hand, who so hardy as to doubt it? Near the upper end of this street, it is intersected by two courts. The lower stories of one of these courts are almost entirely occupied by brokers, where old and inferior goods, under the invigorating influences of “French polish,” assume an appearance well calculated to make the unwary purchaser credit the solemn assurance of the dealer that “they are next to given away.” I have often marvelled, however, how the inhabitants of cellar and garret could endure the spirituous atmosphere which positively takes away your breath as you enter the house where this spurious varnish is used; in fact, it is so pungent as to overpower even the fumes of fried fish, another business carried on to some extent in the outhouses of this locality. The second passage,—for it is too narrow to deserve any other name,—besides being appropriated to rag-pickers, bone-merchants, and bottle-shops, trades not of the most cleanly description, contains a lodging-house; and, indeed, the portion of the street above the two courts is entirely

composed of houses of this kind, the dead wall in which it terminates bearing the inscription, in letters of more than a foot in length, "Lodgings for single men." You must not suppose, however, but that persons of all descriptions find ready shelter here on payment of the threepence which is invariably demanded before the wanderer is allowed to stretch his weary limbs on a not over-inviting couch. As the interior of these buildings is comparatively deserted during the day, it is no unusual thing for the passers-by to be regaled with the sight of coverlets, blankets, and sheets suspended from the upper windows, airing in the sun, or, in other words, ridding themselves of the filth engendered by one set of lodgers in order to be ready for the use of another; and this is by a mere elementary process, perfectly independent of those refinements of modern luxury known by the name of soap and water. To the natural philosopher it might not be altogether uninteresting to watch the different characters who pass in and out,—or, more correctly speaking, the *same* persons in *different* characters. As we gaze admiringly on that wooden-legged specimen of a British tar, that blind fiddler from the land of cakes, and above all, the venerable man bending beneath the weight of years, we call to mind a certain nursery-tale of a mill wherein the old were ground young again; for we could swear we saw that very trio enter the same door not half an hour ago sound in limb and in full possession of all their senses, the latter especially remarkable for his sturdy youthful appearance: the fellow would realise a fortune on the stage, if only for his knack of "making up."

One of these houses must have seen better days. It is a large barrack-like building, dangerously out of the perpendicular, crazy with age, and so innocent of repair that the whole establishment cannot boast an entire window; and for doors (save the mark!), some have been removed, sill and all; others can boast a solitary panel, though in all cases affording a full and unimpeded view of the sleepers to such late comers as may chance to be ascending the dangerous and broken stair. This edifice, be it remarked, has a reputation for propriety, and consequently raises its head with a certain pharisaical display of superiority over its less virtuous neighbours. There are apartments for single men, others for single women; the smaller rooms being appropriated to families who, on paying the week *in advance*, are allowed to take their meals on the premises, and for this purpose enjoy the use of a kitchen, where a fire is kept burning winter and summer at the expense of the landlord. The upper story has its advantages and disadvantages, the latter consisting chiefly of the almost total

absence of roof, whereby the sleepers are occasionally treated with an unexpected and gratuitous shower-bath. This of course depending on the caprice of the climate, forms no part of the agreement; for although the proprietors clear a rent about commensurate with that of a mansion in Cavendish Square, it is not their policy to expend a farthing on "an old tumble-down shell, which the district surveyors would be having about their ears some fine morning or other." To counterbalance this exposure to the weather, the back windows look upon a really well-kept and beautiful garden, belonging to one of those old quaint palaces with which London still abounds; though so jealously are they guarded by high dingy walls, that one is apt to associate them with something especially gloomy and disagreeable. The room which possessed this incalculable advantage was that assigned to single women; and although its usual inmates were not in general very enthusiastic admirers of inanimate nature, that garden had proved a real blessing to one who for many a weary day, and still more weary night, had been chained by a lingering and acute disease to a bed from which she had once never expected to rise again.

In the internal arrangement of the chamber, or rather loft, there was nothing particularly inviting, the furniture consisting of some seven or eight bedsteads, rickety, worm-eaten, and so metamorphosed from their original designs, that their makers would have had some difficulty in recognising the offspring of their own ingenuity. There was the stately four-post shorn of its fair proportions, amputated to a stump; the remains of the elegant French bedstead daily dwindling from atrophy; the half-tester lamed by some unfortunate accident; the tent, and other nameless varieties; but all so mutilated, that the place rather suggested the idea of an hospital erected by some of the philanthropists of the day for the reception of invalided or decayed furniture, than the sleeping-apartment of human beings. It, however, possessed a peculiarity which must not be here passed over; the rugs, blankets, in short every article of bedding, were stamped all over with the emphatic phrase, "Stop Thief!" an expression with which the trampers seemed perfectly conversant, inasmuch as it failed to elicit either surprise or displeasure. A small heap of oyster-shells near each door might cause the uninitiated to wonder at the untiring predilection for that rather expensive delicacy; they would have marvelled still more, perhaps, when they learnt that these were the candlesticks of the establishment. Chairs or tables there were none; and as the bedsteads before mentioned were chained to the floor, any unjust appropriation of the household furniture would have been (to say the least) difficult.

It was considerably past mid-day, the hour at which the nightly lodgers were *compelled* to turn out; the room therefore, with the exception above alluded to, was quite untenanted. And that exception?—it was a girl, fair, young, and once innocent, though now wasted by sickness and depressed by suffering. In the silence of that wide dreary chamber she had no companionship but thoughts which, if one might judge by the tears standing in those large melancholy eyes, were sad enough. Yet there were evident marks that the child (she was little else in years) was not uncared for. A large pillow supported the drooping shoulders; the sheets, clean though coarse, were evidently private property; a neat quilted cap-border shaded the lily-like face; and the bed she occupied was wheeled round, so that she could without exertion gaze on the garden,—that garden which for two long months had been to her a monitor, a confidante, nay even a friend. When, a broken-hearted wanderer, Mary Pratt (for she it was) had been brought to that harbour of the harbourless by one as desolate as herself, losing both memory and consciousness during her first night's sojourn, how had she used her recovered faculties? To blame, nay revile the patient creature who begged and toiled only for her; for *her*, the child of the man who had assisted in the wringing of her own young heart; and oft, in the wildness of her wayward nature, would Mary with her tongue wish herself still in the abode of infamy from which she had been rescued, though her heart would smite her as she marked poor Kate's tearful eyes, and remembered how she had toiled and suffered for her sake. Then slowly and by degrees a change came over her spirit; and at her first wish there came to her a minister of God's Church. He whispered gentle, soothing words, and in process of time she was reconciled to her offended Maker; then she only wished for life to spend it in his service, and her prayer was heard. Though still too weak to be moved, she rapidly mended; more rapidly, perhaps, because when Kate was absent, a kind friend might sometimes be seen by her side, cheering her and uttering sounds such as she had never heard before; for they were sounds of kindness, real heartfelt kindness, and Mary learnt to long for that light footstep, and to watch the hours until the lady came. On the present occasion, however, it was a dull, drizzly November day, so she could scarce be expected; and Mary tossed restlessly about, and wondered and wondered again, until she wondered herself to sleep; and when she awoke, she found Kate Gearey already returned and seated on the foot of the bed.

“Why, Kattie, what brings you back so soon?” she inquired pettishly; “you said you'd not be back until evening.

“ Did you dhrink all the tay an ate the bit of cake I left you, Mary dear?” said the kind-hearted girl, evading the question, as she thought, most skilfully. But her companion, although younger, knew the world and the world’s ways better than herself; and besides, circumstances had rendered her suspicious. She saw at a glance there was something Kate wished to conceal, and was determined to fathom the mystery.

“ No I didn’t, I wasn’t hungry, and the lady didn’t come; but I suppose you went there, so you can tell me the reason.”

“ Oh, is it Miss Bradshawe you’re maning? Its hersilf ull be here presintly, and good news she has for the pair of us, dear. But whin I think of the crathur, oh!”—

“ I’m sure you don’t look much as if it was *good news* you had to tell; you’re as white as your apron, and I am certain you’ve been crying, Kate, so it’s of no use telling a lie about it. Did the lady scold you?”

“ Scould me, is it? Ah no; I’ve got what I wanted, the good situation at last,—ov coorse not till it’s well you are, Mary darlint; an it was lave Ellen gave me to come an tell you all about it, whin,—whin who do you think I met?”

“ How should I know?” exclaimed the sick girl, with increasing impatience; “ you know how I hate your round-about ways of telling a story, and yet you always do it.”

“ Well, thin—but don’t lit it scare you, darlint, she’ll not cum near you—it was Martha Warden.”

“ Martha Warden! Oh, don’t let her see me, Kate! Didn’t you promise Father Morgan you’d never speak to that *woman*, that monster again? You don’t know her as I do, you don’t know half her wickedness! And, God forgive me! I often feel sorry my father didn’t do for her outright when he came out of the hospital.”

“ Hush, Mary dear; didn’t Miss Bradshawe tell you re-vinge was a sin? An sure if he’d kilt her outright, he’d have been hanged; so it’s not wishing well to him you are.”

“ I feel I’ve been very wicked,” said poor Mary, bursting into an agony of tears; “ but if you knew what that wretch made me suffer! I was well brought up by my poor mother, and it couldn’t have been a trifle that forced me to such evil courses that I hate myself even now—and I only sixteen. But Kate, did you speak to her? Did she say any thing about me? You didn’t surely tell her where I was?”

“ She asked, but I didn’t tell; though my heart couldn’t but melt to the crathur, for it was in great thrubble she seemed. She was crying a dale (an you know Martha hadn’t the wather near her eyes for nothing), an she leaning over the bridge for’nent the Park, so I couldn’t help listhening to

her; and whin I turned away—it's of no use scouldin, Mary—I gave her half the loaf I was bringing to you, an she clutched hould of it quite wild like, and said, 'God bliss you, girl! I didn't deserve it of you; tell *her*, praps she'll forgive me whin I'm *there*;' an she pointed to the black-looking wathers, an laughed till it made me blood cold, an thin gnawed the loaf as if it was famished intirely she was."

"What, has that wicked old mother of hers turned her out too, I wonder?" inquired Mary, somewhat softened; "she'd do it fast enough, if she couldn't give her money for gin."

"Ah, that's the tirrible judgment; she tould me all about it. The Lord be marcifful to her poor sowl—an she a Catherlic too!"

"Is she dead, then?" asked Mary, her curiosity overcoming her dislike; "do tell me all about it, Kate."

"Why you see," said the girl, who required no second bidding, "Mother Buckland was given to dhrink, as you know, an tuk a dale more than was good for her, more's the pity—an was passionate, an curst, an led the bad life altogither, widout the fear of God before her eyes. It seems afther Jim an oursilves wint away, she got worse, an quarrelled wid Martha, an made the house too hot to hould the lot on em. She fell off in the ating too; not enuff for a midge did she put between her lips; it was nothink but dhrink, dhrink all day long. Well, last Sunday was a fortnite, she was sitting by the fire, wid her feet on the finder an the gin-bottle on her lap,—for it wasn't able to hould it she was ony longer,—whin up wid her she jumps and bolts to the windey; lucky, there was the tree out airing the clothes, so Martha pulled her behind an down she wint, an the screeches of her were tirrible to be sure; she rolled over the floore an bawled for wather, an the more she got the more she waned. At last she couldn't bawl ony more, but her struggles were dreadful to be sure; an Martha thought praps, as she'd been christened, a praste ud be able to make something out of her, so she off wid hersilf for one; but jist when she got near the place she lost heart, an was shamed to let the clargy know what she was, and where she bided. Now what did she do but back wid her, thinking she'd git the ould woman into a dacenter place, that she'd borry from one of the people in the street, which you know isn't altogither as bad as the coorte; an she pawned her shawl to pay them, the crathur. Now, when ivery thing was reddy, she wint back for her mother; but there was no moving her at all, tumbling, an screeching, an yelling worse nor iver, and not able to get out one sinsible word. So Martha this time off to the praste in airnest, an tould him her errand, an brought him wid her too

every inch of the way. But it wasn't much use ayther; for why? whin she got home Missis Buckland was dead, aff, clane gane, and no mistake. Now, Mary avourneen, we must forgive and forgit, an pray for the poor soul that can't help itself." During the first part of Kate's story, there was a cold unfor-giving look in Mary Pratt's eyes strangely at variance with what *ought* to have been the expression of that childish face; gradually, however, it subsided; but she made no remark, and after a short pause exclaimed,

"And now where's the *good* news, girl? I'm thinking that to you and I, Kattie, luck is something like an angel's visit, rare and far between."

"Ah, but it's raly good news, Mary! I've got a situation afther all."

"You told me that before," said her companion sharply; for bad example and illness had rendered her selfish, and she dreaded losing the kind and affectionate nurse, to whom, moreover, she was mainly indebted for her means of subsistence.

"Yes, but I didn't tell you where," answered Kate, too full of her own happiness to notice Mary's chagrin. "Ellen is goin to be married; an now Mrs. Selby's got used to me, they've promised to thry me as Miss Bradshawe's own maid. It's a dale I've larnt already by goin backward an forward; an afther I've been in the house a month intirely wid Ellen, who's very partial to me now, an has left off making game of me, they say its altogither shutable I'll be."

"And leave me to starve"—and the weak and irritable poor creature burst into a paroxysm of tears. Kate twined her arms round her, kissed and soothed her, saying as she did so, "No, darlint, that's the best news of all, an its dying I am to tell you all about it; but Miss Bradshawe tould me not, an said it was here she'd be as soon as meesilf, an——"

"She is here, Kate," exclaimed the well-known voice of Josephine, who had entered unperceived; "but what have you been doing to Mary?" Kate looked confused; and extricating herself as speedily as possible, carefully dusted an old box, set it on an end, respectfully requested Miss Bradshawe to be seated, and then added, "Mary was crying, my lady, at parting me; not that it was dark she was at me good fortin, but it's lonesome widout me she'd be." And she compressed her lips firmly, as though to intimate how well she had kept the secret confided to her charge.

"Do not fret, my poor child," said Josephine kindly; "you shall be cared for until you too are able to take a situation."

"A situation, madam?—surely you forget—" and she fixed her eloquent eyes on her visitor's face, whilst her pallid

cheeks were suffused with burning blushes, and her slight frame trembled with the excess of emotion.

"I forget nothing, Mary," answered Miss Bradshawe, still more gently, affectionately pressing the thin wasted hand which lay on the coverlet. "You are now well enough to be removed; I shall send you into the country; an old nurse of mine will take care of you until you are quite well, and then you shall go for a year or two to the Good Shepherd, where the kind nuns will fit you for service, make you good and happy. The past will be all forgotten, and there will then be no difficulty in obtaining a situation for you." Mary, to Kate's great astonishment, did not look half so overjoyed as the latter expected, and after a short pause she inquired,

"But, madam, is not the Good Shepherd a Magdalen?"

"Yes, Mary; why do you ask?"

"Because one of the girls at that—that house had been in a penitentiary; she came out worse than ever, and I really don't think I should like it at all."

"That was not a Catholic establishment, Mary. At Hammersmith you will be under the charge of nuns, *ladies* who, as you know, have left their parents, their homes, and in some cases their country, to embrace the religious life, uniting the rules of the Visitation (which I have always considered one of the most perfect) with the greatest act of charity which it is possible for a pure and spotless human being to exercise towards her fallen fellow-creatures."

This explanation was not quite intelligible to Kate; but Mary, better educated, understood every word, and quietly answered, "I do not think, madam, I should like to be shut up all my life even with nuns; there is something to me dull in the idea of a convent."

"You can never be a *nun* at the Good Shepherd, Mary, nor will you live with the religious; the convent and asylum are quite distinct. The sisters who attend you take it by turns; your meals, occupations, and amusements will be shared with your own companions; and of course you can leave whenever you think proper, though it is advisable for you to remain sufficiently long to insure in your regard the end of this admirable institute."

"But you mentioned amusements, madam; I thought a penitentiary was a place to punish those who had led a bad life?"

"It is a place to *reform* them, Mary; to restore lost innocence, and with it lost happiness. You will be allowed every harmless recreation; and when I come to see you, I expect a pretty nosegay out of your own little garden."

"Garden!—shall I be allowed a garden?" and the girl's

face brightened as she glanced wistfully towards that to which she owed so much, now looking dreary enough, enveloped as it was in a yellow London fog; "and they will let me see you and Kattie, and not beat me? I've had so much ill treatment, it makes me tremble whenever I think of it; but I dare say I should be very happy—only—"

"Beat you? why, my child, the most severe punishment you can have to expect is to be deprived of some little unnecessary luxury, something you particularly fancy, or to be enjoined an extra half-hour's silence, as a mother would correct a wayward child, whose welfare, spiritual and temporal, is the object nearest her heart. Were you so incorrigible as to need beating, the nuns, in justice to the remainder of the penitents, would be compelled, however unwillingly, to dismiss you. And now for the meaning of your *only*, for I see there is something more."

"I was thinking, madam, that perhaps if the others were better than myself, and knew how wicked I've been, and I so young, they'd jeer me, and taunt me, and not like to speak to me; and that would break my heart."

"No such thing can happen," answered Josephine, as her eyes filled with tears of joy at the genuine and deeply-felt contrition evinced by this speech. "The most trifling allusion to the past life of a penitent is never permitted either by herself or companions; and so strictly is this rule enforced, that not even to the nuns themselves would its infringement be tolerated. Think how delightful it will be, Mary, to hear Mass every day, attend the Sacraments regularly, have kind friends, good example, no care but to do your duty, no temptations from others, and the certainty that, if you remain the full time, you will be fitted to earn your bread honestly and respectably."

"But," said Kate compassionately, "av coorse they'd be 'bliged to work, an Mary's not over sthrong, an praps it's angry wid her they'd be if she didn't do as much as the others."

"Their modes of employment are sufficiently varied to suit the difference of constitution, even tastes: household duties, washing, ironing, needlework, all these have their appointed place; and, depend upon it, their happiness is increased, not diminished, by regular habits and occupation."

"I don't doubt it," answered Kate with an effort; "but, my lady, though it's proud an grateful I am to take the grand situation, if it's comfort to the crathur I'd be, why I'd go wid her, an no more about it. I'm hearty enough now, thank God, and ud do the work of two, niver fear, an ——"

“It would not do, Kate,” said Miss Bradshawe, touched by the girl’s disinterested affection. “Much as I commend your kindness for this worse than orphan, I must not allow you to be injudicious in its display; I have done the best I could for you both, and I expect to be obeyed. I am sure *you*, Mary, will offer no further opposition to my wishes, when I inform you it was the earnest desire of your father, who, erring as he was, yet loved you with a parent’s affection, that if ever you crossed my path I should do my best to save and reclaim you.”

“Did you ever see my father, madam?” exclaimed Mary, much surprised.

“I did once, at your mother’s death-bed; he ——”

“O Miss Bradshawe! O Kate! tell me—my mother, my poor mother, did she—did she know ——”

“She knew nothing; that pang, thank God, was spared her. Your father arrived *after* her death, and she expired believing you still with him.”

“Then I’m happy, quite happy,” exclaimed the girl, clasping her hands in an ecstasy of joy. “Kate knew nothing about it, and I dared not ask you before; but now that *she* did not feel the shame I’d brought on her, I’ll try and take heart.”

“Do so, Mary; and when you are virtuous and happy, do not forget to pray for the conversion of your poor father.”

“Ah,” interrupted Kate, “an that minds me of Florry. Mary Sheehan tould me it was afther him his wife was gone; her people made up the money amongst thim; so it’s aisey now I am.”

“To-morrow, then,” said Miss Bradshawe, “you both leave this miserable place. You, Kate, come to me; and Mary shall be sent for a month to Norwood, that she may become quite well and strong before she goes to Hammersmith. God bless you both!” So saying, she stooped, and, imprinting a kiss on the brow of the invalid, departed.

As the last fold of her black robe disappeared, the girls again threw themselves into each other’s arms and wept; the one almost with joy, the other with a mixture of feeling, for which even she herself would have found it difficult to account.

CHAPTER XVI. *Unexpected.*

AUTUMN had deepened into winter; spring, summer, then autumn, then another winter, and Josephine sat alone in one of the magnificent apartments of a stately country-house in the midst of one of England’s fairest and most luxuriant counties; an old Norman building, known in the neighbourhood by the

name of Burville Castle. It was beautifully situated in the midst of a lordly park, shadowed to the right by the Surrey Hills, and to the left embracing a wide expanse of country, diversified by wood and water, fifty acres of the latter belonging to the grounds themselves, owing (it is said) to the fishing mania which had possessed one of its former lords. The thick groves, the verdant sward, the spreading meadows, had now exchanged their emerald mantles for one of spotless white; the little boat lay moored in the sheltering creek, whilst the bosoms of the frozen lake and streamlets afforded healthful pastime to the village children, whose gay shouts and peals of laughter were borne by the wind to the ears of the inhabitants of that old mansion, neath whose protecting shade their forefathers had lived and flourished for centuries. And if there were blithe sounds without, there were no less happy hearts within; perhaps none more so than that of her who sat so calmly and silently in that high-backed chair, her feet resting on a cushion, and her eyes bent with such a deep, loving, thankful earnestness on (I erred when I said she was alone) the beautiful sleeping form which lay nestling in her lap. It was that of an infant some two or three months old; and as she gazed at its little innocent face, with its fringed lashes looking so pretty against its flushed cheeks, tears slowly gathered in her deep blue eyes, and began to fall almost unknown to herself. Still they were tears of happiness, of chastened, subdued, yet heartfelt happiness; and if a cloud did at times flit across her brow, it was something undefined, the foreshadowing of an event to come, a glimpse of the invisible world, on the confines of which her spirit loved to linger, a strange—she knew not what. The child stirred, smiled in its slumbers, and then the touching legend of whispering angels flitted across the mind of Josephine; it smiled again, but this time the lids were raised, and its large eyes fixed on her face; it stretched its little round dimpled limbs, and seemed striving with its tiny hands to catch at one of the long tresses which had escaped from her comb and was almost within its grasp.

“Is he not a darling, Josephine?” inquired a low musical voice; and as she looked up, she encountered the bright playful glance of one who invariably reminded her of the lost Angela.

It was that of a girl, as young and no less beautiful, though bearing in her countenance more decided marks of her Italian origin. There were the dark locks, the rich olive tint, and above all, those beaming southern eyes, looking as if their deep lustre was but a reflection from their native skies. Yet

the figure was so childlike, the countenance so young and innocent, that, but for the matronly richness of her attire, and the plain gold ring which encircled the finger of her left hand, one would almost have supposed her still within the precincts of the nursery.

"Is he not a darling, Josephine?" she repeated, making room for herself on the cushion which supported the latter's feet, and laying her pretty head by the side of the infant on her knee. "And what do *you* call yourself, to run away from us in this manner? Why, you might be as happy as the day is long; your uncle allows you to do just as you please; and for Edgar, I am half jealous of him, he thinks so much of you. Besides, what will poor baby do without his godmother? and I really never can finish converting Norville, unless you stay and help me."

"You will convert him much better your own way, Lina dear," said Miss Bradshawe, playing caressingly with Lady Norville's curls, as she used to do with those of her cousin. "You cannot tell how happy I felt when Lord Norville married you; and, Lina, you must never omit doing all in your power to strengthen your influence, so that in the end he may believe as you—as both of us believe."

"Oh, he is sure to become a Catholic now baby is one," exclaimed the Countess innocently. "But he is very angry with you, Josephine, and sent me to talk to you before you see your uncle; depend upon it, you will only make Lord Lindore more bitter against Catholics; and he has such a particular objection to the Good Shepherd, that I think you ought to yield a little, a very little you know," and she fixed her beautiful eyes imploringly on Miss Bradshawe's face.

"Lina, Lina!" said Josephine reproachfully, "how can you too conspire against me—you that are a Catholic? Every argument you can employ I have used to myself, but in vain. It is my vocation; ought I, dare I resist it?"

"But your uncle says he never will give his consent, and that were it in his power, he would withhold even your mother's fortune; at any rate, he has been advised to consult the lawyers regarding your grandfather's settlement, and—"

"My uncle *says*? Lady Norville, what can you possibly mean? Is my uncle here?"

"You have guessed it. Mind, I didn't tell you. Lord Lindore, instead of writing, has answered your letter in person; in fact, he was at first so angry, I think he imagined Edgar and myself were aiding and abetting your elopement. Of course my husband was soon exonerated; but as to poor little me, Lord Lindore's ideas concerning Papists not being very clearly

defined, I am not certain he does not consider me the arch-plotter against his peace—me, that will lose my best friend, and have no one to advise and take care of me when you are gone ;” and a large tear made her bright eyes appear brighter still, as she coaxingly pressed her lips to the back of Josephine’s hand, and gazed wistfully, almost timidly in her face.

Miss Bradshawe looked grave ; and after a pause much longer than Lady Norville altogether approved, said quietly,

“ Lina, where is nurse ? I had better see my uncle directly.”

“ Kate is in my dressing-room,” answered the young mother ; “ she takes equal care of him, and does not plague me half so much as that consequential Mrs. Cochrane ; only the poor girl is broken-hearted at the thoughts of parting with you ; it makes me miserable to see her. Your uncle is gone into the park with Norville ; and if you put on your bonnet, we will follow them. If we go through the shrubbery, we can cross the trout-stream by the little bridge, and your meeting will be less awkward when we are all together.”

As Josephine did not reply, the Countess taking silence for consent, hastily summoned her maid to bring cloaks, bonnets, and *plenty of furs* ; for an English winter was, to one of Lina’s chilly temperament, an evil to be especially dreaded and guarded against.

Kate speedily appeared, a very different person from the Kate Gearey with whom we were formerly acquainted ; prettier than ever, neat, even smart in appearance, and so decidedly improved in manner, that but for a slight, a very slight brogue, you might have taken her for “ real London-bred.” With an uneasy and steadfast glance towards Miss Bradshawe, she stooped down to take charge of the infant Lord Wellborne, although both his mother and herself were aware such a proceeding would be visited with supreme indignation by Mrs. Cochrane, who was always ringing her qualifications as an experienced nurse in the ears of the youthful Countess, whilst she in her turn stoutly maintained (behind the old lady’s back) she knew much better how to manage her own child than all the experienced nurses in the world. Before Kate had succeeded in her object, Josephine raised her hand, and taking the unconscious infant in her arms, imprinted a long fervent kiss on his brow, then relinquished him to the girl, who loved nothing better in the world, if we except Miss Bradshawe herself.

“ Now, *Giuseppina mia*,” said Lady Norville, as with her two hands clasped over her companion’s arm they strolled leisurely and in silence down a wooded path leading through

the park in the direction of the rivulet before alluded to, "this is really too bad; you are making us all wretched, and you are wretched yourself."

"No, Lina, I am happy, quite happy; but of course I feel this unexpected arrival of my uncle. I had hoped to have spared both the pang of parting; and to tell you the truth, love, I am not so able to contend with him as before Angela's death. He is full of prejudices, which it requires older heads and a sterner heart than mine now is to combat successfully. Much as I love him—for I do truly love him, Lina,—I dare not reject the great grace now proffered me, lest it be turned into a curse. You know for the last year I have been reinstated in my former position, with full freedom to act as my conscience dictates, with (thanks to *his* liberality) increased means of benefiting my fellow-creatures; and why do you suppose I have so valued all that Lord Lindore's bounty has so generously given? That I may make of it a more costly offering; that in quitting the world I may have something to relinquish, some sacrifice to make for a God who has so loaded me with benefits. Lina, I could not die happy unless I had made this determination, so do not you increase my difficulties; for perhaps—perhaps," and she pressed one of the little hands which rested on her arm, "that death may not be far distant."

"Why, what do you mean, Josephine?" inquired Lady Norville, gazing fearfully in her face; "you are not ill, are you? Let us turn back and wait for them in the library."

"No, Lina, I am not ill; but there is a strange feeling over me which I cannot shake off. I wish my uncle had not come. I am not fanciful, yet when I gaze on each dear familiar object, the strange idea will flit across my mind that it is for the *last* time. Lina, you will be kind to Kate?"

"Josephine! you frighten me to death; I *must* turn back."

"Nonsense, dearest; I am very silly. Is the lake thoroughly frozen, that those people are allowed to congregate in such numbers upon it?"

"The park-keepers say so, and it is a great amusement for the children; they have roughened the ice so with their skates, I walked on it this morning myself with Norville."

"Poor little things, how happy they look! listen to their boisterous merriment," said Josephine, pausing for a moment on a sort of road which divided the broad bosom of the magnificent sheet of water, and on one side of which an artificial cascade, now a perfect fairy temple of icicles, had been constructed for the recreation of its finny inhabitants. The rising ground on which they stood commanded one of the finest

prospects in the neighbourhood; and notwithstanding the intense cold, the sun shone with a brilliancy which lent to that winter scene a species of enchantment, a glittering splendour, awakening the enthusiastic fervour of its youthful mistress.

“Look, just look at the copse!” she exclaimed, raising her hands with delight; “the branches of the trees look like so many sprays of white coral studded with diamonds. We will go down those steps, and take the right hand of the stream; or stay, we can pass under the fall now, there is a kind of natural cavern quite through; I did it once in the summer, and made Norville so angry when he saw me reappear dripping like a sea-nymph.”

“So I should suppose; Lina, when will you cease to be a child?” said Miss Bradshawe thoughtfully, as she allowed herself to be led into a narrow winding passage perforated through the solid rock, and which, though dry enough then, had a peculiarly heavy earthy smell, bringing back that strange foreboding sensation against which she had for a time so ineffectually struggled. It seemed a similar feeling had by some mysterious sympathy communicated itself to Lady Norville; for twining her arm once more in that of Josephine, they silently continued their walk, until suddenly stopping, she exclaimed,

“How provoking! they have taken the other bank, and we are half a mile from the bridge.”

“They will cross if you make a sign,” answered Miss Bradshawe, “the ice is quite firm; but they are at some distance yet, and do not see us.”

“No, I tell you what we’ll do,” said Lina; “we can go over to them. I think I see Norville’s surprise when he raises his eyes and beholds *me* in such a situation; he laughed at me this morning, and it will serve him right to give him a fright in his turn.”

As the stream was narrow, and appeared to be thoroughly frozen over, Josephine, who saw no cause for apprehending any worse consequence than an occasional fall, could not find in her heart to disappoint her pretty companion, who, completely the slave of impulse, abandoned herself with childish glee to the novelty of the adventure. They had safely accomplished more than half their journey before either of the gentlemen were aware of their proximity. The silvery laugh of Lina, which was its first announcement, had never before produced such an effect on her husband; dropping his companion’s arm, he flew to the margin of the stream, wildly tossing his hands to and fro, as though to bar farther approach, shouting as he did so in a frenzied tone, “Lina! Josephine! go

back for God's sake—or stay where you are, until I reach you; did you not see the warning? the ice is rotten!"

Paralysed by fear, the two girls stood immovable; the Countess trembling so violently, as to increase a pressure already too much for the frail substance beneath them. Not daring to stir a foot, they watched with starting eyes the movements of Lord Norville, who, running down the bank, sprang over the treacherous support, which his feet hardly seemed to touch, endeavouring by a circuitous route to reach the spot where they were. He was already within a short distance, when a loud prolonged crack was heard; and as, with a desperate effort, he succeeded in grasping his wife's arm, and dragging her towards the solid block on which he himself was, a gaping fissure yawned where they had stood, and with a deep unearthly cry of agony Josephine Bradshawe sank slowly, steadily down. In less time than it takes me to write, and before the first echo of her uncle's cries for the assistance he was unable to render had died away, the senseless Lady Norville was laid at the root of a neighbouring oak; whilst her husband, assisted by the foresters and others who had hurried to the spot, were working away with hatchets, removing huge masses of ice with a rapidity almost incredible. Their efforts were speedily crowned with success; and as Lord Lindore gazed on the pallid countenance and motionless form of his niece, the agony he had felt at the deathbed of his Angela seemed as nothing compared with that which now rent his heart.

"Thank heaven! she bleeds; there is hope yet, my lord," said the keeper, pointing as he spoke to a cut across the brow, from which the red stream slowly trickled. A litter was hastily constructed of the branches of trees, and the now-recovered Lina would have divested herself of mantle, furs, every article of wearing apparel she could spare, had it not been suggested that such a proceeding would have been injurious to the sufferer.

On their arrival at the castle, messengers were despatched to the nearest town for the best medical assistance it afforded; whilst Lord Lindore's valet proceeded by rail to London, to summon not only Dr. Sumners, but Mrs. Selby, in the hope that Josephine would at least survive till their arrival. Too ill herself to be of any use, the Countess was conveyed to bed; and Mrs. Cochrane, finding herself for the first time in undisputed possession of the infant Lord Wellborne, betook herself to the nursery, and lost no time in making up for the past by the administration of certain nostrums and recipes, which had the effect of insuring a sleepless and somewhat musical night

both for herself and "the sweet young nobleman," as she was wont to style him. Compelled to act and think for herself, Kate was equally active in sending for a priest; and then, stationing herself by Josephine's couch, determined, come what might, not to quit her for a moment.

It was the third evening after the accident, which had nearly proved fatal to more than one, and the last of the old year. Josephine lay on the same bed to which she had been borne by the confused and terrified attendants. It was not the room she usually occupied, but one of the state-apartments of the castle, with its stained-glass windows, quaint old portraits, and all those paraphernalia of life's vanity which jar so strangely with its last fleeting moments.

The fever which had succeeded her first insensibility had passed away, the deep wound in her forehead was in a fair way to heal; yet it was obvious to all that the spirit panted and struggled to be free, and that the efforts of the frail body to retain it became hourly, momentarily weaker. It was long before his colleagues could prevail on Dr. Sumners to entertain this opinion; and as he paced up and down the room, his hands never removed from behind his back except when occupied in administering to himself enormous doses of snuff, he was tempted to disregard the evidence of his own senses, which whispered, as plainly as such obstinate senses could whisper, that Josephine would die.

Lady Norville flitted to and fro, weeping, and accusing her folly as the cause of these misfortunes; and but for her boy, half wishing she, not Josephine, had been the victim. She would now approach her husband with tones of fond endearment—now whisper a few cheering words to Kate—now endeavour to reason with Mrs. Selby, who, after every one had done their best to explain how the accident had occurred, "couldn't and didn't understand it at all; and what was more, never would. It was so out of nature that Josephine should get herself killed just as she was going to be a nun; and unless people were drowned at once, it wasn't usual for them to die afterwards; besides, if Josephine died, *how could she be a nun?*" and so on, backwards and forwards, until at length it struck the Countess that Mrs. Selby's tongue would be Mrs. Selby's best consolation. Dr. Sumners was a great deal too formidable for Lina to meddle with; and Lord Lindore!—she eyed him as he sat, his face buried in one hand, with an earnest, childlike sympathy, not unmixed with awe. She drew near him softly, bent over the back of his chair, then growing bolder, knelt by his side, and gently touched the hand which hung listlessly down. He looked up, gazed at her, first ab-

stractedly as at a stranger, then sternly ; and she knew he remembered all. At length his brow unbent, his look softened, caressingly he smoothed her glossy hair, murmuring, " Poor child ! Poor child ! " and put her softly from him. Lina dared no more. There was something in the grief of that grey-haired man too sacred for her to disturb ; noiselessly she stole back, and glided into her accustomed seat by the pillow of Josephine. She slept, and all was hushed ; so still was the room, you might have marked each of her uncertain respirations. The rays of that cloudless moon streamed through the painted window, chequering the oaken floor with such bright and varied hues as threw into shade the carefully-screened lamps which burnt at the lower extremity of the chamber. Now a portion of that pure and holy light fell on the old carved bed, rendering still paler the pale face of the dying girl, investing that composed and motionless form with a nameless charm. Never had that countenance appeared so serene and peaceful as now, with that beam hovering round it like a glory ; and though all present felt the silence to be painful in the extreme, none would be the first to break it. At length Josephine herself was the one to do so. Awakening from her doze, a few scarce-intelligible words brought her uncle to her side ; and as she with difficulty besought his forgiveness for all the uneasiness which she had occasioned him, the proud man bowed his head and sobbed aloud. Feebly pressing his hand, she retained it in her grasp and slept again ; whilst Lina and Kate, on bended knees, besought the sweet Virgin to smooth the passage of one who had so loved and trusted in her during life. The last sacraments had been administered not many hours before ; the good priest, being obliged to attend a distant sick-call, had departed with a promise to return the moment his duties in the confessional should terminate. The hours wore swiftly on as usual, though to those anxious watchers every moment appeared an age, and Josephine woke again ; but this time she did but utter the names of her Divine Redeemer and His blessed Mother. And then came another deeper slumber, and the breath was heavy, as though it issued forth and could not return. The dry and burning hand Lord Lindore yet retained became soft and moist as that of a little child ; it grew chiller and more chill in his grasp, the blue eyes opened, were fixed steadfastly on his face, and all gathered round ; for they knew the great change was at hand, and that the soul was about to stand before its God.

Yet the spirit still lingered, when, hark ! borne on the wings of the calm still night, was heard the merry peal of the village-bells ringing out the departing year and greeting its

successor. Joyously, blithely do they sound, yet mockingly; for in that death-chamber they jar strangely on the ear, strained to intensity in its agony of suspense. Still they ring blithely, merrily on, when lo! on the clear frosty air come, solemn and slow, those deep heavy sounds—the knell of the old year! 'Tis midnight, and then the bells ring forth again more joyously than before to usher in the birth of its infant heir. Presently they cease, and there is heard in the chamber of the dead the low deep voice of God's priest reciting the prayers for a departed soul. None could tell the exact moment, but all were conscious that during that merry joyous peal which told of the departure of the old year, the life of Josephine Bradshawe had also ebbed away. Not one that was present refused to bend the knee or to join in that last touching service; and when it was ended, Lord Lindore alone exclaimed, "I grudged her to her God; I opposed myself to His will; He has taken her to Himself, and in His own way."

They have silently dispersed; a short hour's bustle and confusion; they have decked her with fair flowers; another brief space, and Kate Gearey kneels alone in that lighted room, telling her beads by the inanimate form of her best, her only friend.

CHAPTER XVII. *The Conclusion.*

BEFORE I throw aside my pen, a few words concerning the fate of the principal actors in this drama of real life may not be altogether unacceptable. Besides, I am told it is not quite the thing to drop so unceremoniously the acquaintance of people who, it is to be presumed, have by this time created some degree of interest in the breasts of my readers. This chapter of my tale, then, like one of the old comedies, will merely contain the last speech and parting bow of those who have figured therein.

The death of Josephine was of course deeply and sincerely regretted by her own immediate circle. The double bereavement of Lord Lindore, and his permitting his niece to be interred in a Catholic cemetery, caused much speculation both amongst his private friends and his political party; indeed, by the latter it was currently reported he would shortly swell the ranks of Popery, and many were the results prophetically anticipated from this great apostacy. It never took place, however, and he is still as earnest in the cause of ragged-schools and proselytising as ever; he is just as much with his friend Mr. Melford as before; and as the latter is now in Parliament, it is supposed some very stringent measures will soon be

brought forward for the complete suppression of religious houses, the evils of which they intend pointing out in a manner calculated to render themselves excessively ridiculous.

Lord Norville is less with his old friend than before; *he* has been received into the bosom of the Catholic Church; whilst his beautiful Lina, happy as a wife and mother, extends her protection to Kate Gearey in so pointed a manner as to arouse the ire of Mrs. Cochrane. Both the dignity and *principle* of this latter personage leading her to regard "such bare-faced favouritism" as a dangerous precedent, not on any account to be tolerated, she, on the birth of the infant Lady Josephine, tendered her resignation, to the great relief of Kate and the undisguised joy of the Countess.

Mary Pratt passed her two years' probation in a manner highly beneficial to herself and gratifying to her kind benefactresses. On its expiration, Lady Norville offered to find her a situation in her own establishment; but not even the prospect of passing her life with her darling Kate could conquer her repugnance to a world which had already proved so fatal to her peace. Miss Bradshawe's death had been to her a severe blow; and conscious of her own too-yielding disposition, she solicited from the good nuns permission to consecrate herself for three years longer; and although prevented by the rules of the order from ever becoming a religious, it is her intention not to quit the protection of the roof to which she is so deeply indebted. Florry Daly and the Burkes are conducting themselves so well, that it is expected their term of punishment will be commuted; and should this expectation be realised, they intend emigrating, with the hopes of retrieving their characters in the New World. Pratt is dead; and Nell Sullivan, whose sentence was lighter than that of her male companions, may be seen again lounging about the Buildings, shunned by the more respectable portion of its inhabitants. Our favourite, Pat Sheehan, has taken the pledge, and, what is more, has kept it too; he attributes his reformation "intirely to the missionaries." And as he is in constant work, Mary has now a room of her own, and, better still, a beautiful infant of her own; there is a nurse-child too in the cradle; whilst the little girl her husband rescued from the brutality of her tormentor and the impending workhouse, is, Mary says, "quite a treasure to her." Moll Carty, whose "possession" became at length the talk and terror of the Buildings, and a lesson to all who were in the habit of having their fortunes told, has left off "doing business," returned to her *duty*, and succeeded to poor old Norry's "pitch;" but not finding this answer, she removed it after a time to a less aristocratic but more lucra-

tive locality, where she has no objection to give her former experience for the benefit of such as may yet have a hankering inclination to dive into the future. Biddy Sarchfield is dead. Blind Murphy and his grandson lead the same harmless innocent life as ever. Jim Casey is still an inmate of the "House," though sufficiently recovered to come out every Sunday and alternate Tuesdays, when he dines with the Sheehans, talks over old times, and relates how every week he finds at the porter's lodge a packet containing an ample allowance of "tay, sugar, snuff, an a thrifle to keep his pocket, derected to himsilf in Kattie's own hand, as a mark of rispict to Norry, av coorse;" he wears a black crape round his hat for Miss Bradshawe, which he never intends leaving off, and prays for her soul regularly twice a day, and "oftener times on holidays."

It was on an intensely cold night, not long after the death of Josephine, that Sheehan, having occasion to cross one of the bridges on his way home from work, observed a figure crouching in the corner of a stone bench under one of the alcoves; it was that of a woman, though so huddled together, it might at first sight have been mistaken for a heap of rags; the bonnet was slouched over her face, and the long black hair, damp and disordered, strayed like elf-locks over her bosom and shoulders. Pat, always good-natured, forgetting Mary's injunction "to keep himself to himself," approached, and raising her head, discovered that the poor creature had indeed fallen a victim to the inclemency of the weather, or to hunger, or to both. She was conveyed on a stretcher to the nearest hospital, where one of her hands was found to be so tightly compressed, as to require some force to unclasp the fingers; when this was accomplished, there rolled from it a hard mouldy crust, which she had retained tenaciously even in death. A verdict was returned accordingly, and one of the helpers recognised the body as that of the once beautiful Martha Warden.

For the Buildings themselves, their doom is fixed; perhaps even before these lines meet the public eye, they will have ceased to be; the leases have almost expired, and in the present age of improvement there is little doubt of their being razed to the ground. Oh, that the very spot now a perfect pest-house, not from the fault of its inhabitants, but of those authorities whose office it is to see that the abodes of their fellow-creatures are properly drained, ventilated, cleansed, and lighted;—oh, that the very spot could be the site of those model lodging-houses, the plan of which at present occupies the minds of a few philanthropic individuals, though their endeavours are as yet shackled for want of funds and encourage-

ment! And if this tale, in which *truth has been softened, not exaggerated*, should induce even *one* to lend a helping hand towards this noble, this most useful scheme, not only for physical comfort, but moral improvement, I shall be amply compensated for all the difficulties of my task.

Reviews.

THE PENAL LAWS UNDER QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The Clifton Tracts. Nos. 40 and 47. *Popish Persecution; or a Sketch of the Penal Laws.* Burns and Lambert.

It is now nearly two years since the Clifton Tracts were begun, and during this period there have been issued about fifty numbers. They embrace a great variety of subjects; and being written by many different authors, are, of course, of unequal merit. Some of them require a degree of intelligence and information for their just appreciation which, we fear, is not always to be found in the class for whose benefit they would seem to have been written; others, on the contrary, are characterised by an extreme simplicity, which, however, nowhere degenerates into weakness. The former remark applies in a more especial manner to some of the *doctrinal* series, and the latter to the *historical*. In particular, the two tracts whose titles we have placed at the head of this article are written in a very clear style and simple language, "adapted to the meanest capacity," and cannot fail, we think, to open the eyes of all who read them to the true character of that change of religion in this country which they have been used to boast of as "the glorious Reformation." The following introductory remarks indicate with great clearness and precision the point of view from which the writer desires his readers to approach the subject, and the one main feature in the case which it is intended to insist upon and to bring prominently into notice:

"You know that all England was once Catholic, and that now (speaking generally) it is Protestant; but you have no clear idea of the means by which this result has been brought about. You have been told, perhaps, that all England was Catholic until God raised up certain good and holy men to reform the Church, and to preach those simple truths of the Gospel which had for ages been forgotten and lost; and that when once this pure light of the Gospel

was set before them, men were so captivated by its beauty, that they gladly forsook the false and corrupt doctrines in which they had been brought up, and became Protestants, excepting only a few bigoted priests who wished still to keep the people in ignorance, but whose success was very limited by reason of the badness of their cause. Something of this kind is the popular idea, I think, of the religious history of this country since the Reformation, more especially in those parts of England where Catholics are but few and but little known. It is, however, so extremely false, that I am anxious to do my best to correct it; and for this purpose I wish to lay before you some plain matters of fact which nobody can deny, and from which you will soon learn that what really destroyed the Catholic religion in this country, as far as it ever *has* been destroyed,—that is, what caused it to be abandoned by so many at first, and what has prevented so many from embracing it ever since,—has been neither more nor less than mere persecution. Yes; strange as it may sound to you, if you now hear it for the first time, Protestantism became the established religion of this country, not because men were drawn towards it by the force of its own truth and beauty, and by the quiet workings of God's grace within their souls, but because men were driven into it through fear of the axe and the halter, the rack and the ripping-knife. This is the plain truth of the matter, as I hope presently to make clear to you by a short sketch of the principal laws which concern this subject; but as I wish to make this sketch as short as I can, I hope those of my readers who have the opportunity will not omit to search out the history more fully for themselves; for I am persuaded that the more they do so, the more thoroughly they will recognise the truth and justice of what has now been said."

Then follows a very condensed but by no means dull summary of all the principal penal laws that have been passed against Catholics from the time of Henry VIII. downwards, arranged chronologically; and the writer concludes with the following very obvious but most suggestive remarks upon the history he has narrated:

"It is right that men who have been brought up from their infancy to believe that the Reformation was a noble and glorious event—the spontaneous up-rising of a people unwilling any longer to be the slaves of darkness and error,—that Protestantism was gladly and joyfully embraced by the people of England as the pure religion of the gospel, and that the liberties which they now enjoy as men and citizens have been the natural and necessary growth of that Protestantism;—it is right, I say, that persons who have been taught to believe all this, should consider well the facts that are contained in these few pages, and see what are the conclusions to which they lead. The nation abandoned its ancient faith and proposed to embrace 'another gospel;' is it therefore *quite* certain that they had discovered the ancient faith to be false? had the new gospel nothing

to recommend it besides itself? Or look again on the other side of the picture; you have read in these pages of a number of penal laws, some of them of the most extreme severity, and *all* vexatious and harassing to a very considerable degree, which were passed by the Parliament of this country, and faithfully put into execution by the magistrates and courts of justice—with what intent? to destroy Popery in England. *Have they succeeded?* Is not the Catholic faith gaining ground every day, not only among the poor and ignorant, but also among the very flower of England's intelligence and goodness? Could a merely human faith have survived three centuries of persecution such as I have been describing to you? If the Catholic Church be in very truth the thing you take her to be, a monstrous compound of error and of crime, is it not strange that she should have 'to be killed so often, and the life so often to be trodden out of her, . . . and such persecuting Acts to be passed in Parliament, in order thoroughly, and once for all, and for the very last time, and for ever and ever, to annihilate her once more?' Is not this, I say, a most strange phenomenon? and how shall we account for it? 'One in the council rising up, a Pharisee, named Gamaliel, a doctor of the law, respected by all the people, said, Ye men of Israel, take heed to yourselves what you intend to do as touching these men,' (he is speaking of the blessed apostles Peter and John); . . . 'I say to you, refrain from them and let them alone; *for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, you cannot overthrow it*'" (Acts v. 34-8).

On the whole, we do not hesitate to class these two tracts, simple and unpretending as they are, among the most practically useful that have yet been published; taken in conjunction with the first two of the whole series, *How England became Catholic* and *How England became Protestant*, they seem to us to supersede the necessity of using a work which is most effective indeed, and which Catholics have hitherto been in the habit of using very freely, but which they could never thoroughly approve,—we mean Cobbett's *History of the Reformation*. It would be difficult, indeed, to rival the nervous energy of that most powerful writer; and not even the coarseness by which his pages are sometimes sullied has materially diminished the popularity and usefulness of his works. For ourselves, however, we have always sympathised with those Catholics who have scrupled to make use of them and to recommend their indiscriminate perusal, because of their essentially destructive character; they are admirable instruments for the use of the Anti-Church-and-State Association, whose only object is to pull down and to destroy, but they are far from being satisfactory to a Catholic, who aims rather at building up and improving. We have heard of many persons among the lower orders who, after having studied Cobbett, were

never again to be seen occupying their former seats in the parish church, but were not at all the more inclined on that account to go and kneel in a Catholic chapel. And this is precisely the result which we should have expected from such books. The historical information which they contain naturally produces a feeling of dissatisfaction and disgust against the Establishment, which by such iniquitous means has usurped the place and the property of the ancient Church; but there is nothing in the moral tone that pervades them that would induce a healthier state of feeling with regard to the doctrines or practices of the Catholic Church. The very fact that they are written by a Protestant, and by one who professes to boast of his Protestantism, prevents their having any such beneficial effect. They are eminently *unsettling* books, therefore, and nothing more. It is far otherwise with the tracts before us. They tell the same historical truths, but at the same time there is an under-current of moral and religious persuasiveness about them which is calculated to produce the happiest results. They stimulate inquiry and suggest doubts on the one hand, and insinuate a Catholic solution of those doubts on the other.

We hope this sketch of the penal laws may hereafter be copiously illustrated by actual examples of their use and manner of operation, not only of the more violent and bloodthirsty amongst them, but also of others seemingly less cruel; for this is a branch of Catholic history which has not yet been explored with that zeal and attention which it deserves, and it certainly would furnish most abundant matter for a very useful and entertaining volume. Those who sealed their confession of faith with their blood have found a worthy biographer in Dr. Challoner; and we owe to that prelate a great debt of gratitude for his painstaking researches in compiling the well-known *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*. The great mass of the Catholic community, however, did not suffer martyrdom, and yet their more homely sufferings should not be allowed to fall into oblivion. At present many an interesting tale of heroism and devotion belonging to bygone days of "Popish persecution" lies buried in the ms. memoirs of private families, or locked up in the uncouth idiom, or really foreign language, of some contemporary annalist. One such story we are tempted to give by way of specimen, from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the work of the Reformation was being most thoroughly consolidated, when the priests and others who remained faithful to the ancient Church were inhumanly butchered in the largest numbers, and the whole Catholic community in this country reduced to that position

of political degradation and obscurity which, with a few partial exceptions, it has occupied ever since down to the present generation. Our readers will observe, that besides its own intrinsic interest, this story is valuable also for the contradiction which it gives to the usual Protestant plea, that all the persecuting enactments against Catholics were directed not against their religion, but their politics; that it was their disloyalty, and not their faith, which was punished. In the present instance the victims were such as could not be guilty of a political crime, being four boys, between the ages of ten and sixteen. Our account is taken from Bridgewater's *History of the Persecution*, confirmed in many points by the testimony of Protestant authorities.

In the year 1584 the persecution was raging furiously throughout the whole kingdom. In Lancashire, the Earl of Derby had received instructions from the Government to search for priests in all suspected places, and to apprehend those who harboured or countenanced them, or who practised the Catholic religion. Worthless characters made a gain by acting as spies upon the Catholics, and giving information against them. From one of these fellows the sheriff had information that Thomas Worthington, a priest, with four sons of his brother, named Thomas, Robert, Richard, and John, were staying in the house of a gentleman named Sankey, near Warrington, and that they might all be taken if search were made immediately. The under-sheriff started for this service with twenty horse, and at three o'clock on the morning of February 12, 1584, they arrived at Mr. Sankey's house. Having effected an entrance, they found these four boys as they expected, together with a young kinsman of theirs named George Hathersall, and William Crumelholm; but to their great disappointment, although they searched every corner of the house, they were unable to find the priest. Feeling confident, however, that their information was trustworthy, and that Father Worthington must certainly be concealed somewhere in the neighbourhood, they proceeded to the house of Mr. Howard Hewson, situated about two miles off; but there also their search was unsuccessful. Next they searched all the inns in the town, as well as all the private houses of which they had any suspicion; and all this while they kept strict watch upon the bridge and along the banks of the river Mersey, which with its various branches nearly surrounds the town. This guard was continued for two or three days, but to no purpose; yet Father Worthington was really in Warrington the whole time, in the house of a Catholic gentleman who

was ill, and whom he had therefore gone to visit the day before without any apprehension of danger.

The under-sheriff and his companions used their utmost endeavours, by threats of flogging and other means, to extort information from their young prisoners, not only as to the whereabouts of their father and uncle, but also as to the places where they had heard Mass, any intention there might be of sending them to foreign seminaries, and the like; but the boys proved to be quite impracticable; so they took them off first to Wigan, and then to Prescot, to be examined before the Earl of Derby, Chaderton Bishop of Chester, and the other commissioners. The youngest boy was not yet eleven years old; and the commissioners, naturally thinking that his would be the easiest will to conquer, determined to begin with him. Having kept him without food the whole day till six o'clock in the evening, they then plied him with quantities of liquor for some time before he was brought up for examination. When the boy was brought before Lord Derby, he stated what had been done to him, and complained bitterly of such cruel treatment. "And indeed, I believe," said he, "their will was to make me lose my head with drink; but, by God's blessing, my wits are not gone, though I am in such pain that I fear I cannot behave myself as would become me in your honourable presence." The bench paid no attention to the complaint, but began at once to ask him numerous questions about his father and his uncle the priest; to all of which the boy only answered, that he was in such great pain that he could hardly stand. The truth of this plea was soon put beyond all question, for he was seized with violent vomiting; and the shame of this accident betraying the cruelty to which he had been subjected, the heads of the commission professed to be extremely angry, and threw the blame on their attendants, though there is little doubt but that if some of themselves had not instigated it at first, or at least if the subordinate officers had not had reason to feel well assured of the approbation of their superiors when the deed was done, such wickedness would not have been attempted at all. Next they called in the eldest brother, who was a little more than sixteen years old; and him the Earl of Derby tried, partly by threats, but more by fair promises of good fortune for himself and his brothers, to persuade to go to the Protestant church and hear a sermon, adding that he was by no means bound to believe the sermon, but merely to be present, in order to move his brothers by example. If he would comply with this modest and reasonable request, the Earl promised to take him into his own house as one of the young gentlemen

attending on his person, which would be an admirable opening for his own advancement, and a means also of providing for his brothers. In estimating the force of this temptation, it should be remembered that the Earl of Derby, from the dignity of his family, his great wealth, his station and popularity in the county, was at that time one of the most powerful noblemen in the kingdom. However, neither these fine promises nor the threats of punishment had any effect in shaking the youth's firmness. Then Chaderton, the pretended Bishop of Chester, after having first used in vain some show of gentleness, began to charge the boy with considerable severity, on his obedience to the Queen, to answer on oath the questions that might be put to him. To this the boy modestly replied, that he did not fully understand what the oath was, nor what was required for the proper discharge of that duty. "But if you are going to speak the truth," said Chaderton, "you will be safe in swearing." "Whatever I say," replied Worthington, "shall be nothing but the truth; but I have a scruple in declaring what may betray myself and my friends, and I pray you not to take it ill, for my mind is set not to bind myself with an oath in these matters." Chaderton said, mockingly, "Well, I suppose you would swear to a thing that would hurt nobody, as, for instance, that this in my hand is a kerchief." "Nay, forsooth," said the youth, "when there is no just cause, I will not take it on myself." And here the commissioners made sport of the word "forsooth" that he had used, saying it was a mark of a Papist, and that Papists were mostly Anabaptists, for thinking they might not swear upon any cause whatever. Thus their attempts to shake the faith and the firmness of the eldest of these youths were quite as unsuccessful as those which they had made upon the youngest; and the same failure attended their attempts on the others. Many Catholics who were to answer before the magistrates for their religion were encouraged to imitate this remarkable example of courage and prudence; and many of the Protestants also who witnessed it were not a little astonished, so that the magistrates repented of having examined the boys in public, and determined to send them all away. William Crumelholm was sent to the Tower of London; George Hathersall to the New Fleet in Manchester, from whence, however, he was delivered before long, and found means of getting away to the seminary at Rheims; and the four Worthingtons (with whom alone the rest of our story is concerned) to Manchester also, not to the public prisons, where other Catholics were,—for fear, as the magistrates thought, that they would only be confirmed in their profession of Popery,—but to another (and, as it would

seem, a private) house. Here they were treated very kindly during the first month, only being continually assailed with persuasions to frequent the Protestant places of worship. When it was found that they would yield neither to promises nor threats, the comforts that had been allowed them were withdrawn, and they were treated more and more harshly every day. A justice of the peace, named Asheton, a very zealous Protestant, who thought it would never do to let these "young shoots of Popery" grow up, tried his best, both by argument and authority, but could make no impression. Next came four "ministers of the Gospel," and these tried what could be done by ordering them in the Queen's name to go to church. But the boys only answered, that they would obey the Queen in civil affairs, but that she had no right of command in matters of faith and religion. This answer was declared to be neither more nor less than high treason, and a threat was held out that they should be brought up on this charge at the next assizes; a threat which, though the boys fully believed it to be made in earnest, yet had no visible effect in shaking their constancy.

While Bishop Chaderton's anger was rising higher and higher at finding himself thus set at defiance by mere boys, a man named Bull, who is described as being himself "of a hard and brutal temper," offered his services, undertaking with great confidence that he would bring the boys in a very few days to obey the Queen's commands. The Bishop accepted the offer, saying, "Thou art in the right, good Bull; thou shalt try how far thou canst prevail; and spare them not, save they shew themselves conformable." Early the next morning this fellow entered the lads' sleeping-chamber with four or five long sticks in his hand, and addressing the eldest, said, "Now, Thomas, what sayest thou? Wilt thou come to our churches and prayers, or no?" "Yesterday," the boy answered, "I gave answer enough on this score." "But I am looking," said Bull, "for another answer from thee now, more suitable for our purpose." On which, having dragged the lad out of bed upon the floor, he gave him about twenty strokes on his back, crying out every now and then, "I'll make thee give thy brothers a good example." But the poor boy steadily persevered in his reply, that he could on no account be induced to "join in their prayers or meetings." Bull then turned to the rest, and bade them "make ready for the rod." They only repeated their brother's declaration, that they would never join in the Protestants' common prayers; whereupon Bull, thinking it useless to do any more at present, declared his intention of returning at some future time, and went away,

taking the two younger boys along with him. These were brought before several magistrates, one after the other; and at last the youngest was taken by the Bishop to his own house, and the other was given in charge to a Dutch Puritan who applied for him. Bull kept his promise of coming again some night to the two elder boys; but this time he does not seem to have used any violence, but only told them, that unless they would come to the Protestant church, they should be taken to school in irons the next morning. Accordingly next day their keeper came with the irons in his hand; and whilst he was pretending to put them on, said, "How much better it would be for you to come to our church, and not bring this disgrace upon yourselves and your friends!" "We are quite ready," replied the little heroes, "to wear the irons, and think it no disgrace at all." The irons were not put on, but they were made to go to a Protestant school. Here the master, by the Bishop's orders, required them to learn the new Church Catechism; but they refused to have anything to do with a book treating of religion. While they frequented this school, they were subject to many annoyances from the other boys, most of whom took great delight in mocking and jeering at them; but it is said that some few amongst them began to be well disposed towards the faith, in consequence both of their good example and of their ability in controversy. Indeed, their wisdom was far beyond their years; for their answers were such as not only to satisfy the Protestant controversialists of their own age among their schoolfellows, but even to perplex and confound one Oliver Cartwright, a Protestant preacher, who attempted to convince them by what he considered his own most learned and unanswerable reply to Dr. Bristow.

John, the youngest brother, was very kindly treated in the Bishop's palace, receiving even greater favour than the other young gentlemen of the household. He sat at the Bishop's table, was often called on to sing or play on some instrument of music for the entertainment of the Bishop and his guests, and scarcely any thing that he asked for was denied him. He was a bold young gentleman, however; and the pertness of his answers soon got him into trouble, and finally caused his removal from the Bishop's house. One day, early in Lent, Chaderton tried to persuade him to eat meat, saying, "How now, John! wherefore refuse good and wholesome meat? What scruple of conscience hast thou for keeping this abstinence, when thou knowest nothing about the matter? Seest thou not me eating flesh?" "Yea, yea," said John, "whatever the dish may be, *you* eat it forthwith." At which answer the Bishop was so angry, that he sent the boy to dine at the

servants' table ever afterwards. On another occasion, when the Bishop was confined to his bed from illness, and his wife was reading to him out of Fox's Book of Martyrs, she turned to John and began to talk to him of the great cruelty that had been practised on these Protestant martyrs. John replied, "If at any time hereafter a Catholic prince were to get the crown of this kingdom, it would fare no better with my Lord Bishop here, for he would certainly be burnt for heresy." "By no means," called out the Bishop, overhearing the conversation; "for we would not be so refractory and obstinate against a Popish king, if such an one there should be, as the Papists are now. We would obey his laws like good subjects." "But yet," said the boy, "this wouldn't save you; for, whether you seemed to be converted or not, there *is* a fire where you would be destroyed by and by." Four days afterwards the boy was sent to Manchester, and placed in the same custody with his eldest brother.

Orders were now sent from the commissioners, that if the boys would not *go* to church, they should be taken there by force. When, therefore, the youths found that they were on the point of being dragged there, they chose rather to walk of their own accord. This was immediately announced as a token of their conversion, that is, of their apostacy; and the boys were greatly distressed at it, and took the first opportunity of practically contradicting the report. As the Bishop was on the point of leaving for Chester, the eldest brother made this an excuse for getting an audience of him, in which he put a written paper into his hands, making a complaint, in his own name and that of his brothers, of the scandalous report about them, and declaring their determination never to enter a Protestant church again, unless they were carried there by force; and that they were ready to be sent to prison, or to be punished in the House of Correction, or to undergo any other sentence whatever, but that to the religion of Protestants, either by word or deed or by any other outward sign or ceremony, they never would, by God's help, give assent. The Bishop had at first received the boy with kindness, thinking he was come to ask for his liberty; he even gave him some trifle of money; but as soon as he had read the paper, his tone was altogether changed. In a storm of wrath, he demanded that the present he had made should be given back to him, and declared that they should not go to the House of Correction, for there were Matthew Travers and other Papists, whose conversation would only make them worse. "However," said he, "I will see to having you chastised; and if we live, I will bring it to pass that you follow our Church practices." With these words he

took his leave, giving strict injunctions that the boys should be kept in closer confinement than before.

Several friends of Mr. Worthington, who had interfered in order, if possible, to obtain his children's liberty, prevailed on the sheriff to promise that if sureties could be found, two for each of them, to bind themselves that they should not be sent into foreign parts, they should be restored to their father's house. The eight sureties were found; but as they were men who conformed to the times by frequenting the Protestant churches, they were induced by the sheriff and the commissioners to try and persuade the boys to follow their example. They could not succeed, however, though they did not hesitate to use the most unblushing falsehood to compass their end, viz. by assuring the boys that such was their parents' wish. At last the sheriff said, "Look now; if you will hear but one sermon, I will give you up to your friends and sureties to take you home." "None of your sermons will we attend," was the reply; "for had we but done so much, we might long ago have had liberty to go home without any sureties at all." Thus they still remained in custody; and as there seemed no likelihood that they would be legally set at liberty, and thus rescued from all danger of perversion either in faith or morals, and as their education was being all this while most seriously interrupted (for though they attended Protestant schools, they refused to learn but little, for fear of imbibing heresy), means were found by some of their Catholic friends by which Thomas and John, the eldest and youngest, made their escape. This escape was a great vexation to Bishop Chaderton, and he made a complaint of it to the Earl of Derby on their meeting at Manchester. Robert, the second brother, was summoned and examined about his brothers' escape, and was told that they would certainly be apprehended again, and treated with greater severity; moreover, that his father was in danger of the confiscation of all his property. At the same time they made the boy great promises, if he would hear only one sermon. To this address he replied by saying that his brothers had not been in his custody, nor even confined in the same place with him, but that for himself he was quite ready to suffer any thing they pleased rather than deny the faith. At last the Earl and the Bishop agreed that the boy should be sent to Chester Castle, whence they thought he could not possibly escape, and where he could not have any communication with other Catholics. This decision was made on the feast of the Holy Trinity, and it was determined that the boy should be sent to the gaol on the Tuesday; but afterwards they put it off to Thursday, which was the feast of Corpus Christi. As soon as

this was known, two of his friends formed a plan for rescuing him. One of them rode to Manchester with his servant, and waited there in an inn, intending to overtake the boy after he had left the town. The other rode with his servant to the village of Great Budworth, about half-way between Manchester and Chester, and spent the night there, with the intention of meeting the boy in the morning and discovering the force of his escort. Accordingly, this gentleman and his attendant meet the boy in charge of one man only, and both on foot; and they begin to talk in travellers' style, asking the guard whose son the boy was, where he was to be taken to, and what would be done with him, &c. &c. Meanwhile the confederate heaves in sight, coming up on the road from Manchester, but keeping at a distance; when he sees how easy the enterprise promises to be, he dismisses his servant, and quickening his pace, comes up with the boy and his keeper, and falls into conversation with them in the same way as his companion had done. At last he asks the boy if he was not tired with the journey, and gets leave of the guard to let him mount behind him on his horse; they then go on for another mile or two, and stop together to refresh themselves at a tavern by the roadside. When they resumed their journey, the guard was very well pleased that the boy should mount again, and himself helped him to his seat. At first they went on slowly; but when, at last, they had got a little ahead of the guard, the rider suddenly puts spurs to his horse and gallops off, calling out, "Farewell, good fellow; I will relieve thee of this charge; and tell thy lord we are gone on the road to London." The guard instantly sets off in pursuit as fast as he can; and so does the other confederate, who had managed to drop some way behind before the rescue was attempted, and now gallops off as if he was going to stop them, the guard not suspecting that there was any acquaintance or collusion between them. Having kept up the semblance of pursuit till he thought the boy out of danger, he checked his horse; and when the guard came running up quite out of breath, he bade him have patience, and not to harm himself by over-running, for that it would be of no use, on which the man thought it best to give up the chase.

Not long after, the three boys who had thus made their escape arrived at the seat of the Maxfields in Staffordshire, a family already illustrious for their constancy in the faith. Here they passed the night; but they seem to have been observed by some of the watchmen in the neighbourhood: for as soon as it was light in the morning the house was entered by the constable and watch, who immediately appre-

hended the three boys and their father, and made search for the uncle also, whom they believed to be there, Thomas Worthington the priest. He was in the house for upwards of an hour after the entrance of the officers, but contrived to get away whilst his brother was holding them in talk. As they did not find the priest they were specially anxious to seize, they made less difficulty about letting the others go; being, moreover, much moved to do this by the entreaties of the lady of the house, who was a person of distinguished rank and character. The next night the three boys and their father met Father Worthington again at a place in the next county; after which the latter proceeded with his nephews to London, and Richard Worthington, the father, returned home. On the way to London, the travellers fell in again with the false brother who had betrayed them before; but as he was believed to be a Catholic, and they had no suspicion of his real character, they were not sorry to have his company, and even helped him on his journey when he was in want of money. This wretched spy pretended to be going abroad to study for holy orders, and even dared to approach the Sacraments during the journey. But as soon as they had arrived at an inn in Islington, he found an opportunity to empty the boys' purses, and then gave information about them to the notorious Topcliffe and to Fleetwood the recorder. Early the next morning, which was Sunday, before they were out of bed, Topcliffe arrested the priest and his eldest nephew; Thomas Brown also, another priest, who was with him; and Humphrey Maxfield, a student of theology. The two younger Worthingtons, as well as two other Catholic youths, made their escape, in spite of the special search that was made for them. Those that were taken prisoners underwent a rigid examination before the recorder and others; and by orders sent from the Queen's council, Father Brown and Maxfield were sent to the Clink, and Thomas Worthington junior to the Gatehouse. Father Worthington, having been kept all day disputing with heretics, was sent to the Tower; and being there stripped of what little he had about him, he was thrown into one of the worst dungeons in the prison, and remained there for more than six weeks. At length, on the 21st of January in the ensuing year, without any trial or sentence, he was placed, with twenty others, on a vessel in the Thames, and landed on the coast of France. Before the vessel sailed, they all protested, in the hearing of the crowd on the bank, against the injustice of their being sent into exile without a trial, and taken from their work of preaching the Catholic faith, when they were ready to defend that cause before the courts, and to shed their blood for it if necessary.

The third brother, who had been committed to the charge of the Dutch Calvinist, remained with him some time longer, except that he was given into the custody of a constable for a while on a charge of not making his reverence to the Bishop by uncovering in the street when he passed. This, however, rather gained him favour than otherwise with the Puritan; and since neither severity nor cajolery could make any impression on the boy's constancy — though he was promised that if he would but go to hear one sermon he should have all his father's estate settled upon him — the Dutchman seems to have connived at his escape one day as he was going to school. Richard immediately took his journey to London, where he met his two younger brothers; and after two or three attempts, in which they narrowly escaped being taken, they succeeded in crossing the sea and joining the seminary at Rheims. It is not certain what became of the eldest brother, who had been committed to the Gatehouse, though one author* speaks as if all four had got safely to Rheims.

Father Worthington became afterwards president of Douay College, and in his old age returned into England, where he died in the year 1626, in the house of Mr. Biddulph, of Biddulph in Staffordshire, having entered the Society of Jesus some months before his death. He was the author of the notes in the Douay version of the Bible. John Worthington, the youngest of the four brothers, was ordained priest at Douay, and afterwards became a Jesuit. While on the mission in Lancashire in the year 1643, he was seized by a party of the Parliament's soldiers, who led him in procession through a town, with a cross carried before him. Gaining his release after a long confinement, he died in the year 1648, aged seventy years. Another of the brothers also became a Jesuit; and being sent on the mission, in the year 1612 was seized and imprisoned for a year, and then banished. After filling several important posts, he died on the continent in the year 1635.

An account of Father Worthington's seizure is found in the Protestant historian Strype, in an official report given by Topcliffe, the priest-catcher, to the Queen's council, as follows :

“ There hath assembled in London lately a great number of seminarists and seditious priests, bred at Rome and Rheims, who have their harbour among some gentlemen, and other such, as have been restrained of liberty and be recusants. I learn these things by advertisement of such persons as have been of their society beyond

* Ribadeneira, Appendix Schism, Angl.

seas, who learning their venemous and cankered intents towards her Majesty, bewray the haunts of all such as they have learned to be in England, being about the number of threescore, and their fautors and patrons. Above twenty seminary priests of reputation and learning now in London walk audaciously disguised in the streets. My instruments have learned out sundry places of countenance where sometimes these men meet and confer together in the day-time, and where they lodge a-nights. There is small regard taken in London of these men. About twenty days past one Thomas Worthington, a notorious seminary priest, did resort hither; a stirrer of sedition as ever haunted Lancashire, Cheshire, Shropshire, Derbyshire, and Yorkshire. One Revel,* a seminary priest, his companion. One Humphrey Maxfield, a seminary scholar at Rome and Rheims, a great companion, conveyor, and intelligencer to and fro from Worthington. And three boys, to be conveyed beyond seas to be made priests, stolen from their uncle Worthington and from the Bishop of Chester. The three men and one of the boys he (Topcliff) apprehended at Islington. Worthington was committed to the Tower by the Lord Treasurer's direction, Revel and Maxfield to the Clink, and the boy to the Gatehouse.

Worthington, Revel, and Maxfield were twice examined by Sir Owen Hopton, Lieutenant of the Tower, Dr. Hammond, a civilian, Mr. Rokeby, a justice of peace, and myself (Topcliffe). We all agreed that there never did come before us so arrogant, wilful, and obstinate persons, impudently denying any familiarity or acquaintance between them, or that any one of them had seen another before they last met together at Islington before their last apprehension, or that they were in Staffordshire, at Meare, old Maxfield's house, lately before their coming up. Where it shall be proved that T. Worthington was at old Maxfield's house with other like to himself, as Bell, Sherwood, Cotton, &c.; and at Whitsuntide last, and at St. Peter's time, preached there; and at their coming up they were all at Meare, with one Nowel and Sturdevant, Dr. Allen's man. And of their being there, the young boy, confronted with Maxfield, justified in seemingly sort the same by good tokens, to Maxfield's disgrace. And yet, like a man given over, he did deny the truth, which by others shall be justified if occasion had, and proof made where they divided themselves, and appointed to meet again."

This report is an instance of a common practice of the persecutors, viz. after questioning and perplexing their prisoners in every possible way, they falsified the confessions extorted in their examinations. Here Topcliffe declares that the three boys were stolen from their uncle Worthington and the Bishop of Chester. But it is certain from the history that both their parents were living, and therefore no Protestant uncle or other relation could make any claim to their guardianship; and, in fact, no claim of the sort had ever been

* This seems the assumed name of Father Brown.

made. This first calumny renders the rest suspicious. Again, Topcliffe's declaring he could prove that three other priests had met Father Worthington at Mr. Maxfield's, with the younger Maxfield, is a very doubtful statement; for it seems clear from the history that Father Worthington was the only priest in the house at the time of the search, and had only arrived the night before, having been seen on his way by the watch. Nor does it appear that Humphrey Maxfield had been with them on the journey, but rather that he met them on their arrival. This again makes the rest of his charges against them very suspicious, both of their conduct during the examination, and of all that they had said and done before; though as to their defence, of course when the questions were intended to make them criminate themselves, they had a right to the utmost latitude in denying.

Before we take our leave of this narrative, we will say a few words about one of the families that have been mentioned in it, the Maxfields, a very ancient family in Staffordshire. Their house at Meare, here spoken of by Topcliffe, was pulled down not long ago; but they had another at Chesterton near Newcastle, which is still standing. William Maxfield, the head of the family, was at this time in prison for recusancy, and he died there under sentence of death; his wife also had been in prison, and whilst there she gave birth to a son, Thomas, who was martyred at Tyburn for his character of priest in the year 1616. Chesterton Hall continued to be the place where the faithful of the neighbourhood resorted for Mass till the middle of the last century. A tradition is still preserved in the neighbourhood, that when Mass was to be celebrated, notice was sent round the day before, and those who could attend met at the house over night, being admitted by a password. Mass was said at daybreak, and the "old squire," Thomas Macclesfield, always took his station at the window, to watch if there was any danger to be apprehended; if a stranger was seen approaching, the alarm was so great, that the Mass was sometimes broken off. Mr. Macclesfield's only son joined Prince Charles Edward in '45, and having been betrayed by his uncle, was banished, and all his property confiscated and given to this uncle as a reward for his "information." Some part of the estate, however, had been inherited by the young man's sister, who married a Protestant gentleman of Scotland named Crawley; but her husband having tried to force her and her two children to become Protestants, she made her escape from him together with her children and returned to Chesterton. Crawley then attempted to treat the marriage as invalid, because it had been celebrated by

a Catholic priest, and accordingly he paid his addresses to a lady near Reading. Her father, however, having been made acquainted with his previous marriage, refused his consent. Crawley at last gave this lady a powder in a paper, telling her that if she could contrive to give her father that, he would not refuse his consent the next morning. She complied; but the potion proved to be fatal. Crawley made his escape into France, and the lady herself was convicted and suffered for the crime. One of Mrs. Crawley's daughters married another Scotchman, and the property has long ago passed entirely out of Catholic hands.

The chapel at Chesterton Hall was used till the middle of the last century, after which another was fitted up in a farmhouse called the Grange. And in the year 1780 the present chapel was built at Cobridge in the Potteries, about two miles from Chesterton; and we observe that a Miss Macclesfield was a considerable benefactress to it.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE SARDINIANS.

Dei Costumi dell' Isola di Sardegna comparati cogli antichissimi Popoli Orientali. In due volumi. Per Antonio Bresciani, D.C.D.G. Napoli, 1850. (*The Manners and Customs of the Island of Sardinia, compared with those of the most ancient People of the East.* In 2 vols.)

IN these days of perpetual motion and universal printing, it is a real refreshment to come across a book of European travels, or an account of any of the towns and countries of that continent, which shall be at once new and entertaining. Not only have all the great highways of Europe been traversed and retraversed by curious and observant travellers, who have afterwards committed to paper all that they saw and heard, but even most of its principal byways and lanes have been long ago ransacked, and their contents made familiar to the English public. Books of European travels are still written and published—for what will not the *cacoethes scribendi* drive men to?—but how few are there that will repay the perusal! Too many of them consist of thrice-repeated descriptions of the beauties of some natural scenery, or famous churches and palaces, interspersed with a few second-hand tales in illustration of the state of society in the country, resting on the authority of some veracious *valet-de-place*, important details

of the gastronomic experience of the writer, and moral and religious reflections on the debasing effects of Popish superstition. There is but little learning in them, and less charity; so that we confess there are few books which we take up with less hope of deriving either pleasure or profit from their perusal than these ephemeral productions of modern European tourists and journalists. The work, however, whose title we have placed at the head of this article is of a very different kind, and will be found full of novel and interesting information respecting an island which travellers seldom visit, but which seems, according to Father Bresciani's account of it, to offer a most rich and inviting field to the student of antiquity.

If we remember rightly, Father Bresciani was at one time Provincial of the Jesuits in Piedmont, at another Rector of the College of Nobles under the care of those religious at Turin, at another Rector of the Propaganda in Rome, &c. Any how, we know that he is a very learned and distinguished member of the Society of Jesus, now engaged with others in editing the *Civiltà Cattolica* in Rome, and that during the years 1843-46 he spent a considerable portion of his time in the island of Sardinia. It appears that on his very first visit to that island he was much struck by the singularity of some of the manners and customs of the natives, so different from what he was in the habit of seeing on the continent, yet bringing back to his recollection something that he was familiar with in his classical studies. In each succeeding visit he applied himself more and more diligently to an examination of the principal phenomena of the island, and to a search after their original prototype in the records of antiquity; and the result of his inquiries, interrupted unfortunately by the political disturbances of Italy, has now been given to the public in the volumes before us. Much of what they contain is so new, and at the same time so full of interest, that a few extracts cannot fail to be acceptable to our readers.

“Nothing can be more unequal,” says Dr. Arnold,* “than the fate of the three sister islands of Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica. Whilst the first of them has rivalled in its fame the most distinguished countries of Europe, the two latter have remained in obscurity from the earliest times down to the present hour. They seemed to repel that kindling spark of Greek civilisation which found so congenial an element in Sicily; and therefore, as they did not receive what was the great principle of life in the ancient world, they were condemned to perpetual inactivity and helplessness.” It is precisely this very circumstance which renders Sardinia so special

* History of Rome, i. 427.

an object of interest to the author of the present work, and to all antiquarians. The learned Cardinal Mezzofanti used to call the island a museum of antiquities; but this expression falls infinitely short of its real merits when considered in this point of view. For in a museum are only collected the inanimate objects belonging to a former age, and the learned and the curious come and handle them, and speculate and conjecture and build theories about them, which a more ingenious interpreter or the discoveries of a later generation prove to be false, and even ridiculous; but in Sardinia may be seen the manners and customs of a living people, retained in many instances with a most wonderful precision through all the changes of even thirty centuries or more, in defiance of that spark of Greek civilisation, or great principle of life, whose absence Dr. Arnold laments. The truth is, that this island seems to have been inhabited from the very earliest times. The names of Ichneusa or Sandalotis, by which it was known to the Greeks, are supposed to be only an interpretation of an older Semitic word, *Saad* (corrupted by the Phœnicians into *Sard*), having the same signification, namely, the print of a foot, or sole of a shoe, to which the shape of the island might be supposed to bear some kind of resemblance. There are no historical records to tell us of what race the earliest inhabitants really were, though there are plenty of indistinct traditions scattered up and down the pages of Herodotus, Livy, Pliny, Strabo, and other classical authors, sufficient to shew that even from a very remote period the population was mixed. Africa, Greece, Asia Minor, and even Spain, are said to have contributed something to this mixture; and it is certain, both from history and from the monuments still remaining in the island, that during the height of the Etruscan dominion these also brought a new element to the population. By and by, however, the Carthaginians, being attracted by its great fertility, came and took possession of the island; and these remained in the enjoyment of it for more than two centuries. But after the second Punic war, when the power of Carthage was broken, Sardinia became a province of Rome, and so it continued till the dissolution of the Western Empire. Then it became a province of the Greek Empire, and suffered much from the continual piracies of the Saracens. Next it was given by Charlemagne to the Church of Rome; and under the fostering care of the Sovereign Pontiffs it appears to have enjoyed a degree of independence and prosperity to which it had been long a stranger. After this, Pisa, Genoa, and the kings of Arragon and Castile succeeded one another in the sovereignty of this island, until at the beginning of the last cen-

tury it passed into the hands of its present owners, the house of Savoy.

It might seem, at first sight, as though this continual change of sovereignty must needs have effaced all distinctive marks of antiquity in the manners and customs of the islanders; nevertheless it is probably this very circumstance which has contributed more than any thing else to the singular unchangeableness of their habits. It would almost seem as though no dynasty had ever obtained such thorough possession of the country, or had held it for a sufficient length of time, really to form the minds of the people after their own peculiar fashion. It is expressly recorded even of the most ancient African and Roman colonists, that they could not succeed in wholly subjugating the earlier inhabitants: these took refuge in the more mountainous parts of the country, where they could defy the approach of an enemy, and maintained a sturdy independence. We read of the Saracens too, that they could effect no solid and permanent coalition with the natives, but on the contrary, were liable to continual attacks from them, coming down from the hills at some moment when they were least expected, setting fire to the ships and putting all the Saracens to the sword. Even now, the authority of the house of Savoy is little more than nominal in some of the less accessible parts of the island; the natives have their own unauthorised tribunals and forms of judicial procedure, altogether different from those appointed by the king, yet quite as efficacious and as dutifully recognised within the limits to which they belong; they have their immemorial traditions, which override the enactments of all modern legislature; and their mode of life seems in many respects to be scarcely affected by what is called the spread of civilisation. In consequence of this rigid immutability of their habits, they present a most interesting subject of study to all who are deeply read in Oriental antiquity; and even the more ordinary student, who does but know those pictures of ancient and patriarchal simplicity which are preserved to us in the Bible or in Homer, cannot fail to have his attention arrested by the fidelity with which the same features are reproduced in the lives of the Sardinians as described by the graphic pen of Father Bresciani. We are afraid that we cannot give many of these descriptions *in extenso*; for as the learned author has thrown his narrative into the form of conversations supposed to be carried on between himself and other members of his Society, they would occupy too much space. We shall therefore take the liberty of dropping this colloquial form, with all its numerous interruptions, and of slightly condensing in our translation some of

the more prolix portions of the original. Our first picture shall be taken from a very pleasing description of the *hospitality* of the Sardinians.

“On the continent,” says Father Bresciani, “the practical interpretation of the sacred word ‘hospitality’ comes to this,—that after you have taken up your quarters at some public hotel, your friend—that is, somebody to whom you have brought letters of introduction—comes to visit you, offers to lionise you over the town, and invites you to dinner. But in Sardinia it is altogether on a different scale. Here one seems to be transported back to the days of Ulysses and the rest of Homer’s heroes. There are no public places of entertainment where you pay for bed and board; but, as one reads over and over again in the poems of Homer, you get off your horse at the first open door you come to, you knock, some child sees you at the window, and runs in an ecstasy of delight to tell its parents that there is an arrival. Immediately the master of the house comes down to you, bids you welcome, lays hold of your bridle and makes you dismount, if you have not already done so; meanwhile his servants are doing the same kind offices to your companions; then they gather up all the bridles of your steeds and lead them off under the portico, where they are soon tied up, and oats and barley thrown into the troughs before them. You yourself enter the hospitable mansion before you, and having taken a seat in the clean little parlour, find yourself surrounded by a bright family of children, who are scanning you from head to foot; or some more forward than the rest will draw near and take your hand, and smile at your caresses. Others again who are more shy, especially the little girls, may be seen poking their heads out of some peep-hole; but when the mistress of the house comes forward, with a pleasing grace, to bid you welcome, and to thank you for the honour you have done her by this visit, then even these little ones too follow in her train, and steal furtive glances at you from behind their mother’s gown.

“Ladies in the villages of Sardinia, even the wives of *cavalieri* and others of the highest rank, rarely speak any other language than that of the island; so having made a few civil speeches to you in their native tongue, they retire to prepare the apartment you are to occupy and to get ready the supper, and you see no more of them. For whilst there are guests in the house, only the male members of the family entertain you and take their meals with you. If the sons are grown up, they sit with their father; but if they are young, they remain in another room with the women. All the best houses in the villages have three or four beds more than are required for the use of the inmates themselves, and these are intended expressly for the accommodation of travellers; but besides this, it not unfrequently happens that, to do you greater honour, the host insists on giving up his own bed, and goes to sleep with his children. Then if there has been any sporting in the family or in the neighbourhood, it is all for

you; and you are sure to have set before you the hare, the woodcock, or the partridge, or the most delicate parts of the hart or the wild boar. When you get up the next morning, you find the family busy in preparing your breakfast, and in furnishing the wallet for your journey with ham, cheese, excellent white bread, and good old wine. Then the mistress of the house politely takes her leave of you at the head of the staircase; the host accompanies you into the court-yard and holds your stirrup; and whilst you are turning it in your mind how to thank him for his kindness, lo! he too has jumped into his saddle, and sits ready mounted at your side. - It is in vain that you remonstrate; he puts spurs to his steed and rides on ahead, protesting that he should not have sufficiently testified his delight at having shewn you hospitality, did he not also accompany you a little on your onward journey."

Our classical readers will have already called to mind the frequent instances of hospitality recorded in the *Odyssey*, and will have marked the close resemblance which they present to this account of the Sardinians, even down to the non-appearance of the lady of the house at her own table, the escorting the traveller some way on his journey, and the very food given to the horses (grain, not hay), and the place and mode of securing them. It was the same also in the hospitality of the patriarchs in the Bible. Sara did not eat with Abraham when he was entertaining the three angels under the tree before the door of his tent; and "when the men rose up from thence, Abraham walked with them, bringing them on the way." When Abner, too, paid a visit to David in Hebron, and David made a feast for him and for his men, we read that by and by, when the feast was over, "David brought Abner on his way, and he went in peace."*

Another feature in the hospitality of the Sardinians is still more worthy of notice, and this too finds its parallel in the pages of classical antiquity; we allude to its sacred character, whereby the guest, even though he be an unwelcome one, and have been driven by the pursuit of officers of justice to take refuge under the roof of his most deadly enemy, immediately has a claim upon the sympathies of his host, and is under his most jealous and affectionate protection. We need not quote the many sayings of the Homeric heroes which bear upon this point, and which strongly illustrate the sacred character universally attributed to strangers and to suppliants. It is enough to refer to the well-known instance of Themistocles seeking shelter and protection from his enemies at the hearth of one to whom he had been no friend, king Admetus,† and his being instructed in the course which he ought to adopt by the very

* Gen. xviii.; 2 Kings iii. 21.

† Thucyd. i. 136.

wife of his enemy. Adventures of the same kind are by no means uncommon among the shepherds and other inhabitants of the more inland and mountainous parts of Sardinia. A very remarkable instance is given by F. Bresciani, on the authority of one of the judges of the island, who was cognisant of the facts:

“It happened that there had been a quarrel between two shepherds, in the course of which one was shot by the other. The brother of the murdered man vowed vengeance against the murderer, and lay in ambush for several days with his servants, hoping to catch him. Government also offered a very considerable reward for his apprehension: so he fled to the forests and led the life of an outlaw there. It happened one day that whilst he was out hunting, he was led on in the pursuit of a goat from one point to another, until he found himself in a wood where three policemen chanced to be just then dismounted from their horses and drinking at a fountain. The moment the outlaw saw them, he turned round and fled into the thickest part of the wood; not, however, before the policemen had seen the animal and heard the steps of the fugitive, whereupon, suspecting the true state of the case, they mounted their steeds and galloped after him. They would have overtaken him immediately but for the thick low brushwood which impeded their progress; and as it was, they pressed upon him so hard that he was forced to leap down a precipice, cross a stream, and try to hide himself behind a rock. It was all to no purpose, however; his pursuers spied out his retreat; and he again took to his heels, until at length he stumbled upon a shepherd's home, into which he threw himself as a last resource, and embracing the knees of the owner conjured him to afford him help and protection, since he had touched his threshold. But lo! the person thus addressed proved to be the very brother of the murdered man who had been so long seeking an opportunity for revenge. At first sight of the murderer, the shepherd's blood boiled in his veins, he grew pale, and shook from head to foot; then, having gained the mastery over himself, he held out his hand to him and said, ‘As long as you remain here, no man shall touch you.’ Next, he called all his assistants about him, and they sallied forth well armed to meet the police, bidding them keep their distance and not dare to violate the sacred rights of hospitality. At the sight of all these mountaineers, with loaded fire-arms aimed at their heads, the officers of justice retired to a spot from whence they could command a view of the fold. The shepherds, on their side, stationed an outpost of observation, and then retired to their tents. Now it happened that the shepherd who was thus affording protection to an outlaw had two sons in prison, upon whom judgment had just been passed, and they were sentenced to death. So when the authorities had been duly informed of the state of the case, the President of the Royal Tribunal sent a secret messenger to the host, promising that the lives of his two children should be spared if he would surrender

this outlawed murderer. Indignant at such a proposal, he replied, 'that he was ready to forfeit even his own life rather than break his faith and allow it to be said that Carlo had violated the laws of hospitality;' neither did he communicate to his guest the proposition that had been made. A few days afterwards, the poor man was informed that one of his sons had now been executed, but that the other should yet be spared on the same condition. The noble fellow raised his eyes to Heaven, wiped away the tears that fell on his cheek, and said, 'Go tell the judge that a Sardinian values his troth still more than his children.' Having re-entered his tent, he observed a strict silence as to what had passed; but when the news was brought of the death of his second son, this was more than his strength could bear, and he went out of his mind."

Our readers will appreciate the generous self-sacrifice exhibited in this history still more keenly, when we mention that F. Bresciani specifies as one of the striking features in the Sardinian character, excessive tenderness of affection for their children.

"The Sardinians," he says, "are of a good disposition, discreet, religious, and trustworthy; of quick and lively genius, delicate and refined intelligence, strong mind, and ardent imagination; patient, docile, reverent, and courteous; men of few but ready words, of staid sobriety of manners, and of great frankness and gravity of demeanour. They are naturally sober, honest, liberal, and hospitable; very exact in a dutiful regard towards their seniors, tenderly attached, even to an excess, to their children, and prizing their wives as the very jewels of their houses. They do not, indeed, deal largely in caresses and other delicate attentions towards their wives; they expect them to be very reverent and submissive both in word and deed; but they entertain a very high sense of honour and respect for them in their inmost souls. They love their country beyond measure, and boast and magnify themselves about it exceedingly."

Next after the hospitality of the Sardinians towards strangers, it follows naturally to speak of their kindness to the poor; and here they set an example of simple unaffected generosity, the like of which we fear would scarcely be found amongst many nations who boast of their civilisation, and who would feel themselves privileged to scoff at the rude and (as in some instances they would not hesitate to call them) the pagan ways of these poor islanders. The enormous inequality in the distribution of wealth is one of the greatest social problems of England at this moment, and we shudder to think of the convulsions which it may cost the country to work out its solution. Let us see how the political economists of Sardinia handle the question; for it is one not peculiar to a great commercial country like ours, but inherent in the very essence of a social

community. In England, pauperism is provided for by building union-houses like prisons, by separating husband and wife, &c. &c.: in the pastoral districts of Sardinia they manage these things differently.

“The shepherds of these parts are liable to all sorts of accidents whereby they lose their cows, sheep, or goats; a deep fall of snow on the mountains after spring has begun, excessive heat in the summer burning up the pastures, a pestilence, or a hundred other misfortunes, often cause a shepherd who was once the owner of several head of cattle gradually to lose his herd, and to be reduced to poverty. Under these circumstances, his neighbours meet together to discuss what is to be done; and when they have determined on the course they mean to adopt, they send for the poor fellow, cheer him up with words of hope and consolation, drink to his better health, and then present him each with a young calf out of his own herd: so that he who had come out in the morning a perfect beggar, returns in the evening, if not a rich man, yet at least very comfortably off, with twenty or even thirty head of cattle; nor does this shepherd feel under any other obligation to his benefactors than that of rendering the same assistance under similar circumstances to any of his neighbours who may need it.”

The preliminaries that are necessary before the final settlement of any nuptial contract among these primitive and simple-hearted islanders are in some respects more cumbrous than we should have anticipated; but there is a mixture of poetry and of solid business-like precision about them that is very amusing.

“The young man having fixed in his own mind whom he would desire to be his partner for life, mentions the subject privately to his parents. The father desires to have time for thinking the matter over; by and by he calls all the relatives of his family together, announces to them his son's intention, gives the name of the girl, and all he knows about her family and connexions, her dowry and the gifts she is likely to bring her husband; and if the girl belongs to another village, he goes on to discourse also about the habits, temper, and character of the people of those parts. Hereupon every one speaks his mind; they inquire whether there have been any feuds and quarrels between the families during the last three or four generations; whether there have been any friendly alliances, or, on the contrary, any hostile relations between them. Should they decide that there is no taint in the blood of the young man against the family of his intended spouse, and moreover, that there is a prospect of a reasonable dowry, that the girl herself is comely and well-behaved, active and industrious, that her parents and relations are good honest people and well to do in the world,—then they one and all agree that there is no obstacle to the further prosecution of the match, and that it gives entire satisfaction to the whole family. This

being done, the oldest relative is selected to go and break the matter to the father of the girl, who now in *his* turn goes through precisely the same inquisitorial process with reference to the youth; and should it prove satisfactory, an answer is given to this effect, that the family will feel themselves honoured by forming a relationship with such excellent people, and that, so far from refusing the girl, they beg that they will consider her from this time forth as their own. Next, they make arrangements as to the gifts that are to be exchanged on the occasion, the time, and all other circumstances; and great preparations are made where the parties concerned are of pretty good means, more especially on the side of the lady, who, according to the custom of the island, has to provide all the furniture for the new house.

“All being thus settled, the father of the bridegroom, together with the bridesmen and the whole company of relatives, set out on the appointed day to go and visit the bride, whose relatives are all assembled in holiday attire, and the house highly decorated as for a grand festival. As soon as the father of the bride hears the trampling of the horses' feet, he pretends to go and hide himself, whilst the outrider knocks and knocks again at his door, but all to no purpose. At last the whole company comes up and pretends to be very indignant, and they begin to knock again with greater violence, when presently a voice is heard from within inquiring whether they are friends who are thus unexpectedly arrived, and whether they bring good news. To this they reply, ‘We are friends, and we bring honour and goodness.’ On hearing this, the head of the house comes out to the door, as though this visit were quite unlooked for and he were very much astonished at it, bids them all welcome, helps them to dismount, ties up their horses, and in the most amiable and affectionate manner leads them into the house. There, after the interchange of a few compliments, the father of the young man steps forward and says with an air of great anxiety, that ‘he has lost the dearest and most precious little lamb of all his flock, that he has sought it every where in vain, and that at length he is come here to see if he could by any chance have the good luck to find it; for that he really cannot live without this little lamb, which is the joy and peace and delight of his life, so fair, gentle, and amiable are her ways, and her eyes so bright and loving.’ The host professes to be much perplexed; says ‘that he has not seen this lost lamb, but that he has a good many in the house, and he is quite welcome to go in and see whether his chances to be among them.’ On this invitation, they enter the inner parlour, where they find all the ladies seated close together, looking grave and serious, though at the same time very amiable. Not one of them rises to greet the strangers, or opens her lips. Then the father of the girl begins at one end of the row of ladies, and says, ‘Perhaps this is the lamb you have lost?’ but the other shakes his head, pronounces an encomium on the lady as wise and fair and amiable, but says she is not the one he is in quest of. Then he points out the second in the row, who is in like manner

complimented and declined ; and so on, one after the other, until he comes to the bride elect, when the father exclaims, ' Yes, yes, this is the one ; don't you see in the goodness that beams from those eyes every presage of future happiness and prosperity for me ? ' The father then makes her stand up and, as though sorely against her will, come forward. The future father-in-law, full of glee, places beautiful earrings in her ears, a ring upon her finger, and a rich necklace on her neck ; and all the other relatives and bridesmen offer their gifts also. Then the bride modestly presents the gifts which are to be carried to her intended, and at the same time makes some trifling present to the bridesmen ; after which she resumes her seat among the ladies, who load her with affectionate caresses. This solemn ceremony being ended, wine and refreshments are introduced, congratulations are interchanged, and by and by the party is broken up.

" This is the national and orthodox mode of betrothal among the villagers of Sardinia ; but there are others quite as binding and far more expeditious. Thus, if in the midst of a dance, a young man present his partner with a rose, a violet, or a tulip, and she accept it thus publicly in the presence of her relatives and neighbours, this constitutes a more binding engagement among the Sardinians than any writing under the hand and seal of a public notary. And in like manner, if in the course of one of their national dances, a young man should lay hold of his partner's hand, not merely by the tips of the fingers, but should take her whole hand, this again is equivalent to making her a proposal of marriage ; and it is a pledge so firm and binding, that should any youth dare to disregard it, he would infallibly be either shot or stabbed by the father or brothers of the girl, or even by the girl herself.

" A few years ago there lived in one of the most populous villages of this island, and perhaps she may be living still, a girl of considerable attractions, whose hand therefore was sought by many in marriage. Amongst the rest was a young *bravo*, who for his many crimes had been outlawed, and was forced therefore to live in retirement among the mountains. One evening he stole into the village and proposed to this girl, who accepted him on condition of his forsaking his evil ways. This he promised ; and having taken Antonica's hand, the engagement was made. However, the young man took no heed to his promise, but grew more and more desperate in his wickedness ; and by and by he fell in love with another girl, and was on the eve of marrying her. This came to Antonica's ears, and she immediately went to the rival who had supplanted her, and said, ' Efisedda, that man promised me first ; beware, then, how you marry him, for I promise you that you shall not enjoy his society for long.' Efisedda communicated this threat to the bandit, who only laughed at it. But late in the evening before the intended marriage, the enraged Antonica threw herself in the way of the outlaw, and asked him what he intended to do. The young man replied with great *sang froid*, ' It is my intention to marry Efisedda

to-morrow.' To which Antonica replied with equal coolness, 'Then my intention is this;' and at the same moment drawing a pistol from beneath her dress, she shot him through the heart, and then quietly returned to her home. The noise of the explosion brought some of the bandit's associates to the spot, and they found him still living. Raising his head he said, 'My friends and relatives, save Antonica. I gave her my promise, and broke it; she has killed me for it, and it is well; save her, then, from the arm of the law. Tell the authorities that in killing me she has done well, for she has protected the inviolability of contracts; besides, she has saved five heads of families whom I had destined for assassination, and should undoubtedly have killed within another month. Moreover, a price was set upon my head, and to this Antonica is entitled;' and so saying, he breathed his last. The magistrates took no notice whatever of Antonica's deed, and I believe she still lives, only in another parish. And this is not the only instance I have heard of, of a similar punishment being inflicted on persons who have proved faithless to engagements of this kind."

Where this summary mode of punishment for a breach of promise of marriage is thus implicitly sanctioned by the tacit consent of the government, it is to be presumed that young gentlemen are more than ordinarily prudent in such matters, and that marriage follows an engagement far more certainly than elsewhere. We are sorry that our space will not allow us to transcribe all the ceremonies of the marriage itself: the long procession of young men and women carrying from the paternal home of the bride all the furniture of the new house; the pictures, and crockery, and looking-glasses, and all other fragile objects being borne on the heads of these numerous assistants, and the beds and the provisions and more solid articles piled in wagons; the principal bridesmaid carrying on her head the beautifully shaped pitcher of copper or earthenware, the emblem of the domestic duties of the bride, and as such set up on high, as the most conspicuous object for the day, in the bridal chamber; the bridegroom himself riding along in his best attire on a horse most magnificently caparisoned for the occasion, and superintending the whole. Arrived at the door of the house, the *sposo* dismounts, takes a mattress on his shoulders, and attempts to enter. To this the bridesmen make a show of resistance, but at length he is allowed to conquer; and as he rushes into his room and deposits the mattress on the bed, all the others follow him and throw their mattresses on the top of him—a singular proceeding, which is supposed to denote the heavy cares and burdens of the matrimonial state now about to be undertaken by him. The furniture of the rest of the house is then arranged in a more orderly fashion, the whole is decorated with flowers and branches of myrtle

and laurel, and now all is ready for the wedding-day. The ceremonies in church are of course the same as in all Catholic countries; and then comes the wedding-breakfast in true English style. At this feast the bride and bridegroom sit for the first time side by side; and not only so, but they have the very curious ceremony of eating out of the same plate and drinking out of the same cup. They have only one spoon or one knife and fork between them, which they use alternately, as though they were no longer two persons, but one only. Lastly, when the feast is over, the whole party forms a long cavalcade, a sort of body-guard of honour, to escort the newly-married couple to their home.

We have already seen in these extracts more than one specimen of that omnipotence of *tradition* among the inhabitants of Sardinia which we pointed out at the beginning. Elsewhere Father Bresciani gives us a picture of the exercise of the very highest judicial functions under no other authority. It appears that there are regularly established courts of justice in the island, in which all civil and criminal causes ought of course to be settled; nevertheless, in the central parts of the island a more simple and primitive mode of administering justice is in almost universal use; and even judges and advocates used to the practice of the legally-established courts, seem themselves to acknowledge that business is transacted and disputes settled in these more irregularly constituted tribunals with a degree of skill and patience and ingenuity by no means prejudicial to the cause of truth and justice. A strict order and method are observed in their proceedings, and practically there is no appeal from their decisions.

“When any of the inhabitants of a village has been murdered, and the perpetrator of the deed is unknown, the members of the family investigate among themselves who it can be and what can have been the motive. Having fixed their suspicions on some one individual, the nearest relatives communicate the circumstance to two of the most respectable neighbours, who are appointed to go and break the matter to the supposed culprit. Then he, in his turn, canvasses the matter with his friends and relatives, and selects two other individuals respected for their judgment and wisdom who are to act as his representatives. These four deputies agree together and make all necessary arrangements for the trial, and summon the parties on the day appointed. The hall of justice is always under the village-oak, the hour day-break, and the judges must not have broken their fast; nothing must pass their lips until the trial is ended and sentence pronounced. The business commences by the two representatives of the injured family turning towards the accused and his relatives, and announcing that he is suspected of having committed such and such a crime. Then the nearest relative of the

deceased stands up, and pointing distinctly at the accused, says, 'It is you who killed him;' whereupon the other rises and says, 'I did not kill him.' The four deputies then motion the plaintiff and defendant to retire; and they withdraw in opposite directions to a considerable distance from the tribunal. Then the relatives of the deceased allege all the circumstances that have led them to think the accused the guilty party; and the relatives of the accused, on the other hand, do their best to rebut these allegations by the most convincing arguments or evidence they can adduce. When both have pleaded their cause as well as they can, these too are motioned to retire, and they go and join their respective relatives. Meanwhile the two friends of the accused proceed to discuss the worth of the accusation; they investigate the past histories of the two families, they prove that neither the father, nor the grandfather, nor the great grandfather of the defendant ever had any cause of quarrel with the family of the deceased; on the contrary, that they were gossips, that they had frequented the same wedding-feasts, had had dealings together in business, *e.g.* in the exchange of animals or the settlement of boundaries; finally, that there had even been inter-marriages between the two families; and that all this is incompatible with the idea of rancour, hatred, and revenge. Then the two advocates of the plaintiff will rake up some story of a fraud practised on one of the relatives in business, some insult offered at the fair, some secret lurking about the house that had been observed by somebody, some evil looks or hard words, or similar indications of ill-will on the part of the accused towards the deceased. At last, when the arguments on both sides are exhausted, they proceed to adjust and balance them one against the other until the four agree to a verdict. A whistle soon brings back the two parties to the judgment-seat. If there is a clear and certain sentence of acquittal, it is announced with great joy, the parties are made to shake hands together, to drink to one another's health, and they go away in peace. If, on the other hand, the accused is found guilty, this is announced to him, and he is allowed the usual period of twenty days, during which he is entitled to all the offices of good neighbourhood in the village, or, as it is technically expressed, to the full liberty of fire and water; but on the expiration of this term he must either take himself off to some other village, or he must stand on his guard and consider that his life is entirely at the mercy of the relatives of the deceased."

This moderation, however, only belongs to those cases where there is real reasonable doubt as to the guilt or innocence of the party concerned, *e.g.* in cases of suspected witchcraft, of murder to which none was witness, and which could not be brought home to the murderer by any decisive circumstantial evidence, and the like. In cases *flagrantis delicti*, it seems to be universally understood that life for life is the divinely appointed penalty, and that the next of kin have a natural and

indefeasible right to be the ministers of this retributive justice without the intervention of any judicial process whatever.

It can be scarcely necessary to observe, that in a state of society such as that of which we have here seen a few hasty sketches, all is not perfect; Sardinia is not a favoured spot where the fabulous golden age of the poets is realised in all its details; it has sores and ills of its own. Of these one of the most serious is the existence of hereditary feuds of a most deadly nature, whose bitterness seems almost to grow in strength, instead of waxing feebler and more feeble, by the lapse of years. Yet even for this evil a remedy is to be found in the means and appliances provided by the Catholic faith; and with an interesting example of this, we must take our leave of a book which is equally valuable to the mere reader for the sake of entertainment, and to the most profound student of classical antiquity.

“Some Jesuits were preaching a retreat in a very populous village of the island in the year 1840, when intimation was given to them that it was impossible there should be any thoroughly satisfactory and lasting fruits from their preaching, unless they could succeed in bringing a powerful squire in the neighbourhood to pardon one against whom he entertained a deadly enmity. This gentleman was an old man, whose only son had been murdered a few years before out of jealousy—a son who was the hope and support of his house and family; and ever since this event the friends and relatives of the two families had been always at strife and enmity. Some peacemakers had more than once attempted to pacify the old man’s wrath, but in vain; his one absorbing thought and consolation was this, that he might live to see the murderer of his son dead before his eyes. The missionaries having heard of this long and deadly hatred went to visit the old man, and found him by his fire-side seated in an arm-chair. He received them most courteously, offered them wine and refreshments, and never ceased to thank them for the pleasure and honour of this unexpected visit. But when the elder of the two priests introduced as gently as he could the subject of Christian forgiveness, the old man’s face grew red as fire, and getting up from his chair and pressing both his hands to his stomach, he exclaimed, ‘Look here, look here; the blood of these bowels has been shed and drunk up by the earth; I see it smoking still, and it calls aloud for vengeance!’ The missionaries soon found that it was hopeless to do more at present than to appease him as well as they could by soft words, and then took their leave, going home to commend this most difficult business to Almighty God. Meanwhile the old man, like all the other inhabitants of the place, was most assiduous in his attendance at all the sermons of the retreat; never a day passed but he was to be seen in his place, well surrounded by his friends and partisans; whilst in another part of the church

was to be seen the opposite faction, the murderer and his companions. The missionaries had come in the course of the instructions to the parable of the prodigal son, and were explaining to them how that in this parable our Lord had vouchsafed to represent to us the infinite loving-kindness and mercy of God towards sinners. Their hearers were melted into tears, and beating their breasts were crying out for mercy and forgiveness from God, with a sure hope of obtaining it. The preacher, marking well the universality of these feelings of compunction, caused a crucifix to be laid on the ground at the foot of the pulpit, and then burst forth with great fervour of eloquence into these words: 'Let him who has pardoned his enemy come forward and kiss the wound in the side of Christ, and let him confidently hope for pardon for all, even his most grievous offences. But let not him who does *not* forgive his enemies presume to draw near to this merciful Saviour who died on the cross for his enemies. That divine blood is the blood of love; but to him who loves not, and who does not pardon, it is the blood of terrible justice.'

"Among a people of lively faith, such as the Sardinians are, these words were like so many sharp spurs, urging them forward to kiss those sacred wounds and to pour forth their whole soul into them. Every body, therefore, who had never entertained hatred against their neighbours, or who now at least had entirely set it aside, crowded round the crucifix, threw themselves at its feet, and loaded it with kisses and with tears. In the midst of this scene, John—for such was the old man's name—felt such a compunction in his heart at the sight of the crucifix, and so longed to throw himself upon the image of his Lord, that he shook like a child, and seemed like one who had lost his senses. Now he would look towards Gavino, him who had slain his son, now towards the cross; he sighed and groaned, and was in an extraordinary state of internal agitation; at last, no longer able to confine within his own breast the good and the bad feelings that were battling within him, he clenched his fists together, and uttering a great cry, called aloud, 'Gavino, come hither!' At this summons the youth was considerably disconcerted, grew pale, and trembled; but as the old man continued to call, he was encouraged by his friends to move forward and go to him. Then the venerable old man spread out his arms, with deep sobs and sighs threw himself on his neck and clasped him to his breast, exclaiming with most deep earnestness, 'Gavino, I forgive you!' The youth was so overcome by these words that he fainted away in his arms, whereupon the people burst forth into a loud crying and groaning, and continually shouted, 'Forgiveness, forgiveness!' the hostile factions ran together with open arms, embraced and kissed one another, and mingling tears with their words cried out, 'Forgive me, forgive me, you whom I have injured; pardon me, my brother; give me your hand, give me the kiss of peace.' The missionary from the pulpit, and the other priest who stood below, equally amazed and delighted at this holy disturbance, did their best by looks and gestures (for it

was impossible to make oneself heard amid the tumult) to moderate the ardour of the people, more especially of the women, who, at the sight of this sudden reconciliation of their husbands, were shedding floods of tears and embracing one another, and making the most vehement protestations of friendship where before there had been nothing but enmity for so many years. When calm had been restored, they were brought up one by one to the crucifix, and having kissed and bathed it with tears, they forswore all feuds, quarrels, and vengeance for the future. The first to take this vow was the old man, John, who holding Gavino by the hand, and turning round to the congregation, called them to witness that he should now take the place of his lost son Antiochus, and should marry his only daughter. Nor were these mere idle words and rash promises; before the missionaries left the village, they had the satisfaction of seeing peace and charity universally restored and firmly established. Incidents of this kind used to be of such frequent occurrence in all the missions that were given throughout the island, that the King Charles Albert has said to me more than once, that he looked upon a dozen missionaries as worth far more in Sardinia than ten regiments of soldiers; and if I were to lay before my readers the history of the missions that have been given in the island during the last twenty years, they would recognise the truth of this saying to an extent that would scarcely seem credible to those who are unacquainted with the firm faith and noble generous nature of the Sardinians."

A BLUE-STOCKING IN THE BUSH.

Roughing it in the Bush; or, Life in Canada. By
Susanna Moodie. 2 vols. London, Bentley.

THESE volumes are written with the double purpose of giving useful hints to any of the upper classes of society who may be contemplating emigration to Canada, and of providing light and entertaining literature for the general reader; or perhaps we ought rather to say that they may be made to answer this double purpose, the latter being certainly the principal object contemplated by the mind of the writer. The authoress is a sister of Miss Agnes Strickland, the well-known biographer of the Queens of England; but if we may judge from their respective writings, the lots of the two sisters have been cast in very different circumstances. Miss Strickland, living in the midst of civilised society, having access to public and private libraries, gives a really valuable contribution to English literature and history; her sister, "roughing

it in the bush," writes a series of clever lively sketches of what she sees and hears and suffers, and her volumes claim a very respectable place among the more ephemeral productions of the press. She is a sensible and an entertaining writer; and some of the poems which are scattered pretty plentifully up and down her pages have acquired a considerable degree of popularity in Canada, where they were first published.

Mrs. Moodie has very wisely departed from the ordinary rule of journalist-travellers, and instead of setting out with a pathetic farewell to her native shores, and a full and particular account of all the men, women, and children, including the pigs and the poultry, that were stowed away in the same ship with herself at Southampton, Liverpool, or some other English port, introduces us at once to a foreign land, with her ship "casting anchor off Grosse Isle on the 30th of August, 1832;" thence up the noble St. Lawrence to Quebec, and on to Montreal; across the country in a narrow closely-packed vehicle, by courtesy called a coach, to Prescott; and then again on board a steamer up the Ontario to some one of the numerous villages situated on its banks. Here the travellers, Mrs. M. and her husband, fell in with an intimate friend whom they had known "at home" (that is to say, somewhere in England), and who had left that country just two months before themselves. They had heard from his friends that he was already comfortably settled "in the bush," had bought a farm, and meant to commence operations in the autumn. All this was cheering intelligence for the new immigrants, who were following in his wake; but now let us hear him speak for himself. They came across him most unexpectedly in a crowded inn on the banks of the Ontario. Mrs. Moodie had caught his eye glancing upon her from amidst the throng.

"In another second he had pushed his way to my side, whispering in my ear, 'We met, 'twas in a crowd.'"

"Tom Wilson, is that you?"

"Do you doubt it? I flatter myself that there is no likeness of such a handsome fellow to be found in the world. It is I, I swear,—although very little of me is left to swear by. The best part of me I have left to fatten the mosquitoes and black flies in that infernal bush."

"But what are you doing here?"

"Shaking every day with the ague. But I could laugh in spite of my teeth, to hear them make such a confounded rattling; you would think they were all quarrelling which should first get out of my mouth. This shaking mania forms one of the chief attractions of this new country."

"I fear," said I, remarking how thin and pale he had become, "that this climate cannot agree with you."

"Nor I with the climate. Well, we shall soon be quits; for, to let you into a secret, I am now on my way to England. . . . My troubles began at sea. We had a fair voyage, and all that; but, my poor dog, my beautiful Duchess, that Beauty in the Beast, died. I wanted to read the funeral service over her, but the captain interfered, the brute! and threatened to throw me into the sea along with the dead bitch, as the unmannerly ruffian persisted in calling my canine friend. I never spoke to him again during the rest of the voyage. Nothing happened worth relating until I got to this place, where I chanced to meet a friend who knew your brother, and I went up with him to the woods. Most of the wise men of Gotham we met on the road were bound to the woods; so I felt happy that I was, at least, in the fashion. Mr. — was very kind, and spoke in raptures of the woods, which formed the theme of conversation during our journey,—their beauty, their vastness, the comfort and independence enjoyed by those who had settled in them; and he so inspired me with the subject, that I did nothing all day but sing as we rode along,

‘A life in the woods for us;’

until we came to the woods, and then I soon learned to sing that same, as the Irishman says, on the other side of my mouth."

Here succeeded a long pause, during which friend Tom seemed mightily tickled with his reminiscences, for he leaned back in his chair, and from time to time gave way to loud hollow bursts of laughter. "Tom, Tom! are you going mad?" said my husband, shaking him.

"I never was sane that I know of," returned he; "you know that it runs in the family. But do let me have my laugh out. The woods! ha! ha! When I used to be roaming through those woods, shooting—though not a thing could I ever find to shoot, for birds and beasts are not such fools as our English emigrants—and I chanced to think of you coming to spend the rest of your lives in the woods, I used to stop, and hold my sides, and laugh until the woods rang again. It was the only consolation I had."

"Good heavens!" said I, "let us never go the woods."

"You will repent if you do," continued Tom. "But let me proceed on my journey. My bones were well-nigh dislocated before we got to D—. The roads for the last twelve miles were nothing but a succession of mud-holes, covered with the most ingenious invention ever thought of for racking the limbs, called corduroy bridges; not breeches, mind you, for I thought, whilst jolting up and down over them, that I should arrive at my destination minus that indispensable covering. It was night when we got to Mr. —'s place. I was tired and hungry, my face disfigured and blistered by the unremitting attentions of the black flies that rose in swarms from the river. I thought to get a private room to wash and dress in, but there is no such thing as privacy in this country. In the bush,

all things are in common; you cannot even get a bed without having to share it with a companion. A bed on the floor in a public sleeping-room! Think of that; a public sleeping-room! Men, women, and children only divided by a paltry curtain. Oh, ye gods! think of the snoring, squalling, grumbling, puffing; think of the kicking, elbowing, and crowding; the suffocating heat, the mosquitoes, with their infernal buzzing; and you will form some idea of the misery I endured the first night of my arrival in the bush.

“But these are not half the evils with which you have to contend. You are pestered with nocturnal visitants far more disagreeable than even the mosquitoes, and must put up with annoyances more disgusting than the crowded close room. And then, to appease the cravings of hunger, fat pork is served to you three times a day. No wonder that the Jews eschewed the vile animal; they were people of taste. Pork morning, noon, and night, swimming in its own grease! The bishop who complained of partridges every day should have been condemned to three months’ feeding upon pork in the bush; and he would have become an anchorite, to escape the horrid sight of swine’s flesh for ever spread before him. No wonder I am thin; I have been starved, starved upon pritters and pork, and that disgusting specimen of unleavened bread yclept ‘cakes in the pan.’

“I had such a horror of the pork-diet, that whenever I saw the dinner in progress I fled to the canoe, in the hope of drowning upon the waters all reminiscences of the hateful banquet; but even here the very fowls of the air and the reptiles of the deep lifted up their voices, and shouted, Pork, pork, pork!

“It was impossible to keep any thing to myself. The children pulled my books to pieces to look at the pictures; and an impudent bare-legged Irish servant-girl took my towels to wipe the dishes with, and my clothes-brush to black the shoes,—an operation which she performed with a mixture of soot and grease.”

In short, this good gentleman had sold his farm and all “his traps,” as he called them, that is, his outfit, for an old song; had purchased a young bear to keep him company on his homeward voyage, and to make peace with his uncle when he should arrive there; and was now only waiting to be rid of the ague before he set off for England again. This was any thing but a warm and encouraging reception for the newly-arrived couple, who looked forward to living in the midst of these charms probably for many years. However, they well knew that Tom was an oddity, and his ludicrously dismal picture did not prevent Mr. Moodie from purchasing a farm and hiring a house, which neither he nor his wife had ever seen until they came to take possession of it. Mrs. M. had been sent on with the baby and a servant-maid in a

covered carriage, and her husband followed with Tom Wilson and the teams that conveyed the luggage. When first Mrs. M. saw her future home, which was of course amidst pouring rain,—people always *do* arrive at disagreeable places under these disagreeable circumstances,—she stared at it with her eyes swimming in tears, and declared that there must be some mistake; “this was not the house, but only a cattle-shed or pig-sty.” There was no door, only one window with but one whole pane of glass, no furniture, but three young steers and two heifers quietly reposing upon the floor; a loft over the single room, but no ladder to reach it; in a word, it was about as untenable a tenement as the most lively imagination could conceive or the most romantic taste desire. The gentlemen, however, soon arrived, the cattle were ejected, a piece of white cloth nailed over the broken window, a ladder extemporised out of some old bits of boards, and by dint of very hard manual labour matters began to assume a little more orderly and cheerful appearance. In the midst of all this bustle, the door (for fortunately this necessary article had been spied lying among some old boards at the back of the building) was suddenly pushed open, and the apparition of a woman squeezed itself into the crowded room.

“Imagine a girl of seventeen or eighteen years of age, with sharp knowing features, a forward impudent carriage, and a pert flippant voice, standing upon one of the trunks, and surveying all our proceedings in the most impertinent manner. The creature was dressed in a ragged, dirty, purple stuff gown, cut very low in the neck, with an old red cotton handkerchief tied over her head, her uncombed tangled locks falling over her thin inquisitive face in a state of perfect nature. Her legs and feet were bare, and in her coarse dirty red hands she flung to and fro an empty decanter. . . . I thought she had come to offer her services; and I told her that I did not want a girl, for I had brought one out with me.

“How!” responded the creature; “I hope you don’t take me for a help. I’d have you to know that I’m as good a lady as yourself. No; I just stepped over to see what was going on. I seed the teams pass our’n about noon, and I says to father, ‘Them strangers are cum; I’ll go and look arter them.’ ‘Yes,’ says he, ‘do,—and take the decanter along. Maybe they ’ll want one to put their whisky in.’ ‘I’m goin’ to,’ says I; ‘so I cum across with it, an’ here it is. But mind—don’t break it—’tis the only one we have to hum; and father says ’tis so mean to drink out of green glass.”

My surprise increased every minute. It seemed such an act of disinterested generosity thus to anticipate wants we had never thought of. I was regularly taken in.

“My good girl,” I began, “this is really very kind; but—”

“Now, don’t go to call me ‘gall,’ and pass off your English airs

upon us. We are *genuine* Yankees, and think ourselves as good—yes, a great deal better than you. I am a young lady.”

“Indeed!” said I, striving to repress my astonishment; “I am a stranger in the country, and my acquaintance with Canadian ladies and gentlemen is very small. I did not mean to offend you by using the term ‘girl;’ I was going to assure you that we had no need of the decanter. We have bottles of our own, and we don’t drink whisky.”

“How! not drink whisky? Why, you don’t say! How ignorant you must be! maybe they have no whisky in the old country?”

“Yes, we have; but it is not like the Canadian whisky. But pray take the decanter home again; I am afraid that it will get broken in this confusion.”

“No, no; father told me to leave it, and there it is;” and she planted it resolutely down on the trunk. “You will find a use for it till you have unpacked your own.”

Seeing that she was determined to leave the bottle, I said no more about it; and presently she disappeared as abruptly as she had entered. The next day she presented herself again, and congratulated Mrs. Moodie on the improvement she had effected in their uncouth dwelling.

“Well, I guess you look smart; you old-country folks are so stiff, you must have every thing nice, or you fret. But, then, you can easily do it; you have *stacks* of money, and you can fix every thing right off with money.”

“Pray take a seat,” and I offered her a chair, “and be kind enough to tell me your name. I suppose you must live in this neighbourhood, although I cannot perceive any dwelling near us.”

“My name! so you want to know my name. I arn’t ashamed of my name; ’tis Emily S——. I am eldest daughter to the *gentleman* who owns this house.”

What must the father be, thought I, if he resembles the young *lady* his daughter!

Imagine a young lady dressed in ragged petticoats, through whose yawning rents peeped forth from time to time her bare red knees, with uncombed elf-locks, and a face and hands that looked as if they had been unwashed for a month, who did not know A from B, and despised those who did. While these reflections, combined with a thousand ludicrous images, were fitting through my mind, my strange visitor suddenly exclaimed,

“Have you done with that ’ere decanter I brought across yesterday?”

“Oh, yes; I have no occasion for it.” I rose, took it from the shelf, and placed it in her hand.

“I guess you won’t return it empty; that would be mean, father says. He wants it filled with whisky.”

The mystery was solved, the riddle made clear. I could contain my gravity no longer, but burst into a hearty fit of laughter, in which I was joined by Hannah. Our young lady was mortally

offended ; she tossed the decanter from hand to hand, and glared at us with her tiger-like eyes.

“ You think yourselves smart ; why do you laugh in that way ? ”

“ Excuse me, but you have such an odd way of borrowing that I cannot help it. This bottle, it seems, was brought over for your own convenience, not for mine. I am sorry to disappoint you, but I have no whisky.”

“ I guess spirits will do as well ; I know there is some in that keg, for I smells it.”

“ It contains rum for the workmen.”

“ Better still. I calculate when you’ve been here a few months, you’ll be too knowing to give rum to your helps. But old-country folks are all fools, and that’s the reason they get so easily sucked in, and be so soon wound-up. Cum, fill the bottle, and don’t be stingy ; in this country we all live by borrowing ; if you want any thing, why just send and borrow from us.”

Thinking that this might be the custom of the country, I hastened to fill the decanter, hoping that I might get a little new milk for the poor weaning child in return : but when I asked my liberal visitor if she kept cows, and would lend me a little new milk for the baby, she burst out into high disdain. “ Milk ! lend milk ? I guess milk in the fall is worth a york shilling a quart. I cannot sell you a drop under.”

This was a wicked piece of extortion, as the same article in the towns, where, of course, it was in greater request, only brought three-pence the quart.

“ If you’ll pay me for it, I’ll bring you some to-morrow. But mind, cash down.”

“ And when do you mean to return the rum ? ” I asked, with some asperity.

“ When father goes to the creek.” This was the name given by my neighbours to the village of P——, distant about four miles.

Day after day I was tormented by this importunate creature ; she borrowed of me tea, sugar, candles, starch, blueing, irons, pots, bowls, in short every article in common domestic use, while it was with the utmost difficulty we could get them returned. Articles of food, such as tea and sugar, or of convenience, like candles, starch, and soap, she never dreamed of being required at her hands. This method of living upon their neighbours is a most convenient one to unprincipled people, as it does not involve the penalty of stealing ; and they can keep the goods without the unpleasant necessity of returning them, or feeling the moral obligation of being grateful for their use. Living eight miles from ——, I found these constant encroachments a heavy burden on our poor purse ; and being ignorant of the country, and residing in such a lonely out-of-the-way place, surrounded by these savages, I was really afraid of denying their requests.

I happened to mention the manner in which I was constantly annoyed by these people to a worthy English farmer who resided near us, and he fell a-laughing, and told me I did not know the Canadian

Yankees as well as he did, or I should not be troubled with them long.

“The best way,” says he, “to get rid of them, is to ask them sharply what they want, and if they give you no satisfactory answer, order them to leave the house; but I believe I can put you in a better way still. Buy some small article of them, and pay them a trifle over the price, and tell them to bring the change; I will lay my life upon it that it will be long before they trouble you again.”

I was impatient to test the efficacy of his scheme. That very afternoon the girl brought me a plate of butter for sale. The price was three and ninepence; twice the sum, by the by, that it was worth.

“I have no change,” giving her a dollar; “but you can bring it me to-morrow.”

Oh, blessed experiment! for the value of one quarter-dollar I got rid of this dishonest girl for ever; rather than pay me, she never entered the house again.”

We have known this plan tried with very great success as a remedy against the importunity of other than Canadian borrowers. So also we have heard of a lady not in Canada, who having a great many books and being pretty constantly applied to by her neighbours for the loan of them, has had a certain text of Scripture printed on a slip of paper, together with her own name and residence, and one of these slips is carefully pasted in a conspicuous place on the inside of every one of her books. The text of Scripture is the same as stood Mrs. Moodie in such good stead against the continual deprivations of another of her neighbours, who came one day to borrow some tea and sugar, ten pounds of flour to make some Johnnie cakes, a gown, and a pair of stockings, or in default of these a five-dollar bill. This was too much for Mrs. Moodie's patience, and she read her troublesome guest a very plain-spoken lecture on the subject of honesty. Betty listened very patiently, and then, not in the least abashed, quietly observed,

“You know what the Scripture saith, ‘It is more blessed to give than to receive.’”

“Ay, there is an answer to that in the same book, which doubtless you may have heard,” said I, disgusted with her hypocrisy; “‘The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again.’”

Never shall I forget the furious passion into which this too-apt quotation threw my unprincipled applicant. She lifted up her voice and cursed me, using some of the big oaths temporarily discarded for conscience' sake. And so she left me, and I never looked upon her face again.”

We have no space to give any further samples of this kind of pseudo-theft, which seems to have been so almost universal

a characteristic of Mrs. Moodie's neighbours, and one of her most constant sources of annoyance. She has recorded several, all very amusing to the reader, and all, no doubt, a very sore grievance to the unfortunate patient.

Another evil incident to "roughing it in the bush" is the want of servants, or still more, perhaps, their incapacity and general untrustworthiness, taken together with the (often *necessary*) dependence of masters and mistresses upon them. As for instance, one day their man James, whose duty it was to look after the horses and cows and a numerous family of pigs, besides having to chop all the fire-wood required for the house, took himself off without asking leave or giving any intimation of his intention. At that season of the year no one else was to be found. Some time afterwards, late in the evening of a bitter freezing day, *so* late that the family were about to retire to rest, they were interrupted by a sharp blow upon the door. Their Scotch servant-girl, Bell,

"—— rose and opened it, when a strange wild-looking lad, bare-footed, and with no other covering to his head than the thick-matted locks of raven blackness that hung like a cloud over his swarthy sunburnt visage, burst into the room.

"Guidness defend us! Wha ha'e we here?" screamed Bell, retreating into a corner. "The puir callant's no cannie."

My husband turned hastily round to meet the intruder, and I raised the candle from the table the better to distinguish his face, while Bell, from her hiding-place, regarded him with unequivocal glances of fear and mistrust, waving her hands to me, and pointing significantly at the open door, as if silently beseeching me to tell her master to turn him out.

"Shut the door, man," said Moodie, whose long scrutiny of the strange being before us seemed upon the whole satisfactory; "we shall be frozen."

"Thin faith, sir, that's what I am," said the lad, in a rich brogue, which told without asking the country to which he belonged. Then, stretching his bare hands to the fire, he continued, "By Jove, sir, I was never so near gone in my life."

"Where do you come from, and what is your business here? You must be aware that this is a very late hour to take a house by storm in this way."

"Thru for you, sir: but necessity knows no law, and the condition you see me in must plade for me. First, thin, sir, I come from the township of D——, and want a mather; and next to that, bedad! I want something to ate. As I'm alive,—and 'tis a thousand pities that I'm alive at all at all, for shure God Almighty never made sich a misfortunate crather afore nor since,—I have had nothing to put in my head since I ran away from my ould mather, Mr. F——, yesterday at noon. Money I have none, sir, the divil a cent. I

have neither a shoe to my foot nor a hat to my head; and if you refuse to shelter me the night, I must be content to perish in the snow, for I have not a frind in the wide wurd."

The lad covered his face with his hands and sobbed aloud.

"Bell," I whispered, "go to the cupboard and get the poor fellow something to eat; the boy is starving."

"Dinna heed him, mistress; dinna credit his lees. He is ane o' those wicked Papists wha ha' just stepped in to rob and murder us."

"Nonsense! Do as I bid you."

"I winna be fashed aboot him; an' if he bides here, I'll e'en flit by the first blink of the morn."

Bell was as obstinate as a rock, but I had no idea that she would realise her threat. She was an excellent servant, clean, honest, and industrious, and loved the dear baby.

"You will think better of it in the morning," said I, as I rose and placed before the lad some cold beef and bread and a bowl of milk, to which the runaway did ample justice.

"Why did you quit your master, my lad?" said Moodie.

"Because I could live wid him no longer. You know him, Mr. F——; he brought me out wid him as his apprentice, and during the voyage he trated me well. But the young men, his sons, are tyrants, and full of dirty pride, and I could not agree wid them at all at all. Yesterday I forgot to take the oxen out of the yoke, and Masther William tied me up to a stump and bate me with the raw hide. Shure the marks are on my showlthers yet. I left the oxen and the yoke, and turned my back upon them all, for the hot blood was bilin' widin me; and I felt that if I stayed, it would be him that would get the worst of it. No one had ever cared for me since I was born, so I thought it was high time to take care of myself. I had heard your name, sir, and I thought I would find you out; and if you want a lad, I will work for you for my kape and a few dacent clothes."

A bargain was soon made. Moodie agreed to give Monaghan six dollars a month, which he thankfully accepted; and I told Bell to prepare his bed in a corner of the kitchen. But Mistress Bell thought fit to rebel. Having been guilty of one act of insubordination, she determined to be consistent, and throw off the yoke altogether. She declared that she would do no such thing, that her life and all our lives were in danger, and that she would never stay another night under the same roof with that Papist vagabond.

"Papist!" cried the indignant lad, his dark eyes flashing fire; "I'm no Papist, but a Protestant like yourself, and I hope a deuced dale better Christian. You take me for a thief; yet shure a thief would have waited till you were all in bed and asleep, and not stepped in forenint you all in this fashion."

There was both truth and nature in the lad's argument; but Bell, like an obstinate woman as she was, chose to adhere to her own opinion. Nay, she even carried her absurd prejudices so far that she brought her mattress and laid it down on the floor in my

room, for fear that the Irish vagabond should murder her during the night. By the break of day she was off, leaving me for the rest of the winter without a servant. Monaghan did all in his power to supply her place; he lighted the fires, swept the house, milked the cows, nursed the baby, and often cooked the dinner for me, and endeavoured by a thousand little attentions to shew the gratitude he really felt for our kindness. To little Katie he attached himself in an extraordinary manner. All his spare time he spent in making little sleighs and toys for her, or in dragging her in the said sleighs up and down the steep hills in front of the house, wrapped up in a blanket. Of a night, he cooked her mess of bread and milk as she sat by the fire; and his greatest delight was to feed her himself. After this operation was over, he would carry her round the floor on his back, and sing her songs in native Irish. Katie always greeted his return from the woods with a scream of joy, holding up her fair arms to clasp the neck of her dark favourite.

"Now the Lord love you for a darlint!" he would cry, as he caught her to his heart. "Shure you are the only one of the crathers He ever made who can love poor John Monaghan. Brothers and sisters I have none; I stand alone in the wurld, and your bonny wee face is the sweetest thing it contains for me. Och, jewel! I could lay down my life for you, and be proud to do that same."

Though careless and reckless about every thing that concerned himself, John was honest and true. He loved us for the compassion we had shewn him; and he would have resented any injury offered to our persons with his best blood."

We have extracted this long passage, not because it is the most striking or entertaining in the book—far from it,—but for the sake of calling attention to the fact which has struck us very forcibly in reading these volumes, viz. the extremely amiable and pleasing light in which the Irish shine forth, when taken individually and under ordinary circumstances, *i.e.* where the "dhróp" is not too strong for their philosophy, as compared with any other people whom Mrs. Moody chanced to come across. Mrs. M.'s sympathies are most undisguisedly with her husband's nation, the Scotch; and we were almost tempted to lay her book aside without reading any more of it, when we observed the tone of her remarks in the first chapter. She speaks of "the fresh cargo of lively savages from the emerald isle," "hundreds of Irish emigrants," "vicious and uneducated barbarians," in such close proximity with her mention of her fellow-passengers, "who were chiefly honest Scotch labourers and mechanics, and who while on board ship had conducted themselves with the greatest propriety, and appeared the most quiet, orderly set of people in the world," that it looked as if the reader were invited to make a com-

parison between the two people, to the evident disadvantage of the former. Yet in the story which we have just told, who would not rather claim cousinship with "the strange wild-looking Irish vagabond," than with "the clean, honest, and industrious," but cold-blooded and stony-hearted Scotch girl?

And this is not the only instance recorded in these volumes in which an Irishman might justly feel proud of his countrymen. All other persons, all Europeans at least, with whom our author had to do during her residence "in the bush,"—excepting of course her own relations, and a few others belonging more or less to her own rank of life,—are painted in the most uninviting colours imaginable; selfish, unprincipled, without religion, and in too many instances without even the outward semblance of morality, their characters are positively loathsome. But when an Irishman comes upon the scene, there is always something entertaining at least, even though not always edifying; there is something genuine and hearty, kind and amiable, something to excite an interest, and something to work upon, and to make the foundation of real positive good.

The reader will have observed that in this particular instance John Monaghan declared himself a Protestant, in order to appease the wrath of the infuriated Bell. We have little doubt, however, from the progress of the narrative, that this was not true; evidently he was a genuine son of Erin in faith as well as in heart: for every now and then he lets slip a word, or uses an image, which betrays his real creed; and his new mistress is obliged to check him on these occasions, reminding him that he is not a Catholic, and therefore need not fear purgatory, &c.

We cannot follow Mrs. Moodie through all her interesting narrative of adventures and of sufferings during the seven years of her banishment from civilised society. Many of her adventures were entertaining, some even ludicrous, but her privations and sufferings were both frequent and severe,—so severe indeed, that all educated persons accustomed to the refinements and luxuries of European society, and contemplating emigration to a foreign land, would do well to study this narrative before putting themselves in the way of encountering them. On one occasion she had to struggle through her difficulties in the best way she could, with a sick husband, a sick child, and a new-born babe, and with no assistance but such as the man who looked after the farm was able to afford. On another occasion she had again given birth to a child, and they were reduced to such extremities that they had nothing to eat but bad potatoes and worse bread, and sometimes scarcely

even this ; they were obliged to dismiss their servant because they could no longer pay his wages, and to sell many articles of dress in order to procure the coarse warm flannels that were necessary to protect their children from the cold.

With the following graphic description of one of the accidental perils to which she was exposed, we must conclude our notice of these lively sketches of life as it is in Canada :

“The confusion of an uncleared fallow spread around us on every side. Huge trunks of trees and piles of brush gave a littered and uncomfortable appearance to the locality ; and as the weather had been very dry for some weeks, I heard my husband daily talking with his choppers as to the expediency of firing the fallow. They still urged him to wait a little longer, until he could get a good breeze to carry the fire well through the brush.

Business called him suddenly to Toronto ; but he left a strict charge with old Thomas and his sons, who were engaged in the job, by no means to attempt to burn it off until he returned, as he wished to be upon the premises himself, in case of any danger. He had previously burnt all the heaps immediately about the doors.

While he was absent, old Thomas and his second son fell sick with the ague, and went home to their own township, leaving John, a surly, obstinate young man, in charge of the shanty where they slept and kept their tools and provisions. Monaghan I had sent to fetch up my three cows, as the children were languishing for milk ; and Mary and I remained alone in the house with the little ones.

The day was sultry, and towards noon a strong wind sprang up, that roared in the pine-tops like the dashing of distant billows, but without in the least degree abating the heat. The children were lying listlessly upon the floor for coolness, and the girl and I were finishing sun-bonnets, when Mary suddenly exclaimed, “Bless us, mistress, what a smoke !” I ran immediately to the door, but was not able to distinguish ten yards before me. The swamp immediately below us was on fire, and the heavy wind was driving a dense black cloud of smoke directly towards us.

“What can this mean ?” I cried ; “who can have set fire to the fallow ?”

As I ceased speaking, John Thomas stood pale and trembling before me. “John, what is the meaning of this fire ?”

“Oh, ma’am, I hope you will forgive me ; it was I set fire to it ; and I would give all I have in the world if I had not done it.”

“What is the danger ?”

“Oh, I’m terribly afraid that we shall all be burnt up,” said the fellow, beginning to simper.

“Why did you run such a risk, and your master from home, and no one on the placè to render the least assistance ?”

“I did it for the best,” blubbered the lad. “What shall we do ?”

“Why we must get out of it as fast as we can, and leave the house to its fate.”

"We can't get out," said the man, in a low, hollow tone, which seemed the concentration of fear; "I would have got out if I could; but just step to the back door, ma'am, and see."

I had not felt the least alarm up to this minute; I had never seen a fallow burnt, but I had heard of it as a thing of such common occurrence, that I had never connected with it any idea of danger. Judge, then, my surprise, my horror, when, on going to the back door, I saw that the fellow, to make sure of his work, had fired the field in fifty different places. Behind, before, on every side, we were surrounded by a wall of fire, burning furiously within a hundred yards of us, and cutting off all possibility of retreat; for could we have found an opening through the burning heaps, we could not have seen our way through the dense canopy of smoke; and buried as we were in the heart of the forest, no one could discover our situation till we were beyond the reach of help.

I closed the door, and went back to the parlour. Fear was knocking loudly at my heart, for our utter helplessness annihilated all hope of being able to effect our escape—I felt stupefied. The girl sat upon the floor by the children, who, unconscious of the peril that hung over them, had both fallen asleep. She was silently weeping, while the fool who had caused the mischief was crying aloud.

A strange calm succeeded my first alarm; tears and lamentations were useless; a horrible death was impending over us, and yet I could not believe that we were to die. I sat down upon the step of the door, and watched the awful scene in silence. The fire was raging in the cedar-swamp, immediately below the ridge on which the house stood, and it presented a spectacle truly appalling. From out the dense folds of a canopy of black smoke, the blackest I ever saw, leaped up continually red forks of lurid flame as high as the tree-tops, igniting the branches of a group of tall pines that had been left standing for sun-logs.

A deep gloom blotted out the heavens from our sight. The air was filled with fiery particles which floated even to the door-step, while the crackling and roaring of the flames might have been heard at a great distance. Could we have reached the lake-shore, where several canoes were moored at the landing, by launching out into the water we should have been in perfect safety; but to attain this object it was necessary to pass through this mimic hell, and not a bird could have flown over it with unscorched wings. There was no hope in that quarter; for could we have escaped the flames, we should have been blinded and choked by the thick, black, resinous smoke.

The fierce wind drove the flames at the sides and back of the house up the clearing; and our passage to the road, or to the forest on the right and left, was entirely obstructed by a sea of flame. Our only ark of safety was the house, so long as it remained untouched by the consuming element.

The heat soon became suffocating. We were parched with thirst,

and there was not a drop of water in the house, and none to be procured nearer than the lake. I turned once more to the door, hoping that a passage might have been burnt through to the water. I saw nothing but a dense cloud of fire and smoke—could hear nothing but the crackling and roaring of the flames, which were gaining so fast upon us that I felt their scorching breath upon my face.

“Ah,” thought I—and it was a most bitter thought—“what will my beloved husband say when he returns home and finds that his poor Susy and his dear girls have perished in this miserable manner? But God can save us yet.”

The thought had scarcely found a voice in my heart before the wind rose to a hurricane, scattering the flames on all sides into a tempest of burning billows. I buried my head in my apron, for I thought that our time was come and that all was lost, when a most terrific crash of thunder burst over our heads, and, like the breaking of a water-spout, down came the rushing torrent of rain which had been pent up for so many weeks.

In a few minutes the chip-yard was all afloat, and the fire effectually checked. The storm which, unnoticed by us, had been gathering all day, and which was the only one of any note we had that summer, continued to rage all night, and before morning had quite subdued the cruel enemy whose approach we had viewed with such dread.”

SHORT NOTICES.

It is an ungracious task to point out defects in a work that has done, and is doing, so much good in the Church as the Oratorian Lives of the Saints. We avail ourselves, however, of the opportunity afforded by the preface to the last volume (*Lives of St. Jane Frances de Chantal, St. Rose of Viterbo, and Blessed Mary of Oignies*, London, Richardson) of making one or two observations upon them, which we have lately heard expressed in various quarters, and with which we heartily coincide. We are quite alive to the importance of the plea which is put forward by the editors in the present preface as an apology for any disappointment that subscribers may feel as to the way in which their task is performed, viz. the great extent of the undertaking. At the same time, we cannot but wish that in so large and noble a work nothing should be left undone that could render it as perfect as it is capable of being. We greatly desiderate, therefore, in some volumes more efficient translators, or a more careful revision of the translation: to those who have read the life of St. Jane Frances de Chantal it is not necessary that we should specify other examples. We wish also that care could be taken so to arrange the smaller lives that they should not form unnatural appendixes to other lives with which they have no connection either spiritual or historical, being, in fact, used as mere make-weights to

complete the necessary number of pages; witness the present volume. And, once more, we wish the editors would occasionally supply us with a few notes, or a little introductory matter, where the imperfection or obscurity of the original narrative absolutely requires it; *e.g.* we believe the life of Blessed Mary of Oignies in this volume, pleasing and edifying as it is, leaves us altogether in the dark as to her place in history, or rather in chronology. Doubtless these are but small defects, and they concern the series only in its *literary* aspect, which is not its highest, nor one which the editors have much at heart perhaps. Whatever is worth doing at all, however, is generally worth doing well. One thing we observe with great satisfaction, *viz.* that the editors have exercised a certain discretion in one of the lives contained in this latest volume (the life of St. Rose of Viterbo), by omitting a long "catalogue of the miracles, and a history of the cultus of the saint," which was to be found in the original. We shall be glad to see this symptom of direct interference and management on the part of the editors continued and increased.

To those who are unacquainted with the extraordinary delusions of Irvingitism, the *History of the Christian Church*, by H. W. Thiersch, translated from the German by Thomas Carlyle, Esq., of the Scottish Bar (London, T. Bosworth), will appear an inexplicable riddle; they will be lost in amazement at the crude and misty theories which are here so confidently substituted for the traditions and dogmas of the Church, and which seem to sway to and fro between Catholicism and Infidelity without any settled direction whatever. It is a part of the Irvingite creed, that since the death of St. John the apostolic office has been "not extinct, but dormant," and that it has been revived in these latter days in the persons of such men as Irvine, Drummond, and others. It is truly marvellous that there should be found any sane man to give credence to so monstrous an absurdity; and it is scarcely less surprising that any man who believes it should think it worth while to write a history of the Church. For what can such a one have to say about all the centuries that have intervened between the first and these later *apostles*? The present volume being confined to "the Church of the Apostolic age" throws little light upon this question. We observe, however, that it is stated, in page 337, that "the whole intermediate history of Christendom teems with the efforts of the spirit of Christ to preserve or restore all those divine institutions which alone can perfect the Church;" and it is easy to foresee that an ecclesiastical history written on such principles as these cannot fail to be characterised by a wild recklessness of assertion and an ingenious distortion of facts such as have never been surpassed in the lucubrations of the most eccentric of Protestant theologians.

Extracts from the Reports of H. M. Inspectors of Schools (London, Longmans) contains many hints that may profitably be studied by the teachers and managers of our schools; more particularly the former, if they have not the opportunity of seeing the reports in full.

The Love of Jesus our Law, a Sermon by Mr. Manning (Burns and Lambert), preached in behalf of the Greenwich Catholic poor-schools, is marked in an eminent degree by the usual characteristics of the author's style, great strength and impressiveness.

A concise History of the Cistercian Order, by a Cistercian Monk (London, Richardson), is not very artistically put together, and has assumed a somewhat too ambitious title ; nevertheless it is a useful and interesting volume, which cannot fail to be acceptable to a numerous body of Catholic readers. The history of St. Susan's, Lulworth, and the biographical sketches of two or three members of that most excellent family to whom Lulworth belongs, is particularly pleasing.

Mr. Formby has brought out a third contribution to the good cause of school and fireside music, in his *Collection of Amusing Rounds and Catches* (Longmans). Many of them are by the great masters of English harmony, Purcell, Aldrich, Byrd, Lawes, &c., whose rounds and catches are as amusing as their more serious works are learned. The selection is executed with much taste and skill, and will be as deservedly popular as its two predecessors.

Correspondence.

PRIZE MUSIC—MUSICAL ACCENTUATION OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

SIR,—In your notice of the Fourth Part of the *Choir*, in the August Number of the *Rambler*, p. 155, you observe that the “only defect in the part is the selection of the words adapted to a short piece (of music) by Carissimi, which are utterly unsuited to the rhythm of the music.” I was glad to meet with the remark, but regretted that your time and space had not allowed you to enter more fully into the subject suggested by the remark, viz. the musical accentuation of Latin as exhibited in the masses and motetts in ordinary use amongst us. It would be useful for many reasons that the attention of our composers should be called to this subject, and more especially at the present time, when doubtlessly many of them are engaged in the composition of masses and motetts for the proposed prizes ; and if not actually forming part of the conditions, something on the prevalent faulty accentuation of the Latin words might be offered as cautions and instructions to the various competitors.

I need not say that much good is expected to result from the proposal for prize-music ; it would seem to be the prevailing opinion that it will be the means of bringing forth not only two good and serviceable masses, but many. It would be a pity, therefore, and much to be regretted, if, from want of timely attention being drawn to the subject, the forthcoming music should bear upon it the blemishes and defects

that run through almost all, indeed I may say *all* the masses in common use amongst us, even those lately published. The blemishes and defects I refer to are the false accents that are so often given to the words by the accent of the music. It is the words that generally suffer; for musicians take care enough that their music is not mangled by false accentuation, however much it may at times lose by neglect of sufficient accent. It is the words that must put up with the mangling and distortion; and so in a thousand cases we hear them sung in a manner, to say the least of it, that no Latin scholar would ever dare to read them in. Hence we have 'corpôris,' 'gloriâm,' 'Domînus,' to say nothing of such readings as 'magnâm gloriâm tuâm,' and many other unaccented syllables set to notes bearing secondary and sometimes even primary accents.

I suppose it will not be denied that words have a certain defined and fixed accent, and that modern music has also certain defined rules and laws regulating accent; and that when the two, words and music, are combined, the accents of each should fall together, should not clash. It will be admitted by all, that in good and correct vocal music the verbal expression and accent must be strongest in the exact place where the musical expression and accent is most marked and emphatic; and, on the other hand, that the musical accent must be most marked and emphatic where the verbal accent is strongest; that the expression and accent of the words must be as it were the counterpart of that of the music, and the expression and accent of the music the counterpart of that of the words; that they must fit each other like the two parts of a tally.

If this be true, what could be more outrageous than the first four bars of the piece "Serve bone" (the *Choir*, part iv. p. 104)? The music is written in triple time; and to say nothing of secondary accents, there can be no doubt but that the first note of each bar bears and must bear a primary or greater accent. The words adapted (?) to the music are ordinarily read and accented in the following manner:* 'Sêrvě bôně êt fîdêlis;'" that is, there are only three syllables, *ser*, *bo*, and *de*, that can be legitimately placed under notes bearing a primary accent. In the adaptation in question, however, we find that the syllables *ve*, *et*, and *lis* are placed under accented notes; and hence, if we follow the rules for musical accent, the words read thus: 'Sêrvê bôně êt fîdêlis.' Other instances of false accent, though perhaps not quite so outrageous as the above, may be found in the piece in question. Is it correct, for example, to give an accented note to the preposition 'in'? Is it not incorrect to give accented notes to the last syllables of the words 'gaudium' and 'tui'?

It is true that in the piece in question the words have only been adapted (?) to the music; the music was not composed for the words: but the same or similar faults may, with very little trouble, be found in almost any page of music professedly composed to given words. They may be found in such abundance as almost to force us to believe that musicians are habitually indifferent to every thing but their music; and

* The signs here used to point out accented and unaccented syllables must not be confounded with signs used to express *prosodaical* length or shortness. It may be well also to observe here, that care should be taken not to confound the *accent* of syllables with their *length in prosody*; for although it may be true that a syllable prosodaically short is never to be accented, yet it is by no means true that all syllables prosodaically long are to be accented. For instance, the last syllable of the word *gaudium* is undoubtedly long in prosody, but it is nevertheless an unaccented syllable; and as it would be wrong to give it an accent in reading, so it cannot be lawful to set it to an accented note in music.

that instead of forcing their music to suit the words, the words are unscrupulously forced and mangled to fit their music; and that, in the beautiful and emphatic language of Dr. Newman, in their resolution "to do honour to the Mass or the Divine Office, they rather use religion than minister to it;" and instead of making themselves its scholars, and humbly following the thoughts given them, they aim at the glory, not of the great Giver, but of their own gift, when throwing themselves upon it and trusting its inspirations, and absorbing themselves in those thoughts which come to them, they neglect every thing else, and rising in their strength, break through the trammels of words, scattering human voices, even the sweetest, to the winds. Our musical composers would do well to study the whole passage, in the Fourth Lecture on University Education, p. 114.

If I am not trespassing at too great a length, I would wish to take another example in illustration of the prevalence of the false accentuation of the Latin words. The same number of the *Choir*, p. 95, will shew us similar faults in a piece of music, I suppose professedly composed for certain words. If the accentuation of these words, 'Constitues eos,' &c., be correct, the composer (Casali) must have read and accented Latin in a very different manner to what it is ordinarily read and accented amongst us, or the musical bar could not have been understood by him to have the same effect upon accent as it is now-a-days generally laid down and acknowledged to have. Take the part written for the tenor: in the first thirteen bars, according to the ordinary way of reading the words and the laws of musical accent as generally understood, we may count six instances of false accent; they occur in the first, third, fourth, fifth, ninth, and thirteenth bars. The word 'constitues' is commonly read with only one accent; but within the space of the first five bars we find that he has accented, in one form or another, every one of the four syllables. The fault of the fifth bar, where the syllable 'tu' bears a secondary accent, might easily have been avoided by dividing the first minim instead of the second, if the correct reading of the words had been any consideration. In the ninth bar the second syllable of 'omnem' bears, incorrectly, a secondary accent. This, again, might have been easily avoided by tying the first three crotchets in the bar. Again, in the thirteenth bar the second syllable of 'terram' bears an accent. The same faults recur in the next page (96); and in p. 97 we have the same fault with other words, and more glaring still: the second syllables of 'nominis' and 'memores' are set to notes bearing secondary accents; so that if correctly sung, they would sound like 'nominis' and 'memores.'

If it be said that in some of the older music the musical bar is not to be considered as having the same effect as it has obtained in modern music, I would answer that the same or similar faults might be found and pointed out in abundance in any piece of our modern music; and if I abstain from calling particular attention to them, it is only because the examples given from more ancient musical authors will enable your readers to discover the same faults, if they have not discovered them before, in the Church music of all our living composers, and will save me the trouble of mentioning this or that particular name.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

M. S. M.

The Rambler.

PART LIX.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
POPULAR MUSIC A PART OF POPULAR EDUCATION ²	341
A PILGRIMAGE TO LA SALETTE	353
ROBBERIES OF RELIGION, ANCIENT AND MODERN. The Report of the Select Committee on the Law of Mortmain and of Testamentary Dispositions	381
THE WEDDING: a Tale of the Tyrol'.	399
REVIEW.—UNCLE TOM'S CABIN; or, Life among the Lowly. By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe	413
SHORT NOTICES.—The Bulletin, a Catholic Journal devoted to Religion, Education, &c.—The Dublin Review.—Welsh Sketches, second series.—The Choir, Parts V. and VI.—Specimens of Ornamental Printing by the Operative Printers' Guild.—The Glories of Mary, by St. Alphonsus, translated by a Redemptorist Father.—The Interior Castle, or the Mansions, by St. Theresa, translated by Rev. J. Dalton.—Formby's School Songs and Poetry, Nos. I. II. III.—Portrait of his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman	424

To Correspondents.

A Chorister. In our next.

Rev. — R. We are much obliged to you for your kindness in communicating to us the particulars of a circumstance that has come to your own knowledge, bearing upon our last article on Miracles wrought in the Holy Eucharist. We should be much obliged to any other correspondents who would take the trouble of communicating to us other examples, similarly authenticated.

N. The fault lies not with us, but with your own publisher. We have not even yet received the publication referred to. Any books left with our London publishers before the middle of the month are always noticed in the following number; or, if sent by post and addressed to ourselves as below, they may be sent as late as the 21st or 22d inst. But if a book does not reach us before the 25th, it is impossible that we should do more than acknowledge its receipt in the next Number of our Magazine.

Correspondents who require answers in private are requested to send their complete address, a precaution not always observed.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

All communications must be *postpaid*. Communications respecting *Advertisements* must be addressed to the publishers, Messrs. BURNS and LAMBERT; but communications intended for the Editor himself should be addressed to the care of Mr. READER, 9 Park Street, Bristol.

The Rambler,

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

VOL. X.

NOVEMBER 1852.

PART LIX.

POPULAR MUSIC A PART OF POPULAR EDUCATION.

IN the report of an association formed in Lower Normandy, some years ago, to examine into the actual state of music in that province, and to report upon the means for improving it, the persons deputed by the association express themselves as follows: "Music, according to its most known applications, is distinguished into four sorts,—the music of the Church, the music of the theatre, the music of the concert-room, and the music of war. Of these four kinds, the most important, whether by reason of its own character or of the number of persons interested in it, is beyond contradiction the music of the Church; the other three are not of the same general importance, and interest only particular persons. The committee, however, desire to call the attention of the association to a fifth kind of music, which has been far too much neglected among us,—we mean Popular Music. Popular songs, so important in themselves by reason of the instruction (good or bad) which they contain, and their powerful action upon the population,—popular songs, cultivated with so much care in Germany and Switzerland, are amongst ourselves little else than a mass of things without meaning, worthless, and too often immoral."

How far the manifesto of an association formed with a similar purpose, viz. to report upon the actual state of music amongst ourselves, might adopt with truth the words of the committee in Normandy, it will hardly be thought to belong to us to determine. We have cited the passage because it is the first clear and definite recognition we have met with of a practical truth not very practically recognised; we mean, the truth that popular music is a branch of music standing by itself, and requiring to be treated by itself, as that which has, always has had, and always will have, an independent existence in every nation or people, whether civilised or uncivilised.

lised. Music, technically so called, is a special thing. If sacred, it is either the chant of the church-choir, or the performance of certain musicians, from compositions of particular masters, according as different persons may prefer to use the term; in any case it is something special, in which certain special persons only can be concerned, at least as principals: if secular, it is either that of the theatre, the music-hall, or the army. Popular music is something in its nature distinct from the music which is the production of the musical profession. It is those poems or songs and their melodies which a whole people love to sing, and, as a matter of fact, actually do sing. And these musical "heirlooms," so to speak, of a population, these hereditary things which pass from mouth to mouth in the commerce of life and its social intercourse, stand on a ground of their own, and are but accidentally indebted to the musical profession, which, in fact, only now and then originates any thing that passes out of its own limited sphere into the wide world of popular use. It follows therefore, from what we have said—and it is of the utmost importance that this observation should be remembered—that, with or without direction, this kind of music is quite sure to go on, as it has hitherto gone on. People of all classes will continue to the end of time to have their songs, good or bad, and will continue to use the natural gift of an ear and voice on such things as fall in their way. Popular music, therefore, is quite in a position to laugh at any education-system as far as regards the question of mere existence. It can go on, as far as itself is concerned, as well without as with the favour and countenance of schools. Let the school-system ignore it; all that it loses thereby is a little stimulus and some particular bent or direction. The thing itself, being a natural product of human society, grows up spontaneously. Cultivation may, indeed, train and form and make a garden-flower of the wild plant, which, without it, might perhaps become extremely rank and offensive; but to suppose that without cultivation popular music will cease to exist, is a notion of which any serious refutation would be out of place.

The mere musician may, perhaps, be strongly inclined to look down upon this music of which we are speaking with contempt. It may associate itself in his mind with the notion of street-ballads or the squalling of charity-children in a church, the performance of which, as music, he thinks is to be exceeded in demerit by nothing but the value of words as poetry. We must be cautious, indeed, how we importune the mere musical man for too much of his sympathy in behalf of a thing which owes so little to his favourite art. We remember that

we once heard a musical lady make the remark of Mainzer's efforts for facilitating the teaching of music, that it was music for the million and the *million only!* The philosopher, again, is scarcely a more promising patron than the musician. His conceptions of music are almost lost in their very grandeur; with him music is a mystery, it is a thing of heavenly birth, it is rich in deep impressions of which he does not precisely know whence they come or what they are; music with him is rather the harmony of the heavenly bodies, the first laws of heaven itself, than the songs of poor frail mortals, sung in vulgar English, to vulgar tunes, and on vulgar themes, by the cottager's fireside, or in the mechanic's shop, or in the tap-room of the alehouse. To find the man to whom popular music is a real object of genuine interest we must go in search of the observer of the ways and manners of living men; we must find one who can say from his heart,

“Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto.”

Such is the man who will stop to inquire what the pedlar's basket contains, who will look with an eye of interest on the fly-leaves that are displayed for sale in layers one above another on the side of some street wall, or which lie in packets on the vendor's stall, and will reflect on seeing them that these contain the sentiments which circulate in the families of the poor, and, far more than any literature of name and standing with the educated world, contribute to form the character and give a permanent bent to the thoughts of the great mass of the people.

As a literature, of course the kind of songs we are speaking of are unknown to the great ones of Paternoster Row; and as music, the airs to which they are sung would be asked for in vain at any of the lords of the music-trade. Only imagine a person presenting himself at Messrs. Chappell and Co.'s or Messrs. Cocks and Co.'s to ask for “Duck-legged Dick” or “Pine-apple rock.” We almost fancy we see the stare of inquisitive surprise with which the shopman would answer, “Can you tell us the publisher's name, sir? I think you had better inquire for them at a book-stall in Smithfield,”—where, in point of fact, they would be found. Yet though unknown to the literary princes of the Row, unseen in the crystal shop-windows of the music-trade, the songs of the poorer classes have still an extensive sale in their own channels, and afford literary employment to not a few poets, who, if they do not at all times equal Homer in point of poetic inspiration, certainly resemble him in vagrancy and in practical acquaintance with the particular tastes of those for whom they write. Some

curious and very interesting details respecting this class of *literati*, and the remuneration they receive for their labours, are to be found in Mr. Mayhew's account of London Labour and the London Poor, a work already known to our readers; but as the object we have in view would not be furthered by entering into the details which this author furnishes, we must content ourselves with making this passing reference.

The Committee of the Association of Normandy, contemplating the same kind of prospect in their own country as we have been here insisting upon with reference to our own, viz. the existence of a vulgar literature (if the two expressions will bear juxtaposition) of illiterate songs, enjoying a systematic circulation amongst the people, partly by means of oral tradition, partly through the petty trade of travelling hawkers, basket-men, book-stall keepers, little printers in the provincial towns, and the like, comment upon the fact before them as follows: "It concerns the friends of the country to apply a prompt remedy to a state of things so afflicting; it is of the greatest importance, in proportion as the taste for singing is extended, to give a good direction to it, and to point out to art its true vocation, viz. that of making men better." Every Catholic will at once concur in this obvious sentiment. Indeed, it seems scarcely possible to conceive an objection capable of being raised against the following proposition, namely, that the musical literature of the poor, the class of poetry which they are willing to buy and to adopt for the staple of their recreation and enjoyment during leisure hours, and to sing themselves to familiar airs, legitimately, and even necessarily, falls under the direct cognisance of any system of education that professes to take upon itself the name and responsibility of being a system of education for the poor. The early direction into the way of virtue and religion of such a characteristic taste in the poorer classes as that of their own popular music, and the suitable provision for its wants, speaks for itself as a most essential part of their education.

Did it, indeed, depend upon a school-system to give being to a taste for popular music, to awaken a wholly latent power, which, but for the operation of school influences, would lie completely quiet and inactive, the aspect of the question would be altogether changed, a number of new considerations would pour in. It would be incumbent upon us to reflect upon the consequences of calling such a taste into being; whether, after it was brought into being, it could be sufficiently kept in order, and be directed on the whole towards virtue and piety. It would be necessary to consider whether it could be supplied with wholesome nutriment, or whether there would

not be danger of its breaking bounds and feeding itself with garbage and poison. Promoters of education would in this case be in the condition of the fisherman in the Arabian Nights' story, who had the Genius safe locked up in the chest which his net had dragged forth from the bottom of the sea, and secured against an escape by being barred down with Solomon's seal. Here the fisherman could stand at ease and take his own time to consider, and could please himself whether or not it would be to his advantage to let him out; but when once he had unwittingly broken the seal, and the genius stood by him in the form of a monster bidding him prepare for immediate death, the case was quite another thing. He was then put to his wits' end to devise some plan for managing the monster, which, as the story goes, he cleverly succeeded in doing, by getting him satisfactorily shut up in the chest again; whereupon he was able to make his own terms with his prisoner as to a second release.

The case, however, that comes practically before the poor-school system at the present day is not that of letting or not letting the monster out; he is out already. It is not a question about evoking a popular music; it is already evoked. It lives with a sufficiently rampant life of its own, which will not be easily persuaded, like the Genius of the Eastern story, to listen to any proposition about going back into confinement again.

If it should be thought that we are exaggerating the importance of the subject as a question affecting the future course of our poor-school system, by comparing the attitude of the popular taste for music, in the living form in which it breathes and acts among the poorer classes, towards our poor-schools, to that of the genius threatening the fisherman with impending destruction, we should say in reply, that the extent to which music is a corrupting element among the poor is but little known, and has never been fairly studied. On this point we would call Mr. Mayhew into court; and we would begin with his description of the threepenny gallery of the Coburg Theatre, better known as the Vic. Gallery. His evidence will give our readers some faint idea of the extent to which a music of their own forms part of the enjoyments of the poor.

“The dances and comic songs between the pieces are liked better than any thing else. A highland fling is certain to be repeated, a stamping of feet will accompany the tune, and a shrill whistling keep time through the entire performance. But the grand hit of the evening is always when a song is sung to which the entire gallery can join chorus. Then a deep silence prevails all through the stanzas. Should any burst in before his time, a shout of ‘Ord-a-ai

is raised, and the intruder put down by a thousand indignant cries. At the proper time, however, the throats of the mob burst forth with all their strength. The most deafening noise breaks out suddenly, while the cat-calls keep up the tune, and an imitation of a dozen Mr. Punches squeak out the words. Some actors at the minor theatres make a great point of this, and in the bill upon the night of my visit, under the title of '*There's a good time coming, boys,*' there was printed, 'assisted by the most numerous and effective chorus in the metropolis'—meaning the whole of the gallery. The singer himself started the mob, saying, 'Now then, the Exeter Hall touch if you please, gentlemen,' and beat time with his hand, parodying M. Jullien with his baton. An 'ang-core' on such occasions is always demanded, and despite a few murmurs of 'change it to Duck-legged Dick,' invariably insisted upon."

This extract gives a sufficient insight into the secret charm of the music of the poor, namely, that they can understand and take part in it. It deals with the order of ideas in which they are at home. As regards its demoralising effects, the description that follows will require no comment :

Of the Penny Gaff.—"In many of the thoroughfares of London there are shops which have been turned into a kind of temporary theatre (admission one penny), where dancing and singing take place every night. Rude pictures of the performers are arranged outside to give the front a gaudy and attractive look; and at night-time coloured lamps and transparencies are displayed to draw an audience. These places are called by the costers '*Penny Gaffs*;' and on a Monday night as many as six performances will take place, each one having its two hundred visitors.

"It is impossible to contemplate the ignorance and immorality of so numerous a class as that of the costermongers, without wishing to discover the cause of their degradation. Let any one curious on this point visit one of these penny shows, and he will wonder that any trace of virtue and honesty should remain among the people. Here the stage, instead of being the means for illustrating a moral precept, is turned into a platform to teach the most cruel debauchery. The audience is usually composed of children so young, that these dens become the schoolrooms where the guiding morals of a life are picked up; and so precocious are the little things, that a girl of nine will from constant attendance at such places have learnt to understand the filthiest sayings, and laugh at them as loudly as the grown-up lads around her. What notions can the young female form of marriage and chastity, when the penny theatre rings with applause at the performance of a scene whose sole point turns upon the pantomimic imitation of the unrestrained indulgence of the most corrupt appetites of our nature? How can the lad learn to check his hot passions and think honesty and virtue admirable, when the shouts around him impart a glory to a descriptive song so painfully corrupt,

that it can only have been made tolerable by the most habitual excess?"

Mr. Mayhew informs us, that having a difficulty in believing the description which some of the more intelligent of the costermongers gave him of these places, he determined to visit one, and that all exaggeration might be avoided, he selected one of the least offensive, situated in a broad street near Smithfield. Of his account of what he said we cannot find room for more than the following extract:

"Singing and dancing formed the whole of the hour's performance, and of the two the singing was preferred. A young girl of about fourteen years of age danced with more energy than grace, and seemed to be well known to the spectators, who cheered her on by her Christian name. When the dance was concluded, the proprietor threw down a penny from the gallery, in the hope that others might be moved to similar acts of generosity; but no one followed up the offering, so the young lady hunted after the money and departed. The comic singer, in a battered hat and huge bow to his cravat, was received with deafening shouts. Several songs were named by the costers; but the 'funny gentleman' merely requested them to 'hold their jaws,' and putting on a 'knowing look,' sang a song the whole point of which consisted in the mere utterance of some filthy word at the end of each stanza. Nothing, however, could have been more successful. The lads stamped their feet with delight; the girls screamed with enjoyment. Once or twice a young shrill laugh would anticipate the fun, as if the words were well known; or the boys would forestall the point by shouting it out before the proper time. When the song was ended, the house was in a delirium of applause. The canvass front to the gallery was beaten with sticks drum-like, and sent down showers of white powder upon the heads in the pit. Another song followed, and the actor knowing upon what his success depended, lost no opportunity of increasing his laurels. The most obscene thoughts, the most disgusting scenes were coolly described, making a poor child near me wipe away the tears that rolled down her eyes with the enjoyment of the poison. There were three or four of these songs sung in the course of the evening, each one being encored and then changed. One written about 'Pine-apple rock' was the grand treat of the night, and offered greater scope to the rhyming powers of the author than any of the others. In this not a single chance had been missed, ingenuity had been exerted to its utmost, lest an obscene thought should be passed by; and it was absolutely awful to behold the relish with which the young ones jumped to the hideous meaning of the verses."

St. Augustine in the whole of his treatise *De Civitate Dei*, one main drift of which is to lay bare the various ways in which the devil employed the Pagan mythology to corrupt the morals of the people and to propagate every species of

wickedness, is not able to draw a picture of vice so actively and successfully at work as the above. Yet Mr. Mayhew represents this as the daily and normal state of the thousands among the poor of our metropolis; and they are but specimens of the same class in the other crowded towns of our country. But whether or no the class of games which St. Augustine describes in that work as so destructive of morality among the people (from their giving *éclat* to immoralities by scenic representations of the misdemeanours of the particular deities in whose honour they were celebrated) were as bad as the scenes above described, at least they were not of *daily occurrence*. The amusements of our poor are their daily amusements, their habitual life; in a word, the truth is simply this, sad as it is to make the avowal, that well nigh the only means of relaxation which the poor have it in their power to seek, seems to have annexed, in one form or other, the almost certain and inevitable condition of a further progress in wickedness, the being steeped still deeper in contamination and corruption. On this point Mr. Mayhew's own remarks are full of wisdom and good feeling.

“When I had left (the penny theatre above described), I spoke to a better-class costermonger on this saddening subject. ‘Well, sir,’ he said, ‘it is frightful to think of; but the boys will have their amusements. If their amusements is bad, they don't care; they only wants to laugh, and this here kind of work does it. Give 'em better singing and better dancing, and they'd go if the price was as cheap as this is. I've seen, when a decent concert was given at a penny, as many as four thousand costers present, behaving themselves as quietly and decently as possible. It's all stuff talking about them preferring this sort of thing; give 'em good things at the same price, and I *know* they will like the good better than the bad.’

“My own experience,” continues Mr. Mayhew, “with this neglected class goes to prove, that if we would really lift them out of the moral mire in which they are wallowing, the first step must be to provide them with *wholesome amusements*. The misfortune, however, is, that when we seek to elevate the character of the people, we give them such mere dry abstract truths and morals to digest, that the uneducated mind turns in abhorrence from them. We forget how we ourselves were originally won by our emotions to the consideration of such subjects. We do not remember how our own tastes were formed, nor do we in our zeal stay to reflect how the tastes of a people generally are created; and consequently we cannot perceive that the habit of enjoying any matter whatsoever can only be induced in the mind by linking it to some æsthetic affection. The heart is the mainspring of the intellect, and the feelings the real educators and educators of the thoughts. As games in the young destroy the fatigue of muscular exercise, so do the sympathies stir the mind to

action, without any sense of effort. It is because 'serious' people generally object to enlist the emotions in the education of the poor, and look upon the delight which arises in the mind from the mere perception of the beauty of sound, motion, form, and colour, from the apt association of harmonious or incongruous ideas, from the sympathetic operations of the affections,—it is because the zealous portion of society look upon these matters as *vanity*, that the amusements of the working classes are left to venal traders to provide. Hence, in the low-priced entertainments, which necessarily appeal to the poorer, and therefore the least-educated of the people, the proprietors, instead of trying to develope in them the purer sources of delight, seek only to gratify their audience in the coarsest manner, and by appealing to their most brutal appetites. And thus the emotions which the great Architect of the human mind gave us as the means of quickening our imaginations and refining our sentiments, are made the instruments of crushing every operation of the intellect, and of debasing our natures. It is idle and unfeeling to believe that the great majority of the people whose days are passed in excessive toil, and whose homes are mostly of an uninviting character, will forego all amusements, and consent to pass their evenings by their *no* firesides, reading tracts or singing hymns. It is folly to fancy that the mind spent with the irksomeness of compelled labour, and depressed perhaps with the struggle to live by that labour after all, will not, when the work is over, seek out some place where at least it can forget its troubles or fatigues in the temporary pleasure begotten by some mental or physical stimulant. It is because we exact too much of the poor, because we as it were strive to make true knowledge and true beauty as forbidding as possible to the uneducated and unrefined, that they fly to their penny gaffs, their two-penny lops, their beer-shops, and their gambling-grounds, for the pleasures which we deny them, and which we in our arrogance believe it possible for them to do without."

Mr. Mayhew here speaks the language of strong healthy common sense and good feeling. The subject of amusements and relaxations for the poor is one whose importance can scarcely be over-estimated, and perhaps on a future occasion we may return to it. At present we are more immediately concerned with one particular branch of it, popular music, and we are anxious to deal with the question in a practical way; we wish to ascertain in what relation our present system of poor-school education actually stands to popular music, and in what relation it should stand and might be made to stand. For surely no one will deny that if it be in the power of a school-system to do something towards appropriating the natural gift of music in the children of the poor, and to be beforehand with sin in gaining possession of the gift, and of securing its early attachment to innocent gaiety, to morality,

and religion, it is not less than a point of sacred duty that this something, whatever it is, should be *done*; that it should not be merely commended as good, but that the means of effecting it should be first wisely planned and then resolutely executed. First, then, let us inquire what has actually been done?

In the year 1849 his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman wrote thus to the secretary of the Catholic Poor-School Committee:

“My dear Sir,—Allow me to call your attention, and through you that of the Catholic Poor-School Committee, and indeed of the Catholic body in general, to the importance of introducing music more effectually into our system of education. In the first place, it is being almost universally introduced into Protestant poor education; and I think it quite a duty for us to keep pace with this to the full extent of our power. And in the case of an agreeable and attractive accomplishment, it is easy to see how important it is for us not to allow hostile schools to possess any advantage,” &c.

In pursuance of the wish of his Eminence, as expressed in the letter from which this passage is quoted, backed by the expression of similar views on the part of other prelates, an effort was made by the Poor-School Committee in conjunction with the clergy in London to give to several schools the advantage of the regular visits of a professional music-master. We learn, however, that this experiment does not seem to have done much for the growth of a popular cultivation of music in the schools where the trial has been made. Not, of course, that the scheme has failed of all success; rather it appears to have deserved praise and sympathy on many accounts, and to have produced a certain amount of good; but the result has scarcely been commensurate with the labour bestowed, and above all, has not been precisely of the nature and quality that was most desired; in one word, the result has been too professional. Popular music, as we have already urged, is not a creation of the musical profession, but a plant of native growth in human society. A great deal turns upon this truth. If the object be popular music in the poor-school, trained into the channel of innocent gaiety, virtue, and religion, it is plainly an error, and contrary to the very nature of things to suppose that this is to be realised by the mere visits at intervals of a professional music-master. We are not here depreciating the services which the professional music-master may be made to render in our poor-schools, but only pointing out the unreasonableness of looking to him for a result which he was never intended to produce. How does the case practically stand? The school-room contains a number of poor children, who bring their native gifts and tastes with

them; they are fond of singing by nature, and they want something that they can appreciate and understand. It is plain, then, that the popular music of the school-room must, in this respect and in a good sense, be the juvenile counterpart of what it is in the world at large; that is, it must be a something that tallies with the ideas, dispositions, and tastes of the children, a something which they can relish naturally and sing with zest. Innocent gaiety, virtue, and religion may surely have zest and vocal relish as well as vice and debauchery; and this zest may as well express itself in singing in a virtuous and religious way in a merry chorus among the juvenile inmates of the poor-school, as in a ribald and obscene way among the mob-chorus of the Vic. gallery of the Coburg Theatre. But we say if this is what is meant by the music of the poor-school, then we certainly are not in the way to obtain it if we trust too implicitly to the occasional visits of a professional music-master. It is a principle in nature, that every tree should bear fruit after its own kind. It is to be expected, then, that the lesson of the professional music-master will bear the fruit of *professional* music, a thing very good and desirable in its own order of things, but altogether different from the popular music which we are anxious to cultivate. The professional man will naturally go to work with his tables and his exercises, his solfa-ing, his beating or counting time, his practice of vocal intervals, his discipline of the muscles of the throat, and his comments upon the proper attitudes into which the singers should throw themselves,—all excellent things in their way, and indispensable to their own proper end, the production of professional music; but not in any sense essentially necessary to the production of what we really want, viz. popular music.

If the end we have in view be, as we have already expressed it, and as we take it for granted all persons will agree with us in stating it, viz. that we should be beforehand with sin in acquiring possession of a rich and vigorous native talent, possessed by children of the poor-school, nature's own gift to them; and if this end be found in turning this talent to an early account by feeding it with the food suited to its years and capacity, and pre-occupying the ground with a Christian edifice before it has the chance of falling into the hands of the Devil, certainly something more is wanted than the musical gymnastics of the profession, however useful and worthy of all respect these may be in their proper place. We are anxious to guard the principle we are here contending for, from any supposition that it implies a contumelious reflection upon the highly meritorious and useful labours of the professional music-

master; on the contrary, we should rejoice in behalf of the cause of poor-school music, were the means of employing the services of the music-master more extensively available than there is any reasonable hope of their being for some time to come,—on condition, however, that *professional ideas do not tyrannise over the work*. For if the music-master can be brought to understand and to wish to serve the real end in view, his professional skill and experience eminently mark him as the man to succeed; but if, on the other hand, it should happen, that instead of having any wish to serve the true end of the music of the poor-school, he has his own simply professional view of the matter in his mind, and works only to realise that view, then we should say there is imminent danger of failure. The poor-school which has no other resource to fall back upon but the lesson of such a master, will make extremely little progress in music having any right to call itself popular. The school thus taught may, indeed, in due time produce its fair quota of specimens of juvenile semi-dexterity in professional attainments, but it will have poor pretensions to any serious competition with the sickening but too sadly intelligible charms of the popular Penny Gaff.

We hope we shall not be suspected of any desire to dogmatise on a practical matter of this kind, involving as it does the responsibilities of a numerous class of persons, many of whom are of mature judgment and long experience. For ourselves, however, we are very intimately convinced of the great importance of the principle which we have been enunciating, namely, that popular music is a thing which exists in absolute independence of music as a profession,—a thing which can propagate itself and take up its abode in the houses and workshops of the poor wholly independently of the music-master, to whom it is not necessarily beholden for any thing about which it needs to care. If this truth be once admitted, together with the undeniable fact that popular music can and does command, both in town and country, the services of venal traders of the worst description to supply gratifications the tendencies of which are probably more demoralising than any thing known to Pagan times, the conclusion from these facts is obvious, that it is this self-perpetuating popular music which is to be brought under the corrective operation of the poor-school system.

Here lies the really great and all-important work. Here is the *true* point. The kind of measures that must be taken to realise this work are so many separate questions for the exercise of the prudence and charity of those concerned; and, indeed, nobody knows, save those only who are engaged in the

work, how large a share of charity is needed in order to pay due attention to the details of the management of a poor-school. The first thing to be done is to bring the natural vein and taste for music in the children of the poor under the kindly influence of a good and Christian teacher; then to supply their taste for singing with gay, innocent, joyous, and Christian food for its exercise, as well with a view to the worship of the Church as for lawful recreation; and lastly, we should like to see some pains taken to elicit the sympathies and interest of persons of the upper classes in every congregation in the musical recreation of the children by occasional festive meetings, or in any other way that may be found most desirable.

A PILGRIMAGE TO LA SALETTE.

AN English pilgrimage in the nineteenth century sounds strangely out of tune, like a false note in music, or a wrong accent in poetry. The time and the country suggest ideas of plain practical common sense, of busy active life, not to say painful haste and bustle; whilst the occupation to the minds of most men savours rather of dreamy enthusiasm, of unreasoning credulity, and of laborious but unprofitable idleness. At present, however, we are not concerned to justify pilgrims in general, nor ourselves in particular, from charges of this kind. We frankly confess that we have "sped a pilgrimage," and we propose in these pages to give some account of it. Only let not our Catholic readers straightway picture to themselves an image of weary and footsore travellers, with staff in hand and wallet on the shoulder, with beards untrimmed and clothes begrimed with dust, and all those other tokens of toil and discomfort which the pen of the romance-writer and the pencil of the artist have so intimately connected with our idea of the religious traveller. We must at once acknowledge that we have no claims to appropriate this mediæval costume; we saw a few such persons in the course of our travels, but it was not in a mirror; we were pilgrims of a more degenerate race, who did not refuse the kindly aid of railroads and steamboats and any other means of conveyance that was most convenient, and whose portmanteaus, if critically examined, would have brought to light, we fear, clothes-brush and razor, and divers other instruments of domestic comfort and cleanliness unknown to the pilgrim of former days.

A story is told of St. Philip Neri in Rome, that as he was one day walking with some of his companions on his favourite pilgrimage to the seven churches of that city, he met a young nobleman of his acquaintance making the same round in his carriage. The coachman stopped, and the young gentleman lost no time in communicating to the saint the pious work in which he was engaged. St. Philip, however, took little or no notice of his friend; but going up to the horses, he gently raised their feet one after the other, and having solemnly imprinted a kiss upon each of them in succession, took his leave, exclaiming, "*Beati cavalli, che fanno questo santo pelerinaggio!*" (Happy horses, to be making this holy pilgrimage!) We are not sure that we are not exposing ourselves to a similar rebuke, by giving to our travels the name of a pilgrimage, when we have taken care to divest them of all the manifold hardships usually supposed to attach to such a journey. However, *habetis confitentem reum*, and we plead therefore for a mitigation of punishment. Moreover, this open confession of our degeneracy has one great advantage for our readers; it absolves us from the obligation of laying before them any detailed account of our journeyings: for we had no "vexation and trouble by outrageous long living on the sea," no "dangers and perils by long contrarious winds and exceeding great storms," no "great weariness because of the beasts that we rode upon, that were right weak and right simple, and evil trimmed to journey with;"* in a word, we had no adventures whatever, nothing worthy even of a passing note. We may therefore rush at once *in medias res*. We will imagine ourselves to have been suddenly transported to the south of France, to the city of Grenoble; or still further, we will imagine ourselves to have left Grenoble by the Porte de la Graille, to have traversed the plain of the Drac, and of one of its tributary streams, the Romanche, as far as the little busy town of Vizille; we will have surmounted the very long and steep, but beautiful ascent which leads from that town to Lafrey; passed the small lakes on the top of the hill, as also the town of La Mure; then threaded the curious corkscrew descent which leads us again into the valley of the Drac; ascended once more on the other side, passed through Souchons, and finally reached the little town of Corps, on the borders of the department of the Hautes Alpes. This is a distance of about forty miles from Grenoble; and we had already overtaken at different stages of the road a few straggling pilgrims, evidently bound for the same destination as ourselves, but

See the *Pylgrymage of Sir Richard Guylforde to the Holy Land*, A.D. 1506. Printed for the Camden Society, 1851.

travelling in a more pilgrim-like fashion. Here it was an old woman of sixty or seventy years of age, slowly creeping up the hill and leaning for support on another, less infirm but scarcely less aged than herself; there it was an old man, kept firm and steady on his donkey by the stout arm of his faithful son; or again, it was a younger and stronger group, five or six members of the same family or of the same village, trudging briskly along the road, or resting for a while under the shade of some friendly tree, and partaking together of the frugal fare with which they had provided themselves before leaving home. As we drew nearer to Corps, these scenes became more frequent; and when we arrived in the town itself, the tokens of the approaching *fête* were yet more manifest. Empty diligences and rude *chars à banc*, and other vehicles of the country, shewed us that we were not the only pilgrims who had been indebted to other legs than their own for having brought them thus far on their way. Here, however, all carriages must be dismissed, and there remained an ascent of six or seven miles which could only be made on horseback or on foot. We preferred the latter, and set forth at once, hoping to reach the summit of the mountain before sunset. The way was long and steep and rugged, and grew worse and worse as we advanced farther on our route; but the numerous bands of pilgrims seemed used to it, or were animated by a degree of faith and hope which caused them to think little of the difficulties of the road. They moved on slowly but perseveringly, with their baskets of provisions on their backs, and sometimes an offering of candles for the church in their hands; some were telling their beads in silence, others reciting the litany alternately with their friends; others, again, beguiling the time by lively conversation, the subject of which seemed usually to be either some circumstance of the original apparition at La Salette, or some miraculous cure they had seen or heard of, or some favour which they hoped themselves to receive as the reward of their present pilgrimage.

At last we reached the little platform on the top of the hill; but the shades of evening had already almost deepened into the darkness of night, and it was no longer easy to distinguish one object from another. The cross that had served as a beacon to us whilst yet we were at a distance to denote the particular height which we were to ascend, could still be recognised standing out boldly against the sky on the top of the hill on our left; whilst the open doors, and bright lights, and kneeling worshippers almost immediately before us, sufficiently indicated which of the humble tenements that we saw scattered around was used as the temporary church. A large

mass of unfinished buildings, also on our left, was clearly the new church and presbytery in course of erection; and a few dim lights scattered here and there on different sides of the platform pointed out the rude dwelling-places of the masons and others employed upon the work. Numerous groups, principally of women, were sitting or standing about, some enjoying the luxury of rest after the fatigue of the journey, others anxiously awaiting the arrival of the weaker members of their party who had not yet accomplished the ascent. From some of these we learnt which hut was occupied by the clergy, and thither we directed our steps. A letter from his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster soon brought us an invitation into the parlour of this humble abode, and secured us a hearty welcome there. The room was wholly filled by a table and ten or twelve chairs, from which as many priests were just then rising and defiling off through another door into the open air, in order to admit ourselves and a number of ecclesiastics who had been detained with us in the kitchen. In fact, it was the hour of collation,—it was an Ember-day, September 18th, and the vigil of the feast of the Dolours of our Blessed Lady, the anniversary of the Apparition—and the clergy were obliged to succeed one another in this way, in order that all might have an opportunity of partaking of refreshment in turn. Those who had hitherto been engaged in the confessional were now called in, and others went to take their places; arrangements were made as to the hours at which each priest should say his Mass on the following morning, what devotions should be used during the night for the benefit of the pilgrims, &c. &c. As soon as this was settled and supper ended (during which we had enjoyed the opportunity of conversing with the Abbé Rousselot, vicar general of the diocese, professor of moral theology in the seminary, and historian of this sanctuary), the Père Supérieur of the missionaries went to the door of the church and made a corresponding announcement to the people; at the same time he gave them a very beautiful instruction as to the manner in which they could most profitably spend the intermediate time in their own private devotions. Our space will not allow us to give an abstract of this discourse; we need only mention that he proposed as a subject of meditation our Lord's Nativity, than which, our readers will at once perceive, it would have been impossible to have selected one more beautiful and appropriate. The darkness of the night, the assemblage of people gathered together from so many distant places without any sufficient shelter, the fact that our Blessed Lady had actually appeared there, and that her Divine Son was even now dwelling in the

tabernacle of that rudely-constructed temple—a few wooden planks covered with thatch,—are points of resemblance sufficiently obvious, and of which the preacher did not fail to avail himself. After listening to this short exhortation, the pilgrims went their several ways, according as their devotion prompted them. Some remained kneeling in the church or at the doors, preparing themselves and awaiting their turn to approach the tribunal of penance; others went down to the fountain to fetch some of the celebrated water and to say their prayers, and make the meditation there that had been recommended them. A rough heap of stones marks the place where our Blessed Lady first appeared, and an image placed on the top, with a candle burning before it, now served to guide the pilgrims to this favoured spot. Some came and bathed their head, or their eyes, or their ears, or any other part of their body which was affected by any malady, in the stream that gushed forth from beneath this simple oratory, as though it were a new pool of Bethsaida; others, again, only drank of the water and carried some of it away with them: but the succession of pilgrims at this place was continual; and very many of them, as soon as they had satisfied their devotion at the fountain, retired to some little distance up the mountain-side, and there knelt down on the green sod to pour forth their fervent prayers for the special object of their pilgrimage. Others were silently kneeling at the several stations of the cross, which have been set up to mark the path that our Blessed Lady trod before she finally disappeared. Others, again,—and these perhaps formed the larger portion of the assemblage,—were gathered together in groups, sitting on the ground or on the stones that lay scattered about, to be used in the new church, and singing French *cantiques*. In particular, this formed the perpetual occupation of a large body of pilgrims who were collected under a shed that seemed to have been prepared for the use of the workmen; and this singing, though somewhat wearisome to those who could not join in it, or who had hoped to steal a moment's repose any where in the neighbourhood, sounded both joyous and devotional when heard from the more distant parts of the mount.

At ten o'clock the ringing of a great bell was the signal for a general reunion of the pilgrims round the miraculous fountain. Flambeaux had been previously lighted and attached to the plain wooden crosses which marked the *Via Crucis*; and Père Sibillat, one of the priests permanently attached to this new sanctuary, now came out from the church, vested in stole and surplice, and accompanied by several other priests; and the whole assembly, under his guidance, proceeded to celebrate

the devotions of the stations. We need hardly say that this form of devotion, eminently beautiful and impressive as it is at all times, was rendered doubly so by the circumstances of the present occasion. It was the vigil of the feast of the Dolours of our Blessed Lady; it was precisely here that she had appeared in the very guise of a true *Mater Dolorosa*, with the crucifix and some of the instruments of the Passion hung about her neck; she had shed tears on this very spot, and published warnings and threats against the obstinacy of her perverse children. Surely such a place was calculated both to inspire the preacher with more than ordinary fervour, and to give his words a more than ordinary effect upon the minds of his hearers. Père Sibillat preached for a few minutes at each station, and recited the usual prayers; and then the five hundred pilgrims—for we believe that this was about their number, and that of these scarcely less than four-fifths were of the *devoti femineï sexûs*—moved on to the next station, singing first that verse of the *Stabat Mater*,

“ Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide,”

and then a verse of a French hymn, specially appropriate to the station we had just left. It is difficult to keep an accurate account of the flight of time in a night of this kind; but the devotion of the stations certainly lasted more than an hour, and at midnight Masses began to be said. The little chapel is so small, that it was necessary to lay down rules for the admission of the pilgrims, and to adhere to them very strictly. The doors of the chapel were open; or rather there seemed to be no doors at all, but the whole interior was exposed to public view in such a way that a large number of persons could stand in the open air at a considerable distance, and still see the altar and the priest who was celebrating at it. Only a few at a time, however, could enter under the roof, and these were not allowed to be crowded by others pressing in from behind: they heard Mass quietly, and went to holy Communion if they desired it, a priest standing to prevent the entrance of any from without; but as soon as Mass was over, they had to go out through the sacristy, and were not allowed to return into the church again. Their places were immediately taken by others, and in this way there was a perpetual succession of persons approaching the altar without any hurry or confusion. At four o'clock there was a suspension of this continual celebration of Masses; for by this time all the pilgrims already on the mount had had an opportunity of fulfilling their obligation, and it was necessary that some priests should be kept in reserve, ready to

offer the holy Sacrifice for those pilgrims who should arrive at a later hour. The necessity for this precaution was soon sufficiently apparent; for from a very early hour of the day—soon after sunrise, in fact,—troops of villagers began to arrive from the neighbouring hamlets, anxious to celebrate the anniversary of the apparition on the very spot where it had taken place.

It was now Sunday; and the number of men, therefore, being no longer detained by their labour, began to assume more considerable proportions when compared with that of the women than it had done on the previous evening. Men, women, and children might be seen approaching on all sides: some from the villages of La Salette and Corps were slowly creeping up the very hill on which the sanctuary is situated; others were coming down from the opposite height, having climbed up from the more distant valley of Valfouffrey; and a third intermediate path, which seemed the most frequented of all, wound round the side of Mont Gargas, coming up from the village of St. Michel. As these three paths poured forth their numerous travellers on the narrow table-land of des Baises, the crowd rapidly increased, the busy hum of voices grew louder and louder; and it was difficult to believe that one was standing, *not* in the suburbs of some populous metropolis, *not* on the greensward of some favourite village retreat in the immediate neighbourhood of a much-frequented thoroughfare, but on the barren summit of a precipitous mountain five or six thousand feet above the level of the sea. By nine o'clock the numbers assembled must have exceeded three thousand, and the tinkling of a little bell announced the approach of others in a regular parochial procession. They came along the path of St. Michel that has been already spoken of, so that they were visible for a considerable time before they actually reached us. The cross was borne first; then came the priest in surplice and stole; then the men; and lastly the women, with long white veils which not only covered their heads, but also so enveloped their whole figures that it was scarcely possible to distinguish the colour of their dress; and all carried open books in their hands, and were busily engaged in chanting the praises of her whose sanctuary they were come to visit. At the same time the bell of the temporary chapel was rung, and the priest, deacon, and sub-deacon, followed by a large number of clergy, went down by the stations of the cross, and proceeded a little way up the side of the opposite hill, to celebrate high Mass at an altar that had just been erected there above the miraculous fountain. In the middle of high Mass there was a very eloquent sermon, and at the end of it Benediction of the most holy Sacrament. Altogether

it was a wondrous sight, the celebration of these holy rites on the mountain of La Salette; it was a spectacle that requires the pencil of the artist to do it justice, and that will only be spoilt by any efforts of our feeble pen to describe it. The clergy in their white and shining vestments moving to and fro upon the green grass about the altar; the smoke of incense rising up from behind them to the broad canopy of heaven; the bright blue blouses of the men, and the large straw hats and scarlet umbrellas of the women—happily on this occasion needed only as a protection against the sun—thousands of pilgrims kneeling up and down the sides of the hills, upon the grass or upon the rocks and stones; old men and children, matrons and maidens, “the old with the younger,” all joining in one universal prayer and hymns of praise and thanksgiving; whilst horses, mules, and asses, and here and there a few goats and cows, might be seen peacefully grazing in the background. Oh, it was indeed a strange and striking spectacle, and one that forced upon the minds of those pilgrims who were present from a foreign and unbelieving land this plain and obvious question: What is the origin of this spectacle? How comes it that the most sacred rites of our holy religion are being celebrated under such unusual circumstances? What is the cause of this vast concourse of people gathered together from all parts, some at the cost of extreme bodily pain and real difficulty, and all with more or less of fatigue and inconvenience? What does it all mean? How did it all begin?

These questions, we say, were irresistibly forced upon our minds, as we think they would naturally be forced upon the minds of all persons who witnessed the scene, or who now hear or read of it. The *Times** newspaper, that great organ of public opinion in this country, alternately its master and its slave, had solved these questions only a few days before we left England in its own peculiar style, “with that luminousness, keenness, and certainty” so especially its characteristics; and doubtless the explanation which it gave was entirely satisfactory both to the writer and to his numerous readers. It may be summed up in these words: “a monstrous imposture” and “a notorious falsehood” on the part of the priests, “the grossest credulity and the most grovelling superstition” on the part of the people. This is at least a compendious mode of writing history, and extremely convenient wherever it is not desirable that people should be left to form their own conclusions from an honest and detailed account of all the facts and circumstances of the case. In these pages we propose to deal with the question in a some-

* See *Times* of Tuesday, September 7th.

what less summary manner; we intend to lay before our readers a complete history of the Pilgrimage of La Salette,—its first beginnings, its gradual progress, and its final establishment; and if in the course of this narrative we are obliged to repeat much with which some of our readers are already familiar, we hope that they will kindly bear with the repetition for the sake of those to whom the whole history may be new, as also for the completeness of the subject, which is in truth of the highest interest and importance. For we have here what we can scarcely hope to find elsewhere, a perfect and continuous history of a place of pilgrimage; there are no old traditions whose origin is lost in the darkness of antiquity; no ravages of fire and sword have destroyed the records of any intermediate period; but the whole history lies open before us from beginning to end, all contained within the narrow compass of five or six years. The thing has grown up in our own times, we might almost say under our own eyes; even the newspapers of the day, both English and foreign, have given publicity to the main outlines of the history from the very first, so that we have an opportunity of studying this rare phenomenon, the creation of a new sanctuary or place of pilgrimage, with the most minute exactness. And certainly it is a phenomenon well worth attending to, for Protestant controversialists would have us believe that it is a matter which can be summed up in half a dozen words. Some idle tale of a dream, or vision, or miraculous cure, is first invented by a designing priest, or imagined by some weak-brained enthusiast; then the ignorant and superstitious people instantly believe it; the bishops and clergy move heaven and earth to encourage their credulity; and behold, the whole thing is done. Born in obscurity and nurtured by priestcraft, the tale is forced into a sickly maturity, and begets a sanctuary and a pilgrimage, only by means of the most jealous vigilance and fostering care of its clerical guardians, who tenderly shelter it from every breath of opposition until the time for inquiry is past; and if in future ages some diligent antiquarian, about to write the history of the Church, should seek to investigate the first origin of the narrative so intimately connected with its foundation, he will find no written documents that can assist him in his researches, but only the uncertain voice of tradition, and he must be contented to say with the old historian of Rome, “*Datur hæc venia antiquitati, ut, miscendo humana divinis, primordia (ecclesiarum) augustiora faciat.*” Such is the popular Protestant idea on matters of this kind; and although we are not so sanguine as to suppose that the present history can have much effect in silencing these malignant

falsehoods, yet we trust it may be of use to some at least of the more candid of our adversaries (as well as to many Catholics also, to whom such subjects have not been familiar,) to see what has been the actual conduct, in the most recent and celebrated instance, of the bishop and clergy concerned: whether, as a matter of fact, they have really manifested that excess of zeal, that unreasoning credulity, and that determination to stifle inquiry, which popular prejudice is in the habit of attributing to them; or whether, on the contrary, their conduct has been characterised by a gravity, deliberation, and prudence worthy of the subject on which they were engaged.

Six years ago the name of La Salette was unknown, save only to the inhabitants of its immediate vicinity. It is a small village, consisting of eight or ten hamlets scattered about, at no great distance from one another, in different nooks and corners among the roots of the French Alps, which rise rapidly, and in some places almost precipitously, behind them. The chief of these hamlets, where the church is situated, and which gives its name to the whole parish, is not less than 3700 feet above the level of the sea. The population, about 800 souls, are poor and simple, principally small farmers, with their families and dependents. Late on the evening of Saturday, the 19th of September, 1846, two children, servants of two of these farmers, returned from the mountain where they had been engaged all day in keeping cows, and told their masters a very wonderful story. The eldest of the children was a girl of fifteen years of age, who had been out at service ever since she was nine or ten years old, and had been with her present master for the last six months. We have seen and conversed with this girl, and shall have occasion to speak more particularly of her by and by. The other child was a boy of eleven, who was quite a stranger in the village, having been brought from the town of Corps, a distance of three or four miles, only on the previous Monday, as a temporary substitute for a cowherd that was ill. These two children, then, told the following tale:—They said that about midday they had driven their cows, according to their usual practice, to a certain rivulet to drink; that they had at the same time consumed the store of provisions which had been given them when they left home in the morning, and that after wandering about a little, they lay down on the grass and fell asleep near a fountain which was at that time dry; that the girl, Françoise-Mélanie Mathieu, was the first to awake, and seeing that the cows had strayed, she immediately awoke her companion, Pierre-Maximin Giraud; that they went together to look for

their cattle, and from the brow of the hill almost immediately discovered where they were; but before going to reclaim them and drive them to their proper pastures, they turned back to the place where they had slept to fetch their empty provision-bags; that their eyes were at once arrested by the appearance of a very extraordinary brilliance, dazzling as the sun, yet not of the same colour; and that this was presently succeeded by the more distinct vision of a lady radiant with light, sitting on the stones at the head of this dry fountain, in an attitude of the most profound grief. She was clothed in a white robe studded with pearls, and a gold-coloured apron; white shoes, and roses of every variety of colour about her feet; a wreath of roses around her head-dress, which was high and projecting forward; upon her breast was a crucifix, suspended by a small chain from her neck; on the left of the crucifix was a hammer, and on the right the pincers; another and larger chain encircled all these instruments of the Passion, and this again was within a still larger wreath of roses. When she stood upright, she was of a tall and majestic appearance,—so tall, Mélanie assured us, that she had never seen any one of equal height; the children, however, were unable to gaze steadfastly upon her countenance because of its brightness. At present her elbows rested on her knees, and her face was buried in her hands, whilst tears flowed copiously from her eyes. The girl was frightened, and dropped her stick; but the boy bade her pick it up again, adding that he should take care of his, for that if *it* (meaning the figure which they saw) offered to do them any harm, he would give it a good blow. The lady then rose, crossed her arms, and in a gentle voice bade the children not be afraid, but to come forward, for that she had great news to tell them. The children obeyed the summons, and the lady advanced to meet them. Presently she stood between them, and addressed the following words to them, weeping as she spoke: “If my people will not submit themselves, I must let the hand of my Son fall upon them; it is so strong, so heavy, that I can keep it up no longer. How long a time have I suffered for you! If I wish my Son not to abandon you, I am obliged to pray to Him without ceasing; and yet you pay no regard to all this. However much you may pray, whatever you may do, yet you never can recompense all the trouble that I have taken in your behalf. I have given you six days to labour in, I have reserved the seventh for myself; yet they will not give it me. It is this which makes the hand of my Son so heavy. Wagoners cannot swear without introducing the name of my Son. These two things are what make the hand of my Son so heavy. If the harvest is spoilt, you

yourselves are the only cause of it. I made you feel this last year in the potatoes, but you took no account of it; on the contrary, when you found the potatoes were spoiled, you swore, and you took the name of my Son in vain. They will go on as they have begun, and by Christmas there will be none left."

Thus far the lady had spoken in French, and the girl had not understood what she was speaking of in this last sentence, because in the *patois* of that country potatoes are not called *pommes de terre*, but *truffes*. Mélanie, therefore, was going to ask Maximin what was the meaning of this word, *pommes de terre*; but she had not yet spoken, and the lady knowing her thoughts, anticipated her words by saying, "Ah, my children, you do not understand me, I will speak differently;" and she then went on to repeat the very same sentence, using the *patois* of the neighbourhood. This she also continued to use in the following: "If you have corn, you must not sow it; all that you sow the beasts will eat; any that comes up will fall to powder when you thresh it. There will come a great famine; and before the famine the children under the age of seven years will be seized with a trembling, and will fall in the hands of those that hold them; the rest will do penance by the famine. The nuts will become bad, the grapes will rot; but if they be converted, the stones and the rocks will change into heaps of corn, and the potatoes shall be self-sown in the earth."

Here the lady paused, and it seemed to Mélanie that she was speaking to the boy, but she heard nothing of what was said; then, in like manner, she spoke to Mélanie, and the boy saw that she was speaking, or seeming to speak, but could not hear what was said, or whether any thing was really being said at all. Only afterwards, when the vision had disappeared, the children spoke to one another about this mysterious silence, and each declared to the other that the lady had at this juncture confided to them a secret, which they were on no account to reveal to any one until the time came for so doing. Neither knew any thing about the secret of the other, whether it was the same as his own or different.

The lady then resumed her discourse to the two children together, saying, "Do you say your prayers well, my children?" To this question both gave the same answer, "Not very well, ma'am." The lady replied, "Take care always to say your prayers, my children, every night and morning. When you can do nothing else, say only a *Pater* and an *Ave Maria*; but when you have time, say more. Only a few old women go to Mass, the others work on Sundays during the summer; and

in the winter, when they know not what to do, the youths only go to Mass to make a mockery of religion. In Lent they go to the shambles like dogs. Did you ever see corn that was spoiled, my child?" Maximin answered, "No, ma'am." Mélanie too gave the same answer, but in a gentle tone, for she was not sure whether or not the question had been addressed to her as well as to her companion. The lady then spoke to Maximin, and said, "*You* have seen it, my child, once when you were with your father at Coire. The owner of a piece of ground there told your father to go and see his wheat that was spoilt. You went, both of you, and you took two or three ears of corn in your hands; you rubbed them, and they crumbled into dust. Then you went home; and whilst you were about half an hour's walk from Corps, your father gave you a piece of bread, and said, 'Take this, my child, let us eat it this year whilst we can get it; I don't know who will be able to eat any next year, if the wheat goes on like that.'" Maximin answered, "Oh, yes, ma'am, I remember now; just now I had forgotten all about it."

Then the lady spoke once more in French, and said, "Well, my children, you will cause this to be told to all my people;" and with these words, she passed on before the children and crossed the rivulet, and ascended the short but steep side of the opposite slope; then she turned back again and repeated the very same words; and again she walked forward to the spot where the children had gone when they were in quest of the cattle. She did not touch the ground as she walked, but moved along on the tops of the grass; the boy and girl followed in her track. Then the girl moved forward a little in advance, and the boy walked on one side of the lady; and presently they could no longer see the head of her who had been speaking to them; then the arms too disappeared, and the body, and then the feet, and there was nothing left but a great brilliance; by and by even this too was gone; and Mélanie and Maximin began to speculate as to who this stranger could have been. Hearing her speak of the weight of her Son's arm, they had at first imagined that it was some woman who had been ill-treated by her son; but now Mélanie said that she thought it must be some great saint, and Maximin said, that if he had known this, he would have asked her to take them along with her; and both wished that they could bring her back again. Maximin stretched out his hand to catch some of the bright light and of the roses which had seemed to surround her feet, but he found he had grasped nothing. Still they gazed and gazed, hoping they might see something more, but nothing returned; whereupon they came

to the conclusion that the lady had made herself invisible on purpose that they might not see whither she went. So they gave up the search and went to look after their cows. There were other boys and girls on different parts of the mountain engaged in the same occupation as themselves; but the children had not exactly understood who *mon peuple* were of whom the lady had spoken, and to whom she had desired them to communicate what she had said; so they thought it better to hold their tongues, and they told nobody what they had seen until they got down into the village, when they immediately told it to their respective masters. They came first to the house of Mélanie's master, and both went in together and told it to him; then the boy alone went on to the farm to which he belonged, and as soon as his master came home, he communicated to him the same story.

Our narrative of the apparition has insensibly glided from the *oratio obliqua* into the *oratio recta*. We have been recording as historical facts what we should have recorded as the mere statement, whether true or false, that was made by the two children on their return from the mountain. We must, however, beg our readers to believe that this has only been an inaccuracy of style, and not of thought. We are far from taking it for granted, that their conviction would, as a matter of course, go along with our language, in thus assuming the truth of the history; indeed, such an expectation would have been in the highest degree unreasonable, for there is required something more than the mere assertion of two children to beget a belief in a supernatural vision or any other kind of miracle. For brevity's sake we have told the tale just as it was told by Maximin and Mélanie, and in their own words.

The strange news soon spread among the neighbours, but it was not believed. Early the next morning, the master of the boy, who had promised to take him back to Corps on that day, brought both the children to the parish-priest. He was a very simple-hearted old man; and after having listened to the tale, and questioned and cross-questioned the narrators, he was so impressed with their truthfulness, that he repeated a good deal of the history to his parishioners in the middle of that day's Mass; an irregular and rash act, for which, as we shall presently see, he was afterwards reprimanded. He was so much affected in reciting the story, that those who had heard nothing of it before scarcely knew what he was speaking about. However, as soon as Mass was ended, they lost no time in informing themselves, and all crowded round the children to hear it from their own lips. Our readers may easily imagine the cross-examination to which they were sub-

jected. Still nobody could succeed in shaking their testimony; they steadily persisted in repeating the same thing over and over again to all inquirers, answered all their questions with a readiness and simplicity truly surprising, and disposed of all their objections with the ease and ingenuity of the most practised advocates; in a word, though their evidence stood alone and unsupported, yet it was impossible to throw discredit upon it by any contradictions or inconsistencies in their manner of giving it. The girl was now sent by her master to drive the cows to the mountain as usual. It was a long and tedious ascent, and not one of the neighbours had the curiosity to accompany her; they did not yet believe the story they had heard; the pilgrimage to La Salette had not begun. After vespers (our readers will not have forgotten that it was Sunday), eight or ten people went up, and these were the first pilgrims, led rather by curiosity than by faith; and they made Mélanie tell her story again, and point out the precise spots where every thing was said to have happened. On her return in the evening, the mayor of the village came and questioned her; he questioned the boy also in a separate apartment; he then brought them face to face, and gravely told them that what they had been saying was clearly a lie, and that God would punish them very severely if they persisted in repeating it. He exhorted them, therefore, to confess the imposture, and promised to shield them from all punishment. His eloquence was entirely thrown away; the children said they must do as "the lady" had told them and proclaim the fact. Next he offered them money, about 2*l.*, to bribe them into silence; it was in vain; and lastly he threatened them with imprisonment and other punishments; but this too was equally inefficacious, and the worthy magistrate returned to his home baffled and perplexed, and perhaps half disposed to be convinced. At a later hour of the day, the boy was taken back to his parents at Corps according to agreement; and this was of course a means of spreading the marvellous story throughout a wider circle; or rather, there became two centres, as it were, from whence it radiated throughout the neighbouring towns and villages, the boy at Corps and the girl at La Salette. Of those who heard the story, some shook their heads and laughed, and whispered something about priestcraft, ignorance, and superstition; but others, on the contrary, turned it over in their minds, and thought it would be well to go and examine the witnesses for themselves, to confront them with one another and with the scene of the supposed vision. Of those who adopted this latter course, many returned quite satisfied and convinced; and all acknowledged that they certainly were

unable to detect the fraud and imposture, if fraud and imposture there were. There was nothing, perhaps, either in hearing the story again from the lips of its original narrators, or in seeing the places where it was alleged to have happened, that was calculated in itself to enforce conviction upon an unwilling mind; only the most incredulous were obliged to confess, that if the story was really false, it was strange they could not succeed in detecting the falsehood in any of the multiplied examinations, conducted with more than judicial severity, to which these young and ignorant children had been subjected. Daily experience shews us how the most plausible tale is often made to break down, or at least to *seem* to break down, under the pressure of some skilful cross-examination; but in this instance there was nothing of the kind; the witnesses could not be brow-beaten; the story kept its ground. And this was a great step. A consistent story, however strange, if it be continually repeated and insisted upon, gradually gains belief; it perplexes and annoys those who would fain disbelieve it, but it slowly gains the assent of the indifferent and unprejudiced. And it was so here. Persons, priding themselves upon their prudence perhaps, again and again made offers to the children of large sums of money if only they would hold their tongues and say no more about it; but their answer was uniformly the same, viz. that they had been specially charged by "the lady" to cause it to be told to all the people, and that they must obey this command. Still, it must not be thought that they went about in an excited gossiping way, neglecting their daily duties, and taking upon themselves the office of itinerant preachers; far from it: they remained steadily in their former humble occupations, the girl continuing in the same service at La Salette, and the boy living at Corps with his parents; only they always repeated the history to those who asked for it, and answered the objections of those who tried to gainsay their testimony, and pointed out the precise spot where it all happened to those who sought their company for that purpose.

We must not omit to mention another circumstance also which tended greatly to give credibility to the children's words, viz. that an intermittent fountain at the spot where this "lady" first appeared, and which on that day and for some time previously had undoubtedly been dry, was found to be flowing copiously on the following morning, and had never since ceased; nor has it ceased up to the present day, though previously to the apparition it flowed only at rare intervals, after a heavy fall of rain or the melting of snow upon the mountains.

So much, then, for the original story of the children, and

their steadfastness in maintaining it. Now comes the question, How was this story received by the authorities of the Church? Did they encourage or discountenance it? or did they observe a strict neutrality?

Many of the parish priests in the neighbourhood wrote to consult the Bishop (of Grenoble) as to what they ought to do and say under the circumstances; and these inquiries soon became so general, that on the 9th of October, that is, within three weeks after the alleged date of the event, his Lordship addressed the following circular to all his clergy:

Monsieur le Curé,—You have no doubt heard of the extraordinary facts which are said to have taken place in the parish of La Salette, near Corps. I beg you will refer to the Synodical Statutes which I gave to my diocese in the year 1829. You will find there at page 94: “We prohibit, under pain of excommunication to be incurred *ipso facto*, the declaration, printing, or publication of any new miracle, under any pretext of notoriety whatsoever, excepting only the authority of the Holy See or of our own, after a severe and careful examination.” Whereas, therefore, we have not yet pronounced upon the facts above referred to, both duty and prudence prescribe to you the greatest possible reserve concerning them, and above all an absolute silence about them in the pulpit.

Notwithstanding this, certain persons have ventured to issue a lithograph print of the scene, to which are appended some verses. I have to announce to you, Monsieur le Curé, that this publication has not only not received any approbation from me, but that it has much annoyed me, and that I have formally and severely reprovéd it. You will be cautious, therefore, and both set an example of prudent reserve in your own conduct and also recommend the same to others.

Accept, Monsieur le Curé, the assurance of my sincere and tender regard.

✠ PHILIBERT, *Bishop of Grenoble.*
By order, CHAMARD, *Honorary Canon, Sec.*

But whilst the Bishop was thus enforcing a wise caution on his clergy, he was far from being an unconcerned spectator of what was going on. He had already removed the parish priest of La Salette to another cure, and substituted a priest brought from a distance; he now required all the clergy of the neighbourhood and of his own episcopal city, and all others whom he knew to be travelling in that direction, to institute the most careful inquiries upon the spot, and to communicate the result to him without delay. He studied with great diligence the mass of documents which were thus forwarded to him; and in consequence of what he learned in this way, he appointed two commissions early in December to draw up a report for him, and to advise him whether or not he should pronounce any decision on what was said to have happened. One of these

commissions consisted of the chapter of his cathedral, the other of the professors in the ecclesiastical college of the diocese. On the 15th of December these reports were presented, and they were perfectly unanimous in the advice which they gave; advice characterised by that extreme caution and prudence which are so uniformly found in ecclesiastical decisions on matters of this kind, but the very reverse of which Protestants, in their ignorance, habitually attribute to them. Both the canons and the professors advised his lordship to abstain from giving any decision whatever: he could not, they said, give an unfavourable decision, for the whole affair was *très plausible*, and such as they should certainly be disposed to believe at once if it were only an ordinary and natural event that was being called in question, and moreover, it had produced none but purely beneficial effects; it had excited the devotion of the people, and made them more exact in the performance of their religious duties; it had entirely removed in the neighbourhood where it had happened the faults complained of,—the swearing, the desecration of the Sunday, &c. &c. The Bishop could not, therefore, declare the story to be false, and prohibit all belief in it. On the other hand, it rested on the authority of two children, who might *possibly* be either deceiving or deceived; and the personage who was supposed to have appeared to them had not required them to communicate it to the ecclesiastical authorities; there was no *obligation*, therefore, on the part of the Bishop to give any judgment at all; and considering that all eyes were upon him, and what a serious thing it was to pronounce in such a matter, they counselled a complete silence, “to leave those who were satisfied with the sufficiency of the proofs that could be alleged, free to believe it, yet not to censure those who, from a contrary motive, refused or withheld their belief. If this event comes from God, and it is God’s will that the authorities should interfere in the matter, He will manifest His will more clearly and positively. Then it will be quite time enough for the authorities to break silence; there is no necessity to do so at present; there is no danger in delaying; it is more prudent, therefore, to wait.” Such was the language of the Bishop’s advisers, and it is language which will commend itself to every sober right-judging man. There is something in it, if we mistake not, eminently practical, which the English mind is singularly calculated to appreciate; and we will venture to say that it is as far as possible from what any of our Protestant readers would have expected.

Matters remained in this state for a considerable time; that is to say, there was no official interference on the part of the ecclesiastical authorities, either in the way of encourage-

ment or otherwise, for a period of six or seven months. But meanwhile the story spread far and wide, and found many to credit it; priests, and even bishops, came from a distance, examined for themselves, returned home, and sometimes published an account of their visit, uniformly pronouncing themselves in favour of the reality of the apparition. Rumours of miraculous cures wrought at the fountain, or elsewhere, upon persons drinking of the water of the fountain and calling upon the intercession of our Lady of La Salette, grew and multiplied. Pilgrims from various parts of France and Italy, and even from Spain and from Germany, began to arrive in large numbers. The affair was growing serious; it arrested the attention of the government, at that time by no means inclined to look favourably upon any thing that savoured of religious devotion and enthusiasm. People, it was said, ought not to be allowed to flock together in this way in an obscure corner of the kingdom. What was this secret? these prophecies of famine and distress coming upon the land? There might be some political mystery at the bottom of it; it might be intended to take advantage of the superstition of the people to devise some plot, or to create some disturbance of the peace; any how it was a matter that should be looked into, and, if necessary, be put down. Accordingly, on the 22d of May, 1847, the children were summoned by order of the king, or, at least, of his ministers, before the *juge de paix*, or justice of the peace, for Corps, and the recorder or registrar of the same district. They were examined both separately and together, and after a solemn warning from the magistrates to declare the whole truth and nothing but the truth; and they each repeated, almost word for word, the narrative which has been already given. In forwarding the depositions to the attorney-general, which was done on the following day, the examining magistrate enclosed a private note, saying that the children had given their evidence very much as if they were reciting a lesson; but he added, "this is not to be wondered at; for they have repeated it so often, and to such a number of persons, that they have naturally acquired this habit." He further added, that he could vouch for the identity of their present narrative with that which they gave at the very first to their masters; at least he had been assured of this identity by the testimony of one of the masters themselves; if there was *any* difference at all, it was strictly verbal.

Two months later, July 19th, the Bishop of Grenoble again appointed a commission, with authority to institute the most rigid examination, and to collect all possible information upon the subject, both as regarded the history of the event

itself, and also the authenticity of any miracles which professed to have been wrought in connexion with it. This commission consisted of sixteen ecclesiastics of the highest repute in the diocese for learning and piety; the two vicars-general, eight canons, the superior of the seminary, and five parish priests. Two or three of these set out about ten days afterwards on a tour of inquiry, which they prosecuted with great diligence throughout the neighbouring dioceses of Valence, Viviers, Avignon, Nîmes, Montpellier, Marseilles, Fréjus, Digne, and Gap. On the 25th of August they arrived at Corps and examined the children; and the next day they ascended the mountain in their company, and in the company of some thirty or forty other persons, ecclesiastics and others. Having thus done all that it was possible to do in the way of preliminary investigation, having collected a good deal of very important documentary evidence properly attested, the members of the episcopal commission were summoned for their first formal session on the 8th of November. The Bishop himself presided on the occasion; the proceedings were opened with a solemn invocation of the Holy Ghost, and other prayers; a form of devotion was prescribed for the daily use of all the commissioners during the progress of the inquiry; a plan of operations was laid down according to which the inquiry should be conducted; and this was the whole of the first day's business. We hope this minute specification of details will not seem tedious to any of our readers; but in truth, as we have already insinuated, the whole value of what we are writing depends entirely upon its minuteness. It would be easy to say, and doubtless it would also be very *true* to say, in a multitude of other cases where shrines have been built and pilgrimages instituted in honour of our Blessed Lady, that nothing of all this was done without diligent inquiry and examination on the part of the ecclesiastical authorities in the first place; but we are anxious, by means of an actual and recent example, to enable our readers, both Catholic and Protestant, to see for themselves what sort of thing an episcopal investigation really is: to shew them that it is no hurried superficial affair, the work of an hour or a day, a few questions carelessly proposed and indifferently answered; but a *bonâ fide* sifting and searching inquiry, conducted with all the formalities of a strictly legal process, and that therefore any conclusion they may come to is entitled to very great weight. To resume, then: at the end of their first session the commission adjourned to that day week, and on the 15th of November they met again to examine witnesses; first, the curé of Corps, then the boy Maximin. The next day they examined the girl, and also the

Reverend Mother Superioress of a religious community, in whose schools both the children had been taught (reading and writing, and their religion, for they had been grossly ignorant) ever since the Christmas after the apparition; and on the third day they examined both the children together. On all these occasions the ingenuity of the examiners was racked to the very utmost to discover questions that should perplex and expose the children; there were those upon the bench who by no means wished the weight of episcopal sanction to be given to the marvellous narrative which the children told, and who therefore suggested doubts and difficulties, and proposed questions which they themselves thought quite unanswerable. But their labour was all in vain; and at the end of the third day they had made no progress whatever towards invalidating the testimony of these dull, uneducated peasants. The acuteness of some of their answers (specimens shall be given hereafter), the simplicity of others, and the unhesitating boldness of all, proved to be more than a match for all the captious objections and subtle refinements of the most practised logicians. The fifth conference was held on the 22d of November, and the subject discussed was the nature of probability and of moral certainty, the number of witnesses necessary to authenticate a fact, &c. &c.; and at the end of this session a certain portion of the report was read and adopted. The next two sessions, of the 29th of November and the 6th of December, were devoted to the examination of documents sent from other dioceses relative to certain miracles alleged to have been wrought upon persons drinking the water of the fountain of La Salette, and joining in certain devotional exercises addressed to our Blessed Lady under this new title. In the first of these sessions, two miracles were admitted as proved according to the strictest rules laid down by theologians in this matter; and in the second, one only was admitted. The eighth and last session was held on the 13th of December; in it divers objections and difficulties were started and solved, the remainder of the report was adopted, and the Bishop declared the conferences to be now closed; he thanked the members of the commission for their assiduous attendance, and dismissed them, saying that he reserved to himself the right of pronouncing his solemn judgment upon the matter that had been under discussion, at such time as he should deem most suitable.

Such is the history of the committee of inquiry, as we may call it, that was instituted by the Bishop of Grenoble to investigate the extraordinary story circulated by the two children; and we think most unprejudiced persons will have no difficulty in subscribing to our own opinion, that for sober,

straightforward, and business-like order of proceeding it will not suffer by comparison with any of our ecclesiastical courts, any committee of our House of Commons, or in fact any other of the much-vaunted judicial or semi-judicial tribunals of our country. The report was ordered to be printed, together with the *pièces justificatives*, as they are called,—that is, the documents on which certain portions of it were grounded; and the work would have appeared immediately, but for the revolution which broke out so unexpectedly on the 24th of February, 1848. It was scarcely to be expected that amid the general excitement and confusion which was the consequence of that event, amid the distress and misery which were the necessary results of so sudden an overthrow of public credit and paralysis of all the usual branches of commerce and industry, the report of an ecclesiastical committee should arrest the public attention. In the middle of June, however, the Bishop ordered it to be published, and, in the letter of approbation which he caused to be prefixed to it, he declared his conviction that it would be found to be useful to persons of all classes; for “it will tend to dissipate,” he says, “many erroneous opinions that have gained possession of the public mind. Those who believe the story, those who doubt, and those who disbelieve it, will all read the work with interest, and, we hope, not without profit. Pious persons who have believed it will see that by so doing they have not incurred the reproach of imprudence and weak-mindedness. Those who have thought it safer to suspend their judgment will certainly be struck by the many and strong arguments by which the fact is supported. And lastly, those whose prejudices are such that they at once declare to be false whatever is uncommon and marvellous, will yet remember that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction, and that an event whose fame has filled the whole Catholic world for the last twenty months, and has set in motion more than a hundred thousand pilgrims, does not deserve to be rejected without any examination.” The extreme moderation of this language of the venerable Bishop must strike even the most prejudiced reader with astonishment, if not with admiration. The story of the two children had now stood the test of public criticism for nearly two years; they had been examined and re-examined during this period both by the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, as also by hundreds upon hundreds of private individuals, both lay and clerical, both well-disposed and ill-disposed towards the reception of their tale, and yet they had never been detected in a contradiction or an inconsistency;* they had been subjected to every kind of treatment

* The single exception, if it be one, to this remark will be noticed elsewhere.

that the most determined resolution and the most experienced ingenuity could devise, to force or to wheedle them into a betrayal of their alleged secret, yet not the faintest whisper had escaped them which could furnish even so much as a clue to its probable nature and subject; they had become objects of interest to hundreds of thousands, and their society had been sought by some of the best and wisest of the land, yet they had not profited by these circumstances to enrich their families, neither did it seem to have in any way injured their natural humility and modesty of character; pilgrims had come from the north and the south, from the east and from the west, and had carried off with them of the waters of La Salette as a precious treasure, and then there were borne back to the infant sanctuary from the four winds of heaven rumours upon rumours, or rather proofs upon proofs, and well-authenticated proofs, of miraculous cures and other supernatural favours, both temporal and spiritual, obtained through the medium of this new apparition; men of prudence and of learning had come from afar to inquire and to satisfy themselves by a rigorous examination upon the spot, and had gone away saying, "It cannot be but that the finger of God is here;"* in a word, the seal of truth had been as it were visibly set upon the whole narrative both by the voice of God and of man, yet the Bishop does but allow and encourage the publication of the report; he abstains from issuing any authoritative decision, and chooses rather to leave all the subjects of his diocese free to canvass the facts, and, if they will, to deny and to ridicule them. Certainly one would have thought that the prudence and moderation of this judgment had scarcely deserved to be branded with the note of "gross credulity and grovelling superstition."

But to proceed with our narrative. The report was received with the greatest eagerness on all sides; several thousands of copies were sold in a few months, for it was the first official and really authentic document that had appeared upon the subject, and all knew that it could be depended upon. The concourse of pilgrims continued to increase, and was only suspended during the winter months, when the snow and ice rendered the mountain inaccessible. Several bishops wrote to the author of the report, or to the Bishop, to express the satisfaction with which they had read it, and their own intimate conviction of the truth of the children's story; and the general opinion of the public expressed itself more and more strongly in the same sense. In the end of December 1849 the Bishop authorised the publication of a supplement

* See the letter of Mgr. Dupanloup, written on the 11th of June, 1848, and published in the *Ami de la Religion*, 7 Avril, 1849.

to the official report, consisting chiefly of facts and documents connected with the authentication of new miracles that had been wrought in various dioceses of France upon persons using the water of La Salette, and invoking our Lady's help. In publishing these documents, the Bishop expressed his conviction that they would go far towards removing any doubts and prejudices that might yet remain in the minds of any against the truth of the apparition; that they would cause the indifferent to reflect, and confirm the faithful in their devotion. Still he pronounced no judgment *ex cathedra*; he did not attempt to interfere with the belief of others.

One feature in the case yet remained which might seem to afford a convenient shelter for doubt and suspicion. "Nothing can be easier," it was objected, "than for the children to say that they have been entrusted with a very precious secret; but as long as they steadily refuse to communicate to any man living what that secret is, we are at liberty to doubt whether they really have any secret at all; we have no proof of it, and therefore we shall disbelieve it." When our readers come to learn by and by the strength of the temptations by which the children were tried upon this head, and consider the facility (on the supposition that the children are impostors, which, of course, is what these objectors profess to believe) of *inventing* a secret, they will estimate this argument at its true value. However, the pastoral solicitude of the Bishop of Grenoble was not satisfied until he had removed even this stumbling-block from the way of the weakest members of his flock. Accordingly, early in the month of July last year, the aged prelate sent for the two children, and explained to them that all visions and revelations and supernatural events of whatever kind that happen in the Church ought to be fully and completely submitted to the holy Pontiff; that as head of the Church and Vicar of Jesus Christ upon earth, it belonged to him to judge in these matters; he therefore required them, under obedience to his authority, to commit to writing the secret which they said our Blessed Lady had confided to them, and he on his part would charge himself with the responsibility of sending the letters by faithful messengers to Rome. As soon as the children were satisfied by the Bishop's arguments that it was their duty to obey him in this matter, they sat down at different tables, and wrote their respective letters without the smallest hesitation, and exactly as if they had been copying what they wrote from some original before them. They signed and sealed their letters, and the Bishop entrusted them to the vicar-general of his diocese and another priest to carry to Rome. On the 18th of the same

month these precious missives were placed in the hands of the Holy Father by the persons we have named. His Holiness immediately read them in the presence of the messengers, but, of course, without communicating to them any of their contents: he said he must read them again at his leisure, and then added, "These are scourges for France, but Germany and Italy, and many other countries, deserve the same;" and he went on to assure the Abbé Rousselot that his books (the report and its supplement, already mentioned) had been examined by the Promoter of the Faith, and were approved of. Thus fell to the ground the last reasonable excuse for doubt. The secret which these two poor ignorant children had professed to be entrusted with, and which for five years they had so jealously and so successfully guarded against the pertinacious efforts of thousands of curious inquirers, was no fiction, but a reality; a reality sufficient to engage and to satisfy the mind of the holy Pontiff, and therefore more than sufficient to assure all reasonable men that at least it was no idle invention of the children themselves.

At length, therefore, on the 19th of September, 1851, the fifth anniversary of the apparition, after so many years of careful and patient investigation, the Bishop issued a formal decision *ex cathedrâ*, and in a pastoral letter, the whole of which, if our space allowed us, we would gladly transfer to our columns, solemnly declared the apparition to be a certain and unquestionable fact. He begins this letter by explaining and justifying his long delay, which arose, he says, from no indifference or slowness of heart to believe, but simply from that prudence and circumspection which is so necessary a part of the episcopal character. He knew, on the one hand, that any hasty decision in such a matter would scandalise both weak Catholics and avowed unbelievers; and on the other, that no real harm could arise from a cautious delay, "since the religion of Jesus Christ has no need of this particular fact to establish the truth of a thousand other heavenly apparitions in times past, recorded in Holy Scripture." Although personally, therefore, his own conviction of the truth of the children's narrative was complete at the end of the examination that was conducted in his presence in the months of November and December 1847, still he had been unwilling to force it upon the acceptance of others who might think differently about it. Since that time he had redoubled his prayers to the Holy Spirit that his mind might be illuminated, and that he might be guided aright; he had scrupulously studied and followed all the rules laid down by holy doctors of the Church as necessary to be observed in affairs

of this kind, and was ready to submit and correct his judgment, if the See of Peter, the mother and mistress of all churches, should declare herself in a contrary sense. "Wherefore," he continues, "considering, in the first place, that we are wholly unable to explain the fact of La Salette in any other way than as an act of the direct interference of Almighty God, whether we look at it in itself, in its circumstances, or in its object, which is essentially religious; considering, in the second place, that the marvellous consequences which have flowed from this fact are the testimony of God Himself, given by means of miracles, and that this testimony is superior alike to the testimony and to the objections of mere men; considering that either of these reasons taken alone, and still more both together, ought to override all doubt and utterly destroy any weight which might at first sight seem to attach to the difficulties and objections which have been raised against it; considering, lastly, that a spirit of docility and submissiveness to the warnings of Heaven may preserve us, perhaps, from those new chastisements with which we are threatened, whilst contrariwise a prolonged resistance may expose us to fresh and irremediable evils: At the express demand of all the members of our venerable chapter, and of a very large majority of the priests of our diocese, as also to satisfy the just desires of a large number of pious souls, both at home and abroad, who would otherwise, perhaps, accuse us of hiding and imprisoning the truth, Having called upon the Holy Spirit and implored the assistance of the pure and spotless Virgin, We decree as follows:" namely, what has been already mentioned,—that the apparition of La Salette is a true and certain fact, which none of the clergy or faithful of the diocese are hereafter at liberty publicly to contradict or call in question; that it may be preached and commented upon in the pulpit, but that no prayers or hymns, or other books of devotion connected with it, may be printed without the episcopal approbation, given in writing; and that a church and house of refuge for pilgrims shall be immediately begun on the site of the apparition, for which purpose alms are solicited from all the faithful.

This pastoral was followed by another on the 1st of May in the present year, a few extracts from which will serve better than any words of our own as a commentary upon the last. After speaking of the high privilege he had enjoyed in being the chosen instrument to proclaim the truth of an apparition of the Blessed Virgin, a privilege and a duty of which he was *obliged* to avail himself under pain of a blameworthy resistance to the voice of God and to the unanimous desire of the faithful,

the Bishop continues: "Our *mandement* of the 19th September has been received with universal satisfaction; for, in truth, public opinion had anticipated our decision, and the formal decree which we issued did but give that sanction which was wanting to make it a full and complete certainty. We have received numerous congratulations, expressions of agreement with our decision, gifts, and promises of assistance from divers princes of the Church and a large number of our venerable colleagues. . . . It could not be otherwise, my brethren; for it was not without a purpose that the Mother of Mercy condescended to visit the children of men. . . . Words descended from on high must needs spread far and wide, and be heard by all nations. Look back at the origin of this great event; see its obscure birth, its rapid diffusion first throughout France and the whole of Europe, then to the four quarters of the world, and, finally, its arrival in the capital of Christendom. To God alone be the honour and glory! We have only been a feeble instrument of His adorable will. It is to the august Virgin of La Salette that this prodigious and most unexpected result must be attributed; she alone has made the necessary disposition of things to bring it about—she alone has triumphed over all obstacles, solved all objections, annihilated all difficulties—she alone has prepared all that has yet happened—she alone will put the final crown upon her own work."

He then goes on to announce the arrangements he has made for laying the foundation-stone and blessing the new church, as also for establishing a body of clergy to be called Missionaries of our Lady of La Salette, who shall reside on the mountain during that part of the year when it can be frequented by pilgrims, and during the winter months shall be employed in preaching missions and retreats in different parts of the diocese.

The ceremony of laying the foundation-stone had been fixed for the 25th of this same month, the month of Mary, and the Bishop had requested one of his colleagues, the Bishop of Valence, to take his place on the occasion; for being very old, and having suffered for many years from neuralgia in the face, he hesitated to expose himself to the fatigue of so long and toilsome a journey. As the day drew near, however, he could not deny himself the satisfaction of visiting a spot which had become so dear to him; and on the morning of the 24th he set out from Grenoble, slept that night at the little village of La Salette, and at six o'clock the next morning mounted his horse and began the steep ascent. It was an affair of two hours, but the sight which awaited him on the summit abundantly rewarded him for the fatigue he had undergone. The

platform was covered with pilgrims of all ranks and ages and countries, most of whom had spent the night there in the same way as we ourselves witnessed it a few months afterwards. Before daybreak 3000 had approached the altar to partake of the bread of life, and there was still a continuous succession of persons similarly employed. The Bishop said Mass about half-past eight, and soon afterwards the Bishop of Valence arrived, followed by a long train of pilgrims eager to assist at the solemn function. Unfortunately a fine piercing rain began to fall about this time, and continued perseveringly throughout the rest of the morning; it was not allowed, however, to interrupt the order of the ceremonies. The prelates laid the stone together; then the Abbé Sibillat preached to an audience of 15,000 pilgrims, after which the Bishop of Valence said Mass, and gave Benediction with the most holy Sacrament to the assembled multitudes.

Thus the pilgrimage of La Salette, whose first feeble beginnings may be said to date almost from the very day after the original announcement of the apparition, but which had grown so rapidly that not less than 60,000 pilgrims were assembled on occasion of the first anniversary, was now finally and authoritatively established. Henceforth it takes its place among the most famous and acknowledged of our Lady's sanctuaries; and though it is not probable that such immense numbers will ever again be gathered together there at one time (unless it be, perhaps, the consecration of the church, or some other special occasion which cannot now be foreseen), yet we may predict with confidence, that as long as the world shall last it will never cease to be an object of interest and a place of frequent pilgrimage to the pious servants of Mary. There are many other such places in various parts of the world already, some of them venerable with the traditions of fifteen or sixteen centuries upon them, others of more recent date. But it is scarcely possible that there should be any whose claims upon our respect and devotion can be more thoroughly and satisfactorily sifted than that whose history has now been given. We have traced its early beginnings and marked every stage in its progress, from the episcopal letter of the 9th of October 1846, enjoining upon the clergy "an absolute silence" upon this matter in the pulpit, down to the second letter from the same Bishop, dated the 19th September 1851, in which he not only allows the whole story to be preached and published, but also peremptorily forbids any of the clergy to contradict it; and we need not hesitate to assert that the history which we have given proves at least as much as this, viz. that there was no carelessness or precipitancy on the part of the

ecclesiastical authorities concerned, but, on the contrary, the utmost deliberation and prudence; and that no attempt was made to stifle inquiry and opposition until the experience of five years had demonstrated the futility of all objections that could be raised. One very important question still remains to be considered, viz. whether the evidence to which his lordship and the committee of his appointment ultimately yielded is such as would command the assent of all reasonable men, or whether they allowed themselves too easily to be persuaded by the plausible tale of the children and the credulity of those around them. This, however, is a question which must be postponed to our next Number, in which we propose to give some account of our interview with Mélanie, and many other interesting particulars not yet generally known.

ROBBERIES OF RELIGION, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

The Report of the Select Committee on the Law of Mortmain and of Testamentary Dispositions.

THE Catholic Church made the Crown and Realm of England. She found a country divided among rude barbarians—she made them Christians—she taught them to say, in the sublime and simple language of the Saxon king, “We have all one faith, and one spiritual mother—the Church;” and thus they were united under the supremacy of the Holy See, and prepared for the sway of common earthly sovereignty.

But this beneficent work was done in detail. The natives were first clustered into towns, and towns arose around monasteries. Most of the ancient cities and towns of England can be traced to this origin. “The town of Malmsbury (it is observed by Camden) is indebted for all its importance to the monastery founded by Aldhelm. The beautiful porch, loaded with Saxon ornaments and Scripture histories in relief, still bears Aldhelm’s name. The great Athelstan chose Aldhelm for his patron saint, and on this account granted considerable privileges to the town, and endowed the abbey in an ample manner.”*

The case of Croyland is still more remarkable. In the eighth century we read, “Ethelbald, king of the Mercians, in order to establish a monastery, granted to Kenulph and

* Camden’s *Britannia*, cited in M’Cabe’s *Catholic History*, vol. i. p. 520, in notis.

others, who desired to devote their lives to the service of God, the island of Croyland. This he did (as the charter recites) by the advice of his beloved confessor, the holy anchorite Guthlac.”*

What kind of a place was this Croyland when given to the monks of St. Benedict and what they did with it, Ingulphus told long ago in his chronicles of Croyland; and, in a later age, the protestant Camden gives testimony of course unimpeachably impartial.

“Croyland lies among the deepest fens and waters, stagnating off muddy lands, so shut in and environed as to be inaccessible on all sides except the north and east, and that only by causeways. It consisted of three streets divided by canals of water, planted with willows, and built on piles driven into the bottom of the fen, and joined by a triangular bridge of admirable workmanship. Beyond this bridge stood anciently the monastery, so famous, in a much more narrow space; all round which, except where the town stands, is so moory that you may run a pole into the ground to the depth of thirty feet. From Spalding to Deeping, a town ten miles off, Eyebrie Abbot of Croyland, through the centre of a wild forest of deep marshes (as Ingulphus relates), raised with wood and gravel a solid causeway for travellers; but no traces of it are now to be found.”†

That the people as well as the princes appreciated the benefit of monasteries is plain, from the account of the rebuilding of Croyland in 1112, which, as Mr. M'Cabe well remarks, is worthy of perusal as a specimen of the manner in which all classes co-operated for the erection of monasteries before the Reformation.‡

“Each of the nobles laid a stone, and upon it laid money or grants of land, &c. Of the common people, some gave money, others their labour for one day in every month, until the work was completed; some offered to erect whole pillars, others bases of pillars, others parts of walls, with eager and cheerful devotion.”§

Let us now (as Mr. M'Cabe says) “look at Croyland, its town and monastery, after the Reformation. In the reign of Edward VI. Croyland was bestowed on Lord Clinton; and for an account of the injury inflicted on the agriculturists of Lincoln by the destruction of this and other monasteries, let the reader refer to Dr. Lingard.|| Again we quote Camden:

* *Catholic History*, v. ii. p. 358.

† Camden's *Britannia*, v. ii. p. 331.

‡ *Catholic History*, v. i. p. 560, in notis.

§ *Britannia*, v. ii. p. 332.

|| Lingard's *Anglo-Saxon Church*, vol. i. p. 209. As to the charity of the monks of England, see p. 218 of same volume.

“The town is miserably decayed, and there was an unsuccessful attempt to re-establish a market and fair for cattle. At the dissolution, the east part of the church was pulled down; the nave was entire in 1661; its roof and south aisle fell within this century, and the beautiful west part stands neglected and running to ruin.”*

Very similar is the history of Peterborough. That city was literally founded by the monks. “It was in the reign of Wulfer, king of Mercia, that the minster of Medeshamsted (Peterborough), which had been founded during the brief reign of Peada, became very rich; Wulfer loved it much from affection for the memory of Peada, and regard for the abbot Saxulf.”

Camden speaks thus of the site, and the results of the monks’ labours upon it:

“In the fens was a famous monastery, called from the thick thorns, Thorney; and anciently from the anchorites, Ankerige: where Saxullphus, a very devout man, built a monastery, with cells for hermits. This being destroyed by the Danes, Ethelwood, bishop of Winchester, for the encouragement of the monastic life, built the monastery and filled it with monks, and planted it with trees. The place, according to William of Malmsbury, was in his time a picture of Paradise, bearing trees in the very fens, while flowers attracted the eye with their verdure; not the smallest spot is unimproved, being planted with fruit-trees or vines. There seems to be a contest between nature and art. What can I say of the buildings, firmly supported on the fenny soil! The place is the abode of chastity, the residence of virtue, the school of sacred philosophy.”†

Thus did Peterborough monastery rise amidst the fens and thorns; and then a town arose around the monastery, and at last became a city and a bishop’s see. So of all the other old sees of the now “established church,” and others more ancient, some of which (as Hexham) are revived in the new Catholic hierarchy. So again as to Ely: the place, we read, was originally, “when an island, full of marshes and streams.”‡ Here a monastery was founded by St. Etheldretha in the eighth century; and afterwards the town, of which this was the origin, became a bishop’s see. Camden says, the bishops “brought the cathedral church to its present magnificence. Here (he adds) were two hospitals of St. John and St. Mary Magdalen;

* *Britannia*, vol. ii. p. 343.

† *Britannia*, vol. ii. p. 216, cited in *Catholic History*, p. 346.

‡ *Catholic History*, vol. i. p. 391.

here also were vineyards, of which no traces now remain.* So also Chertsey in Surrey, where the first Saxon nunnery was founded; and so of the great majority, if not all, of the old cities and towns of England. If history were investigated, it would be discovered that they were founded by monks, and arose around monasteries.

Among the other founders of monasteries and nunneries was the great Alfred, of whom we read: "He founded a monastery at Athelney, and a nunnery in his new city of Shaftesbury; and these two religious houses he so well endowed, that their revenues were not less than one full eighth of his yearly revenues. He also built a convent at Winchester."†

This illustrious king, it is clear, was not afraid of making religious houses rich, nor jealous of their possession of lands, any more than was the great Athelstan, the courageous Edgar, the powerful Egbert, or the sainted Edward. Of Athelstan we are informed, that there was hardly a monastery in all England that he did not enrich by additional gifts, of buildings, books, or lands.‡ And in whose days, we may ask, was England more happy or more powerful than in the days of Alfred and Athelstan, of Edward and Edgar and Egbert? These pious princes far better understood than our miserable political economists the true "wealth of nations," and practically attained it. They were persuaded that justice exalteth a nation; and would have despised the paltry policy which grudged land to the religious houses, for fear of weakening the realm. The principle upon which they acted was expressed in a passage in the laws of Edgar, "that monks lead a pure life, and through their purity intercede with God for us." They knew the value of such prayers far exceeded all the wealth of money or the strength of arms. In one word, they had *faith*. There were abuses in religious houses in their days; but they did not proceed to robbery instead of reform. They would have rejected the hypocrisy of plundering them in order to make them more pious. They helped their bishops to thrust out the bad monks, instead of giving away their lands to laymen as bad and worse. They laboured to make the monks pure, not poor. They knew that land could not but be improved by being in the possession of good monks, and that if they were not good, the way to make them better was not to beggar them.

Not only princes and prelates, but statesmen were founders of religious houses. We read in the reign of Edred, the Chan-

* *Britannia*, vol. ii. p. 214.

† *Spelman's Life of Alfred*, v. iii. p. 167.

‡ *Catholic History*, v. ii. p. 344.

cellor Turkehel, a hoary-headed minister of state, gave six manors to Croyland, and himself joined the monastery.* He had brought his sovereign's affairs into the most prosperous state, and consummated his duty by this crowning act of piety and charity; not having been led by all his experience of the world to believe that the true "wealth of nations" was inconsistent with the possession of large landed estates by religious houses. The result amply justified these generous and pious opinions. The reign of Edgar, a successor of Edred's, was one of the most prosperous and powerful that ever occurred. Yet we find that while, on the one hand, he built 3600 ships for the defence of the realm, he also founded forty monasteries, and enriched a large number of others.† At the same time, Edgar was by no means such a stupid priest-ridden person as all founders of monasteries are foolishly presumed to be, nor blind to their abuses. On the contrary, we find that this very monarch, so liberal to religious houses, was equally energetic in correcting their evils and arresting their corruptions. We read that he summoned an assembly of all bishops, abbots, and "heads of houses" in his dominions, and addressed them with energy upon the necessity of a stringent reformation; a necessity caused chiefly by the disturbances which had arisen from the incursions of the Danes in previous reigns. In this very address, however, he said: "I am anxious that the ministers of churches, the fraternities of monks, and the communities of virgins, should have not only what is necessary for their subsistence, but also that their peacefulness should be provided for, and their tranquillity secured."‡

With this duty—temporal provision—he charges himself; and it is impossible not to observe the contrast between these noble sentiments and the narrow jealousies of modern times. The duty of spiritual supervision he leaves in its proper hands—the ecclesiastical superiors. "An examination into their morals belongs to you; it is for you to see that they live properly and are careful in the performance of their offices, assiduous in the instruction of the people, temperate in their meals, decorous in dress, and discreet in their behaviour."

So long ago as the time of Bede there had arisen abuses in religious houses; the greatest of which was the growing up of a class of pretended monks, who desired to obtain the immunities and privileges of the monastic life, without practising

* *Catholic History*, v. ii. p. 486.

† Glastonbury, Winchester, Malmsbury, Peterborough, Ely, Abingdon, &c. See *Monasticon*.

‡ *Catholic History*, vol. ii. p. 562.

its virtues; and having procured from their sovereigns charters granting exemption from secular services, lived, nevertheless, a secular life—one of mere ease and laziness. The Synod of Cloveshoe and all pious prelates denounced these pretended monks; but they still continued, says Dr. Lingard. Their monasteries were inherited by their descendants; and for their extirpation the Saxon Church was indebted to the devastation of the Pagan Danes in the succeeding century.*

If these abuses had been eradicated, the invasions of the Danes would not have been needed for this purpose of chastisement, and doubtless might have been averted by the intercessory prayers of monks living pure and holy lives. The contemporary historians attribute the incursions of the Danes, or at least their success, and the shocking excesses which accompanied them, not to the increase, but to the corruption of religious houses; not to the influence, but to the decay and decline of religion.

“The reason for the justice of God falling with such tremendous fury upon the English” (says one of these historians) “was this. In the primitive state of the Church in England religion shone with pure and brilliant light, so that kings and queens, nobles and prelates, desired to pass their lives in the monastic state. In the course of time, however, virtue withered away, so that none could compare with them in treachery and wickedness. Their impiety is recorded in the annals of each succeeding monarch; and all classes imitated each other in betrayal of their trusts. Piety was scorned as if infamy, and innocence regarded as a crime. At length Almighty God sent against them swarm after swarm of the most cruel people on the face of the earth, who, from the reign of Ethelwulf until the arrival of the Normans under William, that is for 230 years, wasted the country and made the land desolate.”†

The kings themselves—such of them as were good—considered that so far from the possession of land by the Church tending to weaken the country, the surest way of averting the Divine vengeance was to exercise still greater liberality towards her. Hence Ethelwulf’s charter of donation to the Church commences thus: “Whereas the times in which we live are filled with afflictions, and the conflagrations of war have been enkindled among us, bringing with them cruel devastations of plundering foemen, and the manifold tribulations arising from the invasions of barbarous and pagan nations, and we discern a season of great peril is impending over

* *Anglo-Saxon Church*, vol. iv. p. 190; *Catholic History*, vol. i. p. 587.

† *Henry of Huntingdon’s Hist.* lib. v., cited *Catholic History*, vol. ii. p. 15.

us; we declare it as a salutary remedy, that we should allocate a certain portion of the lands we have inherited to those who have devoted their lives to the service of God.”*

And the result proved the wisdom of these views; for of Ethelwulf and kings like him (as Ethelbert), we generally read that they repulsed the Danes. And we have already seen that the most powerful and prosperous of our Anglo-Saxon monarchs were the most liberal donors to monasteries; whereas, on the other hand, it is usually robbers of religious houses who fall victims to the Danes.

Precisely so was it as to the invasion of the Normans, who, curiously enough, were of the same race as the Danes, who were often called by a similar name, Northmen. We read in William of Malmsbury, that though Edward the Confessor was a good king, “nevertheless there were some things which obscured the glory of his reign; the monasteries were deprived of their lands, and false sentences were passed by wicked men. The ruin of the monasteries, however, took place without his knowledge, through the insolence of Godwin and his sons.” It is easy to conceive how the disorganisation caused by the incursions of the Danes must have diminished the regal power and increased that of the barons, who were, indeed, almost independent of the Crown, and were too often plunderers of the Church. Malmsbury says, “Religion had decayed for several years before the arrival of the Normans. The clergy could scarcely stammer out the words of the sacraments; and a person who understood grammar was an object of wonder and astonishment. The monks mocked the rules of their order by fine vestments, and the use of every kind of food; and the nobility were given up to luxury and wantonness. Drinking was a universal practice, in which occupation they passed entire nights and days. The vices attendant on drunkenness, which enervate the human mind, followed; hence it arose that, engaging William more in rashness than military skill, they doomed themselves and their country to slavery by one, and that an easy victory. Many of the clergy led a life of sanctity, and lived blamelessly; and many of the laity of all ranks were pleasing to God. But as in peace the mercy of God often cherishes the bad and good together, so equally does his severity sometimes include them both in captivity.”†

“The Normans,” the historian says, “revived the observances of religion, which had every where grown lifeless in England; churches rose in every village, and monasteries in the towns and cities.” The new dynasty, however, soon corrupted by the possession of power and wealth, became cruel

* Catholic History, ii. p. 57. † William of Malmsbury's Chronicle, b. 3.

oppressors and plunderers of the Church. Of the Conqueror, who seems to have been a more respectable character than any of his successors, the Saxon Chronicle says: "He was a wise and great man, and mild to those good men who loved God, but severe beyond measure to such as withstood his will. He founded a noble monastery on the spot where God permitted him to conquer England, and made it rich. In his days the great monastery of Canterbury was rebuilt, and many others through England; and the land was filled with monks, who lived according to the rule of St. Benedict. King William was a very stern and wrathful man, so that none durst do any thing against his will; and he kept in prison those lords who acted against his pleasure. He was sharp-sighted to his own interests, and surveyed the whole kingdom so thoroughly, that there was not a single hide of land throughout the whole, of which he knew not the possessor and how much it was worth. He sent his men into every shire, and caused them to write down how much land belonged to his archbishops, his bishops, his abbots, and his earls; and so narrowly did he cause the survey to be made, that there was not a single hide nor rood of land, nor an ox or cow or pig he passed by, and that was not set down in his accounts."

This was the famous *Doomsday Book*, which, it is clear, was of the same use as Dugdale's *Monasticon*, and contained full information of what land every religious house in the kingdom possessed.

One reason for *Doomsday Book* being compiled was to assess the quota of men and money each holder of land, lay or ecclesiastical, was to supply; and the earliest act of mortmain makes no mention of any inconvenience as to the public defence. The real reason of the easy conquest of England by the Normans has been already assigned out of the mouths of the contemporary historians, viz. the corruption of the nation. Edward the Confessor himself was sensible of the decline of religion in his realm, and we read of a vision he had on the subject. "He was confined to his bed with illness, and after lying two days speechless and apparently lifeless, he on the third day revived, and fetching a deep and heavy sigh exclaimed, 'Almighty God, if it be not an illusion but a true vision which I have beheld, grant me strength to tell it to those who are by; but if, on the other hand, it be false, I pray thee withhold from me the power of telling it.' After this prayer he narrated as follows: 'I just now saw standing by me two monks, whom I had known to have lived most religiously and died most christianly; these men assured me that they were sent to me with a message from God, and pro-

ceeded as follows: Forasmuch as the princes, dukes, bishops, and abbots of England are not the servants of God, therefore God will within a year and a day deliver this kingdom into the hands of the enemy.'"*

The rule of the Norman dynasty was clearly considered as a national punishment.

"The king and the chief men" (says the chronicler) "loved much, and over much, to amass gold and silver; and cared not how sinfully it was got, so that it came into their hands. The king sold out his lands as dear as he could, and then granted them to him who offered the largest sum."

The Conqueror was clearly a political economist of the modern school, as to selling in the dearest market, at all events; and acted upon this great principle, that land should be made to raise as much money as possible. Of his son, William II., it is said that "he trampled on the Church of God, and either sold the temporalities of bishoprics and abbacies, or kept them in his own hands and let them out to renters; so that, on the day of his death, he had in his own hands the archbishopric of Canterbury, the bishoprics of Winchester and Salisbury, and eleven abbacies—all let out to farm. In short, all that was abominable to God and oppressive to man was common on the island in his time; therefore he was hated by almost all his people."†

The son was worse than the father, it is clear; and his brother Henry was as bad. "King Henry gathered together much gold and silver, yet he did no good to his soul with the same."‡ And what manner of men the nobles were in those days the Saxon chronicler tells thus: "Every rich man built his castles, and they filled the land full of them. They greatly oppressed the wretched people by making them work at these castles, and when they were finished they filled them with devils and evil men. Then they took those whom they suspected to have any goods, by night and by day, torturing both men and women; and they put them in prison for their gold and silver, and tortured them with pains unspeakable, for never were any martyrs tormented more. They hung some up by their feet and smoked them with foul smoke; some by the thumbs or by the head, and they hung burning things on their feet. They put a knotted string about their heads, and twisted it till it went into the brain. They put them into dungeons wherein were adders and snakes and toads, and thus wore them out. Some they put into a cruet-house (that is, a chest short and narrow, and not deep), and put sharp stones in it and

* Roger de Wendover, A.D. 1066.

† Saxon Chron. A.D. 1100.

‡ *Ibid.* A.D. 1137.

crushed the man therein, so that they broke all his limbs. There were hateful and grim things called *Sachenteges* in many of the castles, and which two or three men had enough to do to carry. The sachentege was made thus: it was fastened to a beam, having a sharp iron to go round a man's throat and neck, so that he might in no way sit, nor lie, nor sleep, but that he must bear all the iron. Many thousands they exhausted with hunger; and I cannot tell of all the wounds and tortures they inflicted upon the wretched men of this land. They were continually levying exactions upon the towns; and when the miserable inhabitants had no more to give, they plundered and burnt the towns; so that thou mightest walk a whole day's journey, nor ever shouldst thou find a man seated in a town, or its lands tilled."*

A striking and shocking contrast this to the humane and benign influences of the monasteries! The monks turned deserts into towns; the nobles turned towns into deserts. And yet these very nobles were the men who afterwards had the impudence and the hypocrisy to pretend to complain of the monks for weakening the country by holding lands, and made this a pretext for passing mortmain laws to prevent them from holding any! The men who made the land a desert complained of those who made it bloom and blossom as the rose! The men who cursed the country with their castles cried out against those who crowned it with cathedrals! Was there ever a more ludicrous realisation of the fable of the wolf and the lamb! Cruelty complaining of charity! rapine of piety! rapacity of poverty!

These were the sort of men that murdered a saint in hopes to propitiate a prince. These were the kind of men who slew St. Thomas at the altar. What were they but robbers and murderers? And these were they who, in the twelfth century, affected to have discovered harm to the realm resulting from the holding of land by religious houses! These are the authorities to whom Protestant legislators have appealed in excuse for their own laws robbing charity and religion. Truly they derived their inspiration from a pure source. Let us look at a specimen or two. We read of Richard's chancellor, that he and his satellites had so exhausted all the wealth of the kingdom, that they did not leave a man a silver belt, nor a woman her necklace; and had so emptied the treasury, that after two years nothing could be found in it but empty vessels.†

Richard himself was a dangerous character. Finding one day some English ships in a French port laden with corn, he ordered their crews to be at once hung, and the ships burnt!‡ Yet he

* Wendover, A.D. 1137.

† Ibid. A.D. 1191.

‡ Ibid. A.D. 1197.

was one of the best and most generous of the Plantagenet race of princes, dynasty of despots as they were. The character of his brother John, it need not be said, was marked by all his ferocity without his generosity. How *he* dealt with the Church may be conceived from a single case. The monks of Canterbury had offended him about an election for the see, and he "sent, in his fury, two most cruel and inhuman knights, with armed attendants, to expel the monks, or consign them to capital punishment. And the knights, entering the monastery with drawn swords, in the king's name fiercely ordered the prior and monks to depart from the realm as traitors; and affirmed with oaths, that if the monks refused, they would set fire to the monastery and burn the monks in it."*

It is added that "their property was confiscated, and their lands remained uncultivated." When the kingdom was put under an interdict, John threatened to "send all the priests to Rome with their eyes plucked out and noses slit." And when the servants of a sheriff brought him a robber who had murdered a priest, he said: "He has slain an enemy of mine; release him!" "Religious men indeed, and others ordained, were dragged from their horses, robbed, and ill-treated by the king's satellites."† An archdeacon having offended him by declining to act in his service while he was excommunicated, he sent a knight with some soldiers to seize him; and they, by command of the king, put a cope of lead on him, until overcome by its weight and by want of food, he died.‡ And a hermit having prophesied against him, he had him dragged at a horse's tail and hung.§ These, however, are but trifles compared with the atrocities perpetrated by him and his knights during the contests with the barons.

"Rushing about with drawn swords and open knives, they ransacked houses, churches, and even cemeteries; robbing every one, and sparing neither women nor children. Even the priests, while standing at the very altars with the Cross of the Lord in their hands, clad in their sacred robes, were seized, tortured, and ill-treated. They inflicted dreadful tortures on knights and others of every condition. Some they hung up by the middle, some by the feet and legs; some by the hands, and some by the thumbs and arms; and then threw salt mixed with vinegar in their eyes; taking no heed that they were made after God's image and bore the name of Christians. Others they placed on tripods or gridirons over live coals; and then bathed their roasted bodies in cold water. The perse-

* Wendover, A.D. 1207.

† Ibid. A.D. 1208.

‡ Ibid. A.D. 1209.

§ Ibid. A.D. 1213.

cution was general throughout England; traffic ceased, and agriculture was at a standstill.”*

One of the king's knights entered the isle of Ely and plundered all the churches, compelling the inhabitants by cruel tortures to pay heavy ransoms. “They entered the cathedral with drawn swords; and after they had plundered it, the priors with difficulty redeemed it from being burnt. The abbot Stephen Ridel was dragged out of the church by force, and lost all that he was possessed of; and with difficulty preserved his person from tortures by payment of a hundred marks.”†

Even in the reign of Henry we find the turbulent barons perpetrating ruthlessly the same rapine and plunder. “One Faulkes assembled a force of knights from the garrisons of Oxford, Northampton, Bedford, and Windsor, and went to St. Alban's at dusk and made an attack on the place; pillaged it, and made prisoners of men and children, whom he committed to close confinement. At the door of the church he slew a follower of the earl, who was endeavouring to take refuge there; and afterwards sent orders to the abbot at once to deliver a hundred pounds of silver, or he would burn the town with the monastery.” One night afterwards the said Faulkes “saw in a vision a large stone from the tower of St. Alban's fall upon him and crush him; alarmed at which, he woke his wife, and told her the vision. She advised him to go with due devotion to the blessed St. Alban, and make his peace with that saint by a proper atonement: for she understood that this was a presage of some future punishment for the crime he had committed.” Faulkes consented to do so after some trouble. He went to St. Alban's, and entered the chapter-house without his armour, carrying a rod, and there asked and obtained absolution; kissing the monks one by one, as if he could thus make his peace for all: but he did not restore any of the property he had seized, nor make any reparation to the poor servants of Christ for the injury he had done. The monks stood at the door hoping for some reparation; but he spurned them and passed on.

The picture here presented is comical, and completely characteristic of the age. What kind of characters these barons were, who have all the credit of gaining Magna Charta, and of being the bulwarks of the liberties of England, may be gathered from a further passage in the history of this same Faulkes. He is mentioned, with a number of others like him, as “using all their efforts to disturb the peace of the king-

* Wendover, A.D. 1216.

† Ibid.

dom;" and as only induced to desist under threat of excommunication, "and because they found the king had a larger force than they." Next year, however, we find him actually seizing one of the king's justiciaries (for fear of his putting the law in force against him for his numberless atrocities), and imprisoning him in his castle of Bedford. This outrage, of course, incensed the king, especially as the castle held out against him, and stood a long siege; the result of which, however, after no small slaughter, was its capture, and the deprivation and degradation of Faulkes.*

Matthew Paris gives a richer account of the character and conduct of the man.

There was one Faulkes de Breante, a native of Normandy, had lately come on a scurvy horse, with a pad on his back, to enter the king's service, and had fortified Bedford Castle, though on the land of another. This man trusting in his castle, his money, and his friends among the king's courtiers, began to seize on the lands and property of his freemen and neighbours; and dispossessed without judgment thirty-two freemen in the manor of Luyton of their tenements, and appropriated some common pastures to his own use. When a complaint on the matter was made to the king, he appointed Henry de Braibroc and some other justiciaries to take recognisance of the claims of the complainants, and the judges decreed the restoration of the lands, and Faulkes was condemned in a fine for damages. Faulkes annoyed at this, seized Henry, and imprisoned him in his castle at Bedford. Ultimately the turbulent Faulkes was banished; but on embarking, begged of the Earl de Warrenne, who was charged with his expulsion, to carry his greeting to the king, and declared on oath, that the disturbances he had caused in England he had excited at the instigation of the nobles.

Such were the sort of men who stood up as champions of the "liberties of England." Even the justiciary of the realm, Hubert de Burgh, seized the castle and town of Tundridge, which belonged to the See of Canterbury, and the archbishop could get no redress but by an appeal to Rome; and the same man actually gave warrants to bands of armed men to rob the priests' barns.† These were the men who, in this very reign of Henry III., and about this time, procured the Great Charter to be granted, in which it is declared, that if any should henceforth give his lands to any religious house, the land should be forfeited to the lord. This seems somewhat a queer clause in a great charter of liberties, at the commencement of which the king professed it to have been made "in the presence of

* Wendover, A.D. 1224.

† See Wendover.

God, for the salvation of our souls and the souls of our ancestors and successors, to the exaltation of holy Church;" and in which the king and his barons "agreed that the Church should be free, and have her rights and liberties inviolate." It was rather like liberty to rob than freedom, so far as the Church was concerned. And it is observable that there are three editions of Magna Charta: this clause was not in the first, though it is in the second. There are no signatures of ecclesiastics to it, except the Papal Legate, and only two prelates are parties to it. It is in the third, indeed, which was made some years after; and to that there are the signatures of many abbots:—the abbot of St. Edmund's, the abbot of St. Alban's, the abbot of Battle Abbey, the abbot of St. Augustine's Canterbury, the abbot of Evesham, the abbot of Westminster, the abbot of Peterborough, the abbot of Reading, the abbot of Abingdon, the abbot of Malmsbury, the abbot of Winchcomb, the abbot of Hyde, the abbot of Chertsey, the abbot of Sherborne, the abbot of Cerra, the abbot of Abbotsbury, the abbot of Whitby, and the abbot of Cirencester. Now how came these abbots to sign a law that no man should give land to religious houses? Does the signature of that rapacious and oppressive personage, "Hubert de Burgh, the king's justiciary" (which comes next to theirs), suggest suspicion either of "undue influence" or deception on his part? It is clear that he was quite capable of either; and it seems scarcely credible that abbots should really and willingly agree to such a law. And in the early part of the next reign we find an act of parliament which supplies an explanation. A statute of Edward I. recognises that land might be given to religious houses, provided compensation were made to the feudal lords for loss of those "services" and fines which accrued to the lords under the feudal system, and which monks could not render; the services were military, and it was no part of their vocation to go to the wars. The fines, again, were payable on marriage, or the coming to age of an heir, &c., and we need hardly say that the monks never married nor had heirs; moreover, if they had, there was nothing for their heirs to succeed to, since the monastery was a corporation, and was kept up in perpetual succession by the title of "abbot and monks of St. Peter's, Westminster," just as a secular corporation is by the title of "the mayor, aldermen, and burgesses of London." The property too was the property not of the individual monks, the members of the corporation, but of the monastery, the corporation itself; on entering into which they lost by law their personal rights of property, and became legally dead. Thus then, in law, the monasteries never died, and the monks were dead already, so

that no fines or 'reliefs' in respect of heirships, nor escheats or forfeitures of the land on failure of heirs, could possibly accrue to the lords. From the specimens we have given of these lords, the reader will easily conceive this would be matter of much regret to men of such rapacity; the more so because public feeling, now that the country was more settled, was rather too strong against robbery of religious houses to allow of such open depredation and rapine as had been practised; they tried to compel the Church to accept a sort of compromise, and consent to receive no more land for religious houses. The country, however, would not suffer the Church to be robbed prospectively any more than retrospectively; and in the reign of Edward I., it was, we repeat, recognised that these laws against the holding of land by religious houses were only really to secure compensation to the lords for any loss of feudal fines or services they might sustain in consequence. And further, there was a regular procedure, by which it was ascertained whether any losses would arise; and if not, the land might be given to a religious house, despite the law, and without even any compensation.* All this is usually suppressed by Protestant lawyers or writers, who, in supporting the modern laws for robbery of the Church, appeal to these ancient mortmain laws as precedents, concealing the remarkable fact, so creditable to our Catholic ancestors, that even laws passed expressly (at least meant by their promoters) for the prejudice of the Church were not permitted to be enforced against the Church, but were systematically, regularly, and by due course of law, disregarded and dispensed with. All this, we repeat, is suppressed by Protestant writers and lawyers. Rare exceptions were presented in the evidence of those learned men, Sir F. Palgrave and Mr. Burge, in their evidence before the Mortmain Committee of 1844; and to get rid of their evidence, so damnatory to modern Protestant legislation, was the real purpose of the last Mortmain Committee.

To return, however, to our ancestors, fifty years after the first charter, in 1275, during the reign of Edward I., we find further evidence of the character and conduct of these lords as to the Church. Then a statute recited, "that abbeys and houses of religion have been overcharged and sore grieved by the resort of great men" and others, "whereby they have been greatly impoverished, so that they cannot maintain such charity as they have been accustomed to do;" and therefore it is enacted that "none shall come to eat or lodge in any houses of religion, unless invited so to do:" though

* See the evidence of Sir F. Palgrave, 1844.

it is added that "the king intendeth not that the grace of hospitality should be withdrawn;" from which it pretty plainly appears that the religious houses were accustomed to exercise great charity and hospitality, which was, however, grossly abused by the "great men," those very great men who had done all they could to impoverish the religious houses by procuring the enactment above quoted, and who in 1279, in the course of a few years after the act just cited in which their rapacity was restrained, procured (perhaps partly in revenge) another statute of mortmain. The law, let it be observed, by its very language, indicated that it was directed entirely against the holding of lands by corporate bodies, and the consequent loss of feudal services; for this was the meaning of the word "mortmain,"* which meant that the land came to the hands of those who were legally dead, and hence the law was constructed to give the lord a right to compensation for such losses. But the "great men" were not content with this. They had obtained their original claim, compensation for any loss of feudal services consequent upon granting of land to religious houses; they were, however, not satisfied; they had a hankering after Church lands, and were continually trying to lay hold of them by means of act of parliament, the plausible and politic way of plundering the Church which now prevailed: thus, in the same reign of Edward I., we find very great men declaring in an act of parliament that "the monasteries, priories, and other religious houses were founded to the honour and glory of God and the advancement of holy Church by the king and his progenitors, and the noblemen of the realm, and their ancestors, and a very great portion (the very great men plainly thought it too great a portion) of lands and tenements have been given by them to the said monasteries and priories, to the intent that clerks and laymen might be admitted therein, and hospitality, almsgiving, and other charitable deeds done, and that in their prayers might be said for the souls of the said founders and their heirs." And then what follows after this pathetic, pious, and plausible preamble on the part of the "very great men?" why, as perfect a piece of hypocrisy and imposture as could well be perpetrated. These very great men, who had been for generations plundering and pillaging the religious houses, now profess a pious indignation at what they call the payments and impositions laid on them by the superiors of their respective orders, who applied them to the purposes of the orders in other countries. The "very great men" could not endure the idea of money going out of the country—out of their clutches—into any

* Dead hands.

coffers but their own. They were angry at finding that any treasuries but theirs received any portion of the rents of lands held by religious houses; and so they strictly forbade any monies to be sent by the religious houses to their superiors out of the country. So in another act in 1414 (the reign of Henry V.) they recited piously that "a great part of the lands of the religious houses or hospitals be now for the most part decayed, and the profits of the same, by divers persons, as well spiritual as lay" (how delicate!) "withdrawn and spent in other use" (in plain English, plundered), "whereby many men and women have died in great misery, for default of aid, living, and succour, to the displeasure of God, and peril of the souls of such manner of spenders." When it is observed that "such manner of spenders" (*i. e.* of spoliators) were the framers of the statutes, it can scarcely be surprising to find that the House of Commons, about this period, proposed that the Crown should relieve the pressure of taxation by seizing all the Church property; a proposition then rejected by the Crown with scorn.

The time was not yet come for that. It had almost arrived; it was only a few years before it did arrive, when, in the reign of Henry VIII., the first step was taken preparatory to the complete plunder of the religious houses. The law, of course, could not apply where there was no incorporation. Hence numerous cases could be cited from the most ancient law reports—the Year Books—shewing that these laws did not apply to conveyances of land to persons in trust for pious purposes. Thus we find in one case a person gave houses to a friend in trust, to pay 12*l.* a year, and find two chaplains to chant for his soul for ever, in the church of St. Alban's, Wood Street, London; the devise being in these words:

"To find 12*l.* for two chaplains, and 6*s.* 8*d.* to the rector of the church; to find for the chaplains vestments, chalice, candle, and other necessaries for celebrating the same."

The king (Edward III.) wanted to get at the rents, as being within the statutes of mortmain; but it was held that as the chaplains were not incorporated, that is, did not have perpetual succession, they were not within the statute.* So in another case, where land was decreed to provide a chaplain, to celebrate in a church for ever mass for testator's soul, held no mortmain.†

Henry VIII., however, on the eve of the Reformation, made an attempt to lay hands on these endowments. In 1531 it was enacted, under the auspices of this upright and con-

* Year Book (Book of Assize), 40th year Edward III., Assize 26, &c.

† *Ibid.* 43, Assize 27.

scientious king, that lands shall not be held in perpetual trust by any persons for religious purposes, and that any lands so devoted to such purposes should be confiscated to the Crown or 'great lord.' The cloven foot was now openly displayed. What the great lords disliked was, the perpetual application of land to pious purposes. It interfered with their covetousness; it excited their jealousy and envy to see lands lying by their own dedicated to the service of religion. They cared not for compensation for loss of feudal services. The object was not compensation, but confiscation; and it was attained by this act completely for the future. It did not, however, affect existing endowments, any more than the original laws of mortmain affected lands already possessed by religious houses. To get hold of these, nothing short of open plunder and rapine would do; and unhappily, for this the Crown was now ready and the country ripe; and what the "lords" and "very great men" had hankered after in the reign of Henry III. was now divided among them by Henry VIII. The spoliating statutes of the Reformation were the first which took from the Church property she possessed.

And now commenced that policy of proscription and confiscation which Protestant law has carried on to the present day, and which is still working in the Court of Chancery, and is sought to be extended by means of mortmain committees. How it has been carried on since the Reformation we shall shew in our next Number, in an article "On Modern Robberies of Religion." Our purpose has been in the present article to prove that the Protestant plunderers of the Church, at and after that era of spoliation, cannot, as the very title of a "mortmain" committee assumes they can, plead any Catholic legislation as a precedent or authority for their own. The mortmain laws did not deprive the Church of any land, nor prevent her from acquiring any. They were only passed to provide for compensation to the lords for loss of feudal services. And no laws had ever been passed in this country to prevent gifts of property for pious purposes before the Reformation. The report of the Mortmain Committee, in representing that there were such laws, is a gross perversion of the truth, and shews a secret consciousness on the part of the committee of the necessity for some palliation of the confiscating policy of Protestant legislation as respects gifts of land for pious purposes. The evidence of Sir F. Palgrave and Mr. Burge in 1844 distinctly proved what we now contend for, that the parliament of England never legislated against gifts for pious purposes until after the Reformation. To Protestantism belongs the

shame of such legislation ; and what a shame it is, and what the disgraceful character of this legislation has been, we propose to shew in our next Number.

W. F. F.

THE WEDDING : A TALE OF THE TYROL.

[The following tale, translated from the German, is a true story ; and the principal hero of it, Stephen Krismer, is, or very lately was, still alive. Our English readers must remember that in foreign countries the *Curate* is the parish priest ; his assistant, if he has any, being called by different titles in different places, as *Vicaire* in France and Belgium, *Kooperator* in the Tyrol, &c. In order to understand the phrase "spiritual bride," which occurs in the course of the narrative, it is necessary to observe that it is the custom in some parts of the Tyrol, that when a priest says his first Mass, he should choose some little girl from among the children of his acquaintance to assist at the ceremony. She kneels within the sanctuary, dressed in holiday attire, crowns the chalice with flowers, and, we believe, assists in other ways ; during the rest of her life she is supposed to have a special claim on the kind offices of the priest, and is sometimes called his "spiritual bride."—ED. R.]

"LONG live the Holy Father!" cried Stephen Krismer, the curate of the little village of See in Tyrol, touching at the same time the glass of his friend and co-operator, who sat near him at the table, where they had just concluded their mid-day meal. "Jana," he added, "fetch us each another glassful in honour of Carnival Sunday." Jana, the sister and housekeeper of the curate, had just entered the room with a letter in her hand, which she laid before her brother. "Where does this letter come from?" inquired he, as he took it up and examined it attentively.

"The smith has just now brought it from Landek," she replied ; and then taking up the empty flask from the table, she went to fill it anew in the cellar.

"Surely," said the curate, in a soliloquising tone, "this is the miller of Brennbüchel's writing. What can have happened?" While he spoke he opened the letter, and began to read it aloud, interrupting himself every now and then to comment on its contents :

"DEAR HERR STEPHEN,—

"The gun has long been loaded, now it is about to be fired : ('What! is it possible that they are going to fight

again already?") I am unable any longer to approach my own fireside with my pipe, for the whole kitchen is full of women, tarts, and puddings. With the blessing of God, they will be a happy couple. ('Ah, indeed, is this the case? My spiritual bride Hannah has another bridegroom!') On Carnival Monday they are to be married. ('On Carnival Monday! to-morrow! and I have had no invitation until now!') It is true, dear Herr Stephen, that you have often promised Hannah that you would tie the holy knot, and pronounce over them the nuptial benediction, and the bride weeps much that this cannot be. ('Cannot be! And wherefore? what is to prevent it?') Captain H——, whom you lately offended so much, when you were with the people of Arz at the skirmish near the long bridge, is now quartered in the village inn close by; and he storms and swears that if you should chance to fall into his hands, he will send you in chains to Munich. Therefore, we entreat you to remain at home, and to remember the bridal pair and all of us in your prayers. God be with you! Your old friend,

JOHN NEURUERER, miller."

"That would be a fine story, indeed!" said the curate when he had finished reading; "I not marry them! Only think, Jana," he added, addressing his sister, who at that moment came in and set the wine-flask on the table, "only think, the miller of Brennbühel's daughter Hannah is to be married to-morrow, and I shall not be there!" He threw the letter from him, and strode up and down the room in an agitated manner. The housekeeper folded her arms, and gazed at her brother with some surprise.

"And wherefore cannot you be at the wedding?" she demanded.

"Vexatious! provoking!" was the only answer she could obtain from him. But suddenly his face began to brighten; he swallowed hastily a mouthful of wine, and looked towards the clock.

"Just twelve o'clock," he said aloud; "at half-past one I should be in Piams, at half-past two in Landek; there I can take a pony, if I find no other conveyance. At seven o'clock I shall be in Brennbühel."

"But, Herr Curate," interrupted the co-operator, "be-think yourself of the risk you run in this expedition."

"Are you also childish?" replied Herr Stephen laughing, as he hastened out of the room and went upstairs to his chamber.

The good kind-hearted Jana was not a little terrified by the

words which the co-operator had uttered, who now taking up the letter read it aloud to her, while she listened with anxiety. When he had finished, they both agreed that the journey was certainly a dangerous one, and they resolved to do all they could to dissuade him from attempting it. Jana, already trembling in every limb, went upstairs with a beating heart to seek Herr Stephen. He had in the meanwhile taken off his robe, put on his new velvet waistcoat, then his well-kept primizrock* of fine blue cloth, and finally his smooth grey cloak over all. As his sister entered, he was just taking the money-bag from the cupboard, and putting a few dollars and zwanzigers into his pocket. Poor Jana stood motionless before him, gazing at him in mute terror, while the tears rolled from her eyes; but it was not till he stretched out his hand to reach down from the peg on which it hung his wide felt hat with silk tassels, that she threw herself into his arms and cried, "For God's sake, brother! for God's sake, do not go!"

At the same moment the co-operator also entered the room, and said, "Herr Curate, remain here, and give up this journey."

The good curate, thus pressed on both sides, twirled his hat round and round in his hand, and smiled as he replied, "You foolish people, do not hinder me. I have little time to waste, without this."

"I beg you, in God's name, to remain," cried poor Jana, sobbing aloud, as she covered her face with her apron. Then the co-operator continued his remonstrance:

"You expose yourself unnecessarily to an evident danger," said he seriously.

"Where is the danger?" answered the good curate; "was not an amnesty guaranteed to us? Who has any right to lay hands on me, or even to threaten me? I have given my promise to my spiritual bride that I would marry them, and I see no real hindrance to prevent me from keeping my promise."

"But," persisted the co-operator, "the bride herself, as well as her parents, wish you to remain at home under these circumstances."

"Because they are too anxious," replied Herr Stephen. "If I do not appear, a cloud will hang over all the festivities; a feeling of oppression and restraint will come upon them, and they will say one to another, It is a shame that we cannot even celebrate a wedding as we wish. Don't you see that the bride will not be able to restrain her tears? She will sit by the bridegroom with a sad countenance, and no one will be

* The coat worn by a priest on the day that he says his first Mass.

entirely serene and cheerful at heart. It is the will of God that nuptial festivities should be observed with joy; and as Christ was pleased to ennoble the wedding in Cana of Galilee by his presence, so will I, as a servant and messenger of the Lord, be present at and enliven in a Christian manner this marriage at Brennbühel. It may even happen that I may be able in this way to put an end to the unjust threats of that Bavarian braggart."

"But look at poor Jana," answered the co-operator; "surely you should consider your own sister more than your spiritual bride; and even if all ends happily, you will yet meanwhile cause her much anxiety on your account, which you could so easily spare her."

At these words Jana began to weep still more vehemently. Then Herr Stephen put on a serious look, and spoke with more energy than before.

"Dear sister," said he, "do not follow your own opinion merely, but believe my words; I apprehend no danger from this affair. I do not undertake the journey for idle amusement, but to fulfil my promise, and for an end which God will certainly approve. Of this I am assured by the peace and joy of my heart, and this inward voice has never yet betrayed me. I will leave the key of the money-box here on the bench, and the day after to-morrow, with the help of the Lord, I will be here again. Herr Co-operator, I need not remind you to watch over our flock during my absence, and now—farewell."

He already had his breviary under his arm, and his Spanish cane with its ivory top in his hand; and, sprinkling himself and the two others with holy water, he put on his hat and departed. The co-operator and the housekeeper followed him slowly to the door, and gazed after him in silence until he was out of sight.

As soon as Herr Stephen had left behind him the few houses which formed the little village of See, he put his stick under his arm, made the sign of the cross, and began to repeat the Psalms, looking in his book from time to time. Notwithstanding this occupation, he walked at a tolerably quick pace along the rough path through the valley, only interrupting his devotions for a few moments at the dangerous parts of the descent, and then immediately resuming them. To be brief, in two hours he reached the little village of Piams, and perceived with pleasure, as he approached the principal inn, that a handsome double-seated sledge was standing at the door, the pole of which was turned in the direction of Landek. He stood still, and supporting himself on his stick patiently awaited the

arrival of the ostler, who was in the act of leading out the noble-looking fiery steed.

“Quirin,” demanded Herr Stephen of the man, “who owns this sledge?”

“God greet you, Herr Curate,” replied the ostler, “it belongs to an officer.”

“To an officer?” said Herr Stephen musingly; and then added, “does he travel alone?”

“Yes,” replied Quirin, “he does; but this is all I know of him.”

During this exchange of words, a stately officer walked out of the inn-door, stroked his moustaches, which gave him a truly martial appearance, and lighted his pipe. The clergyman looked up at him with a deliberating countenance, but it was not till the horse was put to the carriage, and the officer had descended the steps of the inn, and let fall the trinkgeld into the ostler’s hands, that the good Herr Stephen drew near him, and said rather hesitatingly,

“With your permission, Herr Captain. It is certainly very rude of me, but I must be in Imst to-day, and the road”—

“Ah, I understand your reverence,” replied the officer courteously; “with much pleasure. Take your seat. I am going that way also.”

Herr Stephen, who was a slight active little man, swung himself lightly into the sledge beside the officer, who now took the reins and whip; and with “Alloh! Braun, Alloh!” they flew off at a good speed.

After a few minutes’ silence, the officer thus commenced the conversation: “Your reverence is probably the Herr Priest of Imst?” he said inquiringly.

“No, Herr Captain,” replied the other smiling.

“But you are of that country?” continued the officer.

“My home is in the village of Karres, just above Brennbüchel,” said the priest.

“Ah, that is very good,” answered the officer; “you can then go with me as far as Brennbüchel.”

“May God reward you for your kindness,” replied Herr Stephen.

“Your confidence in a Bavarian officer,” said the other, “and your freedom from prejudice, which you manifest by thus openly driving with me through the villages, prove to me that you are not one of those narrow-minded and stubborn clergymen, who do little credit to their high office, and draw down no blessing upon the parishes committed to their care. Excuse me for expressing myself honestly, but it is a fact,

that the parsons of Tyrol (let it be well understood, I do not mean the priests, but the parsons) have brought more fagots to this burning than any other class of society. Instead of peace, they have preached up hatred; instead of obedience, rebellion. Many of them have left the altar, and placed themselves at the head of factions; and their hands, which ought to be raised pure to heaven, have been stained with blood. If I were at the head of affairs, I should know well where and on whom to inflict punishments. Why are you silent? do you disapprove of what I am saying?"

"On the contrary, Herr Captain," replied the good curate, "I think that your displeasure against many priests of our country is quite natural."

"Not far from Piams," continued the officer with some warmth, "in the refractory Patznaun, the ecclesiastical and temporal authorities tolerate just such a wolf among the flock as I have been describing."

The curate rubbed his reddened cheeks and said, "You mean, perhaps, Stephen Krismer of See."

"The very same," answered the officer. "Do you know him intimately?"

"As well as I do myself," replied Herr Stephen.

"Indeed!" said his companion; "I have sworn to arrest him as soon as he falls into my hands."

"With your permission," replied Herr Stephen, speaking as composedly as he could, "may I ask by what crime he has excited your anger so much?"

"Is it possible that you can ask such a question, when you know him so well?" demanded the officer with some surprise; "and you were probably curate of Karres before last November? He stirred up the inhabitants of Arz to rise against the government. He drove out the fanatical people against us, against me myself, and he prepared a murderous fire to prevent my advance, so that it was in fact impossible. Moreover, the parson behaved towards me with insolence and impertinence in the transaction, and therefore his reward shall not be forgotten."

"To my knowledge," replied the curate, "Stephen Krismer's only purpose was to serve his fellow-countrymen as army chaplain, for which office he procured episcopal permission. As he returned in the beginning of November over the mountains to his curacy, after the occurrences at Innsbruck, the rifle-shooters, then collected at Arz, stopped him; and instead of acting up to his exhortations to maintain peace, they insisted upon his becoming their commander. This he refused. They then presented their arquebusses, and threatened

to shoot him if he did not gratify them. To save his life, and to prevent the murder of a priest, he accommodated himself to the necessity of the moment."

"Of the moment," said the officer scornfully; "that is hard to believe, when only a few days later he did his best to kindle rebellion and war in the very place where he was set up for the administration of Christian peace and loyalty. The madman went so far as to send mothers and daughters into the combat, and, as it is said, he even armed his own sister. How can freedom be allowed to such a monster?"

"But, *Heir Captain*," remonstrated the curate, "the general amnesty protects him."

"He is a dangerous man," replied the other; "and the lawful authorities have a full right, and indeed are positively obliged, to see that he shall not have the power of doing any more mischief. New occasions are not wanted to justify my interference. I have long called the attention of the colonel at Landek towards him. Not long ago we had information that he was endeavouring to call forth anew the spirit of insurrection, by means of preaching and conventicle discourses, and that he had even deposited arms in the consecrated church-vaults. Some of our officers went into Schloss Wiesberg to collect more particular information. Hear what chanced. On that very day the parson had appointed a meeting with a neighbouring priest for mutual confession at that same house, and he was even then in the parlour."

"And did not the officers take him prisoner?" asked the curate.

"As soon as he perceived the military at the door," continued the officer, "he took the leather cap from the head of a shoemaker who was accidentally at work there, covered his tonsure with it, flung off his coat, and, as the officers entered, industriously bored at the leather with his awl, stooping down the while, so that his collar was not visible. Thus he had the enjoyment of hearing all the inquiries which were made concerning him. This anecdote spread through the country like wildfire. After this warning, it was easy for the villain to convey away to surer hiding-places every thing that could betray him. He even had the boldness to appear before the *landgericht* (magistrate) with eighteen of his parishioners, not only to clear himself by the exterior forms of legality, but also to vent his anger by complaints of the pretended calumnies on the part of the soldiers. In spite of all this, the wily fox shall not escape us. I have this very day been concerting measures with the major at Piams, which cannot fail of success."

"But, Herr Captain," replied the curate, "I do not believe Stephen Krismer will do any thing which deserves punishment. The circumstances of the time must surely excuse his former behaviour, for it was the people who forced him to join them."

"Yes, truly," answered the officer, "the people resemble animals in their instincts; they soon understand who sympathises with them. And indeed no priests of any worth or learning joined the rebels, but only the uncivilised parsons, who are imbued with the same prejudices and passions as the mob. It is said that the insurrectionary proclamations were only sent to ecclesiastics of a secondary grade, who, being taken from among the people, are only raised above them by their consecration to the priesthood. And a worthy specimen of this class Stephen Krismer appears to be."

"I quite agree with you," replied the curate, "that Stephen Krismer has no claim to be reckoned among the learned. He was nearly twenty years old when, by the kind assistance of the rich miller of Brennbüchel, he was enabled to commence his studies for holy orders, after having been employed during the whole of his previous life in tending goats and in manual labour. You have doubtless heard of Falkensteiner, the pious confessor of the nuns at Bruneck, who, in order to remedy the great want which then existed of additional priests, introduced a new method of education, which made its appearance at the same time in England, and was afterwards, if I mistake not, called the Lancastrian system, by means of which the whole course of theology was gone through in two or three years. He had under him seventy or eighty students, and any clergyman who comes from that institution is called in Tyrol a Falkensteiner. Stephen Krismer is one of these; he drinks from the spring rather than from the pitcher, he draws knowledge from God and from nature rather than from books and systems. It was because he was always more inclined to an active life than to solitary study, and also because he was not deficient in courage, that he became army chaplain; and having been once drawn in, as it were, by his clerical duties, to undertake the cause, it was but natural that the peasants should wish to employ him rather than any one else in their meditated enterprise."

During this speech the captain had several times regarded his companion with a searching and suspicious look, and he now said scornfully, "It seems to me that you are endeavouring to make an apology for Stephen Krismer, and to excuse all his misconduct and lawless behaviour."

Here the good Herr Stephen laughed heartily as he re-

plied, "I assure you, Herr Captain, there is no one in this world whom I value less than Stephen Krismer."

At these words the officer, with an expression of joyful surprise on his countenance, turned towards him in a friendly manner, and shaking him warmly by the hand, exclaimed, "Excellent, your reverence! I have no doubt also that you will agree with me and with all sensible people, in the conviction that the Tyrolese insurrection was no other than a crime and an execrable rebellion. Now what do you think? Speak honestly, and I will not take offence."

"Do you really wish me to speak honestly?" asked the curate.

"Without any hesitation," replied the other; "I give you my word of honour."

"Why, then," demanded Herr Stephen, "do you consider the late resistance of the Tyrolese to be a criminal insurrection?"

"Why?" replied the captain; "because the subject owes obedience to his sovereign."

"It is true," said Herr Stephen, "that at the peace of Presburg the Emperor Francis issued his commands that we should become Bavarian subjects, but with our ancient constitution, and with the liberties and established rights which we inherited from our forefathers. The King of Bavaria promised not to alter a single iota of our constitution, and above all to protect religion. But how has he kept his oath? We all know what happened. The bishops were banished from their dioceses; the most pious and learned priests were imprisoned; our ritual torn from the hands of the Church and destroyed; our states were done away with; our young men stolen away from their homes, to the ruin of body and soul; all established order was overturned, and Tyrol degenerated into a mere Bavarian province, destitute of privileges, and oppressed on all sides."

"Oh ho!" cried the Bavarian officer; "these are your sentiments, are they? But never mind, go on without fear."

"The Emperor Francis," continued Herr Stephen, "gave us up to Bavaria under certain conditions. Can the commands of our rightful lord still remain valid when those conditions have been utterly disregarded? No! and the Emperor Francis himself has called to us. The King of Bavaria has not kept the conditions of the contract, and therefore the contract is dissolved; we are loosed from our duty to Bavaria, and we once again belong to the Imperial house, as we have done for five centuries and a half. The Tyrolese have revolted in a spirit of loyalty, not of faithlessness."

“Reverend sir,” returned the officer seriously, “I did not expect to hear such principles from your lips. You Tyrolese are indeed a fanatical and blinded people. The burning of your huts and villages once has not been sufficient, I perceive, to remove the darkness from your eyes. Can you not understand that when thrones rest upon a dead letter, they are more unsteady than chaff before the wind. When a government guides the rudder with fettered hands, the ship of the state is dashed to pieces, and its rulers perish with it. When subjects prescribe laws to the ruler, how shall he govern them? Is he to be the servant, and they his masters? No, by my sword!” he added fiercely, tearing his bright blade half way out of the scabbard, and then thrusting it violently back again, “such an infringement of the rights of majesty, such a chaotic confusion of all natural order, shall never be borne, as long as true and gallant soldiers surround their monarch.”

“But only consider the consequences,” replied the priest. “When the holiest conditions of the most solemn contracts and treaties of peace are trodden under foot; when the rights of subjects are no longer respected; and——”

“We give you better for worse,” interrupted the captain, vehemently, “and you call it an encroachment on your rights. Will you Tyrolese be as immovable as your mountains? Will you never accommodate yourselves to the times? Will you not advance with the age? Will you for ever be a lame member, or a *vita propria* to the organism of the state? Answer me this, reverend sir.”

“Herr Captain,” replied the curate earnestly, “I do not wish to enter into a learned discussion whether the present representation of the people or an established parliament is most desirable; nor whether, in secular matters, the new or old system is the best; this I cannot decide: but my heart tells me that much which Bavaria inflicts upon us is crying to Heaven for vengeance; and that the Emperor Francis is justified in declaring his former cession of Tyrol invalid, after so gross a violation of the stipulations then made, is evident to my simple understanding: and if you, Herr Captain, were a Tyrolese, I feel convinced that you would be one of the most valiant defenders of our country.”

“Your opinion, reverend sir, is very flattering,” returned the captain courteously.

“Do not be offended,” continued Herr Stephen, “with my view of the subject. It is my candid opinion, and I cannot think otherwise. You have permitted me to speak frankly to you in confidence.”

“You need not fear,” said the officer. “But tell me, how

could you, entertaining such sentiments, speak with disapprobation of Stephen Krismer? Perhaps you only wish to take the part of the people, while you justly blame those priests who, leaving the pure atmosphere of their heavenly calling, sink down in the mire of such worldly affairs, and even mix themselves up in political quarrels. Have I guessed rightly?"

"You must pardon me, Herr Captain," replied the priest. "Holy Church, it is true, entirely forbids the priest to carry arms himself, or to shed blood. But as the priest is required by his holy office to encourage his people to the performance of *all* their duties, so is he bound to fulfil this obligation in regard to their allegiance towards their fatherland and their monarch; and were he silent on this subject, it would be a grievous omission in his priestly labours. And when duty leads the peaceable inhabitants to murderous combats, and calls upon them for the sacrifice of their lives and property, shall a conscientious priest at such a moment grow dumb? or dares he desert his own in the hour of danger? Must he not then more than ever stimulate, strengthen, and animate them? Shall he not, where it is possible, share with them fatigues and dangers, assist the wounded and dying, and administer the consolations of religion on the field of battle and in the hospital?"

"Without a doubt," replied the officer, "when the cause is a just one, and duty clear as the day."

"Their duty was never doubtful to the Tyrolese," replied the curate with emphasis.

"Allowing this to be true," returned the officer, "there must be some other reason, then, which makes you bear a grudge against Stephen Krismer. Is he quarrelsome in his private life as well as in his public?"

"I must beg you not to press me any further on this subject," said the curate.

"Well, well," answered the other, "if I can at any time take your part against him, I am at your service: we shall be near neighbours; my quarters are at the Gasthaus in Brennbüchel."

"I have nothing to fear from Stephen Krismer," replied the curate; "but I own that another enemy causes me great uneasiness, although I am innocent. He dwells in Brennbüchel, and may perhaps insult me this very day; in which case I beg for your protection."

"Here is my hand," replied the other warmly; "whoever he may be, I will chastise him. Though we differ in opinion, I cannot mistake your principles, and I honour the openness with which you have spoken."

During this conversation the sledge had been rapidly traversing the valley, and leaving behind one village after another, had now arrived at the Milser Höpe, from whence the little village of Brennbühel could be discerned in the depth below at the foot of the mountain. The approaching wedding of the miller's daughter was now spoken of, and before long they drove by the miller's house; and the horse, shaking his harness, stood before the inn-door.

The captain's servant hastened to meet them; and the curate, slipping a half-krone into his hand, much to his surprise, thanked the captain for his courtesy in a simple and friendly manner. The hostess, who was a daughter of the miller's, came out to receive the guests, and turned pale with fright when she saw Herr Stephen so close to his greatest enemy: she anxiously peeped under his cloak to see if his arms were bound; but no chains were visible. The curate took an early opportunity to impress upon her that she must on no account allow any one to address him by his name; and seating himself down to a glass of wine in company with his fellow-traveller, they carried on an easy and friendly conversation.

Great confusion meanwhile pervaded the miller's house. His son had chanced to see the Herr Curate drive by at the captain's side. He immediately rushed into the room where the bride and her two sisters were arranging the dresses and garlands for the approaching festivity, and screamed out, "Herr Stephen is taken prisoner! The captain has just brought him in!" The poor maidens stood aghast. The garlands and dresses fell to the ground; they wrung their hands, and with loud laments hastened to tell the dreadful news to their mother; and from her they went to their father, who had locked himself up in the little empty kitchen in the upper floor, and was busily engaged in the forbidden employment of casting bullets, which brought certain death to every living thing at which they were aimed by the miller's skilful hand. The three maidens knocked with mournful clamour at the door, but received no answer. They could only hear the crackling of the fire, and now and then a murmuring sound as the old man repeated over the magic sentence. In vain did they endeavour to make themselves heard. "The Herr Stephen has been brought hither in chains." No answer. At last, after much entreaty and loud knocking, the door was unlocked; and the stout old man came forth, holding in one hand twelve newly-cast bullets, and in the other the bullet-mould and his little book of the planets. He greeted his daughters with a harsh rebuke; but when he heard the strange

intelligence he shook his head doubtfully, and said hastily and with warmth, "My bullets, then, were not made by chance." But when his anger had subsided a little, he and his wife and his well-grown sons deliberated what was best to be done. He dressed himself in his holiday coat, with the intention of going to the inn himself, and in case of necessity remonstrating with the Herr Captain.

He opened the house-door, and — Stephen Krismer walked in! A shout of joy overpowered the curate's warm greeting; and by the earnest demands of his friends as to how he had obtained his freedom, he quickly perceived the mistake under which they laboured, and immediately explained the whole adventure to them. After a short conversation he requested the miller to invite the captain to dine with them on the morrow, that so the joke might conclude.

"Herr Stephen, Herr Stephen," replied the miller, "you are a bold man to remain here!" and he laughed until his sides shook. He accompanied the curate to the captain's apartment, and gave him an agreeable surprise by inviting him to the wedding-feast. Of his own accord the captain offered them the use of the cannons, that nothing might be wanting to celebrate the festivity with suitable grandeur.

The religious ceremony took place in the festively-adorned chapel, in presence of a crowd of curious sight-loving people. The Herr Stephen married them, his countenance beaming with joy. At the festive repast the clergyman was seated on the right hand, and the soldier on the left of the bridal pair. The priest was extremely lively. Toasts went round; the cannons sent forth their loudest report. The captain rose from his seat, and holding his full glass towards his fellow-traveller, cried out, "The Herr Curate of Karres! Vivat!" Stephen Krismer smiled. The guests had, it is true, been well instructed that the curate was not known to the officer; but for all that they were taken by surprise, and looked at each other with much alarm.

"Are you not, then, the curate of Karres?" demanded the officer.

The curate rose from his chair, stood boldly upright, and holding his glass on high, replied, "It is true that I was born at Karres; but I am the curate, not of Karres, but — of See in Patznaun. Stephen Krismer drinks to the prosperity of the Herr Captain! Vivat!"

The captain remained standing as if he were petrified; at last he let his glass gradually sink upon the table, and exclaimed, "So cunning a rogue I never before met with in all my life."

Krismer now whispered a word in the bride's ear. She blushed, and taking up the glass with a trembling hand, said: "Herr Captain, the bride begs a pardon for the Herr Stephen."

The soldier gently touched her glass with his own; and while the bride sipped the wine, he answered, "Who can deny any thing to the amiable bride?" and raising the glass on high, cried out, "Pardon and reconciliation." Then he struck it against the clergyman's glass until it echoed again; and the whole company arose with the unanimous cry, "Long live the Herr Captain and the Herr Stephen!"

"In case of need I should have claimed your promised protection," said the priest smiling to the officer, as he seated himself, and reached behind the back of the bride in order to pinch his ear.

During all this bustle it was hardly perceived that a maiden in any thing but bridal attire had been forcibly dragged into the room by one of the miller's daughters. This was Jana, the curate's sister. "What dost thou here? How camest thou hither?" asked the priest, with some astonishment. The miller's daughter now related that poor Jana had been driven by anxiety to leave her home in Patznaun, and come all the way to Brennbühel. She was forced to take a seat and join in the festivities.

The captain looked at her steadfastly, and then exclaimed, "So! The very same maiden who a short time ago so courageously fired at our people in the Patznaun valley!"

"The very same," answered the old miller, with a waggish laugh; and lifting up his glass he cried, "With your permission, Herr Captain. Long live the gallant defenders of See!" The toast was received with boisterous clamour, and even the captain clapped applause. The old man suddenly recollected himself; his countenance assumed a serious air, and giving with both hands a sign for silence, he thus spoke, addressing himself to the officer: "As you, Herr Captain, have to-day been reconciled to Herr Stephen, and sit at our table in a friendly way, so shall all the Tyrolese and Bavarians extend their hands to each other." "Bravo!" cried the officer, and immediately stretched out his hand over the table. The old man shook it with right good will, and continued: "Those German princes who have bound themselves to serve Napoleon appear to me to resemble Doctor Faustus, who bound himself to the Evil One." The soldier placed his forefinger on his mouth in token of caution; but he could not mistrust the bright gladness of the German countenance. "Do not be afraid, Herr Captain; in such matters our people are as discreet as a confessor. Yes, I will speak it out roundly:

Bonaparte is Antichrist. In the 11th verse of the 9th chapter of the Apocalypse his name is to be found, Apollyon or the destroyer. Therefore shall all break free from him, Tyrolese and Bavarian, Austrian and Prussian." At this the captain flung himself half over the table, and held a napkin upon the mouth of the ecstatic orator, who still continued speaking, but in a broken and unintelligible voice, when the side door of the apartment most opportunely flew open, and the musicians of Imster were admitted, drowning all other sounds by their own joyous melodies.

Reviews.

Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly. By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. London, H. G. Bohn.

WE cannot pretend to say how many editions of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* have been already published. A recent number of *The Publishers' Circular* shewed nine separate editions, by different publishers, that had appeared within the preceding fortnight. One of these editions was announced as the ninety-fifth thousand, another as the thirtieth, another as the twenty-fifth, and so forth. If you go into a bookseller's shop and ask for a copy of the book, you are immediately presented with ten or twelve copies from which to make your selection. There is the handsomely bound and illustrated half-guinea volume for the drawing-room, and the mean-looking sixpenny volume for the pocket, and there is every variety of intermediate size, price, and quality. As it was necessary, however, to name some particular edition at the head of our article, we have selected Mr. Bohn's, not as being absolutely the best, but as presenting a sort of middle term, neither drawing too largely upon the pocket nor trying too severely our eyes.

The extraordinary success of this work is to be attributed partly to the subject, partly to the writer. Where even an inferior artist might have prospered, Mrs. Stowe has achieved a triumph. She has brought endowments to her task which would have made a barren theme interesting, and she has employed them on a theme which no want of talent could have made insipid. She has thrown her whole heart into an appeal to which, in some quarter of every heart, she was sure of a response. She has employed great powers of eloquence, imagination, pathos, and satire on a subject which to a large

portion of our transatlantic brethren is a question of life and death; and she has enlisted them on that side on which all English readers were already biassed.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that the book should be read with such avidity both in England and America. We could wish, however, that the authoress would have allowed us to value it for what it is, and had not perpetually insisted on our employing it for a purpose to which it is entirely unsuited, and which it utterly fails to accomplish. If we were permitted to consider the work apart from its avowed object and probable effects, our task in reviewing it would be infinitely more agreeable. But this must not be. The story comes before us as an attack upon slavery, on account of the horrors inherent in and necessary to the system; but perhaps the unfitness of a work of fiction as an instrument of religious or political propagandism was never more strikingly exemplified. The method of attack is simply this. The authoress presents us with very lively sketches of a certain number of slaves, slave-dealers, slave-catchers, and slave-holders; but unfortunately there is no voucher for the existence of the originals any where out of her own imagination, and the same must be said of her incidents, anecdotes, sentiments, and conversations. The authoress herself, it is true, declares that her facts are authentic and her characters drawn from the life; but whilst these statements are not endorsed by any historical documents or independent witnesses, they are of course liable to doubt and contradiction, and this is what they have actually met with. Indeed, it is a peculiarity of this style of literature, that it is equally available for attack and for defence. The world of fiction is a wide domain, that allows of no exclusive appropriation. Mrs. Stowe has painted the cruelties and sufferings of slavery. She has been followed by more than one fair American who have painted its beauties and blessings. Indeed, in some of these productions we have seen the slave's lot depicted in such glowing and attractive hues, that we almost wondered at the inconsistency of the artist in continuing to prefer the hardships of freedom to the bliss of bondage.

But, independently of the truthfulness or exaggeration of Mrs. Stowe's description, it is evident that there is no institution whatever which gives one human being any power over another against which her method of dealing with slavery might not be employed. The relations of husband and wife, of parent and child, have been the subject of a thousand tales. They have been painted in their most engaging and in their most repulsive forms. How easy would it be for a writer as

gifted as the one before us to compose a romance filled with atrocious instances of the abuse of a husband's or a father's power? Most shocking instances continually do occur; but in the case of marriage or the family, how do we treat the argument which urges the abolition of the institution, because the power abused is inherent in it, and affords both the occasion and the means of wrong? It is precisely against marriage, the cornerstone of civil society, that this argument has been most vigorously pushed; and we have at the present day a whole school of writers who found upon the miseries and abuses of which marriage may be made the instrument an earnest and clamorous demand for its abolition. Happily, however, it is quite possible to expose and correct abuses without going to these lengths. The abominations of "Dotheboys Hall" were chastised, without any suggestion that all places of education should be closed; Mrs. Brownrigg and many a domestic tyrant have been punished, without any agitation for the abolition of apprenticeship; excessive floggings in the army and navy have been restrained, without its being found necessary that the country should renounce its defences; and many Michael Armstrongs are earning wages in Lancashire factories, although the hardships to which they were formerly exposed were so great as to call for the interference of the legislature.

It is scarcely necessary that we should say that we are no advocates of slavery. In accordance with all Catholic teachers, we hold it to be an evil, a very great evil, and like all other evils, a consequence of the fall of man. It is a scourge to punish the sins of our race. Its alleviation and abolition are worthy objects of the prayers and efforts of all mankind. But slavery is not an evil simply and unmitigatedly, like infanticide or human sacrifices, the mere abolition of which would be in itself a good. It is a relative evil, and in every step towards its abolition the existing results of the past and the probable fruits of the future must be taken into account with present circumstances, lest instead of remedying we only aggravate the disorder. As far as we can judge, the present abolition of slavery in the southern states of America would be a greater evil than its continuance; and our objection to books like the one under consideration, as well as to the use that is being made of it, and the whole conduct of the abolitionist party in general, is this, that they are injuring the cause they wish to serve, and that by their means the sympathies of the good are misdirected, and their attention diverted from the true bearings of the case, and the only true source of remedy. The emancipation of the slave must, after all, proceed from his master; and before this can happen, the slave must to some extent be qualified for freedom. But in this

process, too, the co-operation of the master is indispensable. For this reason it is, and not for the sake of exposing a mere logical inconsequence, that we insist upon a capital error of Mrs. Stowe's book ; she confounds slavery itself with a particular form of slavery, the institution itself with its worst abuses. As a matter of fact, the only essential condition of slavery is the master's right to the use of his slave's labour ; and not one of the evils so vividly depicted in the history of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is necessary to the exercise of this right. Slavery has existed under circumstances of very varied hardship, and the system described by Mrs. Stowe is a very aggravated form of the evil. Now the worse the form of slavery, the more gradual must be the progress to freedom. To effect the emancipation of the slave at once would be neither possible nor desirable. He must be led to freedom through milder and ever milder forms of servitude, till the transition from one state to another becomes practicable and safe. Mrs. Stowe insists upon the rights of the slave that are violated ; it would have been wiser, and more useful, and more in harmony with the history of Christianity, to have insisted upon the duties of the master that are neglected.

The exhortations at the end of some of St. Paul's Epistles were addressed to a state of society in which slavery existed under quite as aggravated a form—or, rather, under a still more aggravated form than any thing which can be found at the present day in the southern states of America. Under the old Roman law it was expressly declared that the slave was *non tam vilis quam nullus* ; in every thing that concerned civil rights he was to be treated as though he had no existence ; every thing is lawful from a master to his slave, *in servum nil domino non licet*, was the only idea on the subject familiar to the heathen philosopher ; they are the very words of the sober Seneca. Cato, of whom it is recorded that he sometimes allowed his wife to nourish at her own bosom the children of her slaves, and who was certainly therefore not more inhuman than his neighbours, wrote a book *de re rusticâ*, and in one chapter of this work he discusses the proper mode of treating those animals employed upon the farm that might happen to be sick, worn out by old age, and no longer fit for work, such as cows, horses, and slaves. Plautus, too, puts language into the mouths of some of his slaves which gives us a frightful picture of what some of their class were accustomed to receive at the hands of their masters :

“ Stimulos, laminas, crucesque, compedesque,
Nervos, catenas, carceres, numellas, pedicas, boias,
Tortoresque acerrimos, gnarosque nostri tergi,
Qui sæpe ante in nostras scapulas cicatrices indiderunt.”

Asin. act. iii. sc. 2.

We need not dwell upon the horrible tale of Pollio, the elegant and refined patron of literature and the fine arts, ordering one of his slaves to be thrown as food to his fish because he had chanced to break a precious vase; nor upon the more wholesale massacres of this unhappy class by wild beasts or by one another for the amusement of the Roman people: it is certain that the most superficial acquaintance with ancient history or literature is sufficient to supply us with facts and opinions upon this subject quite beyond any thing that has been described or imagined by Mrs. Stowe. How, then, did the first preachers of Christianity deal with this gigantic evil? What language did they address to the unhappy slaves, and what to the masters? Did they bid the one class to vindicate their rights, and the other to abandon their property? "Slaves,"* says St. Peter, "be subject to your masters with all fear, not only to the good and gentle, but also to the forward." "Slaves, be obedient to them that are your lords according to the flesh," says St. Paul, "with fear and trembling, in the simplicity of your heart, as to Christ." And again: "As many as are slaves under the yoke, let them count their masters worthy of all honour; and let not those that have believing masters despise them because they are brethren, but serve them the rather;" and much more to the same purpose. And to the masters they said, "Know that the Lord both of you and of your slaves is in heaven, and there is no respect of persons with Him;" "Masters, do to your slaves that which is just and equal, knowing that you also have a master in heaven," &c. &c.

The history of the Catholic Church in its determined and successful struggle against slavery is a beautiful and instructive study, which, for the slave's sake, we regret to see so little attended to. The recognition of the moral and religious equality of the bond and free, of the sanctity of marriage, and of the ties of family, were not waited for by the Church as the fruits of emancipation, they were enforced by her as necessary preparations for it. She respected the legal rights of the master, whilst she constrained him to the performance of his duties. By her powerful action on the minds and hearts of her children she taught obedience to the slave and kindness to the master; and having once established their fellowship in Christian charity, was enabled to unite them in the fellowship of social and political freedom. Unfortunately, the modern

* Our English translation has "servants;" but we must not forget that the persons addressed were truly *δούλοι*, as they are called in the original Greek. They were not persons who had entered into a voluntary agreement to serve a master for hire; they were slaves.

friends of emancipation adopt a different line. To stimulate the exasperation already existing between the north and south, to place the slaveholders on their defence against hostile attacks upon their property and legal rights, to advocate the cause of the slave by untenable arguments and inflammatory appeals, and to employ threats and denunciations against the master, instead of available suggestions and assistance in his difficulties, is, to our mind, a fatal error, from which no party can reap any thing but disaster.

But it is time that we should turn to the work itself which has given rise to these remarks.

The story opens in a manner well calculated to excite at once the strongest feelings of indignation against the particular feature of slavery which seems to be the main object of Mrs. Stowe's pointed and vigorous reprobation. The separation of fathers from their wives and families, of mothers from their infant children, is a topic which can never fail to move. We must not forget, indeed, that under our own boasted institutions there is no immunity against these heart-rending afflictions. Poverty is a tyrant whose behests are as imperative as the command of the slaveholder, though the means by which he enforces them are different. Starvation is the instrument of his sway, and it is quite as efficient as the forms of law or the lash of the driver. The difference, however, between the consequences of poverty and those of the traffic in human beings, as described by Mrs. Stowe, is too marked to require explanation. Here, at least, may be agreement. Every one will join in an indignant protest against the continuance of these inhuman cruelties. But surely it is not only an error in reasoning, but a betrayal of the cause of humanity, to represent them as inherent in the institution of slavery, and not in their true light, as abuses of the system, the more inexcusable and detestable because they might at once be remedied by special and direct legislation.

In the first chapter of the book Mr. Shelby is represented as compelled by pecuniary difficulties to sell to a slave-dealer of the name of Haley, not only his best and most valued servant, who is no other than Uncle Tom himself, but the four-year-old child of a beautiful quadroon, Eliza, the indulged and grateful favourite of Mrs. Shelby; and upon this event the whole narrative depends. We may as well warn the reader, however, of a defect in the book, which will materially lessen his enjoyment of its beauties. Nothing can be more inartificial than the construction of the plot, or more arbitrary than the connexion between its parts. There are two perfectly distinct series of adventures arising out of this

double sale. The history of Eliza, of her child, and husband, is as material to the book as that of Uncle Tom. But the two narratives have no interdependence; and the frequency and suddenness of the transitions from one to the other confuses the mind, and impairs the dramatic completeness of the tale.

We will give our readers a brief sketch of the two tales, and then lay before them a few of the more striking passages. Eliza's husband, a handsome mulatto of the name of George, is the property of another master. He had been hired by a benevolent individual named Wilson, and had distinguished himself for his genius in mechanical improvements. His master, from sheer malignity, recalls him, flogs him for no fault, oppresses him for no purpose but to degrade him, and orders him to live with another woman as his wife, or to be sold "down the river." But the limits of endurance had been passed; George is driven to desperation, and becomes a run-away slave. His stolen parting from his wife occurs on the very day on which Eliza accidentally learns her child's impending fate, from overhearing a conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Shelby. Two of her children have been already taken from her by death; her husband is a fugitive and an outcast; her little Harry, her last and only hope, is now about to be torn from her. In the agony of a mother's woe she seizes the child in her arms, and flies by midnight from the house. Her flight, and the pursuit by Haley; her desperate leap across the river and "great cakes of floating ice;" the kindness with which she is received; her residence among the friendly Quakers till her reunion with her husband; and their final escape into Canada, whence they purport to migrate to the free republic of Liberia,—afford full scope for the talents of the authoress in many passages of great power and beauty.

Meanwhile Uncle Tom, separated from his children and wife (Aunt Chloe is a cook of considerable attainments, but not otherwise interesting), is manacled, and conveyed away by the slave-dealer. Harrowing incidents of cruelty and suffering are narrated during the journey; but to Tom the event is fortunate. On the steamboat he saves the life of a fair child, the daughter of a young and wealthy southern called St. Clare. He is purchased by the grateful father; and his condition under a generous and indulgent master might make many a poor white man envy him his lot. But the stroke of a bowie-knife, on the very day on which the papers for his liberation had been drawn, but not executed, hurries his benefactor to the grave; and Tom is thrown, by order of the widow, upon the slave-market, where of course it is, humanly speaking, a mere matter of chance into whose hands he may fall.

Five types of slaveholders are presented to us in the course of the work; Mr. and Mrs. Shelby, Mr. and Mrs. St. Clare, and now the last and worst, Mr. Legree. The full sense of her responsibility and the anxious discharge of her duty are characteristics of Mrs. Shelby; her husband is a commonplace creature, of kindly feelings, but limited ideas. The natural goodness of St. Clare, his refined and sensitive organisation, make him indulgent to his slaves; but his want of principle and energy deprives him of the merit of being their real benefactor. Mrs. St. Clare is a vain and odious woman, of bad health and soured temper, whose narrow selfishness is sketched with a nice and discriminating hand. It is in the character of Tom's new purchaser, Legree, that the slaveholder is depicted in the darkest colours, and the most atrocious horrors of the worst abuses of the system are thus skilfully reserved for the closing chapters of the book. Uncle Tom expires a victim to the brutality of his master, flogged to death for refusing to betray his companions in misery. A meekness that no outrage can ruffle, a generous constancy that flinches from no torture and yields to no temptation, a charity so exhaustless as to soften even his tormentors, continue with him to the end. His last sigh is breathed in the arms of young Shelby, just arrived too late with the intention of re-purchasing him. Shelby vows upon his grave no longer to retain a single human being in a state which can expose such virtue to a fate so undeserved: accordingly he returns home and enfranchises all his slaves; and with this last tribute to the memory of Uncle Tom the story is concluded.

It is by the incidents and anecdotes, however, with which the tale is interspersed that Mrs. Stowe works most effectually. The following extract is from a conversation between Haley and two slave-catchers, who are in pursuit of George and Eliza:

"This yer young-un business makes lots of trouble in the trade," said Haley, dolefully.

"If we could get a breed of gals that didn't care, now, for their young uns," said Marks, "tell ye, I think 'twould be 'bout the greatest mod'rn improvement I knows on;" and Marks patronised his joke by a quiet introductory sniggle.

"Jest so," said Haley; "I never couldn't see into it. Young uns is heaps of trouble to 'em; one would think, now, they'd be glad to get clar on 'em; but they arn't. And the more trouble a young un is and the more good for nothing, as a gen'l thing, the tighter they sticks to 'em."

"Wal, Mr. Haley," said Marks, "jest pass the hot water. Yes, sir; you say jest what I feel and all'us have. Now, I bought a gal

once when I was in the trade, a tight, likely wench she was too, and quite considerable smart—and she had a young un that was mis'able sickly; it had a crooked back, or something or other, and I jest gin't away to a man that thought he'd take his chance raisin' on't, being it didn't cost nothin'—never thought, yer know, of the gal's takin' on about it—but, Lord, yer oughter seen how she went on! Why, re'lly, she did seem to me to valley the child more 'cause 'twas sickly and cross, and plagued her; and she warn't making-believe, neither—cried about it, she did, and lopped round, as if she'd lost every friend she had. It re'lly was droll to think on't. Lord, there an't no end to women's notions."

"Wal, jest so with me," said Haley. "Last summer, down on Red River, I got a gal traded off on me, with a likely-looking child enough, and his eyes looked as bright as yourn; but, come to look, I found him stone-blind. Fact—he was stone-blind. Wal, ye see, I thought there warn't no harm in my jest passing him along, and not sayin' nothin', and I'd got him nicely swopped off for a keg of whiskey; but come to get him away from the gal, she was jest like a tiger. So 'twas before we started, and I hadn't got my gang chained up; so what should she do but ups on a cotton-bale, like a cat, ketches a knife from one of the deck hands, and, I'll tell ye, she made all fly for a minnit, till she saw 'twan't no use; and she jest turns round and pitches head first, young un and all, into the river—went down plump, and never ris."

"Bah!" said Tom Loker, who had listened to these stories with ill-repressed disgust. "Shif'less, both on ye! *My* gals don't cut up no such shines, I tell ye!"

"Indeed! how do you help it?" said Marks, briskly.

"Help it? why, I buys a gal, and if she's got a young un to be sold, I jest walks up and puts my fist to her face, and says, 'Look here, now, if you give me one word out of your head, I'll smash yer face in. I won't hear one word—not the beginning of a word.' I says to 'em, 'This yer young un's mine and not yourn, and you've no kind o' business with it. I'm going to sell it, first chance; mind you don't cut up none o' your shines about it, or I'll make ye wish ye'd never been born.' I tell ye, they sees it an't no play when I gets hold. I makes 'em as whist as fishes; and if one on 'em begins and gives a yelp, why'—and Mr. Loker brought down his fist with a thump that fully explained the hiatus.

It is impossible to read this conversation without being powerfully affected. Nothing is omitted, either here or elsewhere, to heighten the natural indignation against these unnatural fruits, not indeed of slavery, but of human selfishness and greed. The following passage is of the same character, taken from an earlier portion of the book, where the trader Haley is combating Mr. Shelby's objections to selling the boy Henry without his mother.

"I would rather not sell him," said Mr. Shelby, thoughtfully;

“the fact is, sir, I'm a humane man, and I hate to take the boy from his mother, sir.”

“Oh, you do? La! yes—something of that ar nature. I understand perfectly. It is mighty onpleasant gettin' on with women sometimes. I al'ays hates these yer screechin', screamin' times. They are *mighty* onpleasant; but, as I manages business, I generally avoids them, sir. Now, what if you get the girl off for a day, or a week, or so; then the thing's done quietly,—all over before she comes home. Your wife might get her some earrings, or a new gown, or some such truck, to make up with her.”

“I'm afraid not.”

“Lor bless ye, yes! These critters an't like white folks, you know; they gets over things, only manage right. Now, they say,” said Haley, assuming a candid and confidential air, “that this kind o' trade is hardening to the feelings; but I never found it so. Fact is, I never could do things up the way some fellers manage the business. I've seen 'em as would pull a woman's child out of her arms, and set him up to sell, and she screechin' like mad all the time;—very bad policy—damages the article—makes 'em quite unfit for service sometimes. I knew a real handsome gal once, in Orleans, as was entirely ruined by this sort of handling. The fellow that was trading for her didn't want her baby; and she was one of your real high sort when her blood was up. I tell you, she squeezed up her child in her arms, and talked, and went on real awful. It kinder makes my blood run cold to think on't; and when they carried off the child, and locked her up, she jest went ravin' mad, and died in a week. Clear waste, sir, of a thousand dollars, just for want of management,—there's where 'tis. It's always best to do the humane thing, sir; that's been *my* experience.”

And the trader leaned back in his chair, and folded his arms, with an air of virtuous decision, apparently considering himself a second Wilberforce.

The most beautiful as well as the most instructive portion of the book is Uncle Tom's residence under the roof of St. Clare. Eva is a creation which alone would give Mrs. Stowe a high rank in literature. It resembles, indeed, some of the characters in Dickens's works, and may be thought by some to be borrowed from them; but in one point Mrs. Stowe's superiority is so pronounced, that we do not hesitate to award the palm to her. Neither Paul Dombey nor Little Nell wind themselves around the heart so tenderly, nor leave upon the mind an impression of such loving awe as the lovely Eva. In this most touching portrait of the early wise and early dead, the religion of faith and love has imparted real and vivid life, which we vainly look for in the conceptions of our English novelist. And it is well and wisely done, that the most important practical lesson for the cure of the ills of slavery is allotted to this little child. Let all who would be the liberators

of the slave or the benefactors of the poor lay it well to heart. The following extract, which is all that we have room for, requires neither explanation nor comment:

“What’s Eva going about now?” said St. Clare; “I mean to see.”

And, advancing on tiptoe, he lifted up a curtain that covered the glass-door, and looked in. In a moment, laying his finger on his lips, he made a silent gesture to Miss Ophelia to come and look. There sat the two children on the floor, with their side faces towards them: Topsy with her usual air of careless drollery and unconcern; but, opposite to her, Eva, her whole face fervent with feeling, and tears in her large eyes.

“What does make you so bad, Topsy? Why won’t you try and be good? Don’t you love *anybody*, Topsy?”

“Dunno nothing ’bout love; I loves candy and sich, that’s all,” said Topsy.

“But you love your father and mother?”

“Never had none, ye know. I telled ye that, Miss Eva.”

“Oh, I know,” said Eva, sadly; “but hadn’t you any brother or sister, or aunt, or”——

“No, none on ’em—never had nothing nor nobody.”

“But, Topsy, if you’d only try to be good, you might”——

“Couldn’t never be nothin’ but a nigger, if I was ever so good,” said Topsy. “If I could be skinned, and come white, I’d try then.”

“But people can love you, if you are black, Topsy. Miss Ophelia would love you if you were good.”

Topsy gave the short, blunt laugh that was her common mode of expressing incredulity.

“Don’t you think so?” said Eva.

“No; she can’t bar me, ’cause I’m a nigger! she’d ’s soon have a toad touch her. There can’t nobody love niggers, and niggers can’t do nothin’. I don’t care,” said Topsy, beginning to whistle.

“O Topsy, poor child, I love you!” said Eva, with a sudden burst of feeling, and laying her little, thin, white hand on Topsy’s shoulder; “I love you because you haven’t had any father, or mother, or friends—because you’ve been a poor, abused child! I love you, and I want you to be good. I am very unwell, Topsy, and I think I shan’t live a great while, and it really grieves me to have you be so naughty. I wish you would try to be good, for my sake; it’s only a little while I shall be with you.”

The round, keen eyes of the black child were overcast with tears; large, bright drops rolled heavily down, one by one, and fell on the little white hand. Yes, in that moment a ray of real belief, a ray of heavenly love, had penetrated the darkness of her heathen soul! She laid her head down between her knees, and wept and sobbed; while the beautiful child, bending over her, looked like the picture of some bright angel stooping to reclaim a sinner.

“Poor Topsy!” said Eva, “don’t you know that Jesus loves all alike? He is just as willing to love you as me. He loves you just

as I do; only more, because He is better. He will help you to be good, and you can go to heaven at last, and be an angel for ever, just as much as if you were white. Only think of it, Topsy, *you* can be one of those bright spirits Uncle Tom sings about."

"O dear Miss Eva! dear Miss Eva!" said the child, "I will try! I will try! I never did care nothin' about it before."

St. Clare at this instant dropped the curtain. "It puts me in mind of mother," he said to Miss Ophelia. "It is true what she told me: if we want to give sight to the blind, we must be willing to do as Christ did—call them to us, and *put our hands on them.*"

"I've always had a prejudice against negroes," said Miss Ophelia; "and it's a fact, I never could bear to have that child touch me; but I didn't think she knew it."

"Trust any child to find that out," said St. Clare; "there's no keeping it from them. But I believe that all the trying in the world to benefit a child, and all the substantial favours you can do them, will never excite one emotion of gratitude while that feeling of repugnance remains in the heart. It's a queer kind of fact, but so it is."

"I don't know how I can help it," said Miss Ophelia; "they *are* disagreeable to me—this child in particular. How can I help feeling so?"

"Eva does, it seems."

"Well, she's so loving. After all, though, she's no more than Christ-like," said Miss Ophelia. "I wish I were like her; she might teach me a lesson."

"It wouldn't be the first time a little child had been used to instruct an old disciple, if it *were* so," said St. Clare.

SHORT NOTICES.

WE have received the first monthly part of a new Catholic periodical, the *Bulletin; a Catholic Journal devoted to Religion, Education, general Literature, Science, &c.* (London, Dolman). It is conducted on the same general plan as the *Lamp* and the *Catholic Guardian*, with the additional feature of interesting extracts from the Paris bulletins of the brotherhood of St. Vincent of Paul. Mr. James Burke contributes some short, but sharp and sensible articles on the Protestant Church in Ireland; other leading articles on topics of the day by anonymous contributors; original tales, both by Miss A. Stewart and by the editor; extracts on curious phenomena of nature; and the usual other materials of weekly periodicals. It is well printed on good paper, and promises to be a welcome addition to our cheap periodical literature.

The *Dublin Review* for this month (Richardson and Son) contains a more than usual number of interesting articles: such as a sketch of "The Countess Hahn Hahn's Conversion," taken from her own writings; an elaborate article on Dr. Hefele's "Life and Times of Cardinal Ximenes," which incidentally gives us much valuable and authentic information about the Spanish Inquisition, and briefly touches also on the *vexata quaestio* of the use of classical authors in the education of youth; a critical account of the historians of the Council of Trent; and, above

all, a brilliant article on "The Bible in Maynooth," in whose authorship it is impossible to be mistaken. Among the more superficial articles—scarcely less interesting, however, to those to whom the subjects are altogether new—are the "Lamas of Tibet," from M. Huc's entertaining book of travels, and "The Mormons in America," from some of the late popular works on that extraordinary delusion.

A second series of the *Welsh Sketches* (London, James Darling) contains lively sketches of some of the lords marchers, *i. e.* of the English lords who held land in the principality of Wales under royal grants, giving them "all that they could conquer from the Welsh;" of Llywelyn ap Gryffyd, the last independent occupant of the Welsh throne; of Edward I.; and of Edward of Caernarvon. These *Sketches* are certainly drawn with great spirit and liveliness; but the characteristic faults of the author's style are in the present volume almost ludicrously exaggerated. We cannot but regret also that his pen—and therefore his thoughts—should be engaged at present upon other topics than those through which we first became acquainted with E. S. A.

The Fifth and Sixth Parts of *The Choir* (Burns and Lambert) are wisely devoted to Mass music alone. The selection is a good one; and though not altogether of the highest pretensions, is useful and not too difficult; merits, perhaps, more desirable, in the present state of our choirs, than first-rate musical excellence. Among the best pieces are Klein's *Asperges*, which is really beautiful; Casciolini's *Asperges*, a very good specimen of the purely vocal school; Rink's *Kyrie*, solid and learned; and Palestrina's *Benedictus*, worthy of his great name. In Schubert's *Gloria* one or two errors have occurred in copying the words, which ought to be corrected in every copy not yet sold.

We have received from the *Operative Printers' Guild*—a fraternity of Catholic workmen recently established in London—two or three specimens of ornamental printing, which do them great credit. One is an infinitesimally minute edition of the Ordinary of the Mass, for a penny; the others are the Hymn to the Precious Blood, and a Prayer to obtain the Guidance of the Holy Ghost; and all are very neatly and correctly printed. The association appears to have been formed as well for the immediate mutual benefit of the associates, as also with a hope of ultimately presenting to the world a specimen, in active operation, of those good old Catholic principles which once regulated the relations between masters and their workmen, and which formed the subject of two or three articles in our pages a few months ago. We sincerely hope the experiment may succeed.

The new edition of *The Glories of Mary*, by St. Alphonsus, translated by a Redemptorist Father (London, Wallwork), is the most complete and most accurate edition of that most beautiful work that has hitherto been published in this country. With admirable industry the editor has searched out and corrected by far the larger part of the quotations from older writers, of which the work is in a great measure composed; and considering the very loose way in which St. Alphonsus was accustomed to refer to other books, we are surprised to see how few passages remain uncorrected. We could have wished, however, that he had not adopted the unscholar-like practice of quoting Greek fathers through the medium of a Latin translation. As a manual of devotion for the use of Catholics this work is most admirable, and we wish we could see it in the hands of every Catholic in the country; its simplicity, its fervour, its lucid arrangement and apposite examples, and its beautiful and comprehensive prayers, will soon make it a favourite, even with those who take it up for the first time with suspicion and alarm. We trust, however, that nobody will ever think of making it a

manual of controversy ; for this it is singularly unfitted. To name but one, and this not the chief cause of this unfitness, it is only necessary that we should mention a fact which is brought prominently to light by the painstaking researches of the present editor, so that the most careless reader cannot fail to have observed it, viz. that St. Alphonsus did not scruple to make most important additions to the passages which he quoted from the fathers. This, though perfectly allowable in a book of meditations, of course destroys its value as a work of authority in matters of controversy.

The Interior Castle, or the Mansions; written by St. Theresa, and translated from the Spanish by the Rev. J. Dalton (London, C. Jones), is one of the last, and usually considered the most sublime, of the various works on mystical theology written by that most wonderful saint. Having said this, we have said all that in a "short notice" can be said. Indeed the translator has happily absolved us from the necessity of saying another word by the following very just observation in his own preface: "No one, it seems to me, should attempt to say any thing on mystical theology unless he understand the subject *thoroughly*." We will only add from the letter of the Bishop of Birmingham, published in the same preface, "That there are in this great work things far beyond the depth of almost all readers is most true. But are there not most difficult things, "hard to be understood," in the Holy Scriptures also? Alas for him who reads nothing but what he understands! How many things are there which one *may* understand and practise in the Interior Castle; and how perfect will they become who practise what they do understand, and who nourish their faith with what they do not understand!"

Formby's *School Songs and Poetry, connected with easy and appropriate Tunes* (Burns and Lambert). No. I. *Sacred Series* (in the press). No. II. *Juvenile Series*; or, *the Infant School Song Book*. No. III. *Descriptive and Amusing Series*; or, *the Upper School Song Book*. We have received the two latter numbers of this useful series. They are cheap reprints of school songs from the larger form in which they appeared some time ago, as *The Young Singer's Book of Songs*, and *Sixty Amusing Songs for the Use of Little Singers*, of the merits of which works we have already spoken. They have been issued in this cheap form in compliance with a general wish that the words of the songs might be thus placed within the reach of the little singers themselves in our poor schools. We should strongly recommend all schoolmasters and mistresses, who take an interest in singing, to supply themselves with these cheap little reprints, which we have no doubt they might do on favourable terms on application to the publishers, and either distribute or retail them to the children. Indeed we should be glad to see our managers of schools systematically encouraging the children to make their own little purchases of books, and for this purpose affording a few facilities in the school-room itself. The means of purchasing from the schoolmaster himself a cheap, pleasant little book, such as either of the present collections of songs, might prove a very good introduction to the subsequent purchases of books of a more serious and directly religious character. We throw out the suggestion, and think it would be found to work well.

Messrs. Burns and Lambert have just published a very admirable portrait of his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman. It is drawn upon stone by Mr. J. H. Lynch, after a daguerreotype by Mr. Kilburn, in the possession of his Eminence; and a more faithful and pleasing likeness could not be desired.

PATIENTIAM
MEAM

QUIS NON
SILVARI



The Rambler.

PART LX.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A PILGRIMAGE TO LA SALETTE	427
ROBBERIES OF RELIGION, ANCIENT AND MODERN. The Report of the Select Committee on the Law of Mortmain and of Testamentary Dispositions	441
CONVOCAATION AT LAST	463
THE FLIGHT OF THE POPE	470
DIALOGUE BETWEEN JOHN BULL AND AN OXFORD DIVINE	485
REVIEW.—THE CLOISTER LIFE OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH. By William Stirling	489
SHORT NOTICES.—Etude de la Doctrine Catholique dans la Concile de Trente, by R. P. Nampon.—The World and the Cloister, by Agnes M. Stewart.—Stories of the Seven Virtues, by the Same.—America discovered, a Poem, by J. V. Huntington.—Father Faber's Catholic Hymns.—Manning's Four Lectures on the Grounds of Faith.—Circular of White's Universal Circulating Library.—The Choir, Part VII.—Count de Montalembert's Catholic Interests in the Nineteenth Century.—The Restoration of Belief, Part II.—Prayer-Book for the Young.—Oratorian Lives of the Saints	506
CORRESPONDENCE.—Accentuation of Latin in the Mechlin Vesperal	510
OBITUARY	512

To Subscribers.

In consequence of the unexpected degree of notoriety which the "Pilgrimage to La Salette" has attained through the instrumentality of the Protestant journals, it has been thought desirable that the whole narrative should be published in an enlarged and separate form without loss of time. We have been unwilling; therefore, to reprint much of what is probably in the hands of many of our readers already; and as some amends to those to whom twelve or fourteen pages of the present number of our Magazine has thus been made a twice-told tale, we beg to offer a lithograph of the scene, for which we are indebted to the kindness of a friend.

To Correspondents.

Peregrinus can scarcely have read the article which he criticises, or he would not speak of "the Bishop of Gap, in whose diocese the alleged apparition took place." The writer of the article in question had never seen or heard of the letter referred to, or it would have been discussed in its proper place. But if our correspondent will kindly oblige us with a copy, it shall be forwarded to him, and noticed in our next Number.

Correspondents who require answers in private are requested to send their complete address, a precaution not always observed.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

All communications must be *postpaid*. Communications respecting *Advertisements* must be addressed to the publishers, Messrs. BURNS and LAMBERT; but communications intended for the Editor himself should be addressed to the care of Mr. READER, 9 Park Street, Bristol.

The Rambler,

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

VOL. X.

DECEMBER 1852.

PART LX.

A PILGRIMAGE TO LA SALETTE.

WAS the story that was told in our last Number truth, or was it fiction? Was the apparition of our Blessed Lady at La Salette a fact, a dream, or an imposture? The *Times* newspaper, to which reference has been already made, says, "There is *no* evidence of this astounding fact (the whole history of the apparition) except that of the two children;" and though this cannot be accepted as a really true and honest account of the state of the case, yet we should have little objection to join issue upon it as though it were, in arguing with any candid and reasonable opponent. And it is to an examination of the children and their story, therefore, that we propose in the present article to confine ourselves.

And first as to the story itself; it would be impossible to enumerate all the trivial and captious objections which have been taken to it from time to time, by persons more eager to exercise and display their ingenuity than to ascertain the truth. There are two objections, however, of a more serious character, which it is necessary that we should consider with some attention. One is, an alleged inconsistency between the narrative of the boy and of the girl; the other concerns the many prophecies which were contained in "the lady's" discourse, and which, it is urged, have not been fulfilled. We will speak first of the prophecies. This certainly has a very grave appearance; for if a person professing himself to be a messenger from God deliberately makes predictions, the fulfilment or non-fulfilment of which must be a matter easily ascertainable, and it proves that, as a matter of fact, those predictions do not receive a fulfilment, it would seem to be a most obvious and necessary conclusion, that the pretensions of that messenger are false; and this is what some persons would fain persuade us concerning the prophecies of "the lady" at La

Salette. But let us examine this statement more closely for ourselves. The first prophecy which we meet with in "the lady's" discourse concerns the blight upon the potatoes; it is declared that this shall continue as it had begun, and that by Christmas (in that year) there should be no potatoes left. About this portion of the prophecy there is no dispute; every one allows that this at least was sufficiently fulfilled. But the prophecy went on still further to say, that there should be a failure of the grapes and of the nuts, a famine also, and a pestilence peculiarly fatal to children; and all this, it is said, has not been fulfilled. At least so it *was* said with an air of most triumphant confidence two years ago; already, however, it has become necessary to adopt a less boastful tone in speaking on this subject, for during the last two years there has been a most serious failure of the vintage. Any one who visits the south of France may read in the booksellers' windows of Lyons, Grenoble, or any other city in those parts, the titles of various new books which undertake to treat of *la maladie inconnue de la vigne*, "the unknown disease of the vine;" unknown, that is, in its true nature and for any available remedy, and indeed unknown altogether, even in its outward symptoms, but two short years ago; yet not unknown, it appears, to "the lady" on La Salette, who foresaw and foretold it four years before it shewed itself by any sensible manifestation. How shall we account for this? The facts are undeniable; it is a matter of public notoriety that the prophecy of a failure of the vintage was a part of the story of La Salette, printed and published by episcopal authority four or five years ago; it is equally notorious that such a failure has actually come to pass in the last two years, and that the most lively apprehensions are felt as to its probable continuance in consequence of the similarity which scientific men fancy that they can detect between the symptoms of the disease which destroyed the potatoes and that which is now ravaging the vines. Even the daily papers tell us as much as this, and that this scourge too has fallen not only upon the south of France, but upon Tuscany, Madeira, and other parts of the world. As to the immediate neighbourhood of La Salette, we can ourselves vouch for the presence of the disease, for as we passed through the vineyards, we gathered the grapes; they were no larger than peas, and hard as bullets, and yet it was the middle of September; moreover they were covered with a fine white powder, which seems to be the usual token of the pernicious blight. At the same time we inquired also about the nuts, but of these there was quite the average crop; neither has there been any failure of the corn-harvest, nor any extraordi-

nary mortality among the children. The prophecy of these then is unfulfilled; but is it, therefore, quite certain that it will always continue so? or does not rather the fulfilment of one part of the prophecy create a strong presumption that the fulfilment of the rest will not be slow to follow? But should the event prove otherwise, should ten, twenty, or thirty years go by, and none of these things come to pass, would the falsity of the apparition of La Salette be thereby established? No Christian, believing the histories which he reads in the Bible, can dare to answer this question in the affirmative; for was not Jonas a prophet of God? and was not "the preaching which he preached" in Ninive, "the word of the Lord?" yet what was the issue? And observe, the prophecy of Jonas was *in its form* absolute and unconditional; not a hope of mercy was held out to the inhabitants in the actual words that were addressed to them; the announcement was most precise, and determined to a definite period: "yet forty days, and Ninive shall be destroyed." But in the prophecy uttered by "the lady" at Salette, not only was there no fixed period within which it was certainly to be fulfilled, but the whole discourse was essentially conditional. It began with an expressed condition, and ended with the same; and it is obvious, therefore, that we are at liberty at least, if not positively obliged, to understand a condition as running throughout the whole. It is clear, then, that a man must be wilfully perverse, who refuses to give credit to the story of La Salette merely on the ground of its threats having been yet but very imperfectly fulfilled; some portion of them *has* been already fulfilled, a portion which no merely human sagacity could possibly have foreseen; and as for the rest, it may not be fulfilled perhaps for many years, or even never fulfilled at all, and yet the person who uttered it may have been a real messenger from heaven, and her words may have been "the word of the Lord:" for, in the first place, no period of time was fixed which has since elapsed, and within which the threatened punishments ought to have been inflicted; and secondly, even if there had been, yet the repentance and conversion of the people may have moved God "to have mercy with regard to the evil which He had said that He would do to them, so that He did it not."

And now let us turn to the alleged inconsistency between the narratives of the two children. The writer in the *Times* has told us that they "differ from each other in many material particulars;" that the children "contradict each other's statements, and refuse to modify either the one or the other. What are the facts? The children have been subjected, from the very

day of the apparition, to the most minute and tedious cross-examinations at the hands of every body whose devotion or curiosity has prompted them to go and seek an interview with them for this purpose. There has been no attempt to shield them from the importunity, and sometimes even the impertinence, of these self-constituted judges; and in many instances their inquiries have been pushed to the most extravagant lengths: question upon question has been put of a most captious character, and upon the most trivial details, for the sole purpose of perplexing and confounding the witnesses; questions utterly without point, often even difficult to be understood, have been proposed from sheer wantonness, merely for the amusement of seeing how they would get out of them; and in some of these, the answers of the children have been at variance, or they have refused to give any answers at all. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ!* For instance, the boy could not tell of what colour were "the lady's" stockings, the girl said they were of the same colour as the apron; they were not of one mind, or they said they did not observe, whether of the two was the brightest, the colour of the apron or of the chain; and so on through some half-dozen other trifles of no greater significance than these. One, and one only discrepancy is there of a graver kind; three or four persons—the number is not greater—testify that in telling the story to them, the boy made an addition to "the lady's" discourse, which was not to be found in the girl's account, nor indeed in the account usually given by the boy himself; they say, that after speaking of the young men "going to Mass only to make a mockery of religion," he inserted these words, "the boys put stones and other things into their pockets to throw them at the girls;" that is to say, he is accused of having added to the original narrative a development, a practical example, as it were, of the fault which had been just complained of (inattention and misbehaviour in the house of God), by specifying a particular abuse which really was at that time very prevalent in the parish churches of Corps and the neighbourhood.* Certainly this is a most noble foundation on which to build a charge of falsehood, contradiction, and inconsistency. Truly the credulity of the incredulous is most astonishing!

Rather than believe in the reality of an apparition and a miracle, they will believe that two ignorant and uneducated children can, in the course of one day—for they had not known one another longer—concoct together, or learn by heart from the lips of some third person, a long and marvellous story of something which they are to profess to have

* It has now utterly ceased.

seen, and of a message which they are to profess to have received and to have been charged to communicate to the people; that they can repeat this story word for word without any variation for thousands of times during a period of five or six years; that they can undergo any amount of questioning and any severity of cross-examination, whether in the familiar conversations of a fireside circle, or the more deliberate scrutiny of half a dozen thoughtful and intelligent inquirers, or even the keen and searching interrogatories of the most experienced advocate,—and yet one of them be never detected in any inconsistency at all, and the other only in such an one as has been here described. Is this really credible? Is it even possible? Taken at the very worst, what does the variation amount to? That a boy of eleven years old should have allowed himself, on some half-dozen occasions out of as many thousands, to incorporate into the text which he was reciting an interpretation or application of that text, of which it was most obviously susceptible, and to which he was in the habit of hearing it applied by those about him every day. This is the very utmost that can be said; and was it necessary, then, in order to constitute these children fit and trustworthy bearers of a heavenly message, that they should receive the gift of infallibility or impeccability for ever? Unless this can be shewn, an occasional unwarranted addition by one of the children upon a mere accessory, even though it had been done wilfully and deliberately, will not, in the judgment of an unbiassed mind, invalidate the testimony of both as to the main fact.* But, in truth, the matter is not so bad as we have represented it. It was natural that the people of the village, as they listened to the children's story, should make a sort of running commentary upon it, applying the general terms that were used in the discourse to the particular faults which they knew to be prevalent amongst them; and it appears that they used often to interrupt the children by comments of this kind, and to ask whether "the lady" had not said something about this, that, or the other sin, which seemed evidently alluded to, though not actually named. And the children sometimes found the easiest means to rid themselves of these inopportune interruptions was to give a feigned assent and go on with their story. Thus one day, when Maximin was repeating the history to a number of girls and women, they wanted to know whether the lady hadn't said something about dancing and about making bad confes-

* Those who wish to examine more deeply this question of the mixture of truth and error in cases of this kind, may consult Benedict XIV. *de serv. Dei beatif. et canoniz.*, lib. iii. cc. 44, 47, 53.

sions. He replied in the negative; but when they reiterated the inquiry, and insisted upon it that she *must* have said it, he merely answered, *Comme vous voudrez*, and went his way. Nothing can be more natural than this; and it is obvious that in this way many a little circumstance might easily get mixed up in the minds of some persons with the main narrative, of which, in fact, it did not form any real part. It would not have surprised us, therefore, if there had been *many* reported contradictions of this kind; what *does* surprise us, and what disbelievers in the reality of the apparition are bound to account for is, that there should have been only one, and that one so unimportant. Let them adduce any other example of a false story, originated, or at least circulated, by persons equally ignorant, that has maintained its ground in the same purity for an equal length of time under an equal degree of publicity. Until this has been done, we can afford to smile at those who would make mountains out of molehills, and allege such trifles as these, as the motives and excuses of their unbelief.

Having now sufficiently examined the main objections that have been alleged against the details of the children's story, the next subject of inquiry which awaits us is the character and conduct of those by whom it was told. What was the character and position of Maximin and Mélanie in the autumn of 1846, and how have they behaved themselves ever since? Born of parents in the very lowest class of society, and in a part of the country where the people were notorious for inattention to their religious duties, they had been brought up in the grossest ignorance, both secular and religious. The girl was nearly fifteen years of age; but having been at service ever since she was nine or ten, and having been made by her masters to work on Sundays and holydays almost as constantly as during the week, she had a most imperfect knowledge of the doctrines of the Christian faith; she could not repeat two lines of catechism, and had not been admitted, therefore, to make her first communion with the other children of her age. She is described as being naturally timid, careless, idle, and disobedient; her memory and intellectual capabilities were so feeble that, even at the age of sixteen, after having been taught to repeat twice every day for a twelvemonth the acts of faith, hope, and charity, she could not be trusted to recite them correctly by herself; matters which many of the children in our poor schools of the age of seven or eight, or even less, would recite with the utmost facility. She has now for six years been under the care of the Sisters of Providence, and the training which she has re-

ceived during this period has of course considerably strengthened and improved her mental faculties; we were told, however, by the chaplain of the convent where she is now a novice, that they were still certainly below the average. This fact was not apparent in the course of the conversation which we had with her ourselves, for we talked only about the history of the apparition; and upon this subject, as we shall presently have occasion to observe, both the children have always displayed a degree of sharpness and ability altogether beyond their natural powers. The convent of the Sisters of Providence, in which Mélanie now is, is situated about two or three miles from Grenoble, and it is expected that she will take the veil there in the course of a few months. Through the kindness of the chaplain and the Mother Superior, we had an interview with her on the day before we went to La Salette. We proposed to her all the questions which we had previously prepared, or which occurred to us at the moment, relative to this or that circumstance of the history in which she had borne so prominent a part; and certainly, as far as we may allow our judgment upon the subject-matter of human testimony to be influenced by the personal demeanour of the witness—and there is no one who has ever watched the progress of a judicial proceeding who is not conscious of such an influence; and, indeed, it is universally accepted as a legitimate topic for the commentaries of the advocate and the consideration of the jury—the impression which she left upon our minds was most favourable. Her singular simplicity and modesty of manners was most prepossessing; and the ready straightforwardness of her replies seemed thoroughly incompatible with all idea of cunning and deceit. The boy we had no opportunity of seeing; for he is in the ecclesiastical seminary of the diocese, at some distance from Grenoble; but we received an accurate account of him from those who knew him well. He, too, was of poor natural abilities, and grossly ignorant at the time of the apparition. His father testifies that it was a work of three or four years to teach him the Our Father and Hail Mary; and when he was taken into the school of the Sisters of Providence, at the age of eleven years, a twelvemonth's instruction was not sufficient to enable him to serve Mass. His indolence too, and love of play, retard the progress of his studies almost more than any natural deficiency of mental powers. When once he had begun to learn, he was very anxious to become an ecclesiastic, and means have been afforded him to gratify this desire; as far, at least, as man *can* help him, that is, as far as his education is concerned. We are assured, however, that there is but little chance of his realising this object

of his wishes. He seems to be incapable of steady, persevering application; yet he is no genius who can dispense with such labour, and, indeed, the utter ignorance in which his earlier years were spent renders the necessity of study doubly imperative upon him.

These, then, are the children who, on the evening of the 19th of September, 1846, came down from the mountain, and told the wonderful story which we have narrated; and we think we need not say another word to shew that they were at least incapable of *inventing* such a story.

But if the story be not true, and if the children were not the authors of it, it must needs be either that they were the instruments and accomplices of the author, or else the victims of some extraordinary ocular or mental delusion. The refutation of this latter hypothesis may safely be left to the common sense of our readers; and the same may be said also of the idea suggested by the *Times*, of a "got-up apparition." Had the scene of the plot been laid in some thick wood, and in "the witching hour of night," we might have thought differently; but a "got-up apparition" at noonday, when there was not a single cloud in the heavens, and on the summit of a bare mountain, where not a tree or a shrub is to be seen, is simply impossible. It remains, therefore, to inquire whether the children may not have been the conscious accomplices of some third party yet undiscovered; for, if the story be not true, this is the only explanation of the matter that deserves a moment's consideration. Yet that even this too is utterly inadmissible, it will not be difficult to demonstrate, by observing what has been the conduct of the children subsequently to their first announcement of the marvel.

It has been already mentioned that they were strangers to one another until the day before the alleged apparition; the boy had been in the village of La Salette only for five days altogether, and both the place and the occupation being new to him, his master had felt himself obliged to accompany him every day, and to remain in his immediate neighbourhood at work, that so he might always have an eye upon him; and he deposes that during the whole of this week the two children had not been in one another's company until the Friday. Then on the Sunday they were separated again; the boy returned to Corps, the girl remained at La Salette; and they never met, save only to be examined from time to time by some of the numerous visitors, until the following Christmas. At that time the girl was taken into a poor-school kept by some religious in Corps, and the boy frequented the same school as a day-scholar. Strangers frequently came to inter-

rogate the children, both separately and together; and sometimes these strangers took the boy away with them for a day or two to go and point out the precise spot upon the mountain; but it was never observed that on any of these occasions the children shewed the slightest desire to come together after the examination was over, in order that they might "compare notes" as to the questions that had been asked and the answers given. On the contrary, it was notorious that they *never* sought one another's society at any time; there was a perfect indifference between them; neither cared to learn how or by whom the other had been examined; nor did they ever make it a subject of conversation with their school-fellows. They were always ready to see anybody who came to question them upon the subject, and their answers were always prompt to the inquiries that were put to them; but they neither talked of it unnecessarily to their companions, nor consulted together beforehand as to what they should say, nor communicated to one another afterwards the result of the examination. They never seemed in the slightest degree anxious or oppressed, as with the consciousness of some great mystery in which they had a part to play; but the whole thing appeared to sit lightly and naturally upon them, like any other fact in their past history, which it was not necessary for them ever to speak about, but if interrogated upon, there was no reason why they should hesitate to answer; and in this free and unembarrassed way they have undergone the examination of thousands of curious and cunning inquirers, of priests and bishops, lawyers, magistrates and judges, during a period of six years, and yet have never been detected in any untruth or contradiction.

Another feature in the conduct of the children which it would be hard to reconcile with the idea of their being parties to any fraud in the matter, is the wonderful fidelity with which they kept the secret which they said had been entrusted to their charge. Our space will not allow us to enumerate all the various ways by which it has been attempted from time to time to extort from them, if not the secret itself which they had been forbidden to disclose, yet at least some petty circumstance connected with it, against which there was no such prohibition; as, for instance, whether it was of public or private concern, whether it was good news or bad, whether the time would ever come for revealing it, &c. &c. We will select, as a single specimen of what the children have had to undergo upon this head from a multitude of persons, the following account of the attempts that were made by Monsignor Dupanloup, the distinguished Bishop of Orleans. It is taken

from a letter addressed by himself to one of his private friends, on the 11th of June, 1848. He says,

“I cannot help seeing in the fidelity with which the children have kept their secret a strong token of their truth. Each has maintained, for the last two years, that he is in possession of a certain secret; yet neither pretends that he knows the other’s. Their parents, their masters, their parish priests, their companions, thousands of pilgrims have questioned them on this subject; the most incredible efforts have been made to wrest from them some sort of revelation about it; but neither love nor money, neither promises nor threats, neither the civil authorities nor the ecclesiastical, have been able to make the slightest impression upon them in this matter; so that at this very day, after two years of continual efforts, nothing, *absolutely nothing* is known about it. I myself made the most earnest endeavours to penetrate this secret; and certain accidental circumstances helped me to push my endeavours further than most others perhaps, and at one moment I really thought I was succeeding. . . . I am bound to confess, however, that all my efforts were perfectly fruitless; at the instant that I fancied I was compassing my end and going to obtain something, all my hopes vanished; all that I fondly imagined that I had got, suddenly escaped me, and one answer of the child plunged me again in all my former uncertainty.”

He then goes on to relate the different ways in which he tried to overcome the boy’s constancy, and to wrest from him some portion of his secret. It happened that he had a little travelling-bag with him which opened by a secret spring, without any lock and key. The boy’s curiosity was greatly excited by seeing this bag opened and shut in so mysterious a manner. He examined it in all directions; and not being able to discover the spring, he begged Monsignor Dupanloup to shew it him. The prelate agreed to do so, on condition that the child would, in like manner, reveal *his* secret. It was in vain that the boy pleaded the great difference there was between them; that there was a prohibition in the one case, and none in the other. The bishop—or professor rather, for he was not then raised to the see of Orleans—would hear of no other condition. Ten times in the day did the boy return to the charge, and always with the same result. The professor did all he could to excite his eager curiosity more and more, and then declared his willingness to satisfy it, if only he would tell him *something*, though it were ever so little, about this mysterious secret. But the moment the words of temptation were spoken, the boy’s whole tone and manner were immediately changed; his curiosity seemed altogether to vanish, and he became grave and serious. At last, after the lapse of

several hours, the professor relented, and shewed him the secret spring. But it was only to attack him by another weapon; for he now appealed to his generosity. The boy seemed to feel the reproach, but was still silent; "and I remained convinced," says M. Dupanloup, "as any one else would be who knows what human indiscretion is—and especially the indiscretion of children—that the lad had victoriously withstood one of the most violent moral temptations that can well be imagined." The professor, however, having come from a considerable distance, on purpose that he might thoroughly investigate this matter upon the spot, was not going to abandon his project because he had been twice or three times baffled. He reopened his attack, and in a more serious way. He tried what bribery would do. First he gave the boy himself some trifling presents of pictures, a new hat and a blouse; and then he got him to talk about the poverty and distress of his father; after which he proceeded to promise that his father should not be allowed to want for any thing, but should be enabled to live at home in ease and comfort all the rest of his days, if only the boy would tell him—not the whole secret, but only such portion as he *might* tell without breaking his promise. M. Dupanloup says that he inwardly reproached himself all the time for making the boy undergo such temptations; what the inward feelings of the boy were we do not know; we only know that he always simply and unhesitatingly answered, "No, sir, I cannot." Once more did this indefatigable tormentor renew his attack upon the child, and perhaps this last was the severest trial of all; still it met with no better success than its predecessors. As he was packing up his baggage at the inn, he allowed the boy to meddle with every thing as though it had been his own. Amongst other things, he laid hold of M. Dupanloup's purse, in which there happened to be a considerable sum of gold. Instantly he opened the purse, turned out its contents upon the table, and was soon absorbed in arranging and rearranging them in several little heaps. When M. Dupanloup saw that the child was thoroughly enchanted by the sight and handling of so much money, he told him with the utmost gravity, and really meaning what he said, that all this gold should be his, for his own use and that of his father, and that it should be given him then and there upon the spot, if only he would consent to reveal what little he might feel himself at liberty to reveal about the secret intrusted to his charge. The result of this most trying temptation shall be told in M. Dupanloup's own words.

"Then I witnessed a most singular moral phenomenon, which

still strikes me with astonishment as I recount it to you. The child had been entirely absorbed by the gold; he was delighted to look at it, to handle and to count it. All on a sudden he became quite sad at hearing what I said, abruptly left the table where the temptation was before him and said, 'Sir, I cannot.' 'And yet,' said I, 'there is money enough there to make both you and your father very comfortable.' Again his only reply was the same; 'Sir, I cannot;' uttered in a tone so firm and simple that I felt I was vanquished. Unwilling to confess as much, however, I added in a tone of assumed displeasure, contempt, and irony, 'Perhaps you won't tell me your secret because you have none to tell; it's all a mere joke.' He did not seem to be the least offended by these words, but answered briskly, 'Oh, but I have though; only I can't tell it.' 'Why not? Who has forbidden you?' 'The Holy Virgin.' Henceforth I gave up the useless contest. I felt that the dignity of the child was superior to my own. Placing my hand with respect and affection upon his head, I made the sign of the cross upon his forehead, and said, 'Adieu, my child; I trust that the Blessed Virgin will excuse the solicitations I have addressed to you: be faithful all your life to the grace you have received:' and in a few minutes we parted to see each other no more. Whoever will well consider what the nature of children is," adds the bishop, "how light, and fickle, and unsteady, and talkative, and indiscreet, and curious they are, and then shall make the same experiments that I have made, will certainly share also in the astonishment which I have felt, and cannot fail to ask himself whether it is by the two children that he is being thus baffled, or whether it is not rather by some higher and divine power."

There is another feature also in the case, which in some respects perhaps is even yet more surprising. We have seen how, on all matters concerned with the miraculous story of "the Lady's" apparition, the moral character of the children has risen above itself, superior to the strongest and most trying temptations; we shall now see how, in their intellectual capacities also, they have manifested a similar superiority. On all other subjects they have always been slow, dull, and stupid; but upon this one subject of the apparition, their quickness and ingenuity has amazed and confounded their examiners; and yet without the children seeming to be the least elated by, or even conscious of, the triumph they had achieved. Their most brilliant and profound replies have been given with precisely the same natural ease and simplicity as other answers in no way surprising; and no one has ever seen so much as a smile upon their countenances, even when their victory has been most complete. A few specimens must suffice. Did one who had examined them profess to disbelieve the whole story, and to treat the children as wicked impostors? They answered with an air of the utmost un-

concern, "The Lady charged us to repeat what she had said; she gave us no commission to make you believe it." Did another taunt them as to the non-fulfilment of the threats which the Lady had uttered? Immediately they replied, that that was no concern of theirs, but only of the Lady who had spoken to them; or at another time they objected to the same taunt the fact of the people's repentance. When a priest asked them whether they were not tired of repeating the same tale over and over again day after day, the retort was instantly ready, "And you, sir, are you tired of saying Mass every day?"—"I thoroughly believe in the truth of all that you have told me," was the apparently candid acknowledgment of a very clever ecclesiastic; "but it was not a messenger from heaven who spoke to you, but rather the Father of lies, disguised as an angel of light and seeking to sow disorder and falsehood in the Church." "But the devil would not be anxious to make us keep holy the Sunday, to behave well in church, and not to swear and blaspheme; besides, the devil would not carry a cross."—"Why not?" replied the priest; "we read in the Bible that he once carried our Lord Himself to Jerusalem and set Him on a pinnacle of the temple; and if he was able to do this with the living body of Christ, *à fortiori* he might well carry a mere image of Christ, a crucifix." "Nay," said the child, "but I am sure that God would never allow him to carry His Cross like that."—"But why not?" insisted the priest, "if he once carried Himself?" "*Because by the Cross He saved the world.*" When the other child, or the same child on another occasion, was pressed by the same difficulty, the answer was still more touching and more strikingly beyond their age and natural capacities: "Yes," said the child, "that may have happened when our Lord was upon earth, *but He was not then glorified.*"

Let any one turn over these answers seriously in his mind,—and if we were not afraid of wearying our readers, we could fill our pages with many more such,—let him consider the extraordinary simplicity, yet no less singular appositeness of some of them, the beauty and profound philosophy of others, and the thorough satisfactoriness of all; and then let him ask himself whether it is within the range of human possibility that this should be the language of dull and ignorant children, who have been tutored to play a certain part in a public imposture? Who could have foreseen these questions? Who suggested these answers? We know, indeed, that there were once those upon earth to whom it had been expressly forbidden to "take thought how or what to speak," because it should be "given them in that hour what to speak;" and we

know that Almighty God might render the same supernatural assistance to any other persons whom from time to time He chose to accredit as His messengers. We know also that "out of the mouth of infants and of sucklings He has perfected praise;" that He "has chosen the foolish things of the world that He may confound the wise, and the weak things of the world that He may confound the strong; and the base things of the world, and the things that are contemptible, and things that are not, that He might bring to nought things that are." All this we know; and therefore, if it be allowed that the history which we have told is a true history, and that the apparition of our Blessed Lady to the children of La Salette was the act of Almighty God, every difficulty disappears. The event takes its place at once amongst a class and order of events where the incongruities we have pointed out are no incongruities at all, but in the strictest harmony with every thing about them. Twelve poor ignorant fishermen confound the wisdom of philosophers, and convert the world; this is the type of God's dealings with mankind under the Christian dispensation; and it is a type with which, if we may be allowed to compare things of such unequal magnitude, the history now before us faithfully corresponds.

But that two dull and ignorant children should consistently maintain during a period of six years, in spite of all kinds of threats and promises, a lying tale of their own invention, or that had been taught them by another; that they should, during this same period, answer in the most unhesitating manner to every question that was proposed to them, upon the spur of the moment, and without the possibility of previous confederation, and yet that these answers should never be contradictory, and often most profound; that they should impose upon the public, both lay and clerical, and even upon the Sovereign Pontiff himself;—this is a phenomenon which certainly does *not* harmonise with the general history of the world around us. The history of the sanctuary of La Salette, taken in the order of things divine, is not extraordinary; taken as a merely human affair, in which the finger of God has had no part, it is quite inexplicable.

Lastly, the same conclusion is forced upon us by yet another consideration, viz. the consequences which have followed from the apparition; the wonderful effect which it has produced upon the moral and religious character of the people. It is acknowledged on all hands that, six years ago, the state of religion in that part of France was most deplorable; a very considerable proportion of the inhabitants were living in such neglect of the Sacraments that they were out of the pale of the Church;

not only were those commandments of God and of His Church habitually disregarded, which forbade swearing and enjoined the sanctification of the Lord's day and the observance of days of fasting and abstinence, but those sins brought others also in their train; and the great majority of the people were living "without God in the world." But now the face of things is entirely changed; the voice of the blasphemer is silenced; the Sunday is not profaned by labour; the churches are frequented, religious duties faithfully attended to, and the Sacraments approached with reverence. So universal is this change, that we are assured that out of the six thousand inhabitants of the canton of Corps, there are scarcely one hundred whose lives are not now ordered, outwardly at least, according to a Christian model; and of many the devotion and piety are most edifying. To what then, and to whom, shall we attribute this blessed result? "The tree is known by the fruit." "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" Is the conversion of souls the work of man, or of God? and if of God, can we suppose that He vouchsafes to work miracles of His grace in the conversion of a whole neighbourhood, as a reward of human deceit and covetousness? Such an idea cannot be entertained for a moment; it remains then, that the apparition on the summit of La Salette can only have been a message of mercy from on high. God was its author; and He has blest it for the purpose for which it was sent, and the whole work has been His. Take this as a clue to the narrative, and every part of it becomes at once plain, consistent, and intelligible; but attempt to explain it by any other means, and you find yourself entangled in an inextricable labyrinth of difficulties.

ROBBERIES OF RELIGION, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

The Report of the Mortmain Committee.

WE have seen that, until the era of the Reformation, no laws existed, the object or effect of which was to restrict or prevent the acquisition of land by the Church; and that the laws of mortmain, which it has been mendaciously represented by almost all modern Protestant writers or witnesses, down to the Report of the Mortmain Committee, were passed for this purpose, and to protect the country from the rapacity of the clergy, and prevent the lands of England from being swallowed up by religious houses, had no such character, and did not necessarily prevent the acquisition of a single acre by the

Church. And, moreover, be it recollected, that these laws only referred to *feudal* lands (which by no means comprehended all, nor nearly all, the lands of the kingdom), and were based upon purely feudal reasons, and only operated to secure to the lords compensation for the loss of certain lucrative feudal profits; for which reason these laws did not, and could not, apply to any alienation, unless to corporate bodies (which religious houses then were); and that up to the period of the Reformation no law had passed in any degree interfering with the disposition of land to persons unincorporated, in trust for religious or charitable purposes; and that such alienations were of common occurrence, and recognised as perfectly legal, from the age of Edward I., when the first mortmain law passed, until the era of the Reformation. And how little likely it is that any laws would be passed dictated by jealousy of the clergy, in respect to the acquisition of property, may be arrived at from the simple fact that, as to personal property, the law, from the Conquest till long after the Reformation, gave to the bishop the administration of the property of an intestate, on the principle (as Perkens, an old lawyer, says) that spiritual men were of better conscience than laymen, and better able to judge, and more likely to do, what was for the benefit of the soul of the deceased. It was on this principle that the law of England acted until after the Reformation. At that era the policy of parliament was not compensation for feudal profits, but confiscation. If the religious houses had too much land at that time, or if their holding of land were not beneficial to the state, parliament could have prevented their acquiring any more, and would assuredly have taken care, as their excuse, to allege the injury to the state. But, on the contrary, (it is not generally known, and is a curious fact,) Providence overruled their hypocrisy to expose the iniquity of their rapacity; for, in the year 1535, in the act for suppressing the smaller religious houses, the legislature solemnly affirmed that in the larger houses “(thanks be to God) religion is right well observed;” thus placing on record the clear and emphatic condemnation of the sacrilegious confiscation which they perpetrated, in the course of four short years afterwards, upon those very houses in which they thanked God religion was “right well observed!” This is like the similar condemnation of the unprincipled parliament of the time of Henry V., who in one of their acts recited the hospitality and alms exercised by the monasteries, about the very period they recommended to the Crown (to save their own pockets) to sequester and appropriate the revenues of those monasteries for secular purposes! Such were the laity, to be

protected from the "rapacity" of the clergy! The rapacity appeared plainly on the side of the laity, and was carried out remorselessly, we need scarcely say how, at the era of the Reformation. But what is to be remarked is, that these rapacious parliaments never pretended that the possession of land by the religious houses was prejudicial to the country; on the contrary, they stated and shewed in their acts of parliament their sense of the enormous advantages arising to the realm from the works of charity and piety and hospitality performed by the religious houses out of their revenues. And when in the reign of Henry IV. they suggested the confiscation of these revenues, they put forward no such paltry pretext as their modern apologists would have supplied them with, but boldly based this measure upon the exigencies of the state; thus resorting to the tyrant's plea, necessity. And even at a later day, when in the reign of Henry VIII. this iniquitous measure was carried out, the same plea was urged. No pretences were put forth as to the possession of land by the religious houses being prejudicial to the state, or of its having been acquired by rapacity; but, on the contrary, it was confessed that, as to all the large and important houses, religion was right well observed, and works of charity and piety duly performed; and in the statute suppressing them, no allusion is made to any other ground for it than the "surrenders" extorted from the unfortunate abbots by the threat, and in many instances the execution, of the most cruel death. Hence, it is apparent that in the reign of Henry VIII. much the same course was pursued as in the reign of Henry I.; that is, a course of plain, open, lawless rapacity, with no paltry pretences to justification or palliation. They had not yet arrived at such hypocrisy as to profess to reconcile rapacity with piety, and put on record solemn apologies or pleas for confiscation on the score of conscience. Rapid, however, was the corrupting process of heresy, and they had reached this pitch of hypocrisy in the reign of Edward VI. when the later laws of spoliation were passed, and the so-called "statute of superstitious uses" was enacted, which has ever since rendered masses or prayers for the repose of the souls of the faithful departed illegal. Up to that time the Church had been plundered against the law; now it was to be robbed by the law. This is the second era in the history of Robberies of Religion.

The first effect of the sacrilegious spoliations of the Reformation was a decline and decay of the virtue of charity; and it is curious to remark how rapidly this was experienced, and in what way the legislature displayed their sense of it. With the suppression of religious houses of course took place that

which was partly the cause and partly the effect of this atrocious measure—a disappearance of that spirit of religion at which these institutions aim; and thus, the necessary consequence was, not merely the destruction of the fruits of charity which the piety of past ages had accumulated, but of the tree from which they sprung, and of which the very life and sap were now poisoned or withdrawn. It was not merely that the sweet streams of charity were polluted or diverted, but the very source was dried up, and the fountains of pure faith and piety, whence alone they could flow, were sealed to this unhappy country. The very first result was an act of parliament which speaks volumes—the act of Henry VIII., passed in the year 1540—allowing, for the first time in the history of this country, liberty to devise land by last will. Why should such an act have been wanted within a few years of the commencement of the fell career of confiscation and spoliation? The reason is obvious: it was to enable spoliators to make upon their death-beds a restitution they shrank from making in their life-time, and yet durst not meet their Maker without making,—restitution of plundered Church property. Such was the secret and motive of the first “Statute of Wills,” and such the origin of that system of death-bed bequests which was the result of Protestantism—the only substitute it could supply to the magnificent charity of Catholicism. From that time, charity flowed chiefly in this comparatively inferior and often spurious channel; whereas before the Reformation, the cases are rare of religious or charitable foundations or endowments by last will. No! in the ages of faith men had charity enough to give up their lands while they lived; it was reserved for Protestantism so to rob men of the grace as to make them resort to the miserable refuge of leaving it when they could no longer enjoy it, and were compelled to relinquish it!

Of course, so far as religious houses were concerned, there was no chance of any scope for the statutes of mortmain. Men were not likely to give to the Church their property; who had connived at the confiscation of her own. And so had the appetite for plunder been whetted by the distribution of Church property, which was rapidly, by sales and otherwise, divided by the upper and middle classes, that in the reign of Mary, notwithstanding the personal disposition of the sovereign, the nation, especially the “great men” who had profited by the plunder, were not at all disposed to relinquish their sacrilegious spoils; so that the queen, the cardinal, and the clergy were fain, in their anxiety to have the kingdom reconciled to the Holy See, to dispense with the duty of

restitution. All that could be done was to introduce an enactment allowing, for twenty years, any persons to give lands to spiritual persons or bodies corporate ecclesiastical: "forasmuch as after the reconciliation of this noble realm to the body of Christ's Church, it is to be trusted that by the abundance of God's mercy and grace devotion shall increase and grow in the hearts of many, with desire to give their worldly possessions for the resuscitating of alms, prayer, and example of good life in this realm." How far these anticipations were realised under protection of this act, or how far those who had declined to make restitution were likely to be very liberal in almsgiving, must be matter somewhat of speculation; since, in four years, a Protestant sovereign again ascended the throne; all which had been done was undone, and the country once more reduced to a state of schism; even the Church property which the late queen had, of that which yet remained in the possession of the crown, relinquished, being reconsecrated and revested in the sovereign. Of course the statutes of mortmain were revived; but how unnecessarily, and how much more prone men had become to diminish the property of the Church than to increase it, is significantly shewn by several statutes passed at this period. Thus, in 1570, an act recited that "divers ecclesiastical persons, being endowed with ancient palaces and edifices belonging to these ecclesiastical benefices, have of late not only suffered the same to run to great ruin and decay, and in some part utterly to fall down, converting the timber, lead, and stones to their own benefit, but have also made deeds of gifts and colorable alienations, to the intent to defeat and defraud their successors" (just as some of the abbots had done in "surrendering" their houses to Henry VIII.), "to the great defacing of the ecclesiastical estate;" then it is enacted that such things shall not be; they were too shameful—the doings of the Protestant prelates—even for the court and parliament of Queen Elizabeth! So now an act is passed to prevent those infamous alienations of Church property, which had first been made under some species of compulsion to the Crown, and were now—the prelates profiting by the example of the prince—made for the private pecuniary advantage of the episcopal persons interested! It is a pity such a statute had not passed earlier!

In 1572 an act was passed, reciting that "divers charitable persons have given lands to hospitals for the relief of the poor; and it is hoped that many more hereafter will charitably give; and many of such gifts have been and are likely to be made by last wills of the givers;" and then the act

cures any defects in such gifts arising from want of counsel. This is a distinct recognition by the Protestant parliament that the charity of Protestantism was principally of the death-bed order, and an obvious attempt to stimulate this spurious species of charity to the utmost.

In 1597 another act was passed quite as significant in another way. It recites that her Majesty "much affects the good success of good and charitable works," especially for the provision of houses of correction, or abiding houses, or hospitals; and enacts that all persons may found or endow such houses; and for that purpose the statutes of mortmain are dispensed with, the donors are enabled to constitute the hospitals, &c. corporations, with perpetual succession, and empowered to hold lands.

It is plain that the government having found the country very much the worse for the suppression of the monasteries, and perplexed how to provide for the poor, was well pleased to permit private persons to erect establishments of any kind for that purpose; and, it will be perceived, parliament was not at all particular—houses of correction, hospitals, or "abiding-places," any thing just to take the charge of the poor from the state.

The next statute on the subject is still more significant. It was in 1601, and recites that the lands given for such charitable purposes had not been employed according to the charitable intent of the givers thereof (alas! a common case in Protestant England for these three centuries, as many millions of souls now in hell can testify!) "by reason of frauds, breaches of trust, and negligence." And then commissioners of charitable trusts are appointed, with powers, not only to decree to charitable uses any property already dedicated thereto, but to legalise for such uses dispositions by last will so defective as at common law to be void! Accordingly, under this act, Lord Bacon held an attempted devise of lands to charitable uses by last will to be good, which by the common rules of law was utterly ineffective for any purpose. So driven was Protestantism to depend on death-bed charity!

It is curious to observe, that as of course the natural effect of such an act* would be to empower the commissioners to

* The act originally was not intended to include *religious* charities, such as legacies for the support of clergymen or chapels, though ultimately it was construed so as to comprise them. The act in this respect marks an era in the history of charity. Hitherto it had been essentially religious. Sir Francis Moore, the author and expositor of this celebrated statute, says, in his "Exposition," with satirical simplicity, "A gift of lands to maintain a chaplain or minister, to

set aside the transfers of the lands of religious houses, a special clause is inserted "that the act shall not extend to any lands conveyed to the crown by act of parliament, surrender, or otherwise, in or since the reign of Henry VIII.;" a most significant admission, by a Protestant parliament, that those transfers, and the transactions connected with the suppression of the religious houses, were, in law, fraudulent and sacrilegious. Under this state of the law, almost all the charitable foundations, from the Reformation until the Revolution, were by last will. This, of course, was better than not having them at all, and so the legislature and the lawyers of the Elizabethan age thought, who were half Catholic, and considered charity a duty better done late than not at all, and recognised the obligation of restitution; and therefore, —although they knew the people had lost the grace to give while they could enjoy, because they had lost the religion which alone could impart the spirit of self-sacrifice,—at all events, they encouraged them to give while they had the power; and when they found to fail the charity of the living, appealed, at least, to the charity of the dying. Hence Lord Coke, who did not like the statute of wills allowing persons to leave land by last will, had no objection to it so far as charitable bequests were concerned; and hence Swinborne, who wrote his celebrated book on wills in 1590, although entering at length and largely into all questions as to invalidity of dying depositions, makes no allusions to any particular need of precautions or restrictions in cases of charitable bequests; and when enumerating cases of "undue influence," as likely to be exercised on a testator, though he mentions the "physitian or the wife," &c., does not mention a minister of religion.* Yet the Common Prayer Book now

celebrate Divine Service is not within the statute, for it was of purpose omitted in the penning of the act, lest the gifts intended to be employed upon purposes grounded on charity might, in change of times, contrary to the minds of the givers, be confiscated into the King's treasury; for religion being variable, according to the pleasure of succeeding princes, that which at one time is held for orthodox may at another be counted superstitious, and then such lands are confiscated: as appears by the statute of charities, 1 Edward VI."

* "It is not unlawful for a man, by honest intercession and modest persuasion, to procure himself to be made executor; neither is it altogether unlawful for a man, even with fair and flattering speeches, to move the testator to give him his goods, except where unto flattery is joined deceit, &c., or the testator is a person of weak judgment, and easy to be persuaded, and the legacy is great; or when the testator is under the government of the persuader, and in his danger. And therefore if the physitian, during the time of sickness, be instant with the testator to make him executor or give him his goods, the testament is not good; for the law presumeth that the testator did it lest the physitian should forsake him or not urgently cure him. So it is if the testator, being sick, his wife neglect to help him, or to provide remedy for the recovery of his health, and nevertheless in the mean time busily apply him with sweet and flattering speeches to bestow his

directed the curate to “admonish the sick man to make his last will, and earnestly to move him to be liberal to the poor;”* of which, of course, Swinborne was well aware. And the number of charitable bequests must have been enormous, and the practice of making them very prevalent, because by far the larger portion of the charitable endowments of that age, as already alluded to, were by last will. In truth, the lawyers and lawgivers of that age were well aware, that if undue influence were ever exercised upon testators, it would be far likelier to be exerted for self than for charity; and no trace can be found at this age of any special jealousy of undue influence in favour of charity; on the contrary, it is clear that the idea would then have been repudiated as an absurdity.

Hence, when in the reign of Charles II. the rapid spread of perjury (one of the sweet first-fruits of Protestantism) occasioned the “Statute of Frauds and Perjuries,” requiring writing, signed by the testator, to constitute a valid will or declaration of trust, this, like all other previous statutes on the subject, applied equally to all wills, whether in favour of charity or not; and up to the Revolution no law had been passed imposing particular restrictions upon charitable bequests; on the contrary, many laws had been passed in their favour; all which then existed.

These laws, however, only applied to Protestant charities; Catholic charities were of course proscribed with the religion out of which they rose. And, indeed, at this period Catholics could not hold land for any purpose. In 1605, in the reign of James I., heirs forfeited their lands by going abroad for education. In 1700, in the reign of William III., after the “happy and glorious” Revolution, when a lawful monarch had been expelled from the throne because he had “exercised arbitrary power” (*i.e.* in dispensing with the penal laws), and all this had been done for the sake of liberty, an act passed for the “further preventing the growth of popery,” disabling papists from taking or holding land unless, before the age of eighteen, they apostatised from their religion!—the reason for which exception was stated by one of the lord chancellors of that age to be, that it was hoped it might produce conformity in those who were yet young; whereas for those who had attained mature age, it was deemed useless to make the attempt. And the reason of the act was likewise explained on the same high authority to be, to pre-

goods upon her. Or, again, when the persuader is very importunate; and it is an impudent thing to *gripe and cry upon the testator.*—*Swinborne on Wills*, part vii. sec. 4.

* Visitation of the Sick.

vent the Catholic nobility and gentry from harbouring Catholic priests—the way in which their religion was maintained during those dark days of persecution.

This act was cruelly enforced to the disherison of all Catholic heirs who did not choose to apostatise;* and of course, while Catholics could not hold land for any purpose, there could, by law, be no Catholic charities; so far as law could go, they were proscribed.†

It is instructive to observe, that the very lawgivers who proscribed Catholicity were unfavourable, as if by infallible instinct, to charity. And the legislators who suppressed Catholic charities discouraged the Protestant. Thus, in 1710, Lord Chancellor Cowper, who declared that the act of Elizabeth had been carried too far in favour of Protestant charities, pronounced a decision, the first of a series, calculated to restrain and narrow it, and reversed the decision of Lord Bacon allowing a will to take effect for charitable uses which was void by the common rules of law. The only effect of this,

* The cases on it are curious. See Mr. Finlason's forthcoming work on the History of the Laws affecting Charitable Bequests.

† The act, however, was evaded: a witness before the last Mortmain Committee explained *how*. There were three deeds. The first conveyed the property to a Protestant trustee. The second deed declares the trust of that deed to be, to pay the annual proceeds of the fund over to a (Catholic) trustee named; and then the Catholic trustee has in general a letter directing him to what particular objects the funds are to be given. The whole transaction being for Catholic purposes was void; and by the interposition of a Protestant trustee—in case a question arose in any court—he might be the party to defend the foundation. In one case the testator writes the letter of secret instructions thus: (the date is 1719) "Because in these evil times we cannot, without hazard of trouble and seizure, leave any alms to pious purposes by express deeds and declarations, nevertheless such religious legacies are beneficial to our souls, a charitable help to salvation, a necessary relief to poor Catholics, and a support to the ministers of Christ's Church, and therefore not to be omitted, but to be contrived with all possible secrecy—even from our trustees themselves—till convenient time, lest by inquiries and oaths they be obliged to forced discoveries. For these reasons I did not express my intentions to you, but have left this letter to declare my purposes, depending on your known friendship and honesty that you will cause them to be performed. By my deed poll, dated in the year 1714, I directed that certain sums therein expressed should be paid to the persons therein named, and the surplus of all my freehold and customary lands mentioned in the deed should be paid to my executors, to be disposed of by them in such manner as I, by note under my hand, should declare and appoint. And by my last will, dated in the year 1718, I made you and J. Atkinson (whose name is only used as a cover and protection) my executors and residuary legatees of all my personal estate, to be disposed of according to a note under my hand. Now, by this note or letter I disclose to you that it is my will, mind, and appointment, that all the sums mentioned in the deed shall be paid to the persons therein named; and that all the lands, and the products thereof, be for ever employed upon the maintenance of a priest of Douay College, to assist the poor Catholics in the parish of Kendal, and toward an alms, &c. And I request of you and your heirs that, with all due regard to conscience and our holy religion, you in the safest manner perpetuate these uses. This is the trust reposed in you, and recommended to your posterity and assigns, in the name of God."

however, was to place charitable bequests on the same footing as all others, whereas the act of Elizabeth had given them a more favourable position.

And so, when in 1697 the act* of William III. passed, indirectly to revive the restrictions of the law of mortmain, and to that extent to repeal the act of Elizabeth (which dispensed with that law in favour of charitable bequests), the course taken was by reviving the law of mortmain as to all corporate bodies; and so far from the act professing to be aimed entirely at charitable bodies, it was carried under cover of being in favour of charity, while in reality it was no doubt against it, and a perfect piece of legislative hypocrisy. It recites that it would be "a great hindrance to charitable works if persons were not permitted to found schools, &c. or augment the revenues of those already founded, by granting lands and tenements, &c."; and it enacts, that such foundations might hold lands in mortmain, on condition of procuring "the license of the Crown;" carefully concealing that by the act of Elizabeth they might hold lands without license. The result was of course to impose a new restriction upon charity. In the reign of Anne, however, the "Queen Anne's Bounty" act provided that persons might give land to be held in mortmain, to the corporation for the augmentation of the maintenance of ministers of the Church of England. But this act was no doubt a result of the half Catholic feelings of the daughter of James II. and perhaps of some vague ideas of reparation or restitution, and was viewed with aversion by the corrupt legislature of that age.

How corrupt it was, and how the suppression of "popery" had been accompanied, not only by the decay of charity, but the growth of iniquity, the language of the legislature and the records of history amply attest. The Protestant Smollett tells us that not merely men, but women and children, were immersed in the new vice of gin-drinking, introduced by the Dutchman, our "deliverer." All classes of people (the same authority informs us) were infected by the foul spirit of speculation and stock-jobbing; the middle classes were so devoid of principle or decency, that it is stated in the debates of the time, by friends of the Church, that the communion was systematically taken to qualify for office under the Test Act, by persons however sceptical or immoral; † inasmuch that it was the custom of the curates to desire the "act of parliament communicants" to receive by themselves, in order not to outrage too much the feelings of the few piously disposed! The upper classes were so corrupt, that both in the

* 7 and 8 Will. III.

† Debates in 1731. Speech of Sir W. Plumer.

plunder of the "Charitable Society," and in the frauds of that gigantic swindle the South-Sea Company, peers, privy-councillors, and members of parliament were implicated; and a shameless system of corruption so pervaded the legislature, that the premier was, in the reign of George II., openly charged on the floor of the House of Commons with purchasing votes; and himself declared, that he knew from experience that "all men had their price!" Such was the character of the age in which the first law passed aimed especially at charitable bequests, an age in which Bishop Newton wrote a book on prophecy, to repress the tendency to infidelity among the higher classes, and Bishop Butler declares it was deemed an indication of imbecility to avow a belief in revelation! Such were the results of the Reformation—such the blessed fruits reaped at the era of the Revolution!

Hitherto no law had passed directed against gifts or bequests for purposes of religion or charity. Let this fact be well remarked, the reproach was reserved for Protestantism, legislating against religion and charity; and the legislature were not ripe for such a policy until corrupted to the core, and the whole of society infected by scepticism, immorality, and irreligion. Up to this time the only laws passed drawing a distinction between gifts for charitable or religious uses and others, were in favour of the former. Thus, the laws of mortmain applied to all corporate bodies, and were dispensed with as to religious houses; so the "Statute of Wills" and the "Statute of Frauds" applied to all wills, whereas the acts of Elizabeth dispensed with the common law and statute law in favour of charitable bequests.

It was only Catholic charities which were proscribed, and on the plea of "superstition." No attempt had yet been made avowedly to restrain charity; yet virtually the principle was involved in the proscription of Catholicity. To proscribe the religion which gave rise to charity was, in reality, to proscribe charity; and the act against charitable bequests was a logical development of the penal laws. It was only a question of time. It required a certain period for Catholicity to die out of the land, and for Protestantism to realise its results. From the Reformation to the Revolution the change was in progress. At the Revolution it was completed. Previously to the Reformation charity was self-sacrificing, and exercised by the *living*; after the Reformation it was comparatively spurious, and exercised by the *dying*. A law was now to be passed, after the era of the Revolution, professedly to prevent the spurious charity, but really to discourage all charity, and as much as possible to prevent its being exercised at all. In

an age when there was no charity but that of the dying, to prohibit that was of course virtually to proscribe charity altogether. Certainly this species of charity was not the best; but the legislature of the Elizabethan age preferred the worst to none at all. The legislature of the Revolution age, on the contrary, preferred having no charity. The reason they hypocritically assigned was, that it was better to have the best; but they must have known that the way to procure it was not to discourage the worse. The real fact was, that parties had often left large property for charitable purposes: of course sometimes greatly to the disgust of the heirs or next of kin. The difficulty was how to prevent this without avowing the motive with which it was done—the profit of self to the prejudice of charity. This being so, the legislature proceeds, with some “craft and policy” (to quote one of the “godly statutes” of the Puritans) to endeavour to provide against this “mischief,” as they considered it. They entitled their act, “An act to prevent the inalienability of lands,” reciting first, that gifts or alienations of lands in mortmain (*i. e.* to corporations) are “restrained by wholesome laws” (of mortmain) as “prejudicial to the common utility,” and that this “public mischief” had of late greatly increased by many large and improvident alienations or dispositions made by languishing or dying persons, or by other persons, to uses called charitable uses, to take place after their deaths, to the disherison of their heirs.*

Now here we must point out, that the pretended “public mischief,” against which this act is directed, is not at all, as the legislature affect to assume, the same as that against which the “wholesome” laws, whose authority they appeal to, had been directed. The ancient acts of mortmain applied only to alienations to corporations; the modern act applies to alienations to private persons’ in trust. Moreover, the mortmain laws did not prevent the acquisition of lands by religious houses; but practically they operated only to impose a fine for alienation according to the feudal system. And further, the land held by religious houses was not on trust, and was not inalienable; whereas the whole scope of the new law was to apply to land held in trust, because it was inalienable. Again, the act professed to be for protection of heirs from disherison; whereas it applied equally where there were heirs or near relatives, and where there were not; and to crown all, it only applied to charitable bequests, leaving a man at liberty to disinherit his heirs for any other purpose, or for any other motive, however discreditable. In plain English, a man might,

* 9 Geo. II. c. 36. 1736.

under this act, leave all his land to a mistress or a cook, but none to an almshouse, a chapel, or a school! This betrays the real scope and secret purpose of the act. It was against testamentary dispositions (to take effect at death) for charitable uses. And why only aimed at those dispositions? Because the quality of charity had so degenerated that it was an object of disgust and contempt.

At the time of the passing of the act, one of the lords spoke of the "prevailing madness for perpetuating one's memory by leaving a large estate to a body politic," and went on to say: "If a man happens to fall into that delirious ambition of erecting a palace for beggars, and having his name engraved in gilded letters above a superb portico; or if he be desirous of having his statue set up in the area of any charitable place already erected, cannot he give some part of his estate in his lifetime for that purpose, and reserve a sufficient estate for supporting himself?"* Guy's hospital is here alluded to: one of a class of Protestant institutions erected not from charity so much as from vanity—sometimes (though seldom) with disregard of relations. Edinburgh is full of such institutions: "Chambers' hospital," "Donaldson's hospital," and so forth; obviously established to perpetuate the name, on the same principle as Allen's at Dulwich. But though no doubt the motive is paltry, the effect was salutary; and the very motive implies the non-existence of children or blood relations; so that the reason assigned for the new legislation—the spurious character of charity—was not altogether the motive of the act: it was rather the excuse, and served to conceal the real reason, which was, not so much disgust for spurious charity as a distaste for any charity. This is proved by the act itself. It prohibits all devises of land by last will for religious or charitable purposes, whether made under undue influence, or from improper motives or to the disregard of relations, or not, and only allows land, or money arising out of land, to be given for such purposes by deed executed and enrolled twelve months before death. One of the very first cases occurring under the act shewed its real policy. One Roger Troutbeck, an orphan sailor-boy, educated at a Wapping poor-school, went to the East Indies in 1719, and came back half a century afterwards immensely rich, dying in 1786 without any near relations that he was aware of, having outlived them all. He left his property with very praiseworthy feeling to endow schools at Wapping, in gratitude for the education he had received.

* The very thing the act prevented! But suppose he have no more than sufficient to support himself? and have (on the other hand) no heirs or near relations?

The property was in land, and under the act of George II. the legacy could not take effect. The relations were advertised for, and none appeared. The crown confiscated the property, and applied it to the erection of that royal folly, the Pavilion at Brighton, some time since got rid of, as too ridiculous and useless. After this, some descendants of a distant relative came forward and claimed the property, and litigation ensued with the crown, the result of which, whether it went one way or the other, must have been disgraceful to the country.

There was no pretence for the passing of such an act in any cases which had come before the courts of law or chancery. On the contrary, all the cases reported of wills obtained by undue influence were for the personal benefit of the party exerting the influence, and no case had transpired of any such means being used to obtain a bequest for charitable purposes. Thus, in 1654, it was held, that a will made by over-importunity of a wife, and merely to obtain quiet, was made by constraint, and not valid.* So, in 1688, where a woman, getting the ascendant over a young lady, made her swear to make a will giving her all her estate, and, when the will was made, got her to swear not to revoke it, Lord Chancellor Jeffries held it no will.† So, in 1711, it was held by Lord Chancellor Talbot, that a will made *in extremis* by importunity of a wife (who guided the pen) was invalid.‡ So in a case before Lord Chancellor Cowper, in 1715, where a stranger had got a will in favour of a mother revoked, and another made in his own favour. So in a similar case, 1727, in the reign of George I.§ Thus, up to the very time of the passing of the act of George II. in the year 1736, the records of the courts of law attested two things, that undue influence was usually exercised by persons for their own benefit, and that the common law of the realm, and the jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery, were sufficient to meet such cases without any new statute on the subject. And so after the act passed. Let it be observed that all these cases were Protestant cases; for Catholics could not hold lands at all, and of course could neither transfer nor take land by last will for any purposes, personal or charitable. Lord Hardwicke, under whose auspices it was principally that the act passed the House of Lords (where there was even in that degraded age a great opposition to it), was at that very time vigorously enforcing the "Popery acts," as they were called,—the laws of James I. and Wil-

* Held by Rolt, C. J., in a trial at bar. *Hacker v. Newborn*, Style's Reports.

† *Nelson v. Oldfield*, Vernon's Reports in Chancery.

‡ *Goss v. Tracy*, William's Reports. § *Bransby v. Kerriige*, Mss.

liam III.,—disabling Catholics from holding landed property. For he was a great hater of Popery himself (as all plunderers of religion are), and of what in our days would be called Puseyism; for he disallowed a bequest to teach chanting in a parish church. In plain truth, he was a Puritan; and the act was characterised by the sordid spirit and the inherent hypocrisy of Puritanism. Professing to be for the protection of relations from disinheritance, it applied only to charitable bequests, precisely the class as to which no cases of an improper character had occurred; while at the very same time the very same lawyers and legislators were engaged in enforcing and executing laws to disinherit Popish heirs, simply on account of their religion, and deciding cases which shewed that nefarious means were used, and pernicious influence exercised, not for charity, but for self. Thus, in 1754, a case came before Lord Hardwicke himself as chancellor, in which a gentleman had transferred his property to his footman. The gift was set aside by Lord Hardwicke, not under the act of George II., but under the common law rule, thus laid down by the court—that where either fraud has been used, or the gift be large and without apparent motive, so as to excite suspicion of undue influence, yet the court would set it aside.*

The reign of Elizabeth in every respect was the beginning of a new era in the history of charitable trusts; an era ending with the reign of George I. From the accession of Elizabeth the predominant feeling of the country was in favour of charity, using that term in the Protestant sense. The Church, the crown, the legislature, the people, and the lawyers, gave every kind of encouragement to pious purposes, by facilitating death-bed bequests, the only manifestations of charity of which Protestants were found capable,—all very well so far as it went, of course, at all events for the objects of the charity; as to the donors and the testators, that was quite another affair, and it will not do to examine too curiously: we merely say, better late than never; better tardy charity than none at all. Those who defer charity till they are dying shew little of the grace; but those who would prevent them doing it then, shew still less, and add hypocrisy to want of charity. Yet this act was construed by the courts most harshly against charities. Sir F. Palgrave says: * “The act of Elizabeth received a large and liberal interpretation in favour of charities. The act of George II. struck a blow at charities, and has been construed strictly against charities, in the letter and not in what is to be conceived the spirit of the statute, and for the purpose of repressing charities; there have been

* Evidence before Committee of 1844.

decisions against the spirit and even against the letter of the act."

What were the topics urged in the legislature in favour of this measure? All anti-catholic, and therefore anti-christian. The debate in the Lords is truly instructive. The legislature of the Reformation had robbed the religious houses of their property; the legislature of the Revolution, far more cruel, tried to traduce their character, and added calumny to robbery. Nothing could exceed the vulgarity and malignity of the imputations which noble lords were not ashamed to cast upon the monastic institutions which had given to England all that was really valuable; her Church, her crown, her realm, her liturgy, her liberty, her laws, her literature, her cathedrals, her colleges, her charities, and her schools. True descendants of the courtiers of Henry VIII., who had divided the spoils of religious houses, the courtiers of George II., with odious union of hypocrisy and mendacity, sought to veil or varnish over their iniquity. Like them of old of whom our Lord spake with such crushing severity, their fathers killed the prophets, and they themselves heaped upon their sepulchres all the odium that hatred could accumulate or malice could invent, such hatred as the robbers bear the robbed, such malice as the murderer feels for his victim! Not one of those "noble" slanderers and plunderers but had his estate enlarged by some of the lands of the religious houses they traduced; yet one of them had the impudence to speak of the rapacity of the popish clergy! The rapacity of the robbed spoken of by the robbers! And then, with the unconscious inconsistency with which the blind mendacity of malice betrays itself, he said: "It was a fortunate thing for their lordships, that the power of devising land by last will had not been given in popish times, or they would probably hardly have had any land by this time in the hands of laymen;" while in the same breath he spoke of the monasteries as having been for ages maintained by the "terrors of dying men." Why, was this nobleman so ignorant as not to know that the religious houses were all founded, and for the most part if not entirely endowed by gift, not by last will? His mendacity was as ignorant as it was malignant; or rather relied upon the ignorance ever accompanying prejudice. Its object was to increase this prejudice, and under cover of the bigoted and besotted animosity against Popery which prevailed among a nation whose very statesmen were swindlers, and whose legislature was as disgraced by bribery as bigotry, to carry a measure against charity. Hence Lord Hardwicke talked of "clergymen of the Church of England watching the beds of

dying men as eagerly as ever friars or monks did in the darkest days of popery:" (pretty times those to talk of dark days! darkness not of Catholicism, but of atheism, then hung over this unhappy land!) but he need not have been alarmed, or rather his alarm took as much the wrong direction as to his own clergy as it was wholly illusory with regard to the Catholic clergy. No case had ever arisen, nor has hitherto arisen, of any Protestant minister watching death-beds, or eagerly procuring dispositions of property *for the benefit of charity*. Such cases as have arisen of "spiritual influence" on the part of Protestant ministers, have been cases in which the "spiritual influence" was by no means exerted for spiritual purposes, but for purposes purely selfish, private, and personal, and for the sake of no religion but what Sir A. Cockburn called the religion of the breeches-pocket!

Let us give a specimen or two, just in order to appreciate poor Lord Hardwicke's hypocritical simulations of alarm. In 1764 occurred a case which the chancellor (Lord Henley) who decided it expressly said was the first that had come into a court of justice, of any influence being exercised by a minister of religion. A hypocritical methodistical rascal wrote to a weak-minded lady in this strain: "Though unknown to you in the flesh, from the report I have of you I make bold to address you as a fellow-member of that consecrated body wherein the fulness of the Godhead dwells." The sequel may be suspected from the style of the commencement; and, without transcribing any more of the blasphemous stuff the wretch wrote, suffice it to say, that he shortly contrived to swindle the poor lady out of a large property by deed of gift, which the chancellor with great alacrity set aside as fraudulent, observing with great gusto, "His counsel tried to shelter him under the denomination of an Independent preacher; I have endeavoured by my decree to spoil his independency!"* This case clearly shews two things;—that weak people are as likely to be imposed upon when living as when dying, and that parties are likely to impose upon them rather for their own sakes than for charity.

So in another similar case occurring before Lord Eldon at the commencement of the present century,† in which a clergyman of the Church of England was concerned, this "spiritual influence" was exercised for purposes not charitable but personal, and the reverend gentleman got the property for himself.

It was not until about this time, at the close of the last century, that the popish acts of James I. and William III. pro-

* *Norton v. Reilly*, Eden's Reports.

† *Hazleman v. Bazeley*, 14 Vesey's Reports.

hibiting papists from possessing lands were repealed; and even when they were repealed the courts took care that the repeal should be no good to Catholic charity; for Sir William Grant decided that even a legacy for a Catholic school was illegal,* as "contrary to the policy of the law," a clear confession on the part of that celebrated judge that the policy of Protestantism was persecution. And if the power of prejudice was so great over a mind like his, what must it have been upon those inferior minds which compose the mass of society! This prejudice was kept up by the mendacious misrepresentations of all legal and historical writers after the Revolution, and the tone of all text-books was the same as that of the discreditable debate on the law against charity in the "dark days" of George II.

It is curious to observe the way in which, with servile fidelity, each succeeding Protestant writer copied the falsehoods of the preceding. Thus, in 1756, Lord Chief Baron Gilbert, a "great gun" among lawyers, writing his treatise on wills, indited the following passage, which of itself is enough to stamp with equal infamy the man who wrote it, and the age in which it was received as truth: "The law did not allow of devises of land until the invention of uses, which were first found out by the clergy to evade the statutes of mortmain," [which the reader has already learnt were dispensed with in favour of the clergy on payment of a fine, so that there was no necessity for evasion]; "for when those acts prohibited them from making any further purchases of land," [which was not prohibited,] "they introduced the distinction between the use and the property; and as they generally sat in chancery, where these uses were solely cognisable, they suffered them to be disposed of by will, rightly judging that men are most liberal when they can enjoy their possessions no longer, and therefore at their death would choose to dispose of them to those who only could promise them happiness in another world." It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader, that the vast majority of religious houses were founded in Saxon or early Norman times, centuries before "uses" were introduced, and when the law did not allow of alienation of land by last will, and were in fact founded not by last will but by gift. What will the reader say, however, when he finds the passage copied almost literally into Blackstone's *Commentaries*, published about ten years afterwards, and thence re-copied into all following editions down to the present day, in which we have seen those precise expressions made use of in a leading article in the leading newspaper! What an

* *Cury v. Abbott.*

illustration of the traditions of Protestantism, by which its blind prejudice against Catholicism is kept up! In the face of all history, Blackstone, and all his copyists, talk of the mortmain laws as passed to restrain the rapacity of the clergy, and prevent the lands of England from being "swallowed up!" the simple truth being, that they did not prevent a single acre of land passing to the Church, and most certainly could not have been passed with that intention, seeing that they only applied to alienations of feudal lands to corporate bodies, and only imposed a fine on the alienation, and did not interfere at all with alienations to persons not incorporate in trust for religious purposes!

However, from the Revolution until 1790, Catholics could not possess land at all, and then the penal laws were construed to prevent them holding land for religious purposes. It was not until after 1829 that these penal laws were repealed; and the act called "O'Connell's Act," passed in 1831, was one of the first-fruits of emancipation and reform, legalising the acquisition of land for Catholic religious purposes. This was, however, subject to the act of George II. against testamentary dispositions of land for religious purposes, and only allowing other dispositions by deed enrolled; and it was also subject to the statute of superstitious uses, which, it was soon found, rendered endowment in most Catholic cases impracticable, and consequently dispositions of land avowedly for such purposes unlawful.

In 1835 occurred a case before the late Lord Cottenham, illustrating the position in which the law still placed Catholic charities.* A lady had left property in trust to Sir Henry Lawson and Mr. Simon Scroope, the defendant being executor. With her will she left a testamentary paper, leaving out of this property legacies to different Catholic priests and chapels; adding, "whatever I have left to priests or chapels, it is my wish and desire that the sums may be paid as soon as possible, that I may have the benefit of their prayers and masses." And by a letter of the same date, addressed to her trustees, she expressed her confidence that they would appropriate the property in the manner most consonant to her wishes, for the benefit of the priests' prayers for the repose of her soul. Part of the property was connected with land, and was confiscated under the act of George II., prohibiting any disposition of such property by will for religious or charitable purposes; and the rest was confiscated (except a small portion left for schools) under the statute of "superstitious uses;" Lord Cottenham saying "the sums given to the priests and chapels were not intended for the benefit of the

* *Weal v. Shuttleworth*, 2 Mylne and Keen's Reports.

priests personally, or for the support of the chapels, but for the benefit of the prayers for the repose of the testatrix's soul,"—as if they could not have been for both objects! Such a decision could scarcely be satisfactory, and was not so, any more than the decision of Sir W. Grant in 1807. And as the one was not defended by such Protestants as the late Lord Langdale and Mr. Bethell,* the other has been denounced by such a Catholic as Mr. Anstey.† In 1841, however, occurred a case still more strikingly illustrating the difficulty in which the law placed Catholic dispositions of real property for charitable or religious purposes. This was the celebrated Brindle will case, of which the following is the substance:—A Catholic gentleman of large property, named Heatley, had for his nearest relatives two nieces, each of whom had 10,000*l.* in her own right, and for his confessor a certain priest named Sherburne. In his lifetime he bought an estate and conveyed it to Mr. Sherburne, remaining in possession during his life, and furnished Mr. Sherburne with the money to buy another estate, likewise receiving the rents during his lifetime; the object of both these arrangements being to evade the act of George II., which prevents a party from disposing of land for charitable purposes, reserving a life-interest to himself. By his will, Mr. Heatley left 6000*l.* to each of his nieces, with the Brindle estate, a farm, and some other property, and left the rest of his property to Mr. Sherburne absolutely, as if for his own benefit; leaving at the same time secret instructions, not legally testamentary, but purely of spiritual obligation, desiring legacies to be paid to Dr. Youens and other priests, and certain religious purposes to be provided for. One would have thought that the nieces might well have been satisfied, and have hoped that the Protestant penal laws might have been defeated. But one of the nieces had married a person named Eastwood, and he was not satisfied; and, although a Catholic, caused a bill in equity to be filed to set aside all the deeds and the will, either under the act of George II. against charitable testamentary dispositions, or the act of Edward VI., the so-called statute of superstitious uses, or lastly, as obtained "by undue spiritual influence." The case came before the court (Equity of Exchequer) at first upon the latter point; and the Lord Chief-Baron, the late Lord Abinger, said, truly enough, "every man makes his will under some influence. In the case of General Yorke, who left his property to his groom, Mr. Justice Chambre, the best lawyer of his day, said he 'hardly knew what undue influence was.'" Lord Abinger,

* See their argument in *West v. Shuttleworth*, 2 M. and K.

† See Evidence of 1851.]

however, soon found a definition of it to suit the case; his powerful mind, though superior to ignorance, was yet not proof against prejudice; and the practical result of his ruling of the law was, that undue influence was the influence of a popish priest; for he soon after said, "certainly a confessor has the highest species of influence, and it may be fraudulently used." So may a coachman's, as the case he had just cited shewed. Yet his prejudice was such, that the case of the confessor he looked at with peculiar suspicion; and subsequently he said, "I can easily conceive a case" (no doubt he might conceive any kind of case; but why should he have troubled himself to conceive this particular case?) "of a man even of strong mind being under the influence of such a superstitious terror, as that he might think it necessary for his salvation that he should give all his money to his priest or confessor" (Lord Abinger must have had a marvellously queer notion of the Catholic religion, and was clearly under superstitious terror, of the Catholic Church); "and if that were established, and a jury found such a degree of delusion as to deprive the man of the exercise of his free judgment, it would destroy the will." That was establishing rather a dangerous test: an ignorant Protestant jury, or even a jury not ignorant but under the undue influence of the prejudices and the superstitious terrors which obviously perverted poor Lord Abinger's mind, might imagine it a delusion in a testator to suppose that he was under any obligation to make restitution (letting alone any duty of charity); and most assuredly would consider a legacy for masses or prayers as superstitious, as the law indeed declares it. And this was the very reason for the property being left to the priest absolutely, without the declaration of trust which in the preceding case had enabled Lord Cottenham to confiscate the bequests. This put the priest in a dilemma, which Lord Abinger used most disingenuously. The spiritual trusts were secret; the bequest was legally personal; if the trusts were religious, they were illegal as superstitious; if there were no trusts, the bequest was obtained by the priest's undue influence for his own benefit. Under such unfavourable circumstances, and invested beforehand with as much as possible of prejudice, the case went to trial at Liverpool, happily before a just judge, Mr. Baron Rolfe, the present Lord Cranworth. The plaintiff's case was gone through under the auspices of his advocate, the late lamented Sir William Follett, who "went down special" for the occasion, and exhibited all his matchless ability and his unrivalled skill. The case for Mr. Sherburne was then opened by the leader of the circuit, the present Mr. Justice Creswell,

in a speech of twelve hours' length; and he was proceeding with the evidence, when Sir W. Follett, for the plaintiff, proposed a compromise, which was speedily assented to, Sir William distinctly withdrawing all imputation as to the validity of the will, and the judge emphatically declaring, "If such a will could be set aside, no man's will would be safe;" the compromise only being agreed to by Mr. Sherburne under pressure of that dilemma in which he was placed by the law of George II. on the one hand, and the "statute of superstitious uses" on the other.

Such was the state of the law when, in 1844, the first mortmain committee was appointed, the result of whose inquiries was overwhelmingly against the law restraining testamentary dispositions for pious purposes, but whose opinions were so far influenced by the anti-catholic prejudices in which it originated, that they could not concur in a report recommending its repeal, and with flagrant injustice tried to foster these prejudices by getting up cases of Catholic wills in which undue clerical influence was charged. Irrespective of the falsehood of these imputations, it is a very remarkable fact that whereas in all Protestant cases the influence is always exercised for self, in Catholic cases it is for charity. In truth, however, there was no foundation for these imputations and suspicions, and the solitary case adduced was that just described, in which the plaintiff's counsel and the Protestant judge had emphatically exonerated the priest; yet so impervious is prejudice to conviction, that the committee were not satisfied, but ripped up the case again, and actually perpetrated the injustice of allowing Eastwood, the defeated suitor, to come before them, and, unsworn, to repeat the calumnious imputations he had by his counsel solemnly withdrawn in open court, and which were contradicted by evidence given under the obligation of an oath! and all this unsworn scandalous matter was published by the committee with a sort of semi-apology for the iniquity!

The object of most of those men who favoured the repeal of the law of George II. as respects Protestants, was to support the prejudices which such writers as Blackstone had created and kept up about the "rapacity of the popish clergy," and the danger of death-bed bequests for pious purposes, in order to justify a retention of the law as regards Catholics. The result of the evidence, however, was quite the reverse; but it was casually elicited, not only that the law was evaded as to landed property, to which alone the act of George II. applies, but as to personal property, to which the statute of superstitious uses as much applies as to realty; and the means by which this was effected were discovered to be

the system of secret spiritual trusts. Hence arose a desire on the part of the more malignant Protestants, haters equally of Catholicity and charity, to devise excuses for extending the law against charitable testamentary dispositions to personalty, and to do away with the system of spiritual trusts which has formed the protection of Catholics against that law and the statute of superstitious uses. Those who had these objects eagerly seized the opportunity of the excitement about papal aggression, and got a committee to consider the whole subject, with the secret purpose of aiding this object by fostering the popular prejudices already referred to. For this purpose the case of Carie was laid hold of in England, and the nephew of the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin did his utmost to hunt out cases from the registry of uncle Whately to cast obloquy on the Catholic priesthood. All, however, miserably failed. The cases of nephew Wale signally miscarried: the case of Carie was simply a case of a man having 10,000*l.*, leaving 7000*l.* to the schools of a chapel, and 3000*l.* to his relatives, who, he said, cared not a straw about him; and not one case was discovered in which a Catholic testator had disregarded the reasonable claims of relations!

The conduct of the mortmain committee and the case of Carie cannot be entered upon. Our present article concerns only the robberies perpetrated by Protestant law upon religion and charity; and we have shewn that this law presses chiefly upon Catholic charities, while Catholic cases are exactly those in which there is no necessity for such a law.

CONVOCAATION AT LAST.

CONVOCAATION has met; and for the first time for some century and a half, the primate has not taken up his hat, as Cromwell did "that bauble," and dissolved the assembly. It meets in good earnest; it sits, it adjourns, it sits again. Seldom has there been a more momentous gathering of prelates, dignitaries, stirring archdeacons, and substantial incumbents. All the proceedings wear an imposing face of business, and members are evidently bent upon doing something at last. True it is, that a hundred and ninety-six clergymen of the diocese of Winchester, seventy-seven clergymen of the diocese of Gloucester, and the president and fellows of Sion College, have sent in petitions "against the revival of the active powers of Convocation." So that "to be, or not to be," is with some still

“the question; and whether it is nobler” in the Church of England—but we have not space for the rest of her soliloquy. Neither will we linger over the extraordinary—*apotheosis*, shall we call it, or travesty of a beatification?—of the Duke, which signalled the Latin sermon in St. Paul’s, when the preacher narrowly escaped invoking the shade of the mighty dead to inspire the assembly with a freedom from party zeal. We are firmly persuaded that, whatever may be the current tradition or pervading spirit of the Anglican body, there are at least many amongst them whose breasts swelled with indignation at such an exhibition of paganism in cassock and bands. Let us look rather on the bright side of things. In the Lower House, several estimable persons, whose sayings and doings can never be a matter of indifference to us, are working with a concentrated energy and an occasional half-conscious touch of alarm at their own proceedings, which reminds us forcibly of the Irishman in one of Hogarth’s pictures, sawing through the sign-post upon which he himself is seated. In vain does Archdeacon Garbett express fears which bishops and other sober-minded persons have expressed before him. They will not hear; and none are so deaf, says the proverb. So the Jerusalem Chamber, which once, by an unexpected turn of events, witnessed the death of a king, may haply—unless the strong arm of the state interfere to take away the razor—witness the suicide of a distracted communion.

Here, then, is reached the grand climacteric, the turn and crisis in the lingering life of the Establishment, so fondly anticipated by earnest but inconclusive minds. “Give us Convocation,” they have said for the last five years and more, and latterly their cry has grown louder and more loud; “Give us Convocation in default of a more canonical Church synod; let primate, bishops, and priests meet and declare, and we are then rid of our hopes or fears for ever. We shall know where we are standing, and what lies before us. Let the Church in Convocation decide upon baptism, the Eucharistic Presence, and points subordinate and leading to these. Either she decides right, and we dismiss as treasons and temptations all our inward misgivings of her Catholic character; or she decides wrong, and we have thenceforth no part or lot in her. She has proved faithless to herself and to the original deposit of belief, and can claim from us no allegiance. Our tents are struck over our heads; we find ourselves suddenly on the barren sands of the wilderness, and must seek a home without delay.” Most strange infatuation, that men of learning and of talent should have used such language as this, and not have recognised the

ignoratio elenchi which it involves; for surely the question is, not what shall, may, or can be done in the nineteenth century, but what *was* done in the sixteenth. It is not whether at this time of day, after manifold experience of the tendencies of conflicting schools of opinion, the Establishment shall make her final election in the dilemma before her; not, whether she shall re-assert a doctrine once declared, and now successfully questioned, define without equivocation points left obscure from her first beginning, and frame new assertions of doctrine to meet the exigencies of the time; or whether she shall neglect the demands of a large and energetic faction to preserve the greater happiness of the greater number, and steer her accustomed well-trimmed course, the even tenor of her way, with the *ne quid nimis* (not even of truth) of the ancient sage, or the *via media* of her modern champions, while

“ Doctrine she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in *compromise* for ever.”

Such forecastings are altogether beside the mark. The question is, not what the Establishment is going to *do*, but what she *is* who does it. She may yet do more than we ever expect to see her do. She might attain to the ritual solemnity of the Swedish Protestant body, the Catholicism at second-hand of the Irvingite communion-office, the dogmatic tenacity of the old high Lutherans, and the energetic missionary zeal of the Herrnhutters. We think all this very improbable; we are convinced that she is as incapable as water is, of rising permanently above her level. You may apply a force-pump, and produce a vast deal of bubbling and spouting for the time, whether at Westminster or elsewhere. But the sound and fury signify nothing. Imposing appearances mock and foam, until you face them; and then, like Undine's impalpable kinsfolk, subside into placid streamlets, and leave the real thews and sinews of earth, the powerful substantial forms of Rationalism and lawless Unbelief, to hold on their way unmolested. But imagine it for a moment to be otherwise. Were the dominant persuasion of England as powerful to assert exclusive doctrine as she is manifestly impotent; had Henry of Exeter found his way to the Tower instead of firing blank cartridges from Bishopstowe, and signalised himself as a confessor instead of a pamphleteer; could we see the mass of country benefices held by George Herberts, the length and breadth of the land studded with communities of Nicholas Ferrars, and all the “signs of life” of which it has become the fashion to speak, overspreading the face of things:—still we should undauntedly “move the previous question.” Marvel we might, or speculate, or analyse with increased

curiosity the component parts of that ingenious machine of statecraft, whose golden cramps and silken bands have held it together (though not without attrition) these three hundred years: one thing we never could be,—disturbed in our conviction that what in its origin was earthly and human has not by this time become affiliated to a higher sphere. Nothing can come of nothing; and that which in its youthful and better days had no divine characteristics, has not acquired them in its decrepitude.

There is then, we say, a previous question, not depending upon individuals, or symptoms, or tardy concessions of the state, or turns in present events, however great and important. That question involves the following items, amongst others:

1. When, in 1559, Elizabeth issued a mandate to Barlow, Scorey, and the rest, for Parker's consecration, and in a saving clause supplied of her supreme royal authority whatever deficiency there might be according to the statutes of the realm, or the laws of the Church, either in the acts done by them, or in the person, state, or faculty of any of them, such being the necessity of the case and the urgency of the time; what remedy could that document afford to the defectiveness to which it significantly refers?

2. When, on the revision of the Prayer-Book in the reign of Charles II., the form of consecration was altered from its first unmeaning vagueness to one which, coupled with a Catholic intention, would have been sufficiently Catholic; what was the value of this *post-mortem* arrangement, seeing that the bishops who were to continue the supposed succession had themselves received imposition of hands under the defective form, and with an intention as defective? What was the subsequent act but a solemn avowal of the invalidity of the former?

3. Supposing that Parker and his successors were as truly bishops as St. Augustine and St. Anselm; what are their flocks the gainers, if they are pledged to heresies that contradict the original divine tradition of faith?

4. Supposing the Articles and Homilies to be repudiated by the united voice of the Anglican communion, her doctrine to be reformed on a true not a pseudo primitive model, and asceticism to flourish within her in the place of unmitigated self-indulgence; yet, if she be severed from the centre of unity, from the chair of St. Peter, what standing-ground has she which is not swept away by St. Augustine's reasoning against the Donatists?

These are some preliminary points which we would gladly see mooted in the Jerusalem Chamber. That the present

meeting of Convocation, like all similar discussions on a smaller scale, will drive them more and more home to the minds of thinking men, we cannot doubt. We fondly anticipate that some, now actively discussing points which, compared to those suggested, are as nothing, will pause in the labour of adding new pinnacles to their house till they have examined its foundations. It is here that we think some of them so inconsistent and forgetful of their former acts. Where, for example, are those sixteen hundred clergy who, some two years back, signed a document solemnly disowning the Royal supremacy in the sense which the crown lawyers (sensible men) had put upon it? Among all the *gravamina* and *reformanda* of Drs. Spry and Wordsworth, we look in vain for a syllable of this. Nay, the paper read by the former of these gentlemen, and which we conceive to mark out the line of subjects that the advocates for the revival of Convocation desire to discuss, whether in synod or committee, "began," says the *Times* report, "with acknowledging the supremacy of the Queen over all persons in all causes ecclesiastical as well as civil within her dominions." Was there no proctor then in the synod to represent those sixteen hundred signatures? Or were they *tantum ab illis Hectoribus mutati*?

We repeat it, the points proposed for discussion are utterly beside the mark. They come in well in the second place, but are meaningless in the first. Episcopal and pastoral extension? This is the cry of almost every Catholic country, certainly of every Catholic mission, in the world; but take care that they *are* true bishops and priests to begin with. Church education? Nothing better; provided you are secure of teaching your children the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The training of the clergy? *A fortiori*; for you there have to teach the teachers. Efficient means for clerical discipline? We do not under-rate the need; but the first preservative should be valid sacerdotal grace. A court of appeal? From what to what? From the Church-patronising State to the State-patronised Church? this is but transferring the guinea from one waistcoat-pocket to the other. A free ecclesiastical confirmation of bishops elect? This would be to establish a flaw in one of the most precious of the crown-jewels. The cathedral chapter commission? To meddle with that, "might," as Archdeacon Garbett rightly warns them, "easily draw the House into a direct conflict with the prerogative of the crown." Burial and other anomalies? Alas, by breaking the allegiance of unity, the Establishment has lost her hold upon the masses of her population. *Κακοῦ κόρακος κακὸν ὄόν*, the undutiful daughter is

punished in her children. Her efforts in foreign parts? "How shall they preach except they be sent?" Lastly, a little abuse, dignified or undignified (as it may happen), of "the See of Rome," is the *repetita crambe* of all such entertainments. Still, after all these ten points, together with the peroration, we come back to the old puzzle of the Hindu mythology. The earth, according to the Brahmins, is supported on the back of a primeval elephant. Good: and the elephant itself? The feet of the elephant rest upon the shell of an immeasurable tortoise. *Et puis*; the tortoise? Further deponent sayeth not. So here: Convocation decrees the necessity of Church extension. But on what rests the character of that Church which is to be extended? On the assertion of her catholicity by a few individuals within her, under the very guns of a whole battery of facts, past and present. And on what rest these assertions? We leave Courayer and Dr. Pusey to the mercies of the Hardouins and Le Quietus of a former century, and the Döllingers and Perrones of the present. When the fins of the tortoise have found any resting-place but the unsubstantial air, it will be time for that synod which is at present the voice of a non-existent Church, to define, to legislate, to decree extension and reform.

On one point, at least, it must be owned that Dr. Spry and those who think with him in the Lower House, together with Dr. Wilberforce in the Upper, take a bold line; namely, about the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy, and the consequent ignoring of the Established Church. And if blowing of trumpets could be admitted in proof of a righteous quarrel, we might well feel ourselves annihilated by the Marathonian blast which thus shatters the air: "Our Church (they say) in its corporate capacity ought now to have an opportunity of recording its solemn protest against that denial in the face of Christendom." It would be a sight to see, the *ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα* that would irradiate the face of Christendom on the issuing of such a protest! We chance to be acquainted with some of the features that compose that countenance. And what do these reverend gentlemen, in their soberer moods, imagine to be the conviction of the Catholic Churches of Austria with the rest of Germany, of France, Holland, the United States, together with the Greeks, united or schismatic, as to the existence or non-existence of their Anglican "sister"? A high-church friend of ours once returned in the best of spirits from a voyage among the Copts of Upper Egypt, because a deacon had incensed him, and (we believe) a bishop had gone far towards offering him communion: a story that sounded well enough until it appeared that the poor Copts were not only

sunk in ignorance, but even on Anglican shewing wrong in some essential particulars. We apprehend that the Coptic portion of Christendom will be the only one to preserve a decent gravity of countenance when the thunders of Convocation go abroad.

Let it not be thought, however, that we look upon this sitting of Convocation with feelings of regret; on the contrary, we hail it with the utmost joyfulness, because we are sure that it will result in more than is contemplated by Dr. Wilberforce,—“the heads of a bill to be submitted to Her Majesty.” It will go further than the correction of delinquent clerks. Such stirrings of great questions within the bosom of the Establishment are instruments in the Divine Hand for sending individual souls into the Catholic Church. How many are there now enjoying the blessings of faith and peace within her fold, who owe an infinite debt of gratitude to such men as Mr. Gorham and Dr. Sumner, Dr. Longley and Dr. Hook! Had the Anglican authorities uniformly pursued the tranquil policy of the elder Pharaohs, the men of whom we speak might have been in Egypt still. But argument and controversy in a sect must needs be a disintegrating process; and the deeper it works, the more surely will portions become detached from the mass, and the neighbour particles crumble in without filling the hollow. The only security for a body composed of such unassimilating elements, is to shut up all discordant questions together like a refractory jury, without food, fire, or candle, till they can tolerate one another, if not in spirit, yet enough for a compromise by way of verdict. Such has been, most wisely, the policy of the Anglican bench; but it is no longer possible to them. The late primate was accustomed simply to acknowledge communications addressed to him by individuals or bodies disquieted upon doctrine, and there to leave the matter. There was urbanity and discretion, but a most unsatisfactory negative blank, in this proceeding. It served the turn, however, and staved off collisions even of a lighter kind. His successor has fallen upon more evil days. Men are no longer content to ask questions vitally affecting them, and to put up with a courteous evasion in reply. The tottering throne of Lambeth must now submit to a grand review of its troops, steadfast or disaffected alike, since the majority insist on being reviewed, and is nervously alive to the possibility of a partial revolt, or the extermination of certain among its Janissaries. We watch the tumult from an eminence, thrilled with the consciousness of safety, but by no means without interest and sympathy for those engaged:

“ Non quia vexari quenquam est jucunda voluptas,
Sed quibus ipse malis careas quia cernere suave est.”

We shall look over with intense solicitude the returns of the killed and wounded. We are ready at any moment, like the friar in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, to run in upon a fight with which we have otherwise no concern, and afford to any “black Musgrave” of them all such aid as may be within our power. Or, rather, in the accident wards of that vast spiritual hospital in which the healing ministries of the Church Catholic are dispensed to all submitted to her treatment, we have ever a cot prepared, and lint and ointments in readiness, for such of the disabled combatants as can drag themselves out of the press, give up a lost cause, and think of their personal wounds in the encounter. Sabred within an inch of their lives, they may yet thankfully “live to fight another day” in the one only service in which they can hold a true commission.

THE FLIGHT OF THE POPE.

A true and authentic Account of the Flight of the Pope from Rome to Gaeta, on the 24th of November, 1848. By the Countess de Spaur, Wife of the Bavarian Minister in Rome.

A STORY is told of Sir Walter Raleigh, that having heard some eight or ten different versions of an accident which he had himself witnessed, he was almost persuaded to abandon his idea of writing the History of the World, from utter hopelessness of ever arriving at the truth about any thing. Something of the same feeling has often come over ourselves with reference to any history that we have yet read of the late Roman Revolution. We were present throughout the whole of it, excepting only the closing scene of the drama, the siege and its consequences; but we have read such different accounts of much that we ourselves saw, and such improbable accounts of what we did not see, that we have long since resigned ourselves to a state of vague uncertainty about many of its details. The following is at least an authentic account of one of the most remarkable of its incidents, about which there have been many contradictory rumours; and as we have reason to believe that it is new to many of our readers, we make no apology for presenting it to them. We translate and abridge it from a letter of the Countess de Spaur herself, published in the *Revue des Revues* of June 1852.

The first intimation which the Count de Spaur received of the difficult but most honourable enterprise which was to be entrusted to his care, was from the lips of Cardinal Antonelli on the 22d inst. The attack upon the Quirinal, and the proclamation of the ministry of Galletti, Sterbini, and their companions, had taken place on the evening of the 16th. On the 21st, our Holy Father received that touching relic of his predecessor Pope Pius VI., the pyx in which he had always borne the most holy Eucharist about him during the journeyings of his exile in France. It was now sent by the Bishop of Valence to Pope Pius IX., with a letter dated the 15th of October, in which he says that he offers him this simple but interesting relic, as being the heir of the name, the see, the virtues, and almost the tribulations of the great Pius VI., though he earnestly trusts that he will never have occasion to apply it to the same use. "Nevertheless," he adds, "who can tell the secret designs of God in the trials which his Providence permits your Holiness to experience?" The receipt of this letter seems very naturally to have had a powerful effect in causing his Holiness to decide upon a measure that had been already proposed to him, viz. that he should retire from his states; and accordingly, on the following day, the Cardinal Secretary of State communicated this intention to the Bavarian Minister, telling him that the Pope had come to the resolution of quitting Rome, *not* for the safety of his own person, which he would willingly have exposed to still greater dangers, but for the interest of the Apostolic See, and that in the difficult position in which he now found himself he should gladly receive the aid of a man of tried fidelity and devotion, such as the Count de Spaur. It appears that since the events of the 16th, the Count and Countess had not unfrequently, in private conversation, talked of the possibility of such a proposal as this; but now that it was brought home to her as an immediate prospect, the courage of the Countess gave way, and she was tempted for a moment to deter her husband from so serious and hazardous an undertaking. Seeing him resolved, however, she soon recovered, and applied herself to making the necessary preparations for the departure, which was fixed for the day but one following. It is needless to say that the agitation of her feelings caused her both to lose her appetite and her rest; her friends and relatives anxiously inquired the cause of her distress, and were very imperfectly satisfied by the explanation she was able to give them, viz. that her husband was obliged to go to Naples immediately to regulate certain affairs between the two courts, and that, as she was to accompany him, she was overwhelmed with little do-

mestic troubles and difficulties. However, every thing was prepared and arranged for her departure at six o'clock on the morning of the 24th, and her brothers came to see her off; but what was their surprise to find that she was going *alone*, at least as far as Albano, "where the Count would join her as soon as he had despatched some very pressing business which could not be postponed."? It was in vain that one of the brothers petitioned to be allowed to go thus far in the Count's stead; one excuse was invented after another; and at last the Countess, her son, his tutor, and two servants, were allowed to depart without further hindrance.

In Rome, the secret had been confided to a faithful few, and these now proceeded to play the part assigned to them. At five o'clock in the evening, the French Ambassador, the Duc d'Harcourt, presented himself at the Quirinal and demanded an audience of his Holiness. He was immediately admitted; and this was the signal for the Pope to exchange the white cassock and skull-cap, and the red morocco shoes with the embroidered cross, which are the ordinary tokens of his high dignity, for the plain black dress of a simple priest. The only other means of disguise he had recourse to were a pair of green spectacles. Thus attired, he withdrew through a door which opened upon some uninhabited rooms, until he came to a passage called the corridor of the Swiss; but here an unexpected difficulty presented itself. The door which led into this corridor had not been used for very many years, and refused to yield to the efforts of his Holiness and a trusty servant who tried to force it open. The poor Duc d'Harcourt was listening with the most intense anxiety for the sound of the carriage-wheels that should be now passing under the gateway, conducting the Pope in safety out of the Quirinal, and nearly fainted when, instead of hearing the desired sound, he saw the Pope himself re-enter the room, and learnt from him the untoward accident. Whilst they were discussing what was best to be done, Filipani came in to say that the unfortunate door was at length opened. They proceeded, therefore, to pass through it, and finding that it was as difficult to shut as it had been to open, they left it ajar. But this again was very nearly causing the whole plan to fail; for a certain officious personage, an officer of the court, happening to pass that way, insisted upon knowing the why and the wherefore of this mysterious novelty. He began to make a grand stir about it, and so did the Pope's brother also, Count Gabriel Mastai, who seems to have known nothing of the intended flight; but meanwhile the Holy Father, still in the company of his faithful house-steward, had entered the carriage prepared for him

(which was a carriage that had been purposely made to go backwards and forwards several times during the day, as if on the ordinary requirements of the palace), and passed through the great gates, in the midst of a crowd of sentinels and civic guardsmen, not only without being suspected, but even without being looked at.

Whilst all this was going on at the palace, the Count de Spaur left his house at five o'clock in a little open carriage, accompanied by a German servant, and drove leisurely through the streets of Rome, by way of the Coliseum and the Baths of Titus, in the direction of the church of SS. Peter and Marcellinus, of which church the Pope had formerly been the Cardinal Protector. This spot had been agreed upon as the place of meeting; but the delay which had been occasioned by the refractory door caused the Pope to fail in keeping his engagement with punctuality. This made the Count extremely uneasy; however, at last he had the satisfaction of hearing at some distance the measured paces and jingling rattle of an old and heavy carriage; and by and by this superannuated equipage drew near to his own, and stopped. Both its occupants dismounted; one entered the *calèche* of the Count, the servant returned into the other, and both carriages went along together to the broad space in front of St. John Lateran. Here the old state-vehicle was drawn up under the shadow of a dark wall, until the faithful steward had had the satisfaction of seeing his master pass safely and unchallenged through the gates of Rome, when he immediately returned to the palace.

Meanwhile the Countess was half dead with anxiety in the hotel at Albano; she had ordered dinner at three, saying that she expected her husband to join her about that time from Frascati, but in reality, with the intention of anticipating any surprise they might feel if she were at once to announce to them the very late hour at which she really intended to resume her journey. She pretended to wait dinner for him till four, and then went through the ceremony of sitting down to a meal she could not touch. Her son was in the greatest distress at the evident uneasiness of his mother, and after having gone to the church of the *Madonna della Stella*, to which there is great devotion in Albano, there to offer up his prayers for her, he implored her upon his return, with tears in his eyes, to tell him what danger threatened his father, or what it was that made her so miserable. At last she confided both to him and to his tutor that the Count had taken upon himself to bring from Rome a great personage, and that if the enterprise failed he might be seriously compromised. She begged them,

therefore, to be very cautious, and not to evince any surprise when they should meet the fugitive; a condition which they promised to comply with, nothing doubting but that the individual in question would prove to be the Cardinal Secretary of State. Having so far admitted them into her confidence, she was able to employ her son to watch an opportunity of secretly removing the candles from the carriage-lamps, a precautionary measure which was cleverly executed, and obliged her at a later hour in the evening to go through the form of scolding the servant for his apparent carelessness.

When the hour had passed at which either the servant should have arrived to bid the Countess quit Albano to go and meet the travellers, or else, in case of any accident having happened, to bid her return to Rome, she became seriously alarmed; yet, whilst in this state of inward torture, she had to entertain some indifferent friend, who chanced to hear of her arrival, and came to pay his respects. As soon as he had taken his leave, she retired into another room with her son and Father Liebl, where they recited some prayers together, and then awaited the future with trembling anxiety. Whilst they were thus occupied, the welcome sound of the expected servant's voice was heard, announcing that the Count had at length reached L'Ariceia, where he was waiting for them. "Immediately," says the Countess—for we must now allow her to tell her own story—"immediately taking courage, I gave orders for our departure. When we got down into the courtyard of the inn, seeing that there were no candles in the lamps, I affected to attribute this negligence to poor Frederic; but I took care to give him no opportunity of exculpating himself, or of repairing his omission. When once we were in the carriage, we were not long in reaching L'Ariceia. The night was far advanced, the darkness most profound, and a storm of rain was threatening; but as for me, my mind filled with so many fears, my body exhausted with fatigue and want of food, I felt myself seized with an inexpressible and momentarily increasing trouble, as I found the time approaching in which I was to be seated familiarly side by side with the venerated chief of our holy religion, without being able to prostrate myself at his feet, but obliged, on the contrary, to neglect those signs of respect which faith imposes on every Catholic, and which habit has rendered so natural to every Roman heart; it was an effort which I scarcely felt that I was equal to. While occupied with these thoughts, we arrived at L'Ariceia; we slackened our pace as soon as we had passed through the village, and began to descend slowly. In the profound darkness of the night my overstrained imagination continually

transformed every bush and rock which we passed into objects of fear; judge of my feelings, then, when, through the deep silence, I heard at a distance the sound of a shrill whistle. Robbers, bandits, or worse, are going to attack us, I thought; I gave ourselves over as lost. At the second whistle the carriage stops; I put my head out of the window to see what is the matter, and there I see the figure and uniform of a *carabiniere*;* immediately I turn pale and faint; my voice ceased; my throat refused to give any utterance. I recovered a little courage, however, when this man, addressing me in a very obsequious tone, said—‘Does your excellency want any thing?’ I then understood that this soldier had been posted there to guard the road, and that the whistle which I had heard was perhaps a signal agreed upon between the *carabiniere* and the postilions. Upon looking more closely, I distinctly perceived my husband in the midst of a group of men all in uniform; and behind him was a man dressed in brown, leaning his back against the paling which bordered the road. To him, then, I addressed the words that had been agreed upon, saying, ‘Doctor, pray get into my carriage (it was a very roomy berline); pray get in quickly, for I am not fond of travelling by night.’ A *carabiniere* then opened the door, and let down the step; ‘the doctor’ entered, and the soldier shutting the door, wished us a safe journey, adding, that we might be quite easy, for that the road was perfectly safe.

“Here, then, we were fairly started on our journey at ten o’clock at night. Our most holy Father and most clement Sovereign Pius IX. was sitting in the left corner of my carriage, Father Liebl opposite to him; I on his right hand, and my young son facing me. My husband and Frederic were in the seat behind the carriage. At first I made every effort to repress my words; but soon, being no longer able to control my heart, I gave way to the excess of my emotion, and expressed to the Holy Father, without regard to what the consequences might be, and forgetting that my companions would understand me, all the pain which I experienced at being obliged to dissemble my feelings, and what efforts it cost me not to fall on my knees before the august vicar of Jesus Christ; more especially since at that moment he bore upon his breast the most Holy Body of our Saviour, enclosed in the pyx that had been sent by the Bishop of Valence. The Holy Father, benevolently compassionating my emotion, answered, ‘Be tranquil, fear nothing; God is with us.’ Just then we arrived at Gensano. We changed horses there, and the lamps were lighted; the want of candles in them had in no slight degree

* One of the mounted *gens d’arme*.

favoured the entrance of the Pope into my carriage in the midst of the *carabinieri*. Now, the light shining upon his features, made my travelling companions at once recognise the Holy Father. I saw my son and his tutor look much surprised, and immediately each of them retreated into his corner, making himself as small as possible. For my part, I was scarcely less astonished, when I saw the little care which the Holy Father had taken to disguise that face which the love of his people but a short time since had reproduced in a thousand different likenesses, and dispersed into the most retired and most wretched parts of the country. During the whole journey he never ceased to address prayers to our Redeemer for his persecutors, and to say his breviary and other prayers with Father Liebl. At a quarter before six in the morning we arrived at Terracina; a few moments after having left it, he asked me to let him know when we were on the frontier of the two States. As soon as he heard from my mouth the words, "Holy Father, we are there," feeling himself to be now arrived in a place of security, he burst into tears, his heart being doubtless moved with profound and sublime sentiments; and then he returned thanks to the God of mercy, reciting the canticle appropriated to all occasions of thanksgiving by the custom of the Church. From Fondi to Mola di Gaëta nothing occurred, except a delay of some hours in the former town, in order to have a wheel mended. While this was being done, a prying person thought he recognised the Pope, whom he had seen some time previously, on the occasion of a journey to Rome. Being arrived within a mile or so of the town of Mola, we saw two persons approach our carriage; they opened the door on the side where the Pope was sitting, and, taking his hands, bathed them with tears. One of these two persons I saw at once was the Chevalier Arnao, secretary of the Spanish embassy; the other, although he did not appear unknown to me, was muffled up with so large a red cravat round his neck, and in so novel a costume, that I could not recall his name, until the Holy Father cried out, crossing his arms, 'I give Thee thanks, O Lord, for having also conducted here in safety the good Cardinal Antonelli.'

"Having reached Mola di Gaëta, we all went to the inn called that of *Cicero*, where Cardinal Antonelli and the Chevalier Arnao were not long in joining us. It was ten o'clock in the morning. The Pope and the Count de Spaur went upstairs first; we followed them, as also a young man whose face was concealed by his beard and whiskers. I looked at him somewhat doubtfully, when I was reassured by the Cardinal, who told me that it was the Count Louis Mastai, nephew of

the Pope, who, under pretence of a party of pleasure, had come to Mola di Gaeta the day before the departure of his Holiness. No one entered the Pope's chamber except the Count de Spaur, the Chevalier Arnao, and the Cardinal, who ordered some refreshment to be taken to him. After his Holiness, we too got some breakfast, the first meal I had made for the last three days. On rising from table, the two newcomers went in to receive the orders of the Pope, who wished to remain concealed and unknown, until the news of his arrival should have reached the King of Naples. To this end the Holy Father wrote to him the following letter :

“ SIRE,

“ The Roman Pontiff, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, the Sovereign of the States of the Holy Sec, has found himself obliged by circumstances to abandon his capital, in order not to compromise his dignity, or to approve by his silence the excesses which have been and still are committed in Rome. He is at Gaëta, though but for a short time, not wishing in any manner to compromise your Majesty, or the tranquillity of your people.

“ The Count de Spaur will have the honour of presenting this letter to your Majesty, and will tell you what time does not permit to relate regarding the place to which the Pope purposes immediately to retire.

“ In calmness of mind, and with the most profound resignation to the decrees of God, he sends to your Majesty, to your Royal spouse, and to your whole family, the apostolical benediction.

“ PIUS PAPA NONUS.

“ Mola di Gaëta, Nov. 25, 1848.”

My husband having been charged to present this letter to the King of Naples, lost no time in getting into the carriage of M. Arnao, with whom also he changed passports; and then took post horses to go with all speed to Naples. A few moments after his departure, which was at two o'clock in the afternoon, we went out of our inn to select a couple of carriages from among a number which were stationed there for hire. They looked ready to tumble to pieces; however, the Pope, Father Liebl, and myself, got into the first, and into the second the Cardinal, M. Arnao, and my son; as also my maid, who had come to join me in one of our carriages. In this order we proceeded towards the fortress of Gaëta, whither the Holy Father had resolved to retire, in order to be less seen, and in greater security. When we arrived at the gate of Gaëta, some officials asked for our passports, and we gave them that which my husband had left us; and some of our company having been requested to present themselves to the commandant of the place, as soon as we had reached a little

inn, or more properly a miserable cottage, standing in the midst of a garden, and hence bearing the name of *Jardinet*, M. Arnao and the Cardinal went to the commandant, who was an old general, a Swiss, named Gross. And here a very curious incident occurred. The commandant, having seen by the passport that the new arrival was the representative of a German country, as soon as our travelling companions appeared before him, began to address them in his own native German. Instead of answering, the Italian and the Spaniard remained silent and embarrassed; whereupon the good gentleman, imagining that the Count, as he supposed the Chevalier Arnao to be, was deaf, repeated his words in a loud and sonorous voice. This time the Chevalier Arnao replied, that having been brought up in France, and since then having married a Roman lady, he had so completely forgotten his own language as to be unable to understand a syllable of it. The commandant then turned to the Cardinal, whom he took to be the Count's secretary; and when he found that he too did not answer any more than the other, he expressed no little surprise at learning that of two representatives of a foreign nation, neither understood the language; he began to suspect that these strangers must be two spies of the Roman rebels, come to examine the state of the fortress. However, being as polite as he was vigilant, and not wishing to fail either in courtesy or in discretion, he took his leave of them, giving them permission, however, to remain in the town. As soon as they had left him, he sent for an officer, whom he ordered to keep his eye on the inn of the *Jardinet*, where the stay of several strangers, newly arrived, was causing him, he said, considerable uneasiness. Shortly after, not feeling satisfied even with this precaution, he sent for the judge of the district, and charged him to go to our inn, in order that, under pretence of a visit to the Countess de Spaur, he might see if I had the air of a suspicious person, and if the descriptions in our passports tallied with our appearance; in short, he enjoined him to discover how and why we had come there, and then to bring him an exact report of every thing.

“ While these persons, on the one hand, were taking such precautions against us, we, on the other, were accommodated in our modest abode in the following way. I have already mentioned that the house was entered by a court or little garden, leading to a room on the ground floor, which served at once for kitchen and for hall. At one end of this room was a steep and narrow staircase, which opened upon a small dark parlour, and to the right of this parlour was a room occupied at first by the Pope, but afterwards assigned to me and my maid for the

night. On the opposite side, another room was reached by crossing a passage and mounting a few steps; and beyond this kind of dining-room, up two wooden steps, was the apartment of our host. This latter I and my son had occupied when we first arrived; but it was afterwards given to the Holy Father for his bed-room. In the first room, which we have called the dining-room, beds were arranged for Father Liebl and for Maximilian; and on the other side of the innkeeper's room, in a sort of cellar or outhouse, filled with dried vegetables, Cardinal Antonelli and the Chevalier Arnao ensconced themselves as best they could. Such was the asylum which received Pius IX. on his departure from his palace of the Quirinal; and it was there that he now awaited the result of his letter to King Ferdinand of Naples. After he had taken some refreshment, which was carried to him by Father Liebl, we all sat down to table in the hall; and just as we had finished, we saw approaching us the judge and the officer whom the commandant had sent to examine us. As soon as Father Liebl perceived them, he ran to turn the key of the room in which the Pope was and shut him up, while we, that is to say, the Cardinal, Father Liebl, Chevalier Arnao, my son Maximilian, and myself, formed a circle in the dining-room in which to receive the judge and the officer. Each of us did our very utmost to conceal our secret, while our two visitors were equally bent upon penetrating it. The judge was the first to break the silence; he began by excusing himself and the general for not having been able sooner to pay their respects to the Countess de Spaur, alleging, in apology, the duties they had to attend to; the commandant, however, had charged him to say, that the following day he would not fail to come and place himself at my disposal, to conduct me over the fortress, and shew me all the details, this being, as he supposed, the object of our journey. And here the judge could not help expressing his surprise that a lady should find so much pleasure in seeing these things, as to make her forget all the inconveniences of a lodging which must necessarily prove any thing but agreeable to us. Then we in our turn evinced an equal degree of surprise, at finding that a clever and experienced man, such as we supposed our guest to be, should be so much astonished at the caprices of the fair sex, who, as is well known, often expose themselves to greater fatigues and annoyances for objects less interesting, and diversions much more frivolous. However, we added, that if we had been able to foresee so many disagreeables, we should probably have given up the pleasure of visiting Gaëta. Next, the judge asked us with much politeness for our passports, saying that

he wished to save us any trouble at the gate of the town. They would have been demanded of us on leaving, according to the rule established at all times in fortified places, and observed, with more than ordinary diligence in the present state of Europe, and more particularly of the Roman dominions, the nearest neighbours of Naples. Whilst speaking on this subject, he fixed his expressive eyes upon us most attentively. We replied by a sigh, and by joining with him in his lamentations over the situation of our poor Rome, and we deplored the misfortunes of the time, and the crimes which were being every where committed. Meanwhile I had given him my passport, which he examined minutely, and with the air of a man who understood his business, and then returned it to me with a sort of regret, as if disappointed to have neither seen nor heard any thing which might serve to dissipate or to confirm the suspicions of the commandant of the place. He was on the point of leaving us, when the officer, who until now had remained standing in silence behind my chair, wishing, doubtless, to expose us to the last trial by abruptly communicating to us a piece of news that could not fail to surprise us, and might perhaps be the means of discovering some indication of our secret, asked my permission to speak; then entering upon the matter without any further ceremony, he told me plainly that the report was current that there were two Cardinals in disguise among us. I immediately answered that doubtless he had long since recognised in me one of these distinguished personages, since I really was such, and that now therefore he had only to look for the other among my travelling companions, in order to be quite certain that he had discovered them both. By this joke, accompanied with much laughter from all around, we put an end to the visit of the judge and officer. The moment they were gone, his Holiness appeared at the door of his room, looking at us with kindness. We fell upon our knees, and he gave us his blessing in the name of the Lord; after which each sought his place of retreat, and tried to get some sleep.

“Meanwhile my husband had used the greatest diligence in travelling to Naples, where he arrived at eleven o'clock the same evening; and going immediately to the palace of the Apostolic Nuncio, he arrived there before M. Garibaldi had come in. It was not long, however, before he returned, and the Count immediately presented himself to him, saying that he was charged by his Holiness to present a letter of the highest importance to the King of Naples, and that he begged him to procure him instantly an audience of his Majesty, saying that he must hold him responsible for all the consequences

that might ensue, if he did not obtain it. On hearing these words, the worthy and zealous prelate immediately re-entered the carriage which he had just quitted, and drove at once to the palace without losing a moment; he went to the king, who was not a little surprised at seeing him at this unusual hour. He faithfully repeated to his Majesty the Count's message, and the king ordered that he should instantly be sent for. The Nuncio then proceeded to an hotel near the palace, the Hotel de Rome, where he waited till the Count had changed his dress. He then conducted him to the palace; and M. Garibaldi remained below in his carriage, according to the directions he had received from the king, who was anxious to excite as little curiosity as possible among the household, and also probably wished the Count to be able to speak with more freedom. The Count then being admitted alone into the presence of the king, respectfully presented to him the letter of the Sovereign Pontiff. His Majesty, while reading it, shewed unequivocal signs of profound emotion; he embraced the Count, and, on taking leave of him, desired him to be ready to accompany him to Gaëta the following morning at six o'clock. On leaving the king, my husband went at once to the Nuncio, to whom he confided the secret of the letter which he had brought; M. Garibaldi replied that he had already conjectured it; they then separated, and my husband returned to the Hotel de Rome. There, well pleased with the fortunate issue of his embassy, and worn out with so long and rapid a journey, he retired to bed with the hope of enjoying a few hours of repose. But soon after lying down, and long before the hour fixed, he heard himself called; they came to tell him that the king was waiting for him. Rising with all speed, he hurried to the palace, and as soon as he was introduced into the king's chamber, he was surprised and profoundly touched to see how this prince, animated by a truly religious spirit, had been able in so short a time to assemble all his family around him, in order that he might prepare to receive the Roman Pontiff with all possible honours. The king had himself thought of every thing, provided every thing; he had sent to inform the persons of the court; he had assembled two regiments, and caused to be put in readiness a quantity of furniture and other articles with which the little palace of Gaëta was unprovided; he had even ordered trunks to be filled with shirts and linen, very justly supposing what was really the fact, viz. that the Holy Father had left Rome without any supply of the most necessary articles. Every one having embarked at the appointed hour upon two steamboats, my husband, at the invitation of the king, joined the court,

which was composed of the several members of the royal family, of General Prince D'Aci, Majors Nunziante, de Yong, and Steiger, the Marchioness del Vasto, and several others; all these then started for Gaëta, on board the *Tancred*.

“It was now Sunday, and we had risen very early to go and hear mass at six o'clock in the church of the Annunciation, leaving the Pope and Father Liebl in the inn, as we did not think it prudent to expose him to the view of the public. Whilst we were in church, Captain Rodriguez (the same officer who had visited us the evening before, in company with the judge, M. Francis Guerri) announced to the Chevalier Arnao, addressing him as the minister of Bavaria, that the ambassador of France, who had arrived from Rome in a steamer during the night, was asking for him. They went together on board the vessel, the *Tenare*, which had in charge the baggage and the suite of his Holiness. The ambassador, as soon as he saw them, being entirely ignorant of the departure of the Count for Naples, and of the exchange of passports, called M. Arnao by his real name; and that in presence of the commandant Gross, who had gone there to fulfil the duties of his office. The secretary of the Spanish embassy, seeing the perplexity which the words of the French ambassador caused the commandant, went up to him, and begged him to excuse him for having presented himself with the passport of the minister of Bavaria, because the latter, having been obliged to leave in all haste for Naples, by order of the Pope, and being separated from his family, who wished to see Gaëta, they had been obliged to change passports, in order that the one might be able to enter Naples freely, while the others were admitted into the fortress. The commandant then inquired, if at least I were the real Countess de Spaur; and the Chevalier having answered in the affirmative, both came to join me at the inn, to which, on leaving the church, I had returned with my son and the Cardinal. The commandant pressed us all to go and take some chocolate at his house; and having obliged us by his polite entreaties to accept his invitation, he conducted us to his dwelling, which was on the ground-floor of the royal pavilion. Having ordered one of his servants to bring him every thing that was necessary that he might prepare this breakfast for us with his own hands, he began to ask us numberless questions about the affairs of Rome, endeavouring to obtain the most minute information about every thing, more particularly with regard to the object of my husband's mission. Having, doubtless, gathered from our answers, that it was just possible that the Pope might come to stay in this fortress, he hastened to take us over the house, to prove

to us that if his Holiness should come to Gaëta, he would find a comfortable home there, at least as far as lodging was concerned. When we had got back to his rooms, three messengers came, one after the other, just as he was beginning to grate the chocolate; one announced to him that some ships bearing the Neapolitan flag had come in sight; another, that the signal announcing the transport of troops was visible; and the third, that the vessels were bringing one of the royal family. It was amusing to see the surprise of this good General Gross, who, since the evening before, had witnessed nothing but the most novel and inexplicable occurrences. Quite beside himself with wonderment, he exclaimed, 'But what does all this mean? what is this troop, which I have not sent for, coming to do here? and who can this royal personage be who is coming to Gaëta?' While these ideas and many others were passing through his head, an officer came to tell him that the king himself was landing at the port. At this last announcement, to leave the chocolate to whoever might choose to undertake it and to rush to the port to assist in the disembarkation of the king, was done in less time than I can describe it. It was about one o'clock in the afternoon when the king and his suite arrived at Gaëta. Scarcely had his Majesty set foot upon the quay before he perceived the commandant of the place, and eagerly asked him, 'General, where is the Pope?' The general replied, 'Sire, I think he will come'. At this moment the Chevalier Arnao and Cardinal Antonelli, who were there, advanced respectfully to the king, to give him a clear and suitable explanation. They said that the Pope was still *incognito*, and concealed at the inn of the Jardinot.

"It was thus, then, that the secret of the presence of his Holiness at Gaëta was made known to all; and I think that this was the last torment which the good general had to suffer that day—torments of which we had been the innocent occasion. However, to leave this excellent man and turn to the king, his Majesty charged Cardinal Antonelli and M. Arnao to bring the Pope secretly to the royal abode, while he, on his part, would go on foot, in order to attract the attention of the curious, and prevent them from pressing upon the Holy Father. Every thing was done according to his orders; and he arranged his progress so well, that in going to the tower, called the tower of Roland, he drew along with him all the crowd in the streets, so that when the Holy Father passed, no one was thinking of him. Leaving the inn with the two persons who had been sent by the king, and being seen but by a very few, he arrived at the palace in the dress of a simple ecclesiastic.

“In the mean time my husband came to tell me that the queen wished to see me; and notwithstanding the disorder of my toilet—thanks to my journey and the inn of the Jardinot—I presented myself to her Majesty. As I was beginning to make some excuses for my dress, she assured me that she did not think of it, and then began to inquire with much eagerness all the different particulars of the journey. While I was answering her as best I could, a gentleman of the court came to announce that the Pope was already ascending the stairs. The queen then rose, and, followed by her court, by us, and by all who were present, went quickly down stairs to the place which the Holy Father had reached. There, she threw herself at his feet. The queen and all present wept with joy and emotion, blessing and praising God for having at length vouchsafed to put an end to the tribulations of His Vicar. Thence we ascended to the upper story of the house, where was the King with his brothers, Don Luigi, Count d’Aguila, and Don Francesco di Paolo, Count de Trapani, as also the Prince Don Sebastian of Spain, brother-in-law of his Majesty. We were all filled with joy and admiration at witnessing this reception, which appeared to us the presage and commencement, as indeed it proved, of the most memorable acts of piety on the part of this royal couple, and which announced to us the termination of those griefs and anxieties of which the Sovereign Pontiff had till then tasted so deeply.

“Here begins the noble recital of those truly pious actions by which King Ferdinand of Naples did honour to the Holy Father during the seventeen months’ voluntary exile of the Pontiff. In those acts it would be hard to say which is most worthy of our admiration, the piety of the man compassionating the misfortunes of another man, and doing his utmost to give him comfort and consolation; the magnificence of the prince, who, regardless of all sacrifices, spared nothing to alleviate the pains of exile to another prince; or, lastly, the respect of the fervent Christian, who, seeing in the tribulations of the Pontiff only the insults offered to religion in the person of the Vicar of God, humbles himself in expiation of so many enormities committed by the enemies of Heaven, and prostrates himself for them at the feet of God. One may truly say, that in the heart of this Christian king the virtues of the Catholic prince and of the private individual shone forth with equal splendour.

“Having arrived at this point, I conclude my narrative, first, because the subsequent events are quite out of my range, and their recital would be beyond my power; and also because, having only purposed to describe to others the events seen by

myself, I have confined myself to speaking of the share which I had in the escape of our common Father. If the part which was assigned me, and which consisted in aiding the departure of the Holy Father with the utmost secrecy and security, has been well fulfilled, and if I have in any manner contributed to the successful issue of the enterprise, it is not for me to speak of it, because in truth I do not know it myself; what I do know, and what I wish to say, is, that whatever may have been the judgments and discourse of men, I am quite indifferent to them, leaving every thing to the judgment of God."

DIALOGUE BETWEEN JOHN BULL AND AN
OXFORD DIVINE.

John.—SIR, I am glad to meet with you, for I have long wanted to ask you a few plain questions. You, and some of your friends, have been making a deal of disturbance in my family of late, talking and writing just in the old Popery style. So now I want to know what it all means, and what you call yourself. Are you, in plain words, a Papist or a Protestant?

Oxford Divine.—A Papist, my dear Mr. Bull! Oh, surely not. Have I not always been saying, that the principles I was upholding were the only real safeguard against the encroachments of the Roman Church? Do me the justice to remember how many strong things I have committed myself to, in declaring against her present system and her claims upon this Church and realm. I have never, it is true, spoken in the broad vulgar way of Exeter Hall, nor have I gone the lengths of some of the episcopal charges; but if you would take the trouble to weigh my expressions, you would find them amount to as firm a stand against her as those who have spoken louder. All along I have implied that Romanists are very much in the wrong.

John.—Then I am to take you for a good Protestant, in of all the outcry against you?

Divine.—Let us distinguish, Mr. Bull. In a sense, one might certainly be called a Protestant, inasmuch as one does earnestly protest against the Bishop of Rome claiming jurisdiction over us here in England. Moreover, there are definitions of the Roman Church which do not appear to one quite reconcilable with some expressions in the writings of the early Fathers. But yet I am not fond of the name Pro-

testant, because my stand against Rome is taken quite upon another ground from that of Protestants in general, and one feels to have very little in common with them, either in first principles or in temper of mind.

John.—Why, sir, you are enough to puzzle a plain man with your distinctions. I cannot make out, now, whether you are Papist, or Protestant, or neither, or both.

Divine.—Excuse me, Mr. Bull, for saying, that is because you have never been at the trouble to ascertain my principles. If we must employ terms which one dislikes, then I am a Papist in so far forth as I hold apostolical succession, the authority of the Church universal, the division of the Christian world into patriarchates, the necessity of sacraments and church-membership, and several other things that might be named. I am a Protestant so far forth as I abjure all jurisdiction, ecclesiastical or spiritual, of the Pope in these dominions. I am neither, inasmuch as I hold the middle way, which our great divines have laid down as equally removed from Popery on the one hand and from Puritanism on the other. And I am both, because I am called both in turn (and I confess with apparent reason), according to the side from which people view me; I am a Protestant to the Romanists, and a Romanist to the Protestants.

John.—Worse and worse; why, this is splitting straws at a fine rate. Black is black, and white is white, I have always been taught. We must all be one thing or another. No use for me to pretend to be both John Bull and Mounseer.

Divine.—Ah, such a view, I fear, is the consequence of an over-practical turn of mind. You should beware of allowing yourself to be run away with by the first-sight aspect of things. We are discussing a matter of principle; and principles often lie beneath the surface, out of sight until we have turned the soil enough to get down to them. To a being constituted like man, probability is the very guide of life. What can one do, at best, but balance difficulties one against another; be on one's guard against allowing too much or too little to contending claims; neither disown, nor pledge oneself to, systems that may each contain mutilated portions of the truth, but test each as it rises and presents itself to one's mind; view all things, adhere irrevocably to none; endeavour to prevent one's own individual turn of character from influencing one's judgment; lean, though only up to a certain point, on the authority of great men, long gone, who have enriched us by the legacy of their writings; and after all such moral preparation as one can make, wait with patience until the great revolution of time makes that plainer to one which

is now indistinct, and that united and harmonious which is actually in discord. Have I succeeded in making these principles at all clear to you?

John.—Clear! as the deep lane up to my house on a foggy night. However, now I see that you are indeed neither Papist nor Protestant; *that* is clear enough. The one believes whatever he makes out from his Bible, the other believes whatever is told him by his Church. But you cannot be rightly said to believe any thing fixed; you must go shilly-shallying, as the fit takes you.

Divine.—What you now say is only another proof of that morbid craving for definiteness which appears to be one of the vices of the age. I hold that both the Romanist and the Protestant are chargeable with it, each in his way. As to the Protestant, he makes articles of faith out of points for which he has no surer warranty than his own variable judgment on Scripture. And with regard to the Romanist system, I confess it strikes one unfavourably from the hardness and definiteness of its outline. The Church of Rome is never at a loss. Every thing with her falls into its place; there is a page and a column for every conceivable statement. It is no sooner put into words, than it becomes stamped as either orthodox, or heterodox, or neutral. It is a dogma, or a consequence of one, or a pious opinion, or permissible, or rash, or simply erroneous, or heretical. Now we, in our statements, do not fly so straight, so like the lightning or the cannon-ball; we take the gentle curve, and allow for the oscillation (always within due limits, which we ought anxiously to ascertain,) of human opinion. In this we are surely borne out by the analogy of things. Observe the rainbow. When it is at the strongest, there are no unyielding lines of demarcation between colour and colour; but

“all rich hues together run,
In sweet confusion blending;”

and you are unable to trace the precise point at which red vanishes into orange-tawny, or violet loses itself in pea-green.

John.—Pshaw, sir! what sort of an argument do you call that? it would make mince-meat of my religion in no time. Whatever I am to believe, let it be all down in black and white. None of your “dissolving views” for me. It is a hard fight enough that a man has to carry on with his own bad heart, even when he knows justly what is right and what wrong, and what is true and what false; but if you make these the least bit uncertain, then it is all up; no one knows where he is, or what to be at; I might as well take down the hedges and fences about my farm, and then be surprised to

see the pigs among the mangold-wurzel, or the cow in the hen-roost.

Divine.—But observe, my good friend, that in all this you are using Romanist language.

John (angrily).—Come, come, sir; no joking upon such a subject as that, if you please.

Divine.—I never was more serious. You cannot have every thing so definite while you stop short of Rome. The Protestant sects dogmatise, each on its own ground, and to the length of their tether, but of course without a shadow of authority. Rome claims authority, and therefore dogmatises without hesitation or inconsistency. It is for this reason that one fears her. She catches, and will retain, all such impatient persons as cannot be satisfied with sitting in twilight and waiting for the dawn.

John.—Twilight, sir? if the only harm of Popery was that she gave me a broader light to walk by than you and your friends can pretend to offer, why I think the old quarrel that is between us might soon be patched up. I tell you I want all the light I can get. Twilight often makes a man take a horse's head for a hobgoblin, or a haystack for a house. If I am to have a Church at all, I don't see why I should put up with one that cannot say to me, "See here, John, this particular thing is the truth, and consequently that other particular thing is a falsehood; this here is a duty, and that there is a sin; you have been all along used to think so and so and to do so and so, but now and henceforward I tell you it is wrong; and if you have had this or that prejudice up to now, why, you have simply been calling white black." I say, whenever I really feel to want a guide (and I can tell you that at odd moments I *do*), I must have some such a one as this, and no inferior article.

Divine.—Such expressions, Mr. Bull, are very painful to me. They seem, one would think, to betoken some undisciplined state of mind, against which you really cannot be too seriously on your guard. If you would allow one to advise, I should recommend your employing some little bodily mortification, until the current of your thoughts had been toned down to a more befitting resignation, and you had learned to take up with the religious perplexity in which the more you think, the more you will find yourself, as doubtless somehow, if you only knew, best suited to you, or, in the long run, most wholesome; and to sit down satisfied, or, if not so, yet patient, under that due degree of uncertainty, which of course one would never—

John.—Why, man, I am 'most out of all patience with you. You will never do to be my teacher, I can tell you that. Whenever I take a serious turn in good earnest, (and bluff

as I seem, I mean to do it some day,) I shall look out for a religion that will work and wear. No half-lights, no guess-work, no perhaps-sos and perhaps-nots, in which you seem to deal wholesale. I can manufacture such things for myself! and 'tis my belief, that if you had had to rough it as I have in this work-day world, instead of living mew'd up in your own four walls, you would have known how little they were worth "at best," as you say. Tell me, all this will be leading me to Rome? Well, unlikelier turns may have come about. I may not always be satisfied as I am; and then, if none of you learned men can satisfy me with your possibles and probables, why its odds but John may be jogging to the priest yet, before all's done. So wish you good day, for I am right tired of talking with you. (*Exit, with a flourish of his stick.*)

[*Manet Oxford Divine, in very painful contemplation of the undisciplined English mind.*]

Reviews.

THE CLOISTER LIFE OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH.

The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. By William Stirling, Author of "Annals of the Artists of Spain." London, John W. Parker and Son.

A DOGGREL inscription engraved on one of Leoni's marble busts of Charles V. long in the possession of the lords of Mirabel, announced that there was no necessity to enumerate the deeds or titles of so great a prince: it was enough to mention his mere name; and so world-wide was his reputation, that every body would be at once enabled to supply the remainder.

"Carolo Quinto et è assai questo,
Perche si sa per tutto il mondo il resto."

And this, as we all know, was no empty boast. At the early age of sixteen, Charles had succeeded to the inheritance of more extensive dominions than any king of Europe since the days of Charlemagne had ever possessed. Even from a still earlier age his mind had been actively employed in the management of public affairs, and he had presided as a mere boy at the deliberations of his privy councillors in Flanders. Before the age of twenty, he was raised by the unanimous voice of the Electoral College to the imperial throne. After a

period of ten years' comparative inactivity, he shone forth at the age of thirty a most consummate politician, and for the next twenty years he may almost be said to have constantly directed the affairs of half of Europe. As he himself enumerated, in his address to the states of the Low Countries on the occasion of his abdication, he had, during the thirty years of his public career, visited, either as a friend or foe, Germany nine times, Spain six times, France four times, Italy seven times, the Low Countries ten times, and England and Africa twice, and he had made eleven voyages by sea. The voluntary retirement from public life, and surrender of all authority by so active and powerful a monarch as this, was an event to fill all Europe with astonishment; and the conjectures of Protestant historians, speculating as to the motives of so extraordinary a change, do little more than re-echo that astonishment.

Mr. Stirling, in the volume before us, has not brought forward any new facts bearing upon the solution of this problem; but he has given us every detail we could desire upon another question, scarcely less interesting, and to English readers scarcely less unknown, viz. how the mighty emperor carried his resolution into effect, and what he did with himself, how he spent his time, and what he thought and felt, when the deed was done, and he had once entered upon his monastic retreat. Hitherto the romance of Robertson has been our substitute for history upon this subject; but henceforth we trust that the mass of most interesting and apparently authentic information which is contained in these pages will be allowed to supersede the inventions of that graceful writer, but most worthless historian. Mr. Stirling's narrative is composed partly from the history of the order of St. Jerome by Joseph de Siguença, an author who had enjoyed the advantage of conversing with many who had been eye-witnesses of the facts he records, and partly from the unpublished manuscripts of one who had had uninterrupted access to all the royal archives of the kingdom of Spain. The result is a most pleasing biographical sketch; disfigured, indeed, by many grave blemishes—as how could it be otherwise, coming from the pen of a Protestant, and treating of monks and monasteries?—yet certainly less so than we had ventured to anticipate from one who could dedicate his work “to Richard Ford, in token of admiration of his writings.” The passages to which we allude might fitly find a place in any work of Mr. Ford's that we have seen, but they are altogether unworthy of the good taste and candour displayed by Mr. Stirling in some other parts of the present volume. “Picturesque drones,” as a

description of monks in general; "the dirty hands of a stupid friar," as expressing the intellectual capacity of any ecclesiastic chosen to be censor of the press; "magnificent to the Church, and mean to all the rest of the world—profligate, selfish, and bigoted, with some refinement of taste and much dignity of manner," presented as "a fair specimen of the great ecclesiastic of the sixteenth century;" "zeal and punctuality in the religious business of the cloth," set off by way of contrast and opposition against "the secular virtues of good temper and good sense;" a most unwarranted assumption, that the monastery of Yuste was "more remarkable for the natural beauty which smiled around its walls, than for any growth of spiritual grace within them;" an equally gratuitous assertion respecting the emperor's confessor, that he was "one of those monks who knew how to make ladders to place and favour of the ropes which girt their ascetic loins," and that on a particular occasion he was only using "the mitre-shunning cant of his cloth;"—these and other passages of a similar character are blots which, to a Catholic reader, sadly disfigure an otherwise charming volume. It was the same with Mr. Stirling's last work, "*The Annals of the Artists of Spain*;" a tone of flippant irreverence on every thing connected with the Catholic religion was a most serious drawback to the pleasure we should otherwise have felt in its perusal; and we are sorry to say that the same remark must be applied, though perhaps in a less degree, to the volume now before us. Indeed, considering how deeply his mind is imbued with the genuine "Protestant tradition" about us, we have been quite surprised to see how well he has succeeded in doing justice to so un-Protestant a subject as the cloister life of an ex-emperor. The following sketch of his narrative will give our readers a fair idea both of the style and contents of the work; the style is genial and pleasant, and the contents most interesting.

"It is not possible to determine," says our author, "the precise time at which the emperor formed his celebrated resolution to exchange the cares and honours of a throne for the religious seclusion of a cloister. It is certain, however, that this resolution was formed many years before it was carried into effect. With his empress, Isabella of Portugal, who died in 1538, Charles had agreed that so soon as state affairs and the ages of their children should permit, they were to retire for the remainder of their days—he into a convent of friars, and she into a nunnery. In 1542, he confided his design to the Duke of Gandia (afterwards St. Francis Borgia); and in 1546, it had been whispered at court, and was mentioned by Bernard Navagiero, the sharp-eared envoy of Venice, in a report to the doge."

The Duke of Gandia, who was a frequent companion of the emperor both in the camp and in the cabinet, was about ten years his junior, and had formed a similar resolution about the very same time. His wife, the Duchess Eleanor, formerly a very intimate friend and especial favourite of the Empress Isabella, had died in the spring of 1546; and five years afterwards her husband was no longer Duke of Gandia, viceroy of Catalonia and commander of the order of St. James, but a poor humble priest of the then infant Society of Jesus—"a hewer of wood and drawer of water" in the service of the kitchen of one of their smallest establishments. The emperor, his master, did not so quickly effect his emancipation from the toils of public life, neither, when he effected it, was it ever so complete and final. He had already, in 1554, ceded to his son Philip, the consort of our own Mary, the title of king of Naples; and in the autumn of the following year, in a public assembly of the states in Brussels, he solemnly abdicated in favour of the same son the domains of the house of Burgundy. In 1556 he executed a similar deed with reference to his Spanish kingdom; and lastly, he renounced his imperial crown also, and on the 28th of September in this year he landed on the Spanish coast, that being the country in which he had chosen his place of retirement. He loitered a little at Valladolid, and transacted several matters of business there, that so he might be enabled to enter his monastery free from all cares. On the 4th of November he was able to approach yet nearer to his coveted place of rest, and moved forwards by easy stages for seven or eight successive days to Xarandilla, a considerable village in the Vera of Plasencia, within a couple of hours' distance of the monastery of Yuste, which was not yet ready to receive him. An anecdote which is recorded of this royal progress will serve to shew the temper in which the ex-emperor was seeking his cloister-home. The cavalcade rested for a night in the old town of Medina del Campo, and the king was "lodged there in the house of one Rodrigo de Duinas, a rich money-broker. His host, imitating, perhaps unconsciously, the splendid Fuggers of Augsburg, had provided, amongst other luxuries for the emperor's use, a chafing-dish of gold, filled not with the usual vine-tendrils, but with the finest cinnamon of Ceylon. Charles was so displeased with this piece of ostentation, that he refused, very un-courteously and unreasonably as it seems, to allow the poor capitalist to kiss his hand, and on going away next day ordered his night's lodging to be paid for."

At length the buildings at the Jeromite monastery of Yuste were completed. It was not a very extensive addition that had been made to the original edifice; but the workmen had

progressed but slowly, and their delays had caused the emperor repeated disappointments.

“‘His majesty,’ wrote Quixada, ‘was in excellent health and spirits, which was more than could be said of the poor people whom he was dismissing.’ All of them received letters of recommendation; but it was a sad sight this breaking up of so old a company of retainers; and Quixada expressed a hope that the secretary of state would do what he could for those who went to Valladolid, not forgetting the others who remained in Estremadura. At three o’clock the emperor was placed in his litter, and the Count of Oropesa and his attendants mounted their horses; and crossing the leafless forest, in two hours the cavalcade halted at the gates of Yuste. There the prior was waiting to receive his imperial guest, who, on alighting, was placed in a chair and carried to the door of the church. At the threshold he was met by the whole brotherhood in procession, chanting the *Te Deum* to the music of the organ. The altar and the aisle were brilliantly lighted up with tapers, and decked with their richest frontals, hangings, and plate. Borne through the pomp to the steps of the high altar, Charles knelt down and returned thanks to God for the happy termination of his journey, and joined in the vesper service for the feast of St. Blas. This ended, the prior stepped forward with a congratulatory speech, in which, to the scandal of the courtiers, he addressed the emperor as ‘your paternity,’ until some friar, with more presence of mind and etiquette, whispered that the proper style was ‘majesty.’ The orator next presented his friars to their new brother, each kissing his hand and receiving his paternal embrace. During this ceremony the retiring retainers, who had all of them attended their master to his journey’s close, stood round, expressing their emotion by tears and lamentations, which were still heard in the evening round the gate. Attended by the Count of Oropesa, and conducted by the prior, the emperor then made an inspection of the convent, and finally retired to sup in his new home, and enjoy the repose which had so long been the dream of his life.”

It must not be supposed, however, as the language of too many historians (and, we may add, preachers too) may have led some of our readers to imagine, that the ex-emperor really proceeded to make himself a monk. It does not appear that he ever harboured such an idea for a moment. His was not a sacrifice like the Duke of Gandia’s, or Cardinal Odescalchi’s, or some of our old Saxon kings in the days of the heptarchy. He retired into a monastery, but it was with a retinue of about sixty attendants; with “a supply of cushions, eider-down quilts, and linen, luxuriously ample;” with silver basins and silver ewers, silver candlesticks and silver salt-cellars, and altogether about 13,000 ounces of plate in gold and silver; about thirty books, half-a-dozen valuable pictures, &c. &c.

an amount of property not altogether appropriate to a genuine inmate of the cloister. In one particular alone was the imperial establishment on a more monastic scale, viz. in the stable; here all that was provided for sixty persons was, "eight mules, a one-eyed horse, two litters, and a hand-chair."

"The house, or palace, as the friars loved to call it, although many a country notary was more splendidly lodged, was more deserving of the approbation accorded to it by the monarch, than of the abuse lavished upon it by his chamberlain. Backed by the massive south wall of the church, the building presented a simple front of two stories to the garden and the noontide sun. Each story contained four chambers, two on either side of a corridor, which traversed the structure from east to west, and led at either end into a broad porch, or covered gallery, supported by pillars and open to the air. Each room was furnished with an ample fireplace, in accordance with the Flemish wants and ways of the chilly invalid. The chambers which look upon the garden were bright and pleasant, but those on the north side were gloomy, and even dark, the light being admitted to them only by windows opening on the corridor, or on the external and deeply shadowed porches. Charles inhabited the upper rooms, and slept in that at the north-east corner, from which a door or window had been cut in a slanting direction into the church, through the chancel wall, and close to the high altar, of which it afforded a good view. The emperor's cabinet, in which he transacted business, was on the opposite side of the corridor, and looked upon the garden. From its window, his eye ranged over a cluster of rounded knolls, clad in walnut and chestnut, in which the mountain dies gently away into the broad bosom of the Vera. Not a building was in sight, but a summer-house peering above the mulberry tops at the lower end of the garden, and a hermitage of Our Lady of Solitude about a mile distant, hung upon a rocky height, which rose like an isle out of the sea of forest. Immediately below the windows the garden sloped gently to the Vera, shaded here and there with the massive foliage of the fig or the feathery boughs of the almond, and breathing perfume from tall orange-trees, cuttings of which some of the friars, themselves transplanted, in after days vainly strove to keep alive at the bleak Escorial. The garden was easily reached from the western porch or gallery by an inclined path, which had been constructed to save the gouty monarch the pain and fatigue of going up and down stairs. This porch, which was much more spacious than the eastern, was his favourite seat when filled with the warmth of the declining day. Commanding the same view as the cabinet, it looked also upon a small parterre with a fountain in the centre, and a short cypress-alley leading to the principal gate of the garden. Beyond this gate and wall was the luxuriant forest; a wide space in front of the convent being covered by the shade of a magnificent walnut-tree, even then known as the walnut-tree of Yuste, a Nestor of the woods, which has seen the hermit's cell rise into a royal cou-

vent, and sink into a ruin, and has survived the Spanish order of Jerome and the Austrian dynasty of Spain.

“The emperor’s attendants were lodged in apartments built for them near the new cloister, and in the lower rooms of that cloister; and the hostel of the convent was given up to the physician, the bakers, and the brewers. The remainder of the household were disposed of in the village of Quacos. The emperor’s private rooms being surrounded on three sides by the garden of the convent, that was resigned to his exclusive possession, and put under the care of his own gardeners. The ground near the windows was planted with flowers, under the citron-trees; and further off, between the shaded paths which led to the summer-house, vegetables were cultivated for his table, which was likewise supplied with milk from a couple of cows which pastured in the forest. The Jeromites removed their pot-herbs to a piece of ground to the eastward, behind some tall elms and the wall of the imperial domain. The entrances to the palace and its dependencies were quite distinct from those which led to the monastery; and all internal communications between the region of the friars and the settlement of the Flemings were carefully closed up or cut off.”

We have seen that the emperor was no monk, as far as the vow of poverty was concerned. The following extracts seem to shew, that not only was he no ascetic, but that he did not even observe the rules of ordinary moderation and temperance as carefully as his physicians, both spiritual and corporal, would have had him to do.

“In this matter of eating, as in many other habits, the emperor was himself a true Fleming. His early tendency to gout was increased by his indulgences at table, which generally far exceeded his feeble powers of digestion. Roger Ascham, standing ‘hard by the imperial table at the feast of golden fleece,’ watched with wonder the emperor’s progress through ‘sod beef, roast mutton, baked hare,’ after which ‘he fed well of a capon,’ drinking also, says the fellow of St. John’s, ‘the best that ever I saw;’ ‘he had his head in the glass five times as long as any of them, and never drank less than a good quart at once of Rhenish wine.’ Eating was now the only physical gratification which he could still enjoy, or was unable to resist. He continued, therefore, to dine to the last upon the rich dishes against which his ancient and trusty confessor, Cardinal Loaysa, had protested a quarter of a century before. The supply of his table was a main subject of the correspondence between the mayordomo and the secretary of state. The weekly courier from Valladolid to Lisbon was ordered to change his route, that he might bring every Thursday a provision of eels and other rich fish for Friday. There was a constant demand for anchovies, tunny, and other potted fish, and sometimes a complaint that the trouts of the country were too small; the olives, on the other hand, were too large, and the em-

peror wished instead for olives of Perejon. One day the secretary of state was asked for some partridges from Gama, a place from whence the emperor remembers that the Count of Osorno once sent him into Flanders some of the best partridges in the world. Another day sausages were wanted, 'of the kind Queen Juana, now in glory, used to pride herself in making, in the Flemish fashion, at Tordesillas,' and for the receipt for which the secretary is referred to the Marquess of Denia. Both orders were punctually executed. The sausages, although sent to a land supreme in that manufacture, gave great satisfaction. Of the partridges, the emperor said that they used to be better, ordering, however, the remainder to be pickled. The emperor's weakness being generally known, or soon discovered, dainties of all kinds were sent to him as presents. Mutton, pork, and game, were the provisions most easily obtained at Xarandilla; but they were dear. The bread was indifferent, and nothing was good and abundant but chestnuts, the staple food of the people. But in a very few days the castle larder wanted for nothing. One day the Count of Oropesa sent an offering of game; another day a pair of fat calves arrived from the Archbishop of Zaragoza; the Archbishop of Toledo and the Duchess of Frias were constant and magnificent in their gifts of venison, fruit, and preserves; and supplies of all kinds came at regular intervals from Seville and from Portugal. Luis Quixada, who knew the emperor's habits and constitution well, beheld with dismay these long trains of mules, laden, as it were, with gout and bile. He never acknowledged the receipt of the good things from Valladolid without adding some dismal forebodings of consequent mischief; and along with an order, he sometimes conveyed a hint that it would be much better if no means were found of executing it. If the emperor made a hearty meal without being the worse for it, the mayordomo noted the fact with exultation; and he remarked with complacency his majesty's fondness for plovers, which he considered harmless. But his office of purveyor was commonly exercised under protest; and he interposed between his master and an eel-pie, as, in other days, he would have thrown himself between the imperial person and the point of a Moorish lance."

He seems to have relieved his mind, however, by expressing his feelings on the subject pretty freely both to his companions and to his royal master himself. On one occasion, when Charles, in spite of all remonstrances, insisted on eating some raw oysters, as he was slowly recovering from an attack of the gout, Quixada despairingly remarked to the secretary of state, "Surely kings imagine that their stomachs are not made like other men's." And on another occasion, when the emperor had committed an excess upon sausages and olives, sent to him by the wife of Quixada himself, and afterwards complained of a sore throat, which made it difficult for him

to swallow, the mayordomo sententiously observed, "Shut your mouth, and the gout will get well."

But though the emperor, if we may trust Mr. Stirling, never got the better of his Flemish appetite, yet we should be very unjust to his memory if we were to picture him to ourselves as leading a life of idleness and sensual indulgence in his monastic retreat. On the contrary, his time was spent in giving really valuable advice on most important matters of state to his son and other members of his family still engaged in the difficult task of governing, in devotional exercises, public or private, and in simple innocent recreations; and the glimpses which we have of his relations with the friars, with his own household and his neighbours, are of the most pleasing character. His companions, indeed, complained loudly of the lonely and doleful existence which they led in this secluded spot. "If his majesty came here in search of solitude," writes one of them, "by my faith, he has found it!" "This is the most wretched and solitary life I have ever known," says another, "and quite insupportable to those who are not content to leave their lands and the world, which I, for one, am not content to do." But though so insupportable to others, it is certain that Charles himself delighted in it. There is not one word of truth in the assertions so often made by "historians who have found it easier to invent than to investigate," that the emperor's life at Yuste was a long repentance for his resignation of power; on the contrary, so far from regretting his retirement, he refused to entertain several proposals that he should quit it; and when a report had got abroad of a contrary nature, the chamberlain lost no time in assuring the secretary of state that it was altogether unfounded. "His majesty," he wrote, "is the most contented man in the world, and the quietest, and the least desirous of moving in any direction whatsoever, as he tells us himself." He was not, however, altogether free from petty annoyances in the midst of his retirement; for his neighbours do not seem to have stood more in awe of majesty "divested of its externals," than they did of any other country gentleman having game that could be poached and gardens that could be plundered.

"The villagers of Quacos were the unruly Protestants who troubled his reign in the Vera. Although these rustics shared amongst them the greater part of the hundred ducats which he dispensed every month in charity, they teased him by constant acts of petty aggression, by pounding his cows, poaching his fish-ponds, and stealing his fruit. One fellow, having sold the crop on a cherry-tree to the emperor's purveyor at double its value, and for ready money, when he found

that it was left ungathered, resold it to a fresh purchaser, who of course left nothing but bare boughs behind him.

“Weary of this persecution, Charles at last sent for Don Juan de Viga, president of Castille, who arrived on the 25th of August at Luis Quixada’s house, in the guilty village. Next morning he had an interview of an hour and a half with the emperor; and spent the day following in concerting measures with the licentiate Murga, the rural judge, to whom he administered a sharp rebuke, which that functionary in his turn visited upon the unruly rustics. The president returned to Valladolid on the 28th; and a few days afterwards several culprits were apprehended. But whilst Castilian justice was taking its usual deliberate course, some of them who had relatives amongst the Jeromites of Yuste, by the influence of their friends at court, wrought upon the emperor’s good nature so far that he himself begged that the sentence might be light.”

And we find that even this sentence was afterwards remitted, or at least turned to good account; for it was directed in his will that the amount of fines recovered, or that should be recovered, by his attorney from the rioters and poachers of Quacos, should be paid into the hands of a person named by the executors, for distribution amongst the poor of the village. We are not surprised, then, to hear that he was as popular in the cloister as he had been in the world. When the prior of the convent of Yuste died, the friars petitioned the emperor to request the new general of the order (who was one of his preachers) to waive his privilege and permit them to choose their new prior themselves. With admirable taste, and to the great delight of his household, he at once, and rather drily, refused to meddle in the matter, or to interfere with the rules of their order.

“There was still in his conduct and bearing that indescribable charm which wins the favour of the multitude. A little book of no literary value, but frequently printed both in French and Flemish, sufficiently indicates in its title the qualities which coloured the popular view of his character: *The Life and Actions, heroic and pleasant, of the invincible Emperor Charles the Fifth*, was long a favourite cheap-book in the Low Countries. It relates how he defeated Solyman the Magnificent, and how he permitted a Walloon boor to obtain judgment against him for the value of a sheep, killed by the wheels of his coach; how he rode down the Moorish horsemen at Tunis, and how he jested, like any private sportsman, with the woodmen of Soigne. A similar reputation for affability and good humour, heightened by the added quality of sanctity, he left behind him in the sylvan monastery of Estremadura. Doomed by royal etiquette to eat alone, he would break the rule in favour of the Jeromites of Yuste; and he sometimes dined with them in their refectory, as he had dined in former days with the Benedictines of

Montserrat. At the latter convent, a rough Aragonese prior ventured to tell him that he had polluted their sober board by eating flesh meat there; a monkish pleasantry which the imperial guest took in perfectly good part."

But it is in his attention to his religious observances during these last years of his life that every Catholic reader naturally feels the deepest interest; and on this subject we have most full and satisfactory information. If we may believe the royal recluse himself in a declaration which he made to St. Francis Borgia, never since he was one-and-twenty years old had he failed to set apart some portion of each day for mental prayer. There are periods in his life when we should not have thought this possible. Some of his public acts seem scarcely reconcilable with such a practice; and yet it is clear that religion and religious habits were far from being new to him when he entered his long-desired haven of refuge. He would not have been so firm a friend of the Duke of Gandia, and pointed him out with admiration as the model and miracle of princes, had religion been to him what it is to too many whose names have filled the world with their glory.]

"When the empress died, he retired to indulge his grief in the cloisters of La Sista, near Toledo. After his return from one of his African campaigns, he paid a visit to the noble convent of Mejorado, near Olmedo, and spent two days in familiar converse with Jeromites, sharing their refectory fare, and walking for hours in their garden-alleys of venerable cypress. When he held his court at Bruxelles he was often a guest at the convent of Grærendael; and the monks commemorated his condescension, as well as his skill as a marksman, by placing his statue in bronze on the banks of their fishpond, at a point where he had brought down a heron from an amazing height. At Alcala, when attending service in the University church, he would not occupy the throne prepared for him, but insisted on sitting with the canons, saying that he could never be better placed than among reverend and learned divines.

"The emperor's punctual attendance, whenever his health permitted, on religious rites in church, and his fondness for finding occasions for extraordinary functions there, won him golden opinions among the friars. When he had completed a year of residence, some good-humoured bantering passed between him and the master of the novices, about its being now time for him to make his profession; and he afterwards declared, as the friars averred, that he was prevented from taking the vows, and becoming one of themselves, only by the state of his health. St. Blas's day, 1558, the anniversary of his arrival, was held as a festival, and celebrated by Masses, the *Te Deum*, a procession, and a sermon by Villalva. In the afternoon, the emperor provided a sumptuous repast for the whole convent out of doors, it being the custom of the fraternity to mark any accession

to their numbers in this way. The country people of the Vera sent a quantity of partridges and kids to aid the feast, which was also enlivened by the presence of many of the Flemish retainers, male and female, from the village of Quacos. The prior provided a more permanent memorial of the day, by opening a new book for the names of brethren admitted to the convent, on the first leaf of which the emperor inscribed his name, an autograph which was the pride of the archives until they were destroyed by the dragoons of Buonaparte.

“ On the first Sunday after he came to the convent, as he went to Mass, he observed the friar who was sprinkling the holy water hesitate as he approached to be aspersed. Taking the hyssop therefore from his hand, he bestowed a plentiful shower upon his own face and clothes, saying, as he returned the instrument, ‘ This, father, is the way you must do it next time.’ Another friar, offering the pyx containing the holy wafer to his lips* in a similar diffident manner, he took it into his hands, and not only kissed it fervently, but applied it to his forehead and eyes with true oriental reverence. Although provided with an indulgence for eating before communion, he never availed himself of it but when suffering from extreme debility; and he always heard two Masses on the days when he partook of the solemn rite. On Ash Wednesday he required his entire household, down to the meanest scullion, to communicate; and on these occasions he would stand on the highest step of the altar to observe if the muster was complete. He was likewise particular in causing the Flemings to be assembled for confession on the stated days when their countryman, the Flemish chaplain, came over from Xarandilla. The emperor himself usually heard Mass from the window of his bed-chamber, which looked into the church; but at compline he went up into the choir with the fathers, and prayed in a devout and audible voice in his tribune. During the season of Lent, which came round twice during his residence at Yuste, he regularly appeared on Fridays in his place in the choir, and, at the end of the appointed prayers, extinguishing the taper which he, like the rest, held in his hand, he flogged himself with such sincerity of purpose that the scourge was stained with blood. Some of these scourges were found after his death, in his chamber, stained with blood, and became precious heir-looms in the house of Austria, and honoured relics at the Escorial. On Good Friday he went forth at the head of his household to adore the Holy Cross; and although he was so infirm that he was almost carried by the men on whom he leaned, he insisted on prostrating himself three times upon the ground in the proper manner before he approached the blessed symbol with his lips. The feast of S. Matthias he always celebrated with peculiar devotion, as a day of great things in his life, being the day of his birth, his coronation, the victories

* This is probably a mistake for the *pax*, used in some Catholic countries for the kiss of peace. Instead of this kiss being given *sinistris genis sibi invicem appropinquantibus*, as ordered in the rubrics of the Roman Missal, it is in some places given by all kissing a small tablet, called a *pax*, which is carried to each in succession.

of Bicocca and Pavia, and the birth of his son Don John of Austria. On this festival, therefore, he appeared at Mass in a dress of ceremony, and wearing the collar of the golden fleece, and at the offertory expressed his gratitude by a large oblation. The church was thronged with strangers, and the crowd who could not gain admittance was so great, that while one sermon proceeded within, another was pronounced outside beneath the shadow of the great walnut-tree of Yuste. The emperor lived on terms of friendly familiarity with the friars, of which they were very proud, and his household somewhat ashamed. He always insisted on his confessor being seated in his presence, and would never listen to the entreaties of the modest divine, that he should at least be allowed to stand when the chamberlain or any one else came into the room. 'Have no care of this matter, Fray Juan,' he would say, 'since you are my father in confession, and I am equally pleased by your sitting in my presence, and by your blushing when caught in the act.' He knew all the friars by name and by sight, and frequently conversed with them, as well as with the prior. When the visitors of the order paid their triennial visit of inspection to Yuste, they represented to him with all respect, that his majesty himself was the only inmate of the convent with whom they had any fault to find; and they entreated him to discontinue the benefactions which he was in the habit of bestowing on the fraternity, and which it was against the rule for Jeromites to receive. One of his favourites was the lay brother Alonso Mudarra, who, after having filled offices of trust in the state, was now working out his own salvation as cook to the convent. This worthy had an only daughter, who did not share her father's contempt for mundane things. When she came with her husband to visit him at Yuste, emerging from among the pots in his dirtiest apron, he thus addressed her: 'Daughter, behold my gala apparel; obedience is now my pleasure and my pride; for you, with your silks and vanities, I entertain a profound pity!' So saying, he returned to his cooking, and would never see her again. While the emperor's servants were surprised by his familiarity with the stupid friars, the friars marvelled at his forbearance with his careless servants. They noted his patience with Adrian, the cook, although it was notorious that he left the cinnamon, which his master loved, out of the dishes whereof it was the proper seasoning; and how mildly he admonished Pelago the baker, who, getting drunk and neglecting his oven, sent up burnt bread, which must have sorely tried the toothless gums of the emperor. Nevertheless, the old military habits of the recluse had not entirely forsaken him; and there were occasions in which he shewed himself something of a martinet in enforcing the discipline of his household and of the convent. Observing in his walks, or from his window, that a certain basket daily went and came between his garden and the garden of the friars, he sent for Moron, minister of the horticultural department, and caused him to institute a search, of which the result was, the harmless discovery that the cepivorous Flemings were in the habit of bartering egg-plants with the friars

for double rations of onions. He had been disturbed by suspicious gatherings of young women, who stood gossiping at the convent-gate, under pretence of receiving alms. At Yuste the spirit of misogyny was less stern than it had formerly been at Meorada, where the prior once assured Queen Mary of Castile, that if she opened, as she proposed, a door from her palace into the conventual choir, he and his monks would fly from their polluted abode. Charles, however, who had been wont in old times to shut his window if he saw a pretty woman in the street, determined that neither he himself nor his hosts should be led into temptation. Complaint to the superior not sufficiently suppressing the evil, it was repeated to the visitors when they came their rounds. An order was then issued that the conventual dole, instead of being divided at the door, should be sent round in certain portions to the villages of the Vera, for distribution on the spot. And although it was well known that St. Jerome had sometimes miraculously let loose the lion, which always lies at his feet in his pictures, against the women who ventured themselves within his cloisters, it was thought prudent to adopt more sure and secular means for their exclusion. The crier, therefore, went down the straggling street of Quacos, making the ungallant proclamation, that any woman who should be found nearer to the convent of Yuste than a certain oratory, about two gunshots from the gate, was to be punished with a hundred lashes."

Elsewhere Mr. Stirling gives us the true account of that singular religious function which Charles caused to be celebrated for the good of his soul the day before he was seized with the fever that proved fatal to him. Robertson's highly wrought account of the matter he justly describes as being "in every thing but style, very absurd;" in fact, it is utterly false. Robertson makes Charles follow the funeral procession he had ordered for himself wrapt in his own shroud; he pretends that he lay in his coffin as though he were really dead, and that it was not until all the assistants had retired and the doors of the chapel were shut, that he rose from the coffin and withdrew to his apartment; moreover, that the fatiguing length of the ceremony, or the impression which this vivid image of death had left upon his mind, was the cause of the fever which attacked him on the next day. The following is Siguença's account of the matter, adopted by Mr. Stirling; and as his book was published with the authority of his name, while men were still alive who could have contradicted a misstatement, there seems no sufficient reason for questioning his accuracy.

"Whenever, during his stay at Yuste, any of his friends of the degree of princes or knights of the fleece had died, he had ever been punctual in doing honour to their memory, by causing their obsequies

to be performed by the friars ; and these lugubrious services may be said to have formed the festivals of the gloomy life of the cloister. The daily masses said for his own soul were always accompanied by others for the souls of his father, mother, and wife. But now he ordered further solemnities of the funeral kind to be performed in behalf of these relations, each on a different day, and attended them himself, preceded by a page bearing a taper, and joining in the chant in a very devout and audible manner out of a tattered prayer-book. These rites ended, he asked his confessor whether he might not now perform his own funeral, and so do for himself what would soon have to be done for him by others. Regla replied, that his majesty, please God, might live many years, and that when his time came these services would be gratefully rendered, without his taking any thought about the matter. 'But,' persisted Charles, 'would it not be good for my soul?' The monk said that certainly it would: pious works done during life being far more efficacious than when postponed till after death. Preparations were therefore at once set on foot; a catafalque, which had served before on similar occasions, was erected; and on the following day, the 30th of August, as the monkish historian relates, this celebrated service was actually performed. The high altar, the catafalque, and the whole church, shone with a blaze of wax lights; the friars were all in their places at the altars and in the choir, and the household of the emperor attended in deep mourning. 'The pious monarch himself was there, attired in sable weeds, and bearing a taper, to see himself interred, and to celebrate his own obsequies.' While the solemn mass for the dead was sung, he came forward and gave his taper into the hands of the officiating priest, in token of his desire to yield his soul into the hands of his Maker.

"Many years before, self-interment had been practised by a bishop of Liege—Cardinal Erard de la Marck, Charles's ambassador to the diet during his election to the imperial throne—an example which may perhaps have led to the ceremonies at Yuste. For several years before his death, in 1528, did this prelate annually rehearse his obsequies and follow his coffin to the stately tomb which he had reared in the cathedral at Liege. The funeral-rites ended, the emperor dined in his western alcove. He ate little, but he remained for a great part of the afternoon sitting in the open air, and basking in the sun, which, as it descended to the horizon, beat strongly upon the white walls. Feeling a violent pain in his head, he returned to his chamber and lay down. Mathisio, whom he had sent in the morning to Xarandilla to attend the Count of Oropesa in his illness, found him, when he returned, still suffering considerably, and attributed the pain to his having remained too long in the hot sunshine. Next morning he was somewhat better, and was able to get up and go to mass, but still felt oppressed, and complained much of thirst. He told his confessor, however, that the funeral service of the day before had done him good. The sunshine again tempted him into his open gallery. As he sat there, he sent for a portrait of the empress; and

hung for some time, lost in thought, over the gentle face, which, with its blue eyes, auburn hair, and pensive beauty, somewhat resembled the noble countenance of that other Isabella, the great Queen of Castille. He next called for a picture of our Lord praying in the garden, and then for a sketch of the last judgment, by Titian. Having looked his last upon the image of the wife of his youth, it seemed as if he were now bidding farewell, in the contemplation of those other favourite pictures, to the noble art which he had loved with a love which cares, and years, and sickness could not quench, and that will ever be remembered with his better fame."

It does not seem to occur to Mr. Stirling, that the *subjects* of these paintings had anything to do with the Emperor's choice of them at this moment. Being ignorant of the religious use which Catholics make of sacred pictures, he adopts this heathenish interpretation of a Christian act. Does Mr. Stirling really believe that if a *Venus* by Titian had been in the Emperor's collection at Yuste, instead of a sketch of the Last Judgment by the same master, he would have called for it just the same?

Many very minute particulars of his last illness have been preserved by eye-witnesses, or by persons who had conversed with them, and are very faithfully recorded by Mr. Stirling in the form of a journal of each of the twenty days that yet remained of the emperor's life. There are many most touching and interesting passages in this portion of the book. We can only find room for the closing scene of all. Charles had received the holy Eucharist, and "confessed with great devoutness," on September 10th, and on the 19th he received the sacrament of extreme unction.

"This involved the reading of the seven penitential psalms, a litany, and several passages of Scripture; through all of which the emperor made the proper responses in an audible voice. After the service was over, he appeared rather revived than exhausted by it.

"*September 20th.*—During the whole of the past night he had been attended by his confessor, and by the preacher Villalva, who frequently read aloud, at his request, passages from Scripture, usually from the Psalms. The psalm which he liked best was that beginning *Domine, refugium factus est nobis*. Soon after daybreak he signified his wish to be left alone with his chamberlain. When the door was shut upon the retiring clergy, he said, 'Luis Quixada, I feel that I am sinking little by little, for which I thank God, since it is his will. Tell the king, my son, that I beg he will settle with my servants who have attended me to my death; that he will find some employment for William Van Male; and that he will forbid the friars of this convent to receive guests in the house.' The emperor afterwards asked for the Eucharist. Fray Juan de Regla re-

minded him, that after having received extreme unction, that sacrament was no longer necessary. 'It may not be necessary,' said the dying man, 'but it is good company on so long a journey.'* About seven in the morning, therefore, the consecrated wafer was brought from the high altar of the church, followed by the friars in solemn procession. The patient received It, with great devoutness, from the hands of his confessor; but he had great difficulty in swallowing the sacred morsel, and afterwards opened his mouth and made Quixada see if It had all gone down. In spite of his extreme weakness, he followed all the responses as usual, and repeated with much fervour the whole verse, '*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum: redemisti nos, Domine, Deus veritatis;*' and he afterwards remained kneeling in his bed for some time, and uttering most pious and apposite ejaculations in praise of the Blessed Sacrament. He was soon, however, seized by violent vomitings, and during the greater part of the day lay motionless, with closed eyes, but not unconscious of what went on around him. About noon the archbishop arrived, and was immediately admitted to the sick room, where he was recognised by the patient, who addressed a few words to him, and told him to go and repose himself. The Count of Oropesa and his brother, Don Francisco, also came, although they were themselves hardly recovered from their illness. In the afternoon it was supposed that the emperor's strength was ebbing fast, and all his friends assembled at the palace. They found him perfectly calm and collected, for which he expressed great thankfulness, it having long been his dread that he might die out of his mind. A few words of consolation touching forgiveness of sin were at intervals addressed to him by the archbishop. Sad and swarthy of visage, Carranza had also a hoarse, disagreeable voice. Hearing it on one of these occasions, the emperor gave a sign of impatience so unmistakeable, that Quixada thought it right to interpose, and whisper, 'Hush, my lord, you are disturbing his majesty.' The primate took the hint and was silent. Towards eight o'clock in the evening Charles asked if the blest tapers were ready; and he was evidently sinking rapidly. The physicians acknowledged that the case was past their skill, and that all hope was over. Cornelio retired; Mathisio remained by the bed-side, occasionally feeling the patient's pulse, and whispering to the group of anxious spectators, 'His majesty has but two hours to live—but one hour—but half an hour.' Charles meanwhile lay in a stupor, seemingly unconscious, but now and then mumbling a prayer and turning his eyes to heaven. At length he raised himself and called for 'William.' Van Male was instantly at his side, and understood that he wished to be turned in bed, during which operation the emperor leaned upon him heavily, and uttered a groan of agony. The physician now looked towards the door, and said to the archbishop, who was

* Here again the Protestant historian has clearly fallen into some involuntary error, which, in the absence of the original, we are unable to correct with certainty.

standing in its shadow, ‘*Domine, jam moritur;*’ ‘My lord, he is now dying.’ The primate came forward with the chaplain Villalva, to whom he made a sign to speak. It was now nearly two o’clock in the morning of the 21st of September, Saint Matthew’s day. Addressing the dying man, the favourite preacher told him how blessed a privilege he enjoyed in having been born on the feast of St. Matthias, the apostle who had been chosen by lot to complete the number of the twelve, and in being about to die on the feast of St. Matthew, who for Christ’s sake had forsaken wealth, as his majesty had forsaken imperial power. For some time the preacher held forth in this strain. At last the emperor interposed, saying, ‘The time is come: bring me the candles and the crucifix.’ These were cherished relics which he had long kept in reserve for this supreme hour. The one was a taper from Our Lady’s shrine at Monserrat, the other a crucifix of beautiful workmanship, which had been taken from the dead hand of his wife at Toledo, and which afterwards comforted the last moments of his son at the Escorial. He received them eagerly from the archbishop, and taking one in each hand, for some moments he silently contemplated the figure of the Saviour, and then clasped it to his bosom. Those who stood nearest to the bed now heard him say quickly, as if replying to a call, ‘Ya, voy Senor,—’ ‘Now, Lord, I go.’ As his strength failed, his fingers relaxed their hold of the crucifix, which the primate therefore took, and held it up before him. A few moments of death-wrestle between soul and body followed; after which his eyes fixed on the cross, and with a voice loud enough to be heard outside the room, he cried, ‘Ay, Jesus!’ and expired.”

SHORT NOTICES.

It was recommended in a recent number of *Brownson’s Quarterly Review*, that educated persons, having been brought up Protestants, but lately received into the Catholic Church, should study Catholic faith and theology in some clear and trustworthy compendium. We heartily coincide with this recommendation, and think a better book could scarcely be found for the purpose than one which has lately appeared in France, *Etude de la Doctrine Catholique dans le Concile de Trente*, par le R. P. Nampon, S.J. (Paris: Poussielgue-Rusand). It is made up of a number of discourses originally delivered in Geneva during the jubilee of 1851 upon the following subjects: “The authority of the Church and of its Head; of General Councils, especially of Trent; of holy Scripture, and of tradition.” Having laid these foundations, the author proceeds to treat of the Holy Trinity; of original sin; of the divinity of our Lord; of justification; of the sacraments (each in its turn); of purgatory; of indulgences; of invocation of the saints; of relics and images; and finally, of the laws of the Church. As a specimen of his mode of handling his subject, we will take a single discourse, that on purgatory. He first shews the reasonableness and even necessity of such a doctrine to complete the circle of the Christian faith; then the

evidence that can be adduced from holy Scripture and tradition; then the practical lessons to be drawn from it; then the errors of heretics in connexion with it; and lastly, the decrees of the Council of Trent. The author writes with great clearness and precision; and the book will be found extremely useful to those converts who are anxious thoroughly to eradicate all the prejudices of their former ignorance.

The World and the Cloister, by Agnes M. Stewart (Richardson and Son), is decidedly the most successful production that we have yet seen from Miss Stewart's pen. We are sorry that she should have selected for her principal heroine of the cloister one who had entered it after having been "crossed in love," because this is the Protestant idea concerning all nuns; it is the only motive for retiring from the world that Protestants seem capable of appreciating; and we think it was a decided mistake, therefore, in a work of fiction written by a Catholic, so to form the plot of the tale as to confirm this false and vulgar idea. But with the exception of this error in the plan, we have read the several chapters of this book with very great interest, and can highly recommend it. Some of the letters from religious introduced into the narrative read more like fact than fiction, and we suspect are thoroughly genuine. Indeed, nearly all the details of cloister-life described in these pages have an air of reality and authenticity about them rarely to be met with in books of this kind. The histories of the convents of New Hall and of York are extremely interesting, more especially of the latter (pp. 155-158); and if Miss S. could obtain the necessary materials for a similar history of all the other religious houses in England, she would make a valuable contribution to English Catholic literature. We are glad, for the sake of our young friends and of the authoress herself, to see a second edition also of her *Stories of the Seven Virtues* (London, Dolman).

America discovered, a Poem, by J. V. Huntington (New York, Dunigan). This poem was delivered before the Association of Alumni of the University of New York at their anniversary celebration, June 29, 1852, and is now published at their request. We presume the poet is young, and therefore we would not discourage the efforts of his Muse. We would recommend, however, a less ambitious flight. Milton cannot be successfully imitated in a day; and even if he could, a Catholic poet would do well to choose a better and more Christian model. At the same time, there are some pleasing verses in this poem, and some still more pleasing thoughts.

We rejoice to see a new edition of Father Faber's *Catholic Hymns* (London, Richardson), and that their price is reduced to two-fifths of what it was, whilst at the same time the matter has been nearly doubled. We are not sure that we consider all the additions improvements, but there is nothing on which there is such diversity of tastes as religious poetry; and it is certain that nothing but good can result from an increased circulation of this justly popular volume.

We wish we could put into the hands of every educated and thoughtful Protestant Mr. Manning's *Four Lectures on the Grounds of Faith* (London, Burns and Lambert). As a piece of closely reasoned argument, it is equal to any thing on the subject that we ever read, whilst, as a composition, it is very superior to the author's usual style. It is nowhere heavy and laboured, with involved and inverted sentences, such as we remember in Mr. Manning's former writings, but it reads smoothly and easily, almost like a lecture of Father Newman's. The first lecture establishes the position that revealed truth must be both definite and certain; the second goes on to examine the founda-

tion upon which this certainty descends to us, which is of course the authority of the Church; and first, the Church is considered merely as a human witness, and it is shewn that even in this light she is at least the most trustworthy witness than can be found; the further fact is then insisted upon, that the Church is not a mere human witness, but a divine witness, preserved from all possibility of error and always teaching the truth through the perpetual indwelling presence of the Holy Spirit. The fourth and last lecture reverses the process that has been gone through in the preceding ones, and instead of building up the truth positively and directly, it shews the destructive consequences of admitting its contradictory; and in this lecture there is a short but masterly sketch of the religious history of Protestant England since the Reformation. On the whole, we anticipate a most extensive circulation for these valuable lectures, both among Catholics and Protestants.

We have received a circular of Mr. White's *Universal Circulating Library* (26 Great Russell Street, British Museum), which has just been established with the approbation of his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman. It is, we believe, the first time that an attempt has been made to establish a library of this kind for the especial advantage of Catholics; and now that the Catholic press in England, Scotland, Ireland, and America—to say nothing of foreign languages—is constantly sending out new publications, there can be no doubt that such an institution will be most useful. The library is of course not exclusively Catholic; but it is intended to embrace, in addition to the usual contents of an ordinary circulating library of the better class, all new works by Catholic authors or of interest to Catholic readers, which, we need hardly say, will be sought for in vain in Protestant libraries of more than double the size. We think the plan has only to be generally known and to be carried on with spirit, in order to ensure success, which we most heartily wish it.

Our musical readers will not regret that the seventh part of *The Choir* (Burns and Lambert) contains not less than seven pieces by Mr. Richardson of Liverpool, constituting the entire contents, with the exception of two good compositions by Casali and Soriano. Mr. Richardson's compositions fully bear out the favourable opinion we have already expressed of his works. To a perfect facility in conducting his parts, he unites an ease and delicacy in modulation, and (though with a slight tendency to fall into reminiscences of other writers) an ear for melody and an appropriateness of expression. Of the pieces before us, we think the best is the *Quæ est ista*, one of the antiphons sung at the reception of nuns; the prolongation of the bass note at the termination of the first movement, and its resolution with the commencement of the second, being as happy an instance of the use of *harmony* as a means of expression as we can call to mind. Mr. Richardson's most ambitious piece, the *Tollite portas*, is the least satisfactory. The opening is good, the subject of the fugue is good, and the treatment clear and artistic; but at the twenty-fifth bar from the end it becomes a mere piece of mechanism conducted according to the rules of the schools, and well enough as an exercise, but totally without meaning. The example of almost all the great masters of the art, in our view, is no justification of any practice by which the end of all vocal music, namely, expression, is violated. We augur so well of the abilities of Mr. Richardson that we trust he will avoid this rock, on which so many excellent composers have split. In a piece of any pretensions beyond those of a mere *corale*, breadth must be studied before elaboration, and truth before scholastic subtlety.

Every thing written by the Count de Montalembert is always worth reading ; and great credit is due to Mr. Dolman for the spirited way in which he has presented us with that nobleman's latest work, clad in an English dress, so immediately after its appearance in France. *Catholic Interests in the Nineteenth Century* (London, Dolman) is not, as some of the notices of it that have appeared in the London journals may have led our readers to imagine, a mere political brochure interesting only to Frenchmen and politicians. The first chapter contains a rapid but brilliant review of the condition of Catholicism throughout the whole of Europe now and as it was fifty years ago. Next, he insists on the special characteristic of this regeneration of European Catholicism, that it is not a mere superficial progress or improvement of outward circumstances, but far more a real consolidation and development of inward strength ; and that no other system, political, theological, or philosophical, has made a similar progress during the same period, but Catholicism only. So far all his Catholic readers will go along with him, be enchanted by his eloquence, and feel inspired by the glowing colours in which his subject is painted. The remaining portion of the work, however, is far from having commanded the same unanimity of judgment. Montalembert expresses himself very strongly on the recent political changes in France, and on the language of the Catholic press in their regard. We cannot here enter into a detailed examination of the points at issue between Montalembert and the *Univers*. As we read history, France is a country essentially monarchical, and therefore we think Montalembert's statements somewhat overcharged ; still, on the whole, we are sure that he will command the sympathies of English Catholics generally, as he has those of German Catholics ; and at any rate they cannot fail to be much interested by studying the thoughts of so good a Catholic and so able a writer on the present extraordinary political condition of that country.

The second part of the Essay on *The Restoration of Belief* (Cambridge, Macmillan and Co.) has appeared, and is characterised by the same accomplished style, and the same boldness and originality of thought as the first. We wish we could say more, and that the essay was calculated to fulfil its author's desire and its own title, viz. to restore belief in Christianity in those minds which have unfortunately lost it. We confess, however, that we have no such expectations. The present part of the essay treats of "the supernatural element contained in the Epistles, and its bearing on the argument for the truth of Christianity ;" and there is a great deal of interesting matter in it, expressed in a very graceful way. It is scarcely of a kind, however, calculated to make a very deep impression on minds in which scepticism has made any real progress, and which are familiar with the German modes of Biblical interpretation. If the author would but fairly apply the same principles which he here lays down for the defence of Christianity to an examination of the evidences of the Catholic faith, he would either become a Catholic, or he must acknowledge his own canons of criticism to be untrustworthy. For ourselves, we are satisfied that they are really and fairly available for both purposes, *in an equal degree*—*i. e.* in the case of persons who have no interest in resisting them, and no violent prejudices to be shocked by the conclusions to which they would lead ; but as we should never think of using them in an argument with Mr. Spooner or Sir Culling Eardley, so this author also may rest assured that he is using them in vain against real sceptics and infidels.

We are glad to see that the second volume of *De Ponte's Meditations* (London, Richardson) has now appeared. To those who wish to study

accurately the life of our blessed Lord, this and the two next volumes will be invaluable. In order to shew the fulness and minuteness of these beautiful meditations, it is enough to mention that the present volume of 300 pages does not embrace his baptism, and therefore none of his public life. In an appendix of forty or fifty pages, the Novena of Meditations in honour of the Sacred Heart by Father Borgio is added.

The second edition of the *Prayer-Book for the Young* (Burns and Lambert), a very useful little book, remedies the defect we previously noticed, by the addition of Devotions for Mass.

The new volume of *The Oratorian Lives of the Saints* (Richardson and Son) contains the lives of St. Catherine of Ricci, St. Agnes of Montepulciano, B. Benvenuta of Bojan, and B. Catherine of Raconigi; all of them belonging to one or other of the orders of St. Dominic. We hope the editors of this valuable series will be able always to make arrangements of this kind, by which the lives of saints of the same order, or of the same age, or of the same character, may be brought out together. The absence of any such arrangement was a defect which we ventured to point out in the last volume that appeared. We pointed out some others also; and in the preface to the present volume, the editors observe, with reference to all such suggestions, that to give explanatory notes and in other ways to attempt to remove some of the difficulties which attend the Lives of the Saints, would be a departure from the original idea of the undertaking upon which they obtained the sanction of superiors, and for which alone they have sufficient leisure. We are too well pleased with the series as it is, to insist upon objections that cannot be overcome, though we must still be allowed to retain our private regrets that it is not altogether what we should like it to be.

Correspondence.

ACCENTUATION OF LATIN IN THE MECHLIN VESPERAL.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

SIR,—Your October Number contained an excellent letter on the subject of the “Musical Accentuation of the Latin Language” as connected with Mass and Motett music. I crave your permission to make a few remarks bearing more or less on the same subject, but with reference only to the Vesper service.

It will be known to most of your readers, no doubt, that great and most laudable exertions have been made of late years to introduce and facilitate the proper execution of the chants, antiphons, and hymns, which make up the service of Vespers; and that Messrs. Burns have brought out, under the able editorship of Mr. Lambert of Salisbury, a series of works (now almost complete) which will enable ordinary singers and ordinary organists to chant correctly the various antiphons which lead into the Psalms, and without which, or with which simply recited, or, still worse, sung to the old London-chapel tune, the service is undoubtedly very bald and incomplete. It happened most fortunately for the success of this movement, that a short time previously a new Vespéral had been brought out under the auspices of the Archbishop of Mechlin, of which it is not too much to say, that it has rendered possible that which was before impossible, since to have chanted the antiphons to the barbarous jumble of notes in the old Antiphonaries would not have been endurable or endured out of the self-

complacent kingdom of France. The labours of the Mechlin editors may therefore be truly termed a *reformation* of the Antiphony. They themselves, it is true, profess only to have *restored* the ancient song; nevertheless, we may be permitted to conjecture, that, amidst the confusion of ancient manuscripts, the true and only possible result was, and has been, the production of a Vespéral such as in the judgment of the editors a Vespéral *ought* to be, rather than what it *would* have been had old examples been rigorously followed. If Père Lambillotte is to be believed, this is certainly the case; and if so, the Mechlin Vespéral can claim no greater authority than is due to the learning, and diligence, and *taste* of the compilers. I have already said that it is a vast improvement on the old chant-books, and I will now add, that it is so particularly as regards the proper accentuation of the words; a matter in which foreigners have been hitherto so deficient, that it would seem as if they were either wholly ignorant of the right pronunciation of the Latin language, or had no ear for accent at all. The Mechlin editors have introduced a thorough reform in this particular; no one using their Vespéral need fear encountering a decidedly false accent; yet they have retained certain foreign peculiarities in the arrangement and division of words, which is to our ears very unpleasant. From this source, too, arise frequent redundant notes, the use of which not unfrequently compels you to throw a secondary accent upon an unaccented syllable. It is very difficult to explain oneself on musical details without the use of notes, but I will endeavour to do so by a few instances.

The most marked peculiarity in the Mechlin Vespéral, as well as in all the other works of the same editors, is a fondness for *splitting* the emphatic syllable, contrary, as it appears to me, to the practice of the best composers in music generally, but particularly in recitative to which the antiphon bears a close resemblance; I mean, that instead of throwing the emphatic *syllable* direct and singly upon the emphatic *note*, by which the full vigour of the phrase is preserved, the Mechlin editors will divide it and spread it over two notes, the first unaccented, the second the emphatic note. Instances of this occur in probably every antiphon in the Vespéral, but perhaps a more familiar example may be found in the common hymn for Sundays, *Lucis Creator optime*. In this hymn the metre requires the second syllable of the first word of every line to be accented, and the music corresponds; but it happens that the tune has *three* notes for the first *two* syllables, consequently one of those syllables must be spread over two notes. Now the first two notes are unaccented ones leading up to the third, the accented one; and what so easy and natural as to run the first syllable over the first two notes, and then strike boldly with your accented syllable upon the third (accented) note? Not so our Mechlin friends; they have a “non-natural” system, which produces this result: instead of *lu-ucis* Creator, and *pri-imórdiis* lucis, and *mu-undí* parans, they will have it *luci-ís* Creator, and *primo-órdiis* lucis, and *mundi-í* parans. I pray your readers to try the effect of this syllabic arrangement upon the English language—the best test of what is natural. Let them sing the same tune to the English translation, in the Mechlin style. Thus, instead of *O-o greát* Creator of the light, *Who-o fróm* the darksome womb of night, *Brought'-st fôrth* new light at Nature's birth, *To-o shine* upon the face of earth; instead of this, the verse would run, *O grea-eát* Creator of the light, *Who fro-óm* the darksome womb of night, *Brought'st fo-órth* new light at Nature's birth, *To shi-íne* upon the face of earth. Is not the effect odd, even ludicrous?

But I have said that the above system often compels a singer to throw a secondary accent upon an unaccented syllable. Examples of

this are numerous, both in the "Vesperal" and "Ordinarium Missæ." Refer, for instance, to the antiphons for Magnificat for first and second Vespers of a Martyr. In the former, our accent is forced upon the second syllable of the word *impiorum*; in the latter, on the same syllable of the word *semetipsum*. The common sense of singers will no doubt lead them commonly to rectify these errors, which is often to be done by the simple omission of a redundant note; but here I cannot help preferring a gentle complaint against Mr. Lambert, that in his organ accompaniments he has interposed not unfrequently a difficulty in the singer's way, by changing the harmony upon the very note which ought to be omitted, so that it becomes necessary to disfigure the organist's book by alterations, lest he should be misled.

The antiphons, however, are for the few, the psalm-tones for the many; and I proceed to shew that the "non-natural" system is carried into the ordinary Vesper chants. I refer to the first and third terminations of the first tone, the first termination of the third tone, and the first termination of the fourth tone; and, to exemplify my meaning, I will use the usual words, *seculorum. Amen.*

The first termination of the first tone consists of six notes, the first and fourth being accented; and I maintain that the syllables should be appropriated according to the usual English custom, thus: $\begin{matrix} 1 & 2 \\ lo & rum \\ 3 & 4 & 5 & 6 \end{matrix}$ *lo-rum* $\begin{matrix} 1 & 2 \\ a & a \\ 3 & 4 & 5 & 6 \end{matrix}$ *a-â-a-men*; but the Mechlin Vesperal divides them thus: *lo-rum* $\begin{matrix} 1 & 2 \\ a & a \\ 3 & 4 & 5 & 6 \end{matrix}$ *a-a-me-en*, introducing the syllable *men* on the fifth instead of the sixth note.

I appeal to every listener if he does not *feel* this to be wrong; and if a rule is demanded, I believe it to be this, that in what may be called a running passage the syllable should not be changed except upon a note having *some* accent, whereas the fifth note has none. In the same way, and on the same principle, I contend that the "a" should continue till the last note of the third ending of the first tone, as also of the first ending of the third tone. With respect to the fourth tone, the first termination consists of five notes, the first and fourth being accented; and the question here is how the syllables "*lo-rum*" should be divided; and, in my opinion, there ought to be rather more accent on the second than the third note of the termination, and therefore that

the syllables should be divided thus: $\begin{matrix} 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 5 \\ lo & ru & um & a & men. \end{matrix}$ This is not the Mechlin division; but I admit that a singer *may* throw a greater accent on the third than the second syllable, in which case the Mechlin division would be correct.

Matters which affect the every-day service of the Church are, I conceive, deserving of attention in every particular; and I commit the above observations to the consideration of those persons to whom we are already so much indebted for their labours in this department of the Ritual.—I am, sir, yours obediently,

A CHORISTER.

Obituary.

Of your charity pray for the soul of Mr. MARSLAND, of Huntington Villa, Clifton, who died on the Feast of All Saints, having received all the rites of the Church.

END OF VOL. X.

