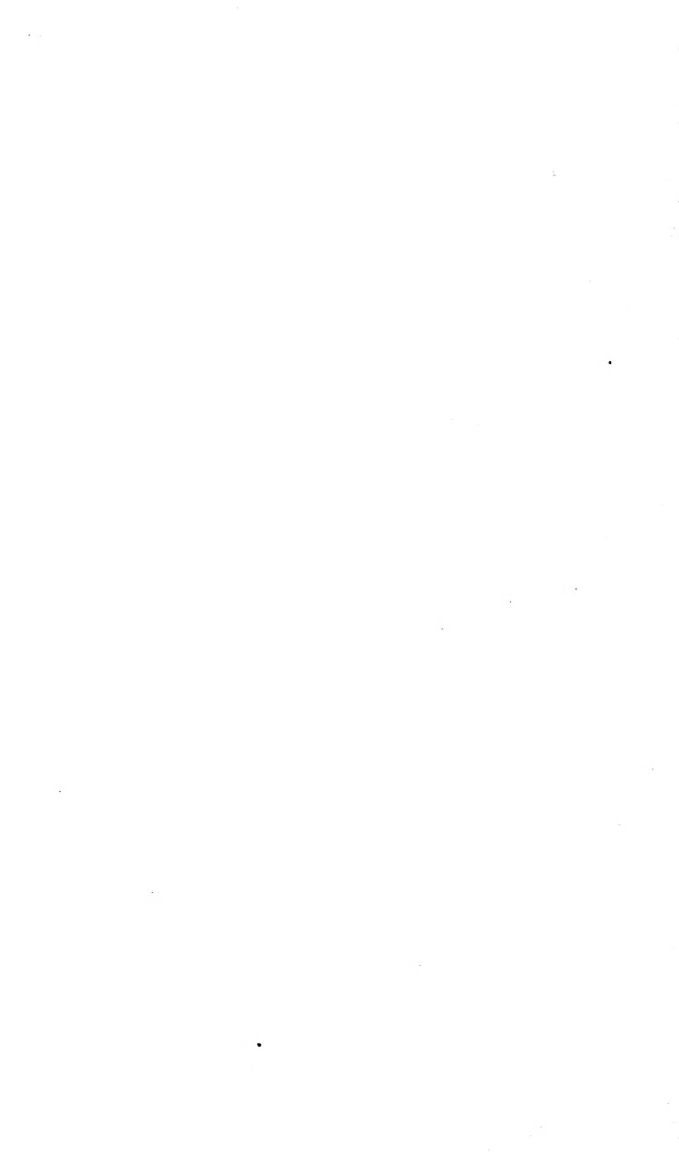
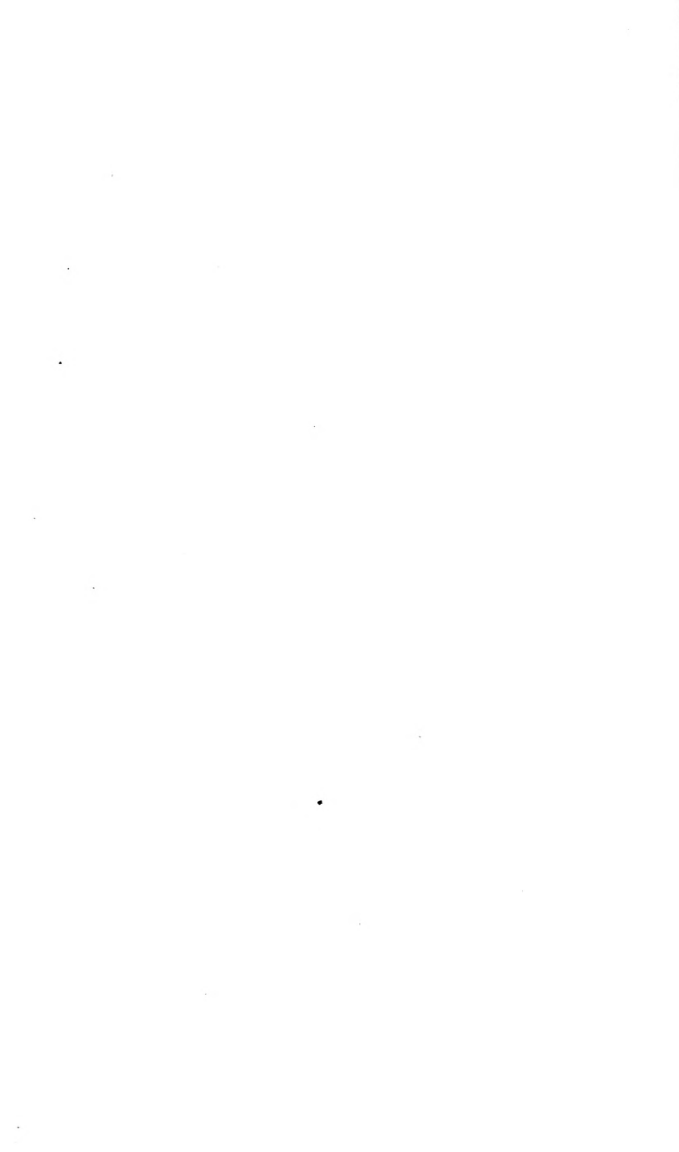


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Vide p. 21.

CAUGHT NAPPING.

Third Edition.

LONDON :
G. J. PALMER, 32, LITTLE QUEEN STREET,
LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.
1866.

CAUGHT NAPPING.

CHAPTER I.

HOW I FOUND MYSELF IN THE CATACOMBS.

I AM an Anglican of the Anglicans, I mean that I am τετράγωνος a Perfect Man, with four angles impinging upon my neighbours and producing among them many a sore. Whithersoever I go, into whatsoever society, I take my angles with me. They do much damage, but they establish the principle of Anglicanism.

My object in writing these lines is to announce a very remarkable phenomenon which occurred the other day, and which may prove of interest to the Psychologist.

I was sitting in my study before the fire reading the *Guardian*, which is the 40th article of my

creed, with my feet upon the mantle-piece, and my spectacles upon my nose. Whilst perusing with the utmost profit and gratification the letters of Messrs. Marriott and Milton on the Ritual question, an indescribable obfuscation stole over my faculties. My chin, which, on principle, I keep well elevated, sank upon my bosom, which is boney. My eyes began to close, an Æolean note issued at intervals from my nostrils. The *Guardian* slipped from my fingers, and to my obscured fancy appeared to slide away into utter vacuity. The ranges of books upon my shelves seemed to undergo changes. The library of Anglo-Catholic theology began to dance, whilst the library of the Fathers retired into vacuum—but not the same vacuum into which the *Guardian* had slipped, one totally distinct.

These facts will prove my abnormal condition.

What Anglican, waking or dreaming would picture Sancroft and Andrews, Bull and Cosin, capering in a reel? I record my impressions circumstantially, as they led to a very extraordinary phase in my existence, for which I am totally unable to account. That I dreamt what follows is simply impossible; the phenomena of dreams depend entirely upon the existence of imaginative faculties, but these are entirely deficient in Anglican skulls. What I relate must therefore be regarded as *fact*; I am unable to account for the fact, but it

is not required of man to understand or to intellectually grasp, in order to believe, certain facts which come to him on high authority. The human mind is finite, &c. . . . (A long passage follows apparently extracted from a sermon on the limits of reason, and its relation to faith, preached by our correspondent before a rustic congregation. We omit the passage as of interest only to the composer of the sermon.) Suffice it to say, that somehow, in an inappreciable moment of time I lost the thread of time, and only caught it again after the lapse of ages. How this was effected is to me inexplicable, I can only illustrate it by the analogy of a man ascending a slippery height and sliding back from the summit, to check himself in his rearward career by catching a shrub near the bottom. Space and time are related, our appreciations of each are parallel. I checked myself with a jerk after the lapse of a thousand and odd years in the midst of the times of persecution.

I hate persecution.

I found myself deposited, with all my Anglican principles and prejudices, in the city of Rome.

I should have preferred Jericho.

Suddenly I discovered myself standing candle in hand in the gloom of a Catacomb.

The ventilation of the catacombs is most imperfect, and the close proximity of the dead to the

living must be prejudicial to health, it should be made a matter of investigation by the sanitary commissioners.

I traverse the passages with a feeling like lead upon my heart. This is caused by the consciousness that I am in an age of persecution. I by no means appreciate a condition in which Church and State do not work in harmony. If I could have left my mucous membrane in the nineteenth century I should not have minded; but a sense of discord between Church and State always agitates my nerves, which react upon the mucous membrane, and that extends over the whole body.

On my walk I read the epitaphs inscribed on the monumental slabs. The spelling on some was shameful. The schools must be in a shocking state, or no such orthographic blunders would be tolerated, as "POLLECTA QUE ORDEV BENDET DE BIANOBA." Some supervision should be exercised over the day schools. N.B. Speak to authorities about certificated masters. Recommend Battersea.

I suddenly drew up before one slab and the colour rose to my cheek in righteous indignation. On it was inscribed, after the name of the defunct, "mayest thou rest in peace, and pray for us." I ask any candid reader whether an Anglican could contemplate such an inscription with equanimity! Here was actually in an early age of the Church, a

prayer for, and an invocation of, a departed soul. This was beyond endurance, I should have at once written to the Bishop about it, but that I was aware I should obtain no redress, the practice of prayers for the dead being as old as Christianity. I felt, moreover, true insular objection to having any communications whatsoever with such an individual as the Bishop of Rome. I therefore rambled about the catacombs in search of chisel and hammer, and having found these implements, I proceeded to deface the inscription. How many happy hours I could have spent in reducing the teaching of the catacombs to a closer accordance with the doctrines of our admirable Liturgy, by scraping off paintings and altering inscriptions !

But I was afraid of detection.

On turning an angle I came upon one of the subterranean chapels or churches. A congregation was assembled, and to my bewilderment, I ascertained that my presence was expected as priest.

I tried to avoid this awkward situation ; I objected to compromising myself, and it was only on mature consideration, and on reflecting that there was no one present who could convey information to any of my parishioners, that I yielded. A young man, a deacon in what the Ritualists call a dalmatic, proceeded to vest me. Some people think it a duty to do at Rome as the Romans do. I

object to such want of principle, and if I acquiesced on this occasion, it was under protest. If I go to Rome or Thibet, I shall follow the custom I have instituted at Grubbington-in-the-Clay, North Devon, diocese Exon.

Grubbington-in-the-Clay! sweet spot where I always preach in a surplice and black stole.

Grubbington-in-the-Clay! a little heaven here below,* where I read the Church Militant every Sunday.

Grubbington-in-the-Clay! where I have preached the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration for fifteen years.

Grubbington-in-the-Clay! thee no Ritualistic novelties excite, no approximations to Roman ceremonial agitate!

But I am becoming poetical.—I have a wife and fourteen children (the last in arms) at Grubbington, from whom I am severed by a chasm of 1,600 years.

However, here I am in the subterranean church of the catacombs, being vested for Ma—— I mean for the Communion.

I expend a considerable amount of time and much breath in protesting against these vestments. I object to an alb with tight sleeves and to a

* Minus the lights and incense mentioned in Revelation.

chasuble,—a chasuble! horror!—(N.B. Since my return to this century, my hair has become grey.)

At Grubbington-in-the-Clay I wear a surplice with large sleeves like elephant's ears, and an erect collar. O, for my surplice, my surplice! Alas! though I have relapsed through many centuries, that chaste article of ecclesiastical vesture looms in the remote future. I can go to it, but it cannot come to me.

I point out to the deacon a painting upon the wall representing a man in white with two black stripes descending from his neck, a painting with which Mr. Marriott's letter to the *Guardian* had made me familiar, and I explain to the deacon that my soul lusts after a similar garb. He assures me that the picture represents an old woman, and not a priest. I then plead for at least a black stole without crosses, but am informed that the Church of Primitive times knows nothing of these ribands, so that I have to yield my body to be invested in the sacerdotal stole of the period, and I am forced into a magnificent chasuble of oriental cloth of gold, the offering of a wealthy Christian in Cæsar's household.

But my griefs are not yet over. The Communion Table is not a table at all. It has NO LEGS, but is a martyr's tomb called an arcosolium, under a recess in the wall, the face of the "altar" being

flush with the side walls, so that every possibility of turning the corner is precluded. Now, if there is a position in life which to an Anglican is bliss, it is to be like Chevy Slime, of Martin Chuzzlewit notoriety, "always round the corner, Sir!" There is a craving in his inmost soul for the North End, and as the needle points to the pole, so does the heart of the Anglican turn instinctively to that end of the table. Clap him down where you will, he sidles up by virtue of an internal guiding law to the North Side, and his soul only recovers its balance, and is in joy and peace, when he has safely doubled the corner. But here I was walled off from it. Now, to be vested in chasuble was bad enough, but to be debarred from turning the corner was beyond endurance; the last straw will break a camel's back, and on seeing this impediment in my way I became stubborn. I might have borne the chasuble, as I could have smudged through the service at the North End according to the use of the Church at Grubbington—a use incomparably superior to those of Sarum, and York, and Hereford; but the two items together of vestment and a turning of my back to the people were too much for me.

I lay down and kicked.

At this moment there was a stir, and a foreign ecclesiastic entered. I now ascertained that the

deacon and the congregation had been actuated by a mistake in endeavouring to make me celebrate. A Scythian priest was expected, and seeing me stroll into the subterranean chapel about the time, and perceiving that I was an utter stranger, they had pounced upon me.

I was now set at liberty, and, though I strongly disapproved of non-communicating attendance, I assisted at the celebration of the Divine Mysteries.

On account of the subterranean nature of the place, there was, I suppose, a necessity for the candles which the assistant ministers bore, and for the lighted lamps upon the altar. I tried to persuade myself also that the incense was used on account of the stuffiness of the atmosphere, through the imperfect ventilation of the catacomb, and the numerous interments which took place there. I afterwards explained to the deacon, that chloride of lime would prove more effectual, and that Burnett's disinfecting fluid was highly recommended, and that the use of either of these would obviate the necessity of using thurible and incense-boat, thereby removing prejudice and cutting off occasion of superstition. The young man was totally unacquainted with Burnett, which is not to be wondered at, as that individual will not spring into existence for one thousand and six hundred and odd years. (I am afraid there is here an unavoid-

able confusion in times and tenses, necessitated by my peculiar circumstances.)

The deacon assured me solemnly that the Church had ordered the use of incense, not as a disinfectant but as an offering of adoration, and that the rule of the Universal Church was enough for him, —which was impertinent of the young man. (N.B. Curates are evidently alike in all ages.) His name I ascertain was Laurence. He was afterwards a martyr. My church at Grubbington is dedicated to him.

It is to me a matter of unceasing yet unavailing regret that Dr. Harold Browne was not an Iso-apostolic father, so that the Primitive Church might have had the benefit of perusing his work on the Thirty-nine Articles, the standard of nineteenth century Anglicanism. If this work had been then adopted as a text book of theology, what a revolution in ideas would have been produced, and I confidently believe that the number of martyrs would have been materially diminished. How full of novelty and of gratification it would have proved to the apostle of the Gentiles to ascertain that his words were capable of being twisted to establish Anglican theories, and O! glorious thought! the whole system of worship of the Early Church, instead of being modelled on the pattern of things in the Heavens, might have been brought to re-

semble the sublime simplicity of Morning and Evening Prayer at, for instance, Grubbington-in-the-Clay. Probably, moreover, the liturgies of S. Peter, S. James, and S. Mark, would have been materially modified in their expressions, and curtailed of much superfluous ceremony. Yet more, am I presumptuous in suggesting that the performance of the celestial liturgy as viewed by S. John, would have exhibited a less sacrificial and ceremonial character, and have been invested with the solemn simplicity and absence of sensational attractiveness which pervades English Cathedral worship?

Thus musing, it flashed across my memory that I had a packet of the publications of the Anglo-Continental Society in my pocket before my relapse. I thought that the distribution of these works might prove of incalculable advantage to the Early Church. I felt for them in my breast pocket but missed them. It will always be a difficult matter to transfer publications (however valuable) back over a thousand years from the date of their issue, still the attempt might be made, and I strongly urge upon the Society to confine and concentrate its efforts for the future, on an attempt to convert the Primitive ages to the principles of the English Reformation.

The practice of the Early Church in using un-

leavened bread and the mixed chalice, in elevating the Host and in reserving the Blessed Sacrament, cannot be too severely deprecated, whilst to a modern, the ancient offices present a mighty void which an extensive introduction of "Dearly Beloveds" alone could fill.

CHAPTER II.

MY WALK WITH THE BLESSED LAURENCE.

AT the conclusion of the service, which to me savoured too strongly of ritualistic tendencies to be satisfactory, I entered into a long conversation with some of the Christians present. I explained to them that I was a priest from Britain, but they were, I found, very ignorant of the institutions of that favoured isle. Indeed, they regard me—*me*, the incumbent of Grubbington-in-the-Clay, and one who has been nominated for a Proctorship in Convocation—*me* they regard as a Barbarian. I can afford to overlook such opinion founded in ignorance, conscious as I am of my superior acquaintance with the laws of natural phenomena, with the adaptations of science to the social advantage of mankind, and above all, with the eternal

principles of the English Reformation. Eager to impart true knowledge to these Roman Christians, I narrated to them the history of the Established Church. I regret that my success was not equal to my zeal; this was partly owing to my accent, which had been acquired in English grammar schools, and which was somewhat remote from the pronunciation of Latin in Rome 1,600 years ago. Besides I had to narrate the history backwards from Queen Victoria's reign to that of Henry VIII., then to sketch very briefly the history of pre-Reformation Christianity, dwelling chiefly on corruptions, till I reached the century in which I then was. The vacant expression on the countenances of my hearers struck me as resembling that which I invariably notice in my parishioners when I am preaching at Grubbington.

Presently, however, a look of intelligence kindled up one or two faces, and a whisper passed from one to another relating to me, the subject of which I could not then conjecture. The eyes of the faithful now beamed on me with looks of compassion and tenderness, and I could hear sympathizing sighs and expressions, such as "Poor fellow!" "He looks cold!" "Released at last!"

Anxious to escape this attention I turned to go.

The deacon Laurence, who was a gentleman, though strongly imbued with the superstition of his

times, offered very courteously to conduct me from the catacombs to my place of residence. I accepted his offer with profound gratitude, as I had not the remotest conception of where I was to reside. We traversed the passages for the most part in silence, occasionally I broke it by exclamations of dissatisfaction as inscriptions of questionable orthodoxy met my eyes.

We did not converse much together till we emerged into the light of day, when I asked where I was to be lodged.

The deacon replied that the venerable Pope Sextus usually transferred penitents from their own houses to the mansion of Donatella, where they could enter into retreat before the expiation of their sentence.

“Eh!” I exclaimed, opening my eyes very wide.

“After your long penitence, the Holy Father will doubtless at once remove the sentence and restore you to the communion of the Faithful.”

“Eh!” I gasped again in sad bewilderment.

“It must have been very cold up there,” mused the blessed Laurence: then after a pause he asked suddenly, “Where is the dog?”

“What dog?” I enquired; and then aside, “Can he have heard anything of Ponto, my Newfoundland? Impossible!”

“Why, the dog who has been with you so many ages.”

I could only stare.

“The dumb witness of your crime.”

“Witness of my crime!” I echoed, with an inward hysterical feeling as though I wanted to laugh wildly.

“Yes, of gathering sticks on the Sabbath.”

“Sticks—Sabbath!” echoed I: “Why, who do you take me for?”

“The man in the moon, of course,” replied the blessed Laurence demurely: “I need hardly say that your accent, your manner of talking, and your eccentricities have convinced me and other Christians that you can be no other than that celebrated individual, whose release has at length been effected by the prayers of the faithful, and who has come now to Rome to obtain absolution at the hands of the Bishop.”

“I see,” said I, “I have not made myself sufficiently intelligible,” and I then proceeded to explain who and what I was, and where Grubbington-in-the-Clay was situated. After a great deal of talking I succeeded in making all clear, and the deacon then manifested great interest in the state of the Church in the remote province of Britain. He was anxious to know to what extent the persecutions raged there. I explained that it had greatly

abated,—the only instance I could recall was a circumstance attributable rather to mischievousness than to malice—it was as follows:—Betsy Jane, that is my wife, has a favourite donkey on which she occasionally perambulates the parish, carrying the baby with her. A bad miller's boy one day shortly before my lapse, put a bunch of sting-nettles under the brute's tail. Neddy kicked frantically, as might have been expected, and precipitated Betsy Jane and the baby over his head. Providentially neither were hurt, though Jane's gown was so torn as to necessitate the purchase of a new one.

Laurence then enquired whether the Christians were able to assemble for the celebration of the Divine Mysteries in sacred buildings without interference. I said in reply that no impediment was placed in the way of the public recital of "Dearly Beloved," or the attendance of the faithful on the administration of their clergy.

His enquiries were next directed to the subject of the clergy.

"Were the priests holy and blameless in life?"

"Capital fellows, never better!" then after a pause, "A little hot-headed and rash perhaps, here and there," alluding mentally to the advanced ritualists.

"Given to hospitality?"

“Very much so, no end of croquet parties in the summer.”

“Devoted to fasting?”

“Well, ahem! not much; but the fact of the climate of England must be taken into consideration, and the delicacy of digestion prevalent among the clergy.”

“Eminent in good works?”

“Very much so, very,—there’s Betsy Jane (my wife) is indefatigable in visiting the poor and in attending the schools.”

“How many Bishops are there in Britain?”

“Twenty-eight, besides a few stragglers from the colonies come home to beg, or who have relinquished their sees to take Simeonite-trust livings.”

“You seemed not to understand the sacerdotal vestments,” said Laurence, “have you no distinguishing marks of a priest in your remote land?”

“Distinguishing marks. Oh, of course!”

“What may they be?” he asked.

“Why, let me see—collars.”

“Yes.”

“Whiskers.”

“Yes.”

“Well, and then the regular sacerdotal apparel of bands, and cassock, and surplice, and stole, and hood, and all that sort of thing.”

“And the Bishops?”

“Ah!” I exclaimed, “You should see an Anglican Bishop in full vestments! That is a sight not to be forgotten. I regard the Anglican episcopal costume to be the neatest thing out in ecclesiastical vesture. The view of a Bishop from behind is quite overwhelming. Stay! a bit of chalk, and a stick of charcoal—I will sketch him for you on this wall!” Fired with enthusiasm, I proceeded to delineate to the best of my abilities a member of the episcopal bench as viewed from the rear. Not being a good draughtsman my sketch was not artistically perfect, I was unable to foreshorten the feet, and I made the lawn sleeves look rather like balloons.

Suddenly a pair of hands were placed upon my shoulders and I was roughly swung round. I found myself surrounded by a patrol of soldiers.

“Carry him off,” said the leader of the guard, “he is a Christian necromancer; we have caught him in the act of drawing a magpie on the wall of Cæsar’s palace—a bird of ill omen—to bring ruin by his magical arts, on the house of the Augustus.”

“It is an Anglican prelate,” said I, quaking.

“It’s uncommonly like a magpie,” replied the soldier: “march him off to the prefect.”

Laurence, as he brushed by me, said aside

“Oh, my father! a bottle of your blood shall

be sent to your faithful flock at, What's the name of the place?"

"Bother!" growled I.

As we turned a corner of the street, the roaring of the lions in the distant Flavian amphitheatre was borne down on my ear.

A passing Christian exclaimed :

"The trumpet notes which sound to victory!"

Oh, Betsy Jane, Betsy Jane! And the dear children! And the baby! What on earth shall I do?

CHAPTER III.

HOW I STOOD BEFORE THE PREFECT.

I HAVE never succeeded in adequately describing to Betsy Jane my feelings under escort to bonds and imprisonment, and perhaps worse; and if I failed in making the wife of my bosom appreciate the horrible anxiety under which I laboured during that walk, I must necessarily fail with the public. Not of course that I was alarmed on my own account, but I felt for my wife and family, and I was all of a tremble for Grubbington parish. Mrs. Starch, I mean Betsy Jane, has, since my return to the 19th century, insisted on my insuring my life. Perhaps had I been at the period of my lapse well insured, I could have faced the tribunal with greater equanimity. I put it plainly to myself, —here I am about to be judged, and perhaps sentenced to suffer excruciating agonies, in behalf of a

Christianity which is not at all of my sort, or according to my liking. I am to be, possibly, gutted alive, or impaled, or fried like a herring, or flayed, and rubbed over with pepper and salt,—my nerves being unusually sensitive—all because I am supposed to be a member of a religious community which prays for the dead, uses superstitious ceremonial in the celebration of sacraments, and does not know anything of the principles of the Reformation! Am I prepared to undergo frightful tortures in witness to a faith which tolerates incense, lights, and vestments! Am I to relinquish for ever the prospects of croquet, archery, and other like clerical diversions, by submitting to the rack on behalf of a lot of Christians whose allegiance to the State is more than questionable. Suppose I am gutted, or impaled, or thrown to lions, or roasted on a gridiron, or burned in a tar barrel, what then?

My bones or ashes will be collected, and “deposited in peace” in some vault of the catacombs; I shall be a saint, not the Rev. Edward Starch, but S. Edward, P. and M. My remains will be venerated by ignorant crowds of devotees. To these legs of mine will be given idolatrous worship, and a future Pope will, probably, send the severed joints of my backbone to be enshrined in gold in various Roman Catholic Churches in

Christendom. My collar-bone may be encrusted in jewels at Toledo, my ganglions in Cracow. My little toes may be borne about by coped ecclesiastics in Austrian processions, and the exposition of my big toes may be the means of preventing a plague in Algiers. Now I may fairly ask myself am I justified in thus affording additional opportunities for the extension of superstition?

If I could be quite certain that my relics would be disposed of in an Anglican manner, say, sent to the British Museum, why then the case would be altered. Or again, if I could be tried upon the principles of the Anglican Liturgy and the Thirty-nine Articles, cheerfully would I die, but for a religion which must be abhorrent to all readers of the *Times*, or the *Pall Mall*, or the *Guardian*, in as much as it closely resembles that of the 19th century ritualistic school:—

NEVER!

In arriving at this conclusion I suppose I lagged a bit, for one of my escort with his lance from behind propped me in a fleshy part, to make me walk a little quicker. I threatened him with law, but he laughed. Laughed at being threatened with law! In what a benighted condition Rome must be.

We reached the court, and I was at once brought before the prefect, who happened to be then sitting.

He had just disposed of a Roman Christian or two. One he had ordered to be smeared with honey and exposed to wasps and bees ; another he had condemned to be hamstrung, a third to be hugged to death by a bear. An ugly prospect for my poor self—not that I considered self one moment, but I did feel keenly for my poor wife, whose feelings would be harrowed should she read the acts of my martyrdom in Ruinart.

“Sirrah !” exclaimed the prefect, darting at me a malignant glance. “Who are you ? Another Christian dog, eh ?”

I pulled up my shirt collar, and after a premonitory cough, replied with dignity and composure, “Illustrious Sir, allow me briefly and lucidly to explain to you the peculiar circumstances which have brought me into this predicament.”

“Are you a Roman ?” asked the judge in a surly manner.

“No, my Lord, I am an Englishman, parson of Grubbington-in-the-Clay.”

“Humph ! I suppose you are a Christian.”

“Christian is a broad term,” I replied, “and may mean anything. A Protestant and consistent Anglican I am, but I utterly repudiate all connexion with the Roman Church which I stoutly maintain, in the language of our incomparable Thirty-nine Articles, to have erred, not only in their

living and manner of ceremonies, but also in matters of faith. I regard too, the Romish doctrine concerning purgatory, pardons, worshipping and adoration of images, as of reliques, and also invocation of saints, to be a fond thing vainly invented, and grounded upon no warranty of Scripture, but rather repugnant to the word of God. I do most stoutly maintain this, and show me the member of this Church who can stand against me in argument."

The prefect looked at me with a puzzled air, and then asked what I did believe.

"I believe that Bishops, priests, and deacons, are not commanded either to vow the estate of single life, or to abstain from marriage: and therefore that it is lawful for them, as for all other men, to marry at their own discretion. I may add, that my wife entirely agrees with me on this point."

The prefect uttered an insulting remark with regard to my intellectual capabilities.

"Are you a Christian?" he asked.

I allowed that I was, "but"—. He cut me short as I was about to qualify the remark on the apostolic principle of being all things to all men, and not causing my brother to offend, and asked whether I would swear by the genius of the Emperor.

"By all means," I replied, "the powers that be

—you know the rest; well, in Grubbington I have got a lion and unicorn over the chancel arch. I have the utmost reverence for secular authority, and the blindest devotion to the Crown.”

“Have you any of the sacred writings in your possession?”

I felt in my numerous pockets; I had failed before in my endeavour to discover a certain publication of the Anglo-Continental Society, in my breast pocket, I now explored one of the receptacles in the tail of my coat. Yes! I came on a packet of the tracts of that society, in Latin. I handed them at once to the prefect, who ordered his secretary to take them.

“And,” continued he, addressing the executioner, “look out your apparatus of torture, Maximus. Here is a man who seems to be neither fish, nor flesh, nor fowl: he should have some special cooking.”

“My Lord, shall I roast him?”

“No, good Maximus, roasting is out of fashion.”

“Shall I boil him?”

“That is common-place.”

“Fry him, my Lord?”

“No, let us have some novelty; monotony is tedious.”

“The little horse, the red hot pincers, the thumb screws, the leaded whips, are all stale,” mused the

executioner, biting his thumb-nails and looking dumped. Presently, however, a ray of light illumined his face: "My Lord!" he said, looking up cheerfully, "it is an ancient tradition in the family of my mother, who came from a remote island of the northern seas, called Hibernia, that two cats were once shut up in a chamber at Kilkennœa, and they fought and fought till they had eaten each other all but the tails. My Lord, the prisoner seems to regard the Roman Christians with an antipathy similiar to that recorded of the Kilkennœan cats, and this antipathy I presume is reciprocated. Will it please your worship to order the confinement, in an iron cage, of the deacon Laurence with this Britannie mongrel Christian. I confidently anticipate great entertainment to your Lordship, and I am satisfied that if you will condescend to inspect the cage to-morrow morning, nothing of the several parties will be discovered except the *os sacrum* of each, which your Lordship is well aware, takes that place in man which, in the the inferior order of mammals, is occupied by the tail."

"Capital!" exclaimed the judge, "and whilst Maximus is looking up the cage, and whilst the soldiers go in search of the deacon Laurence, Servius, do you read the pernicious writings which the

prisoner has delivered over to us, and which the Christians regard with reverence.”

The secretary began to read ; my eyes wandered about the court, lighting on this and then on that instrument of torture. I saw a fire of charcoal with pincers in it quite red hot, and my flesh quivered. I saw a press under which Christians were sometimes flattened like pancakes. I saw barbed hooks for inserting into the muscles, wooden saws discoloured with blood, which had cut men in two. Indeed, I saw more than I dare describe. When I attempted to go into the details of what I beheld to my wife, she said “Now, don’t dear,” and I will refrain from doing so here, relying upon her superior judgment.

Whilst I was examining all these horrible implements, the scribe read on in a monotonous voice the stirring words of one of the most pugnacious of the Anglo-Continental tracts. I now turned my gaze upon the audience, who had taken a cruel interest in the scenes of the court, and who were quite prepared to witness with relish the anticipated fight between Laurence and myself. My eyes lingered first on one and then on another. I soon observed their eyelids drooping, and a blank expression stealing over their faces. Still the scribe Servius read the bold statement of Anglican principles.

In the corner I observed the bear which had hugged one Christian to death that morning, chained to a post. During the greater part of my trial, the brute had extended its arms in an endearing manner towards myself, and had been wagging its stump of a tail in the anticipation of giving me a warm embrace. The bear now coiled itself up on the floor, and went fast asleep. I now looked at the prefect. His eyes were closed. Evidently the publication of the Anglo-Continental Society had made a profound impression upon him. Yes! but of a kind I had not anticipated. He, too, was asleep. I heard him snore. The scribe's voice began to falter, the sentences became broken. He went to sleep also. I glanced round the court. Every one was enjoying the repose which is brought on upon so many by a dose of laudanum, or a perusal of the leading articles of the *Guardian*.

I seized the opportunity and stepped lightly out of the court. The guards at the door were vigorously trumpeting through their noses; on them too had the Anglo-Continental tract produced this happy effect. In another moment I was in the street—I was free: I gave a whoop of exultation, and—

WOKE UP IN MY STUDY.

