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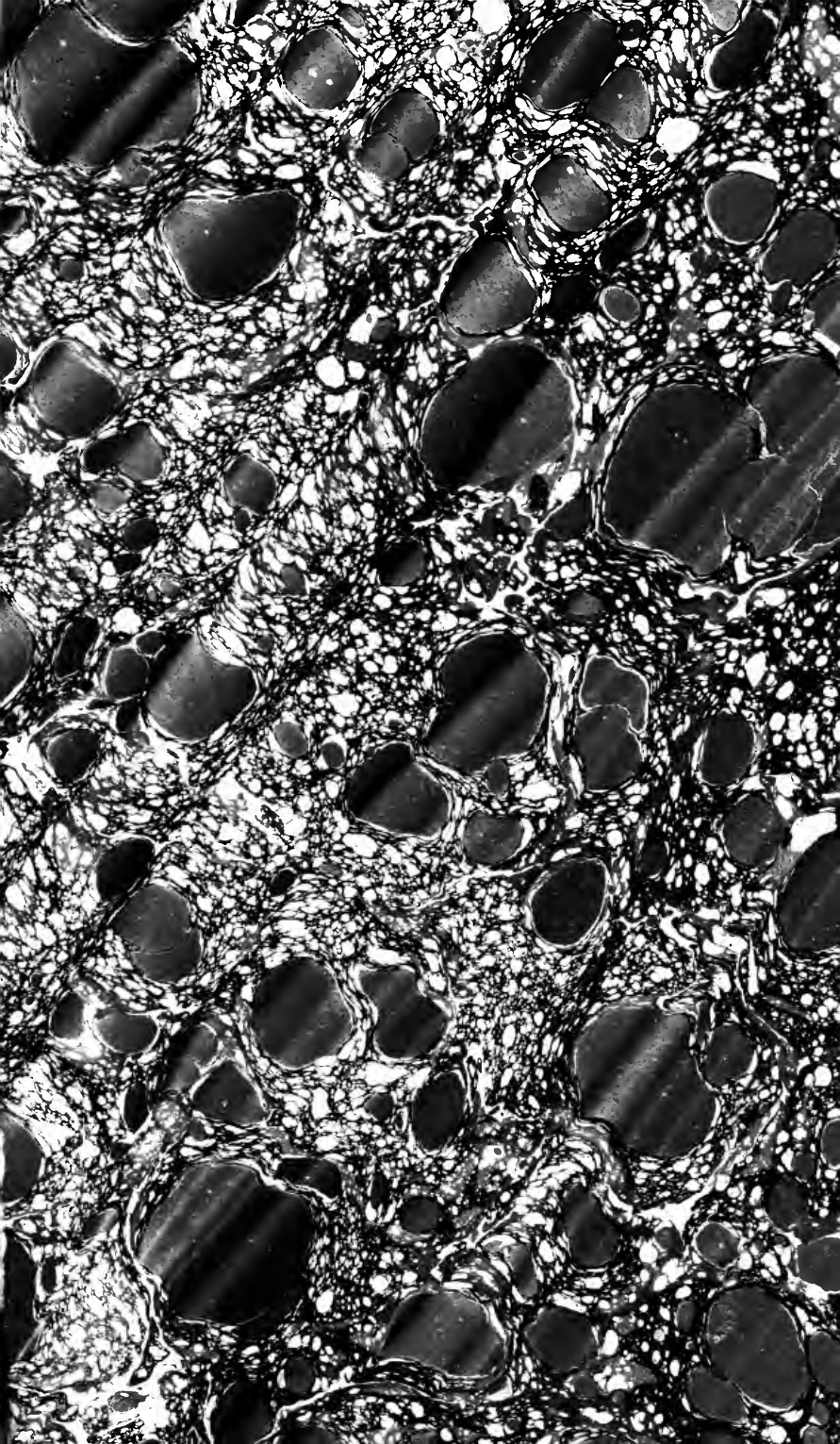


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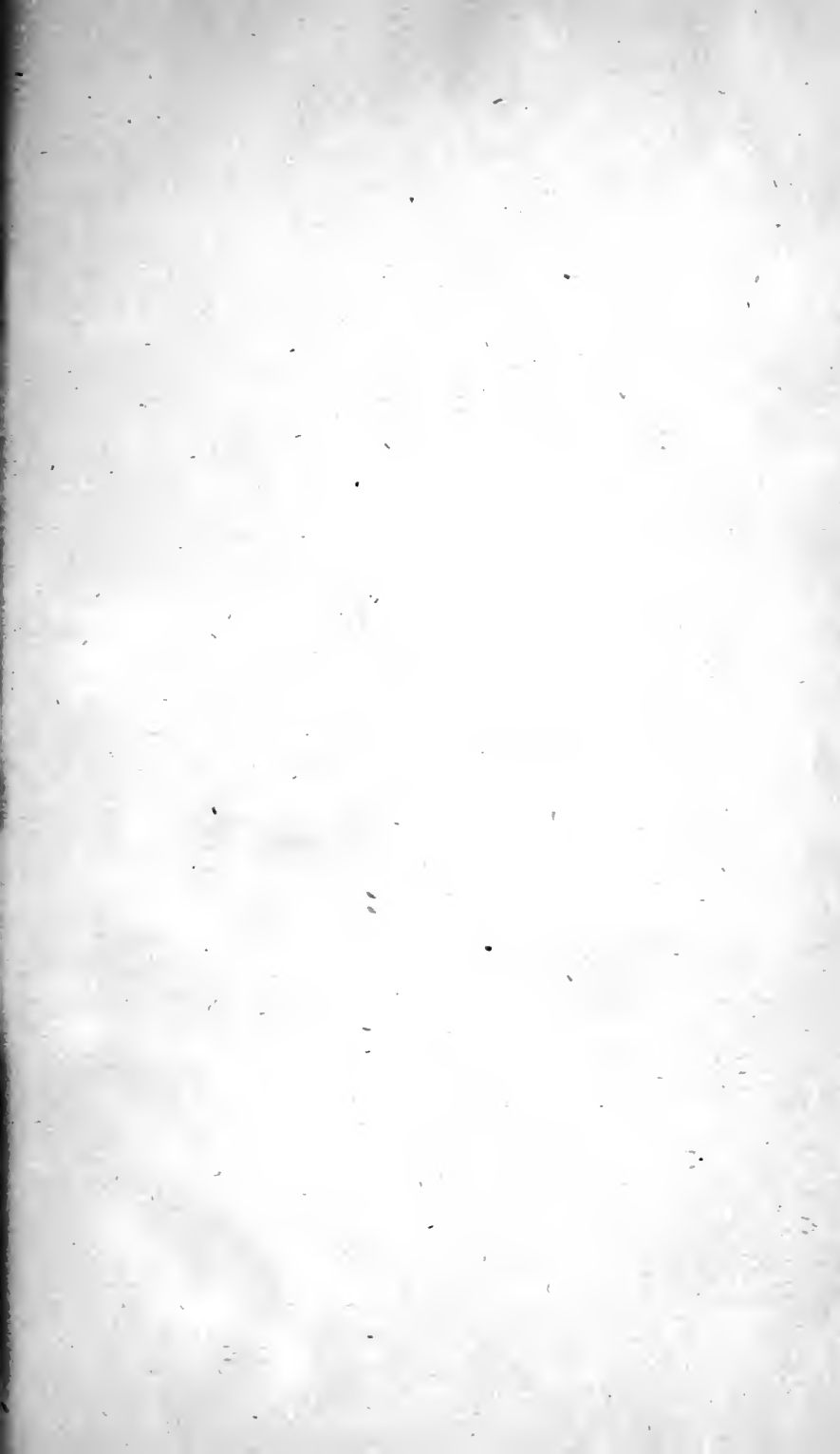




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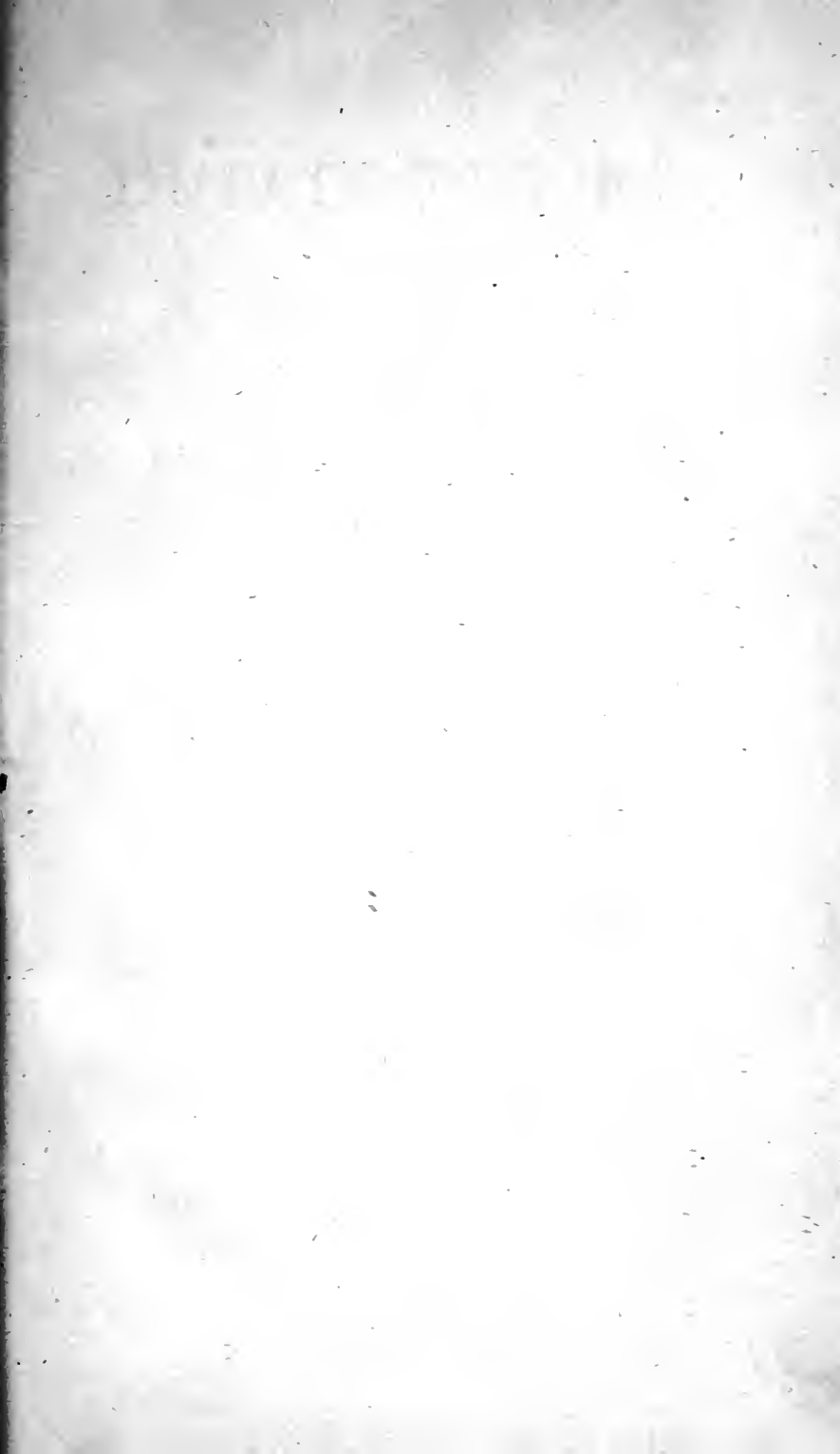














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DUBLIN REVIEW.

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THE  
DUBLIN REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER 1844.

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ART. I.—*Ireland and its Rulers, since 1829.* Parts I and II.  
London: 1843-4.\*

NO doubt these volumes have furnished abundant entertainment to that class of readers whose opinions coincide with those of the author. The work consists chiefly of a series of sketches and narratives, selected and executed with considerable dramatic skill. The great Daniel, the Repeal, Long Jack Doherty, Lords Stanley, Anglesey, Wellesley, and Normanby, Fergus O'Connor, the Catholic priests, Maynooth College, Charles Kendal Bushe, Baron Smith, Mr. Sheil, the Irish Protestant establishment, with many other interesting men and things, are passed in review before us. These are topics which the world cares to hear about.

The style, too, as well as the subject, has its attractions. Smart, flippant, and sometimes picturesque; by no means remarkable for grammatical accuracy, and still less for purity or propriety of expression, there is little in it to offend the taste of the mob of readers; and minds whose sphere of enjoyment extends not beyond the last new novel or monthly magazine, will find their ordinary food of excitement in the pages of *Ireland and its Rulers*.

With this work, therefore, as a piece of pleasant reading, we are very well satisfied. It costs little more attention in the perusal than *Martin Chuzzlewit* or *Windsor Castle*, and forces the mind into a train of thought, no farther than would the bare mention of the subjects of which it treats. Pointed phrases, amusing descriptions of character, bits of transcendental philosophy, dovetailings of fiction and fact

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\* It may be right to state that this article was intended for insertion in our preceding number, and that part of it had actually been printed before our last publication.

together, Boswellian reflections upon momentous subjects,—all, in short, that make up the general features of a third-rate historical romance, compose its matter and form. We have no right to quarrel with a writer, whose object is merely to please, for choosing, or colouring, or inventing the incidents of his story, so as most effectually to strike the imagination and chain the attention. He deals not so much in the true as in the plausible ; and, if he fails, his failure will be owing rather to violations of probability, than of the laws of historical composition or of exact reasoning. The canons of criticism by which the merits of mere works of fiction are to be tried, are numerous and severe enough : but the poet, or wit, or story-teller, who conforms to them, and to them only, has succeeded.

Far different, however, are the principles for testing the real value of a work which proposes to treat seriously most serious questions ; to review great historical events, to sketch eminent historical characters, in which millions of fellow-beings now living take an absorbing and personal interest ; to discuss points of political philosophy, on the true solution of which the welfare of a kingdom depends. There is nothing which men may not make, as there is nothing which men have not made, a subject of pastime, of epigram, of declamation. There are, however, some subjects, and these appertaining to affairs of this world, which it is not lawful to approach inconsiderately, or to treat lightly, even where the purpose is avowed ; and, of course, still less, where there is a profession of seriousness and impartiality.

As a work of amusement, then, we have, as we have said, no fault to find with *Ireland and Rulers* ; but to the rank of a thoughtful, impartial production,—of a production, the accuracy of whose statements, the justness of whose views, the solidity of whose reasoning may be relied upon, we cannot admit its claims. We have perused it with great attention, and with a disposition rather to find beauties than faults. We have perused it with that tendency to favour, which an Irish Catholic is apt to feel in reading any work which has now and then a kind word of his country and his creed, and of the men who adorn and defend both or either of them.—So much have we been used only to the language of raving bigotry, of scorn and vituperation from popular Protestant writers.\* But the time, we trust, is come, when a little mix-

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\* In writing the above we supposed the author of the work before us to be a

ture of truth will not be allowed to give currency to a whole mass of error ; when we are to distinguish justice from injustice, and give to each its proper appellation, even when coming both from the same quarter ; when we are not to thank a man for spitting in our faces, merely because he does not also knock us down and trample us under his feet. We are for the truth and nothing but the truth. The work under review is, however, rather a favourable specimen of the class to which it belongs ; but that class comprises nearly the whole body of modern English literature. The universal custom of viewing deep and serious subjects with a laughing and half-shut eye, of copying instead of examining, of substituting wit for argument, of looking *over* instead of *into*, the misrepresentations, the slanders, the monstrous lies on which the reformation was in part based, and by which it has been up to this very day, and is at this very day, supported in part, has infected, in a more or less malignant form, the whole of our literature through all its departments. We can hardly trust a single popular book in our language on any subject out of the exact sciences. We cannot depend upon our biographies, our histories, our geographies, our books of travel, our books of philosophy. "The trail of the serpent is over them all." What is worse, a very considerable number of so-called Catholic writers have caught the spirit of the literature in which they have been trained up. But of this we have spoken on former occasions, and we shall have more suitable places for speaking hereafter.

*Ireland and its Rulers* is, as may be inferred from the character we have just given of the class to which it belongs, a compound of truth and falsehood, of prejudice and impartiality, of sophistry and fair reasoning. Its merits gratify the taste, and lie on the surface ; its faults offend the judgment, and are not so apparent. Every one knows the effect of a good joke or smart saying in helping out a lame argument, or helping over a good one. Voltaire's jesting account of the marine deposits found on the summits of the Pyrenees was swallowed by ten thousand feather heads, who could not understand the most solid proofs of De Luc or Guénéé. A nickname or an epigram has perverted in many minds the

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Protestant. Indeed, in reading the work it never occurred to us to suppose anything else. We have, however, since learned, from the best authority, that he was a Catholic, and that his relatives still *are* devout and edifying Catholics. Of course the opinions of such a writer *against* the Catholic priests and the Catholic religion, are entitled to great respect ! But of this more hereafter.

light of revealed truth : no wonder that similar tricks should be used successfully to pervert truths of a lower order. Thus, in the present work, many undeniable and favourable facts, and many just observations, are stated regarding the Irish Church, the Irish priesthood, the Irish people, regarding O'Connell, the grievances of the country and the true remedies of these grievances. But then all those fine things, sometimes finely expressed, are so mingled with mis-statements, slanders, mischievous insinuations and sarcasms, and low buffoonery, that one is at a loss to know when the writer is in earnest, when indulging the caprice of fancy, how much is fact, how much is fiction ; what is to be ascribed to his spleen, what to his ignorance, what to his impudence, what to his vanity, what to the better parts of his head and heart. To give a searching, and therefore, detailed commentary on a work written after this fashion, and embracing so many and such topics, would obviously require not one long article only, but several. We must, therefore, confine ourselves to a few of such matters as appear to us the most interesting at the moment. We shall follow the order of the work itself, and therefore commence with O'CONNELL, the Alpha and Omega of Irish history, for the last twenty-five years ; the representative of her virtues and her genius ; her statesman, her orator, her liberator, her champion ; the monument of her glory and the darling of her affections.

O'Connell is not, of course, in this work represented, as he used to be by his assailants,—a very incarnation of evil, a vampire, a noonday devil, a roaring lion going about seeking whom to devour. The day for such a tone is passing. Men have become tired of spitting at the sun, or of paying and applauding those who did. The plan now is to mingle falsehood and truth, censure and praise ; to admonish as a friend, that you may slander as an enemy. Nobody at present, out of an Irish court of justice, believes that O'Connell is really anxious to get up a rebellion, or that the Propaganda is at the bottom of the repeal agitation. No, no ; he has been from time to time exposed to the gaze of the English people, and they have heard his voice frequently in parliament and out of it. They have found that he is a man born of a woman, like one of themselves ; that he has neither iron talons nor forked tongue ; and though they are ready enough to believe *without* evidence, they are not a people to believe *against* the testimony of their own senses.

The impression produced upon the mind of a person who

had never heard of O'Connell before, by the work before us, would be that he is a man of very ordinary genius as an orator or a statesman, but of uncommon sagacity, and of considerable practical talent; who in times and circumstances extremely favourable to his purposes, has raised himself to the eminent position which he holds, by perseverance, by always flattering the prejudices and passions of an excitable people, whom he knew thoroughly and practised upon unscrupulously. The name of the *Liberator* is introduced, and his actions and motives commented upon, in different parts of the work; indeed, they make the strong point of the first volume. We speak of the notion of the man which all these comments taken together would, in our judgment, be likely to convey to such a reader as we have supposed. This sort of meaning which results from the comparison of different passages viewed as a whole, may be, we are well aware, often made a matter of dispute, like a question of taste or feeling; and is of course—much more than the drift of a single connected passage—liable to be coloured by previous knowledge of the subject, or preconceived prejudices in favour of the writer or against him. As it would occupy too much space, and task our readers' patience too far, to cite together all the passages to which we refer, we have only to say that we have formed our estimate impartially.

It is said that one of the chief means by which O'Connell has acquired his power and preserves it, is by flattering the people's prejudices, by inflaming their passions, by unmeasured praise poured out upon whatever are the objects of their love, and unmeasured abuse poured out upon the objects of their hatred. Our caricature-monger is not the first, and of course will not be the last, to advance such a statement. The charge—if it be a charge—is one which has been made by the slaves of despotism, and the slaves of spleen, against every popular leader, whether he may have been an honest patriot like O'Connell, or a trafficker in public discontent like Wilkes. Let us examine it in reference to the *Liberator*.

O'Connell has always humoured the prejudices of the people. Well, let us grant this for a moment. If the prejudices of the people are just prejudices, if the strengthening of them be a means to accomplish the freedom and happiness of the people, why not humour them, and strengthen them, and keep them alive? The prejudice which the people have against perjury or theft is a just prejudice. Will any one dare to say that it is not meritorious in the eyes of God

and man to humour this prejudice? The prejudice which the *Catholic* people have against a young man keeping a mistress is a just prejudice, although our cockney moralist would seem to think otherwise, from his giving the denunciation of this crime by priests, as an example of what he calls their "fanatical austerity."\* Whoever strengthens this prejudice is so far a good Christian and the best of patriots. There is a prejudice of the people against packed juries, against unjust judges, against bribery, against grinding oppression of the poor, against turning them hungry and naked out of house and home, against wholesale robbery, against iniquitous government. Are not these just prejudices? Is not perjury in a scoundrel sitting in a jury-box a crime against God's eternal law, as well as in the same man in the affairs of private life? Is not oppression of the poor a sin that "cries to heaven for vengeance" as well in a landlord as in a surly farmer? Is not injustice in a minister of justice a crime, as well as in a man who is no minister of any kind? We know very well that the sins of an individual, which do not injure society, ordinarily ought not to be published to the world. We know that every fault of those who are placed in authority is not to be paraded before the eyes of men. But when injustice and oppression are worked into a system having extension and stability, and when millions groan under the weight of other men's iniquities, and when the ordinary channels of redress, or even remonstrance, are closed up, and publication is the only means of redress left, then we know of no law which compels us to pay homage to crime, to abjure the decalogue, to call vice virtue and virtue vice; we know no law or counsel to prevent a man like O'Connell from inspiring a hatred—or rather from giving loud expression to a hatred already inspired—against enormities which are hated by God and man. O'Connell humours the prejudices of the people! But did not St. Paul *create* a new prejudice among the people when he denounced idolatry and fornication? Were not the Popes of

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\* "So far from being lax in their morals, the priests are more liable to the charge of fanatical austerity. For example, it is a practice in country parishes to denounce from the altar a young man who has a mistress," &c.—vol. i. p. 277. This practice is by no means so arbitrary or so universal as is here insinuated. It is, of course, like every other mode of ecclesiastical punishment, regulated by considerations of prudence. In most, probably in all of the dioceses of Ireland, it is *expressly* prohibited to any priest to denounce even scandalous and notorious sinners from the altar, *without the express leave of the bishop or vicar-general in every case.*

the middle age humouring the prejudices of the people, when they interposed the authority with which they were *then* vested, between the oppressor and the oppressed, between the fierce and cruel lords and their serfs? Did not the men who in every age succeeded in resisting despotism owe their success to the excited prejudices, the just prejudices of the people? The question ought not to be whether O'Connell humours the prejudices of the people, but whether these prejudices are just; and that they are just, as far as he has gone with them or created them, will the author of 'Ireland and her Rulers' dare to deny?

O'Connell has made the people's prejudices his own, because these prejudices were in favour of virtue and justice and rational freedom. He has gone with the people, and the people have gone with him, and both have gone upon a right path. He has eulogized the genius and the dispositions of the people, because they are a people full of genius and of every generous quality of the heart; and a feeling of self-respect was among the things which they wanted, as it assuredly is among the means to enable them to work out their regeneration. He has described in thrilling words the wrongs which they suffered and still suffer; because, as a man born blind knows not what it is to see the light of heaven, so a nation that has never tasted the blessings of a paternal government, has not, until taught, a just idea of its own degraded state. He who is reduced to slavery feels the weight of his chains a hundredfold more than he who was a bondman from his birth. O'Connell has often described the beauties of green Erin. But it is a lovely land, and the theme is one to fill the heart with emotions that quicken into resolves, and resolves that quicken into deeds. God did not intend that man should be a creature of mere ratiocination, any more than he meant him to be a creature of mere impulse. He gave him a soul that feels as well as thinks; and the very revelation he has imparted is formed as well by its influence to captivate our feelings, as by its evidences to captivate our reason. O'Connell appeals to the people's feelings and to their prejudices: if he did not, he never would have rent the people's chains asunder, nor bent—for he has yet to break—the rod of their oppressor's power.

But is it true that he has never opposed popular prejudice, where he believed that prejudice to be in favour of what was politically or morally wrong? We have no desire to invest him with impeccability or infallibility. That he has com-

mitted mistakes, and that all his words and actions would not pass muster in a process of canonization, with the devil's nicknamed attorney-general in Rome, any more than with the devil's real attorney-general *elsewhere*, we suppose no one will suspect us of doubting. But we shall state this proposition—that of all the popular leaders, of whom history or men's memory has preserved a sufficient record, and who have had, like him, to combat against domestic tyranny, and whose whole influence and power rested upon popular opinion, not one, *not even one* can be found, who preserved such popularity, as he has preserved, so long or half so long or a quarter so long, and who was less the creature of the people's caprice, and who so uniformly resisted popular prejudice, when he believed himself right in resisting it. This is our proposition. We might put it in a much stronger form, but we prefer to say nothing that is not only not provable but that is not easily provable; and, as the proposition lies, we defy the author of *Ireland and its Rulers* to disprove it, we defy the most learned historian of the Tory party or of the Whig party or of any other party to disprove it. Let the ancient or the medieval or the modern history of Greece, or of Rome or of England, or of any other country, which has given birth to patriotic men who resisted oppression and overcame it, be ransacked; and no name can be found like this which sheds such a surpassing glory over the dreary records of our own land.

O'Connell has sometimes compared himself to the straw which floats on the mountain torrent, and only shews the force and direction of the stream. This may come very well from his own lips, but the muse of history will paint him in a far different relation, and, from the groundwork of his own metaphor, will present a far different picture. She will represent him as the giant—for *monster* images associated with his name are now familiar—who found popular opinion only as a tiny current, broken into a thousand dribbling streamlets, and brawling uselessly down the hill's side, and who, with his own hands, hewed for it a channel broad and deep, wherein its scattered waters are gathered together and roll on with increasing volume, calm, majestic, and irresistible.

We have granted for a moment that O'Connell has always gone with popular opinion and prejudice. But what we have conceded in one sense and for argument's sake, we must now deny in another sense and for truth's sake. We have granted that he has gone with prejudice—when it was right: we



deny that he has gone with it, when it was wrong. To bear us out in our denial we need only point to a few notorious facts that have occurred within or near our own recollection; that have occurred since the passing of the Emancipation bill, that is, since the period when he became emphatically and for ever the Man of the People, and since when, to carry out his views, he has needed more than ever to keep the popular mind in a state of activity, and to keep it with him. For before that era his cause was one which to excite men required no aid of artifice; it was one which numbered among its warmest supporters whole masses of men, who, beyond this single case, had little sympathy with the people, and were decidedly opposed to any further extension of popular rights and privileges. Whereas in his great movements since then, his whole or almost his whole support was from the people. With them alone he has been strong: without them he would have been nothing. Their breath is the life of his political power. See then how since that period he has shaped his course.

We well remember the stand which he made against the abominable system of combination among the trades six or seven years ago. Was this humouring popular prejudice? We were ourselves present at the Corn Exchange, when he there first denounced, in uncompromising terms, that system which often led to scenes of bloodshed, and always to injustice. We were present afterwards, when, in the same place, renewing his attacks, with increased energy, he was clamorously and fiercely assailed with the most opprobrious epithets from all sides of the room. Neither the justice of his cause, nor the manifest honesty of his motives, nor the recollections connected with his name and with the spot on which he stood, could protect him from insult. We were also present at the meeting afterwards convened by the lord mayor of Dublin, in the Royal Exchange, and at which his lordship presided. We remember the scene well; the image of it can never be effaced from our memory. We saw, when O'Connell rose to address the meeting, a hundred faces swollen with rage, and we heard the groans and hisses in which even his strong voice was drowned. Then, heaving his huge frame upon the table at which the chairman sat, and, overtopping the multitude, he concentrated all his energies of voice and manner to make himself heard. And for a moment he was heard. For a moment the assembly stood abashed and awed by his dauntless demeanour. After a few seconds the clamour recommenced and increased, the groans and hisses became louder, the looks of the people

more menacing. There were two young Catholic priests present on that sad occasion, and one of them succeeded in pacifying one or two of the disturbers in a corner of the room, who said, "We will be silent for your sake, but not for O'Connell's."\* It moved us almost to tears to witness in these little instances, the influence (for such it was) of the Catholic feeling over the Catholic heart, even in its most ungovernable mood—the influence over the people of the priest of the people. The history of the Church, the history of the Irish Church is full of like examples on an infinitely grander scale. But we are describing the scene in the Royal Exchange. It was manifestly impossible for the business of the meeting to proceed. O'Connell could not obtain a hearing even for a moment. Each effort on his part was met with increased efforts on the part of his assailants. The lord mayor sat very quiet—perhaps it was his duty to do so. The sheriff looked on with apparent calmness: there was even a smile of heartfelt satisfaction visible on his features. But this was in the time of the old rotten corporation. One person, whose name we remember well, under the very nose of the chairman, confronted O'Connell, and, with a demoniacal grin, snapped his fingers in the very face of the Liberator, and mimicked his manner with all the grimaces of an untaught buffoon, and especially the peculiar intonation of voice with which he pronounced "the trades of Dublin." Then the tumult rose to its highest pitch. The lord mayor stood upon his feet, the sheriff waved his official bonnet, the crowd wedged in round the Liberator, the voices became still; a tremendous rush was made towards the door, he was in the midst of the fierce mass. We saw him borne down and onward by it,—we heard the stifled breath of violent exertion,—the colour left our cheeks,—a dreadful suspicion passed through our minds,—a moment or two of agonized suspense was passed,—and we heard that he was *alive* in the street below. Here he was received with marks of disapprobation from an immense multitude who were assembled, no doubt, for the purpose. We do not recollect to have heard that any missiles were flung at him. But he was conducted home in the midst of a strong detachment of the then new city police—and we were told that not a single cheer, not a single loud voice of sympathy, greeted him on the way.

And this is the man who always humoured the prejudices, whether right or wrong, of the people!

But this was not the end. The news of the Royal Ex-

change meeting, of course, went abroad. There was no deep, loud, long, universal burst of indignation against the perpetrators of the black deed. Quite otherwise. We were assured upon good authority, and we know it was commonly reported, that there were many parts of the city—Church Street, for instance—where he could not have appeared, without imminent danger of personal violence. We know that a bitter spirit of hostility towards him pervaded many of that class of the people who had been always before, as they are once more, among his most devoted supporters. We know, moreover, and it is with feelings of no ordinary delight we mention the fact, that the beautiful and timely pastoral of that model of Christian prelates, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, addressed to the Catholic tradesmen of the city, was the principal cause of allaying the popular indignation.

Through all this severe, and to him peculiarly severe trial, O'Connell stood firm, and braved the people's anger for the people's good. Even his enemies were forced to applaud his conduct on this occasion, however grudgingly and coldly they did so—even his enemies who openly rejoiced in his apparent downfall, and who would have gladly awarded him the crown of martyrdom for sake of the martyrdom itself.

Again, the English Chartists were a party from whose cooperation O'Connell, if a mere popularity hunter, might expect to reap great advantages, direct and indirect, and whose opposition, at least, he would be slow to provoke. They came not across his path; the great mass of them were Englishmen; the ground on which they carried on their campaign was English; the cause for which they contended was English. Yet not only did he stand aloof from the contamination of their society; he denounced them; he assailed them; he held them up to the execration of his countrymen. And these things he did when their strength would have been (for the time) his strength; when their machinations were embarrassing the power he was trying to weaken; when it was not his interest to array against himself a vast combination of popular talent, of deadly animosity, of great physical force. Men who never learned in O'Connell's school of politics stood confounded at seeing him not only casting away so powerful an auxiliary, but actually converting it into a hostile power.

A mere selfish agitator,—nay, many an honest agitator,—would have, if not actually made common cause with the Chartists, at least avoided every topic and every movement

that might bring him into collision with them. But O'Connell was a true patriot, and therefore preferred his country's real good to the glory of ruling the democracy of two kingdoms: he was a sound Catholic, and therefore knew that the end could not justify the means; he was a wise statesman, and therefore saw that honesty is—as it has turned out to be—the best policy.

Again, the Irish poor law was certainly, at first, a popular measure. We do not, of course, mean that there was any universal enthusiastic feeling in its favour, such as there is for the Repeal of the Union, for instance. Nevertheless, it cannot be doubted that the great mass of the clergy and the people were well disposed towards it; and that any opposition on the part of either (if we may speak of their sentiments on such matters as the sentiments of distinct bodies), was partial and feeble, and, such as it was, we believe mainly attributable to the influence of O'Connell's name, and the conviction which his opinion, so decidedly formed and expressed, would naturally produce. Here again the popular prejudice was wrong, and here again O'Connell set himself against it openly, absolutely, perseveringly. He declaimed, he argued, he prophesied. He moved a few, he alarmed a few, he convinced a few—ourselves among the number. He pulled against the stream, but, though he ruffled its surface, he did not change its direction. Time has, it is true, proved the solidity of his arguments, and converted his prophecies into facts. But before the law came into operation, many of his best friends, many who were avowed Repealers in 1832, and Precursors in 1837, and who became again avowed Repealers in 1843, were fretted and chagrined at what appeared to them the unreasonable obstinacy of his opposition. Any other man than O'Connell would have made himself ridiculous by adopting the course which he pursued. Yet he pursued it to the end. Nor did his ardour abate in the smallest degree, when he saw, at length, that his authority and his arguments were put forward in vain to rouse and combine the whole country against the measure.

Yet this is the man whose whole aim is, we are told, to practise upon popular delusions for his own base purposes!

Again, the crowning glory of O'Connell's whole career, the great achievement which, though he did nothing else, or though all else that he did were forgotten, gives to his name a lustre beside which the renown of mighty kings, and conquerors, and statesmen, and popular chiefs, grows dim, is the

achievement which he performed in spite of the people's prejudice, in spite of a habit which the misrule of centuries had strengthened. We need hardly add that we allude to the glorious principle of peaceful, legal, moral, and yet persevering—or rather, *therefore*, persevering—agitation, which he has not only preached, but made us to believe,—not only made us to believe but to practise, not only to practise but to embrace as a habit and a rule for ever. For this he has called himself an apostle; and truly never did the work of unconsecrated hands bear upon it more clearly the great mark of the apostolic labours, “*ut eatis et fructum offeratis et fructus vester maneat.*” His other achievements have been great—more dazzling to the eye, more sounding to the ear, more captivating to the imagination; a more interesting theme for the poet to sing, for the historian to narrate, for the orator to point to, when addressing the ardent and young of future days. But *this* is the work which the recording angel shall write in golden letters in that book which man's eye shall not look into until doomsday. Oh, it was a splendid work to have awakened a whole nation that lay sleeping as if dead—to have braved successfully the greatest chieftain of the greatest empire in the world—to have conquered the religious prejudices, the national prejudices, the political prejudices, the personal prejudices of Englishmen, and of many among his own countrymen—to have emancipated the Irish Catholics, whose emancipation, neither the fears of the dominant party during the ascendancy of Napoleon, nor the solemn pledge given or implied at the passing of the Union, nor the progress of the maxims of toleration, nor the advocacy of the most enlightened men, nor the eloquence of Grattan and Plunket, and the rest, nor the growth of religious indifferentism, nor the claims of humanity, or policy, or justice, could have effected;—to have acquired in the great imperial parliament, on hostile ground, in the decline of life, and without the schooling which had been always deemed necessary for success on such a theatre, to have acquired an influence like to that which he was accustomed to wield over his own millions—to have turned out one ministry and kept in another—to have made proud and untameable members of the high nobility of England, like Lord Stanley, stagger, and writhe, and bite the barbed shafts of an eloquence cradled among the wilds of Kerry: these were, indeed, mighty works. But greater far, in our eyes, was the infusion of the new spirit of peace, order, virtue, perseverance,

into the mind of the universal people—the breath of a new life breathed into the whole mass, and moulding its loose and jarring elements into moral beauty and power. There were, it is true, fine materials to work upon, and zealous co-operators to assist him. But the difficulties to be overcome were great exceedingly, and such as would have daunted the courage and defeated the labours of any other. Now that the work is so far accomplished, its merit must be completely hidden to those who only look at the present: To understand the greatness of the change that has been effected we must carry our minds back not only to the beginning of the present century, or the close of the last, to the days of Cromwell the accursed, and, farther still, to the days of Saint Laurence O'Toole and Strongbow. Through the whole of that long and dismal period, how many golden opportunities presented themselves to our infatuated forefathers of recovering, at a single blow, or without a blow, their complete national independence; or, after that had been utterly wrested from them, of at least securing their rights as subjects of the English crown! How often did victory hang within their very grasp, like the ripe fruit that, to be plucked, requires but the stretching out of the hand! These are melancholy facts: this is assuredly no flattering tale to those among us, whose principal “relief from the sense of present humiliation and suffering is sought in dreams of former glory.” Nevertheless it is the truth: we cannot deny it, and it is useless to conceal it from ourselves. What is to our purpose is to know the causes that led to such results—

“How hands so vile  
Could conquer hearts so brave”—

and these causes are as plain on the surface of our history as the results themselves. Of course there was perjury, and deception, and diplomatic skill, and military skill, and violations of treaties, and unspeakable cruelties on the “other side.” Against these were chivalry, and valour, and genius. But of what avail were chivalry, and valour, and genius, to our fathers, while their councils were divided, and their power divided—while their efforts were rashly planned and rashly made—while, after having lifted the weapons against the oppressor that might have smitten him to the earth, they turned them against each other, and plunged them in each other's bosoms—while they drew the sword in the day

of their weakness, and sheathed it in the day of their strength—while they trusted whom they had not tried, and laughed at councils that never deceived them—while they suffered themselves to be wheedled and cajoled when they could have dictated terms, and to be excited and goaded to violence when their power was clipped and their eyes put out—

“ And while their tyrants joined in hate,  
They never joined in love.”

These—internal strife, rashness, blindness to consequences, the violence of despair, and the rest, were among the chief elements of our forefathers' ruin, and have made us what we are. They were rooted in the habits, in the very hearts of the people: and it is the glory of O'Connell that he has plucked them out and planted in their stead the seeds of our greatness and our happiness. This is the glory of O'Connell.

Not many years ago, the strength of the people was eaten up by jealousies, discords, despair, discontent, and apathy. Provinces were divided, parishes were divided, villages were divided. There was no common end, or common means, or common love, or common hope, or common faith. Spies and informers, and the rest of that loathsome brood of reptiles that increase and multiply under the malediction of unjust laws, fattened upon the folly and simplicity and weakness of the people. There were ribbon societies, and other societies, whose names we know not, or do not recollect, scattered over the north. The south was split up into a thousand factions. Among these parties there were nightly meetings, and watchwords, and appointed leaders. Their exploits were housebreakings, and waylayings, and pitched battles at fairs and markets, and burials, and even at weddings.—but we need not enumerate what we all remember. They are gone, blessed be God!—they are all gone. The ribbonmen are gone—the whitefeet and blackfeet are gone—the shanavests and caravats are gone—the three-year olds and the four-year olds are gone—the men who would renew the murder of the Sheas and the burning of Wildgoose-lodge are gone—the bickerings between parish and parish, and between province and province, are gone—disunion and despair, and fickleness of purpose, and the old blindness and infatuation, are gone—the employment of spies, and of hired witnesses, except for the *exclusive* work of perjury, is gone—the professional employment of Lord Norbury, and Hem-

penstal, and Major Sirr, and Tom Reynolds, and the old hangmen, and the old peelers, and the old yeomen of the north, are gone. They are gone—they are all gone. There is a new generation—there is a “new heaven and a new earth.” The beautiful aspiration of the poet is at last verified in one, and that the principal, part of it—

“Like the rainbow’s light,  
Thy various tints unite,  
And form in heaven’s sight,  
One arch of peace!”

To whom—to what cause or combination of causes is this wonderful change, so rapid and so complete, to be attributed? Has a new revelation come down in thunder and lightning from heaven? Have the laws of nature been suspended to terrify men into repentance and newness of life? Has the old generation been swept away like the world before the flood, to make room for a new race? None of these things has happened. All has been the work of one master mind. There was another great revolution in our island in the fifth century, in many leading features like to this of the nineteenth. Each was the fruit of the zeal of one man—the traces of a heavenly influence being manifest in one as well as in the other. Both were the dawning of a new order of peace, of charity, of freedom, upon a night of misery and bondage. God grant that the day of the later may be as unclouded and as long as that of the earlier!

This, we again repeat, is *the* work of O’Connell. And how has he achieved it?—by flattering the bad prejudices of the people!—by making himself the pander of their passions! If this be so, then words have lost their significancy, and things have lost their essence. If this be so, to hate, to attack, to persecute, to crush—this is to flatter. If this be so, St. Paul was a flatterer of men’s passions, and so were the other twelve, and so were their great successors, and so is Daniel O’Connell. Thus much we know, that what O’Connell has succeeded in effecting, the very pastors of the people, beloved and revered as they are by the people, often attempted in vain, and hardly anywhere with complete success. We have ourselves witnessed instances, and have heard of several others, on credible testimony, where the most zealous, and, *therefore*, well beloved, priests have been threatened with personal violence for denouncing ribbon societies and factions. But why waste words in answering



such a question? The very judge who, a few weeks ago, pronounced the sentence of condemnation on this man for the crime of conspiracy, pronounced, in the same breath, his innocence, by proclaiming that by his guiding counsels and influence, peace the most profound was preserved in a movement which called forth and combined together whatever of enthusiasm and angry passion the love of country and the remembrance of wrong would create in the bosoms of a people, who have suffered so much, and who so acutely feel, even while they patiently endure. In hearing such an avowal on such an occasion, we could not help remembering what is told, in the legend, of the idolatrous judge who condemned the martyr Venantius, and who afterwards fell suddenly from the judgment seat, exclaiming, "Verus est Venantii Deus, nostros deos destruite."

Once more. A large number of the Americans have always exhibited a strong sympathy with the people of Ireland in their struggles for political rights—a sympathy testified in the most unequivocal manner, not only by the declarations of leading men and the resolutions of public meetings, but still better by the frequent transmission of large sums of money to the coffers of the Repeal Association. Now it is manifest that if O'Connell's object were chiefly to acquire money and popularity, or if such were his object *in any degree*, except as a legitimate means to a just end, he would not, unnecessarily, say or do anything calculated to extinguish or cool this very effective sympathy; and such a policy, in such an hypothesis, would, for obvious reasons, be much more necessary in the case of the Americans than in that we have already alluded to of the English Chartists. Yet, how has he acted? If there be any one vile passion stronger than another in the breasts of the slave-holding portion of the Americans, it is the untameable ferocity with which they cling to the practice and defence of their abominable slave-trade. Whoever dares to raise his voice against it among them, runs the imminent risk of having his brains dashed out in the open day. Whoever co-operates in the escape of a slave, runs the risk of being hanged according to the laws of the country. Such is the strength of the popular feeling on the side of iniquity. Yet against this feeling and this practice, O'Connell has brought all the powers of his massive intellect, all the brilliancy of his fancy, all the fervour of his heart to bear. He not only has denounced the slave-trade in its principle and practice, he loses no oppor-

tunity of denouncing it, he looks out for and makes opportunities of denouncing it, of vilifying it, of cursing it, of making men loathe it as they would loathe cannibalism, of creating among his hearers a resolve, like that of the Athenians of old, "Let us go and break their chains." He has acted and spoken thus at the very time when the cheers and the money of these very Americans were wafted to him across the Atlantic. He has acted and spoken thus, having no other end to serve but the great end of justice and humanity, while the objects of his attack were separated from himself and his cause by thousands of miles, while his bitterest enemies could not have thought of blaming him if he held his peace, while many of his best friends trembled lest, by the imprudent, though not unjust violence of his attacks upon the slave-holders of far distant climes, he might only weaken his efforts against the slave-holders nearer home. We certainly do not share in these fears. We are not for holding the Gospel in bondage. Give truth and justice to the world in all their beauty and might, and they will at last conquer the world. "*Magna est veritas et praevalerebit.*" But be this as it may, thus much, at least, is clear, beyond all contradiction or cavil, that O'Connell's views are not personal, or private, in any way, but for the triumph of mercy, of love, of truth, of right, over the rulers of darkness and the deeds thereof. That he has succeeded in part is matter of history, that he will succeed yet farther we firmly believe. But that he will completely succeed we do not believe, unless the devils who invisibly tempt men are sent down to their own abodes, and the worse devils who walk about in human bodies are converted by miracles, or swallowed up with them. And these things, we know, shall not all happen until Christ comes in power and majesty to judge the world.

We have said enough for our purpose, but there is one other fact which we must not pass over—the refusal of O'Connell to connect his cause in any way with—nay, his hearty and open opposition to, that species of Liberalism which, as in the case of the body of the French and Spanish Liberals, and of a small, an exceedingly small, fraternity nearer home, identifies itself with infidel principles. We have not space to say all we would, or could, upon this interesting topic. But we may easily make ourselves intelligible to those who are willing to understand us. We need not dwell upon the manifest inconsistency and folly (con-

sidering his purpose) in a mere unscrupulous demagogue of unnecessarily seeking an occasion of quarrel with these anti-christian parties—an inconsistency and folly which we have already adverted to, in speaking of O'Connell's attacks on the Chartists and American slaveholders. The point to which we wish to direct attention is, that his opposition to the liberal party in France and Spain is not so much that they are for violence and bloodshed, as because their principles are uncatholic and Anti-catholic. In the commencement of Espartero's career, and before he had yet developed his true nature of bloodhound and Antichrist, or rather before his real character was known in this country, O'Connell, like many others who ought to have known better, hailed the dawning of a new era of liberty on Spain. But the moment it became manifest that the so-called war for freedom was, in reality, a war against the Church, and that the champions of a free constitution shewed their zeal for civil toleration, by expelling bishops and murdering priests, and pulling down monasteries and preaching up infidelity, that moment O'Connell's sympathy turned into aversion, and his panegyrics into invectives; and the Catholic spirit, fearless and indomitable, blazed forth in his harangues. In like manner he has always shewn a cold, unfriendly disposition towards the great mass of the French Liberals as a party. He refused all communion with them, as was remarkably instanced in one of the most beautiful letters ever penned by him, written to one of that party some six or seven years ago. Now this line of conduct was to him most critical, and to one of less determined purpose to pursue the right path openly and at any risk, would have been, perhaps, fatal. For one of the strongest prejudices which the enemies of Ireland are most active and most successful in throwing in his way is, that he is striving to create a Catholic ascendancy; and of course the most powerful means which he uses to destroy this prejudice are constant and vehement protestations to the contrary, and appeals to the acts of his whole political life in confirmation of his assertions. Every one knows how easy it is to throw two-thirds of the population of the three kingdoms into a paroxysm of Protestant indignation and fury. A scrap out of an old chronicle, or an old theologian, or an old ballad, is sufficient to bring half the rank and wealth of a kingdom together to applaud the ravings of a maniac at Exeter Hall; is sufficient to move the tongues and pens of learned bodies who had enjoyed their "fat slumbers" un-

broken for a century. Accordingly, O'Connell has been denounced a thousand times by the Tory and much of the Whig press as a Jesuit, a concealed Titus Oates, laying his plans for blowing up the Protestant, only to build a Catholic ascendancy in its place,—a slave of Rome, as blind a follower of the infallible Church (in their conception of it) as the humblest devotee who tells his beads annually at Lough Derg. The very author of the work before us admits (vol. i. p. 103) that “the English Liberals did not understand a man of democratic principles inveighing, in the style of a Spanish friar, against the Liberals of France, whom he abused with his accustomed scurrility.” Again (p. 107), “His [O'Connell's] attack upon the French Liberals, who were then oppressed by the priest-ridden government of Charles the Tenth, did him great injury through England; not so much for the attack itself as for the weapons he made use of. The English Liberals could not see, without surprise, O'Connell raising the old war-whoop of ‘atheism and infidelity’ against men seeking for the political rights of citizens,” &c.\* Yet O'Connell, knowing full well the consequences of the open avowals of his thoroughly Catholic feelings and principles, has never shrunk from publishing to the world his detestation of the criminal and the crime; his repudiation of all sympathy and connexion with the men of blasphemy and blood. He has never shrunk from publishing to the world his love and veneration for the Church of the rude altar, the plebeian priesthood, the beggar congregation—not even before the learned and the wealthy and the great, to whom her creed was as the fool's gabble, and her name a byword of reproach, and her badge the mark of a dotard—not even in that ancient hall which had not resounded with such accents for more than a hundred and fifty years, and in the presence of that assembly which, in times not long passed,

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\* It is hardly necessary to say that this sentence insinuates a gross slander. O'Connell attacked the French Liberals not for seeking for political rights, but for using, as a means for that purpose, the circulation of the most abominable blasphemies against religion; for seeking to establish their political rights on the foundation of Atheism, or Pantheism, or Deism. It is not their fault that they have not been quite so successful as they wished. There are two classes of these French Liberals, those who are for (at least the theory of) the present government in opposition to the old régime, and those who are for a republic, in opposition to both. The eloquent and learned and truly Catholic Count Montalembert is the great ornament, perhaps we ought to say the centre, of a new party, the foes alike of despotism and infidelity. Their numbers are yet comparatively small. May God grant them to increase. Only such men can place their country's freedom and glory on an imperishable basis.

would have punished such bold words with degradation and torture. *He* is not the man to stand up in an assembly composed of men of many creeds, and mix up the name of the most exalted and most venerable of human beings, the vicar of Jesus Christ, the successor of a hundred saints, the centre of Catholic unity, the pastor, and father, and teacher, and ruler, of all the Church of God in every clime, from the rising to the setting sun—he is not the man to mix up such a name, on such an occasion, with hypotheses at once slanderous and absurd, to make it an object of defiance to the scorner and the unbeliever. Worldly prudence indeed, the fear of creating hostility without any apparent corresponding advantage, the still more powerful fear of making himself an object of laughter, or pity, or contempt,—these, added to the conviction that he needed no such professions to make him better known to his own people, might have dictated to him more reserve, and cooled the ardour of his language, if not of his heart. But little do mere politicians, or philosophers, or sensualists, know how weak is the influence of such motives upon the soul, when once the full Catholic spirit has seized it, and filled it, and warmed it, and concentrated all its energies with a vigour divine, before which the mere prudence of the flesh and interest and fear vanish, like chaff consumed by a globe of fire.

There is no doubt that the fervent, uncompromising Catholic tone of O'Connell has been an obstacle to the triumph of his principles, *in one way*, and *for the present*. There is no doubt that much fearful outcry would have been prevented, much explanation rendered unnecessary, much hard opposition softened down, had he assumed the language of a few (to whom we have already in this article, as well as on former occasions, alluded) whom his shadow as yet darkens, and who love him not in their hearts and would thwart him if they dared—of the few who, while they fearlessly advocate sound and popular opinions on politics, think they are showing manliness and freedom of mind, by crouching, shuffling, compromising wherever there is question of Catholic faith or discipline *unconnected with certain political views*; by imitating the mawkish liberalism of such men as Charles Butler, on one side, while they rival the tone of the boldest champions of civil liberty, on the other. We are not speaking at random—indeed we are not. Nor have we made a single allusion in this page without abundant evidence of its truth. Let it not be supposed, however that we are not willing to make every allowance for

ignorance, for the influence of uncatholic education, uncatholic publications, but, above all, for the influence of fellowship with some whom to describe would be to name. We do make allowance, and therefore—as well as for other reasons—we deal as yet only in *allusions*. Neither let it be supposed, from what we have said, that we are for religious persecution, or bitter recrimination, or social dissensions. We are, with all our hearts, for civil toleration, for peace, for charity—charity not only in words and in works, but in the soul. But we are not for calling vice, virtue. We are not for that sort of charity which would unite right and wrong under a common name. We are not for that sort of peace which is purchased by the surrender of one iota of religious truth—as if this were at our disposal, like our moneys, or our houses, or our lands. These are our principles, which we shall maintain, despite the sneers and the slanders and vituperation of masked infidels and Catholics in name. These are our principles, and, if we forget them, may our right hand be forgotten.

But it is time to draw our argument to a close. It were superfluous to add more, though very much more might be added. We have established our proposition. If ever man worked for the weal of his fellow men sincerely, zealously; not to be purchased, not to be conquered; the same through good report and evil report, the same in the day of hope and in the day of peril; nor corrupted by flattery, nor embittered by slander, nor daunted by threats, nor deceived by promises, nor disheartened by defeat, nor made giddy by triumph; nor too ardent in youth, nor too cautious in old age; the severe censor of the people's faults and the idol of their hearts, the author of revolutions and the champion of the law, the friend of democracy and the respecter of rank, the terror of rulers and the prop of their authority, the trumpeter of agitation and the apostle of peace, the presiding spirit of the storm and the restrainer of its fury, the exciter and the chastener of a nation's passions, the announcer of truths to the teachers of men, and the silent listener in the porch of the temple and fervent worshipper at its altar—if such a man ever existed in the world, or could exist, that man is O'Connell.

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The author of *Ireland and its Rulers*, though he assigns to O'Connell's intellectual endowments a very high place in the order of mind in which he has classified them, seems to us to

have totally erred in the *order* itself to which they—at least the highest of them—belong. We have now so nearly approached our limits that we dare not venture upon such a topic, however tempting. We must, however, make room for one or two remarks on the oratorical abilities of O'Connell, which our author has sadly underrated, by putting them below those of Curran and Erskine. Had the comparison been made between O'Connell and Grattan, there might be some fair grounds for diversity of opinion. But to place him on a level, or nearly on a level, with Curran, betrays the grossest prejudice or the grossest ignorance of the principles consecrated by the example and the authority of the great masters and teachers of the art of oratory.

If by an orator be meant what is commonly understood by a "fine speaker"—and perhaps this is what our author does mean—then Curran is to be ranked not only above O'Connell but above Demosthenes himself. What strikes us as most unaccountable is, that although Sheil belongs (in essential points) to the same school of oratory with Curran, yet not only are his individual oratorical talents, but the class itself to which they belong, spoken of in the most disparaging and contemptuous terms. Indeed, there appears through all the remarks on Sheil's character, as a man or a speaker, a base and truculent spirit of personal malignity, which disgusted us more than all the other faults of these volumes together. Whatever may be thought of the oratorical merits of these two eminent Irishmen, assuredly the man who admires the eloquence of Curran shows the grossest inconsistency in depreciating the *kind* of eloquence in which Mr. Sheil has endeavoured to excel.

But to return to Mr. O'Connell. We have never had the happiness of hearing any of his great displays, but we have heard him on several ordinary occasions. Though we fancied we saw the Hercules from the foot, yet to estimate his real powers of eloquence from such specimens as we happened to witness, would be about as unfair as to estimate them from his after-dinner conversations, or as to judge of the military genius of a great general from the skill he might display at a game of chess. This is sufficiently manifest from the nature of the case, and we have heard it confirmed by several excellent judges, who heard him both on ordinary and extraordinary occasions, and who assured us that we could not form the least idea of his capabilities on the latter from what we might have witnessed on the former. We

have, however, read over and over such of his greater speeches as we could procure ample—we are not sure that we can add authorized—reports of, such for instance as his speeches in the case of Magee, the proprietor of the *Evening Post*, of Blackwood *versus* Blackwood, of Mr. Barrett, the sensible and patriotic proprietor of the *Pilot*—his speech in the debate on the Reform Bill, in the Dublin Corporation, last year, &c. Now we have no hesitation in stating our deliberate opinion that he stands, and that the impartial judgment of posterity will place him, in the very first rank of modern orators—and if not the first, certainly among the first, and with no superior, in that first rank. It is not that he constructs periods of harmonious iambs and dactyls, like the orators of old. It is not that his speeches are imbedded with sentiments of deep philosophy, like Burke's; nor that they gleam, like Grattan's, one time with antitheses, another time with a crowd of striking thoughts, coming one upon the other, "like a quick fall of stars;" nor that, like Plunket's, the weight of the matter is only surpassed by the chastened and manly beauty of the language, in which nothing can be altered or taken away; nor that, like Brougham's ("ere he fell flat and shamed his worshippers,"), they lift you up and bear you onward on a stream of copious diction, gradually rising and expanding like the sea. It is not that O'Connell surpasses, or even equals, any of these or other great orators in the peculiar excellence of each. The truth is that one of the qualities of his eloquence, which form its highest excellence, is, that putting yourself in the place of a hearer (and this is the only way to judge of the real merits of a spoken discourse) you *see* no one peculiar, prominent excellence in it. There are in his speeches hardly any brilliant *passages*, little isolated gems, rounded and polished, perfect in themselves, and deriving little or none of their beauty from their connexion with what precedes or follows, or with the great object of the discourse. In this respect his style of oratory approaches, nearer than that of any other with which we are acquainted, to that of Demosthenes, in some, and these among the best, of his orations. We do not mean to say that there is a general resemblance in other respects; but in this the resemblance does appear to us very striking. O'Connell's first object, and beside which every thing else is forgotten, is to gain his point—not, however, to gain it by *any* means; for if this constituted the perfect orator, vile rant and thundering bombast



would often merit the name of genuine eloquence—but to gain it by fitting thoughts and fitting words in their fitting places. He fixes his eye first of all upon the goal, and he never turns aside his gaze until he has reached it. He, indeed, adjusts his dress, and braces his limbs, and measures the distance, and chooses the path that is least slippery and least obstructed; but, having done so, he forgets all but the one object before him. He runs with agility and gracefulness, and the bystanders see his movements and admire them—or *would* admire them, if their minds were not, like his own, absorbed in the earnestness with which he presses forward to victory. They do not say, “see how he moves, see how skilfully he manages his strength, so as to use without exhausting it, see with what power he breaks thoroughly this impediment, with what art he passes over that;”—these things they do not speak or think of, though they behold them: they are occupied with but one thought,—he is determined to win, and he is able and he deserves to win. In the speeches of others, more striking paragraphs, taken by themselves, will be found, paragraphs which boys love to declaim and old men love to remember. But a splendid paragraph is not a splendid oration; nay, however beautiful by itself, it may be, as a part of the discourse, a blemish, and always *is* a blemish when it does not contribute to the effect of the whole, and further the orator's main design. Whatever diminishes the interest of the hearer in the chief business in hand, or draws away his attention from it, may show to greater advantage the speaker's power of language or fertility of imagination, may even elicit extraordinary applause at the moment, but is sure to lower his merits as an orator in the proper sense of the term. There is in this respect a very great difference between written and spoken eloquence, arising from causes which (especially as we are not at present entering into the depth of our subject, but only touching lightly some of its prominent points,) we need not stop to explain. So great indeed is this difference, that some have held that, ordinarily, a speech that reads well must, therefore, have been a bad speech in the delivery. This is an exaggeration, or rather a slight distortion of the truth. What one is pleased with *as a composition*, and in the retirement of the closet, would seldom, if ever, please so well, if delivered as a speech—unless it were for the mere purpose of declamation. But there is one rule, to which we have already alluded, for testing, by the effect of private perusal,

the effect of public delivery, and this is for the reader to imagine himself a listener, to represent to himself the time, the place, the occasion, the assembly, and other circumstances in which the discourse was or is to be spoken. A speech which interests, convinces, or persuades, those who with such preparation commence the perusal of it, will not fail (*servatis servandis*) to produce the same effects in a still higher degree when pronounced upon the real occasion. It is, we are convinced, from not attending to this very obvious rule, that you will sometimes hear persons of respectable classical acquirements and sufficiently correct taste, wondering what it is in Demosthenes that has placed him above all orators of ancient times, and O'Connell, in the judgment of so many (and certainly in our very humble but most decided judgment) *at least* among the first of modern orators. Such persons read Demosthenes as they would a chapter in Epicetetus, and O'Connell as they would an essay in the *Spectator*. Their estimate of both is of course low; for they form it like a man who would take the snarling affectation of Junius as a standard to judge of the sweet simplicity of Plato, or of one who would pronounce upon the merits of a drama without adverting to the plain principle that, to be a drama, it must be so constructed as to represent a variety of human characters with various feelings. The best orations, then, *as orations*, are not those which read best as specimens of mere composition, nor those which abound most in splendid passages for recitation: their best parts are often those which will lose by separation from the main body, as if you were to chop off an exquisite nose, or a well turned limb from the human frame. To borrow, with a slight change, the language of a celebrated critic, the whole is beautiful, because the beauty is in the whole; the great merit of the parts is that of fitness.

There is another characteristic of O'Connell's eloquence, and which belongs less to the matter than to the style—or rather belongs altogether to the style, taking that word in its wide sense, as comprehending more than the mere choice and number and arrangement of words and phrases, and the structure of sentences. We allude to the extreme simplicity of his language, his perpetual avoidance of all false ornament, or of true, for mere ornament's sake. There is in the whole of his speeches, even in his ordinary, every-day harangues, which he throws off, like the breath in which they are uttered, without effort, hardly a single example of

tinsel, or puerility, and never an example of bombast. His very jests and droll anecdotes, which, to our knowledge, have sometimes made grave men in public assemblies fall back and throw up their heels in extacies of delight, come in naturally and artless. His repetitions—and no great orator since Demosthenes indulged in repetitions so much—never tire. Even in his longest and (apparently) least studied speeches, and in which the same thought is again and again presented, there is not a word too much in any sentence. This is according to the sound principle of rhetoric—if the audience are slow of apprehension or conviction, or if it be necessary to press home a particular point, let the same idea be brought forward again and again, in different forms, rather than but once, and then encumbered with weight of words. The purity of his taste displayed in the use of figurative language is above all praise. In his great speeches you never meet with a mixed or broken metaphor, or with a metaphor merely ornamental, patched on for its own sake. You rarely meet with what is called a bold metaphor, and, when such does occur, it rises as if spontaneously from the current of his thoughts. His figures and tropes are always parts of his discourse, furthering its end, like his arguments, and deriving their chief if not their whole beauty and force from the circumstances in which they are used. They are not, as in so many others, like flowers wreathed round him, bedizening his person and embarrassing his movements; they are parts of the armour in which he is clothed, or of the weapons which he wields. In the finest passages of his finest orations—among the finest that ever, from the lips of orator, swayed the judgment and the hearts of men, or made corruption tremble on the judgment-seat—the words are common words, their construction most unartificial, the thoughts plain, and, *when expressed*, seem so obvious and natural, that the hearer for the moment imagines he himself would utter the same, if put into the speaker's place. We need only refer to one of the speeches we have already named, that for Magee, for illustrations of all we have been saying. One great cause—the primary one is the genius and judgment of the man—of these characteristic qualities of O'Connell's eloquence is, that he is always in downright earnest. There never lived a public speaker, we firmly believe, by whom mere display has been more despised. To him tropes and figures and magnificent words and picturesque descriptions of themselves are as nothing. He is a perfect

illustration of the well-known principle of Horace, "Cui lecta potenter erit res," &c.

The author of *Ireland and its Rulers* is of opinion that O'Connell is "totally deficient in poetic feeling." (vol. i. p. 180.) This is of course meant as censure, but it is, in reality, the very highest praise. By poetic feeling our critic understands (for Fergus O'Connor is the example) that species of it which some one of the ancients called a drunken frenzy—poetic feeling which begets wild abortions of fancy, like fumes of intoxication, incongruous images, metaphors, whence, or what, or wherefore, no one can tell, broken and mingled and massed together, like bits of coloured glass in a kaleidoscope. To the possession of this sort of poetic feeling O'Connell assuredly has not the smallest claim, and as little pretensions can he have to the softer inspiration which exhausts itself in images of flowers, and blushes, and murmuring streams, and such like materials of many a sweet song. He has very little in common with the poetical Fergus, or with the young lady who died the other day to the sound of an Æolian harp, or with any other of the ten thousand votaries of flash, or rant, or bombast, or rigmarole, or slip-slop, or namby-pamby. But that poetic feeling which grasps mighty realities—that poetic feeling which springs pure and healthy from the depths of a lofty and enlarged soul, and is nourished by the contemplation of great truths and heroic virtues, and by sympathy with real suffering for justice' sake—that poetic feeling which the great and good of all times have been, more or less, gifted with, as a power to help them in raising men's minds from the little to the sublime, from the base to the beautiful, in changing the hearts, in kindling the genius, in creating the new and nobler character of present and after generations—this poetic feeling O'Connell possesses, though fools cannot appreciate it, and the blind cannot see it, and the wicked hate it. His destiny is a high one, his mission is among men; his poetic feeling is of too lofty an order to be lost among singing birds and butterflies and gems.

We have spoken of the extreme simplicity which characterizes O'Connell's style of eloquence. It is quite common for English and Scotch critics to lay down this character of simplicity in any of our writers or speakers as an exception to the general rule. The author of *Ireland and its Rulers* says a great deal to the same purpose, conceived and expressed in the vilest spirit and taste. Now we entirely dissent from this judgment as most unjust. Nor are we in the smallest

degree influenced by that paltry and false patriotism which seeks, without any regard to evidence, to adorn the national character with every possible excellence, intellectual and moral. We speak what we sincerely, and on good grounds, believe to be truth, when we assert that simplicity of thought and expression is decidedly the predominant character of the national mind, and to such a degree that the examples to the contrary are not worth reckoning. We shall be asked at once, "What say you to the bombast, the 'six feet' words, the affectations, the mad metaphors, the stilted penury of \* \* \* and \* \* \* and \* \* \* and, &c. &c.?" Why, we answer at once that examples enough of this kind of style may be found amongst us. But we say these are the exceptions—specimens of vile taste such as would be found in every country under the sun where writers and public speakers might abound. But our critics will tell us, "These are the specimens we see." Now, in the *first* place, we would reply, you see but a very small minority. "What then, have you others whom we never see or hear of—a host of active genius hidden among yourselves?" We answer, yes: and we ask, have you ever been present, in different parts of the kingdom, at the instructions of the Catholic clergy to the people on Sundays. No, perhaps not one among you ever heard a single discourse of the kind. Now, if the idea you have formed of the national taste be correct, most of these instructions should confirm it: for surely it is among the clergy, who are taken from the *nation*, it is upon the occasions we are speaking of, that the characteristic faults and excellencies of the national taste and genius would appear. And yet—we are sure all our Irish Catholic readers (saving the Cockneys and the critic-quacks) will agree with us that the discourses of the clergy to the people, especially in rural districts, are the very patterns of simplicity. We are not confounding simplicity with rudeness—though even in the latter the former will be seen—still less with coarseness, which is very distinct from either. Again, at parochial meetings—repeal meetings for instance—the same simple style will be found among the bulk of the speakers: in truth it is only such style that tells with the people. But, in the *second* place, is it true that, among the specimens which *do* appear, this affectation, this imagination run mad, so much prevail? They prevail to a far less extent than dulness and mystification prevail among your own writers and speakers. You take up Charles Phillips and Maturin, and \* \* \* and

\* \* \*, and you select their fineries and the drunken frenzies, and you call these specimens of Irish eloquence; as if such men were not only our great men, but our only great men; as if their "beauties" were anything more than the very dregs of Irish genius which your own criticisms or some transient popular excitement sent up to the surface for a moment. "But such men are objects of admiration among you." They may have been (or may be) admired for a little time by a small coterie of puffers, or by others for other qualities than their style of writing. Who admired Satan Montgomery through half a dozen editions? How many English reviews

"Made immortal and divine of him,  
Before the world had read a line of him,"

until the "blue and yellow pestilence" overtook him at last and carried him off? In what field did Fergus—the poetical Fergus—win his most splendid triumphs of eloquence? We might quote instances without end. But why judge of the national taste by half a dozen bad specimens, and leave altogether out of view so many eminently good ones, and many of them so eminent? What say you of O'Connell, of Goldsmith, Berkley, Leland, Plunket, Canning, Grattan, Flood, Dr. Doyle, and hundreds of others whom we might name. Or, to come to more recent times, what say you of the speeches delivered at the so-called trial of the Irish patriots? What say you of the speeches delivered during the three days' discussion in the Dublin Corporation last year? We are not drawing up a catalogue: we are merely referring to a few specimens that just now occur to us. We wish, however, that a list were made out by some one better qualified for such a work than we are, of all the Irish men and women who, for the last hundred years, have attained eminence in oratory, poetry, and the different departments of the belles lettres, and we have no doubt that the very simplicity, the want of which has been assumed as a blemish in the style of our writers and speakers, would be found to be its predominant and pervading charm.\*

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\* We shall take leave to make a suggestion here which we forgot (though we had intended) to make in its proper place. We would earnestly press upon Mr. John O'Connell the importance of publishing, in an authentic form, the *whole* of his illustrious father's *principal* speeches,—his ORATIONS in popular assemblies, at the bar and in the senate. It would be mere waste of time for us to point out the value of such a publication to all Irishmen, to the student of oratory and of Irish history, to the admirers of genius and wisdom and patriotism in every quarter of the globe. We have expressed our wishes, from

It must be admitted, however, that many vain and shallow young men among us, who have read the indexes of a few books and the title-pages of a few more, to whom nature has vouchsafed a florid imagination, an exhaustless fund of impudence, very small abilities and less common sense, have contributed in some degree to give a colour of truth to the very absurd notion we have been commenting upon. They will elbow their way into notoriety at all risks. They know nothing well, and they will dogmatize upon every thing. They will pronounce upon the characters of men whose names they hardly know, upon the merits of books whose titles they can hardly spell. They are lay doctors in divinity, and canon law, and civil law, and philosophy, and medicine, all at once, and they are *quacks* in every thing. There is a great deal more of this elsewhere than among us. But that others do wrong is no excuse for our imitating them. These persons imagine, in the first place, that they are gifted with imagination, and, in the next place, that exuberance of imagination is a mark of genius, at least in the young.—A dangerous principle, this latter, to get into the minds of youth, even if true; but we believe, though often repeated and sanctioned by some high names (Quintilian's, if we remember well, among the rest) a principle, at least in its common acceptation, the reverse of true. We might quote many celebrated names in point. We need only mention two of our own countrymen, Burke and O'Connell. The early productions of both were simple and severely chaste as to style, much more so than their later, certainly much more so in the case of Burke: the chief merit as to matter consisting in the sensible and argumentative manner of handling the subject treated of. The truth is, though a clever boy at ten will utter many silly things, a babbler at twenty-five will, a thousand chances to one, remain a babbler all his life. In boys of this age an over florid fancy is a decided mark of weakness rather than of strength of mind, of barrenness rather

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time to time, on this matter to several persons, all of whom felt strongly as we do the want of such a work, and agreed with us in thinking that Mr. John O'Connell is the very man to undertake it. To say nothing of his obvious and peculiar qualifications in other respects, the common sense and discretion for which (as we had occasion to observe in a former number) he is remarkable, fit him in an eminent degree for an undertaking which, to be well executed, requires far more judgment and tact than would at first sight be supposed. Nor do we think our excellent and amiable friend (for such we are happy to have the honour of calling him) could produce a nobler monument of "the days of his captivity."

than of richness. The flowers fade according as the fruit ripens. "When I cannot talk sense," said Curran, "I talk metaphor." If the class of persons to whom we allude were capable of receiving advice, we would give them one. We would propose for their imitation the extraordinary man of whom we have been writing. See the dizzy eminence to which he has risen in three of the highest departments to which human genius can hope to aspire—statesmanship, eloquence, legal knowledge. And how has he risen? To pass over the moral means,—by incessant toil; by cultivating the higher powers of the mind; by regarding mere ornament and show as nothing in comparison of accuracy, solidity, strength; by storing up fruits rather than leaves; by the study of things rather than of words; by grasping not at the inaccessible, but building his way up to it slowly, surely, until it came within his reach; by the union of many intellectual powers, *but*—

"Where sense o'er all holds mastery."

Here we must stop. We have two remarks "deprecatory" to make: 1st. In what we have written on O'Connell's eloquence we wish again to signify to our readers that we intentionally aimed at condensing, and still more at curtailing. If our suggestion to Mr. John O'Connell should be taken up by him—and we are sure that he will receive it in the same spirit in which it has been offered—we shall then have an opportunity of entering fully and unrestrictedly upon a subject so interesting to ourselves, and not less so, we are convinced, to all our readers—and we *promise* to do so as far as our small abilities and knowledge will enable us: 2nd. We intended, at setting out, to devote six or seven pages, at the close of our article, to a great variety of topics which the author of *Ireland and its Rulers* has touched or dilated upon. We meant merely to give a sentence or short paragraph to each, chiefly with a view to exposing certain mischievous sophisms, and misstatements, and absurdities. The only apology we have to offer for leaving this part of our task even unattempted, is the length to which our article has already extended. We have yet room, however, for stringing together a few short sentences from these volumes, and most of which will, we trust, require neither note nor comment from us.

MIXED MARRIAGES. "Friendly alliances should be promoted between persons of opposite religions. From the spirit of mere



bigotry, mixed marriages are condemned in Ireland. All efforts should be had recourse to, for bridging over the chasm which keeps the two Irish nations asunder."—vol. i. p. 7.

**O'CONNELL'S EARLY PRINCIPLES.** "Young O'Connell was not seduced by the Revolution of France, which he regarded as a blasphemous eruption in the face of God. He left France a little after the cruel and needless execution of Louis XVI. He crossed the channel on his return homeward with a young Corkman, who was a zealous propagandist of levelling principles, and who enthusiastically dilated on the glories of French freedom. O'Connell had, from the first, little sympathy with his fellow-traveller, who was so violent in the cause of the rights of man, but he did not feel thoroughly disgusted, until his companion (who had many noble, gallant, and amiable traits of character), taking a bloody handkerchief from his pocket, exultingly boasted that he had dipped it in the blood of the French king. In five years afterwards the young enthusiast was himself executed for his principles. He was John, the youngest of the unfortunate brothers Sheares."—i. 15.

**PORTRAITURE OF CATHOLICISM.** "The Catholic Church depends more on the use of forms than any other religion whatever. It is a vast work of art, achieved by the most gifted Italian minds of several centuries. . . . Its leading principle is, that men can never be trusted to themselves—that in religious affairs they must always be hoodwinked, and kept in leading strings . . . it disregards the thirst for knowledge, so natural to the human mind—and the honest and innate aspirations of the soul, on which it sets little value . . . like Calvinism, it succeeds in creating disgust amongst many purely religious minds."!!!—i. 29.

**SPANISH JESUITS.** . . . . "A falsehood too black for any malignity save that of Spanish Jesuits to invent."—i. 32.

**O'CONNELL'S CATHOLICISM.** "He has essentially one of those minds that would in any age follow whatever faith—Mahommedan or Gentoo—Greek or Roman—Catholic, Lutheran, or Presbyterian—it chanced to have been reared in."—i. 33.

**IRISH FEELING REGARDING MURDER.** "It is lamentable to observe how, from its habitual character, the crime of murder does not excite in Ireland the same horror as in other parts of Europe," &c.—i. 56.

**O'CONNELL A DEMAGOGUE RATHER THAN STATESMAN.** "It must be said that O'Connell was more formidable than sublime; more energetic than grand; more overbearing in manner than successful in object; and that he exhibited on the largest scale rather the strenuous talents of an unrivalled demagogue, than manifested the commanding powers of a creative statesman."—ii. 155.

We wish we had space for a few comments, embracing a few “formidable” and “energetic” facts, upon this last sentence.

We had marked thirty or forty passages more for extracts, a few of them interesting, and one or two with the sentiments of which (as with those of the second extract above) we entirely and heartily concur. But we have not room.

ART. II.—*Adam Œhlenschläger's Werke: zum zweiten Male gesammelt, vermehrt und verbessert.* Breslau, 1839. *The works of Adam Œhlenschläger.* A second edition, enlarged and improved. Breslau, 1839.

**T**HERE is a class of critics that considers the biographies of poets and other literary men as generally unsatisfactory and disheartening. They think the splendour of their works overcasts the events of their worldly existence. Dazzled by the radiance of their stately and engrossing creations, they have no eye for the actual life of the producer; deficient in faith in the greatness of genius, they dread a scrutiny into the deeds of the man, lest the charm should be broken, the brightness of the character wrought by their fancy should be tarnished by the weaknesses and imperfections arising from the poverty, temptation, trial, or neglect, that so often marks the lot of gifted men.

We are not of this opinion. The lives of these benefactors of their kind are to us of commanding interest. The chronicle of the meanest is a gospel of humanity. When recording even the errors and vices of the subject, it deters from evil, exhorts to good, and warns against weakness; when depicting his trials and temptations, admonishes us of the similarity of our lot; when shewing his struggles against the untoward circumstances that beset them, appeals to our fortitude and manly energy; when narrating his sorrows, awakens sympathy in our hearts and religion in our souls; when detailing his triumphs, makes our bosoms beat with joy at the strength and faith of our kind. Each is a type of all our brethren. The least distinguished symbolises the whole race with his golden age of innocence and peace, his youth of hope and love, his fall into the knowledge of evil, his wanderings in the

wilderness, his promised land, his home, and protecting Providence, redemption, death, and life beyond the grave.

“Mortal, howe'er thy lot be cast,  
That man resembled thee.  
He saw whatever thou hast seen ;  
Encountered all that troubles thee ;  
He was—whatever thou hast been,  
He is—what thou shalt be.”

It should be the aim of every investigator to avoid the cold and unsubstantial region of abstractions in such matters, and come down into that of breathing and actual humanity ; to set up his tabernacle among flesh and blood, in the atmosphere of life and character; and even from the errors and wrongfulness of his fellow-men to gather lessons of wisdom, light, and hope; as the bee, by its cunning alchemy, extracts honey from the chalice of the noxious flower, the dirt of the trampled highway, or the clustered soot of the city-chimney.

But the disparaging apprehensions of this class of thinkers have, in general, but insufficient foundation. Genius has in most cases been true to its divine vocation,—has maintained an unblemished scutcheon ; and while we have been justified in our admiration of the productions, we have been enabled to love and honour the producer. The instances of moral dissonance have been exceptions of unfrequent occurrence, and, in almost all cases, traceable to some hereditary disease, some fatal combination of circumstances, the result of social evils, or of a momentum given by some influence originally independent of the personal control of the exhibitor.

And how often have the loftiness and worth of men of genius, and the creations of their immortal works, which raise, and cheer, and guide mankind, been achieved in despite of the world's hard dealing, its coldness and contumely, its defamation and niggardliness ! The clever practical man has sneered at them ; the sordid has been apathetic ; the timid has held aloof from them. Oh ! the free and brave hearts, that in strength of soul have risen above all this ; that in poverty, solitude, neglect, and scorn, have been true to their instinct and noble calling, and moulded into forms, beautiful and enduring, the visions and high thoughts that came to them in their hours of trial ! Looking at what they have done, and under what circumstances it has been accomplished, it is more natural we should desire to know whatever of the personal character and actions of these men is extant, and expect

to find, as we so often do, a noble approximation to the ideal which our study of their works had begotten.

Strong in our conviction of the instruction and gratification to be derived from the biographies of literary men, we are about to introduce the life of one, certainly not amongst the most tried or most suffering, but who, in despite of humble birth and adverse circumstances, has by his productions raised himself to a station of dignity and renown, shed a lasting glory on his native land, and enlarged the sphere of the beautiful, which he has peopled with new forms of the stately, the lovely, the heroic, and the great.

By such considerations as these we have been led to our present subject, which may at first sight seem unattractive to the general reader. But little is known in these countries of Danish literature, and that little through the medium of German. It is a subject, however, which is becoming more interesting every day, and we hope to find an early occasion of entering into it in detail. For the present we shall content ourselves with offering, as an introduction, some account of one of the most remarkable of the poets of Denmark, derived chiefly from a memoir written by himself, and displaying, on a small scale, most of the peculiarities by which his writings are distinguished. His *Autobiography* is to us especially interesting, as it brings out more strongly than almost any of his other works the decidedly Catholic tendencies which, in common with Schlegel, Novalis, Tieck, and the rest of the modern German school, he has continued to cherish from his earliest years.

The fame of "Ehlenschläger the Dane" many years since reached our shores, and as the author of *Hakon Jarl*, *Aladdin*, and *Correggio*, not only in his own country, but here and in Germany, he has taken his place as a man of genius and an undisputed classic. Two-and-thirty years since, by the encouragement of Goethe, Tieck, Jean Paul, and some other distinguished men, he aspired to enrol himself among German poets, although prior to his twenty-fourth year he had not written a line of the language. His works, originally composed in Danish, have been reproduced by him in German, and a second edition in twenty-one volumes, containing his dramas, novels, and minor poems, has been issued in Prussia, which is significant enough of their merits and importance in that thoughtful land. Prefatory to them, he has given us a *selbst biographie*, a sketch of his own life, from which we have drawn the incidents which form the staple of the present article.

It consists of a circumstantial and picturesque detail of the leading events prior to his thirtieth year, when he married. "Comedies and romances," he says, "usually terminate with the marriage of the hero, and most biographies should also. The strange and eventful, the period of psychological development which makes a narrative entertaining, then chiefly ceases, and it is the contest and onward striving, not station and attainment, that most interest in the communication." The occurrences after this period he relates very briefly, bringing the statement down to 1839, and the fifty-eighth year of his life. The canvas does not present the breadth and richness of Goethe's "Poetry and truth," nor the mixture of exuberant humour, grace, and pathos of Jean Paul's fragment, "Truth from my life,"—that captivating sketch, so redolent of the spirit of Teniers, Raphael, and Correggio; nor the minute and unseemly confessions of Rousseau; but it is a production of considerable interest and attraction, manifesting the quiet, manly, genial character of the artist, and an utter absence of all affectation, that is quite charming. It is impossible to doubt the thorough honesty and heartiness of the man. From its comparative brevity, it is frequently more suggestive than graphic, presents more for the imagination to colour and fill up than the eye to comprehend; but the whole forms an engaging picture, reflecting the culture and illumination of the nineteenth century, and the simplicity, frankness, steadfastness, and homely virtue, of the old Norse character.

Adam Æhlenschläger was born the 14th of November, 1779, in a suburb of Copenhagen, near the royal palace of Friederickberg. He derived no distinction from birth, in which he has resembled so many men of distinguished name and powers. The race of seers and intellectual benefactors of mankind is rarely traceable to lofty ancestral origin. Although "of earth's best blood, of titles manifold," they seldom spring from duke or count, successful conqueror, or tyrannical wrong-doer. Their genealogical tree is not found to have its root in some olden palace or mountain-citadel, nor to have spread its branches over wide principalities, renowned for sovereignty or worldly greatness; but their race,

"Like violet in greenwood bowers  
Is lost amidst its brother flowers,"

by the dusty way-sides of life, humble as the commonest weed that is trampled by the clouted shoe of the peasant,

neighbour'd by the resting lark, and lighted only by the sun and the million orbs of the overcanopying heavens. But as if to shew more noticeably the spiritual greatness and indefeasible nobility of genius, for which Heaven has granted the patent, and which these great souls have ennobled and ratified with ever-quickening deeds and deathless songs,—they have usually been of lowly extraction. The name of their progenitors has scarcely been discoverable for three generations, and all further links lost amidst the great mass of the people, whose lot it has been to carry on the tendency of the world's advancement from the earliest ages, tilling their native soil, peopling their ancient villages with a robust and patient race, practising the rude rites of some vanished form of religion, which had for them its sustaining power of faith and immortality, or shedding with free and undaunted hearts their ignoble blood in defence of their forest dwellings against the Roman invaders, or some other desolating aggressor.

His father was from Holstein, where his predecessors had been for some time organists and schoolmasters. Coming to Copenhagen in his twentieth year, an accomplished performer on the harpsichord, and with excellent testimonials as an instructor of youth, he had been taken into the service of Count Moltke as teacher of the young countess, his daughter. By his patron's influence, he also attained the post of organist at Friederickberg, and subsequently of intendant of the royal palace. For several years, he had a hard struggle with a scanty income and increasing family; but, attaining afterwards a higher station in the kingly household, of good emolument, he was placed in happier circumstances, and enabled (as the son takes delight in recording) to confer many benefits on the needy and deserving, in which his generous spirit rejoiced. His mother was of earnest, pious, and reflective character,—a Dane, but of German origin; and he takes delight in thus belonging by blood to both nations, as he did subsequently by his intellectual productions. "She possessed," he says, "a strong understanding and great sensibility, that at times tended to a morbid enthusiasm, and though of serious mood, was good-tempered withal. In later years, as her health declined, she sought consolation in religion, and devoted much time to the perusal of sermons and spiritual songs whenever she was prevented from attending church. She zealously endeavoured to bring her children under the influence of her religious feelings." From their infancy, she fostered and nurtured them with the most assidu-

ous and motherly care. Two precious gifts of a gracious Providence, of priceless value to a human home,—a pious and loving mother, and a father whose early indigence and privations had not destroyed his native generosity of character, and sympathy for the wants and afflictions of others.

He was sent to school, at a tender age, to an ancient and crabbed dame, where he suffered much with his companions from the severity of her treatment. They were compelled to sit for hours motionless on their forms, until they envied the very poultry that ranged about the yard freely in sight of the school-room, and cackled and quacked at their pleasure. His only consolation here was Huber's Bible History, from which, after the lessons were concluded, they had permission to read aloud. From this work, he became early acquainted with the lives of Moses, Joseph, David, and Solomon, and that history of sorrow, that awful epic, the sufferings and death of the Saviour, which awakened the deepest anguish in his youthful breast, while the events of the childhood of Jesus delighted him as the loveliest of idylls. He accompanied his father every Sunday to the organ-loft, and as he possessed a good voice, was made precentor of the choir. Here, with the earnest and pious enthusiasm of youth, he assisted in the psalmody, and listened with deep attention to the evangelical lessons of the day.

He was soon removed to another school, kept by the sacristan, but governed by his deputy, a corpulent man of indolent character, who walked to and fro in the school-room in his morning gown, smoking his pipe, while the boys were left to their own control. Punishments were not spared, but, as substitutes for instruction and judicious government, they effected little for the intellectual improvement of the scholars. But under all these repressing circumstances, the innate propensity of the boy broke forth. In his ninth year he penned his first poetical composition, a psalm, which the master discovered. Its spirit and treatment were not objected to, but the worthy critic denounced the metre as faulty. The young author demurred stoutly, produced a song-book as arbiter, and gained his first triumph by wringing from the defeated *didasculus* an admission of the correctness of the prosody.

If the formal scholastic education he was receiving was barren and defective, there were other humanising and elevating influences in operation upon him, which were doubtlessly silently moulding the eager and apprehensive spirit of the boy. Nature was at hand with her inexhaustible beauty and

impressive ministrations, teaching the moral relation of all things to man, and prophesying, in all her pomp and richness, of the eternal and divine as the foundation and end of being; and, in all her gorgeous variety, proclaiming an absolute unity, the Supreme and Ineffable One, which religion reveals to us as GOD and CREATOR, and the heart of man in all ages denominates in its language as FATHER. And society with its classes, civilization, arts, and protection, ever moving on in its march from the savage to the sublime,—expressive of law and order, foresight and justice, harmony and peace. His hours of recreation were spent in and about the royal palace, where his father resided. On one side was a park in the English style, on the other a garden in the stiff and architectural taste of Louis XIV, with its clipped hedges, fountains, and pyramids. These placed before his eyes, on an extended scale, for daily observation and comparison, English nature and French artificiality, added to which was the imposing beauty of the Italian *Palazzo*, with its stately apartments and rich collection of mimetic life and beauty,—its paintings, arabesques, and sculptures. The modes of life were as varied as the seasons. In summer, the court assembled here, and the scene was thronged with official dignitaries, gay cavaliers, and lovely and elegant women. The children caught frequent glimpses of the royal family at table, and heard the sweet melodies that enlivened their meals, or gazed upon the crowd of guards and citizens that perambulated the gardens, listening to the wild Turkish music of the military bands. The park was kept private for the household; and, at certain times, he and his sister would delight themselves and their youthful acquaintances with rambles through its quiet and solitary walks, rapt in wonder and delight at its scenic displays. Here were low Norwegian houses amidst forest-like groves of pine and oak, in whose branches the winds would repeat their melodies brought from seas and distant mountains, songs of the Maelstrom and wild Lapland heights,—hermits' cells, grottoes sparkling with crystals, spars, and metallic petrifications, beautiful as a fairy's dwelling,—Chinese pagodas, decorated within with coloured portraits of mandarins and small-eyed ladies, in singular and flowing attire, while above were suspended numerous bells round the roof, from which every breeze in its agitation rung out sweet and fantastic music.

All this was changed in the autumn, when the royal family returned to the capital. The music and gay promenaders



departed, and a new scene was opened to the young and inquisitive observer. The palace and grounds were filled with labourers and artizans; and he mixed with masons, carpenters, painters, upholsterers, and gardeners, noticing their craft and dexterity, and enjoying their hearty jocularity and rough gibes. In the winter, the family had the stately palace to themselves, with two sentinels and two huge dogs, as guards. Then the children roamed through every chamber; gazed undisturbed on the paintings; stretched themselves under royal canopies; and, with the lifeless materials without, and the magical power of a plastic fancy within, framed for themselves engrossing combinations of things—wild, wondrous, and bewitching.

At other times, the young Ehlenschläger fetched books from the neighbouring town, “in a large bundle, swung on a little stick over his shoulder;” and then they were indifferent to the storm without, or rain, or snow. The father sat down by the stove in his morning-gown, the little house-dog lying near him, and read aloud to the children and mother seated around: or the young lad, reading by himself in a low tone, followed Robinson Crusoe in his solitary island, revelled with Aladdin in the land of faëry, or laughed at the fooleries of Siegfried of Lindenbergh. The comedies of his countryman Holberg, he says, he knew by heart already.

In passing the court-yard one day, he was bitten by one of the huge dogs kept there. His mother first washed the part most carefully, then hastened to the sentinel and requested him to shoot the animal forthwith. “Madam, I dare not,” was the reply; “it belongs to the king, is a great rarity, and the gift of some distinguished foreigner.” “Shoot him instantly,” rejoined the mother; “although nothing ails him now, he may become mad. He has bitten my boy, and I must take every precaution for his safety. A child is more precious to a mother than any royal hound. I will bear all the blame.” The creature was instantly destroyed, and the needless act went unreprieved, although the apprehension and carefulness of the mother were the results of the grossest prejudice.

Another event that he describes, as breaking in upon the monotonous winter life, was the entrance of the Crown prince and his bride, in 1790, with its gaiety and illuminations for three nights, and triumphal arches in many of the streets. The boy was astounded at the beautiful devices, transparencies, and gem-like constellations around him; and believed that the

romantic world of the Arabian tales, with its train of wonders and strange delights, was realized before him. The very snow in the streets, which, under the variegated masses of light, wore a bright yellow hue, he supposed to be a golden sand, strewed over the roads as decoration for the occasion.

He intimates that the days of his childhood did not traverse a pathway of roses, as his parents were poor, and they had to encounter many troubles and privations, that tried the cheerful firmness of the one, and the earnest piety of the other. But it is to be hoped that these had a beneficial result; for heaven does not send these trials in vain. The waters of affliction may be presented in the cup of life—repulsive to the eye and bitter to the taste; but to the patient, the thoughtful, and the pious, they sparkle with vigour and hope, and have the freshness of the waters of immortal life.

Under the pressure of this poverty, the education of the young *Cehlenschläger* seems to have been much neglected, as it does not appear that he remained long with the sacristan. He had completed his twelfth year, and learned nothing; but he had read three hundred volumes from the circulating library, and had unconsciously acquired considerable knowledge and command of his native language. In one of his rambles, he became acquainted with a Norwegian poet named Storm, of clear head and warm heart, the director of a school in Copenhagen, who offered to instruct the lad gratuitously, if the parents would pay for his board during the winter months. This was accepted, and he stepped into a new sphere, where he applied himself with great diligence and profit to his studies. While here, the constructive faculty more fully exhibited itself. He wrote several comedies, which were performed by himself, his sister, and a few youthful friends, in the royal dining-room of the palace. At one of these his good friend Storm was a spectator. "My dear *Cehlenschläger*," said he, "you are a greater poet than Molière. It was thought extraordinary that he should complete and bring out a play in eight days, but you do it all in one. Think not, however, that you are a genius because you make verses with facility. You may become a good scholar, a respectable man of business, but you will never be an Edward Storm." This criticism, it may be supposed, gave little satisfaction to the young playwright; what is of more consequence, it does not appear to have acted as any discouragement.

He took private lessons in Latin, which formed no part of the regular instruction of the school. He had from his earliest

childhood great delight in teaching others, and during his visits to his parents at the palace, he gave instructions to his sister in all that he had himself acquired in his absence. Whenever he was in the church, and thought himself alone, he mounted the pulpit, and preached aloud. On one occasion he was overheard by the clergyman, who was so much struck by the power and eloquence displayed in the address, that he strongly recommended his father to let him study theology. In school he ranked amongst the foremost scholars; in later years, he was always *dux*. He was also equally prominent in the playground, being generally the leader in all the games. He had, however, much to undergo here; in early years, being placed in the junior classes, from his backwardness in knowledge, and afterwards, from a trouble that may be classed with Jean Paul's "apparel martyrdom." His needy father could not afford proper clothing for him, but bought the cast-off habiliments from the master of the royal wardrobe. The young Adam, therefore, exhibited a singular and ludicrous style in his daily costume, walking about in the scarlet coat of the Crown prince, and the stiff boots of the king, while his breeches were constructed from the cashiered cloth of a palace billiard table. In this strange garb, with his long black hair hanging on his shoulders, he attracted the ridicule of his richer and more elegant school-fellows. The kind-hearted and gentle boy first deprecated this treatment with good words, and often with tears, but ineffectually. Feeling that what the tender heart cannot effect the strong hand must accomplish, he turned with determined courage upon his persecutors, bravely fought out his deliverance, and secured peace for ever.

While here, his kind friend Storm fell dangerously ill, and died at one of the hospitals of the city. He was beloved by all his pupils; and, in the fulness of their sorrow, when the sad intelligence was communicated to them, the mathematical master insisted upon their continuance of the lessons, and began to describe on his board his lines and circles. The rector of the school, however, felt that their sincere and youthful grief, so honourable both to the scholars and the teacher, was deserving of more respect, and gave them permission to visit the remains of their friend. They met the bearers with the bier conveying the body, which the boys accompanied to the late residence of the departed. When deposited there, and the honoured countenance of their friend was uncovered, they wept over it long, and Oehlenschläger,

pressing the cold hand of his loved master, silently blessed him for all the kindnesses and benefits which he had received at his hands.

He continued the pursuit of his studies at this institution, acquiring rewards and general estimation, until he attained his sixteenth year. He found time, with all his application, to write weekly literary journals for his comrades, and to take part with them in private dramatic performances. They once represented, before the family of a celebrated actor—Schwartz and his friends—the *Slave in Tunis*, in which the character of the Slave was sustained by Cehlenschläger, who so vividly depicted the distress of the captive, severed from home and his relatives, as to draw tears from the eyes of the ladies, and call forth the warmest applause of Schwartz. His young co-actors, feeling jealous of his success, or in the irrepressible frolicsomeness of youth,

“Turning to mirth all things of earth,  
As only boyhood can,”

made grimaces, and mocked at him from behind the scenes. This but increased his emotion, and caused him to throw more passion into his representation of the character. Schwartz repeated his praises at the termination of the piece, which, it is highly probable, had considerable influence on some of his future proceedings, as may be surmised from the sequel.

The prejudice in Denmark against the stage, as a profession, was not so great as in Germany and other countries. As the only and national establishment, it was shielded from the character of vagabondism, so freely affixed to it elsewhere. Regulated by royal ordinance, and directed by officers appointed by the crown, a certain dignity was conferred on it, and order and decorum preserved among its members. It presented powerful attractions to a youth like Cehlenschläger, of ardent poetical temperament and æsthetical cultivation, but who had not enjoyed sufficient opportunities of acquiring the more weighty and dignifying accomplishments of the scholar.

To this profession he now determined to devote himself, not, as he says, from any sensual captivation cast over him by the fascinations of the actresses, nor from any particular love for histrionic art, but from the strong bias of a poetical nature urging him upon the novel and adventurous—a desire to place himself in a new arena of human character, and to make himself intimately acquainted with so powerful an organ of dramatic

poesy, as the musician must know the differences and capabilities of orchestral instruments prior to the construction of an opera, or any other grand harmonic composition. From his intellectual and imaginative cast, he would be disposed to contemplate the drama in its ideal, rather than in its empirical, phasis, and would not fail to draw conclusions in favour of its pretensions to worth and utility as a great and effective means of operating on human nature, and evoking and fostering into a rich fulness all the noble capacities of social and national character. He would see, that, under the pressure of daily necessities, the understanding was receiving an undue development, that society was made up of selfish units, who, in their sordid narrowness of sphere, lost sight of the *all*, the *whole*, "seeing in the universe but the house they dwelt in, and in the history of eternity but their own little town." He would respect it for its power of recalling men to the observation of the universal, of educating the feelings and the imagination, quickening the sense of individual greatness, revealing the mysteries of human nature, "so fearfully and wonderfully made," and casting light into the deep abyss of man's heart—that strange and wild labyrinth where powers and passions, strength and weakness, self-sacrifice and self-love, evil and good, lie couched side by side, like Satan in the neighbourhood of Eve in the golden bowers of Paradise.

His father gave his approval, and on application to the royal chamberlain, who had known and noticed him about the palace, he was kindly received, placed under the direction of a distinguished actor, named Rosing, a man of education and accomplishments, and had masters in fencing, dancing, and singing, appointed to instruct him.

"My old fencing-master, Ems," he says, "was a big, good-hearted, rattling fellow,—a Prussian of the days of Frederick the Great, that knew his business well. I was delighted to learn the use of arms from him. But I preferred the broadsword to the rapier, the striking and cutting to the stabbing. The first seemed to me more heroic and magnanimous, less subtle and ferocious. The latter malicious and murderous, requiring you continually, by all artful means, to delude your adversary, and give him a mortal wound unexpectedly. Cunning and cold blood gave you the advantage. In the hewing action of the broadsword, you proceed with more energy and self-abandonment. I believe that neither Achilles, nor the hardy Siegfried, Starkodder, nor Palnatoke, ever stabbed, except with their lances, in the charge. They struck with their broad falchion, as Thor felled with his iron hammer. Stab-

bing is a meanness from the French school of later days, which I have no doubt Bayard and Du Guesclin would have disowned.

“My dancing master was named Dahlen, a nobly-proportioned Swede, of regular and handsome features, very well bred, engaging in manners, and an excellent dancer. I preferred the minuet to the brisker social dances. The minuet taught stately and imposing attitudes, to move the body with grace and dignity, and seemed to be an ideal, though mute, love scene, in which the youth and maiden approached each other in earnest and intense longing, then reverentially and modestly withdrew themselves, again drew near in the fluctuations of passion, lightly and timidly embrace, and, as if daunted, fly off from each other, and, finally, with reserved but courteous greeting, place themselves on the same spot where the symbolic process began.”

He remained in his new vocation two winters, performing on many occasions, but only filling four leading parts. During this time he saw the reverse side of theatrical life; the poverty, envy, and gross vanity of the actor class, and how entirely the vices and defects of his associates resembled those of the great world without, save only in degree, being more compressed and less polished.

He soon had experienced enough of this dependant mode of life, and determined to abandon it. He felt that, in order to enjoy the rainbow's splendour, or the silver shimmer of the moon on the moving waves, it was not necessary to place himself in the falling cloud, where the heavenly cameleon spreads its beautiful curve, nor on the dancing waters; but that they were seen to the best advantage at a distance. He was intimate with two estimable men, the brothers Oerstedt, since of distinguished rank in the scientific world, of great application and acquirements, who were students at Ehlersen's college in Copenhagen. When alone in the library there, on his occasional visits to them, he found himself strangely wrought upon. The books of ancient and modern lore, in their old parchment and golden bindings, seemed to look reproachfully upon him, and say, “Why hast thou forsaken us?” By the advice of his friends, the Oerstedts, he terminated his connexion with the theatre, and resolved to prepare himself for the usual Latin and jurisprudential examinations, to adopt the law as his profession, and become an advocate.

He was now in his nineteenth year, and passed the requisite preliminary scrutiny with credit. At this time he became acquainted with the writings of Goethe and Schiller, which,—as on all men of fervid and imaginative nature,—made a deep

impression on him; and in the seventh chapter we have his judicious reflections on their productions, too long, however, for extraction.

The health of his mother now became seriously affected, and she evidently was approaching the confines of that "high world which lies beyond our own."

"She loved me much," he says, "and in many respects I resembled her. The feelings of melancholy and earnestness I owe to her; to my father robust health and cheerfulness. Imagination and fire I derive from both, the propensity to the tragic from my mother. And yet did she see no production of my muse to gladden her weary spirit. No laurel did I bring to her to share in my joy. Only upon her honoured grave was I enabled to plant it. Oh! how would she have rejoiced had she had any foresight that something more than the common would have been achieved by her son. And I saw her gradually sinking away, after she had taken her last affectionate farewell of us all, her eyes again and again closing, and the look of consciousness departing. The hands that had so often borne and comforted me, I saw busied, for the last time, clutching the counterpane in the usual restlessness that precedes death. Then she slept the last sleep; my father closed her eyes, and now she rests in peace in the Friedericksberg churchyard, whither my father and sister have followed her, and where I myself hope finally to repose. Forgive me, dear reader, if I have somewhat saddened thee. He who will accompany man in his path must share with him sorrow and joy. I will lead thee now from the realm of shadows into sunshine again."

There is but little of the Catholic tone here, but still it is not without a deep religious feeling. Sad and solemn is the death-bed, but sanctifying also. The most hardened and thoughtless are impressed by its dread announcement, though sin and the world may soon, in them, obliterate the record. The pious and tender are sustained in their anguish by a divine voice, breathing consolation and immortal hope, and a light from beyond the grave brightens the gloom with the promise of an eternal day. The valley around us is cold and grey, but the far-off mountain ridge that bounds it, is illuminated by the golden sunbreak of morning, with the promise of freshness, glory, and peace.

The heart of man is ever made more susceptible by sorrow. As in physics, so in the soul, nature always abhors a vacuum. Shortly after the loss of his mother, he became acquainted with Christiana Heger, the daughter of a counsellor of state:

"A lovely girl of seventeen, of mature and noble figure, with large blue eyes, snow-white complexion, rose-tinted cheeks, and a

luxuriance of hair rarely seen; for when the long fair tresses were unbound, they completely concealed her person. She was the sister-in-law of Professor Rahbek, elegant, well-educated, and witty. The first time that I saw her she wove for me a garland of corn flowers, blue as her eyes. I yet possess it and it still retains its sweet hue."

The result may be foreseen, he fell in love with the beautiful creature.

How gladly he turned his footsteps to the house that held his enchantress may easily be imagined.

"Here I met," he says, "in the professor, an enlightened companion and humorous poet; in his wife an intellectual and sprightly friend, rare and unrestrained hospitality, and almost always a lovely girl that sat very industriously engaged in her work, in whose eyes, however, when she raised them at my entrance, I fancied I read an expression of delight....."

"When I escorted Christiana home, after some of these happy evenings, in the bright moonlight and starry nights, the merriment suddenly ceased. I was serious, embarrassed, and monosyllabic, and she also; generally we walked along, arm in arm, silently absorbed in our own thoughts."

At last love gave him what it had so frequently deprived him of—courage; he declared his passion, and was accepted. He continued his studies now zealously, though subject to occasional interruptions from Apollo and the muses, or Bragi with her harp, or Idun sitting beneath her apple-tree, and if these did not suffice, they summoned Venus or Freia, Mars or Thor, to their aid, who arrayed themselves against his legal investigations.

War with England now broke out, and he volunteered into a military corps, raised among the students, of which he became ensign, and we have some amusing anecdotes of his associates, with details of the fatiguing but bloodless campaigns. But peace soon ensued, and he returned to his more tranquil engagements, his law books, attendance at a certain literary *re-union*, where he met many men of distinguished station, large acquirements and sound views, and to the continuation of his essays on belles lettres. His accomplished companions wrought much intellectual improvement in him. His judgment was invigorated, his knowledge of men and things extended, his taste refined and enlarged, and a lofty emulation excited within him.

He read the ancient northern mythology and history, and applied himself to the study of the Icelandic language, assisted



by an eccentric antiquarian and scholar named Arndt, who seems to have been one of the most remarkable caricatures of the day :

“He walked one day into my chamber,” says the narrative, “with filthy boots, a very coarse blue great-coat, and with long hair, which, like a woman’s, reached to his hips, stuck in between the body coat and upper one. He was born at Altona, and seemed only a spirit from the past, revisiting the favourite scenes of his former life. He had first applied himself to botany, but graven stones and ruins soon supplanted flowers and plants in his regard. He was an antiquarian such as few have been. Whatever lived and bloomed, prospered or worked together in present society, he despised. He loved only mouldering ruins, obscure legends, traditions of the olden time, and words of half-dead or defunct languages. He considered all Europe but as a wide study, over which he rambled to gather archaic fragments and citations. He was once in the extreme parts of Norway, beyond Drontheim, for the purpose of copying sundry Runic inscriptions, when it suddenly occurred to him to visit Venice, to transcribe some Greek lines on a statue, wherein he expected to find certain words of the ancient Danish language. All states and degrees of civilization, all political forms and regulations, he ignored altogether; or if he spoke of them, it was only to ease his heart by abusing them. In his wanderings, he stopped at the houses of the gentry and clergy, lived at their cost, and slept in their best chambers, but requited their hospitality with coarseness and impertinence; deeming it their duty to render him every assistance, who, in his zeal and love of antiquity, renounced all comfort and convenience. A servant girl was once about to take away his boots to clean them. ‘Will the hussey,’ he roared out, ‘let my boots alone? I care nothing about such senseless finery. When they are too dirty, I wash them in some brook, and there is an end of it!’ He often met with deserved chastisement, and was turned out of doors, but that produced no alteration in his manners. He had no friends, no home. He carried his multitudinous manuscripts in his pockets, till they were overloaded; he then placed them, not in towns, nor in the charge of any literary inhabitant, but concealed them amongst heaps of stones, or in some hedge or fissures of old ruins. He had not the slightest regard for modern poetry; but, on the contrary, every Runic letter, every distorted figure of the old Skalds, was sacred to him, and as he was deeply versed in the literature, manners, and remnants of the old northern heroic times, I gathered considerable knowledge in these studies, and delighted to lose myself with him in the gloom and wonders of the heathen by-gone ages.”

About this time he met with another man, although of different character from Arndt, of great vigour of mind and

acquirements, and imbued with the spirit of the new philosophy and school of poetry which was then stirring the German mind to its centre, This was Heinrich Steffens, of whom and whose influence he thus speaks.

“The first means whereby he won my regard, was his estimation and love of poetry; which he not only recited enthusiastically, but the powers, scope, and laws of which he clearly proved and defended philosophically. These I had always felt deeply, but I had not yet succeeded in fashioning their anticipated truths into distinct conceptions. I had heard poetry, by some persons even of taste and intelligence, rated as a pleasing but secondary and trivial thing, to which men might apply themselves in hours of leisure or relaxation, after they had devoted their best powers to more profitable and important subjects. By others, the useful, the material, was ranked as of foremost importance, and all creations of the imaginative faculty extruded from classification with utility. Thus in reference to its capacity and end, conceding to it but a very subordinate consideration, and blinding themselves to the spiritualizing and rectifying influence it bestows on the intellectual and sensual man. I was for a time disturbed and dazzled by these sophisms, which falsely estimated the useful as the highest aim of humanity, and confounded the nature of the necessary and the essential. I soon, however, discovered that the useful is but a condition of our earthly being, to enable us to preserve the *animal* in health and physical comfort; while our more dignified and supersensual aim as *rational* creatures, must be the apprehension and practice of the True and the Beautiful, which are evoked and attained by us through the revelations of Science and Art. I speedily discerned that the practice and perfection of the Beautiful was not subordinate to the love of the True; no more than the objective appearance is inferior to the subjective perception: and that the True and the Good consisted in the recognition and practice of the Beautiful, in all the relations of nature, and the multifarious complications of human life.

“From these heresies relative to the useful, all the other mistakes and false notions of the age were easily deduced: for example, the immoderate estimation of the (so called) modern illumination; which consisted, not in genuine enlightenment, but in a selfish and extravagant valuation of the opinions of the day, comprising a contempt of all that related to the imagination and the sphere of lofty ideas, with a fantastic appreciation of the trivial and the common. All these errors the new school, in which Steffens had studied, had rightly attacked; but when, however, they came to application, they were not free from the charge of falling into the opposite extreme. They were quite right in maintaining that the practical and the beautiful in the middle ages had not, before, been either recognized or prized. The philologists and poets of the new school were

deserving of high praise, when they rescued old pictures and books from the dust of monasteries, and, nourished and quickened by these, presented the world with works of excellence themselves, where the *beautiful* of the middle ages, new born and idealized, was displayed. They erred, however, when they pronounced everything connected with that period as beautiful, and, blind to the follies and ferocity of those beclouded centuries, would have us imagine that time had only retrograded, recommending us again to become romantic barbarians. Right was it in them to re-publish the songs of the old knightly days, and to direct our attention to the noble, national tone, the heroic sentiments, the harmony, the heartiness of the language, and the many individual beauties of those productions. But they were wrong to praise as finished masterpieces, interminable rhyming chronicles, wherein monotony and wearying repetitions prevailed; at the same time that they fiercely and unmercifully rejected works of their own day, as worthless and uninteresting, many of which, however, embodied much of the beautiful."

"Good and noble in them was it, as Protestants, to abandon the old spirit of rancour, and to declare their esteem for the beautiful in the religious services of our Catholic brethren; for Protestantism had gone too far, and, in an iconoclastic spirit, men had protested at last against everything beautiful that associates itself so nobly with religion. There was no tolerance for those stately and noble churches, for magnificent images, heart-stirring music, for the poetical and touching legends of the earlier Christians. A melancholy and hateful spirit had taken possession of so many Protestants. They considered life as a vale of misery, joyless and flowerless, and wandered on with half-frenzied eyes directed to death, the grave, and corruption. The new school endeavoured to counteract this, and held up to Protestantism all that was cheerful and beautiful in the Catholic religion and its imposing service, wherein they did well."

He had previously written and published several songs, some smaller dramatic pieces, and tales embodying old northern traditions and manners. He now worked up some old Danish heroic legends and poems of greater volume in the *ottava rima*. Among these were the *Vigil of St. John* and the *Evangel of the year*. These attracted general notice and approbation, and secured him "a name among the poets." The chief production of this period, however, was his dramatic poem of *Aladdin*. He says:—

"I seized this beautiful Arabian tale with youthful joy and enthusiasm. The natural resemblance it bore to my own domestic history gave something *naïve* and attractive to the whole, and

heightened the colouring. Had I not myself discovered a wonderful lamp, in the poetic capacity within me, which put me in possession of all the world's treasures, while Fancy was the spirit of the ring that brought to me all that I desired? The growth and structure of my intellectual being had also rapidly developed itself, like Aladdin's, and like him also, I had learnt to love. My mother was dead, and as I wrote Aladdin's cradle song my tears flowed on her grave."

His determination on his future course of life was now fixed; he abandoned the law for ever, feeling that nature had destined him for a poet, and that it was in vain to strive against her. The Countess Schimmelmann, the consort of one of those princely men who had befriended Schiller, had read and admired some of his poems. At her desire he was introduced to her, the impression in his favour was strengthened by the interview, and she remained his "lovely" patroness till her death. By this lady's husband an allowance was obtained for him from the royal purse, to enable him to dedicate himself to literature, with undistracted attention, and to travel in other countries, that, by the study of mankind, nature, and the fine arts, his taste and knowledge might be improved, and his talents more fully cultivated.

For the attainment of this object, in August 1805, when in his twenty-sixth year, he set off for Halle in Germany, where he again met his friend Steffens, became acquainted with Schleiermacher, Von Raumer, and Goethe. Of the latter he says—

"His fine manly person charmed me, and had the most imposing effect at the same time. The splendid hazel eyes attracted me, in which Werther's love, Götz's truth, Faust's penetration and melancholy, Iphigenia's nobleness, and Reinecke's waggery seemed to gleam. He knew somewhat of my *Aladdin*. Wilhelmina Wolff, the daughter of the celebrated philologist, had translated for him Nouredin's first soliloquy. 'When I wish to become speedily acquainted with a poet,' said he, 'I read his monologues first, therein he mostly expresses his own mind.' How earnestly did I desire to have a prolonged conversation with him the first time of our meeting, but politeness compelled me to break off. He invited me to visit him at Weimar."

"With the distinguished Schliermacher I associated much. I translated to him some of my writings, which first encouraged me to become a German poet. He read Greek to me in return (the whole of the *Ædipus in Colonus*); he translated it for me, word for word, and taught me to note and comprehend correctly the varieties of Grecian prosody, of which, after a diligent study of Solger's Sophocles, I made use in my tragedy of *Baldur the Good*. His noble sermons I never neglected to hear."

From Halle he went to Berlin, where he visited the celebrated Fichte, who so tutored and elevated the intellect and will of young Prussia, while Arndt, (not our eccentric friend of the same name previously mentioned,) by his gymnastic exercises invigorated the body, and by his Tyrtean lyrics emboldened the hearts, that at the call of their country they were so well qualified to make those noble and successful efforts to enfranchise it from the tyranny of Napoleon.

"Fichte was at first reserved in his reception," Ehlenschläger states, "but soon relaxed and became very friendly. I had to accustom myself to his didactic tone. He supposed that no man could comprehend him; but as he observed that I also, although after a manner of my own, could think rationally, he became more favourable to me, and said, 'Ehlenschläger is a fine fellow; he must study my *Wissenschaftslehre*.' I felt myself flattered by this; for I knew that the greatest praise he could bestow on any man, was to suppose him capable of penetrating the depths of his metaphysical creed. I read several of his minor works. In all I admired the deep searcher, the heroic thinker, the inspired orator, the energetic man. His great fault was, that he deemed his system the only true and absolute one."

Fichte's aim, both as teacher and author, was ever to elevate the mind above the body and all sensual feelings, to represent the life of the spirit as the only true life, and thereby to excite the mind to the highest purity, virtue, and self-denial. And his example corroborated his precepts; for he was, in his whole conduct, of noble principles, of unblenching honour and firmness, though somewhat proud of his endowments, physical and intellectual. "Do you think," he once said to a friend, "that I should have such shoulders, and such calves to my legs, if I had not *buckled on* such maxims as I profess?"

Our poet's greatest delight in Berlin was to hear the performances of Mozart's masterpieces, *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*, which were quite new to him. In these incomparable compositions, a new, and yet apparently well-known, world opened upon him. "I heard," he says, "in melodious tones, the great thoughts of Shakspeare, Sophocles, and Goethe, as I afterwards recognized them again in the forms and colours of Raphael." He frequently met Alexander Von Humboldt, and heard him recount, in private social meetings, much of his travels, which were not yet published. At the Academy of Sciences, he read an essay on the luxuriant vegetation of nature, in which he concluded with the remark that the same spirit of manifold life which flourished and blossomed in

vegetable richness in the warmest climates, was repeated morally and physically in the northern poet's fancy and creativeness.

He passed on to Weimar, where Goethe received him most kindly, and with whom for nearly three months he was in daily communication. He rejoiced to tread that classic soil which so many great spirits had consecrated and adorned. He was invited to the table of the dowager duchess Amelia, who was extremely affable and intelligent, and, notwithstanding her age, of great activity and cheerfulness. He there met her son, the grand duke (a man not only princely in rank, but princely in accomplishments, heart, and spirit), and his family, together with Von Knebel, Einsiedel, Wieland, and other men who formed the refined circle of that distinguished court. Wieland was now old, but cheerful and vigorous in intellect. By permission of the dowager duchess he always retired after dinner into the garden, and slept for an hour under a large umbrageous tree. Herder and Schiller were dead, but he visited the wife and children of the latter, and the pretty house in the *Allée*, near the theatre, where he had written many of his noble tragedies.

“I could not look upon these dear children,” he says, “who had so lately lost their great and glorious father, without the deepest emotion. With what bitter pain and sorrow did he contemplate the face of his youngest, when brought to him for the last time, as he felt that his heart was breaking under the stroke of death—that noble heart, that was united with an acute understanding and the highest inspiration! Yes, therein consisted his greatness, ye cold egotists and malignants! Therein consists the greatness of Goethe, Schiller, Herder, and Jean Paul, that with their extraordinary talents was combined a fervent goodness of heart—they *loved* mankind. Many may possess intellect and imagination, but when these are united with a noble and beautiful soul, then does true *genius* manifest itself.”

With young Heinrich Voss, the son of the translator of Shakspeare, and the friend of Jean Paul, he had many friendly meetings. From him he had an amusing and characteristic anecdote of Goethe. He had confided to Voss the task of correcting the versification of *Hermann and Dorothea*, preparatory to the publication of a new edition; for all the Voss family had learnt to construct most accurate hexameters, from the learned father even to the old and intelligent mother, who had on one occasion invited Goethe to join them in a *punch* party, in most choice and classical

spondees and dactyls. While engaged in this duty, young Voss entered Goethe's room with frolicsome countenance, and said, in a mixed tone of triumph and diffidence, "Mr. Privy-Councillor, I have here discovered an hexameter with *seven feet*." Goethe examined the line attentively for a moment, then said, "Right, by heavens!" Voss handed him his pencil to correct it, but his friend returned him the book very quietly, saying, "The beast shall remain."

From Weimar, he went to Jena and Dresden. At the latter place, he was delighted with the grand harmonies of the Catholic religious service, and felt the full dominion of the Beautiful, embodied in the magnificent pictorial creations assembled in that celebrated collection. The Madonna of Raphael, in its overpowering beauty and truthfulness; the noble compositions of Correggio, among which the earlier ones struck him "as more powerful and Raphaellesque in character than his celebrated 'Night;'" the severe "Christ Preaching" of Giovanni Bellini, so striking in contrast with the gracious and winning countenance by Carlo Dolce, "which seemed to dissolve itself in harmonious tones;" the lovely and serene figure of the Virgin, as addressed in prayer by the Burgomaster family of Holbein; the works of Raphael's noble pupils, Francesco Penni, Giulio Romano, and Andrea del Sarto, with the true though homely nature of the Netherlands' school, made the deepest impression on him. He here encountered Ludwig Tieck, who met him with the most friendly bearing; they discoursed with each other "confidentially and faithfully, as brothers who had been long separated."

"His fine characteristic head," he records, "his sonorous voice, his wondrous eloquence, his intelligent hazel eyes, prepossessed me immediately. I thought of the beautiful connexion between Franz and Sebastian, between Albrecht Durer and Lucas of Leyden, as depicted in his Franz Sternbald; and in the few days that we were in communion we lived on this footing together. I read to him my *Hakon Jarl*, much of *Aladdin*, and the *Evangel* of the year. He paid me the tribute of his hearty approbation, and lamented that his friend Novalis was not alive to hear the last poem."

But "a change came o'er the spirit of the dream." The serene and beautiful in art, the gorgeous and lofty creations of poets, the stateliness of courts, the calm wisdom of philosophers, were for a season to be banished by the fiery visitation of war, with its wondrous phantasmagoria of pomp, horrors, and tumultuous changes. And yet, in its effects, the contemplation of this scene must have had a marked and im-

portant influence on him. For all facts speak in an emphatic language to the spirit of the poet, contribute to his culture, have a plastic power on his life and character. He is a genuine free trader, throwing open his heart to all the variegated impressions of the outward,—be they called little or great, to him they utter golden and weighty truths. He can uplift himself above the stormy region of sense, into the celestial serene, where the tragic and passionate clouds of sorrow do not obscure, where the things of sadness and painfulness that disturb this lower world, are, by the imagination and the moral faculty, converted into rich and instructive pictures, solemn and sustaining in music, and enlightening and elevating in precept.

He journeyed from Dresden with two compatriots, Brönsted and Koes, to Weimar, to visit Goethe again, intending from thence to go to Paris. From his various occupations, or perhaps from a distaste for politics, he read no newspapers. He knew that France and Prussia were at war; but that Napoleon had pushed his army between the Elbe and the Saale, and had cut off the Prussians from the former, the German general did not know, and it was not surprising that our young Danish poet was ignorant of the fact. War on a Napoleonic scale, conducted by the hand of such a master, was something to witness, and his chapter entitled "The Battle of Jena" is a graphic and interesting sketch of what he saw, and an accurate picture of the miseries inseparable from that vaunted and most demoralizing of man's activities. From this we shall make a large extract.

"The Prussian head-quarters were at Weimar, where the king and queen had arrived. Every day the streets were thronged with well-grown and martial-looking Prussian officers of rank, who spoke busily with one another, or passed hurriedly on, reading papers. Every evening they were at the theatre. The camp was without the town. I traversed it with Goethe, and thought of Wallenstein's, as depicted by Schiller. What a wide, wondrous and bustling city was it, filled with its small tents, where even the most turbulent soldier was compelled to preserve peace! The market women seemed to me an extraordinary race. The care and attention of these persons, not the wildest warrior can dispense with after sanguinary encounters. I recollected those so admirably described by Schiller, then the gay thoughtless *Courage*, in the old romance of *Simplicissimus*, and, finally, on the Cimbric wives, who desperately clung to the tails of the horses as their vanquished husbands came flying from the battle-field.

"The memorable 14th of October now arrived. Some days



previously, we had heard the thunder of cannon at a distance, now it approached nearer. I ran to Goethe's house, where I was told the contest was withdrawing from us; in returning by the market-place, however, I learnt that all was lost. Lately we had seen the Prussians bringing in French prisoners, and selling the captured horses to the citizens; now they fled through the town with hanging bridles. 'Where is the road that leads to the mountains,' cried they. 'Here we have no mountains,' was the reply. 'On which road shall we meet no Frenchmen,' they asked again; and, without waiting for an answer, hurried on.

"Shortly before, a young Silesian officer had been brought to our hotel severely wounded. A cannon ball had shattered his thigh, and the French had robbed him of all his money. My companion, Brönsted, supplied him with some. The unfortunate youth died two days afterwards. A year subsequently, his family remitted the amount that my friend had advanced, with many expressions of gratitude, for having lightened the last hours of their brave relative.

"The French now began to cannonade the town and we descended to the lower part of the house, seating ourselves on the steps of the cellar, to avoid injuries. Uncertain what might be the result, we divided the gold we had with us, to defray our expenses to Paris, and secreted it in our neckcloths.

"Suddenly all was still, in Weimar, as the grave. Every shop was shut, no person was visible in the streets, and the October sun gleamed through the powder-smoke that overspread the sky like a pallid moonlight. Then the French entered the town, at first in orderly columns, and quartering themselves in different districts. We advised our host to open all his cupboards and stores, and receive the approaching troops with unrestrained hospitality. Eight fine-looking fellows, chiefly subalterns, blackened with powder, sunburnt, and covered with sweat, drew up at the door on horseback. '*Bourgeois,*' they called out, '*de l'eau de vie, du vin, du Kirschwasser.*' The landlord rushed out with his bottles; they put them to their mouths and drank eagerly, then dismounted and entering the house, sat down to the table. We showed them our passports, and reminded them of our neutrality as Danes. They assured us, politely, that we need fear nothing. They said the Prussians had fought well, but were ignorant of the art of war. Notwithstanding the immense numbers that thronged into the town and occupied every house, for the first hour or two perfect stillness filled the place. This was not, however, surprising. They had arrived from the field of battle fatigued, hungry, and thirsty, but, after they had satisfied their appetites and rejoiced over their late success, they started off in parties on plundering excursions and then the true misery began. Luckily the soldiers quartered with us were worthy fellows, and helped us to defend the house

against the intrusion of the marauders. A scoundrel was pressing in at the doorway, when one of our determined subalterns seized him by the throat, and hurled him back into the street, exclaiming, 'Brigand, je t'écraserai la tête.' We made the door secure with bars and great stones. Without, in the market place, hundreds of soldiers were *bivouacked*, that could find no room in any of the houses.

"Fatigued with the excitement and exertion of the day, I and my friends retired to rest. Our French visitors caroused below, undisturbed by the dying young Silesian, who was laid on a table in the same room, but whom they did not otherwise molest. I had not long been asleep, when I was aroused by cries of women and children. The plunderers, to facilitate their operations, had fired the city. The flames were, however, soon extinguished, and some check put to these proceedings. The next day, Augereau and Berthier entered, and took possession of our hotel, only leaving us our sleeping rooms; and, while they feasted, we had to content ourselves with a crust of bread and a glass of wine. As soon, however, as Napoleon arrived, a stop was put to the work of the despoilers, although, in fact, by that time very little was left to the plundered inhabitants. Orders were instantly issued, prohibiting, under the penalty of death, all spoliation; nevertheless, we heard seven or eight times daily the ring of musquetry in the park, where the detected culprits were instantly shot. As the emperor entered the castle, he greeted the duchess, who met him at the gate, with '*Eh bien, vous avez voulu la guerre, la voilà!*'" She soon, however, won him by her engaging gentleness and intelligence. The French buried the Prussian general Schmettau with all military honours; but it appeared to the deeply humiliated Germans, who were spectators, as if the freedom and independence of their native land were committed to the grave with him."

"Goethe was married during the battle, that, in the event of any misfortune occurring to himself, he might secure the civic existence of his son. We dined with him one day, and then hastened to quit Weimar—that seat of the muses, now converted into a lazaretto of wounded soldiers; while its beautiful theatre, where for so many years the masterpieces of Schiller had been represented, was made an hospital for dying cripples. We set off for Gotha, on our way to Paris, as soon as horses could be procured. Our carriage was frequently driven through cultivated fields, and when we remonstrated with the driver, the only answer we received was, 'Oh, it is war-time!'"

He arrived in Paris, where he remained eighteen months, visiting the usual places of attraction. He there wrote a new tragedy, in Danish, entitled *Palnatoke*; translated into Ger-

man his *Aladdin* and *Hakon Jarl*; and prepared an edition of his minor poems in the same language. He witnessed the performances of Talma, Mademoiselle Mars, Potier, Dazincourt, and the other distinguished actors of the day. He particularly admired, in the former, the characteristics of nature and simple greatness which he threw into the pompous diction of the French school. To him he seemed a noble Greek or Roman statue, to which life had been given to express the passions and emotions of tragic situations. He met his countryman Malte-Brun, who had left Denmark a republican, and was then a slavish admirer of Napoleon, and Frederick Schlegel, whom he had depicted to himself as a lean, thin, and critical-looking personage, with sharp, solemn features—instead of which, a fat and rather jovial countenance, with an expression of humorous irony, greeted him with friendly smiles. He visited Madame de Staël, at her house in the environs of Paris, who gave him a kindly reception, and invited him to visit her at Coppet, which he did on his journey to Italy, where we are subsequently furnished with many interesting particulars of this remarkable woman. In Paris he again met with his eccentric friend *Arndt*, who on his journey, when very near to the French capital, recollected that he had left an important manuscript behind him, concealed in a heap of stones near Lubeck, and had retraced his steps to secure it. In Paris, Ehlenschläger was compelled to prolong his sojourn, inconveniently, waiting for his expected remittance from the Danish government, which had had its attention lately but too fully occupied by the bombardment of Copenhagen by the English. When it arrived, it just sufficed for the payment of his debts. He borrowed a small sum of a friend, packed up his manuscripts, and started for Germany, to sell his works to Cotta, with the produce of which he intended to undertake a journey to Italy. The bookseller gave him a liberal price for his productions, and the delighted poet set off afresh for Schaffhausen. Switzerland, with its romantic scenery, its historical associations, and simple people, could not fail to make a deep impression on one of his age and temperament; and his animated record bespeaks the force of it. Among other interesting incidents, he mentions an ascent of Mount Rigi in the beautiful tranquillity of a summer's evening, while in the fading twilight the stars came gradually out, like freshly-arrived sentinels from the distant abysses of the universe; the mountain-tops reflected the rosy farewell of the sun, and the Swiss maidens

sang the ancient fireside songs of their country, one of which, with the following chorus, pleased him much—

“For not by noble hand,  
But with hardy mood,  
And heart’s best blood,  
Wert thou freed, my fatherland.”

He proceeded to Coppet, to pay his promised visit to Madame de Staël. There he met A. W. Schlegel, B. Constant, Bonstetten, Sismondi, Werner, Frederika Brun, and other celebrated members of the world of letters. Schlegel was cold but polite.

“I felt great esteem,” he writes, “for his profound learning, acuteness, wit, and extraordinary talent for languages. I know no better translations than his of Shakspeare and Calderon. He has delivered much that is true and excellent in a fine strain of eloquence on poetry and art. He seems to me, nevertheless, not free from a certain one-sidedness and undue partiality. He preferred, for example, Calderon to Shakspeare, censured Herder sharply, and his whole being had something that did not respond to my own.

“How quick, intellectual, witty, and amiable Madame de Staël was, is well known to the world. I know no woman who has manifested so much genius. She was by no means handsome, but her bright hazel eyes had much that was attractive; and that feminine talent of winning men, and, by grace and refinement, ruling the most diverse characters, binding them in social harmony, she possessed in the highest degree. Her genius and countenance, her voice almost, was manly; her soul, however, was intensely womanly, as she has proved in *Delphine* and *Corinne*. She was then engaged in her work on Germany. It has been erroneously stated that she was ignorant of the books therein criticised, and that she had been prompted in her judgments of them by Schlegel. She read German with great facility, the pronunciation of it only was difficult to her; so that when she wished to quote from any publication in that language, she instantly translated it into French. Schlegel had doubtless had much influence on her; she had first gathered her knowledge of German literature from him, but her judgment in many cases differed widely from his. She was one who would think for herself; she opposed him frequently, and bantered him whenever he appeared to her too partial.

“Her great talent consisted in the power of saying something striking and *piquant* on every subject that was presented to her notice. This talent made her a most delightful companion. Wherever she appeared, notwithstanding the presence of young and beautiful women, she attracted all the men of any head and heart within her circle. When, in addition to her intellectual fascinations, it is remembered that she was wealthy, extremely hospitable, and

daily gave sumptuous dinners, it will perhaps not excite so much wonder that, like a queen, or a fairy in her magic hall, she drew men around her and ruled them. At table, her servant always placed a small twig of evergreen, of flowers, or flowering shrub, beside the knife and fork, which she held constantly in her hand, and played with or waved during conversation, as if symbolic of her dominion over society."

On the approach of winter, his brilliant hostess and her train of intellectual guests took up their residence in Geneva, where, from her rank, talents, and fortune, the saloons of the most distinguished inhabitants were thrown open to the party. He was not, however, very favourably impressed by the Genevese.

"They are," he says, "a very sensible, well-bred, moral people, but, with permission be it said, they are neither fish nor flesh—neither French nor German. They have neither the vivacity of the former, nor the solidity of the latter, nation. They are southern Protestants and democratic aristocrats. Every thing there moves on the most cold and measured footing. Those persons who pride themselves on their superiority of station, would feel quite at home with them; for although there is properly no noble class, certain families presume much on their descent. Every thing is classified and separated, even youthful society from that of their parents."

After sojourning some months with the De Staël, in the spring of 1809 he took his departure for Italy. Nothing that he had witnessed throughout his peregrinations struck him so profoundly as the Alps.

"Who first beholds those everlasting clouds,  
Seed-time, and harvest, morning, noon, and night,  
Still where they were—stedfast, immovable;  
Those mighty hills, so shadowy, so sublime,  
As rather to belong to heaven than earth,—  
But instantly receives into his soul  
A sense, a feeling that he loses not;  
A something that informs him 'tis an hour  
Whence he may date henceforward and for ever."

The fancy, in most cases, fashions an image of the thing which we generally find to be excessive, when we contemplate the reality; but here, in presence of these mighty barriers, he felt the short-coming of all his previous conceptions.

"Here fancy had been unable to exaggerate, for nature was grander than her wildest creations, and the enormous solidity of reality made all visionary shapings dislimn themselves and disappear, like weak vapours before the morning light. These granite *capriccios* of nature, made me shudder in the intensity of veneration.

Here history had left no memorials. For thousands of years they had been unchangable, save in the fine and commodious road that connects France and Italy, now winding round rocks and over precipices, now piercing through stony caverns, the most remarkable record of Napoleon, lasting as the pyramids of the Nile, and as useful as those are vain and uncouth. But I thought of other heroes also; as my eyes dwelt on the distant and gloomy spots on these rocky walls—that looked like patches of moss, but were enormous pine forests—I thought of the heroic Hannibal, of my stalwart forefathers, the Cimbri, Teutons, and Longobardi, who climbed these gigantic heights, and glided down on their shields, having no road to aid their advance.

“In descending from these heights [we continue our extract from his biography] the snow gradually disappeared, the cold mountainous masses were left behind, the evenings became excessively beautiful, the vegetation of spring appeared in richer bloom, and the thought that I was now in Italy, ‘where the pale lemon blows, the bright orange glows,’ exalted every thing. It seemed to me, after the mighty sterile scene was passed, as if the newly-created earth arose from lifeless chaos. There landed Noah with his ark on Ararat; there, by yonder cavern, under the trees, sat Deucalion and Pyrrha; here Baldur and Vidar were playing on the grass with the newly-found golden dice, and the former distresses of life lay behind like an evanished dream.”

He encountered, in the diligence, an amusing specimen of the *Smelfungus* class of travellers, in an old French merchant. He disliked the people of Italy, and could tolerate nothing Italian. While the young poet was all enthusiasm and admiration, he sat in scornful silence, until they passed some cattle with very long horns.

“‘See, sir,’ said he, ‘how monstrous, tasteless, and exaggerated, is every thing in this cursed country.’—‘What brings you, then, to Italy?’—‘Commercial affairs.’—‘Can you believe that there have been men who have traversed the mountains we have passed before any roads existed?’—‘They must, then, have been the fool-hardy, or the English.’”

Passing through Turin, with its rectangular streets, and its fine, but monotonous, architecture, and Milan, with its glorious cathedral, he arrived at Parma, where, in the San Giovanni Church, he saw the admirable frescoes of Correggio, so rich in their perfect humanity, *naïveté*, and beauty;

“Filling the soul with sentiments august,  
The beautiful, the brave, the holy, and the just.”

The magnificent places of worship every where, made the profoundest impressions on him, by their lovely proportions,

rich marbles, solemn and graceful paintings, and effective distribution of light and shade; and we see, in the record he has furnished us with, the truth of the declaration, that the contemplation of the beautiful always produces a religious emotion in the heart of man. He especially describes the results on a particular occasion, while standing under the majestic cupola of San Giovanni, which, as also furnishing an interesting extract from a poet's breviary, we shall partly transcribe:

“The church gradually filled with people, who placed themselves on their knees around me, and were instantly engaged in their abstracted and fervent devotion. Desirous of offering no disturbance to them, I withdrew into a retired part of the aisle, and there poured out my heart in prayer also. My petition was to this effect: ‘Almighty God! make my heart pure and open, that I may recognize thy greatness, goodness, and beauty, in nature, and in all human productions. Protect my fatherland, my king, my beloved, and my friends. Let me not die in a foreign land, but return happily to my native country. Grant me a contented, tranquil, and stedfast spirit, that I may go on my way in this thy beautiful earth without sickly hate or bitter contempt of my neighbour, and without submitting myself, in slavish timidity, to the prejudices of the world. Let me become great as a poet, for thou hast created within my soul a love and genius for art, and that is the noblest *vista* through which I can discern thee. Grant that I may live in my works after death, as even this good Correggio, and that, when I am dust, many a youthful heart may be quickened and inspired by my productions.’ This was my prayer, which I have neither altered nor sought to improve, as I stood before the works of Antonio Allegri, when the notion of composing some poem about him first rose in my mind, and which, as I subsequently stood before the little fresco in the ducal palace at Modena, painted by him in his seventeenth year, ripened into determination.”

He alludes to his celebrated tragedy, *Correggio*. In Florence he remained fourteen days, enraptured by the glorious specimens of art assembled there, in a dreamy reproduction of past centuries, indifferent to the every-day processes of the world about him; he was aroused from this abstraction by being most successfully practised upon by his host, in a device smacking considerably of those clever and industrious feats so triumphantly exhibited at the expense of another celebrated wanderer,—our old friend Gil Blas. The incident is most amusingly told, quite in the spirit of *Le Sage*.

At last he arrived in Rome, that city of the soul, consecrated spot in the world's history, centre and source of some of the mightiest influences that have moulded the destinies of nations,

and which, from its very name, its ruins and statues of ancient times, its buildings and works of art of later ages, the *southern* nature of all in and around it, and as the rallying-point of accomplished foreign artists and travellers, possessed such powerful attractions for him. The people of Rome pleased him much, that is to say, the middle and lower classes; the noblesse was a *fade*, decayed, and bloomless race, though the women, physically, were beautiful and imposing. They were of energetic but serene and contented character, ready and quick in perceiving and comprehending things, cheerful, good-hearted, and in nowise deceitful. The city he describes as a silent, inactive place, where everything seemed, at least, two centuries old, the inhabitants as if they had been cast into sleep for that time, and wandering about as in dreams, but in which enchanted town it was delightful to roam, where the noblest, fairy-like palaces, with all their splendid wonders, and the coolest gardens, were open to the inquirer, and lovely women moved about under the brightest and bluest of heavens.

He arrived at the moment of one those violent constitutional changes wrought by the French, when *Miollis* was governor. He heard the proclamation made by some military officer on the Piazza d'Espagna, that "henceforth the States of the Church were incorporated with the French empire," while the populace stood around pale as ghosts, but with flashing eyes, muttering between their teeth, "*Ah lo scelerato, ah! il maledotto!*" The worthy head of the Church, Pius VII, had just been seized in his palace by General Rodel, and carried captive to France, so that he had no opportunity of being presented to him. Tranquillity, however, reigned throughout the city, it was more than usually peaceful and secure, under the stringent and vigorous police established by the conquerors.

He here again met his country-woman Friederika Brun, who, with heart and soul steeped in the spirit of the antique world, learned in the merits of every ancient stone and venerable ruin, was his accomplished *cicerone* to the many impressive remnants of the olden time to be found there. He spent many hours in the ample and beautiful churches, the halls of the Vatican, and the splendid museums and galleries of art. Here the southern luxuries of silence and coolness were ever to be met with; here, beauty and heavenly contemplation seemed to have their natural home and resting-place, and from the glorious conceptions of the great masters was shed an inward peace more soft than the sweet Italian



sky overhead, and a wisdom more pure and invigorating than the light of the untainted dawn. Here the various powers of the man, intellect, soul, and sense, would be profitably and actively engaged, no one in opposition to another, or in violation of the regulative laws of the moral being. The eye would be charmed and refreshed, the fancy quickened, the spirit elevated, the heart warmed and ennobled, the understanding exercised and contented.

He visited the *atelier* of Thorwaldsen, with whom he was yet unacquainted, where he was enchanted with the Jason, the Mars, and the other splendid productions of the great sculptor.

“As I stood in deep contemplation,” he states, “and finally cast my eyes from the figures around me, I beheld an indifferently clad man, with fine blue eyes, regular features, and countenance highly intellectual, his boots plentifully besprinkled with clay, who was looking at me attentively. I presumed this was my countryman. ‘Thorwaldsen,’ I exclaimed. ‘Ehlenschläger,’ he replied. We embraced each other instantly, and from that moment had woven our indissoluble bond of brotherhood. An indescribable feeling pervaded me as I thought of our barbaric forefathers, who, destitute of all sense for art, had so often raged untameably here in Rome. Now two Danish artists embraced within its walls, the elder of whom might stand in rivalry with the noblest of the Greeks, while in the bosom of the other an ardent flame at least burnt, and a youthful and vigorous aspiration to produce also something rare and noble.”

Driven from the city by the intense summer heats, he took up his residence at Grotta Ferrata, where he occupied himself in writing his tragedy of *Correggio*, verifying the assertion of his brother-poet, Schiller, who speaking of the effect of the beautiful in artistic productions, finely and truly says that “works of the imagination produce no *idle* enjoyment, but excite the mind of the beholder to activity.” Works of art lead us back to art, they even first evoke art in us. It is a lively historico-tragical idyll, in which, under three different phases, the artist-character is depicted:—simplicity, *naïveté*, and truthfulness in Correggio; the power of genius, and *bizarre* humour of one who had studied deeply, and was conscious of his greatness, in Angelo; and the combination of intellect, heart, and foresight, in Giulio Romano. An entire chapter, in the second volume of the biography, Ehlenschläger devotes to the defence of this work against the severe and questionable criticisms of Ticek, too long for

extraction, and little needed, as the tragedy itself is a sufficient justification of the author.

At the departure of the fierce heats of summer, he returned to Rome, when, having been absent from his native land and friends more than four years, he thought of returning to Copenhagen, that he might be present at the first representation of his play of *Axel und Walburg*, which was to be given at the opening of the next dramatic season.

He associated, in the venerable city, with its most brilliant society, made up of those distinguished by ancient blood, rank, and genius. He describes one assemblage at the noble villa of Prince Colonna, where the marble ruins of the early ages of Rome were interspersed among myrtle and laurel groves, and the evening was enriched by the presence of beautiful women, and the magical tones of exquisite music. He relates an occurrence at another of these, at a farewell entertainment given by his friend Riphhausen, a Danish artist, which expresses, as much as an elaborate detail, the enthusiastic character and vivid feelings of the Italian female. The daughters of the family gave a pantomimic representation of the parting of two lovers; the younger one enacted the youth, the elder the ladye-love. As the forsaken and despairing maiden sank upon a couch, when the lover was about to leave her, but did not appear sufficiently excited by the trial, the younger one, with all the passion and fire of the Roman women, burst forth with, "*Fate le smanie bestia.*"

Prior to his departure he visited again and again, melancholy and alone, all the various places of attraction; the churches, the Vatican, the Villa Borghese, the Campo Vaccino, and the memorable remnant of Roman greatness, the arch of Titus, with its sculptured relievos recording the fatal triumph over old Jerusalem. By the side of the latter, the Jews had made a narrow path, that they might not pass through its hated portal. He spent the last evening of his stay at the house of Thorwaldsen, who on the following morning, with other of his artist-friends, as was the custom, accompanied him some distance from the city. His sojourn in Rome had been solemnizing and instructive. The genius of the past had presented to his eager and admiring notice the fragments of her former greatness—fragments how mournful, yet how elevating and consoling! Mournful, because the material spoke of transitoriness and decay, a homily on the vanity of worldly things, a litany uttered over the evanishment of the powerful and the proud, yet full of deep wisdom and warning,

lest man should make earth the scope of his aspirations, and the limit of his hopes. Elevating and consoling in the inevitable conclusion that this cannot be all—that these productions, speaking of might, beauty, and stateliness, were offsprings of a *spirit* in man, which must have its origin in the Absolute and Supreme, the source, the centre, and end of all; for the soul, in its invincible activity and instinctive dignity, rises up in antagonism against the sensual and material; it will not submit to be cast with the things of time and space into the darkness of annihilation, the dust and mouldering chaos of the finite, but has a faith in the prophecy of a future, unfading and immortal; a life beyond the grave, pure, perfect, and everlasting.

Leaving Rome, he passed through a beautiful mountain district to Terni; Perugia, the residence of Pietro Vanucci (Raphael's master), where his portrait has been religiously preserved by his townsmen, in spite of the enormous prices that have been offered for it; Arezzo, where Petrarca was born; to Florence and Pisa, with its hanging tower and Campo Santo, where the distinguished nobles of the middle ages sleep in consecrated earth that had been brought from the Holy Land for the purpose. In the latter city, the grass was growing in the streets and in front of its stately palaces; but the enormous iron chain which had secured its harbour had been broken and removed by the hands of the conqueror, and was now rusting in the Battistero at Florence; while on the walls of the Campo Santo the works of the oldest Italian masters were living in their youthful bloom and freshness. Thus had these products of the creative spirit in man survived the results of mere physical power, and Fichte was right when he said of the poet, philosopher, and artist, "we also are a power, and doubtless no insignificant one." In Florence he saw the eccentric Arudt for the last time. He lived several years after this, hurrying from the south to the north of Europe and back again, and was finally found dead at Tornea or Moscow, in a field under a hedge, clad in his usual beggarly garments, his pockets stuffed with manuscripts that were illegible and useless to every one.

He resumed his journey by Milan, the Lago Maggiore, with its beautiful islands, and arrived at Heidelberg, where he visited Voss, the author of the celebrated idyll *Louise*, and found him such as he had prefigured him to himself. Tall, thin, somewhat grave and pedantic, but intelligent and frank, and in his house cordial and hospitable. Voss had not then

written his virulent attack on Stolberg, or our young Dane states that he would have abstained from visiting him, for he estimated Stolberg highly as a man of noble mind and great poetical capacity.

He passed two days at Weimar for the purpose of communion with Goethe, to whom he had dedicated his *Aladdin*, and from whom he expected a paternal reception, as that of a pupil from his master. He received him, however, coldly but politely. He dined twice with him, and recited to him, among other things, two epigrams which he had written on two well-known authors. Goethe said to him mildly, "Such things you should not fabricate. He who can make wine should manufacture no vinegar." His young visitor replied, alluding to the *Xenien*, and which was trespassing on rather dangerous ground, "Have you manufactured no vinegar, Mr. Privy-Councillor?"—"The devil! if I have done it, is it therefore right?"—"No; but at vintage time many grapes fall which are unfit for wine; they yield, however, good vinegar, and that is an admirable preventive of putrescence." He took an affectionate farewell of his illustrious friend, whom he never saw again, and of whom, till the last, he speaks in the strongest terms of admiration and respect.

He hastened to Copenhagen, where he met with the most welcome and honourable reception, not only from his immediate friends, but from his sovereign and noble patrons, who felt the gratifying conviction that the royal munificence had been justly bestowed. The lady to whom he was betrothed—she of the bright blue eyes and redundant tresses—had become the confidential friend of his generous protectress, Countess Schimmelmann. He had the honour of reading his *Correggio* to the royal family; and, shortly after, was appointed by the king extraordinary professor of æsthetics at the university of Copenhagen. Count Schimmelmann had a delightful residence at Christianholm, about a mile from the city, at which he was invited to take up his residence the following summer. Near this was the little village of Gjentofte, on the borders of a beautiful lake. To its humble church, one lovely spring morning, he and his bride walked alone, where they found by appointment a third person, the clergyman of the place, by whom they were married in this quiet and unostentatious manner, and then returned to Christianholm.

Since this period his life has passed on calmly and honourably, in the peaceful and genial occupations of literary life,

respected by his countrymen and his contemporaries, rejoicing in the incalculable blessings of a happy home, made joyous and radiant by the affection of a beloved wife and the sweet and interesting society of his four children. In 1815, the King of Denmark made him a Knight of Dannebrog; and in 1827, he was appointed Professor Ordinarius and Assessor Consistorii; honours and dignities equally creditable to both donor and subject. In 1838, at the close of his autobiographical sketch, he informs us that he was happy and contented, and yet in the full freshness of life and bloom as a son of the Muses. Long may the gracious Disposer of all things grant him the enjoyment of so enviable a destiny! The peaceful and precious felicities of the poet's lot described in Wordsworth's sonnet are the inheritance that life has bestowed on him—

“He lives remote  
From evil speaking; rancour, never sought,  
Comes to him not; malignant truth or lie.  
Hence has he genial seasons, hence has he  
Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thought:  
And thus from day to day his little boat  
Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably.”

On him, as on all the race, we leave the benison pronounced by his illustrious contemporary in the same lyric, with which we will conclude our imperfect sketch, and in the spirit of which we most fervently concur.

“Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,  
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,  
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs  
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays.”

ART. III.—*Gallus, or Roman Scenes of the time of Augustus, with Notes and Excursus illustrative of the Manners and Customs of the Romans.* Translated from the German of Professor Becker, by F. Metcalf. London: 1844.

THE history of Rome is the history of the world. Those men who went forth from the thickets of the Aventine, conquering and to conquer, have exercised an influence upon the destinies of their race, which shall cease only when time shall be no more. A horde of barbarous adventurers, fresh from the lair of the wolf, and with the predatory habits of the robber, which legends say they were, they yet built up to

themselves a mighty empire, such as never has been seen upon the earth. The history of its progress, from weakness to strength, from obscurity to renown, the events of its chequered and eventful career, the achievements of its warriors, and their deeds of stern, unbending, and devoted valour, will command attention throughout all time. With all their faults, their ambition, their grasping cupidity, there was yet a nobleness of character, a firmness of determination, an unbending energy of purpose about them, which, however involuntarily, compels our respect. The assembly of aged patricians, who awaited the Gauls in the senate-house, or rejected the proposals of Annibal after the disastrous battle of Cannæ, would almost reconcile us to centuries of aggression and misrule. The mighty events of their career, have been the study of men throughout past ages, and will be read and studied by many a generation to come. But there is another phase of their character, which has been hitherto inadequately explored, and therefore but little known. We are familiar with the Roman in the senate and the forum, but we know not how he comported himself in the privacy of his home and the bosom of his family. Whenever we have contemplated him, it has been detecting treason in the senate, or combating it in the field. It has been in some relation of public life, or some department of public duty. But we would also wish to see him in the private relations of domestic life. Having heard and seen so much of him abroad, we would wish to know how he felt and acted, when, laying aside the shield and spear, and putting off the toga which he wore in the curia and the forum, he retired into the secrecy of his home. We wish to see not the Roman, but the man; for a man he must have been, with his feelings, his privations, his comforts. Lord, and ruler, and conqueror of the earth as he was, he must have had his bodily wants and cares. He must have had his hours of relaxation and enjoyment, of activity and repose. Wife, and children, and servants, there must have been about him. We should wish to know how he behaved towards them. We would, if possible, sit down with him at table, and know what he had for dinner and for breakfast; whether he used a knife, and had a cloth upon his table during meals; and whether his dining room was on a ground floor or an upper story. When he visited his villa in the country, what was the mode of conveyance he used; whether it bore any resemblance to those which are now in use; whether he sent his letters by post or by hand; whether

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init he paid his servants by the quarter, or purchased them by the head; at what hour he rose in the morning; when he received his visitors, and when he retired to bed. These, and many like them, are not very important subjects of inquiry, it is true; but yet we should feel an interest therein, and feel a pleasure in having our curiosity gratified. Only suppose it possible for us to spend a day with Cicero or Horace, how anxious we should be to know how his time was spent, and how astonished at many of the things we saw. To satisfy, as far as possible, this curiosity, and initiate us into some at least of the domestic <sup>Gallus</sup> customs of the Romans, Professor Becker has written his book. It is neither a history, a novel, nor a dissertation; but it endeavours to combine the three. Gallus, the hero of his tale, is a historical personage; the incidents are, in a great measure, fictitious; the dissertations are replete with much learning, and profound historical observation.

On such a subject, we should at first sight be perhaps led to expect that the sources of information would be very abundant,—that on subjects which formed part of their every-day life and occupations, many important particulars would be found in the pages of their literature. Yet such is far from being the case. Of the domestic manners of the Romans prior to the time of Augustus, we know very little. Of the great work of Varro, *De Vita Populi Romani*, only a few fragments have reached our times; and we must trust to the writings of the earlier comedians for great part of the information we wish to obtain; though, as they wrote for effect, their accounts are probably strained and exaggerated. The works, and especially the letters, of Cicero give us some valuable information concerning the later times of the republic, as do also Horace and the elegiac poets, as far as matters of such minor importance can claim attention in the vicissitudes of that eventful period. In the later times of the empire, when the public mind ceased to take much interest in political events, and the increasing luxury of all classes became matter of indignant notice, the course of their private life is brought more prominently before us, and Juvenal, Martial, Statius, may be consulted with advantage. Only for the reason just now assigned, we should prefer Terence to them all. And even with this drawback, his pages will, for such purposes, be found eminently useful, as will also those of his predecessor Plautus. The more general traits of Roman society, and therefore the most interesting, are those which

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we should most rarely meet with in their literature. Persons who write for their own generation, and their own countrymen, do not care to draw attention to those things which every one knows as well as themselves. It is only by one out of a thousand, and for very peculiar circumstances, that note will be taken, or mention made, of these matters which are as familiar to us as the very air we breathe. The very familiarity and frequency of their occurrence, makes us lose sight of them altogether; and if after-times were to infer their non-existence, from the silence of contemporary writers, they would be proving their own want of judgment and discrimination. There is more light thrown on the domestic life and customs of the ancient Romans by the ruins of one house on Pompeii and Herculaneum, than almost by the whole of their literature together. What little reliance should be placed in negative evidence, or rather, how cautious we should be in rejecting any circumstance merely because it has not been alluded to by contemporary writers, may be inferred from this one fact. It was always believed that the ancients were unacquainted with the use of window glass. Yet in the windows of Pompeii, panes of glass have been found. This one fact has dispelled any doubt (and it was more than doubt) that may have been entertained upon the subject.

Gallus, the hero of Professor Becker's tale, is a personage of the time of Augustus. We know very little of his personal history; what we do know, is procured from the meagre and scanty statements, principally of Dio Cassius, Strabo, and Suetonius. A few fragments of his poems have reached our times, but, assuredly, the man to whom Virgil dedicated his tenth Eclogue, must have been one of no ordinary merit. He was of humble extraction, but the lowliness of his origin did not prevent his attaining the favour and even the friendship of Octavius. He was a general of division in the army, during the war with Antony; and he acquired the reputation of a brave soldier by his gallant defence of the port of Parætonium. After the subjugation of Egypt by the imperial troops, he was made præfect of that country. During his government he made an attack on the cities of Hieropolis and Thebes. Whether it was that he exceeded his authority, or was guilty of some unrecorded excesses, or that the crafty Augustus was jealous of his influence, this attack was urged by his enemies, as ground of accusation against him. Rising greatness will ever have enemies in the court of princes, and the rash and thoughtless conduct of Gallus him-



self gave a colour to the suspicions that were entertained against him. The calumny of his adversaries, and, it may be, the consciousness of his own innocence, urged him beyond the bounds of prudence, and in his convivial moments, and the hours of social intercourse with his friends, he gave expression to thoughts which it would have been well for him to have kept in the secrecy of his own bosom. In a jealous court, and before an emperor not over-confident of his tenure of sovereignty, the excitement of wine was no justification of treason, and Gallus was condemned to exile, and his property confiscated. But though fallen, he was a Roman still; and, in accordance with the false maxims of honour then generally admitted, he saved himself from disgrace by his own right hand, and rescued himself from dishonour by his sword.

The first scene of the story places before us Gallus returning home at midnight from some debauch, where, as usual, he has been led to make use of expressions injurious to Augustus. He has been worked up to a high degree of excitement by Pomponius, who is the Iago of the tale; and the immediate cause of his displeasure has been some slight insult which he had received the day before from the emperor. ~~Our readers may wish to know something of the domestic condition of Gallus,~~ Here is a description of his house and household, while the master is sleeping off the effects of the last night's potations:

“The city hills were as yet unilluminated by the beams of the morning sun, and the uncertain twilight which the saffron streaks on the east, spread as harbingers of the coming day, was diffused but sparingly through the windows and courts into the apartments of the mansion. Gallus still lay buried in heavy sleep in his quiet chamber, the carefully-closed position of which, both protected him against all disturbing noises, and prevented the early salute of the morning light from too soon breaking his repose. But around all was life and activity; from the cells and chambers below, and the apartments on the upper floor, there poured forth a swarming multitude of slaves, who presently pervaded every corner of the house, hurrying to and fro, and cleaning and arranging with such busy alacrity, that one unacquainted with these customary movements, would have supposed that some grand festivity was at hand. A whole *decuria* of house slaves, armed with besoms and sponges, under the superintendence of the *atriensis*, began to clean the entrance rooms. Some inspected the *vestibulum*, to see whether any bold spider had spun its net during the night on the capital of the pillars or groups of statuary, and rubbed the gold and tortoise-shell ornaments of the folding-doors and posts at the entrance, and

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cleaned the dust of the previous day from the marble pavement. Others, again, were busy in the atrium and its adjacent halls, carefully traversing the mosaic floor and the paintings on the walls with soft Syrian sponges, lest any dust might have settled on the wax varnish with which they were covered. They also looked closely whether any spot appeared blackened by the smoke of the lamps, and then decked with fresh garlands the busts and shields which supplied the place of the *imagines*, or were marks of departed ancestors. In the *cavum ædium*, or interior court, and the larger peristyle, more were engaged in rubbing with coarse linen cloths the polished pillars of Tenarian or Numidian marble, which formed a most pleasing contrast to the intervening statues and the fresh green verdure of the vacant space within. No less were the tricliniarch and his subordinates occupied in the larger saloons, where stood the costly tables of cedar wood, with pillars of ivory supporting their massive orbs,\* which had, at an immense expense, been conveyed to Rome from the primeval woods of Atlas. Here the wood was like the beautiful dappled coat of a panther; there the spots, being more regular and close, imitated the tail of a peacock; a third resembled the luxuriant and tangled leaves of the *apium*, each of them more beautiful and valuable than the other, and many a lover of splendour would have bartered an estate for any one of the three. The Tricliniarii, cautiously lifted their purple covers, and then whisked them over with the shaggy <sup>with</sup> *gausepe*, in order to remove any little dust that may have penetrated through. Next came the side-boards, several of which stood against the walls in each saloon, for the purpose of displaying the gold and silver plate and other valuables. Some of them were slabs of marble, supported by silver or gilded ram's feet, or by the tips of the wings of two griffins looking in opposite directions. There was also one of artificial marble, which had been sawn out of the wall of a Grecian temple; while the slabs of the rest were of precious metal. The costly articles displayed on each were so selected, as to be in keeping with the architectural designs of each apartment. In the tetrastylus, the simplest saloon, stood smooth silver vessels, unadorned by the 'ars Torentica,' except that the rims of most of the largest bowls were of gold. Between these were smaller vessels of amber, and two of great rarity, in one of which a bee, and in the other an ant, had found its transparent tomb. On another side stood beakers of antique form, to which the names of their former possessors gave their value and historical importance. There was, for instance, a double cup which Priam had inherited from Laomedon; another

\* These were known by the name "orbes," and resembled in size and shape the loo tables of the present time. They were articles of great luxury in Rome. Pliny relates that Cicero paid for one no less a sum than one million of sesterces. About £8,000 of our money.

that had belonged to Nestor, unquestionably the same from which Hecamede had pledged the old man in Pramnian wine before Troy. The doves which served as handles were much worn, of course by Nestor's hand. Another, again, was the gift of Dido to Æneas! and in the centre stood an immense bowl, which Theseus had hurled against the face of Eurytus. But the most remarkable of all, was a relic of the keel of the Argo; only a chip, it is true, but who did not transport himself back to the olden days, when he saw before him, and could touch, this most ancient of ships, on which perhaps Minerva herself had placed her hand."

This description may answer for the house of many a wealthy Roman of the days of Gallus. There was a perfect rage for the collection of such specimens of the antique; and, as in our own times, the supply was always equal to the demand. But Gallus was also a man of letters; and the library of a Roman author, the friend of Augustus and of Virgil, will not be uninteresting. Here it is:

"A lofty window, through which shone the light of the early morning sun, pleasantly illuminated from above the moderate-sized apartment; the walls of which were adorned with elegant arabesques in light colours, and between them, on darker grounds, the luxurious forms of attractive dancing-girls were seen sweeping spirit-like along. A neat couch, faced with tortoise-shell, and hung with Babylonian tapestry of various colours, by the side of which was the *scrinium*, containing the poet's elegies, which were as yet unknown to the majority of the public, and a small table of cedar wood, on goat's feet of bronze, comprised the whole of the *supellex*.

"Immediately adjoining this apartment was the library, full of the most precious treasures acquired by Gallus, chiefly in Alexandria. There, in presses of cedar-wood placed round the walls, lay the rolls, partly of parchment and partly of the finest Egyptian papyrus, each supplied with a label, on which was seen, in bright red colours, the name of the author and the title of the book. Above these, again, were ranged the busts, in bronze or marble, of the most renowned writers: an entirely novel ornament for libraries, first introduced into Rome by Asinius Pollio, who, perhaps, had only borrowed it from the libraries of Pergamus and Alexandria. True, only the chief representatives of each separate branch of literature were to be found in the narrow space available for them; but to compensate for this, there were several rolls, which contained the portraits of seven hundred remarkable men. These were the hebdomades or peplography of Varro, who, by means of a new and much-valued invention,\* was enabled in an easy manner to multiply

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\* It has been supposed by many ingenious modern writers on art, that the "benignissimum Varronis inventum," was some species of engraving, by which

the collection of his portraits, and so to spread the copies of them, with short biographical notices of the men, through the whole learned world.

“On the other side of the library was a larger room, in which a number of learned slaves were occupied in transcribing, with nimble hand, the works of illustrious Greek and the more ancient Roman authors, both for the supply of the library and for the use of those friends to whom Gallus obligingly communicated his literary treasures. Others were engaged in giving the rolls the most agreeable exteriors; in glueing the separate slips of papyrus together, drawing the red lines which divided the different columns, and writing the title in the same colour; in smoothing with pumice-stone and blackening the edges; fastening ivory tops on the sticks round which the rolls were wrapped; and dyeing bright red or yellow the parchment which was to serve as a wrapper.

“Gallus, with Chresimus (a trusty and confidential slave), entered the study, where the freedman, of whom he was used to avail himself in his studies, to make remarks on what was read, to note down particular passages, or to commit to paper his own poetical effusions as they escaped him, was already awaiting him. After giving Chresimus further instructions to make the necessary preparations for an immediate journey, he reclined in his accustomed manner on his studying couch, supported on his left arm, his right knee being drawn up somewhat higher than the other, in order to place on it his books or tablets. ‘Give me that roll of poetry of mine, Phædrus,’ said he to the freedman; ‘I will not set out till I have sent the book finished to the bookseller. I certainly do not much desire to be sold in the Argiletan taverns for five denarii, and find my name hung up on the doors, and not always in the best company; but Secundus worries me for it, and therefore be it so.’ ‘He understands his advantage,’ said Phædrus, as he drew forth the roll from the cedar chest. ‘I wager his slaves will have nothing else to do for months but copy off your *Elegies* and *Epigrams*, and you will be rewarded with the applause poured upon them, not by Rome only, nor by Italy, but by the world.’ ‘Who knows?’ said Gallus. ‘It is always hazardous to give to the opinion of the public that which was written for a narrow circle of tried friends; and our public is so very capricious. For one, I am too cold; for another, I speak too much of Lycoris; my *Epigrams* are too long for a third; and then there are the grammarians, who impute to me the blunders which the copyist in his hurry has committed.’”

To allow the anger of Augustus to pass away without affording him any new provocation was the interest of Gallus. The emperor had still some lingering affection for his former

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the portraits of illustrious men were multiplied, and sent to other countries, “ut (to use the words of Pliny) præsentés esse ubique possunt.”

friend, and was unwilling to visit him with severity; and the disgraced favourite was in hopes that when the excitement cooled, and the recollection of the offence was weakened by time, he might yet recover the place in the esteem of his master which he had so unfortunately forfeited. He determined, therefore, to repair for a few months to his villa. Can we conceive it possible that the villa of a wealthy Roman should be anywhere but at Baia?

“Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis præluet amœnis.”

The bath was an important item in the pleasures of the voluptuous Roman. Introduced originally and employed solely for the purposes of cleanliness, its use soon became general as a mere sensual indulgence alone. Some were known to have recourse to it six or seven times a-day; and the state provided that the poor man, who could only afford the fourth part of a denarius, should not be deprived of the luxury it afforded. Besides the several varieties of bathing, whether cold, or hot, or vapour, which were provided in the same establishment, the public baths seem, at least in Rome, to have furnished to the public many sources of intellectual enjoyment, and to have supplied, in a great measure, that want which in our cities is supplied by the public clubs and newsrooms. The baths of Titus, Caracalla, and Diocletian, in Rome, were constructed on a most magnificent scale, and supplied with every requisite for comfort and enjoyment. Several ancient writers have described the mode of erection, and the interior arrangement of these buildings; but the remains of some at present in existence, enable us to form a more accurate estimate of what they were than all these accounts together. Such are the remains of the Roman baths just mentioned, as also that discovered in the year 1784 at Badenweiler; but the most important by far of any yet discovered, is that at Pompeii, which, when excavated, was in a tolerable state of preservation. This was complete, not only in its essential parts, but also in the ornaments, inscriptions, and even the utensils. Much valuable information on this subject has also been derived from a painting found in the baths of Titus, which represents a section of one actually occupied by the bathers, and each part has its name written underneath. The baths at Pompeii will, perhaps, convey an accurate notion of the others, as to internal arrangement, but not as to size.

From the court, those who intended to bathe passed from

a small corridor into an apartment called the *frigidarium*, which corresponded with the first room of the Turkish bath. There are apertures still in the walls, which once held pegs on which the clothes were hung of those who went into the cold bath. Those who took hot baths, undressed in another apartment, called the *tepidarium*, where the heat was produced by a large fire-place. From the *frigidarium*, a door led into the *piscina*, or cold plunge-bath. This is perfectly preserved. Nothing seems wanting but the water and the bathers. ~~The reservoir is a circle enclosed by a square, in the angles of which are four alcoves, and it is 18 ft. 6 in. in diameter. Round the whole, runs a walk 2 ft. 4 in. wide, leaving thus the *piscina* itself only 13 ft. 10 in., and the depth of water was only about 3 ft. It will be seen by these dimensions, that the plunge-bath of this establishment was only a good-sized washing basin.~~ The whole is of white marble. It was surmounted by a dome, and the walls were painted red and blue. The *piscina* of the baths of Diocletian was 200 ft. long, by half that number in width. The *caldarium*, or sweating bath, was the most important of all, as it was probably the most frequently employed. The whole room rested on small pillars, so that underneath it, the heat, and even the flame, from the fire-places might be disseminated. The walls were also so constructed, that a column of heated air enclosed the room on all sides. This is not effected by flues, but by one universal flue, formed by a lining of bricks, strongly connected with the outer wall by cramps of iron, yet about four inches from it, so as to leave a space by which the hot air might ascend from the furnace. The heat was increased or diminished, by rising or lowering a valve which was over a furnace in the room. At the extremity of this apartment was the *balneum*, or hot baths. Besides the application of water or steam, the skin was stimulated by mechanical means, and the different operations carried on in them, may be understood from the words of Lucilius :

“Scabor, suppilor, desquamor, pumicor, ornor,  
Expilor, pingor;”

and the several instruments employed for the purpose are well known, and frequently met with in the collections of the curious. In the early times of the empire, some decency and moderation were observed. There were separate places for the sexes; but, in the increasing corruption, they became places of open and undisguised licen-

tiousness. Hadrian attempted to prohibit ~~the~~ scandalous impropriety ~~of the same kind~~; but the frequent renewal of these interdicts, shews that the evil could not be eradicated.

Long before vice ventured to violate public decency at Rome, it had shaken off all restraint at Baia. So undisguised and unfettered was the voluptuousness of this fashionable watering-place, that Seneca left it in disgust the second day after his arrival. The enervating influence of climate, the soft and balmy mildness of the air, the surpassing loveliness of the scenery, the luxurious taste of those who sought health and pleasure in its waters, and the absence of any other pursuit than that of pleasure, all combined to weaken the last hold which decency might have had upon the giddy and thoughtless crowd that assembled there. Before setting out for Baia, where he had hoped to avoid for a time the displeasure of Augustus, Gallus wrote a letter to his lady-love Lycoris, which he entrusted for delivery to his slave Cerinthus. Pomponius, who was plotting his ruin, wished to obtain possession of this letter for his own purposes, and the means by which he succeeded in this object, will give us, what we seldom have, a sketch of low life in Rome. The scene is laid in one of the taverns frequented by the slaves, and Dromo is the agent of Pomponius.

“The sixth hour was past, and there was less bustle in the popina. Only here and there remained a guest, who could not break from the sweet mead and the maid who waited on him, or was still resting heavy and overcome by his sedulous attention to the fluids. In a small ‘taberna’ of the suburra sat two slaves draining a goblet, which apparently was not their first. The one was a youth of pleasing exterior, numbering little more than twenty years, whose open and honest-looking countenance was in a rubicund glow, while his reddening neck, and the swelling veins of his full round arms, shewed plainly that the earthen vessel before him contained something besides vinegar. The other, whose age might be between thirty and forty, inspired the beholder with less confidence; his bold and reckless mien, lips turned up scornfully, and rough merriment, betokened one of those slaves, who confiding in the kind disposition of their master, and the thickness of their own backs, were accustomed to bid defiance to all the elm-staves and thongs in the world.

“‘But now drink, Cerinthus!’ exclaimed the latter to his younger companion, as he quaffed the remainder of his goblet. ‘Why, you take it as if I ordered nothing but Vatican, and yet the landlord has given us the best Sabina in his cellar; and I

assure you the Falernian I slyly sipped behind the column at the late banquet was scarcely so good.

“In truth, Gripus,” answered the young slave, “the wine is excellent, but I fear I shall be drinking too much; my temples burn, and if I taste more, I shall be tipsy when I go to Lycoris. You know how Gallus insists on order and punctuality.”

“Gallus, indeed!” said the other; “why he drinks more than we do. Besides, he has to-day gone into the country, and the old grumbler Chresimus with him; therefore we now are free, and moreover it is my birth-day, and as nobody has invited me, why I’ll be merry at my own expense.”

“As he thus spoke, a third person entered the popina. ‘Ah! well met,’ cried the little fat figure; ‘I salute ye both.’ ‘Oh welcome, Dromo,’ exclaimed Gripus, as if surprised at his appearance. ‘You have come at the happiest possible moment. Our lord is set out on a journey, and I am now celebrating my birth-day.’

“How, your birth-day? Excellent! We must make a rich offering to the genius. But, by Mercury and Laverna, your glasses are empty. Halloo, damsel, wine here. Why, by Hercules, I believe ye have ordered but a glass each. A lagena here,” cried he, throwing a piece of gold on the table, “and larger goblets, that we may drink to the name of our friend.”

“The lagena came. ‘The name has six letters,’ exclaimed Dromo; ‘let six cyathi be filled.’ ‘But not unmixed, surely?’ put in Cerinthus. ‘What cares the genius about water?’ replied the other. ‘To Gripus’ health. How, Cerinthus! you won’t shirk, surely? Bravo! drained to the bottom, so that the genius may look down brightly upon us. So Gallus has departed from Rome? To the Falernian region for certain? Well, he knows how to live. An excellent master! We’ll drink to his well-being also. Actually just the same number of letters. Now Cerinthus, health to your lord.’ ‘Long life and happiness to him,’ cried the other, already intoxicated, as he emptied the goblet.

“One thing is still wanting. Come hither, Chione, and drink with us. By Hercules, though, a spruce lass.’ ‘True,’ stammered out Cerinthus, with much difficulty. ‘What say you?’ interrupted Gripus, who thought this was the right moment for the prosecution of his scheme; ‘she was always pretty, Lycoris herself has not finer eyes.’

“The name struck the ear of Cerinthus, in spite of his drunkenness, like a clap of thunder. He tried to spring up, but his feet refused their office, and he leaned reeling against the damsel. ‘What’s the matter, man? Whither would you go?’ exclaimed the other two. ‘To Lycoris,’ stammered he; ‘you don’t suppose I’m drunk, do ye?’ ‘Oh no,’ said Gripus, ‘but you seem weak and fatigued.’ ‘How, I fa-fatigued?’ He tried to depart, but after a few paces sank down. ‘Take a sleep for a little while,’ said



Gripus, 'and let me have charge of your letter, and I'll immediately carry it to its destination.' The drunken man nodded assent, and produced the tablets. Dromo obtained from the landlord a place for the unconscious slave to sleep in, paid the score, and hurried off with Gripus."—p. 87.

In the voluptuous enjoyments of Baiæ, Gallus little thought of the schemes that were plotting for his destruction. The sun shone brilliantly on that shore, the loveliest that it looks down upon of all the wide earth's domain; but there was a dark spot gathering in the horizon, ominous of impending ruin and disaster. Pomponius, his treacherous friend, and Largus, his avowed rival and enemy, were in league with one another to compass his utter ruin. The retirement of Gallus at Baiæ was likely to frustrate their intentions, and it was therefore their interest to bring him back once more to Rome. His reliance upon the fidelity of Pomponius, makes this an easy matter; and the latter accordingly writes to inform him of the comparatively lenient sentence which the still lingering affection of the emperor allowed him to inflict. He exaggerates its nature, and insinuates that his return to the city would, by braving public opinion and the displeasure of his master, be likely to demonstrate his innocence, by confounding the hatred of his accusers. The-too confiding Gallus falls into the snare laid for him, and makes his appearance in the city with the least possible delay. Not as friends suggested, with the humble garb and subdued demeanor of a penitent, but in the apparel, and with the mien of one to whom the imperial disfavour was a matter of very little consequence. In this wayward mood and spirit of obstinacy, he accepts the invitation of Lentulus to sup with him and a party of his friends. Lentulus was a young man of fashion. With no capacity, and less inclination, for civil or political employment, he only thought of pleasure and amusement. He was rich, and few gave better dinners; no one dressed with more care, or arranged his hair in more elegant locks, or diffused around him such a scent of aromatic perfume; no one was better acquainted with the news of the city; ~~who was betrothed yesterday; why Titus had procured a divorce; on whom Næra had closed her doors.~~ The convivial parts of such a character must indeed be worthy of our attention.\*

\* The saying "Il faut manger pour vivre et non pas vivre pour manger," was completely inverted in Rome. The banquet of Lentulus is, by no means, an exaggerated description of one of their entertainments. They made three

*This the banquet of*

who are <sup>as yet</sup> unacquainted with the word, a couch running round three sides of a table ~~is~~ for reclining on at meals

“Lentulus had only invited six friends, but Pomponius, anxious that the number of the muses, should occupy the *triclinium*, and no place be left empty, brought with him two friends, whom he introduced as gentlemen from Perusia. ‘It is long, methinks,’ said Gallus to his courteous host, on entering, ‘since we last met in this saloon; how beautifully you have in the meantime ornamented it. You certainly could not have chosen a more appropriate picture for a *triclinium*, than those satyrs celebrating the joyous vintage; and the slain boar, a scene from Lucania, the fruit and provision pieces over the doors, and between the elegant twigs, on which thrushes are sitting,—all are calculated to awaken a relish for the banquet.’

“‘Yes, really,’ interrupted Pomponius, ‘Lentulus understands how to decorate a dining hall far better than Calpurnius. The other day, he had the walls of his finest *triclinium* painted with the murder of Hipparchus, and the death of Brutus; and instead of agreeable foliage, threatening lictors were to be seen in every corner.’ ‘He too is right in his way,’ said Gallus, ‘but where is he? I understood that you had invited him, Lentulus.’ ‘He was unfortunately pre-engaged,’ replied the other. ‘But we shall see him before the evening is over,’ added Pomponius. ‘As our friend Fannius is, you know, averse to sitting late, and Lentulus will not I am sure let us go before the crowing of the cock, we shall be one short at the *triclinium*, unless Calpurnius come according to his promise, and fill the vacant place, so soon as he can get released from his formal consular supper. But I scarcely think we ought to keep the cook waiting any longer. The tenth hour is, I believe, almost elapsed; had we not better take our seats, Lentulus?’

“The host nodded in the affirmative, and conducted Gallus to the lowest place on the middle sofa, which was the seat of honour at the table. At his left, and on the same *lectus*, sat Pomponius, above him, Fannius. The sofa to the left was occupied by Bassus, Faustinus, and Cæcilianus. To the right, and next Gallus, sat Lentulus himself; below him, the Perusians whom Pomponius had brought. As soon as they had reclined, slaves took off their sandals, and youths, with their loins girded, offered water in silver bowls for their ablutions. At a nod from Lentulus, two slaves entered, and placed upon the table the tray on which were the dishes composing the first course. In the centre of the plateau,

principal meals in the course of the day, called, respectively, jentaculum, prandium, and cœna. The first was simply bread and fruit, taken frequently walking about in the discharge of business, sometimes omitted altogether. The prandium, sometimes called merenda, was the mid-day meal, as still used in many countries of the continent. The cœna was the great meal of the Romans. It was generally taken about half-way between noon and sunset, and continued for the greater part of the evening, frequently until morning, hence the expression, “cœna in lucem.” Pliny, in speaking of his uncle’s economy of time, describes, in terms of admiration, how he only spent three hours at supper. 7

ornamented with tortoise-shell, stood an ass of bronze, on either side of which hung silver panniers, filled with white and black olives, preserved by the art of the cook until this season of the year. On the back of the beast sat a Silenus, from whose skin the most delicious *garum*\* flowed on the *sumen* † beneath. Near this, on two silver gridirons, lay delicately-dressed sausages; beneath which, Syrian plums, mixed with the seed of the pomegranate, presented the appearance of glowing coals. Around stood silver dishes, containing asparagus, radishes, and other productions of the garden; in addition to *lacerta*, flavoured with mint and rue, and with Byzantize *muria*, and dressed snails and oysters, while fresh ones in abundance were handed round. At the same time, slaves carried round in golden goblets the *mulsum*, composed of Hymettian honey and Falernian wines.

“They were still occupied in tasting the several delicacies, when a second and smaller tray was brought in, and placed in a vacant spot within the first, to which it did not yield in point of singularity. In an elegant basket sat a hen, ingeniously carved out of wood, with outspread wings, as if she were brooding. Straightway entered two slaves, who began searching in the chaff which filled the basket, and taking out some eggs, distributed them among the guests. ‘Friends,’ said Lentulus, smiling, ‘they are pea-hens’ eggs, which have been put under the hen; my only fear is that she may have sat too long upon them; but let us try them.’ A slave then gave to each guest a silver *cochleare*, which was, however, found almost too large for the purpose, and each proceeded to break an egg with the point of it. Most of the guests were already acquainted with the jokes of Lentulus, but not so the Perusians. ‘Truly my egg has already become hen!’ cried one of them in disgust, and about to throw it away. ‘Examine a little more closely,’ said Pomponius, with a laugh, in which the guests at the upper sofa, who were better acquainted with the matter, joined; ‘our friend’s cook understands well how to dress eggs that have been already sat upon.’ The Perusians then for the first time remarked that its shell was not natural, but made of dough, and that a fat figpecker was hidden in the yolk, which was strongly seasoned with pepper. Many jokes were made; and whilst the guests were eating the mysterious eggs, the slaves again presented the honey-wine. When no one desired more, the band which was at the other end of the hall began to play, as a sign for the slaves to remove, which they proceeded to do.”

In the interval of the courses, the Falernian is handed round

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\* A sauce made of shell-fish.

† Among the most favorite dishes of the ancients, were the womb, *vulva*, and the breast, *sumen*, before it had been sucked, of a *porca*. There are none so frequently mentioned from the earliest to the very latest periods.

to the guests, who amuse one another with stories of ghosts and witches, ~~very like those which once terrified us in the days of our childhood, and~~ very unlike those we should expect from the contemporaries of Cicero and Virgil. The second course is brought upon the table, consisting of dishes equally elaborate and equally fantastic with those already described. The next dish is of a still more grotesque character.

“The slaves produced a fresh *fericulum*, which, to the astonishment of the company, contained a vast swine, cooked exactly like the boar. ‘Ha,’ said Lentulus, rising from his couch to examine it more closely, ‘I really believe that the cook has forgotten to disembowel the animal. Bring him hither directly.’ The cook appeared with troubled mien, and confessed, to the indignation of the whole party, that in his hurry he had forgotten to cleanse the beast. ‘Now, really,’ said the enraged Cecilianus, ‘that is the most worthless slave I ever beheld; who ever heard of a cook omitting to gut a swine? Were he mine, I would hang him.’ Lentulus, however, was more leniently disposed. ‘You deserve a severe chastisement,’ said he to the slave, ‘and may thank my good humour for escaping it. But as a punishment you must immediately perform the neglected duty in our presence.’ The cook seized the knife, and having carefully slit open the belly on both sides gave a sudden jerk, when, to the agreeable surprise of the guests, a quantity of little sausages of all kinds tumbled out. ‘That is, indeed, a new joke,’ cried Pomponius, laughing, ‘but tell me why did you have a tame swine served up after the wild boar?’ ‘If the remainder of my friends be of that opinion,’ replied the host, ‘we will grant him his liberty, and he may appear to-morrow at my table with his cap on.’

“Whilst this was being done, the eyes of the guests were suddenly attracted to the ceiling by a noise overhead. The ceiling opened, and a large silver hoop, on which were ointment bottles of silver and alabaster, silver garlands with beautifully-chiselled leaves and circlets, and other trifles, descended upon the table; and after the dessert, prepared by the new baker, whom Lentulus purchased for an hundred thousand sesterces, had been served up, the party rose, to meet again in the brilliant saloon, the intervening moments being spent by some in sauntering along the colonnades, and by others in taking a bath.”—p. 124.

After the *cœna* followed the *commessatio*, which was prolonged to a late hour of the night; the excitement of the hour and scene, the seduction of the society about him, the influence of the wine he had taken, hurry Gallus beyond the bounds of discretion. As usual in his cups, he indulges too freely in strictures on the conduct of the emperor. The crafty Perusians and the insidious suggestions of Pomponius

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lead the bewildered and infatuated Gallus to talk of the fate of Julius and the dagger of Brutus; and the party breaks up in hurry and confusion. The consequences need not be told. The strangers prove to have been the spies of Pomponius; the treason is immediately denounced to the government; and Gallus awakes in the morning only to hear of his being sentenced to perpetual exile and the confiscation of his property. The closing scene is as follows:—

“In the seventh hour Calpurnius rushed into the house of Gallus, bringing confirmation of the dread decree, and was soon followed by others from all quarters. Gallus received the news, which cleared up the last doubts concerning his fate, with visible grief but manly composure. He thanked his friend for his sympathy, warning him at the same time to be more cautious on his own account for the future. He then requested him to withdraw; ordered Chresimus to bring his double tablets; and delivered to him money and jewels, to be saved for Lycoris and himself. Having squeezed the hand of the veteran, who wept aloud, he demanded to be left alone. The domestic loitered for a while, and then retired full of the worst forebodings.

“Gallus fastened the door, and for greater security placed the wooden bar across it. He then wrote a few words to Augustus, begging him to give their freedom to the faithful servants who had been in most direct attendance upon him. Words of farewell to Lycoris filled the other tablets. After this, he reached from the wall the sword, to the victories achieved by which, he owed his fatal greatness; struck it deep into his breast; and, as he fell upon the couch, dyed yet more strongly the purple coverlet with the streams of his blood. The lictor sent to announce to him the sentence of banishment arrived too late. Chresimus had already, with faithful hand, closed the eyes of his beloved master; and round the couch stood a troop of weeping slaves, uncertain of their future lot, and testifying by the loudness of their grief that a man of worth was dead.”—p. 159.

\* Such is the substance of Professor Becker's story. Nothing can be more simple and unartificial than the entire narrative; and it seems to be nothing more, to use a homely method of expression, than a peg whereon to hang a number of very learned and useful dissertations, which constitute two-thirds of the entire volume. They are by far the most valuable portion of the work, and we regret that they have not been embodied in the story. Indeed, if there be any fault more especially to be found, it is a certain want of method. We have noticed also in several places a want of perspicuity, which, notwithstanding the valuable additions of the trans-

~~However there are many numerous~~  
~~scenes equally as interesting which give us~~  
~~invaluable information concerning marriage~~  
~~the paterfamilias and his powers, and~~

Besides the story of Gallus the author provides us with many interesting topics that the author has fully developed. I shall close three of these, give a short description of each and bring this paper to a close. [Sept. 20th]

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Classic Scenes in Rome—

lator, make it not a little difficult to catch the author's meaning. However, there is in these pages much valuable matter, which the student will not easily find elsewhere, and on subjects which are not often taken account of in the ordinary course of a classical education. We have only space to advert to two or three; first, to that of the Roman marriage.

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marriage

The Romans contracted marriage in a threefold form; *confarreatio*, *coemptio*, and *usus*. The first, *confarreatio*, was the most ancient, the most solemn, and of course the most respectable form; and was the only one that was attended by a religious ceremony. The greater pomp and expense attending it was the cause of its being used by the patricians, as of its being the first to disappear from the poorer classes. The bride was escorted by a band of youths, was adorned by a bright yellow veil, and carried in her hands an oaten cake, whence the ceremony obtained its name. When she arrived at the house of the bridegroom, she was carefully lifted over the threshold, to prevent her from knocking her foot against it, which would have been a most unlucky omen, and greeted her husband with the customary salutation, "*Ubi tu Caius ego Caia.*" The second form was *coemptio*, a fictitious sale, made by the parent or the guardians in the presence of witnesses, by which the wife became the property of the husband. The third, *usus*, was a free union of the parties, without sale or contract. If the woman lived with him for a year, without having spent three nights consecutively out of his house, she became his lawful wife. In whatever form the marriage ceremony was performed, it was possible to obtain a divorce, provided a satisfactory reason was assigned. The first public divorce in Rome is said to have been in the five hundred and twenty-first year of the city; but in the increasing corruption of later times it became exceedingly common, though, when the marriage was contracted by *confarreatio*, a formal ceremony called *diffareatio* was necessary to obtain a divorce.

second  
trial with

The power which the Roman father had over the child was very arbitrary, and its exercise, in many instances, tyrannical. The child was his property in the strict sense of the word. It was in his power to expel him from his house, or to sell him in the public market. Were he inhumanly to deprive him of life, there was no law that held him accountable. At no age, however advanced, and in no position, however exalted, was he emancipated from the father's authority. The only way by which he could obtain his liberty, was by a triple sale by the father, in the public market-place. The son who

had been thus three times sold as a slave by his father, could never again be recovered, and was for ever emancipated from his authority. Nine days (*nundinæ*) after his birth, if a boy, and eight, if a girl, it received its name, and the *lustratio* was performed by the family. Some attention was paid to its education, though, in early times, it does not seem to have included more than the rudiments of our present knowledge. The child who could read and write, ~~set up simple accounts,~~ and repeat the laws of the twelve tables by rote, was perfect; for the most accomplished scholar could do no more. However, when the Romans came into contact with Greece, the course of education was extended, and a knowledge of its language and literature was required. Horace gives an amusing account of the Roman schools to which his father sent him; and Martial gives a sad account of the tyranny of a master who kept a school not far from where he lived. In the later times of the empire, it was customary for the wealthy Roman to send his child to Athens, to receive that knowledge of rhetoric and philosophy, which this city best could give.

*omit* Is there any more useful or more necessary article than a clock? What should we be able to do without it? Can we even form an idea of a well-ordered regular society without one? Yet Rome was nearly five hundred years without a clock of any kind whatsoever; and, even in her most enlightened days, what was employed for the purpose of indicating and recording time, was of the rudest and most imperfect description. Let our readers represent to themselves a large vessel of water, with an aperture in the bottom, and marks to register the flowing of the water, and they will have some idea of the "clepsydra," which Scipio Nasica set up in Rome for the convenience of the public, in the year u.c. 595; and the public was astonished and delighted at the ingenuity of the contrivance, for such a thing was never seen till then. When the sun shone in the heavens, they could discover the time of day by the sun-dial, which was invented by Anaximander, five hundred years before our era, and which was brought to Rome a few years before the war with Pyrrhus; but, when the sky was overcast, or stormy, or during the dreary hours of night, the Fabii and the Cornelii could not tell the hour, until the wondrous invention of Nasica. Only think that the men who conquered the world, knew not the luxury of a watch, or even a clock. When there was no fixed standard of measurement, the division of time must necessarily have been uncertain. They reckoned, indeed, twenty-four hours, from midnight to midnight; but

twelve of these were always from the rising to the setting of the sun. Hence the hours of the summer months were longer than those of winter. They were equal only at the equinoxes. At the winter solstice, their eleventh hour began, according to our mode of reckoning, at fifty-eight minutes past two, while in the winter it did not commence till two minutes past five. Thus, to compare their hours with ours, we must always know the natural length of the day in the latitude of Rome, that our computation may be a correct one.

A remarkable feature of private life in Rome, was the general use of gymnastic exercises. These, as well as the bath, were used for the purpose of promoting perspiration, and it was believed to be impossible to preserve a regular and healthy mode of life without using them. They had a number of exercises, more or less severe, which were regularly practised every day, to promote strength and activity, and to promote an appetite. Nor were these exercises confined to the young, or to the humbler classes of society, they were practised by all, whatever may be their station and character. It was considered a remarkable thing in Augustus, to have given up the more violent games after his elevation to the empire; and Suetonius thinks it worth recording that the very games of foot and hand ball, which he practised for some time, were, after a few years, exchanged for the milder exercises of riding or walking. Occasionally, at the termination of one of his garden walks, his old habits would come upon him, and urge him to enjoy the luxury of hop step and jump. "Decambulabat, ita ut in extremis spatiis subsultim decurreret." He was accused of indolence for neglecting them. There is no doubt that modern society may take a lesson from them in this particular department. Bodily exercise contributes, when not taken to excess, to strengthen both the body and the mind. Of all these games, none seems to have been more popular than that of ball (*pila*). The learned Galen himself wrote a special treatise to recommend it for general adoption. There were several varieties of ball used for this purpose, viz. *pila*, *follis*, *paganica*; and different modes of playing, such as *trigon*, *harpastum*, *sparsiva*. Of the greater part of these games, we have very obscure accounts, of some we have none at all. Our juvenile readers may be gratified with an account of more common ball or *pila*. The most simple use of this was that in which two persons opposite to each other, either threw a ball alternately to one another, or perhaps each threw a ball simultaneously, and caught the other thrown to him;



and we find from Plautus, that this took place even in the streets. When three persons played, and threw the balls to one another, it was called *trigon*. This was by far the most popular game. The players stood in a triangle; and it was looked on as a great awkwardness if they made use of any other than the left hand to catch the ball, and like many of their games and bodily exercises, was probably played by the parties unencumbered with any habiliments. The *harpastum* was perhaps not unlike our game of football, and also the *sparisiva*; dumb-bells were also frequently employed. In each house, at least to those of any note, a particular room was set apart for these gymnastic exercises. It was called a *sphæristerium*, and was used when the inclemency of the weather, or perhaps the description of amusement, required the warmth or retirement of a chamber.

Connected with this subject, is that of their social games. Gambling is a custom which dates farther back than the time of Augustus. It was principally by means of dice. These were of two kinds; *tali* and *tessaræ*. The latter precisely resembled ours. The *tali* had only four flat surfaces. The other sides were rounded off, so that the die could not rest upon them; one and six were marked on two opposite sides, and four and three upon the others. Four *tali* were always used together. The best throw, which was called *Venus*, was when all showed different numbers; the worst, *canis*, when the four turned up aces. The *tessaræ* were always played for money, but the others were used for various purposes. They had also the *ludus latruncularum*, resembling somewhat our game of chess; and the *ludus duodecim scriptorum*, in which the moves were regulated by dice, and which seems to have been almost the same as our game of backgammon.

There are many other topics touched on in the dissertations of Professor Becker, which we would willingly touch on, but we find that we have already exceeded the space allotted to us, and must leave several interesting subjects unnoticed. The gardening of the ancients; their long and verdant walks; their alleys of mingled rose and myrtle; their box trees, cut into the likeness of all things in heaven above and on the earth beneath, bring to our recollection the views which we have often seen in paintings of the old French style of ornamental pleasure grounds. The description of their dress, their table utensils, their drinks, their manner of lighting their houses, and even the random conjectures as to the manner in which they fastened their doors,—for concerning such

ours

parchesa  
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ours

a homely matter we have nothing more than a conjecture,—  
 however curious and interesting they may be, we must re-  
 luctantly forego. ~~But before we close our notice, there is~~ <sup>and that</sup>  
 one feature of Roman society to which ~~we~~ <sup>we</sup> must allude, it is  
~~that of~~ slavery, which shed its deadly and degrading influence  
 on every form of their social and domestic life, and which,  
 perhaps to a greater extent than is generally imagined, was  
 the cause of its corruption and consequent downfall, ~~and~~  
~~threatens to be of those states that in our times are tainted with~~  
~~this foul and dishonouring stain, without any of the mitigating~~  
~~circumstances which lessened its enormity in pagan Rome.~~  
 The number of slaves in the Roman territory was enormous.  
 Some of the patricians reckoned more belonging to them than  
 perhaps some European princes could reckon subjects. Pliny  
 relates that a man whose name would not have been known  
 to us, but for the fact recorded, after having lost much of his  
 property by the civil wars, was yet able to leave to be dis-  
 posed by will so many as 4116 slaves. Petronius says, that  
 in many families the slaves became so numerous that not one-  
 tenth knew even the person of their owner, and an actuary,  
 reading out the occurrences of the day on a single farm, is  
 made to say: “on the 7th of the calends of August, there  
 were born on the farm of Trimalchio thirty boys and forty  
 girls.” ~~This may be an exaggeration, but it will show us~~  
~~how numerous the slave families must in those times have~~  
~~been, when such an assertion was at all within the limits of~~  
~~probability. For the maintenance of order among them, as well~~  
~~as for the purpose of efficiency, they were divided into~~  
~~distinct classes, each class, or *decuria*, as they were called,~~  
~~being subject to its own superior.~~ They were distributed  
 into four principal divisions, known respectively by the  
 names of *ordinarii*, *vulgares*, *mediastini*, and the *quales-*  
*quales*. For the knowledge of these divisions, we are in-  
 debted to Ulpian. Each was again subdivided into other  
 minor branches. They became the property of their mas-  
 ters, when born in his household. These were called  
*vernæ*, and not unfrequently deserved the name of *vernæ*  
*procaces*, from the liberties which, from being born and  
 educated in the family, they sometimes took in the presence  
 of their masters. Some became his slaves by purchase. A  
 female slave was sometimes purchased for ~~5%~~ <sup>125</sup> in the Roman  
 market; at other times they went as high as ~~61%~~ <sup>320</sup>; while  
 Martial makes mention of some boys having been purchased  
 for such sums as 800%. This must, however, have been a

\$4000

rare instance, and in consequence of his possessing some rare accomplishment. Only the meaner and common sort were exposed for sale in the public market. The Roman, like the Turkish slave merchant, had his inner and private apartment, wherein the more precious specimens of human kind were submitted to the inspection of his chosen customers. Thus

Martial:—

“Inspexit molles pueros, oculisque comedit  
 Non hos quos primæ prostituere casæ,  
 Sed quos arcanæ servant tabulata catastæ  
 Et quos non populus, nec mea turba vidit.”

Omit

Their position and treatment must have depended almost entirely on the temper and disposition of their owners. But the law recognized in the owner the right of making any use he thought fit of them; he may strike, or mutilate, or sell them. He was permitted even to take away their lives, without assigning a reason to any human tribunal. In most instances his own interest would dictate to the master to treat them with attention and mildness, but there are instances on record, where the dictates of reason and the suggestions of humanity afforded but a feeble protection against the severity of a tyrannical master. We recollect the instance of the poor cook who, for some trivial mistake in the discharge of his duty, was thrown to be devoured by the lampreys. Nor was it altogether safe for the master to goad the slave beyond the limits of endurance; for there are instances also on record, in which they took a terrible revenge; but on the other hand, the character of the slave has been ennobled, and the dignity of his nature vindicated, by more than one instance of the most devoted attachment, and the most heroic sacrifice. The slave who could lay down his life for his master, must have been bound to him by a stronger and nobler tie than that of mere interest or duty.

In the latter ages of the empire, when the increasing voluptuousness of the Roman nobility and people extinguished every feeling of virtue and sentiment of propriety, the power of the master over his slave became perverted and abused for purposes of the grossest licentiousness. In the all-searching justice of the great Ruler of states and men, the countless crimes that cried to heaven for vengeance, may have been the secret and hidden cause of those disasters which were soon to burst over the devoted city. The arms of Alaric and his barbarian followers may have been the visitation of God's

justice on dark deeds of depravity done within its walls, and the final expiation was only made when war, and famine, and pestilence had exterminated them from the earth, and the mistress of nations became a waste and howling wilderness; and a waste and howling wilderness, ~~lonely and desolate as Babylon or Nineveh,~~ she might perhaps have still continued, despite the trophies of the Cæsars and the glories of the Republic, but that God had mercy upon her once more, because of his two martyred witnesses, the one a tent-maker of Tarsus, the other a fisherman of Galilee.

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ART IV.—*The Life of George Brummell, Esq.* By Captain Jesse. London: 1844.

**B**RUMMELL was the last of the real dandies! Pretenders there have been in abundance since his time,—men who blindly imitated the stiffness of his cravats, and the cut of his coats, and who even descended to copy the fashion of his nether garments. They only aspired to ape his outward man. None of them, however, knew the art of attaining the supreme power, or exercised the tyrannical sway over the realms of fashion, that he did. His sceptre was broken, even before his death. Those that came after him had all the characteristic weakness and imbecility of imitators.

A combination of circumstances may produce another Napoleon, or a second Washington. There cannot be another Brummell! The depraved state of public morality in England towards the close of the reign of George III, and the influence which the Regent exercised over what are called the fashionable circles, afforded opportunities to such a man as Brummell, which never can occur again.

The eldest son of the reigning monarch, the heir apparent of the British crown, was called by his flatterers, “the first gentleman in Europe.” If a constant and laborious attention to his toilette—a fastidious taste in the selection of his wigs, and a studied finish in the delivery of the common-places of conversation—give any claim to the title, he well deserved it. He had, however, no other pretensions. He was the very reverse of a gentleman, in the proper signification of that word. He was sensual, faithless, fickle, and selfish to the last degree—superficial in his acquirements, changeable in his friendships, and ungrateful to those who had ministered

either to his pleasures, or his ambition. Unfortunately his position in society, made the vices of such a character fashionable. The aristocracy aped the manners of the prince. The cultivation of the mind was considered secondary to the adornment of the person. The sterner virtues of domestic life exposed those who practised them to the sneers and scorn of the courtiers who learned their canons of morality from their master. Carelessness of dress was an unpardonable offence, while the desertion of a wife was near akin to a virtue; the one would be an insuperable barrier to being admitted into what was called good society; the other would be rather a recommendation. As we judge of the component parts of the sub-soil by the weeds that grow upon the surface; so we may fairly form an estimate of society by the character of the men who hold prominent positions within its boundaries. Brummell's notoriety—we may almost call it fame—is a sure index to the state of English morality in high places in his day.

Brummell was the creation of the times he lived in—he did not create them; he was merely the straw upon the surface, not the current that impelled it. Matters would have been no worse had he never existed. The young men would have been equally extravagant and thoughtless. Old age would have brought with it neither prudence nor discretion. His was not one of those commanding intellects, that, either for weal or woe, give a direction to public opinion, in their time; he was, in truth, merely a small space in advance of his fashionable compeers. It was not Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere. There were numbers prepared to struggle for the sceptre of the fashionable world, had he been induced to throw the gilded bauble down. That none could have, perhaps, wielded it so tyrannically as he did, we have little doubt—still, although they might have failed, they would, at least, have made the attempt.

We may grieve that there should have been a period in our history when the adjustment of a cravat, or the formation of a coat would have conferred a fame on the wearer, almost equal to that enjoyed by the warriors and statesmen, the poets, and philosophers of the day. We may marvel to see such a low-born man as Brummell, virtually at the head of the English aristocracy, with power to deliver over to public contempt, any one bold enough to dispute his sovereignty. Humble men in our times have attained great influence; but they were men of cultivated minds—not creatures of the

curling-tongs and scissors. In Brummell's time, dress levelled the distinctions of rank, as education does now; the tailor introduced the dandy to the table of the Regent, as the school-master brought Lord Brougham into Buckingham Palace. But we must look beyond the outside in Brummell's case; we must not, while dissecting "with edge severe" his vices, forget that he merely floated upon the surface of the society in which he flourished, while the rank and fetid stream on which he was borne in triumph, was pouring its dark tide over the land. We are, however, digressing from our main object, and will now hasten to give our readers a hasty sketch of the life of Brummell. Read in a proper spirit, it will convey a lesson to the most thoughtless, and suggest reflections and speculations that may not be without a good result.

George Bryan Brummell, or, perhaps, we should call him simply George Brummell, as he appears to have dispensed with the baptismal name of Bryan at an early period—was of obscure parentage. Fortunately for his biographers, there have been no contentions about his birth-place. London enjoys, unchallenged, the honour of having given him birth. Although poor at his outset in life, his father appears to have been a prudent saving man, and to have amassed considerable wealth. We are told that he left behind him, in the hands of trustees for his children, a sum of £65,000. How he accumulated so large a fortune from small beginnings, does not very clearly appear; but from the education his sons received, it does not seem that extreme parsimony was among his vices. At the age of twelve, the future beau was sent to Eton, and here we are told the first indication of that love of dress, which so distinguished him in after years was exhibited:—his white stock with gold buckle was even then remarkable.

In the year 1793 he entered Oxford, and was an unsuccessful competitor there for the Newdegate prize. We are told he was second, but as the number of aspiring young men who *all but* attain honours at our universities have been at all times very large, at least in the estimation of their hopeful relatives, we confess we do not attach much faith to this tradition. It is however a cheering fact, that the future competitor of the Prince Regent did so far stoop to drudgery, as to be an unsuccessful competitor for a prize when at the university. Had he been successful, how different might have been his destination in after life! He had talents that, if properly cultivated, might have placed him in a proud

position, in a sphere widely opposite from that in which his lot was eventually cast; his name might have been honoured among the sages and philosophers of the present age, and his ashes perhaps have been now reposing under the roof of Westminster Abbey, instead of lying in an humble burying-place in a foreign land. But these speculations are unavailing. His lot was otherwise cast; he was an unsuccessful competitor, and took to tuft-hunting and dissipation, instead of walking in the rugged paths of science and literature.

The next important step in Brummell's life was the purchase of a commission in the 10th hussars—a regiment even at that time celebrated for its exclusiveness. When a cornet, he became first acquainted with the Prince Regent, then considerably his senior; and that introduction, no doubt, materially influenced Brummell's after life. Of his irregularities, as an officer, many anecdotes are related. He appears to have been more constantly in the drawing-room, and perhaps the dressing-room, of the Regent, than on parade. His negligence, however, seems only to have accelerated his promotion, for in three years we find him elevated to the rank of captain—of course, over the heads of many hard-working and attentive fellow-officers—we cannot bring ourselves to write the word *soldiers*. So auspicious a commencement would have stimulated less ambitious minds to bear with patience the gentle yoke of hussar discipline, but even it was too heavy for Brummell. He aspired to fill a higher position, and to rule over the realms of fashion, instead of obeying the commands of even an aristocratic colonel. The Tenth were ordered to Manchester; the sensitive mind of Brummell shrunk from contact with such a locality, and he bade a long "farewell to the plumed troops and the big wars." The particulars of his leave-taking with the regiment are not recorded, but we may fancy that it was not dolorous.

We find Brummell now young, good-looking, accomplished, and although by no means wealthy, still with a moderate competence for a young unencumbered man, cast upon the smooth waters of English fashionable life. His wit—his intimacy with the person next in rank to the throne, and the numerous aristocratic connexions he had formed in Eton and Oxford, and during his brief military career,—all conspired to open to him the doors of the most select circles. This was the culminating point in the life of Brummell. A career of pleasure was before him. He had already over-

come the impediments that his humble origin had thrown across his path. Here is Captain Jesse's description of him at the period we allude to:—

“He was a *beau*, but not a *beau* of the Sir Fopling Flutter or Fielding school; nor would he, like Charles James Fox, have been guilty of wearing red-heeled shoes! He was a *beau* in the literal sense of the word—‘fine, handsome.’ As an auxiliary to his success in society, he determined to be the best-dressed man in London; and, in the commencement of his career, he perhaps varied his dress too frequently. The whim, however, was of short duration; and, scorning to share his fame with his tailor, he soon shunned all external peculiarity, and trusted alone to that ease and grace of manner which he possessed in a remarkable degree.

“His chief aim was to avoid anything marked; one of his aphorisms being, that the severest mortification a gentleman could incur, was to attract observation in the street by his outward appearance. He exercised the most correct taste in the selection of each article of apparel of a form and colour harmonious with all the rest, for the purpose of producing a perfectly elegant general effect; and no doubt he spent much time and pains in the attainment of his object.”

To this period of Brummell's life is to be attributed most of the witty sayings that have so long been floating upon the surface of society attached to his name. Later in life, when he had squandered his patrimony, and when his early dissipation had undermined his health, we find him sinking into the satirist and cynic. His wit had not at any period of his career much of body in it, and therefore as age came upon him, it very soon grew sour; at the time we allude to, however, he was more of the humorist than of the cynic. We cannot say that Captain Jesse has displayed much taste in the selection of those stories, nor are they all well told; but we extract one or two of them at random.

“On another occasion, the late Duke of Bedford asked him for an opinion on his new coat. Brummell examined him from head to foot with as much attention as an adjutant of the Life Guards would the sentries on a drawing-room day. ‘Turn round,’ said the *beau*. His grace did so, and the examination was continued in front. When it was concluded, Brummell stepped forward, and feeling the lappel delicately with his thumb and finger, said in a most earnest and amusing manner, ‘Bedford, do you call this thing a coat?’ The following reply to a question addressed to him by one amongst a knot of loungers at White's, was given in the same spirit of *badinage*. ‘Brummell, your brother William is in town; is he not coming here?’ ‘Yes, in a day or two; but I have recom-



mended him to walk the back streets till his new clothes come home.'”

At this period too, he seems to have spent much of his time with the regent; and, although captain Jesse is by far too great an admirer of royalty to tell the whole truth of that time-honoured personage, still we make one or two extracts which will sufficiently display the man.

“Brummell's good taste in dress was not his least recommendation in the eyes of the prince of Wales, by whom his advice on this important subject was consequently sought, and for a long time studiously followed. Mr. Thomas Raikes says, in his France, that his royal highness would go of a morning to Chesterfield street, *to watch the progress of his friend's toilet*, and remain till so late an hour, that he sometimes sent away his horses, and insisted on Brummell's giving him a quiet dinner, *which generally ended in a deep potation.*”

“After their quarrel, however, the prince spoke of his former friend as a mere block which a tailor might use with advantage to shew off the particular cut of a coat, and this speech went some way to confirm the notion of the nonentity of Brummell's character. But there is good reason for asserting, that an extravagant devotion to dress might, with far more justice, be charged against his royal patron; especially when corpulence, that sad annihilator of elegance, made it difficult for him to get into leathers of the dimensions he was anxious to wear. It was this that gave rise to the caricature in which a pair is represented lashed up between the bed-posts, and their owner having been lifted into them, is seen struggling desperately to get his royal legs satisfactorily encased, leaving the imagination to picture the horizontal hauling that must have taken place after the perpendicular object had been effected, to make the waistband meet.”

“In fact the prince, not Brummell, was the Mecænas of tailors; and perhaps no king of England ever devoted so much time to the details of his own dress, or devising alterations in that of his troops. On this point, whatever attention he gave to it, he displayed little judgment, as the chin of many a Life Guardsman on a windy day attested. The extent to which he indulged his passion for dress is seen in the proceeds of the sale of his wardrobe, *which amounted to the enormous sum of £15,000*; and, if we are to judge by the price of a cloak purchased by Lord Chesterfield for £220, the sable lining alone having originally cost £800, it is scarcely straining the point, to suppose that *this collection of royal garments had cost little less than £100,000*. A list of the articles was given in the *Athenæum* of the day, which, after expressing its astonishment at the prodigious accumulation of apparel, says, that ‘wealth had done wonders, taste not much.’”

What a delightful glimpse are we not here afforded of the future king of England! His royal highness,—then, be it remembered, a full-grown man, and the heir apparent to the sovereignty of a kingdom upon which the sun never sets,—is here seen sitting watching the progress of a dandy's toilet! And afterwards we find them enjoy a quiet dinner, and—a *deep potation!* We are not surprised at his royal highness's subsequent abuse of his pot-companion,—the proverb tells us the result of too much familiarity,—nor do we wonder at his designating the beau as “a mere block for the tailors.” The conduct of the prince appears, however, in darker relief at a subsequent period of poor Brummell's life, when Brummell describes himself as “lying on straw, and grinning through the bars of a gaol; eating bran-bread, my good fellow, eating bran-bread.” *George IV was then king of England;* he was in Calais, and might have been an eye-witness of the miserable condition of his quondam friend, whose toilet he had once so sedulously watched. His conduct to poor Brummell on that occasion is thus described in Captain Jesse's book:

“In September of the following year, 1821, the greatest event of his Calais life took place; the royal personage, at whose festive board he had in former days been so frequent a guest, arrived in that town. George IV was on his way to visit his Hanoverian subjects, and the place was not a little shaken from its monotonous routine by that occurrence. Fishing-boats were laid up, and the fishwomen ‘all alive O,’ the authorities polished up their old uniforms, and the Duke d'Angoûlême, who had been deputed by Louis XVIII to congratulate his majesty on his arrival in the French dominions, received him at Dessin's hotel, and there they put up their horses together. When the king landed, the pier was crowded with spectators, and, as he stepped on shore from his barge, his hat fell from his hand: this accident a quick-witted urchin immediately took advantage of, and rushing forward, restored it to his majesty, who put his hand into his pocket, and drew forth enough of the precious metals to provide his impromptu page with peg-tops and *brioche*s for years to come.

“But where was the beau all this time? According to one rumour, he accompanied the mayor to the landing-place, ready to profit by any opportunity that might occur of placing himself in the king's way. But this is an error; Brummell had gone out to take his accustomed walk in an opposite direction, and was returning to his lodgings at the very moment that his former patron, accompanied by the French ambassador, was proceeding in a close carriage to the hotel. ‘I was standing at my shop door,’ said Mr. Leleux, ‘and saw Mr. Brummell trying to make his way across the

street to my house, but the crowd was so great that he could not succeed, and he was therefore obliged to remain on the opposite side. Of course all hats were taken off as the carriage approached, and when it was close to the door, I heard the king say in a loud voice, 'Good God! Brummell!' The latter, who was uncovered at the time, now crossed over, as pale as death, entered the house by the private door, and retired to his room without addressing me.'"

In reading this passage, how forcibly are we reminded of poor Sheridan, the orator, wit, and dramatist, and of his treatment by the same personage, under nearly similar circumstances. There is a kind of hint given by Captain Jesse, that £100 was sent at this time to poor Brummell by the king, but the story is evidently apocryphal. We are, however, anticipating a little, but our anxiety to get rid of such a subject as Brummell's "fat friend" in one paragraph, induced us to dispatch him at once, and not be obliged a second time to sully our pages with his name.

We now return to Brummell's life in London. He appears to have mixed in all the aristocratic amusements of the day. Horse-racing was not at that time so fashionable as at present, and we, therefore, do not find that he was a frequenter of Newmarket, or that he kept a book at the corner; but we find testimony borne by a faithful witness—the Rev. G. Crabbe—to "the plainness of his dress, and the manly and even dignified expression of his countenance," as he took his place among his brother sportsmen of the Belvoir hunt. We find, too, the celebrated Nimrod speaking of him as a *respectable* rider, which, considering that he had been some time in the Hussars, who are proverbially bad horsemen, is by no means faint praise. At his first *entrée* into London life, he appears to have eschewed the gambling table, though shortly before his departure from England, he seems to have yielded to its seductions, and was, of course, completely ruined by it.

The next important epoch in Brummell's life was his flight to Calais. Having squandered his patrimony and exhausted his credit, the fear of imprisonment became too strong for him, and he made a hasty retreat from London—the scene of all his glory—and found a refuge in "the small fishing-town" (as he called it) of Calais. He arrived there a beggar; and, during the fourteen years he resided in it, was content to live upon the contributions of his friends. His eleemosynary condition does not appear to have taught him to be grateful to his benefactors; a Mr. Marshall appears to have treated him

with great kindness, and we give a specimen of the return that gentleman received at his hands:—

“It is said to have been at a dinner party at this gentleman's house, that he gave the following perfect specimen of his prodigious impudence. On the occasion in question, he was as usual accompanied by one of his canine favourites, who crouched at his feet during the repast, and, as will be seen also, partook of the feast. Amongst the delicacies handed round was a roasted capon stuffed with truffles, from which Brummell very considerably helped himself to a wing; this, on tasting, he fancied was tough, and taking it up in his napkin, he forthwith called his dog, and addressing him, said aloud, before the astounded guests and his horrified host, ‘Here, *Atous!* try if you can get your teeth through this, for I'll be d—d if I can!’”

In Mr. Jesse's book, too, we find the following anecdote:—

“At this time, the year of his arrival, he had all his wits about him, was quite equal to his reputation, and his sarcastic vein was very droll and amusing to those who were not at the moment the objects of his satire; but friends and foes alike left his presence with the conviction that each would in turn be served up, *à la Tartare*, for the amusement of his neighbours: he was, in fact, a walking lampoon; every individual that came within the sphere of his vision was subjected to his censorious spirit. The best houses did not escape, not even those in which he received the most kindness. A French family in the neighbourhood had given a dinner, almost expressly on his account, and everything had been done to make it perfect, if possible; the ortolans had been sent from Toulouse and the salmon from Rouen, and the company were legitimists to the backbone. The morning after this fête, some one who met him inquired how the *diner commandé* had passed off? when the beau, lifting up his hands, and shaking his head in a deprecatory manner, said, ‘Don't ask me, my good fellow; but, poor man! he did his best.’

“Of those among his countrymen and women whose manners were not quite so polished as they might have been, he would observe, ‘How can such people be received? it is deplorable to be in such society!’ Brummell affectioned all those who fell in with his own ideas, or appeared to make observations in a similar vein. Very soon after I was introduced to him, I found that I had unwittingly gained his approbation by a remark accidentally made in this spirit, or rather that he chose to construe it as such: the circumstance occurred at a large evening party, when, after having made my bow to the lady of the house, I approached the fire-place, and said to one of the company, who I thought was in the country, ‘Why, Mr. D——, are you here?’ Brummell overheard the exclamation, and imagined that I meant to imply that he was not

fit to be there; whereas it was a simple expression of surprise, and of a totally different kind."

This will be admitted to have been going far enough in one who, at that time, was living on the largesses of others. As a specimen of his cool assurance, we cannot help extracting one or two passages:—

"The day after this fête, one of his acquaintance, who happened to meet him in the street, inquired whether he had been to the ball given in honour of the king the night before. 'What king?' inquired Brummell, in a tone of feigned surprise and inquiry.—'The French king, to be sure; Louis Philippe.'—'Oh! the duke of Orleans, you mean; no, I did not go, but I sent my servant.'"

Again: we find this anecdote, which, for impudence and ingratitude combined, so far overtops the rest, that we will close our reference to this portion of his life with it:—

"I am afraid there is good reason to suppose that Brummell was not particularly grateful to those who assisted him; or if he was, he did not certainly show it in his conversation. 'Shortly after his imprisonment,' says one of his Caen acquaintances, 'I asked him if he had been as intimate with the duke of C——e as he was with his other brothers, when he replied, "The man did very well to wear a cocked hat, and walk about the quarter-deck crying 'luff;' but he was so rough and uncivilized that I was obliged to cut him. You may believe this, when I tell you that he used to recount the amorous exploits in which he was engaged at Portsmouth to the bishops and the ladies of the court at his father's table, and this to the inexpressible delight of the prince of Wales and the duke of York.'" The reader will bear in mind that this incredible story was told after the late king had subscribed one hundred pounds towards effecting his release from prison, and it shows how little amiability was left in the mind of him who had been a recipient of his bounty; but the *beau* was a *man of the world*, and also a wit."

We cannot but admire the fastidiousness of Captain Jesse in concealing the name of the duke of Clarence in the paragraph, when there can be no earthly reason for such a transparent attempt at mystification.

The next step in Brummell's life was his appointment to the situation of British consul at Caen; a ray of sunshine appeared now to gleam upon his pathway, but it was evanescent. We are told in a letter of his, written after he had arrived at Caen, that he had been fortunate in his selection of lodgings in that town; for he states that his landlady was cleanly and devout, and, besides, was the proprietor of two Angora cats and a parrot. The entire emoluments from his

consulship were reduced to eighty pounds a year, the rest being devoted to pay his Calais creditors. This sum would hardly suffice to defray his washing, and the donations of his friends seem to have been dried up, for we shortly find him confined within the walls of a prison. Previous to his imprisonment, the slender pittance he derived from his consulship had been also taken from him, as the office was abolished; and poor Brummell appears now fast sinking in the midst of the clouds which sickness, sorrow, and infirmity had cast around him. We will not follow his biographer through the disgusting details of the sufferings of the once elegant and fastidious beau; suffice it to say, that his mind sank beneath the weight of misery and misfortune, and that he left the prison a living monument of the vanity of all human accomplishments. Broken down in health, his mind fast sinking into idiotcy, an object of loathing to the most humane, Brummell at length found a refuge in a place of which in his palmy days he little dreamt he ever would have been an inmate.

In the Bon Sauveur of Caen, poor Brummell found at last a resting-place. It is delightful, after gazing at the different scenes of the unfortunate man's life—some gaudy and glaring, others gloomy and revolting—to pause for a moment on its closing one. Deserted by the summer friends who had enjoyed his society, and had been flattered by his notice, when his smile could make a reputation, as his frown or shrug would destroy it; apparently left without any hope on earth, we find the Sisters of Charity watching over the twilight of his days, like guardian spirits.

“The house in which Brummell lived was quite detached from the principal building of the establishment, and did not look in the least as if it was intended for the reception of lunatics; the windows were without bars, and the garden in which it stood was filled with a profusion of roses and other flowers; the walks were nicely gravelled and edged with box; and so long as his strength and the weather permitted, he was wheeled up and down them in an easy chair by the servant, who was in constant attendance upon him *only*. In this oasis, poor Brummell, surrounded by comforts that he had long been a stranger to, passed the remainder of his days, not, however, destined to be numerous, but which, thanks to the humane conduct of the inmates of the institution, were spent in perfect tranquillity. The few friends who paid him an occasional visit always found him sitting before a blazing fire, and his manservant or one of the *sœurs*, for he was never left alone, sitting in the room, to anticipate his every want. When asked by an old

acquaintance, whom he did not however recognize, whether he was comfortable, Brummell replied, 'Oh yes!' and turning to the nun, who was standing by his chair, and taking her hand, he said, 'this excellent nurse of mine is so kind to me, that she refuses me nothing; I have all I wish to eat, and such a large fire; I never was so comfortable in all my life.' The nuns observed that he was the most docile patient that had ever entered the *Bon Sauveur*, and that nothing could exceed his politeness and gratitude for the attendance he received. Expressions of this kind were always poured forth, when they complied with any particular request: 'Ah, madame, vous êtes trop bonne pour moi, je suis très reconnaissant.' He scarcely ever thoroughly recognized his visitors; but when his old landlord called, he knew him immediately, and said, 'Bon jour, Fichet; table d'hôte toujours à cinq heures?'—'Oui, monsieur,' he replied.—'Très bien,' said Brummell, 'très bien; je descendrai.'

Those pious ladies, who would have avoided him when, in the full flush of youth and manly beauty, he attracted the attention of the fairest and most high-born ladies of England, now tended him with the constancy of sisters, when he was an object of aversion and disgust to all the world besides. Their kindness appears to have got the better of his natural feelings of ingratitude and moroseness; and even he admits that "he was never so comfortable in all his life."

In the month of March 1840, in his sixty-second year, poor Brummell was released from his mortal sufferings; and the earthly remains of the "king of the dandies," now repose in the cemetery of the town of Caen, in an humble tomb, overgrown with the rankest weeds. After his death, we are informed that,—

"Several packets of letters, tied up with different coloured ribbons, and carefully numbered, a miniature, a silver shaving-dish, a gold ring, and a few silver spoons, were found in a trunk at the hotel. The miniature and letters were taken possession of by the vice-consul, and the remaining effects by the landlord, in liquidation of an account which had only been partially cancelled. This person said, that in the same parcel with the letters, was another, containing a great many locks of hair."

What a sermon does not this fact contain! In poverty, in sickness, even in his madness, he saves these relics of his early vanity and folly!

We had intended to have made some general observations on Brummell's "decline and fall," but want of space warns us to draw this paper to a conclusion. The moral to be deduced from his history lies upon the surface: we hope it may

not be without its uses. Many a young man, who enters life with bright prospects, with ample means, fascinating exterior, and brilliant talents, may be tempted to distinguish himself in the fashionable world as Brummell did. If such there be, and this page should meet his eye, let him remember the squalid and filthy old age of the once witty and fastidious Brummell; and, above all, recollect that he died in a mad-house. Let him pause ere he launches into a life of fashionable dissipation, and reflect whether another and a less brilliant course, may not lead to a happier termination even in this world.

So much for Brummell. We have, perhaps, at too great length dwelt upon his sad story; not so much for any interest that it possesses, as for the moral it conveys. We will now devote a few lines to his biographer.

We regret we cannot bestow much praise either on the matter or the manner of the book. The chapter, by the way, headed the "Conclusion," appears to be written by another and a better hand than Captain Jesse's. The whole would have been a more creditable production, if it were just one fourth of its present size. A number of silly letters are transcribed into it, and a quantity of still more silly verse, that would have been better omitted, with the evident purpose of puffing it out into two volumes. Another offence of a graver description, Captain Jesse has been guilty of: he has had the bad taste to insert the following impertinent and irrelevant piece of personality in his book:

"It would be unjust indeed to Brummell's memory, if I neglected to show the impropriety of calling him a 'dandy.' The few associations connected with the term, all teem with vulgarity; the tap-room measure of that name is not an example of refinement; and in Johnson, the nearest approach to the word is 'Dandelion,' a vulgar flower! But, if in the true etymological style, we divide the word, with the hope of improving its credit, what does the first syllable bring to mind? *Somebody quite as notorious as Brummell, but whose follies have been far more mischievous; whose eloquence is great, but certainly not always refined; and to whose health many a dandy of whiskey has been tossed off.*"

Now, Captain Jesse knows that the individual against whom he has directed his pointless shaft, and who, in addition to his transcendent merits as a statesman, orator, and philanthropist, is also a distinguished literary man, was when his book appeared, the inmate of a prison. The feelings of a gentleman, therefore, and of a British officer, should have induced him to



have repressed this silly and malignant attempt at pleasantry. We fear, however, Brummell knew his man, when, according to Captain Jesse's own account, he said to him, "*My dear Jesse, excuse me, you look very much like a magpie.*" We now dismiss Captain Jesse, with the assurance that his book does not contain a single observation in which we more cordially concur.

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- ART. V.—1. *Voyage dans le royaume de Choa.* M. Rochet D'Hericourt. Paris, 1841.  
 2. *Journals of the Rev. Messrs. Isenberg and Krapf, missionaries of the Church Missionary Society.* 1 vol. London, 1843.  
 3. *The Highlands of Ethiopia.* By Major W. Cornwallis Harris, of the East India Company Engineers. 3 vols. London, 1844.  
 4. *Travels in Southern Abyssinia.* By Charles Johnston, M.R.C.S. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1844.  
 5. *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.* Dublin, 1842-43.

THESE works are all by different authors, have made their appearance, as the reader will observe, at different times, and been written without any previous concert; they are decisive proof of the increasing interest with which Abyssinia is beginning to be regarded by the people of Europe. Instead of being surprised at the interest now excited in its regard, we should rather be astonished at our previous indifference. A country possessing a climate temperate as our own, and professing a Christianity, which, however corrupt and imperfect, is yet kindred to ours, should have sooner obtained the privileges of brotherhood. Of all the countries of the African continent, reeking, for the most part, with a pestilence fatal to European constitutions, this alone seems to enjoy a bright and pure atmosphere; where, amid verdant meads, and running brooks, and smiling woodland scenery, the traveller almost forgets that he is in the heart of Africa, and only nine degrees from the equator. But for the strange costume that meets his eye, and the dark faces of the Amharra that occasionally cross his path, he would almost fancy himself at times in some quiet rural spot of the northern counties of England. There is not perhaps on the earth a country possessing superior advantages of climate to Abyssinia. The greatest difference between the hottest month in summer and the coldest month in winter, is

only 10 degrees. During the years, 1841 and 1842, that Captain Harris was in Shoa, the thermometer never sunk below 41°, and never once rose beyond 69°. There were only two months without at least four days' rain; and these months were January and December, during which, with a light breeze from the east, and the thermometer at 51°, the days must have been somewhat like those of our March and April. It is intersected in every direction by rivers of the most limpid water, running along with the velocity of our mountain streams, and by valleys of the richest and most varied luxuriance, where every shrub is redolent of the most aromatic perfume, and every tree is musical with the voices of winged choristers. It owes these advantages to its elevation of 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. Some of the mountain peaks are covered with perpetual snow, and therefore in that latitude must be at least 15,000 feet in height. But in the inhabited parts of the country snow is never known to fall, though the fields and plains are frequently, during the mornings of January and December, covered with a hoar frost, which disappears at the rising of the sun. With such natural advantages, and possessing the probably stronger recommendation of being a Christian people, it is not surprising that the Abyssinians should have been long ere now an object of deep interest to their Christian brethren of the west. In adverting to the recent attempts to open an intercourse with them, we shall have occasion to place before our readers some of the principal facts connected with their early history. Their present condition will be best understood, and, in fact, can only be understood, by a partial reference to the past.

From the obscurity of primeval time, Ethiopia, of which Abyssinia forms a part, and of which it inherits the glory, is one of the earliest that emerges into the light of history. In the pages of holy writ, in the monumental inscriptions of the Egyptians, and in the historical records of the Greeks, there are traces of its former renown. The progress made by it in civilization, is even yet attested by the remains that exist in several parts of the country, and more especially at Axum, the seat of government, and the residence of its kings, when those kings were the rivals, in power and opulence, of the Pharaohs of the Nile. The visit of the queen of Sheba to the court of Solomon, has given them an opportunity of deriving the royal pedigree from the seed of Abraham; and even to this day, the ruling powers of Abyssinia boast their extraction from Menilek, the son of the Hebrew king. On

her return from Jerusalem, she prevailed, it is said, on her people to embrace the religion of the Jews. We shall see that many Jewish rites are still in use among them. Another tradition there is, that Candace, one of their queens, being brought over to the Christian faith by her eunuch, the convert, who was baptized by the deacon Philip, was the first to introduce the knowledge of Christianity, and to establish its observances among the Ethiopians. The first recognized apostle of the Abyssinians is St. Frumentius, who lived in the third century. His history is, in many respects, similar to that of our own national apostle. He was reduced to slavery by the natives of one of the islands of the Red Sea, and sold to the king of Abyssinia. During his residence in that country, he gained the favour and affection of his master, by his attention, intelligence, and obliging disposition. He sanctified the privations and sufferings of his condition by his piety, and gained the respect of all by the virtues he exhibited. During the regency of the queen, who exercised the supreme power, after her husband's death, and during the minority of her son, Frumentius was intrusted with an important share in the government of the kingdom. He used his influence to extend the knowledge of Christianity among them. But the honours which he had acquired had not extinguished in his breast the love of his native land; and when the young king became of age, he sought, and obtained, leave to visit his friends once more. He accordingly repaired to Alexandria, where the great Athanasius was then bishop. He had been but a short time appointed, when the stranger presented himself before him, gave a description of the country, pointed out the facility with which it could be converted, and recommended the adoption of some active measures for the purpose. The zeal of the holy bishop was at once excited. The field was ripe for the sickle; and what more worthy, more fitting, or more able minister to achieve his objects, than the man who so feelingly and effectively described them! His knowledge of the language of the country and the people, and his influence with the monarch, pointed him out as the individual who, of all others, was most likely to exercise that ministry with success. He was accordingly consecrated bishop, and sent forth, with the necessary assistance, to establish religion in the country. After a long and useful life, he succeeded; and his memory is still honoured in the country which was benefited by his labours, and by the Church at large, as the apostle of Abyssinia.

The Church of this country has, even in the early periods of ecclesiastical history, been one of some distinction. At the council of Nice, in 325, its bishop ranked the seventh after the bishop of Seleucia. He was always appointed and consecrated by the patriarch of Alexandria; and hence in all the vicissitudes of fortune and doctrine to which that see has been subjected, the suffragan of Abyssinia has participated. At first orthodox, then heretical, it has now adopted all the peculiarities of the Coptic creed and ritual. There is, in fact, but the one bishop in the whole kingdom, who is always consecrated by the Coptic patriarch of Cairo. He is known by the distinctive term of Abuna; he pays, on his consecration, certain fees to his metropolitan, and the latter has been always cautious in never consecrating but one. The apostolic canons require three bishops to be present at an episcopal consecration, and he takes special care that they never shall have the power of consecrating an Abuna for themselves. It has sometimes happened that the bishop elect has resisted the demand upon him, and refused to pay the sum sought to be exacted. The see has been vacant in consequence for years. This occurred so late as 1842. For the preceding fourteen years, there had been no bishop in the country, and for want of priests, many of the religious establishments were closed. In that year the difference was arranged, and, after a long interregnum, the Abuna was appointed.

The doctrines of the Abyssinian Church are nearly the same as those of the Coptic Christians of Egypt. If there be any difference, it is in the strong infusion of Judaism which is to be found among them. In common with the mother Church, they are Monophysites, or acknowledge but one nature in Christ; and if we may believe Mr. Rochet, they attribute to the Virgin Mary, who is a special object of veneration, an equal share in mediatorial efficacy with the Son. Some individuals may entertain this opinion, but we cannot admit that it has ever been sanctioned by their Church. They admit the seven sacraments in common with us, but they renew on the Epiphany of each year the ceremony of baptism. Confirmation is administered by the priest immediately after baptism, according to the rite of the Copts. Communion is always administered under both kinds. It is given to the newly-baptized infant, and again when it arrives at the age of eight years. After that age, they are not admitted until their marriage; and those who remain unmarried, are for ever excluded, unless they enter a religious

state, and take the necessary vows. The practice of confession is enjoined; though in some instances they have adopted a singular custom of confessing their sins in the presence of a censer in which some grains of incense have been thrown. They believe that this very easy method of accusation will be available for the remission of their sins. But the confession to a priest is very general; and in the pages of our English travellers, there is frequent mention of the confessor. The priest who performed this office for the king of Shoa is a very important and influential person in the book of Captain Harris.

The monarch is the only one who is allowed a plurality of wives. We know not whether it is as the descendant of Solomon that he claims this privilege, but it is given to no other individual. The secular clergy who have been married before their ordination, are, like those of the other Greek Churches, allowed to retain their wives; but, if she dies, they cannot marry another. The marriage of a priest, after he has once received holy orders, is a thing absolutely unheard of. There are numerous monasteries of men, who take the usual vows, and practise the usual duties of a religious life. They follow the rule of Tecla Haimanot, and the largest and most celebrated monastery is at Debra Libanos, but it has no spiritual jurisdiction over the other houses of the order. It is served by thirty religious, who have a large tract of land in the vicinity. The produce which this land affords, together with the profits of several trades, which they are permitted to exercise, constitute their means of support. The reputation of its founder for sanctity, and the reputed virtues of a holy well, within the precincts of the convent, attract vast multitudes, more especially on the festivals which are celebrated in his honour. A journey of ten hours, brings the traveller to the monastery of Sene Markos, which is inhabited by a dozen religious, some of whom are in holy orders. It is beautifully situated on the top of a lofty hill, and can be reached only by a road winding through rocks and overhanging precipices, where the traveller is each moment in danger of being dashed to pieces. Sene Markos was to Debra Libanos, what Eliseus was to Elias of old. His tomb is shewn in a beautiful grotto, from which flows a well of chalybeate water, to which the prayers of Markos have communicated a healing power. At least it is so believed by the blind, the lame, and the infirm, of whom vast numbers come from all directions to experience their efficacy.

The Abyssinian is not allowed to eat with the Jew, the Pagan, nor the Mahomedan. Any violation of this injunction is punished with exclusion from the Church while living, and from consecrated burial when dead. The meat of the hare, the swine, and all aquatic fowl, and the use of coffee and tobacco,—those universal luxuries of the east,—are also included in this prohibition. The very patriarch of Cairo, were he to sip his coffee or smoke his chibouk on the highlands of Ethiopia, would be looked on as little better than an apostate to Mahomedanism. Like the children of Israel, too, they do not eat of “the sinew which shrinks, which is upon the hollow of the thigh.” It is universally believed, that the very touch of the proscribed meat, would be punished with the loss of the offending teeth. These are not the only remnants of Judaism to be found among them; for they observe the Jewish Sabbath with as much strictness as the Christian. The distinction of vessels into clean and unclean is on some occasions observed; but the strongest of all their Israelitish symptoms, is the universal practice of the rite of circumcision. So strong is their reverence for this Hebrew custom, and their conviction of its necessity, that there is on record an instance of their having once rejected a newly-appointed Abuna from Cairo, because of his not having complied with this important obligation. We have also mentioned the austerity with which they observe the law of fasting. During the fast of the Holy Virgin, even children of tender age are obliged to fast sixteen days; and from the Thursday in Holy Week, until the morning of the following Saturday, neither food nor drink must enter the lips. Those dispensations, which the milder discipline of the Latin Church grants to the requirements of infirmity, age, and toil, are entirely unknown. Their belief in the intercession of the saints, and the efficacy of praying for the dead, is in conformity with the other Churches of the Christian world, as is also their belief in the real presence of Christ in the sacrament of the Eucharist.\*

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\* Mr. Ludolf, who has written with much zeal and industry on the subject of *Æthiopia*, and facilitated so considerably the study of the language, has laboured, but unsuccessfully, to throw doubt on the belief in several of these doctrines. His strong Lutheran prejudices led him on many occasions to admit as certain, what is exceedingly doubtful. His principal source of information was an Abyssinian, of the name of Gregory, whose knowledge was very imperfect. As a sample of the mode of enquiry which he employed, we may quote one query proposed to the Abyssinian: “*Do they believe in the seven seals of faith?*” Which of us would suppose that by these words he meant to inquire whether the Abyssinian Church believed in the seven sacraments? Mr. Ludolf never visited the country, and seems not to have examined the *Æthiopian*

They observe their several Lents with the most scrupulous exactness, nay with the most rigid austerity. They take, during the time of their observance, but one meal in the twenty-four hours, and this not before the setting of the sun. The use of meat, milk, and eggs, is not permitted; and their only nourishment is a few pulse seasoned with spice and oil. They scarcely think it possible for any Christian not to fast. If he does not, they think him little better than the heathen Galla by whom they are surrounded. It was a most uncomfortable predicament for a Protestant missionary, to have found himself among a people with such opinions; and it is most ludicrous to contemplate the struggle between his sensuality on the one hand, and his desire of gaining the good will of the natives on the other.

“After the priest left me, I thought it fit to consult with brother Isenberg on this point before he departed. First, we considered that the omission of fasting had been a continual stumbling-block in the eyes of the Abyssinians since the commencement of our mission in this country. Secondly, that fasting is not sinful in itself; and hence not against the principles of the Bible, nor the Church of England. And thirdly, we referred to the examples of the apostles, particularly to that of St. Paul, who, though he strictly adhered to justification by faith, yet condescended, in this respect, of his own accord, to the weakness of his brethren. Relying on this great example, *we thought we could, with the Lord's assistance, resolve to fast*, but only voluntarily, and out of love for our brethren, not seeking thereby our own righteousness. However, *we thought it fit not to act rashly in this matter.*”—Isenberg, p. 138.

It would be no sin, at least, to think about it, and to resolve; but it was more prudent to put off the evil day as long as possible, and not to act so rashly as to fast as long as they could avoid it. Whether they ever actually carried this resolution into effect, Mr. Krapf has nowhere informed us.

A peculiarity of their religious belief, is the renewal of baptism, which we have before alluded to, as made each year on the feast of the Epiphany. It is said that this ceremony was brought into general use about three centuries ago, in the religious dissensions of the native clergy and the Portuguese. The Latin patriarch had published a jubilee, and the Abuna, not to be outdone by his rival, commanded a general baptism for all his people. We give a description of this ceremony, from the work of Mr. Rochet:

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Liturgy. However great his industry, we must prefer the more authentic statements of the Portuguese writers, Alvarez and Jerome Lobo. Their accuracy has been amply corroborated by the recent French and English travellers.

“On my return to Angolala, I was present at one of the most curious of the religious practices of this people. I mean the baptism, which is repeated every year on the 18th of January, in commemoration of the baptism of Christ by the Baptist in the Jordan. On the 17th, at six o'clock in the evening, all the inhabitants, preceded by the clergy, repaired to the river Tshatsha, three-quarters of an hour's walk from the city. Wishing to see what was going on, I resolved to take part in the ceremony, and followed them. The crowd spread out on the banks of the river amounted to about 4,000 persons. Many came on horseback from the surrounding country to join it, and enjoy the benefit of the immersion. All waited in the most pious resolution the moment when they should plunge into the purifying waters of the stream. The mildness of the temperature, and the clear blue atmosphere, that made even the smallest stars visible, made this one of the most delicious of the many beautiful nights that this favoured country enjoys. I should have enjoyed it more but for the unintermitting chant of the priests, who did not for one instant cease their mad howlings, which the crowd listened to, but did not join. At length, about two or three o'clock in the morning, the moment arrived for the baptismal ceremony. Men, women, and children, threw themselves indiscriminately into the water, and remained there some minutes, while the priests continued their prayers. They then dressed, and gave each other the kiss of peace. The king was each moment expected. He came at five o'clock, and took his bath in private. When he was dressed, the priests presented themselves to kiss his hands, and then the chief officers of state. This ceremony being completed, he put himself at the head of the crowd, who formed themselves in procession to return to Angolala.”—*Rochet*, p. 228.

Old Father Alvarez gives a description of an ordination at which he was present, and which will sufficiently account for the low state of religion in Abyssinia :

“Five or six thousand persons are generally ordained together. At the ordination which I am now speaking of, the number of candidates amounted to two thousand three hundred and fifty-six. A white tent was erected and properly adjusted for the solemn celebration of the ceremony, to which the Abuna, mounted on his mule, rode in solemn procession, accompanied by a numerous retinue. Before he alighted, he made an harangue in the Arabic language, the purport of which was, that if amongst those who presented themselves, there was any person who had more wives than one, he should forthwith withdraw, on penalty of excommunication. After this he dismounted, and seated himself at the door of his tent, whilst several persons arranged, in three distinct rows, all those who were to be ordained. At the same time they examined them, by tendering them a book for no other purpose than to ascertain



whether they could read. According as they found them qualified, they marked them on the arm, and those who were thus marked, withdrew. The Abuna thereupon entered his tent, and those who were admitted were ordered to file off, one by one, before him. He put his hand on each of their heads, and then repeated, in the Coptic language, the prayer beginning with the words *Gratia divina quæ infirma sanat*, &c. Having thus ordained each of these priests in particular, he pronounced several other prayers, and gave his benediction to all with a little steel cross. After that, a priest read the Epistle and the Gospel. In the next place, the Abuna said mass, and administered the blessed sacrament to those who were thus admitted to holy orders, with as little regard to their personal as their mental perfections; for some of them were blind and lame; and stupidity and ignorance were most expressively engraven on the countenances of others. Nor was there any regard paid to modesty in the performance of the ceremony, for some of the ordained were entirely naked."

With such subjects for the ecclesiastical state, we should not expect to find much theological discussion among them. Yet is the Abyssinian Church not exempt from the evils of religious dissension. The question which, at this moment, is most warmly agitated, is that of the three births of Christ. All admit his eternal birth from the Father, and also his birth in the flesh; but in addition to these a large and influential body maintain a third birth, which, they say, took place when Christ was anointed by the Holy Ghost in the womb. The king of Shoa took part with the advocates of this latter opinion, and expelled from their convents those who denied it; but the new Abuna has endeavoured to bring him back from his error, and as yet been only partially successful. Another subject of discussion is whether the soul of man knows God, or prays to him, while in the parent's womb.

"There are more churches in Abyssinia," says Captain Harris, "than in any part of the Christian world; and he who has erected one believes he has atoned for every sin. But even the best are very miserable edifices of wattle, plastered with mud, only to be distinguished from the surrounding hovels by a thin coating of whitewash, which is dashed over the outside, to point with the finger of pride to the peculiar privilege of the two great powers of the land. Circular in form, with a door to each quarter of the compass, and a conical thatch, the apex is surmounted by a brazen cross, which is usually adorned with ostrich eggs; and the same depraved and heathenish taste pervades the decorations of the interior. Sculpture is strictly forbidden; but the walls are bedaubed with paintings of the patron saint of the church, the blessed Virgin,

and a truly incongruous assemblage of cherubim and fallen angels, with the evil one himself enveloped in hell flames. Timbrels and crutches depend in picturesque confusion from the bare rafters of the roof. No ceiling protects the head from the descent of the lizard and the spider, and the *tout ensemble* of the slovenly Abyssinian church presents the strongest imaginable picture of cobweb finery. The Jewish temple was divided into three parts,—the fore court, the holy, and the holy of holies. To the first, laymen were admitted; to the second, only the priest; to the third, the high priest alone. All entrance was denied to the pagan,—a custom which is rigorously enforced in Abyssinia; and her churches are in like manner divided into three parts. Eight feet in breadth, the first compartment stretches, after the fashion of a corridor, entirely round the building. It is styled *Kene-Mahelet*; and strewn throughout with green rushes, forms the scene of morning worship. To the right of the entrance is the seat of honour for priests and erudite scribes; and beyond this court, save on certain occasions, the bare foot of the unlearned laymen cannot pass. *Mahdas* is the second compartment. This is the sanctuary in which the priests officiate, and a corner is set apart for laymen during the administration of the holy supper, while a cloth screens the mysteries of the interior. Here also hang, arranged round the walls, the bones of many deceased worthies, which have been carefully gathered from the newly opened sepulchre, and are deposited by the hand of the priest in cotton bags. By the nearest relative, the first opportunity is embraced of transporting these mouldering emblems of mortality to the sacred resting-place of Dabra Libanos, where the living and the dead are alike blessed with a rich treasure of righteousness, since the remains of Tecla Haimanot, the patron saint of Abyssinia, shed a bright halo over the scenes of his miracles upon earth. To the *Kedis Kedisen* none but the alaka is admitted. Behind its veil the sacrament is consecrated, the communion vessels are deposited, and the tremendous mysteries of the *Tabot* or ark of the covenant are shrouded from the eyes of the uninitiated. The gold of the foreigner has penetrated the secret of the contents of this box, which are nothing more than a scroll of parchment, on which is inscribed the name of the patron saint of the church; but the priest who dared to open his lips on the subject to one of his own countrymen, would incur the heavy penalties due to sacrilege.

“All the disqualifications of the Levitical law oppose entrance to the sacred edifice, and both the threshold and the doorposts must be kissed in passing. Like the Jews, the Abyssinians invariably commence the service with the *Trisagion*, “Holy, holy, holy, is God, the Lord of Sabaoth.” The sweet singer of Israel danced before the Lord, and a caricature imitation remains, the chief point of Abyssinian worship. Capering and beating the ground with their feet, the priests stretch out their crutches towards each other

with frantic gesticulations, whilst the clash of the timbrel, the sound of the drum, and the howling of harsh voices, complete a most strange form of devotion. The lessons are taken partly from the Scriptures, partly from the miracles of the holy Virgin and of Tecla Haimanot, the life of St. George, and other foolish and fabulous works; but all are in the ancient Æthiopic tongue, which to the congregation is a dead letter; and the sole edification of a visit to the church is therefore comprised in the kiss that has been imprinted on the portal."—*Highlands of Ethiopia*, vol. iii. p. 133.

From the earliest period of its history to the tenth century, Abyssinia formed but one undivided empire, subject to one supreme power, which, as we have already stated, derived its origin from the queen of Sheba. About the middle of that century, an important change was brought about by the crimes of one ambitious woman. From time immemorial there had existed on the mountain of Samen an independent colony of Jews. The rock on which their fortress was built is still pointed out and known by the name of the Jewsrock. Judith, the daughter of the prince of Samen, had been married to the governor of Bagna. She was a woman of considerable talents, and of inordinate ambition. The sudden death of Aizor, king of Abyssinia,—the confusion caused by a destructive pestilence, and the youth of the reigning king, Del Naad,—inspired her with the hope of securing the sovereignty for herself and her children. The royal family were confined on a high mountain, in conformity with a custom which has been long familiar to English readers in the pages of *Rasselas*. She determined to annihilate them by an unexpected blow. It is said that four hundred persons were massacred in a day. But the young king was saved by the fidelity of his followers. The province of Shoa was the only one that acknowledged the supremacy of the descendant of Solomon, and here the exiled princes reigned in safety, if not in splendour, during the successful usurpation for eleven generations of their rightful inheritance. They owed their restoration, after a lapse of three hundred years, to the kind offices of Tecla Haimanot, the founder of the order of Debra Lebanos, who was then Abuna. The prescription of so many centuries did not justify, in his eyes, the possession of a throne which had been acquired by crime; and he prevailed on the reigning sovereign, Nacueto Laab, to resign in favour of Icon Amlac, prince of Shoa. By one term of the agreement, a third of the kingdom was ceded to the Abuna for the support of religion; and by another, no native Abyssinian

was to be chosen to that dignity, even though he was educated and ordained at Cairo. This treaty forms an important epoch in the civil and religious history of these countries, and is called the era of partition.

It was in the beginning of the sixteenth century that Abyssinia first became involved in the events of European history. In their progress along the African coast, the Portuguese navigators got acquainted with the condition of this interesting people. Their Christian character marked them out as deserving more particular attention than the infidel and pagan nations by whom they were surrounded. In the year 1499 the first Portuguese made his appearance in the country. His name was Pedro Covilham, and he was received with honour, as the representative of the powerful nation to which he belonged. His representations of the power and wealth of Portugal induced the king of Abyssinia to send an embassy to Lisbon, and the two nations continued on terms of friendly intercourse for forty years.

“It was shortly after the departure of this embassy,” says Mr. Harris, “that Graan, ‘the left-handed,’ made his first appearance on the Ethiopian stage, where he was long the principal actor. In league with the Turkish bashaw on the coast of Arabia, this mighty warrior sent his Abyssinian prisoners to Mecca, and in return was furnished with a large body of Janizaries, at the head of whom he burst into Efat and Fatigar, drove off the population, and laid waste the country with fire. In 1528 he took possession of Shoa, overran Amharra, burnt all the churches, and swept off immense booty. In his next campaign the invader wintered in Begameder, and the following year hunted the emperor like a wild beast through Tigré to the borders of Sennaar, gave battle to the royal troops on the banks of the Nile, with his own hand slew Gabriel, the monk, who had vanquished Hafoodi in single combat,—cut the army to pieces, practised every species of atrocity, and set fire to half the churches in Abyssinia. Famine and plague now raged, and carried off those whom the sword had spared. The princes of the blood were all destroyed, Axum was burnt, and the monarch himself, after being compelled to take refuge in the wilderness, was finally slain. With him died also the boasted splendour of the Abyssinian court, for he was the last monarch of Æthiopia who displayed the magnificence of a ‘king of kings.’

“Mark, the aged archbishop, had on his deathbed appointed as his successor John Bermudez, a Portuguese physician, who had been detained in the country; and at the request of Claudius, who succeeded to the throne, he now proceeded to Europe to obtain assistance. Don Christopher de Gama, with five hundred soldiers,

obtained possession of Massowah, slew the governor, and sent his head to Gondar, where, as an early pledge of future victory, it was received with raptures by the queen. The general was shortly confronted by Graan in person. Artillery and muskets were for the first time opposed in Abyssinia; and the Portuguese leader being wounded, took refuge in a cave. Deaf to persuasion, he refused to seek safety in flight; and a Turkish lady of extraordinary beauty, whom he had made prisoner, and who had affected conversion to Christianity, shortly betrayed him to the enemy.

“He was carried before Graan, who with his left hand cut off his head, and sent it to Constantinople; his body being mutilated, and sent in portions to Arabia. But the Portuguese were far from being disheartened by this grievous misfortune, and the armies were shortly in a position again to try their strength. Before the engagement had well commenced, Peter Lyon, a marksman of low stature, but passing valiant withal, who had been valet to Don Christopher, having stolen unperceived along the dry channel of a ravine, shot Graan through the body. He fell from his horse some distance in advance of the troops; and the soldier cutting off one of the infidel’s ears, put it into his pocket. This success was followed by the total rout of the Mahometans; and an Abyssinian officer of rank finding the body of the redoubted chief, took possession of his mutilated head, which he laid at the feet of the emperor, in proof of his claim to the merit of the achievement. Having witnessed in silence the impudence of his rival, the valet produced the trophy from his pocket, with the observation that his majesty doubtless knew Graan sufficiently well to be quite certain ‘that he would suffer no one to come sufficiently near to cut off his ear who did not possess the power to take off his head also.’”—vol. ii. p. 236.

The reputation for valour which they had acquired, and the important services which they had rendered to the Abyssinians in their utmost need, secured for them considerable influence over the monarch and his people. The patriarch Bermudez exerted this influence to bring them over to the communion of the Holy See. The conversion of the sovereign, the possession of one-third of the kingdom, and, it is said, an acknowledgment by the emperor Claudius that he held his crown as a fief of the Pope,—were the terms required by him. The monarch rejected the proposal with scorn; and the patriarch in return threatened to excommunicate him. While the Portuguese soldiers were in the neighbourhood, the prelate was safe from the imperial anger; but, under various pretexts, they were divided among the provinces of the empire, and ceased to be a source of alarm; and when his strength was thus weakened, the offending and indiscreet

Bermudez was banished beyond the frontiers. The new and arduous mission was now assigned to the rising Society of Jesus. St. Ignatius himself would have accepted it with gladness; but his followers dissuaded him from the purpose, and it was accordingly committed to other and less able hands. Nunez Barretto was appointed patriarch, and Andre Oviedo his associate and provisional successor;—both were members of the institute of Ignatius. St. Barretto remained at Goa, while Oviedo and his companion Rodriguez presented themselves at the court of Claudius. Argument and entreaty, threats and solicitation, were employed in vain to bring the monarch over to their opinions; and their prospects becoming each day more hopeless, they were at length ordered by their superiors to leave the mission altogether. Unwilling to depart, yet afraid to disobey, Oviedo alleged the impossibility of retiring from the country, urged his petition for more effective aid, and the aid which he required was of a nature little suited to the character of his mission. "Give me," said he, "five hundred soldiers, and I will bring over Abyssinia to the faith, and extend the knowledge of the Gospel to the infidel nations of the south." The military apostle failed to bring over to his views those whom he had sworn to obey. They sent an imperative order for his departure, and a vessel which arrived soon after on the coast bore away the reluctant prelate to his monastery of St. Francis Xavier at Goa.

Of very different character was the man by whom he was succeeded in his mission, though not in the dignity of patriarch,—Peter Pays, a member of the same institute. In his first attempt to enter the country, Pays fell into the hands of the Turks. They discovered his real character even beneath the disguise of an Armenian merchant, which he had assumed. In this prison he languished for seven years. He was at length ransomed by his society, and appointed to proceed to his original destination. Instead of proceeding by the methods which had so egregiously failed, when employed by his predecessors, Peter settled quietly with his followers at Maiguagua. He opened schools; gave instruction in the different branches of learning. His pupils made a remarkable proficiency; and the public soon began to talk of those wonder-working men, who could make beardless children more wise than the hoary sages of Gondar. The rumour reached the monarch's ears, and Peter was summoned into his presence, and completed by his discourses what the fame of his wisdom had begun. The king became a convert, but only in secret, lest he should

offend the pride and prejudices of his subjects. The royal convert was soon after defeated and slain by his rebellious subjects. His successor, though of a different party and a rival, was yet friendly to the Christian missionary. His goodwill had been gained by the construction of a two-storied house, such as had never been seen in the land before. These varied talents were united to a consummate address and perseverance, and some of the first persons in the court became converts to his religious opinions. The conversion of Ras Scellas Christos was soon followed by that of his brother, the Emperor Segud. The first act of his Catholic majesty was an edict commanding all persons, under pain of death, to believe and maintain two natures in Christ. It would be far beyond the limits of our present space, to give the minute details of the troubled events that followed; the remonstrance and the threats of the Abuna, the firmness or the obstinacy of the king. The people of Tigre and other provinces rose in defence of their altars, but the opposition was useless; the malcontents were defeated, and even the aged Abuna himself fell a victim to the fury of his enemies.

The tidings of these events spread joy among the friends of the Abyssinian mission; and, to complete the good work, it was deemed advisable to elect a patriarch. Alphonso Mendez, a learned Jesuit of Lisbon, was appointed to that office, and landed on the coast with a large and numerous retinue. But he seems to have been a man in many respects unfitted for his position. The lessons of experience were thrown away upon him; and he seems not to have borrowed one useful practical hint for his guidance either from the ill-success of Oviedo or the experience of Pays. It is not always just to pronounce upon the conduct of men in situations of difficulty; for we never can know the entire of the circumstances in which they were placed, or the motives under which they acted. But we know enough of the conduct and capacity of Mendez, to say that he was not equal to the duties required of him.\* Acting under the impulse of that restless and fiery enthusiasm which, in the sixteenth century, led so many of his countrymen to deeds of daring

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\* Father Lobo, who was one of the missionaries, and who himself recommended, even before the pope and cardinals, the employment of an armed force in the mission of Abyssinia, says of Mendez, "That it is not easy to excuse the rigour with which he insisted on the abolition of some ancient customs, which the Abyssinians had received with the truths of the gospel, and which have never yet been condemned by the Church.—p. 164.

and dangerous enterprise, he was too fond of arguing with those who differed from him, or requiring some new manifestation of zeal from the monarch, or fulminating excommunication against some contumacious offender. A long and disastrous civil war ensued. The king himself, horrified and disgusted at the evils of religious dissension, determined on permitting the observance of the ancient religion of the country; and though he remained faithful to the Catholic religion to his dying hour, his son and successor, Facilidas, an inveterate enemy of Mendez, banished the missionaries from the different quarters of his kingdom. This event took place in the year 1632, and was followed by the extinction of the Jesuit missions of Abyssinia.

After the expulsion of the Jesuits, several unsuccessful attempts were made to penetrate into the country, and renew the intercourse with the churches of the West. Bredent, and after him Du Roule, endeavoured to reach Abyssinia by the Nile; but the former died in the deserts of Nubia, exhausted by the hardships of his journey, and the latter was assassinated by the king's order in the market-place of Sennaar. The hatred of the Abyssinians for the Portuguese and the Jesuits was so intense, and so many mournful and bitter recollections were associated with their sojourn in the country, that, even after the lapse of two hundred years, the names are held in abhorrence by the people, and no one who avowed himself either one or the other would be tolerated in the kingdom of Abyssinia. The Catholics who, aided by the ministry of some Franciscans, remained faithful to their convictions and the holy see, had to profess their faith in secret; and when they died, they left not one member of that communion among the native population of Amharra.

It is time that we come now to the present condition of Catholicity in the kingdom. Since the invasion of Mahomet Graan in the sixteenth century, the provincial chiefs have been only nominally dependent on the reigning king of Gondar. The pagan Galla tribes have succeeded in establishing themselves in several districts; and even the prophet of Mecca has many followers, not only among the Galla tribes, but among the native Abyssinians. In 1842, Ras Aly, king of Gondar, put on the turban and became Mahometan, but was compelled to return to the Christian faith by the influence of his clergy and followers. It is said that he was led to the adoption of this measure by the obstinacy of the Coptic patriarch of Alexandria, who refused to consecrate an Abuna. It has been



already mentioned, that the episcopal see of Ethiopia had been fifteen years without an occupant, when Abba Salama arrived at Gondar to take possession of the dignity. He was only twenty-two years of age, and had received some portion of his education under the Rev. Dr. Lieder, a member of the Church of England and missionary at Cairo. This was in 1842. For some few years before, a Lazarist mission had been established in Abyssinia. The earliest grant of money made by the Association of the Propagation of the Faith for its support, we find to have been in 1839. In the letter of Father Montuosi, dated from Gondar on the 28th of March 1840, he describes his entrance to Adowa, on the northern frontiers, in company with Father Jacobis. He does not make mention of a single Catholic among the population. Father Jacobis and he were obliged to recite their office in a low tone of voice, so as not to be overheard; and whenever they celebrated mass, which was but seldom, it was always with closed doors, as if they were celebrating in the catacombs. Had they openly disclosed themselves, they would have excited against them the people of the town, and probably subjected themselves to insult and ill-treatment. To avoid detention and increase their efficiency, they divided their little company. One took up his residence at Gondar, another at Scios, and Jacobis was stationed at Adowa, on account of the facility of communication with Europe. His zeal and address in a short time gained him universal respect, and several influential individuals were brought over to the faith. To make the impression more durable, he determined to exhibit religion to them in a sublimer and more impressive aspect than in the character of a simple missionary; and he accordingly prevailed on several Abyssinians, and even some of high rank, to accompany him to the capital of the Christian world. They went; visited Rome and several of the cities of Italy; were delighted with the wonders they saw, and the gracious reception they met with, at the courts of Rome and Naples. The holy father received with the tenderest affection these representatives of the Abyssinian people, and hailed them with joy, as the first fruits of that darkened land over which héresy and idolatry had so long shed their disastrous influence, and which the enterprizing spirit of modern times has not yet been able to penetrate.

On the 13th of May, they made their solemn entrance into Adowa on their return. They were mounted on mules richly caparisoned, which had been sent to them by Messrs. Schimper

and Abbadie, the sincere and efficient friends of the mission. Nothing could have been more unpropitious than the moment of their return. Ubie, prince of Tigre, had been long meditating revolt against his sovereign, the king of Gondar. He brought over the new Abuna to his views; and while the prince was occupied in the field, the Abuna was active in excommunicating whoever should place himself under the banners of the enemy. The two armies met at Dabra Gabra. Ubie had associated with him Berra, the bravest warrior of the Amharra; and the victory would most assuredly have been his, if he had not indulged too freely in the pleasures of the intoxicating Hydromel. The truth, however humiliating to his majesty, must be told. He was drunk upon the field of battle, and victory was reluctantly compelled to desert him for his cowardly but temperate adversary. In the beginning of the engagement, Ras fled for refuge to a convent; and while he fancied himself defeated, his victorious troops had forced the tent of Ubie, found him in a state of insensibility, and loaded him with chains. The Abuna and his principal followers shared the same ignominious doom. Ras Aly could scarcely be convinced of his victory, until he saw his rival in chains; but whatever may have been his want of physical courage, he made a worthy and a Christian use of that which he had won. "You are my father," said he to Ubie. "The law of Jesus Christ commands me to honour you, and I do so. Unbind," cried he to his guards, "his hands, and set him at liberty." Then turning towards his captive, "Your brother is marching upon your city, and wishes to make himself master of it. Take again your soldiers, and defend your throne." Marco, the ally of the conqueror, and brother of the captive prince, was marching upon the capital, to secure it for himself. These are strange words for one who but two years before had given in his adhesion to the Moslem, and swore by Allah and his prophet.

"The journey of Mr. Jacobis to Rome has already produced its fruits," say Messrs. Gabinier and Ferret, French officers; and we prefer their testimony to that of the missionaries themselves. "The Abyssinians who accompanied him are Catholics through conviction, and they fear not to say so to their countrymen. They have the greatest veneration for the holy father, and imagine they saw in him something more than human. Formerly the Abyssinians thought there were no true Christians except among themselves, but those who have lately seen Rome have discovered their error.

The Alaca-apte-Selassi\* said, on leaving us, 'The sun shines in your country, but Abyssinia is still in darkness. Let us hope in God.' There was also with Mr. Jacobis a priest, who has so great a reputation for sanctity that they take his words for oracles. The king, Ubie, has the greatest esteem for Mr. Jacobis, and is most grateful for his having protected those who went in search of the Abuna, and particularly for having the Alaca-apte-Selassi, who is his friend and minister, treated with distinction in the country of the whites. The most powerful chief of Tigre, Balgadara, nephew of Rassahle-Selassi, who knew by reputation the admirable missionary, has also sent to compliment him, and has offered him a place in his country, giving him permission to build a church, and officiate according to his religion. Thus, whoever may be the prince that shall triumph in the struggle, the Catholic mission will be established in Abyssinia. We owe these happy results to the edifying conduct of our missionaries; but above all, to the inexhaustible goodness, the generosity, the zeal, and the ability of the Rev. Mr. Jacobis. For a long time, we feared that the Abuna would be an almost insurmountable obstacle to the progress of the Catholic religion; but having been dragged to the war by Ubie, he has been made prisoner, and entered Gondar after having lost much of his respect and importance. Wearied with the religious discussions of the Abyssinians, he has neglected nothing to become reconciled with the Europeans, and he has given them a very gracious reception. He has even rendered a valuable service to Mr. Montouri, and has advised him to remain in Abyssinia, assuring him that even in matters of religion he would agree more easily with him than with his own flock."

In a letter dated from Adowa on the 31st of May 1842, and which is the latest we have seen, Mr. Jacobis expresses the warmest hopes that the prejudices of the people against the Catholic faith will at no distant period be removed. Above all things, the missionaries should avoid mixing themselves up with the political squabbles of the country. Let them take no part with one prince or with another, but endeavour, by their meekness and charity, to win the goodwill of all. The history of the Portuguese mission should teach them, that it is not by the intrigues of political diplomacy, nor by the assumption of undue political power, nor by the harsh and imprudent exercise of ecclesiastical authority, that souls are to be gained over to God. They may succeed for a time, and procure an external conformity, but they never can gain the heart. They must proceed cautiously

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\* This is the name of the principal Abyssinian who accompanied Mr. Jacobis. It means, Slave of the Trinity.

and perseveringly, never omitting an opportunity of doing good, and showing charity to all men. Let them plant and water and fence their little vineyard with care, and cultivate it with diligence, and God will give them in His own season, and, when it is His will, fruit one hundred-fold.

It is now time that we leave the northern provinces of Abyssinia for the kingdom of Shoa. This is decidedly the most powerful of the states into which the great Ethiopic empire has been divided. This importance it owes, no less to its natural advantages and its proximity to the great highway of European commerce, than to the character of its sovereign, Sahela Salassie. The wisdom, intelligence, and enlightened policy of this semi-barbarian monarch have elicited the admiration of those who, whether in a private or public capacity, have presented themselves at his court. Mr. Rochet, in particular, is quite fascinated with him. His patriarchal simplicity of manners, the facility he affords to all classes of approaching him, and the readiness with which he listens to and remedies their grievances, are traits of character that remind us of what a sovereign ought to be—the father of his people. And when, at the end of the day's journey, Sahela Salassie seated himself at the foot of a tree, to hear what the poor peasants of the district had to complain of misery and injustice, the French traveller fancied he saw embodied before him whatever the fond recollections of his country had ascribed to the good St. Louis. Even the phlegmatic Englishman, notwithstanding the coolness of his national temperament, is compelled to admit, that very few, with his opportunities and in his position, would be so wise and good. Yet, with all his wisdom, Sahala is fond of presents. He has all a barbarian's fondness for novelty. Whatever indicates more than ordinary ingenuity, or whatever may assist him in strengthening his power over his dependent but often refractory subjects, is more especially welcome; and perhaps the cordiality of Mr. Rochet's reception at the court of Ankobar may be to some extent owing to the portable powder-mill which he presented to the sovereign. But even this object of the royal admiration was eclipsed by the rich and magnificent presents which the representative of her Britannic majesty presented to the king of Shoa.

“The king,” says Captain Harris, “was attired in a silken Arab vest of gold brocade, partially shrouded under the ample folds of a white cotton robe of Abyssinian manufacture, adorned with sundry broad crimson stripes and borders. Forty summers, whereof eight

and twenty under the uneasy cares of the crown, had slightly furrowed his dark brow, and somewhat grizzled a pale bushy head of hair, arranged in elaborate curls, after the fashion of George the First; and although considerably disfigured by the loss of the left eye, the expression of his manly features, open, pleasing, and commanding, did not in their "*tout ensemble*," belie the character for impartial justice which the despot had obtained far and wide, even the Danakil comparing him to 'a fine balance of gold.' All those manifold salutations and inquiries which overwrought politeness here enforces, duly concluded, the letters with which the embassy had been charged—enveloped in flowered muslin, and rich gold *kinakhab*—were presented in a sandal wood casket, minutely inlaid with ivory; and the contents having been read and explained, the costly presents from the British government were introduced in succession, to be spread out before the glistening eyes of the court. The rich Brussels carpet, which completely covered the hall, together with Cashmere shawls and embroidered Delhi scarfs of resplendent hues, attracted universal attention; and some of the choicest specimens were from time to time handed to the alcove by the chief of the eunuchs. On the introduction of each new curiosity, the surprise of the king became more and more unfeigned. Bursts of merriment followed the evolutions of a group of Chinese dancing figures; and when the European escort in full uniform, with the serjeant at their head, marched into the centre of the hall, faced in front of the throne, and performed the manual and platoon exercises, amidst jewellery glittering in the rugs, gay shawls and silver cloths which strewed the floor, ornamented clocks, chiming and musical boxes playing 'God save the Queen,' his majesty appeared quite entranced, and declared that he possessed no words to express his gratitude. But many and bright were the smiles that lighted up the royal features, as three hundred muskets with bayonets fixed, were piled in front of the footstool. A buzz of mingled wonder and applause, which half drowned the music, arose from the crowded courtiers, and the measure of the warlike monarch's satisfaction now filled to overflowing. 'God will reward you,' he exclaimed, 'for I cannot.'—vol. i. p. 411.

But the presentation of some pieces of artillery was a yet more valuable and acceptable present than any of these to a monarch who never loses an opportunity, or neglects a means of extending his empire, or strengthening his power. Shoa is surrounded on all sides by numerous Galla tribes; some of these have been brought over to Christianity, others owe him a doubtful allegiance, and pay him an uncertain tribute. Scarce a summer passes that he does not visit some frontier of his kingdom to levy tribute, and reduce some refractory vassal to subjection. An annual present, of no

considerable value, is all that he requires; but woe to those by whom it is neglected and refused. Sudden and terrible as the lurid lightning bolt is the scourge that falls upon their devoted fields and hamlets, every cottage is consigned to the flames, the herds and flocks are led away as booty, and the hapless owner is cut down by the sword. The dread of such a visitation keeps many a lawless Galla chieftain in fealty and subjection.

The great object of the British embassy to Shoa, was to form a treaty of commerce with the government, and to facilitate the introduction of British manufactures into the country. By an old law and established custom of the Abyssinian empire, no foreigner can enter or depart the kingdom without the permission of the king. His consent is also necessary to buy or sell; and excessive taxes and customs on the several articles of sale, are a serious impediment to commerce. To open a new market for British produce, and to check to some extent the traffic for slaves in that quarter of Africa, it was deemed advisable to open negotiations with his majesty of Shoa; and after a residence of nearly two years, Captain Harris succeeded. He has not given the terms of the treaty to the public, nor do we know how long it is likely to be observed; but yet one step in advance is made, and though unexpected difficulties may arise, there is every probability that civilization will, ere long, acquire a firm and lasting possession of this important portion of the African continent. Its Christianity, imperfect as it is, has to some extent prepared the way. The purity of the atmosphere, and the salubrity of the climate, point it out as the place where European constitutions will be most readily acclimated, and by which they may be gradually inured to the warmer climates of the south; and it is by no means improbable, that elevated table lands and lofty mountain ridges extend from the Abyssinian Alps to the banks of the Niger. Deep and navigable rivers, like the Gochob, extend from the eastern coast to remote and unknown distances into the interior of the continent, forming as it were natural highways, which the mighty agency of steam can bring under the control of the white man. There is a large and increasing trade in slaves carried on in the markets of Shoa and Hurrur. Crowds of these wretched creatures, of every age and sex, and from countries whose names no European tongue has ever uttered, torn from their parents and their husbands, are brought there for sale and exportation, and a considerable

share of the royal revenue is derived from the taxes upon this inhuman traffic. Shoa is indeed the only province of the Abyssinian empire in which slavery is allowed. In Tigre and Gondar little more than the name is known. It is therefore of the utmost importance to the interests of religion and civilization, that an early intercourse be opened with this interesting people. From the port of Tanjura, where the English government has acquired a small station, to the city of Ankobar, where the king resides, is only a journey of 370 miles, and by a regular establishment of camels, and a friendly understanding with the neighbouring tribes, the communication could be carried on with sufficient speed and safety. On this route there is the magnificent river Hawash, which may be navigated for 200 miles. We believe that there is not a more important and interesting object to the civilization of Africa, than the Christian kingdom of Shoa.

It is peculiarly an object of interest to the lover of religion. This seems to be the only practicable route by which the negro can be brought to the knowledge of God in the heart of his own soil. The mission of Shoa has been as yet occupied by the ministers of the Church Missionary Society. The journal of the Rev. Messrs. Krapf and Isenberg, which we have mentioned at the head of this article, contains the record of what they did, or rather, to speak more correctly, of what they allege to have done. If we may believe their words, no missionaries that ever went forth to do the work of the Gospel, were more zealous, more indefatigable, more diligent in sowing the seed of the word in season and out of season, and serving the Lord in good report and in evil. Every entry in the journal speaks of something done for the objects of the mission, either in discussing with the priests, or instructing the ignorant, or distributing testaments, or translating the Scriptures into the spoken language of the country. At one time the missionary has finished geography with a pupil as far as Prussia, or read Church history with Guebra Georgis as far as Mahomet; at another, he has added a few words to his vocabulary of the Galla language. On the 27th of June, 1839, the entry is, "This day it rained very much. I felt my heart confused and longed for the grace of heavenly rain." At another time it is, "On the road this morning I stayed alone with the Lord, and stood before him like Jacob of old at the ford of Jabbok, *and he blessed me.*" What a precious farrago of pride and self-reliance is the following:—

"It is particularly consolatory for me to know that the blood of

Jesus Christ *cleanseth me from all* my innumerable *sins* which still cleave to me. To whom could I direct myself, in order to find rest and safety, if this blood did not speak *better things than that of Abel*. *The whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint*. Sanctification advances so slowly, that it seems rather to retrograde. Nevertheless, the Lord has called me to glorify him before all the world. The constant necessity of insisting on the fulfilment of the stipulated agreements with our fellow-travellers, in order to prevent unnecessary delay, gives much nourishment to the natural man, and many occasions for the excitement of unholy passions. This however is our consolation, that the Lord is ever ready to receive us back, and does not take away from us his Holy Spirit—the spirit of faith, and power, and discipline. Thermometer yesterday evening, near nine o'clock, 73°; this morning, after sunrise, 66°. The night was pretty cool, though the day was hot; ten minutes past eleven, 104°. Diseases of the eyes are very common in this country, no doubt occasioned principally by the dust, with which the atmosphere is constantly filled."

We have extracted this entry just as we found it in the journal, italics and all. What a curious jumble of worldly and unworldly things. This is just the man to suit the Church Missionary Society. One or two short extracts more may shew how explicit they were in avowing the object of their mission:—"The king wishes for many things from us; he seems only disposed to decline accepting the one thing needful. As he intends to set out to-morrow on an expedition, we have urged him to give us previously a decision as to how far he would assist us in our work." "We urged the king many times to send us boys for instruction." "Our chief endeavours are directed to our calling as missionaries, and therefore we have been able at present to make but few inquiries into the state of the country. The king treats us quite as his guests, sending us daily our maintenance into our house, and has ordered our guardian to keep all troublesome persons away from us; by this means we are not molested by disagreeable calls, but on the other hand we are also prevented from frequently preaching the Gospel *in season and out of season*. We have however obtained a promise from the king that such persons are not to be prohibited who express a desire to be instructed by us." "We told the king that we were ministers of the Gospel, interfering with no other business." "We told him that I wished to remain here, and in course of time to go to the Gallas, to preach the Gospel to them." "The people know distinctly who we are, and why we have come to their country." No wonder that the worthy



men who had the publishing of these journals should have concluded, as they seem unhesitatingly to have done, that they uniformly avowed their character "as Protestant missionaries, whose only object was, the Lord blessing their labours, to diffuse scriptural light in a region of spiritual darkness." This may do very well when there was no one to contradict the statement. But let our readers compare it with the following testimony of one who was acquainted with Mr. Krapf, and saw on the spot the real facts which he describes.

"As to Mr. Krapf, he selected Ankobar as his place of residence. He is perfect master of the language of the country ; he speaks and writes it very correctly. Though religious proselytism is the only visible object of his stay in Shoa, he has not been at all successful, as far as I have seen. It is true, that he does not openly profess his missionary character. He conceals his intentions by devoting himself to the instruction of youth ; the number of those intrusted to his care is very small. He pays court\* to the priests, and to gain their good will, follows with exactness all the practices of their religion. Nevertheless, the king looks on him with distrust, though he is ignorant of his not being of the same religious communion with himself. I saw many instances of this afterwards."

So Mr. Krapf did not avow his character as a religious missionary ; he did not proclaim his intention of preaching the Gospel ; and the people, so far from knowing distinctly who he was, and why he came into their country, had not the most remote suspicion of his real character. Mr. Krapf first entered Abyssinia in 1837, and after being compelled by the native priesthood to leave the country, he and Mr. Isenberg penetrated into Shoa, in May 1839. In 1842 his private affairs called him into Egypt, and these private affairs we find on examination to be, "that alone, and painfully feeling the difficulties and disadvantages of his solitariness," he determined to take unto himself a wife, and brought with him from Cairo a Mrs. Krapf, to comfort him during his many lonely and tedious hours in the pilgrimage of Ankobar. But on his arrival at Tajura, whence he expected to reach the highlands of Abyssinia, he found his progress arrested, his entrance strictly prohibited, and he himself compelled to return to Aden. Thus ended, so far as we can discover, the protestant mission in the kingdom of Shoa.

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\* Il menage les prêtres.

Would our readers wish to know something more of this worthy missionary of the Church of England? His own journal gives us a sufficient insight into his character, and accounts sufficiently for his failure. From the very commencement of his sojourn at Ankobar, the king of Shoa had taken a strong prejudice against him. Mr. Rochet, who was on terms of intimacy with Mr. Krapf, tells us on more than one occasion, that it was at his earnest solicitation he obtained for him those ordinary civilities which the other Europeans received almost without asking.\* His entire occupation seems to have been teaching school to a few boys, who were in all likelihood glad of the opportunity afforded them, and distributing copies of the Scripture to such as were willing to accept them. And in a country where books are so high in value, that one is neither to be bought nor borrowed, it is not probable that many were found to reject a present so acceptable as a new and neatly-bound copy of the Scriptures, were it only to be hung up in their apartments as an object of attraction to visitors. It would have proved, however, far more acceptable and useful to the receiver, if it had been in the Æthiopic, the ancient language of the country. But however valuable such a present may have been, there were others which an Abyssinian would have received with more favour, and cherished with a fonder remembrance of the donor. Mr. Krapf had something in his possession which he would not willingly give, even as a parting present to the king. Bibles, of languages old and new, he would have given away with pleasure, but there was something that the missionary prized more than all; will our readers believe that it was—a rifle gun. But, as the public may look on our statement with suspicion, though far be it from us to set down aught in malice, we shall allow him to relate the circumstance, and come in judgment against himself.

“I had no sooner returned to my house, than Ayto Habti appeared again, and informed me that his majesty had taken a fancy to my beautiful rifle gun, and that his majesty had ordered him to express his wish that I would leave it with him before I

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\* J'eus dans cette circonstance une preuve de l'éloignement du roi pour M. Graphé. J'annonçai, en effet, à ce missionnaire l'invitation qu'il m'avait faite de l'accompagner dans son expédition contre les Gallas; il me témoigna le desir le plus vif d'être lui aussi de la partie. Je me chargeai d'en parler à Sahle-Sallassi. Celui-ci refusa d'abord de l'admettre dans sa compagnie: ce ne fut qu'après l'avoir long-temps sollicité que j'obtins à M. Graphé la faveur qu'il ambitionnait si ardemment.—Rochet, p. 224.

departed. I replied that I had formerly given several handsome presents to his majesty, and could not therefore give any more ; that I wanted the gun for myself on my dangerous journey ; and besides, I could not part with a present which I had received from a friend whom I valued and respected. I hoped that this reply would induce his majesty to desist from his desire for my rifle ; but far from giving up the matter, he carried it on so long, that I became tired and disgusted, and parted with the beautiful weapon. He sent me a double-barrelled flint gun, but so miserably made, that I would not look upon the messenger who brought it. This he requested me to accept instead of the rifle, which, if I should lose on the road, would make him very sorry. I sent word, that the desire of his majesty for my rifle had made me very sad ; yea, angry with him, at the moment of my leaving his country ; that it was a bad practice, disgracing his name in my country, to deprive strangers of the very property which *they consider most valuable.*"—p. 267.

The most valuable property it seems to have been indeed. The loss of the whole stock of Bibles would have been more patiently endured than that of the beautiful weapon ; and we need scarcely point attention to the spirit of affectionate regret which breathes through the words of the apostolic missionary for its loss. He is sad ; yea, angry, that in his zealous labours for the conversion of souls, he must for the future be deprived of so powerful a means of opening a way to the heart. But still, he is not utterly unprovided. The dew of heaven has fallen upon him abundantly, and he has other resources at his command.

"This answer so enraged them, that it was evident they would have plundered us upon the spot, if they had not been afraid of exposing themselves to the effect of our small and large shots, with which they had seen us loading our guns. Besides, they were so afraid of the bayonets and the muskets which I had received from his excellency the ambassador, that they would not touch them, for fear of being poisoned."—p. 333.

"About twelve o'clock we met on our road about thirty soldiers of the governor, who were all armed with shields and spears. I instantly ordered *five of my musketeers* to advance, while I was in the rear with the others. The soldiers immediately withdrew from the road, and gazed on our imposing weapons. The bayonets particularly attracted their attention."—p. 336.

"The Imam requested me to allow my people, who had been drilled a little by the English artillery-men at Ankobar, to go through the military exercises of my country. I said that I was no soldier, but a teacher of the word of God. That I was a Christian teacher, sent to Abyssinia to teach its inhabitants the

true way to their eternal welfare, and not to teach them military matters, with which I was unacquainted. However, if he wished to see the military exercises of my country, my people would shew him. Most of them managed the business so well, in firing quickly and precisely, that the Imam covered his face, and exclaimed with astonishment, that no Abyssinian force could stand against a few hundred soldiers of my country."—p. 345.

Such are not the men by whom salvation is to be wrought in Israel. Beautiful on the hills are the feet of him who bringeth good tidings, who cometh to preach the Gospel in peace; but the poor native of Abyssinia is not to recognize that character in Mr. Krapf and his musketeers. He is not the successor of those poor men who went forth from their mountain homes in Galilee to preach the Gospel to the nations of the earth; who went forth as their divine Master sent them, without scrip or staff, to endure opposition and insult, contumely and danger, without any other defence than the sanctity of their character; who when reviled, did not revile; who, struck on one cheek, presented the other; who preached Christ crucified in the halls of science and the courts of kings. The missionary only who uses the means, and is influenced by the spirit of the Apostles, can hope to be like them successful. If the Church Missionary Society wish to ascertain what a Christian missionary ought to be, let them contemplate those heroic men who are preaching the Gospel in the countries of the East, who have no musketeers to send out in advance, no rifle guns to part with, no worldly pelf or family incumbrances to fetter their steps or embarrass their ministry; but who go to the extremities of the earth with one poor breviary to enable them to sing the Divine praises, and one poor set of vestments wherewith to celebrate the divine mysteries of their religion; who have nothing that the violence or injustice of men can deprive them of, for they have left all things for the one great object of their lives. Let them contemplate the humble missionary, whose enlightened mind and cultivated taste would have shed lustre on religion in the highest circles of society in his native land, spending the best years of his life in some remote and pestilential spot of the Indian archipelago, and devoting the best powers of that mind to the instruction of some poor savage, or pining away in the dungeons of China or Siam, awaiting the moment when the bowstring or the sword shall admit him to the enjoyment of his immortal crown. Let them study the lives of those great, and holy, and heroic men;

for such there are at the very moment that we write this line. Let them contemplate their virtues, their disinterestedness, their sublime devotedness. They are the successors of the valiant men of old; they are the successors of those who eighteen hundred years ago were commissioned to teach the nations, and to preach the Gospel to the extremities of the earth. God's spirit has been with them, and is with them, and will be with them for ever. It is already beginning to breathe over the highlands of Æthiopia, making its fields green with a lovelier verdure, and its streams sparkle with a holier brilliancy, and every feature of the smiling landscape to utter the pleasing hope that the period is not far distant when, under that sacred and renovating spirit, the face of the land shall be renewed. But the spirit which is to work that change is not that of Mr. Krapf and the Church Missionary Society.

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ART. VI.—*The Industrial Resources of Ireland.* By Robert Kane, M.D., Secretary to the Council of the Royal Irish Academy, Professor of Natural Philosophy to the Royal Dublin Society, and of Chemistry to the Apothecaries' Hall of Ireland. Dublin: 1844.

IT is happy for the patriotic author of the *Industrial Resources of Ireland*, that he did not write some century and a quarter ago, when to be Irish was to be disloyal, and Dean Swift's *Proposal for the Use of Irish Manufacture*—a satirical, but yet very peaceful and inoffensive, production—was denounced from the Irish bench “as a design for bringing in the Pretender.” Had Dr. Kane written in those days, his work would have been, at the least, constructive treason. Instead of being rapturously applauded by an assembly of all the rank, enterprise, and intelligence of Ireland, he would have been prosecuted by a Dublin grand jury “as a scandalous, seditious, and factious pamphleteer;” and his publishers, instead of congratulating themselves on the unprecedented success of their sales, would have been afraid, like the worthy dean, “to own that they were ever without money in their pocket, lest they should be thought disaffected in making the avowal.”\*

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\* See the Dean's humorous, but masterly and spirited account of this proceeding in his works.—vol. ii. p. 62, and 98, royal 8vo. edition.

Dr. Kane's lot has fallen upon better days. If ever there was a time when the inquiry to which he has applied himself may be conducted with a prospect of exciting a useful interest in the public mind, it is the present. Many circumstances conspire to direct attention, seriously and practically, to the fruitful though long-neglected resources of the country. The stagnation of many of the ordinary channels of commercial industry—the eager anxiety with which every new project is canvassed and examined—the ready confidence with which capital is embarked in any enterprise which promises an advantageous return—the unemployed funds which recent monetary revolutions have withdrawn from government security, and placed at the disposal of any one who can point out a profitable means of investment;—above all, the awakened spirit of nationality which pervades all classes of the people, and manifests itself in every variety of form, political, antiquarian, literary, commercial,—seem to warrant a confident hope, that prudent, rational, and well-directed measures of improvement, whether undertaken by public bodies or by private individuals, will not fail to find encouragement and support to a degree far beyond what could have been expected at any former period.

The proverbial stagnation or ill-success of industry in Ireland may all be traced to one or other of two causes—to the want of enterprise, or its misdirection; both traceable to ignorance, though of different kinds:—the first, to ignorance of the existence of our own resources; the second, to ignorance of their real nature and extent, and of the means necessary for their profitable development. From the first arose a cowardly and absurd belief, that it was idle for us to compete with the superior advantages of the manufacturers of other countries, and a consequent unwillingness to embark in any Irish speculation, however safe and even emolumentary: from the second sprung a host of wild and ill-directed schemes, too great for the resources of the projectors, or too limited for the real requirements of the undertaking, which, after a brief day of promise, brought ruin upon their projectors, and, by their signal failure, created a deep and lasting prejudice against every enterprise originating at this side of the channel.

Of these two vices, the latter may have been the more injurious to individual interests, but it was certainly the less discreditable to the nation at large. The great bane of the country has been the pusillanimous or ignorant imbecility which led men to doubt or underrate the capabilities of Ire-

land for industrial prosperity; a feeling akin to that political despondency which assumes, as its leading principle, that suffering and humiliation are her destined portion; that

————— “while Peace was singing  
Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,  
Though joy and hope to others bringing,  
She only brought new tears to thee.”

It is plain, therefore, that he who would hope to see a better state of things in Ireland must attack the evil in its source. He must investigate calmly and dispassionately the real resources of the country; and, contrasting our condition with that of the countries whose rivalry we shall have to encounter, he must estimate, in the same impartial spirit, how far we actually possess, or can render otherwise available, the means necessary for their full, or, at least, their advantageous development. It is to this task Professor Kane has addressed himself in the volume before us; the only work, we do not hesitate to say, in which the subject has ever been considered as its importance and difficulty demand.

And, indeed, the truth is, that, until now, it was hardly possible to treat the subject with full justice. When the Drapier wrote his powerful *Letters*, and the many other tracts which had for their end the amelioration of the condition of Ireland, he had absolutely nothing to rely upon but the suggestions of a ready wit and the resources of a strong and original mind. Arthur Young, except in one department, had but few facts beyond what his own observations enabled him to collect. The parliamentary returns which the brief interval of awakened nationality between 1782 and 1800 brought to light, were never turned to a judicious use for the purpose of any general inquiry; and the suggestions of individuals, however gifted, for the improvement of the country, lost half their weight when unsupported by accurate and unquestionable official returns. In this particular, Professor Kane has enjoyed opportunities very far superior to those of his predecessors in the discussion of the case of Ireland, though still (through the paltry economy of the government) infinitely below those enjoyed by the statist of France, Belgium, and other countries of the continent, in their respective departments. The minute and elaborate returns of the census of 1841, the extensive researches of the Ordnance Survey, and the reports of the Railway Commissioners, and of the Mining and Inland Navigation

Companies, though far from forming a complete body of statistical facts, yet furnished a basis far more satisfactory than had ever existed before, being now completed; and, assisted by Dr. Kane's patient and laborious personal investigations, and by the supplementary information derived from numerous friends and correspondents, scientific as well as practical, render the *Industrial Resources of Ireland* a work of standard authority upon every topic which it undertakes to treat. The high character of Dr. Kane's previous works, especially his *Elements of Chemistry*, had led us to expect a great deal from him in his present undertaking, in which the generous impulse of patriotism was superadded to the ordinary inspiration of genius. But we confess that his success has far surpassed our highest anticipations. It would be difficult to suggest a topic connected with his subject which he has not introduced; and yet so admirably has he condensed and methodized his overflowing materials, that each and every one seems to be treated almost as fully and with as much detail as though itself formed the exclusive subject of the volume. We have no difficulty in saying that the matter compressed into his four hundred pages would easily fill three, or perhaps four, of the costly octavos of the fashionable press.

The work is strictly scientific, yet written in a style so clear, and with so happy a knack of popularizing science without divesting it of its closeness and accuracy, that it may be understood and relished alike by both classes of readers; and although some of the chapters—as those upon the fuels, minerals, and agricultural produce of Ireland—are filled with long tables of chemical analyses, with startling arrays of figures and other still more imposing technicalities, yet the arrangement is so simple, and the explanation so lucid and orderly, that we defy the most unpractised reader of ordinary intelligence, provided he but apply his mind seriously to the study, to misconceive the meaning or misappreciate the result. We shall only add, that we have seldom met a scientific work written in a more pleasing style. Avoiding most happily both the extremes—dry and uninteresting technicality on the one hand, and fine writing and affected elegance on the other—it combines the accuracy and precision of the mathematician with the cultivation and refinement of the accomplished literary man.

Dr. Kane's work is divided into ten chapters. The first and second are devoted to the fuels of Ireland as a source of mechanical power; the third, to the water power of the country; the fourth, to its iron mines; the fifth and sixth, to



its general geological structure and mineral resources; the seventh and eighth, to its agricultural capabilities and requirements; the ninth, to the question of internal communication, especially by railroads and inland navigation; and the tenth, to the general condition of the country, as regards labour, capital, and industrial skill and knowledge. From this comprehensive plan, it will easily be seen that it would be idle for us to attempt, within the limits at our disposal, to discuss these subjects in detail, or even to give a summary of each chapter. In a diffuse and declamatory disquisition this might be possible; but Dr. Kane's materials are already so compressed as to preclude the idea of further condensation, and any analysis would necessarily be meagre and uninteresting. We have deemed it better to confine our observations chiefly to one or two points, contenting ourselves, for the rest, with the most important general conclusions deducible from the facts and opinions which he has collected; and we do not hesitate to give the chief place to the chapters on the sources of mechanical power in Ireland, both on account of the importance of the subject, and, still more, of the universal and inveterate prejudices which have hitherto been current regarding it.

Mechanical power is the first and most essential element of the success of a manufacturing country; and it has long been the fashion to consider this identical with the possession of an abundant supply of those fuels (especially coal) which are indispensable for the production of steam. To the almost exhaustless resources of England in this mineral her industrial pre-eminence is popularly attributed; and nothing has been more common than to hear Irish rivalry ridiculed as preposterous and chimerical, on the sole ground of our inferiority in this one department. If Dr. Kane's book therefore contained not a word beyond the masterly refutation of this unfounded prejudice, with which it opens, we should regard it as the most important contribution to the practical literature of the country which the present century has produced.

For all practical purposes, steam and water must now be regarded as the great sources of mechanical power. We shall take them in their order.

For the creation of steam, fuel is of course indispensable; and in order to produce it in such a way that it may be a profitable and advantageous mechanical agent, the fuel must be cheap and abundant. Now it has hitherto been believed that the supply of Irish fuel is so limited and so defective in

those qualities which are essential for the production of steam, as to render indispensable the importation of English coals. On the contrary, Professor Kane, by a most minute and patient investigation, has demonstrated, first, that the resources of the country in this particular have been vastly underrated; and secondly, that our inferiority in this one respect, even taking it at its utmost limit, forms too small an item in the general estimate of our industrial capabilities to deserve even a moment's serious consideration. With this object, he passes in review the different available fuels of Ireland, coal, turf, and lignite.

The last-named, lignite or wood-coal, need not occupy us long; but, as it has hitherto received but little attention, we must say a word or two regarding it. It is a more recent formation than coal, intermediate in its heating power between it and wood, and more diffused but less intense than coal. Professor Kane estimates its value as a fuel at about two-thirds of that of average coal. It appears to be found only in one locality, around the southern shore of Lough Neagh, whose waters, well known for their petrifying qualities, appear to have something to do with its formation. It stretches from Washing Bay, in Tyrone, to Sandy Bay, on the Antrim shore; and though its extent is not fully ascertained, yet that it is by no means inconsiderable appears from the account of a boring at Sandy Bay described by Mr. Griffiths, which, in a depth of seventy-six feet, gave, in three separate strata, no less than sixty feet of combustible lignite. Dr. Kane, however, appears to attach but little importance to this material as a fuel for general use, though there can be no doubt that it well deserves the attention of those who have an interest in the localities where it is found in such profusion.

The subject of coal is treated at much greater length. The principal coal districts are four in number: 1. The Leinster coal field, which is found in Kilkenny, Carlow, and the Queen's county, and extends into the north of Tipperary. 2. The Munster field, which is the most extensive development of coal strata in the empire, and occupies a considerable part of Clare, Limerick, Cork, and Kerry. 3. The Ulster field, which is found in Tyrone, Antrim, and Monaghan; and 4, the Connaught field, stretching over a large part of Roscommon, Leitrim, and Sligo, and extending into the county of Cavan in Ulster. These four, however, are not of the same character. The Leinster and Munster districts produce only anthracite, or non-flaming coal; those of Connaught and Ulster (which,

however, are the less extensive) supply bituminous or flaming coal, perfectly available for all the industrial purposes to which coal is applied in England. Of all the varieties of coal supplied by these different beds, Dr. Kane has given a most minute comparative analysis, accompanied by an estimate of the economic value of each. To enter into this portion of the subject, would carry us beyond our limits, and is unnecessary for the object which we have in view. Referring, therefore, to the work itself all who are anxious to pursue this inquiry further, we shall content ourselves with a few observations on the general results of his investigation.

The Leinster coal field (anthracite) consists of eight workable strata, arranged in regular succession, two of which have been entirely, and a third partially, exhausted by former operations. Five still remain untouched. An idea may be formed of their still unexplored contents, from a description of the fourth stratum, called the four-foot coal, and lying at a depth varying from one hundred to a hundred and forty yards. It extends over nearly five thousand Irish acres, and, according to Mr. Griffiths' estimate, contains no less than 63,000,000 tons. Owing to the careless and unskilful operations of former mining speculators, the supply from this valuable district was precarious and expensive; but in latter years, a decided improvement has taken place. The work is now conducted on scientific principles. Steam pumps have been set up. The draining operations are under the management of skilful engineers. The supply of coal has advanced to 120,000 tons annually, while the cost has been reduced from 20s. to 11s. 6d. per ton for large coal, and 4s. per ton for culm. From the similar character of its coal, the Tipperary district, though separated by an intervening neck of limestone, is considered as forming a part of the Leinster field; but it differs in some particulars, especially in the number of its strata (which are only three), and still more in their undulating form, from which arises a peculiar mode of working, which deserves to be noticed. As the coal, in consequence of this undulating form of the strata, lies, not in one continuous plane, but in a series of troughs, it is found necessary to sink a shaft in the centre of each trough, from which point the coal is worked upwards to either ridge. The quantity of coal annually raised in this district is about 50,000 tons, at a cost of 11s. per ton, and about 4s. for culm.

Though the strata of the Munster coal-district, properly so called, are found to possess the same physical features with

those of Tipperary, yet as the coal differs very much in character, it is regarded as geologically a different field. The examination of this district, though the most extensive in the empire, is still in a very imperfect state; but it is found to consist of six beds of coal, three of which are of very considerable value. The principal seat of mining operations is Duhallow, in the county of Cork. The quantity annually raised is not well ascertained, as the supply is variable in the different localities.

We have already stated that the coal of both these districts is anthracite, or non-flaming. From the peculiar composition of this coal, and the small quantity of volatile combustible material which it contains, the heat that it produces, though extremely intense, is very limited in its range, and almost entirely confined to the immediate spot in which the fire is situated. It was long considered, in consequence, altogether unfit for industrial purposes. But science has removed the difficulty.

“If anthracite be used as the fuel under a steam boiler, the heat in the fire-place may become so great, as to melt away the bars of the grate, and to burn out the bottom of the boiler, and yet the air passing into the flues may not be of such temperature as to produce an evaporation by any means economical. In such case, we must call in the aid of science, to free our fuel from this disadvantage. It is at once done by passing the vapour of water through the mass of red hot anthracite; the water is decomposed; its oxygen combines with carbon, and forms carbonic oxide; its hydrogen is set free. These mixed combustible gases pass into the flues, and inflaming in the excess of air which enters, give a sheet of flame which I have seen to extend for thirty feet under and through a boiler. The anthracite is thus converted into a flaming coal. There is no loss of heat; there is no gain of heat either, as some persons have supposed, but the action, beneficial in its results, is to absorb, in the first place, the excessive heat which was doing local injury, and to distribute it over the entire surface of the flues, where its maximum of good can be obtained.”—pp. 26, 27.

By this simple, but admirable device, the immense resources of these districts may be rendered available for all the uses for which diffusion of heat is required. This is a principle which has been in use for a considerable time. But there is another fact regarding anthracite coal no less important, which is but little known, and which may prove extremely valuable in the practical working of the projected railways whose course lies through the interior of the country. It is found to serve as an economical substitute for

coke in the locomotive engine; and in the experiment cited by Dr. Kane, the engine would have consumed  $7\frac{1}{2}$  cwt. of coke, in performing the work which was actually done with  $5\frac{1}{2}$  cwt. of anthracite, although, from the wideness of the fire-bars, a large portion was wasted. This is a fact which may prove of incalculable value in future railway operations in Ireland.

The coal of the western and northern districts is bituminous. The seat of the latter is in the hills which encircle Lough Allen, and which also contain iron of an excellent quality and in great abundance. This field consists of three strata, the most valuable of which is the three-foot coal; and as this lies at a higher level than the surrounding country, the works may be carried on with peculiar advantages. The extreme length of the district is about sixteen miles, which may also be taken as its greatest breadth; and Mr. Griffith estimates the three-foot coal to contain above 30,000,000 tons; an estimate, however, regarded as too high by the railway commissioners, who state it at about 20,000,000. The cost is calculated to be about 4s. per ton. When the mines were formerly wrought in connexion with the iron works, the coal was contracted for at 5s. per ton. At present it can hardly be said to be wrought at all, the quantity raised yearly not exceeding 3,000 tons; this unhappy district, teeming with mineral wealth, is allowed to lie neglected and fallow; and the population, active, industrious, and eager for employment, are starving in the midst of these hidden riches, restrained only by their innate virtue from turning into unlawful channels the energies which nature destined to an honourable and remunerative industry. Dr. Kane describes this unhappy state of things with great feeling; and as it is one of the few passages in which he gives a loose to his pen, we shall transcribe it here.

“The picture of this district, as I saw it some two years since, has never left my mind. The dark brown hills, heather-clad, rose abruptly from the water, excepting towards the south, where they were separated from the lake by level spaces of marshy bog. The patches of cultivation, small and rare, far from relieving the aspect of the scene, served but to render its dreariness more oppressive. The lake, smooth as a mirror, reflected the brilliant sky of midsummer. No wave disturbed it; the noise and bustle of active industry were far away. The melancholy solitude of my walk was only broken by the approach of some wretched men, who had heard of the phenomenon of a stranger's presence in their wilds, and pressed

around, asking whether I was about to do anything for the country, to give employment. Alas! it was not in my power. As I walked on, there lay around my path masses of iron ore, equally rich with the best employed in England. I knew that in those hills, whose desolate aspect weighed on my mind, there were concealed all the materials for successful industry. A population starving, and eager to be employed at any price. A district capable of setting them at work, if its resources were directed by honesty and common sense. But all sacrificed to the stock-jobbing speculations of a few men acting on the gross ignorance and credulity of some others."—pp. 14, 15.

The Ulster field (also bituminous) is not continuous, like those of the other provinces, but lies in separate basins sometimes many miles asunder. One of these, that of Tyrone, presents, in a depth of a hundred and twenty fathoms, no less than from twenty-two to thirty-two feet of solid workable coal,—an amount greater than is found within the same distance from the surface in any of the countless pits of England. As an encouragement to private enterprise, we may add that the collieries of this district, which are in the hands of private individuals, have proved more profitable and successful than those of the Hibernian Mining Company. The total area of this district is about 7,320 acres; and the strata are six in number, varying in thickness from two to eight feet.

Before we pass from the subject of coal, we must say a word of a much more interesting, though by no means so valuable coal district, in the county of Antrim, which was the seat of considerable mining operations at an indefinitely remote period, when the mineral treasures of the rest of the empire lay in unknown and neglected obscurity. In the year 1770 the miners broke accidentally into an old gallery, the walls and roofs of which were hung with stalactites of very remote foundation. Several antique mining tools, of an age long anterior to the traditions of the district, were found in the excavation.

We have very little doubt that these statements will take the greater number of readers by surprise. But Dr. Kane's report on the subject of turf, trite and common-place as it might appear to be, is still more interesting and important. This despised and ill-used fuel has hitherto been reserved for the very lowest purposes,—in fact, only for domestic and culinary use, and not even for these when it is found practicable to procure English coal. Now it is quite certain that there is hardly a use to which coal is applied, which may not,

by the application of simple and inexpensive devices, be equally, or almost equally, supplied by this neglected material, which we possess in such thankless abundance. It covers nearly one-third of the surface of the island. Of the 20,000,000 acres which form the area of Ireland, 2,300,000 are turf, by far the larger proportion of which lie waste and unprofitable, unemployed for the purposes alike of agricultural and of mechanical industry; and even the part which is turned to account for the production of fuel, loses more than a-third of its utility by the unscientific management of the process.

But even in its rudest state, this fuel may be employed with success; and if proper furnaces be used, will produce the same degree of useful heat, at a cost but little exceeding that of average coal, under the favourable circumstances in which it is supplied in the manufacturing districts of England. By a careful comparison of the economic value of the two fuels, Dr. Kane shows that good turf, in its rudest form, provided only it be well dried, produces about 44 per cent. of the heat developed by average coal. Now taking the price at 4s. per ton—a high estimate—a heating power equivalent to that of a ton of coal may be obtained at the cost of 9s. 1*d.* There are, however, many industrial uses for which turf, in its rude state, is entirely unfit. Its great defects as a fuel are moisture, want of density, porosity, and elasticity. To remove these, several plans have been adopted, which are detailed by the author. One of these consists in drying it well, and impregnating it with tar,—a process which gives, at a cost of from 6s. to 8s. per ton, a calorific power but little inferior to that of coal. A second is compression with the hydraulic press, the cost of which amounts to about 5s. per ton. A third is carbonization, either in close vessels, or in heaps, after the manner of preparing wood charcoal. The charcoal thus obtained is light and friable; and, according to the report of M. Daroust, the pyrotechnist of Vauxhall, it is peculiarly fitted for the manufacture of gunpowder, being twenty per cent. more combustible than wood charcoal. A fourth process is coking the turf after it has been compressed in the hydraulic press. The density of the coke thus produced exceeds that of wood charcoal, ranging from 913 to 1040; and its cost does not exceed 20s. per ton, while wood charcoal is sold for four times that amount. We may add, that since the publication of Dr. Kane's work a prospectus has been issued, and patents have been taken out in all the countries of Europe, for a fifth process, the particulars of

which have not yet transpired, but whose results are described as very satisfactory. The fuel produced, we are informed, is hard, smooth, and polished like coal, easily combustible, and affording an agreeable flame. The patentee undertakes, with the aid of a dozen labourers, to produce sixty tons per day.

Having thus calculated the quantity of native fuel, Dr. Kane proceeds to consider its relative cost in England and Ireland. The basis of his comparison is, of course, the recognized standard of a horse-power, *i. e.* the capability of raising 33,000 lbs. one foot per minute (or 884 tons one foot per hour); or, what is equivalent, the power of vaporizing 0,54 of a cubic foot of water per hour. The details are extremely interesting, but too minute for insertion. It will be enough to state two or three general facts. First, with regard to the native coal, he has satisfactorily shewn, that in the interior, when it is used, a horse-power, per day of twelve hours, costs 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ d., about the same as English coal on the coast of Ireland. Secondly, that a horse-power, using well-dried turf, costs only 6d. per day. Thirdly, that the cost, by using a process suggested by Mr. Williams, is reduced to 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ . per day. Fourthly, that this expense may be still further reduced by the use of the Cornish engine, in which the peculiar construction of the boiler (which exposes a large surface of water to the flame), and the great economy of steam, arising from the mode in which the piston acts (the steam being let on only during one-fourth of the stroke of the piston, which is afterwards propelled by the expansive power of the steam), reduce the expenditure of fuel in the proportion of three to fourteen. Using this engine, Dr. K. concludes that the cost of the horse-power in Ireland per day may be rated at

With coals . . . . .	3 $\frac{7}{8}$ d.
With well-dried turf . . . . .	3.

These results are extremely encouraging. That they are not mere theory may be gathered from the report of the secretary of the Shannon steam company, whose expenses, by the substitution of turf for coal (though in a most uneconomical shape), have been reduced from £66 12s. 3d. per month, to £41 7s. 9d. And it is still more gratifying to add, that this saving to the company has actually produced, in wages to the peasantry of the surrounding districts, no less than £1200 per annum.

But the most important conclusion of all is, that the difference of the cost of steam power in England and in Ireland,



is so trifling an item in the total cost of manufacture, as to be utterly unimportant to the judicious manufacturer.

“These results are, however, but collateral. What we have now to do with is the fact, that in manufacturing cotton by steam power, the cost of fuel is scarcely more than one part in 100 of the value of the manufactured article. Wages make up 33 per cent., a third of the entire; the raw material a fourth of the entire; rent and taxes also a large proportion. Now in Ireland wages are lower, rent is lower, taxes are lower, and there is a difficulty about coals, of which the increased cost is not more than a half per cent., which may be obviated by attention to economy, or which is neutralized by a difference of average wages of 1d. per week.”—p. 60.

There are some readers, we doubt not, to whom all this minuteness will appear sufficiently tiresome. But we must pray them to remember its extreme importance, and bear with us while we pass on to a question still more interesting to Ireland,—the judicious management of her water power. It is a subject which even practical men are wont to underrate. There is, of course, a general impression of its importance; but we doubt whether, when it comes to detail, there are many who are at all prepared for the fact that, in the midst of England's coal treasures, above one-fourth of the existing industrial power is generated by water; that the Irwell, which passes by the “steam-cities” of Manchester and Bolton, is the hardest-worked stream in the world; and that even in Lancashire, the head-quarters of the coal trade, the manufacturers find it their interest to economize water power to an extent which, if carried out in Ireland, would supply us with a power in water alone, exceeding the entire power from steam, water, and every other source which is at present at work in the whole British empire! Thus, even if our inferiority, as regards steam power, were infinitely more hopeless than it is, we still possess, in the available water power of the country, a resource which far more than countervails it. It is admitted by the most interested parties, that water power is cheaper than coal at the very mouth of the pit. An accurate estimate of the comparative cost of steam and water in the factories of the Bann, makes the latter less than one-seventh; and it is calculated that, on the completion of the works, it will be reduced to one-twentieth; and even in Greenock, where the comparison is made under the most unfavourable circumstances for the water power, it is hardly one-tenth of the cost of steam.

Few countries possess greater capabilities than Ireland in

this particular. Taking the number of working days at three hundred per annum, a very moderate calculation rates the water power at about 3,500,000 horse power per day of twelve hours. The Shannon alone, between Killaloe and Limerick, affords, at a very low estimate indeed, a force of 33,950 horse power, day and night, all year, and between Killaloe and Lough Allen 4,717; making in all no less than 77,334 horse-power per day of twelve hours all year—an amount very little inferior to the total power in use throughout England. For the particulars of these interesting reports, we must refer the reader to Dr. Kane's pages. We shall pass to the application of this enormous power.

Always most clear and happy in his expositions, Dr. Kane is nowhere more successful than in his comparative estimate of the various engines by which water power may be applied to machinery. It is evidently a favourite subject with him, as it is with ourselves; and its importance in a natural point of view, must be our apology for extracting copiously from this portion of his work, to the exclusion of other topics, which many may deem more interesting. His observations on the water engines in ordinary use,—the overshot, undershot, and breast-wheels,—his estimate of their respective advantages, and of the circumstances in which each may be employed with most economy; and his suggestions for avoiding the disadvantages to which they are severally subject, are all most solid, simple, and judicious; and, while they well deserve the attention of practical men, will be perused with pleasure even by the casual reader. It will be more interesting, however, to extract some particulars regarding certain more modern water engines, as yet but little known in this country, but possessing many advantages over those in present use, in their applicability under circumstances in which the ordinary machines cannot be used without great waste of power. We should premise that all water engines may be reduced to four classes: 1, those in which the water acts by its weight, as in the overshot-wheel; 2, those in which it acts by impulse, as in the undershot (the breast-wheel may be said to combine both principles of action); 3, those in which the water acts by pressure, as in the water-pressure engine, hereafter to be described; 4, those in which it acts by reaction, as in Barker's mill and the turbine, which is the most recent of all.

The following is the water-pressure engine:

“The water-pressure engine is a machine but little known in this country. In fact, borrowing as we do our mechanical ideas

from England, a country, generally speaking, so rich in fuel, as to render the economy of water power unimportant, water engines do not fix the attention of mechanists as they deserve. In mechanism the water-pressure engine is essentially the same as a steam engine, usually single acting. The valves and passages are large, as water cannot be wire-drawn like steam. A main-pipe from a reservoir at a distance, brings the water to the valve box, through which it enters the cylinder, which, raising the piston, it gradually fills: the entrance valve closes, the water is let off by the opening of an exit valve, and the piston falls by the weight of the machinery with which it is in connexion. Some engines are made double-acting; in which case they are absolutely constructed as the simple high-pressure steam engine, but they use cold water in place of steam.

“Now as to the mechanical power of these engines. The water acts, not by its weight or impulse, but by its pressure. The height of head to give this pressure must, therefore, be considerable, but the quantity of water consumed may be very small. In a mountainous district a reservoir is formed among the hills. From it the water is conducted, not by a costly embankment, but by a pipe of a few inches diameter. The machine is erected at the most convenient locality. For every thirty-five feet of head, the pressure is one atmosphere on the piston, fifteen pounds to the square inch. A head of 350 feet gives, therefore, ten atmospheres; and in mining districts, where such elevation is often available, those engines are peculiarly suitable. With such a head, and a piston of a square foot of surface, moving with a mean velocity of two feet per second, there should be produced a force of seventy-eight horse power, and as the engine is found to deliver in practice 70 per cent. of the theoretical amount, the working efficiency of such an engine should be fifty-four horse power. The expenditure of water would be 120 cubic feet per minute.”—pp. 82-3.

Although the efficiency of this engine is to a trifling amount inferior (as 54 to 55) to that of the overshot wheel, it has the advantage of being applicable with its full power in cases where, from the height of the fall, a great portion of the water would necessarily be wasted in the latter engine. Hence it has come into very general use on the continent, in France, Belgium, and Switzerland. In the salt districts of Salzburg, the brine is transported, by a series of seven engines, over a height of 1200 feet, in order that it may be evaporated in a district where fuel is comparatively cheap. It has also been introduced, with considerable improvements, in the mining districts of Cornwall.

The turbine is still more interesting.

“Coals being abundant, the steam engine is invented in England; coals being scarce, the water-pressure engine and the turbine are

invented in France. It is thus the physical condition of each country directs its mechanical genius. The turbine is a horizontal wheel furnished with curved float-boards, on which the water presses from a cylinder which is suspended over the wheel, and the base of which is divided by curved partitions, that the water may be directed in issuing, so as to produce upon the curved float-boards of the wheel its greatest effect. The best curvature to be given to the fixed partitions and to the float-boards is a delicate problem, but practically it has been completely solved. The construction of the machine is simple; its parts not liable to go out of order; and as the action of the water is by pressure, the force is under the most favourable circumstances for being utilized."—p. 86.

The economy of this wheel is about the same as that of the overshot, but it possesses many advantages.

"In a water wheel you cannot have great economy of power, without very slow motion; and hence, where high velocity is required at the working point, a train of mechanism is necessary, which causes a material loss of force. Now in the turbine, the greatest economy is accompanied by rapid motion, and hence the connected machinery may be rendered much less complex. In the turbine also, a change in the height of the head of water, alters only the power of the machine in that proportion, but the whole quantity of water is economized to the same degree. Thus, if a turbine be working with a force of ten horses, and that its supply of water be suddenly doubled, it becomes of twenty-horse power; if the supply be reduced to one half, it still works five-horse power: whilst such sudden and extreme changes would altogether disarrange water wheels, which can only be constructed for the minimum, and allow the overplus to go to waste."—p. 86.

Hence in all cases of very high or very low falls, or where the motion to be given is directly horizontal (as in grinding), or when the machine has to work against back-water, it will be found to possess a decided advantage over all the others.

It may be safely assumed that the adoption of these improvements would tend to develop and extend the available water-power of this country, and to place our manufacturers more nearly on a level with those of the sister-island. But there is one great objection to its use which has operated more unfavourably than all the rest—the irregularity and precariousness of the supply; abundant and even excessive in the winter season, absolutely nought in the summer. One of the modes ordinarily adopted to meet this precariousness is the employment of a supplementary steam-engine; but modern enterprise has led men to reflect, that "as we have under the earth vast deposits of coal, the source of steam-

power, from which we draw at desire the necessary supply, so it is necessary to organize on the surface vast depositories of water-power, to be made available at our will. In place of wretched mill-ponds, by which a stock of water is scarcely secured for a week, there should be a basin so capacious that the floods of an entire winter might be received, and thus invested for most profitable expenditure in summer." In illustration of the importance and utility of such reservoirs, it is stated, that in a flood of four days, upon the Shannon alone, 98,000,000 tons passed idly away, which, if properly husbanded by means of fitting reservoirs, would have furnished, to be distributed over the entire year, a force equivalent to 1,934 horse power per day of twelve hours! The particulars regarding the several reservoirs, either in operation or in progress, in Ireland will be found at pages 91—98, and form one of the most important sections in Dr. Kane's book. The reservoir of Lough Island Reavy, in connexion with the factories of the Bann, has been attended with the most favourable results. The additional power obtained thereby is secured at about one-seventh the cost of steam, and, were the works fully completed, might be had for one-twentieth of that amount. A still more striking illustration may be expected nearer to this metropolis in the projected embankment of the river Dodder, as reported by Mr. Mallet. The fall of this river is 370 feet, and its present amount of power (precariously available) is 926 horse power, or about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per foot of fall. Mr. Mallet proposes, by the formation of a reservoir at the head of Glenismaul, with an area of 162 statute acres, to secure a constant supply of 456,000,000 cubic feet of water, which will be equivalent to 1,387 horse power, *i.e.* above  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per foot of fall permanently available—more than double the present precarious supply.

While we are upon this subject, there is another point to which we must advert, and which, for many at least, will have novelty to recommend it—the water-power derivable from the alternate rising and falling of the tide. We shall leave Dr. Kane to describe it in his own happy manner.

“If we conceive a reservoir situated near the shore, and separated from the sea by a narrow canal, and that at low water the reservoir is dry, we will have the conditions necessary for the economy of motive power. Let the canal be provided with a sluice, and waiting until the tide has risen to a certain height, say two feet, let the sluice be opened, and the water let in, in such quantity that it shall rise in the reservoir as rapidly as the tide

rises outside. Hence, through the period of the influx of the tide there will be a current through the canal, with a head of two feet. Finally, the reservoir fills to the same height as the sea outside. Then let the sluice be closed, and remain closed, until the tide has fallen two feet. On opening the sluice the water of the reservoir flows out with a head of two feet, and will continue until the tide is out; the reservoir will then empty itself, and be ready for repeating this operation the next tide.

“Now let us consider how this is circumstanced as to time. We may take the duration of a tide as twelve hours twenty minutes, and as the tide in average rises and falls twelve feet in that time, the mean rate of motion of the tide, in height, is found to be one foot in thirty-one minutes. We may take half an hour to a foot without sensible error. Now the tide being out, the sluice must be closed for an hour, in order to allow the water outside to get the head of two feet, with which it has to work. On opening the sluice, it will then flow into the pond, and so continue for five hours, when the tide will be fully in. The reservoir being then allowed to fill completely, for which there is ten minutes available, with additional sluices, the canal is to be closed for an hour, until the sea outside shall have fallen two feet. On opening the sluice the water will issue for five hours, with a two foot head, and then, by the extra sluices, the remaining water of the reservoir may be got rid of in ten minutes, so that it shall be ready to begin again.”—pp. 105-6.

The power obtainable from this source is peculiarly applicable, as will appear from what we have already said, to the turbine wheel, and is more considerable than might at first sight be imagined. An acre of reservoir gives  $4\frac{1}{2}$  horse power; hence ten acres will furnish 45; and as the turbine economizes about two-thirds, a reservoir of ten acres may be taken as practically equivalent to 30 horse power for twenty hours of the twenty-four. There are some difficulties arising from the inversion of the action of the wheel, consequent upon the successive changes of current during the ebb and flood of the tide, and also from the irregular level at which it must act during the rising and falling of the water. But these and similar difficulties will not long stand in the way of modern science; and it should never be forgotten that tidal reservoirs, such as those described, may form an important feature in a general and most practicable scheme of improvement—the reclaiming of salt-marshes and waste lands upon the coast.

Such are the general results of Dr. Kane's inquiry into the question how far we possess the means of competing in industrial power with the manufacturers of other countries,

and especially of England. We would gladly follow him with equal minuteness through his chapters upon the minerals and the agricultural resources of the country; but believing that the subject on which we have hitherto been dwelling is of the very last importance, we have devoted to it almost all the space at our disposal. But little is popularly known regarding the real value of our mines. Owing to causes to which we have already alluded, the subject is almost inseparably associated with the idea of visionary schemes and abortive enterprises; and there are many who have never bestowed a thought upon it beyond what is suggested by the beautiful allusion in Moore's song to

“our Lagenian mine,  
Where sparkles of golden splendour  
All over the surface shine.  
But if in pursuit you go deeper,  
Allured by the gleam that shone,  
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,  
Like love, the bright ore is gone.”

To all such we heartily recommend a patient perusal of the fourth, fifth, and sixth chapters of the *Industrial Resources of Ireland*,\* first offering, as a kind of set-off against this poetical slur upon the character of our gold mines, a few particulars about the silver produced in the working of the lead mines, which are themselves highly remunerative. The ores of the different mines are found to contain silver in the following proportions per ton;—

Luganure mine, Wicklow . . .	3 oz.
Cairne mine, Wexford . . .	12
Follynatty mine, Down . . .	10
Ballyhickey mine, Clare . . .	15
Kilbricken mine, Clare . . .	120

The last is, indeed, an extraordinary proportion. The average produce of the leads worked by the Mining Company (Irish) in the last year was  $7\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of silver per ton. The total quantity was 4,261 oz., which produced 1,157*l.* 10*s.* 8*d.*

The process of extracting the silver is as follows:—

“The lead having been obtained by the ordinary smelting process, it is remelted, and the concentration of the silver effected by

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\* Since the above was written, we perceive that Mr. McNevin, chairman of the committee of the Repeal Association, has published a report upon the subject. It is a most careful and elaborate analysis of Dr. Kane's work, and enters very fully into all its most important investigations.

the very ingenious plan invented by Mr. Pattinson. This is founded on the fact that an alloy of lead and silver is more fusible than pure lead. Hence, the lead, being melted, is allowed to cool very slowly, until it begins to solidify. What becomes solid contains no silver, and by removing the grains of lead as they form, with a perforated ladle, the silver is concentrated in the portion which remains liquid, so effectually, that ultimately, after several repetitions of the process, the whole quantity of silver is obtained united with about one-tenth of the lead, whilst the remaining nine-tenths of the lead is free from silver, and is sent to market.

“The rich portion of the lead is then cupelled. A shallow crucible, or capsule, is formed of bone dust and ashes; in this the lead is melted, and then a strong blast from a bellows is blown across its surface; the lead is oxidized, and the oxide of lead is partly absorbed by the porous cupel, partly blown off over the edge of the cupel, and being collected forms the litharge of commerce. This process is continued until all the lead is oxidized, when the dull film, which had throughout covered the melted metal, passes off, and the pure silver remains.”—pp. 206-7.

This, however, is but a small item in the mineral resources of Ireland. The iron ore of the Arigna district is calculated to be sufficient to employ two furnaces for 250 years, and is fully equal to the black band iron-stone of Glasgow. The cost of preparing it for the market does not exceed, and probably does not reach, that of the most favourably circumstanced districts in England. Still, in the present depressed state of the trade, Dr. Kane regards the attempt to work these mines as impolitic and unremunerative. The copper ore raised in Ireland amounts to about 25,000 tons, and the quantity of employment is very considerable. In Wicklow alone, about 2000 persons are employed; and the Irish Mining Company pay annually in wages in the Waterford district at least 30,000*l.* The ores sold in 1843 from this district produced 62,956*l.*, nearly double the sum produced by the sales of 1836. The sulphur contained in the iron pyrites of Wicklow has, since the misunderstanding with the Neapolitan government about the Sicilian sulphur, become an object of very considerable export. From 500 to 1000 carts are daily employed in conveying it to Wicklow for exportation. The alum manufacture may be carried on with as much advantage as in England; and there exist in many districts numberless varieties of very valuable clay, not indeed fitted for the very finest porcelain manufacture, but well suited to all ordinary uses.

Indeed there is not a single topic connected with our mineral resources which is not minutely discussed, from the



gold mines of Wicklow to the humble pipe-clay of Lough Rea; and the details are so full, and the statements so plain and satisfactory, that each one is fully competent to judge for himself without taking a single conclusion on the authority of the writer, except in so far as they are borne out by the facts and observations on which he relies. If there be any who are tempted to regard them as fireside speculations, and to point significantly to the Wicklow gold mines and the Arigna iron works as an answer to the paper statements which are here presented, we need only refer to the present condition of the Irish Mining Company as the best evidence of what may be hoped from a fuller and more generous development of our long-neglected resources.

The chapters upon agriculture are extremely interesting. They may be briefly described as containing, in its application to Ireland, a full but extremely concise view of the entire modern theory of agricultural chemistry; the nature and composition of soils and manures, the composition of the different crops, their dependence upon the several soils, the elements necessary in soils and manures to produce things, the principles which should guide the selection and rotation of crops, &c.

The area of Ireland is 20,808,271 statute acres. From the census of 1841, it appears that of these there are of arable land 13,464,300 acres at present available, and of the remaining portion, 4,600,000 acres may be rendered available by the adoption of proper means to reclaim them. In estimating the fertility of the soil, Dr. Kane has had recourse to several authorities; we shall content ourselves with one, that of M. Moreau de Jormes, in his *Statistique de la Grande Bretagne et de l'Irlande*. The standard of measure which he assumes is a *hectare* (2.47 statute acres), and that of produce is a *hectolitre* (2.8 bushels). He rates the three countries as follows:—

	ENGLAND.	SCOTLAND.	IRELAND.
Wheat . . . . .	18	16	20
Rye . . . . .	10	12	32
Barley . . . . .	21	12	21
Oats . . . . .	16	16	16
	—	—	—
Mean, 16	14	17½	

This is a fact, the importance of which can hardly be exaggerated; and it possesses additional weight, as emanating from an intelligent and uninterested foreigner, free from all suspicion of being influenced by national partiality. Next in

importance to the improvement of these advantages which we already possess in the superior fertility of the soil, is the reclaiming that which at present lies waste or imperfectly cultivated. Of this a very large proportion may be easily recovered, especially the bog districts, in the reclaiming of which, draining is of course the principal agent. The following statement cannot get too much publicity.

“Such undertakings, however, cannot be carried out by any individual effort, except in very peculiar localities. This difficulty has, however, been recently removed, and power granted to the Board of Works to carry on drainage operations. From this the greatest benefit may be expected to result, principally to the agriculturist, but also to the manufacturer requiring water power. The land will be brought into a better state for cultivation, the supply of water to mills may be rendered steadier and even increased, as the loss by evaporation from a great flooded surface will be obviated, and by the body of water being confined more strictly to the river channels, the navigation of these will be, in many cases, materially facilitated.

“That the advantages derivable from effective drainage are fully appreciated by our agricultural proprietors, is shown by the fact, that although the powers and regulations of the Board of Works are yet but little understood by the public, there had been between August 1842, when the Act passed, and January 1844, applications made and surveys instituted for the drainage of 44,498 acres of land liable to flood. The estimated cost of thoroughly draining these lands amounted to £127,945, or £2 17s. 6d. per acre. The expected increase in the annual letting value of the lands amounted to £16,482, or about 13 per cent. on the capital invested, and this capital is to be derived from the parties benefited by the improvement, to whom indeed the return is rendered somewhat larger by the fact, that certain portions of the operations are carried on at the public cost. Since the commencement of the present year, the applications have very much increased in number; and I am informed by Mr. Mulvany, to whom this department of the duties of the Board of Works is more specially assigned, that the total amount is not now (end of March) less than 70,000 acres.”—p. 260.

A most important feature in these, and most other measures of improvement, is the amount of employment they afford to our impoverished population. Thus of the 127,945*l.* estimated above as the outlay, 96,000*l.* would go in labour alone; and the same will be found to apply in great measure to the formation of railways and all similar operations.

Connected with this interesting and important branch of the subject, is another, intimately associated with the welfare of the humbler classes in Ireland—the distribution of farms.

The advantages of the small-farm system are fully brought in an admirable essay by Mr. Blacker of Armagh. But we must pass it by; and what we regret still more, Dr. Kane's remarks on the growth and manufacture of flax—the staple of the north of Ireland. It is so concise, and yet so full, that to curtail would be only to thwart curiosity, and to epitomize would be to sacrifice the effect. With great reluctance, therefore, we pass it over, as well as many of his suggestions upon railways and inland water communication, which are all extremely solid and practical.

However, even at the risk of appearing immeasurably tedious, we must make room for the following most just and very moderate observations. They form part of a plan for the construction of railways by means of government advances, the interest on which should be paid by the profit of the railway traffic; the surplus (if any) to be applied to public purposes; and the deficit (if any) to be raised by an assessment of the benefited districts. This assessment could not exceed 4*d.* per annum, even in the districts most benefited.

“Such being the results of the opening out of communications through the country, it may well be supposed that it should form one of the dearest objects of a government anxious for the improvement of the people, and that the sums necessary for such purposes should be most heartily afforded. It is to be regretted that such is not found always to be the case. The benefits derivable are often so remote, and are spread over so great a space of country and of time, that they do not present, to ordinary statesmen, a sufficiently definite aspect to justify the actual advance of sterling money; it may, therefore, be not without interest to point out that such an advance is really an investment of capital on the part of the government, and one generally yielding profits of a high, even usurious return.

“The town of Clifden in Connamara, and the surrounding country, were in 1815 in such a state of seclusion, that it contributed no revenue whatsoever to the state, and up to 1822, its agriculture was so imperfect that scarcely a stone of oats could be got. In 1836, Clifden had become an export town, having sent out 800 tons of oats, and it produced to the revenue annually £7,000. From the expenditure in Connaught in eleven years of £160,000 in public works, the increase of annual revenue derivable from the province has become equal to the entire amount.

“In Cork, where Mr. Griffith expended £60,000 in seven years, there is an annual increase of customs and excise of £50,000 immediately derivable from the territories benefited by those works.

“Those should not be called grants of money, but investments

of capital, with realization of enormous profit. An individual would most happily advance the money, if he were allowed to appropriate a fourth of the returns. Such sums, therefore, when advanced by the state, should not be looked upon as boons or favours, as they too frequently are, but as a part of the ordinary duties of a government.

“Three quarters of a century ago, when Scotland, poor, barbarous, and ignorant, lay at the feet of England, withering under the results of two unsuccessful rebellions, the central government saw the necessity of creating at once such a system of internal communications, as whilst it enabled the instruments of government to penetrate to every portion of the country, should also place at the disposition of the inhabitants the means of pacific intercourse and trade. Hence between canals and roads a million and a half of money was given to Scotland. Of this there was to be no repayment. Other large sums, as a quarter of a million to Leith harbour, were lent at very moderate interest, and an arrangement was made, that for all roads required in Scotland, the state pays one half of the expense, and the locality is burthened only with the other moiety. It is not with any idea of objecting to those grants that I here mention them. On the contrary, they were perfectly proper; and the government did its duty to Scotland nobly, although some of the plans, such as the Caledonian canal, were failures as to the particular result: but what has been the consequence to Scotland? How much of the intelligence and business habits, the general morality, and amenability to law, by which the people of that country are distinguished, is due to the abundant means of intercourse with each other, and with their richer and more cultivated neighbours? Certainly a great deal. Scotland furnishes to the state more revenue in proportion to her population than Ireland does, but she certainly does not return a larger proportion of profit on the sums which the state has expended in the sound improvement of her people.”—pp. 332-33.

We must endeavour to make room for another extract—a passage on the subject of labour, which well deserves the attention of every employer. It is taken from the last chapter, which to the literary reader will probably prove the most attractive of all. The subject is the necessity of industrial education, as an element of the industrial prosperity of a nation. Solid, simple, and comprehensive in its views, this chapter displays a perfect acquaintance with every branch of the subject, and bespeaks a mind of the very highest order, elevated by the inspiring suggestions of patriotism, and warmed by a fervent love of its fellow-men. The extract must be a long one. It goes to prove a proposition but little understood, that cheap labour is not identical with low wages.

“That human labour can be obtained in this country on lower terms than almost any other in Europe, is too well known to require example. A population, for which the existing modes of cultivation do not supply occupation on the land, and which is not, as in the sister kingdom, drafted off to manufacturing employments in the towns, must, in order to live, accept of any terms of remuneration which they can get in exchange for labour. It is thus that 8d. or 10d. per day is found to be the usual rate of wages, at a distance from large towns, and that, even on such terms, thousands of men remain unemployed during the greater portion of the year: this nominal cheapness is, however, by no means necessarily economy in final cost. A wretched man who can earn, by his exertion, but four or 4s. or 5s. a week, on which to support his family and pay the rent of a sort of habitation, must be so ill-fed, and depressed in mind, that to work, as a man should work, is beyond his power. Hence there are often seen about employments in this country a number of hands, double what would be required to do the same work, in the same time, with British labourers. The latter would probably be paid at least twice as much money per day, but in the end the work would not cost the employer more; although the wages, therefore, in a former example were lower, labour was not cheaper, on the contrary, somewhat higher, as the trouble of overseeing twice the number of men is a source of additional expense.

“When I say that the men thus employed, at low wages, do so much less real work, I do not mean that they intentionally idle, or that they reflect that as they receive so little they should give little value; on the contrary, they do their best honestly to earn their wages, but supplied only with the lowest descriptions of food, and perhaps, in insufficient quantity, they have not the physical ability for labour, and being without any direct prospect of advancement, they are not excited by that laudible ambition to any display of superior energy. If the same men are placed in circumstances, where a field for increased exertion is opened to them, and they are made to understand, what at first they are rather incredulous about, that they will receive the full value of any increased labour they perform, they become new beings: the work they execute rises to the highest standard, and they earn as much money as the labourers of any other country; wages are no longer low, but labour is not, on that account, anything dearer than it had been before. An occurrence at a certain public work will exemplify this principle. Many hundreds of men were employed at 10d. per day. They worked slowly, and ineffectually; the work was not progressing, and as time was an object, a parcel of English labourers were introduced who were paid 18d. per day, which they fully earned. None of the Irish labourers were dismissed, but they struck work, and demanded they should have all 18d. per day. The Englishmen feared for their lives. The police and military were called out,

and the affair might have eventuated in a scene of blood, adding another to the tales of horror so industriously circulated about the savageness of the native Irish. At this moment one of the principal engineers, an Irishman, respected by the people for his abilities, and esteemed by them as a countryman, came amongst them, and penetrating into the mass of excited labourers arrested and gave into custody all the ringleaders. The crowd of labourers would not do him an injury. He then, in place of the common practice of saying they were brutes, and none but English labourers were fit for any useful purpose, quietly explained to them that the Englishmen did much more work and deserved to be paid higher, but that he would be very willing to secure 18d. per day to every man who would do as much work as the Englishmen, and more, if they could do more. He showed them that from their rude way of managing their tools they wasted their strength, and that by simple improvements a great deal of time could be saved in their operations. The people knew and trusted him; the police and military were withdrawn; the whole body of labourers went to work, and after the first Saturday night they found, that without combination or violence, they could earn more money by laying themselves down steadily to do more work. After some weeks there were very few of the men earning less than 18d., and many of them were earning at the rate of 2s. 6d. per day."—p. 378-80.

We have left ourselves but little space for comment or criticism, but we cannot conclude without expressing our cordial approval of the spirit in which the work is conceived, and the calm and dispassionate tone in which the investigation is conducted. Avoiding alike the exaggerated estimate of our resources, which national partiality would easily suggest, and the desponding and depreciating opinions which the recollection of past failure might appear to warrant, and indeed to provoke, Dr. Kane weighs every question with the cool impartiality of a true patriot, desirous of developing the real capabilities of his country, and drawing away her energies from vain and unprofitable pursuits, ill suited to her industrial condition, to the cultivation of those rational schemes of improvement which nature, reason, and science point out as legitimately her own. Where there is such a variety of conflicting interests, it is not easy to avoid offending some cherished fancy, or clashing with some preconceived opinion. Some of his conclusions may possibly disappoint the sanguine speculator; but we have no hesitation in declaring our belief that he has held the balance with an honest hand, and professing our unbounded gratitude to him, as one of the best literary benefactors of his country.

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ART. VII.—*The Dark Ages. A series of Essays, intended to illustrate the state of Religion and Literature in the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries.* By the Rev. S. R. MAITLAND, F.R.S. and F.S.A., &c. &c. London: 1844.

THE author of these essays has the singular merit of having taken his ideas of the “dark ages” from those ages themselves, instead of the usual Protestant mode of adopting the miserable and ignorant second-hand calumnies of their revilers. Being a minister of the Church of England, and librarian to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the author is a man whose situation enables him to explore the darker recesses of literature, and whose convictions in favour of the monks and clergy of the middle ages, must have been forced upon him in spite of the prejudices of his creed and of his profession. He is besides no mere transcriber, but has, he assures us, wherever the contrary is not expressly stated, consulted the originals of the works which he quotes. For these reasons, Mr. Maitland must be admitted to be a most important witness, and we shall endeavour as far as possible to submit his evidence to the reader in his own words.

The period to which he has directed his attention more particularly, but not exclusively, is that which elapsed from the beginning of the ninth until the end of the twelfth century, or what is generally considered the darkest portion of the middle ages. “My purpose is,” says the author, “to furnish some materials towards forming a right judgment of the real state of learning, knowledge, and literature during the dark ages.” And a little further on he observes, “My object is to inquire what knowledge, and what means of knowledge the Christian Church actually had during the dark ages, and what was in fact the real state of the Church on these points during that period.”

These objects are faithfully carried out in the volume before us. The reader will find in it not a mere dry detail of facts, but along with a vast quantity of important matter heretofore very little known, his perusal of this volume will be rewarded by a number of entertaining anecdotes, and instructive biographical notices. The very quaintness of the author's style has a charm, because whilst we read his book we are insensibly led back to the “good old times” of which he speaks. He has the candour to acknowledge the calumny and ignorance by which the “zealous children of the Reformation” have ever vituperated the medieval

Church, and the manliness to denounce them. He looks back with the eye of a philosopher and of a Christian through many troubled ages of religious strife and dissension, to those times when all Christians knelt at the same altar—when vast multitudes in every country and clime devoted themselves exclusively to the service of God—when the poor were fed in the convent instead of the workhouse—and when the ministers of religion, instead of calumniating their neighbours, spent their time in instructing the poor, and in shedding the light of the Gospel among those who walked in darkness and in the shadow of death. “Well,” observes the author:—

“And these old folks of the dark ages were our grandfathers and grandmothers; and, in a good many points, vastly like ourselves, though we may not at first see the resemblance in the few smoky old family pictures which have come down to us; but had they ‘not eyes?’ had they ‘not hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions—fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer’ as we are? ‘Yes; but they knew nothing.’ Well, then, it is strange to think how they could do and say so much as they did without any knowledge. But you do not mean quite *nothing*—you will allow that they knew the *Pater-noster* and *Credo*, and that is *something*—nay, a good deal, in itself, and the pledge of a great deal more.”  
—p. 8-9.

Mr. Maitland was not ignorant of the vast amount of prejudice and ignorance with which he would have to contend, in giving anything like a favourable account of the middle ages. Every good Protestant, from the swaddler in his tub to the bishop in his lawn, has a sneer for those monkish times. Calvinists, the destroyers as we shall see of manuscripts; Presbyterian ministers, old light and new; Evangelicals, Quakers, “*et hoc genus omne*,” can never finish a sermon without a hit at those Popish times of superstition and ignorance. Yet, though horrified at the supposed ignorance of others, they are themselves the most ignorant of mankind. It requires a little knowledge to make a person sensible of his own ignorance; and if these individuals could by any means acquire just *so* much knowledge, they would be spared a great deal of declamation, and their hearers a vast amount of absurdity. If the monks of the middle ages had not been their superiors in every thing;—in piety, which made them preserve the word of God with so great care—in industry, by which they multiplied books, and transmitted to



us the treasures of sacred and profane learning—in knowledge of every kind, of agriculture, of the arts and sciences, and of the Scriptures; the splendid monuments which by-gone ages have bequeathed to mankind as an everlasting inheritance, would have been lost, and the Bible itself must have perished. It is only a few years since a noted declaimer of the kind we are speaking of, and the leader of a church in Ireland, proposed in open synod to banish all classical learning from the seminaries where their young ministers—the future revilers of the ignorant monks of the middle ages—are taught; and he declared that there was not one in the synod who would not be puzzled in translating the commonest Latin authors. These men are fit to be the revilers of the middle ages, and of those who have transmitted the classics to us; but they ought to blush when they speak of ignorance. It is of the calumnies of such persons that Maitland indignantly says, “But that there even was truth in the *coarse* and *filthy* abuse heaped upon the monastic order, as a body, by some who were forward in the business of the Reformation, is what I suppose never was believed by any one who has a moderate knowledge of facts.” But unfortunately, most of those who hear such things, have no knowledge of facts, and believe it almost as firmly as the Gospel. There is not, however any means of refuting mere declamation, whether it be directed against the Church of the ninth, or that of the nineteenth century, except by simply declaring that it is “coarse and filthy abuse, and that no one who has even a moderate share of knowledge will believe it.”

There is another and a very numerous class of calumniators, who are not altogether so untangible as those whose merits we have been just discussing. They pretend to state facts and to quote authorities, and although they thereby exposed themselves to the danger of being convicted of ignorance and imposture, owing very likely to their being forward, as Maitland would say, in the work of the Reformation, they have managed for a very long time to impose upon the credulity of the Protestant public. At length they have been thoroughly unmasked, and, to his honour be it told, by a minister of the Church of England. He was, no doubt, at one time like most others—the dupe of their fictions; but he has nobly revenged himself, by exposing their ignorance and empiricism to the world. Besides, by convicting the writers whom we are

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\* Preface, p. 11.

about to mention, of the grossest wholesale deception, he, in effect, dries up the sources from which the whole kennel of brawlers draw their inspiration. Not that they would acknowledge any such thing. By no means. They are quite original, and without being able to translate Latin, you must admit them to be familiar with the writers of the dark ages. There is another and a far more numerous class, who are quite content with saying, "I know nothing of those ages which knew nothing." Upon which text Maitland observes: "I have often thought that I should have liked to ask the wit who used this expression, how he came to know so curious and important a fact about ages of which *he knew nothing*." He then proceeds to ask:—

"Do we always clearly know what we should understand—or, indeed, what we mean to express—when we hear or talk of the *dark ages*? Do we mean ages which were dark in themselves, and with respect to those who lived in them? Or, do we mean that they are dark to us, and that it is very difficult for us to form a clear idea of them?.....Many causes—of some of which I hope to speak hereafter—have concurred to render those ages very dark to us; but, for the present, I feel it sufficient to remind the reader, that darkness is quite a different thing from shutting the eyes; and that we have no right to complain that we can see but little, until we have used due diligence to see what we can."—pp. 1-2.

After stating that his assertions about the ignorance of the popular writers on the Middle Ages are strong, but that he is prepared to prove them, he says:—

"There is no difficulty in knowing where to begin, for before we can think of building, we must clear away the rubbish—or, to recur to the figure which I have already used, before we can possibly look out of the window, we must open the shutters; for, if we only go to 'windows that exclude the light,' we might as well keep our eyes shut. I feel it necessary to do this, because statements extremely false have been handed about from one popular writer to another, and it is impossible to form any correct opinion on the subject without knowing that they are false."—p. 7.

Robertson, whose view of the progress of society, prefixed to the *History of Charles V*, is so full of gross and impudent lies, is the first person whom our author takes to pieces. David Hume, the infidel, who knew about as much concerning the Middle Ages as Robertson himself (and God knows that would be a small burthen for any man's brains to carry), says in his letters, that this "introduction of Robertson's is excellently well writ, and contains a great deal of matter not

generally known ;” but Dr. Johnson, who was at least a hundred times more learned than the two historians, and who also had the great advantage over them of being a Christian, gruffly replied to Boswell, when praising Robertson’s history, “ Sir, I love the man, and will not speak of his book.” Hume, however, was right in stating that Robertson’s book contained a great deal of matter not generally known, for it never had any existence, except in his own brain, or in that of some more inventive calumniator, whose lies he stole, and quoted for them, at the foot of the page, some of the writers of the Middle Ages. Before entering into the calumnies which Robertson claims as his own property, we cannot resist the temptation of extracting from the preface to the book before us, the following beautiful vindication of Monasticism, and of the ages in which it flourished to such an extent as to claim them as its own :—

“ It is quite impossible to touch the subject of MONASTICISM without rubbing off some of the dirt which has been heaped upon it. It is impossible to get even a superficial knowledge of the mediæval history of Europe, without seeing how greatly the world of that period was indebted to the Monastic Orders ; and feeling that, whether they were good or bad in other matters, monasteries were beyond all price in those days of misrule and turbulence, as places where (it may be imperfectly, yet better than elsewhere) God was worshipped—as a quiet and religious refuge for helpless infancy and old age, a shelter of respectful sympathy for the orphan maiden and the desolate widow—as central points whence agriculture was to spread over bleak hills, and barren downs, and marshy plains, and deal its bread to millions perishing with hunger and its pestilential train—as repositories of the learning which then was, and well-springs for the learning which was to be—as nurseries of art and science, giving the stimulus, the means, and the reward to invention, and aggregating around them every head that could devise, and every hand that could execute—as the nucleus of the city which in after-days of pride should crown its palaces and bulwarks with the towering cross of its cathedral.

“ This I think no man can deny. I believe it is true, and I love to think of it. I hope that I see the good hand of God in it, and the visible trace of his mercy that is over all his works. But if it is only a dream, however grateful, I shall be glad to be awakened from it; not indeed by the yelling of illiterate agitators, but by a quiet and sober proof that I have misunderstood the matter. In the mean time, let me thankfully believe that thousands of the persons at whom Robertson, and Jortin, and other such very miserable second-hand writers, have sneered, were men of enlarged minds, purified affections, and holy lives—that they were justly revered

by men—and, above all, favourably accepted by God, and distinguished by the highest honour which he vouchsafes to those whom he has called into existence, that of being the channels of his love and mercy to their fellow-creatures.”—Preface, pp. iv. v.

To come now to Robertson's specific statements. The following passage occurs in his *History of Charles V* (vol. i. p. 18), where he is expressly speaking of the period from the *seventh* to the *eleventh* century:—

“Literature, science, taste, were words scarce in use during the ages we are contemplating; or if they occur at any time, eminence in them is ascribed to persons and productions so contemptible that it appears their true import was little understood. Persons of the highest rank, and in the most eminent stations, could not read or write. Many of the clergy did not understand the Breviary which they were obliged daily to recite; some of them could scarce read it.”—Vol. i. p. 18.”—p. 10.

On this statement Robertson has the following note:—

“Innumerable proofs of this might be produced. Many charters granted by persons of the highest rank are preserved, from which it appears that they could not subscribe their name. It was usual for persons who could not write, to make the sign of the cross in confirmation of a charter. Several of these remain, where kings and persons of great eminence affix *signum crucis manu propria pro ignoratione literarum*. Du Cange, voc. *Crux*, vol. iii. p. 1191. From this is derived the phrase of signing instead of subscribing a paper. In the ninth century, Heribaud Comes Palatii, though supreme judge of the empire by virtue of his office, could not subscribe his name. *Nouveau Traité de Diplomatie par deux Benedictins*, 4to. tom. ii. p. 422.’—Note X. p. 232.”—p. 10-11.

On these passages Maitland justly observes:—

“It is extremely difficult to meet broad general assertions which it is, in the nature of things, impossible to disprove; but we may reasonably call for evidence of their truth, and, if it is not produced, we may be allowed to doubt and to dispute them. If ‘many charters’ are preserved in which ‘kings and persons of great eminence’ avow their ignorance, surely many might be, and, I think, would have been, produced. The ignorance of the dark ages has long been a matter of triumphant retrospect; and such regal curiosities of literature, or illiterature, would have been highly interesting to an enlightened public. Perhaps, indeed, ‘many’ instances have been adduced; but I do not remember to have seen, or specifically heard of, more than four. One of them is, I believe, less commonly known; but the other three have been repeatedly paraded in declamations on this subject.”—p. 11.

After mentioning the four instances, which are those of

Withred, king of Kent; Tassilo, duke of Bavaria; Heribaud, comte du Palais, under Lewis II; and Gui Guerra, count of Tuscany; he makes the following just observations:—

“To me it appears that three or four instances, occurring between the eighth and twelfth centuries, are so far from demonstrating the certainty of a custom, that they do not prove that anything which can properly be called a custom existed; unless, indeed, these writers meant (as perhaps their language elsewhere might almost incline us to believe) that these instances prove the *usage* of kings and great men, when they could not write, to state that fact on the face of the instrument. There is, however, no need to pursue this point; for, of course, I do not mean to deny that there was, in those days, a much greater ignorance of writing than in ours, and that men of rank were much more frequently unable to write then than they are now. But when Robertson talks of ‘*innumerable* proofs,’ and tells us that ‘*many*’ charters are preserved, from which ‘it *appears*’ that such persons could not sign their names, I feel it right to question his statement. Had he seen the original charters? I very much doubt it. If he had seen them, would it have enabled him to decide the point? I am sure that it would not; and I feel this certainty, not only because I do not give him credit for so much research *in re diplomatica* as that he should bring forward ‘*innumerable* proofs,’ when Mabillon, and Toustain, and Tassin, gave only four between them, but from the very nature of the case. The fact that a man’s name was subscribed to a document by another, was, in those days, no proof that he could not have done it himself; and though, in the present day, we should hardly give any one credit for being able to write if we found that he had only made his mark, yet we must not entirely judge of other ages by our own.”—p. 12-13.

He continues by saying that Mabillon has given and discussed four reasons why charters were frequently signed by proxy. 1st. The inability of parties to write. 2d. Physical inability, arising from blindness, disease, or old age, as in the case of Eugenius, at the council of Constantinople, who subscribed by the hand of Paul, a deacon. 3d. An affectation of dignity, through which many high official persons chose that their names should be written by the notary. 4th. :—

“What is most to our purpose, a custom growing out of this, and extending so far as that by the eleventh century it had become almost universal. In imitation of their superiors, almost all persons—all at least who could pretend to any kind of distinction or title—preferred having their names written by the notary (who could say of them what it might have seemed ostentatious to say of themselves), and then adding, or sometimes omitting to add, their mark—that is, the sign of the cross made with their own hands. It will

be obvious, therefore, that it does not 'appear' in all cases, even from the original document, whether the parties *could* write their names. Indeed, if it did not suppose an almost incredible degree of ignorance, one would be tempted to think that Heribaud's affixing the sign of the cross, 'pro ignoracione litterarum,' had led Robertson to infer, that all persons who made the sign of the cross on such occasions did it for the same reasons; for he says, it was usual '*for persons who could not write* to make the sign of the cross in confirmation of a charter.' No doubt; but it was also usual for those who could write. The sign of the cross was, in fact, '*the confirmation and the signature*' and the subscriber, in thus making the sign of his holy religion, was considered as taking an oath. He was, in fact, said *manu jurare*; and for greater solemnity, the cross was sometimes made with the consecrated wine. The subscriber's adding his name was no essential part of the confirmation, but simply a declaration and notification that the person whose name was there written, was he who had thus bound himself by his *signature*. If he were unable, or if he did not choose, to do the *writing* for himself, it was done for him by the notary."—pp. 14-15.

We are very sorry that we cannot make room for the note, in which Maitland proves, from contemporary documents, that the cross was the *confirmation and the signature*; that it was an oath; and that it was sometimes made for greater solemnity, not, as he says in the text, with the consecrated wine, for that Protestant expression was utterly unknown to the middle or early ages; but to use the very words of the proof which he cites at the foot of the page, with a pen dipped in the *precious blood* of Christ: "Calamo in pretioso sanguine Christi intincto." If any one in the early or Middle Ages had talked of consecrated wine, no one would have understood him to refer to the blessed Eucharist, which was always called and believed to be the precious blood of Christ. But this is digressing from Robertson, whose *innumerable* proofs and illustrations the author sums up in the following words:—

"Well, then, surely two instances in the eighth century, one in the ninth, and one in the twelfth, of men of rank who could not *write*—it does not appear, and really does not follow, that they could not *read*—form too slender a ground for such broad assertions as Robertson has ventured to make respecting the state of letters.

"Having, however, disposed of the laity, he proceeds:—

"'Nor was this ignorance confined to laymen; the *greater part* of the clergy was not many degrees superior to them in science. *Many* dignified ecclesiastics could not subscribe the canons of those councils in which they sat as members. *Nouv. Traité de diplom.*, tom. ii. p. 424.'

“If the reader turns to the authority cited, he will find some general statements respecting the ignorance of the *laity* as to writing (with no specific instances, however, except those already named), but no mention of ecclesiastics. It is true, that, in the succeeding pages, the bishops and other ecclesiastical persons are mentioned, and several are named in a note at page 426; but Robertson should have observed, what is there so plainly stated, ‘*Tous ces exemples sont antérieurs au VII<sup>e</sup> Siècle.*’ I do not say that later instances might not be produced; but I do not remember to have seen any. Robertson proceeds:—

“‘One of the questions appointed by the canons to be put to persons who were candidates for orders, was this, ‘Whether they could read the Gospels and Epistles, and explain the sense of them, at least literally?’ Regino Prumiensis ap. Bruck. Hist. Philos. v. iii. p. 631.’”—p. 16.

Robertson would wish to make the reader believe that the fact of the canons putting the question to the candidates for orders, whether they could read the Gospels and Epistles, and explain the sense of them, at least literally, is a decisive proof that few of the clergy, even of the bishops, could read, and that not one of them could write. Supposing for a moment that Robertson’s quotation were as true as it is mendacious—“granting,” says our author, “that up to about the year 900, when Regino wrote, all bishops, priests, and deacons had been entirely ignorant and illiterate—granting that these very canons *were written by those who could not write, for the sake of those who could not read,* still they would be a standing proof that the heads of the Church did at that time require, even from candidates for orders, what Robertson would lead us to consider as rather an unusual accomplishment in a bishop.”

But Robertson’s quotation is entirely false, for the words quoted by Brucker, to whom he refers, are—“*Si Evangelium et Epistolam bene legere possit atque saltem ad litteram sensus ejus manifestare. Item si sermonem S. Athanasii de fide, SS. Trinitatis memoriter teneat et sensum ejus intelligat, et verbis communibus enuntiare sciât,*” the meaning of which is embodied in the following extract from Maitland:

“Surely there was no proof of brutal ignorance in inquiring whether a candidate for holy orders could read Latin well in public—could repeat, understand, and explain the Athanasian Creed, and preach the doctrine contained in it, in the vernacular tongue. The question did not imply the slightest doubt whether the man could read; but only directed an inquiry whether he could do that which many a man of the present day, who has chuckled over the ignorance of the dark ages, could not do.”—p. 18.

The question which was put to the candidate for orders (that is, supposing what is not the fact, that these questions alluded to them exclusively), embraced two things: "first, could he read Latin well; and secondly, could he explain, *at least* literally, the entire gospels and epistles of the year, along with the creed of St. Athanasius?" How many of those ministers who are so luminous in their own estimation, and who, to use Maitland's words, "chuckle over the ignorance of the dark ages," could do that now which the mere candidate for orders was then required to be able to do. To read *well* included more in the dark ages, than Robertson, or most of his readers, suspect. It is well known, that no one could then, or can now, be promoted to holy orders in the Catholic Church, who has not first received the minor order of reader. In the dark ages, every candidate for the priesthood was obliged to remain in that order for five years. Even at the expiration of that period, the canons required that he should be examined if he could *read well*. We know what was required to read well in the seventh century, from St. Isidore of Seville; in the ninth, from Rabanus Maurus, afterwards Archbishop of Mentz; and in the eleventh, from Ivo, Bishop of Chartres. The following are Rabanus's words, which are almost verbatim those of St. Isidore and Ivo:

"'He,' says Rabanus, 'who would rightly and properly perform the duty of a reader, must be imbued with learning, and conversant with books, and instructed in the meaning of words, and the knowledge of words themselves; so that he may understand the divisions of sentences, where a clause ends, where the sense is carried on, and where the sentence closes. Being thus prepared, he will obtain such a power of reading as that, by various modes of delivery—now simply narrating, now lamenting, now angry, now rebuking, exhorting, pitying, inquiring, and the like, according to circumstances—he will affect the understanding and feelings of all his hearers. For there are many things in the scriptures, which, if they are not properly pronounced, give a wrong sense; as that of the apostle—"Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? God who justifieth."—Now if, instead of pronouncing this properly, it were to be delivered confirmatively, it would create great error. It is, therefore, to be so pronounced as that the first clause may be a *percontation*, and the second an *interrogation*. Between a percontation and interrogation, the ancients made this distinction—that the former admitted a variety of answers, while the latter must be replied to by "yes" or "no." It must, therefore, be so read that, after the percontation—"Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?"—that which follows be pronounced in an



interrogatory manner—"God that justifieth?"—that there may be a tacit answer, "no." And again we have the percontation—"Who is he that condemneth?" and again we interrogate—"Christ that died? or rather that is risen again? who is at the right hand of God? who also maketh intercession for us?" At each of which there is a tacit answer in the negative. But in that passage where he says, "What shall we then say? that the Gentiles, which followed not after righteousness, have attained to righteousness," unless after the percontation—"What shall we say then?"—the answer were added—"that the Gentiles which followed not after righteousness have attained to righteousness," the connexion with what follows would be destroyed. And there are many other parts which, in like manner, require to be distinguished by the manner of pronouncing them. Besides this, a reader ought to understand the force of the accents, that he may know what syllables he is to lengthen; for there are many words which can only be prevented from conveying a wrong meaning by being pronounced with the proper accent. But these things he must learn from the grammarians. Moreover the voice of a reader should be pure and clear, and adapted to every style of speaking, full of manly strength, and free from all that is rude or countrified. Not low, nor yet too high; not broken, not weak, and by no means feminine; not with inflated or gasping articulation, or words mouthed about in his jaws, or echoing through his empty mouth; not harsh from his grinding his teeth; not projected from a wide-open mouth,—but distinctly, equally, mildly pronounced; so that each letter shall have its proper sound, and each word its proper quantity, and that the matter be not soiled by any affectation."—pp. 23-5.

"I cannot help suspecting," says Maitland, "that if Robertson (whom the reader will please to remember was a minister of the Kirk) had gone to the archbishop of Seville, in the seventh century, the archbishop of Mayence, in the ninth, or the bishop of Chartres, in the eleventh, for holy orders, he would have found the examination rather more than he expected." He would, in fact, have run a very fair chance of being rejected, on the ground that he could not read *well*; and, after all, this was but the preliminary, and comparatively easy, part of the examination of the candidate for orders, for he must, in the second place, have been able to translate and explain the literal meaning of the epistles and gospels throughout the year, and also to repeat from memory St. Athanasius's creed—or rather, the creed which is called by that name,—and to explain the doctrine which it contains concerning the Trinity. The gospels, of course, belong exclusively to the New Testament; but the epistles and lessons did then, as

they do now, include a very large portion of the Old Testament. It may be necessary to observe, that the sacred Scripture, like any other book, may have two meanings, the one *literal*, the other, to use the language of commentators, *spiritual*. The first is that which is derived from the natural force or ordinary usage of words, and includes the metaphorical as well as the literal meaning. Thus, when Christ is baptized by St. John in the Jordan, we look for nothing but the historical fact; but when he is called the Lamb of God, we understand that there is a metaphor, and that the lamb signifies the meekness of Christ, as well as that he is the innocent victim who has atoned for our sins. The spiritual or allegorical sense, is that which the author has in view often principally, but which he has concealed under the literal meaning. There are three spiritual meanings,—the allegorical, tropological, and anagogical. When an historical fact contains under it an allusion to Christ or his Church, it is called an allegory; thus Isaac carrying the wood on which he was to be sacrificed, signifies, in the allegorical sense, Christ carrying his cross. When the literal meaning contains under it an instruction concerning a moral obligation, it is called the tropological meaning. Thus the law, Deuteronomy xxiv. 5, which forbids the mouth of the ox which ploweth to be bound up, signifies, according to St. Paul, the obligation which the faithful are under of affording support to the ministers of the altar. This is the moral or tropological sense. Finally, when the literal meaning relates to temporal matters, and gives us an idea of eternal felicity, it is called the anagogical meaning, as the temporal blessings, promised to the observers of the old law, are emblems of the eternal reward which virtue shall receive in heaven. St. Paul himself frequently discusses the spiritual meaning of Scripture, a glorious example of which occurs in the chapters on Melchisedeck, in his epistle to the Hebrews. All the interpretations which I have mentioned are enumerated by St. Augustine, and were familiar with the early fathers of the Church. We could very easily shew that the writers of the middle ages knew far more about the interpretation of Scripture than their revilers; but at present we shall not enter into the matter farther, nor would we have alluded to it at all, if we had not found it necessary for the illustration of our subject. The mere candidate, then, for orders, taking it for granted that Robertson is right in restricting these questions to them, must be able to explain at least the literal meaning of the greater portion

of the New Testament, along with a great deal of the most intricate part of the Old. The words "*at least*" evidently imply that many were able to explain the other meanings also. We should like to have heard Robertson himself—we should like to hear any of those who have copied and improved upon his scurrilous abuse of the middle age, tried by the test which was applied to the candidate for orders in those times, and we conscientiously believe that very few of them would be able to pass through the ordeal.

These interrogatories, which Robertson never saw, and about which he has invented so many calumnies, were in fact by no means directed with regard to candidates for orders; but as Robertson mentioned them, we thought it right to take that opportunity of saying something about the qualification of such persons in the middle ages. After dwelling at great length on this charge, Maitland says:—

"To come, however, to the point, the inquiry does not at all respect candidates for orders, but is one which a bishop is directed to make in all the cures in his diocese. I may have to recur to it, but for the present it is enough to say that it is entitled, '*Inquisitio de his quæ Episcopus vel ejus ministri in suo districtu vel territorio inquirere debeant per vicos, pagos, atque parrocchias suæ dioceseos.*'" It suggests ninety-five points of inquiry; of which the first fifteen relate to the church, its state of repair, and the requisites for the performance of divine service. No. 16—73, concern the life and conversation of the priest. No. 74—80, respect points on which the priest was to be personally questioned; that is, as to his parentage, place of birth, by what bishop he was ordained, &c. No. 81—95, relate to his ministry (*Posthæc de ministerio sibi commisso inquirendum est*) and it is that part of the 83rd and 85th which I mark by italics that is quoted by Brucker, but I must extract the two which precede: '*Si expositionem symboli atque orationis dominicæ juxta traditionem orthodoxorum patrum penes se scriptam habeat, et eam pleniter intellegat, et inde prædicando populum sibi commissum sedulo instruat.* 82. *Si orationes Missarum, præfationem quoque canonis, et eundem canonem bene intellegat, et memoriter ac distincte proferre valeat.* 83. *Si epistolam et evangelium bene legere possit atque saltem ad litteram ejus sensum manifestare.* 84. *Si psalmorum verba et distinctiones regulariter ex corde cum canticis consuetudinariis pronuntiare sciat.\** 85. *Si sermonem Athanasii Episcopi de fide Sanctæ Trinitatis cujus initium est "Quicumque vult salvus esse" memoriter teneat, et sensum illius intellegat et verbis communibus enuntiare sciat.'* The remaining

\* 81. If he has in his possession a written explanation of the Creed and the Lord's Prayer, according to the tradition of the orthodox fathers; if he entirely

ten questions inquire minutely as to his capability to perform different parts of the service, and the 94th inquires, 'Si habeat quadraginta homilias Gregorii et eos studiose legat atque intellegat.' To say nothing of the erroneous application of this document to the examination of candidates for orders, is it not most extraordinary that it should have been brought forward to prove that the clergy could not read?"—p. 49-50.

The priest was expressly required to explain these things to the people in the vernacular; and among the canons of Ælfric, which were written in the tenth century, to which period Robertson chiefly refers, and addressed to Wulfen, bishop of Sherburn, in England, the twenty-first orders—"Every priest also, before he is ordained, must have the arms belonging to his spiritual work; namely, the Psalter, the Book of Epistles and the Book of Gospels, the Missal, the Book of Hymns, the Manual, the Calendar, the Passional, the Pœnitential, and the Lectionary. These books a priest requires, *and cannot do without* if he would properly fulfil his office, and desires to teach the law to the people belonging to him. And let him carefully see that they are well written." And the twenty-third canon says: "The mass-priest shall on Sundays and on mass-days *explain the Gospel in English to the people*, and by the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, he shall as often as he can stir them up to faith and the maintenance of Christianity. Let the teacher be warned to avoid that which the prophet has said, 'Canes muti non possunt latrari,'—'Dumb dogs they cannot bark.' We ought to bark and preach to the laity, lest perchance we should cause them to perish for lack of knowledge. Christ saith, in his Gospel, of ignorant teachers, if the blind lead the blind both shall fall into the ditch. *Blind is the teacher, if he is illiterate and misleads the laity by his ignorance. Beware of this as your office requires.*" Yet Robertson would have us believe that at this time the clergy could not read or write! Now, to go back to the middle of the eighth century, it was decreed at the Council of Cliffe, near Rochester, A. D. 747, "that the bishops shall

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understands it, and if, by preaching from it, he diligently instructs the people committed to his charge. 82. If he understands *well* and can repeat *distinctly* from memory the orations of the mass, the preface to the canon, and the canon itself. 83. *If he can read well the Epistle and Gospel, and can explain their meaning at least literally.* 84. If he can repeat regularly and by heart the words and distinctions of the psalms, with the usual canticles. 85. If he has the sermon (sermo) of Athanasius the bishop concerning the faith of the Trinity, which begins "whoever wishes to be saved," committed to memory, if he knows its meaning, and can explain it in the vernacular.

ordain no man, either of clerks or monks, to the holy degree of priesthood, without public inquiry as to his previous life and his present purity of morals and knowledge of the faith. For how can he *preach to others the whole faith, minister the word of knowledge, and appoint to sinners the measure of penance*, unless he first with *studious care*, according to the measure of his capacity, takes pains to learn, so that, according to the Apostle, he may be able to exhort according to sound doctrine." The seventh canon directs that "bishops, abbots, and abbesses, shall study and provide with diligent care, that the custom of continual reading may be practised in their societies, and may become more common, to the benefit of souls and the praise of the Eternal King. . . . . Let them therefore be compelled, *and let the children in the schools be brought up to the love of sacred learning*, that by these means well-educated persons may be found for every kind of service in the church of God."

To pass over to the continent, Charlemagne, in the same century, A. D. 789, in his capitulary of Aix-la-Chapelle, addressed to ecclesiastical authorities, says: "We beseech your piety, that the ministers of God's altars may adorn their ministry by good morals. . . . . And let them collect and keep under their care, not only children of servile condition, but those belonging to persons of better rank; and let there be schools of reading-boys. In all monasteries and dioceses, let them learn the psalms, the musical notes, the chants, the calendar, and grammar; . . . . and do not suffer your boys to spoil the books by either their *reading or writing*." What a booby this great emperor must have been to set persons to teach reading, writing, and grammar, who knew none of all these things themselves! Again, in his capitula, A. D. 804, he says: "1. A priest of God should be *learned in holy Scripture*. 2. He should have the *whole psalter by heart*. 3. He should know by heart the creed and office for baptism. 4. He should be learned in the canons, and well know his penitentials. 5. He should know the chants and the calendar." To go still further back, but keeping to Robertson's period, for we suppose he includes the seventh century, St. Isidore of Seville, in his rules for the clergy, says "that they should be continually occupied in teaching, in reading, in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs;"\* and the eighth council of Toledo, A. D. 653, declares, that it is "absurd that they who

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\* Bib. Pat. x. 203.

are ignorant of the law of God, and not at least moderately learned, should be promoted to any degree of orders or ecclesiastical office in which it is their business to teach simple and lay persons, to whom they ought to be mirrors of life and discipline. Let no one then who is unlearned approach to meddle with the holy mysteries of God, none who is blinded by the darkness of ignorance; but let him only come who is adorned with innocence of life and *splendour of learning*. *Otherwise the vengeance of God and of his Church will follow both the ordainers and the ordained.*" We are really sorry that we cannot follow Maitland through the various passages in which he convicts Robertson, in some places, of gross ignorance; in others, of downright falsification; and in almost all, of the quackery of pretending to have read authors, the very title of whose writings he did not know. He has the manliness to avow in a note, page 33, that he "cannot tell why, in things pertaining to the kingdom of God, and on which man can be enlightened only by the word and spirit of God, they (the people of the middle ages) might not be as *truly* and even as *fully* enlightened as any of mankind before or after their time." Let it not be forgotten that the people of those times were all Catholics, in communion with the see of Rome; at least, all those of whom the author is here speaking, for the few miserable heretics who appeared in the middle ages have been always lauded by those whose calumnies Maitland is here refuting. We now dismiss Robertson's accusation against the clergy of not being able to read or *write*, by merely observing that he charges them with erasing Livy and Tacitus by writing over them the legendary tales of saints. How consistent liars always are!

The next count in the indictment against the middle ages is the scarcity of books which existed in them. "Many circumstances," says Robertson, "prove the scarcity of books during the middle ages. Private persons seldom possessed any books whatever. Even monasteries of considerable note had only one missal.—*Murat. Antiq.* vol. ix. p. 789." The first thing to be remarked on this passage is that Robertson evidently never saw the *Antiquitates Italici Medii Aevi* of Muratori, for he says the "breve recordationis" of the abbot Bonus is contained in the ninth volume, whereas there are only six volumes of the work altogether. This document of the abbot, which Maitland inserts at full length, is found in the fourth volume instead of the ninth of Muratori. The exposition of Robertson's perversion of the poor abbot's story

is so powerful and so eloquently expressed, that, even at the risk of being tedious, we cannot help giving part of it at least in the author's words:—

“To come, however, to the specific statement, backed by the authority of Muratori—for my present business is chiefly with it—‘even monasteries of considerable note had only one missal.’ In the first place, will anybody tell me what they wanted with more? ‘Monasteries of considerable note’ had but one church, or chapel, and not more inmates than one building would contain; and might not mass be said every hour of every day all the year round, out of *one* missal, as well as if there had been fifty? ‘Yes,’ it may be said, ‘but one is accustomed to look on monasteries as having been, in some small and comparative degree, places where there was *some* learning, and some appearance at least of religion; and one is surprised to hear of *their* being so ill provided with books.’ I know it—I know that no man who has any tolerable acquaintance with history, sacred or secular, can help having some idea—perhaps a very vague and discouraged idea—that, in those ages, the monastery was the refuge of want and weakness, the nursery of art, the depository of learning, and the sanctuary of religion. This, I say, every man who is moderately acquainted with history must know; even though he should not be aware of the less obvious, but not less certain influence of monastic institutions on agriculture, commerce, and those comforts and pleasures of social life from which their inmates were themselves excluded. Something like this, I repeat, every tolerably educated man does feel; but a strange sort of vague contradiction is thrown over it by such foolish statements as that which I have quoted from Robertson. Half the readers of his History of Charles V. do not know what a missal is, or why the monks wanted any, or what they did with that single one which they are admitted to have had; but yet, from the way in which it is stated, they take it for granted that it was a horrible delinquency in ‘monasteries of considerable note,’ to have only one missal—and if *they* were so wretchedly off, in what state were the thousands of monasteries which were of inconsiderable note, or of no note at all?”—p. 42-43.

But, moreover, Robertson's statement is so untrue in every part, that Maitland says, if the abbot had foreseen the use that would be made of his story, “he could hardly have told it in terms more adapted to preclude the possibility of such perversion.” *The monastery of considerable note* was, according to the abbot Lupus himself, at the time he speaks of the one missal in the “breve recordationis,” *no monastery at all*; but a chapel near Pisa, which was in a most deplorable condition when senior Stephanus procured this poor monk to come and perform divine service. “I found there,” says

Bonus, "neither monk, nor abbot, nor dwelling-place save one, but where I began to dwell with my uncle." He then proceeds to say that he found in the church itself only one missal. But be it remembered, that it was no monastery at the time at all; and that as soon as it became a monastery, it is related in the very same "breve recordationis," that they began with all zeal to get books, and that the catalogue of them is given by the abbot. That catalogue contains, amongst others, a book of sermons written by the abbot himself and the prior, St. Augustine's treatise on Genesis, the book of Job, a book of dialogues, a book of canons, a glossary, pastoral, a commentary on Ezekiel, a beautiful copy of the psalms, the gospels bound in silver, *five missals*, and a bible purchased for *libros decem*. "Will the Protestant reader," says Maitland, "give the abbot and his monks any credit for buying a bible at so early a period of their monastery, and for so great a price? and honestly (but quite between ourselves), would he have expected to find *that* book in the list?" The fact is, that whilst the poor monks were buying a bible and other books for considerable sums, they were in absolute want of the necessaries of life; for the abbot tells us, that during the first two years he had only a single shirt, and that he used to lie in bed while it was washed; and that during the whole thirty years he was never possessed of two suits of clothes or a horse. Would Robertson, or any of the modern bible-loving, saintly revilers of the middle ages, have thought of buying a library, or even a *dear bible*, under such circumstances? Or was anything ever printed more scandalous than Robertson's calumny of Bonus's narrative, when he calls a ruined church, where there was neither monk nor abbot, a monastery of considerable note, and when, in the very document which he quotes, there is a catalogue of books which were obtained when it became a monastery?

We now come to that part of Robertson where he tells us that the price of books in the Middle Ages proves that such things scarcely could have been procured for love or money:—

"The price of books became so high, that persons of a moderate fortune could not afford to purchase them. The Countess of Anjou paid for a copy of the Homilies of Haimon, Bishop of Halberstadt, two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, and the same quantity of rye and millet. *Histoire Littéraire de France, par des Religieux Bénédictins, tom. vii. p. 3.*"—p. 61.

Robertson seems to have been ashamed of the price, for he



omits "*several costly furs*," which are mentioned in the original. Without noticing a slight error as to what the homilies were, we should rather say that the whole story would prove that the passion for books must have been excessive during the Middle Ages, when such an enormous sum was given for one; and "that from that time forth every man, in Anjou and every where else, who heard of the transaction, set about learning the art of penmanship, which must have been, beyond all comparison, the most lucrative which had ever been practised, and which might fairly vie with alchemy itself:"—

"Now let me appeal," continues Maitland, for we have been using his words, "to every rational and reflecting person, whether it is from such cases that we can judge of the price of books in general, or of the comparative ease or difficulty of procuring them? Are we to form our ideas from the sums paid or given by royal and noble patrons and patronesses to artists, whose skill in writing, illuminating, and embellishing manuscripts, enabled them to ask what they pleased, and get whatever they asked?"

"Suppose, however, that there was no fine writing in the case, it is still very possible that, on other grounds, the book might have been worth twice, or twenty times, as much as the countess gave for it, without proving that books in general were so outrageously scarce and dear. From such cases, indeed, we cannot, as I have already said, prove anything. Will it not be quite as fair for some writers a few centuries hence to bring forward the enormous and absurd prices which have been paid by some modern collectors for single volumes, as an evidence of the price of books in our age? May he not tell his gaping readers (at a time, too, when the march of intellect has got past the age of cumbersome and expensive penny magazines, and is revelling in farthing cyclopædias), that in the year 1812, one of our nobility gave 2260*l.*, and another, 1060*l.* 10*s.* for a single volume? and that the next year, a Johnson's Dictionary was sold by public auction, to a plebeian purchaser, for 200*l.*? A few such facts would quite set up some future Robertson, whose readers would never dream that we could get better reading, and plenty of it, much cheaper at that very time. The simple fact is, that there has always been such a thing as bibliomania since there have been books in the world; and no member of the Roxburgh Club has yet equalled the Elector of Bavaria, who gave a town for a single manuscript—unless, indeed, it be argued that it was a more pure, disinterested, and brilliant display of the ruling passion, a more devoted and heroic sacrifice of property and respect, to give 2000*l.* for an unique specimen of obscene trash, than to part with a German town for a copy of the New Testament."

—pp. 66-67.

Robertson continues:—

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“Even so late as the year 1471, when Louis XI borrowed the works of Rasis, the Arabian physician, from the Faculty of Medicine in Paris, he not only deposited as a pledge a considerable quantity of plate, but was obliged to procure a nobleman to join with him as surety in a deed, binding himself under a great forfeiture to restore it. Gabr. Naudè *Addit. à l'histoire de Louys XI, par Comines. edit. de Fresnoy, tom. iv. p. 281.* Many curious circumstances with respect to the extravagant price of books in the middle ages, are collected by that industrious compiler, to whom I refer such of my readers as deem this small branch of literary history an object of curiosity.’

“Might I not add,” says Maitland, “that ‘even so late as’ two centuries after the occurrence mentioned by Robertson (that is, in the middle of the seventeenth, and in England when it was enjoying all the light of the Reformation), when Selden wished to borrow a MS. from the Bodleian Library, he was required to give a bond for a THOUSAND POUNDS? but does it follow that in that dark age he could not have got as much good reading on easier terms?”—p. 67-68.

The fact is, that books in general were not at all so extravagantly dear in the Middle Ages, although they must have been considerably dearer than at present; but it is astonishing how many books even one scribe was able to copy. Diomedis, a nun who lived in the eleventh century, “wrote with her own hands, in a most beautiful and legible character,” says a monk of Wessobrunn, in Bavaria, “many volumes both for divine service and for the public library of the monastery, which are enumerated in a list written by herself, in a certain plenarius. This list contains nearly forty volumes, including, besides works of many of the fathers, Eusebius’s *Ecclesiastical History*, five Missals, and two Bibles, one in two and the other in three volumes. It is indeed just about as rational to assume the price of books in general from the homilies bought by the Countess of Anjou, as it would be for some future historian of the nineteenth century to prove the extravagant cost of books in these our times, by asserting that a Johnson’s Dictionary cost two hundred pounds, and that single volumes were sold at the rate of from one thousand and sixty pounds to two thousand two hundred and sixty. “Books,” says Maitland, “and especially those used in the Church service (to which I suspect this homily belonged), were frequently written with great care and pains, *illuminated and gilded* with almost incredible industry, bound in, or *covered with, plates of gold, silver, or carved ivory, adorned with gems, and even enriched with relics.*” We have ourselves seen a Bible, which was printed within the last two years, which

might be had at the booksellers for three shillings and sixpence, and which cost the person who presented it to a friend ten guineas. It was bound round with plates of gold, after the antique fashion. Would not the man be an ass who would assert that no copy, even of the same impression, could be had for a less sum than ten guineas? In the Middle Ages such was the love of books, as even Robertson's text shows, and especially of the Holy Scriptures, that no more acceptable gifts could be presented to churches and monasteries. They were generally offered on the altar, to obtain the prayers and sacrifice of the Church, for the repose of the soul of the donor, and also the prayers of the patron saint, as Maitland proves (pp. 74-76). As an instance of the immense cost with which these donation books were bound, we may mention "a copy of the gospels which Leo III gave in the beginning of the ninth century, so ornamented with *gold* and *precious stones* that it weighed *seventeen pounds*;" and another which "Benedict III gave to the church of St. Calistus, adorned with gold and silver of nearly the same weight." We now come to what Maitland justly calls the "hack story" about St. Eloy, "which," says Dr. Lingard, "holds a distinguished place in every invective which has been published against the clergy of former ages." But let us hear Robertson. He says:—

"Even the *Christian religion*, though its precepts are delivered, and its institutions are fixed in Scripture with a precision which should have exempted them from being misinterpreted or corrupted, degenerated during those ages of darkness into an *illiberal superstition*. The barbarous nations, when converted to Christianity, changed the object, not the spirit, of their religious worship. They endeavoured to conciliate the favour of the true God by means not unlike to those which they had employed in order to appease their false deities. Instead of aspiring to sanctity and virtue, which alone can render men acceptable to the great author of order and of excellence, they imagined that they satisfied *every obligation* of duty by a scrupulous observance of external ceremonies. Religion, according to their conception of it, comprehended *nothing else*; and the rites by which they persuaded themselves that they could gain the favour of Heaven, were of such a nature as might have been expected from the rude ideas of the ages which devised and introduced them. They were either so unmeaning, as to be altogether unworthy of the being to whose honour they were consecrated, or so absurd, as to be a disgrace to reason and humanity.' p. 19."

—p. 103.

The only proof which he attempts of this frightful abuse

is contained in a note on the word "ceremonies," in the foregoing extract, which he begins by saying, "*All the religious maxims and practices* of the dark ages are a proof of this. I shall produce one remarkable testimony in confirmation of it from an author canonized by the Church of Rome—St. Eloy, or *Egidius*, bishop of Noyon, in the seventh century." Remark- ing, by the way, that Robertson is so ignorant of the person of whom he is speaking, that by using *Egidius* instead of *Elidius*, he shows that he mistakes St. *Eloy* for St. *Giles*, we proceed to give his version of this story, side by side with Mosheim's, from whom he has copied it:—

"*Mosheim.*

"' Bonus Christianus est, qui ad ecclesiam frequentius venit, et oblationem, quæ in altari Deo offeratur, exhibet, qui de fructibus suis non gustat, nisi prius Deo aliquid offerat, qui quoties sanctæ solemnitates adveniunt, ante dies plures castitatem etiam cum propria uxore custodit, ut secura conscientia ad Domini altare accedere possit, qui postremo symbolum vel orationem Dominicam memoriter tenet. - - - Redimite animas vestras de pœna dum habetis in potestate remedia - - - oblationes et decimas ecclesiis offerite, luminaria sanctis locis juxta quod habetis exhibete - - - ad ecclesium quoque frequentius convenite, sanctorum patrocinia humiliter expetite. - - - Quod si observaveritis, securi in die judicii ante tribunal æterni judicis venientes dicetis: Da, Domine, quia dedimus.'—p. 269.

"*Robertson.*

"' He is a good Christian who comes frequently to church; who presents the oblation which is offered to God upon the altar; who doth not taste of the fruits of his own industry until he has consecrated a part of them to God; who, when the holy festivals shall approach, lives chastely even with his own wife during several days, that with a safe conscience he may draw near to the altar of God; and who, in the last place, can repeat the creed and the Lord's prayer. Redeem, then, your souls from destruction while you have the means in your power; offer *presents* and tythes to *churchmen*; come more frequently to church; humbly implore the patronage of the saints; for if you observe these things, you may come with security in the day of the tribunal of the eternal Judge, and say, "Give to us, O Lord, for we have given *unto thee.*"'—Vol. i. p. 236."—p. 105.

"This then," says Maitland, "is, according to Robertson, a remarkable testimony of his assertion, that '*all the maxims and practices of the dark ages*' are a proof that men, '*instead of aspiring to sanctity and virtue . . . imagined that they had satisfied every obligation by a scrupulous observance of ex-*

ternal ceremonies.' Let us then look at it as it stands. Some of it appears to me quite unobjectionable, and indeed, as far as I can judge, there are only (or to say the least) chiefly three points at which Protestants would take offence. 1. 'Redeem then your souls from destruction while the means are in your power; offer *presents* and *tithes* to *churchmen*.'" Robertson here mutilates even Mosheim, for the latter shows by hyphens that he omits something, and moreover the passage as it stands in him is, "Redeem your souls from destruction whilst you have the means in your power, offer *oblations* and *tithes* to *churches*." So that Robertson has changed oblations into gifts, and churches into Churchmen. But who would believe either from Mosheim or Robertson, that the passage in St. Eloy's sermon is as follows:—

"Behold, brethren, ye have heard what sort of persons are good Christians; and therefore labour as much as you can, with God's assistance, that the Christian name may not be falsely applied to you; but, in order that you may be true Christians, always meditate in your hearts on the commands of Christ, and fulfil them in your practice; *redeem your souls from punishment while you have the means in your power*; give alms according to your means, maintain peace and charity, restore harmony among those who are at strife, avoid lying, abhor perjury, bear no false witness, commit no theft, *offer oblations and gifts to Churches, provide lights for sacred places according to your means*, retain in your memory the Creed and the Lord's Prayer, and teach them to your sons."—pp. 112-113.

This part, extracted and mutilated by Mosheim and Robertson, is an allusion to Dan. iv. 24 (Protest. vers. 27), "Redeem thou thy sins with alms."

The second objection which a Protestant might make to the passage is because St. Eloy recommends the faithful humbly to implore the patronage of the saints. But this doctrine we have not time to defend here, nor need we, for it is not peculiar to St. Eloy, but has always been believed and practised in the Catholic Church. The third is, "give to us, O Lord, for we have given *unto thee*." We have only to observe that the *unto thee* was added by Robertson, and that the words of the saint express nothing but the spirit of the Lord's Prayer—forgive as we have forgiven.

"The charge, however, against Eligius is not only, and perhaps not principally, that his doctrine is popishly heretical, but that it is grossly defective; he is much to blame, we are told, for what he says, but much more to blame for what he does not say. Robertson

tells us, 'The *learned* and *judicious* translator of Dr. Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, from one of whose additional notes I have borrowed this passage, subjoins a *very proper* reflection—"We see here a *large and ample* description of a good Christian, in which there is not the least mention of the love of God, resignation to his will, obedience to his laws, or of justice, benevolence, and charity towards men.'" Jortin says, 'As to the true religion, here is the *sum and substance* of it as it is drawn up for us by Eligius, one of the principal saints of that age;' and, in his table of contents, this scrap is referred to as 'Eligius's *system of religion*.' White, in the notes to his Bampton Lectures (if they should be called his), tells us that, 'no representation can convey stronger ideas of the melancholy state of religion in the seventh century, than the description of the character of a good Christian by St. Eligius, or Eloi, bishop of Noyon.'

"As to defectiveness, then, let it be observed in the first place, that this scrap is but a very small part—as nearly as I can calculate, not a hundredth part—of a very long sermon; or rather, as one might suppose, from its prolixity and tautology, even if the language of St. Eloy's biographer did not suggest it, of several sermons mixed up into one great homily. If it were printed like Bishop Horsley's Sermons, it would, I believe, occupy just about the fifty-six octavo pages which contain the first three of them. Candour would suggest a possibility that the other ninety-nine parts may contain something that may go towards supplying the deficiencies of the scrap.

"But this is not all; or even what is most important. Mosheim printed the passages in such a way as to show that there were *some* omissions, though he did not indicate *all*. In Jortin's translation, only one mark of omission is retained; and that is, between the words 'prayer' and 'redeem.' In the *version* given by Robertson, *all* such indications are removed, and the scrap stands as one continuous passage. White goes a step further, and prints the *Latin text* without any break or hint of omission. Let us, therefore, see what is omitted in the part which is professedly quoted; and as that part is not far advanced in the sermon, it will be best to begin at the beginning. The part actually extracted by Mosheim I mark by *italics*:—

"I beseech you, most dear brethren, and admonish you with great humility, that you would listen attentively to those things which I desire to suggest to you for your salvation. For Almighty God knows that I offer them with fervent love towards you, and were I to do otherwise I should undoubtedly be held to have failed in my duty. Receive, then, what I say, not for my sake, who am of little account, but for your own salvation, willingly; at least, in such a way that what you receive by the ear you may fulfil in practice, so that I may be counted worthy to rejoice with you in the

kingdom of heaven, not only by my obedience, but through your profiting by it. If there is any one of you who is displeased that I persist in preaching to you so frequently, I beg him not to be offended with me, but rather to consider the danger to which I am exposed, and to listen to the fearful threatening which the Lord has addressed to priests by his prophet,—“If thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand. Nevertheless, if thou warn the wicked of his way to turn from it; if he do not turn from his way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul.”—Ezek. xxxiii. 8. And that, “Cry aloud, spare not, and show my people their sins.”—Is. lviii. 1.

“Consider therefore, brethren, that it is my duty incessantly to stir up your minds to fear the judgment of God, and to desire the heavenly reward, that, together with you, I may be counted worthy to enjoy perpetual peace in the company of angels. I ask you, therefore, always to hold in dread the day of judgment; and every day to keep before your eyes the day of your death.

“Consider how far you would be fit to be presented before angels, or what you would receive in return for your deserts, and whether you will be able in that day to show that the promise of your baptism has been kept unbroken. Remember that you then made a covenant with God, and that you promised in the very sacrament of baptism to renounce the devil and all his works. Whosoever was able then made this promise in his own person and for himself. If any was unable, his sponsor, that is, he who received him at his baptism, made these promises to God for him, and in his name.

“Consider, therefore, what a covenant you have made with God, and examine yourselves whether after that promise you have been following that wicked devil whom you renounced. For you did renounce the devil, and all his pomps, and his works; that is, idols, divinations, auguries, thefts, frauds, fornications, drunkenness, and lies, for these are his works and pomps. On the contrary, you promised to believe in God the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord, conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; that he suffered under Pontius Pilate, rose from the dead on the third day, and ascended into heaven; and then you promised that you would believe also in the Holy Ghost, the holy Catholic Church, the remission of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Without all doubt, this your covenant and confession which you then made will never be lost sight of by God; and, therefore, most dearly beloved, I warn you that this your confession or promise should always be kept in your own memory, that so your bearing the Christian name, instead of rising in judgment against you, may be for your salvation. For you are made Christians to this end, that you may always do the

works of Christ; that is, that you may love chastity, avoid lewdness and drunkenness, maintain humility, and detest pride, because our Lord Christ both showed humility by example and taught it by words, saying—"Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest to your souls." (Matt. xi. 30.) You must also renounce envy, have charity among yourselves, and always think of the future world, and of eternal blessedness, and labour rather for the soul than for the body. For the flesh will be only a short time in this world; whereas the soul, if it does well, will reign for ever in heaven; but, if it does wickedly, it will burn without mercy in hell. He, indeed, who thinks only of this life is like the beasts and brute animals.

"It is not enough, most dearly beloved, for you to have received the name of Christians, if you do not do Christian works. To be called a Christian profits him who always retains in his mind, and fulfils in his actions, the commands of Christ; that is, who does not commit theft, does not bear false witness, who neither tells lies nor swears falsely, who does not commit adultery, who does not hate anybody, but loves all men as himself, who does not render evil to his enemies, but rather prays for them, who does not stir up strife, but restores peace between those who are at variance. For these precepts Christ himself has deigned to give by his own mouth, in the gospel, saying—"Thou shalt do no murder, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Thou shalt not swear falsely nor commit fraud, Honour thy father and thy mother: and, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." (Matt. xix. 18, 19.) And also, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets." (Matt. vii. 12.)

"And he has given yet greater, but very strong and fruitful (*valde fortia atque fructifera*) commands, saying—"Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you," and "pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." (Matt. v. 44.) Behold, this is a strong commandment, and to men it seems a hard one; but it has a great reward; hear what it is—"That ye may be," he saith, "the children of your Father which is in heaven." Oh, how great grace! Of ourselves we are not even worthy servants; and by loving our enemies we become sons of God. Therefore, my brethren, both love your friends in God, and your enemies for God; for "he that loveth his neighbour," as saith the apostle, "hath fulfilled the law." (Rom. xiii. 8.) For he who will be a true Christian must needs keep these commandments; because, if he does not keep them, he deceives himself. He, therefore, is a good Christian who puts faith in no charms or diabolical inventions, but places all his hopes in Christ alone; who receives strangers with joy, even as if it were Christ himself, because he will say—"I was a stranger, and ye took me in," and, "inasmuch as ye have



done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." *He, I say, is a good Christian* who washes the feet of strangers, and loves them as most dear relations; who, according to his means, gives alms to the poor; *who comes frequently to church: who presents the oblation which is offered to God upon the altar; who doth not taste of his fruits before he hath offered somewhat to God; who has not a false balance or deceitful measures; who hath not given his money to usury; who both lives chastely himself, and teaches his sons and his neighbours to live chastely and in the fear of God; and, as often as the holy festivals occur, lives continently even with his own wife for some days previously, that he may, with safe conscience, draw near to the altar of God; finally, who can repeat the Creed or the Lord's Prayer, and teaches the same to his sons and servants.* He who is such an one, is, without doubt, a true Christian, and Christ also dwelleth in him, who hath said, "I and the Father will come and make our abode with him." (John xiv. 23.) And, in like manner, he saith, by the prophet, "I will dwell in them, and walk in them, and I will be their God, and they shall be my people." (2 Cor. vi. 16.)

"Behold, brethren, ye have heard what sort of persons are good Christians; and therefore labour as much as you can, with God's assistance, that the Christian name may not be falsely applied to you; but, in order that you may be true Christians, always meditate in your hearts on the commands of Christ, and fulfil them in your practice; *redeem your souls from punishment while you have the means in your power; give alms according to your means, maintain peace and charity, restore harmony among those who were at strife, avoid lying, abhor perjury, bear no false witness, commit no theft, offer oblations and gifts to churches, provide lights for sacred places according to your means, retain in your memory the Creed and the Lord's Prayer, and teach them to your sons.* Moreover, teach and chastise those children for whom you are sponsors, that they may always live with the fear of God. Know that you are sponsors for them with God. *Come frequently also to church; humbly seek the patronage of the saints; keep the Lord's day in reverence of the resurrection of Christ, without any servile work; celebrate the festivals of the saints with devout feeling; love your neighbours as yourselves; what you would desire to be done to you by others, that do to others; what you would not have done to you, do to no one; before all things have charity, for charity covereth a multitude of sins; be hospitable, humble, casting all your care upon God, for he careth for you; visit the sick, seek out the captives, receive strangers, feed the hungry, clothe the naked; set at nought soothsayers and magicians, let your weights and measures be fair, your balance just, your bushel and your pint fair; nor must you claim back more than you gave, nor exact from any one usury for money lent.* *Which, if you observe, coming with security before the*

*tribunal of the eternal Judge, in the day of Judgment, you may say, "Give, Lord, for we have given; shew mercy, for we have shewn mercy; we have fulfilled what thou hast commanded, do thou give what thou hast promised."*

"I feel that by this extract I do very imperfect justice to the sermon of St. Eloy; of which, indeed, I might say that it seems to have been written as if he had anticipated all and each of Mosheim's and Maclaine's charges, and intended to furnish a pointed answer to almost every one. I feel it to be most important to our forming a right view of the dark ages, that such false statements respecting the means of instruction and of grace should be exposed; but with so wide a field before us, I am unwilling, at present, to give more space than this to one subject, especially as I am anxious to get beyond that part of the subject which consists in merely contradicting misstatements; but I cannot do so until I have offered some remarks on the work of a popular historian whom I have not as yet noticed."—p. 108-114.

Maitland gives seven pages more of this sermon, to answer other slanderers, and at length concludes by declaring that it seems as if it had been written purposely to anticipate and refute the charges which are made against it. By the same process which has been adopted with regard to this sermon, we could make the Lord's Prayer consist of these words, "Our Father who art in heaven, lead us into temptation. Amen." Yet this would scarcely be looked upon as quite candid. Mr. Rose, the editor of the *British Magazine*, the High Church periodical, in which Maitland's papers first appeared, observes on this passage: "Here we find not only an individual *traduced*, but through him the religious character of a whole age *misrepresented*, and this misrepresentation now *generally believed*. We find men leaving out what a writer says, and then reproaching him with *not saying it*. We find Mosheim, Maclaine, Robertson, Jortin, White, *mangling*, misusing, and (some of them) traducing a writer, *whose works not one of them, except Mosheim (if even he), had ever seen*."

Every one must recollect Robertson's account of the feast of asses, which he says was not a mere farcical entertainment, like the feast of fools; "it was an act of devotion, performed by the ministers of religion, and by the *authority of the Church*." He says it was celebrated in commemoration of the *Virgin Mary's* flight into Egypt. "It was called the feast of the ass. A young girl richly dressed, with a child in her arms, was set upon an ass superbly caparisoned. The ass was taught to kneel at proper places; a hymn, no less childish than impious, was sung in his praise, and when the

ceremony was ended the priest, instead of the usual words, brayed three times like an ass; and the people, instead of their usual response, 'we bless the Lord,' brayed three times in the same manner."—*Hist. Charles V.* p. 237. In the first place, as to the facts; this feast was not to commemorate the Virgin Mary's flight into Egypt, nor was she mentioned at all. The ass was Balaam's. Secondly, it never extended beyond a few churches in the dioceses of Beauvais and Autun. Thirdly, it was not the clergy, but the people who patronised Balaam and his ass; and so far was it from having the authority of the Church, that the very persons from whom Robertson borrows the story, state that the bishops attempted to put down the practice by the censures of the Church, and that they did not succeed until they were backed by the authority of the senate.

Henry, who rivals Robertson in abuse of the dark ages, relates a story in his *History of England*, book 2, chap. iv. vol. iv., p. 68. The following is the text:—"The clergy in this age (the 10th century) were almost as illiterate as the laity. Some who filled the highest stations in the Church, could not so much as read; while others, who pretended to be better scholars, and attempted to perform the public offices, committed the most egregious blunders, of which the reader will find one example, *out of many*, quoted below." Here it is, and "ex uno disce omnes." "Meinwerc, bishop of Paderburn in this century, in reading the public prayers, *used* to say, 'Benedic Domine regibus et reginis mulis et mulabus (sic) tuis,' instead of 'famulis et famulobus (sic),' which made a very ludicrous petition; it changed 'thy servants, men and women,' into 'male and female mules.'" Will any one believe that this was so far from being usual with the bishop, that it was a trick played upon him once by the emperor, who was his kinsman. The following is the true story:—

"The emperor had a mantle of marvellous beauty, and exquisite workmanship. Meinwerc had often begged it for his church in vain; and therefore, on one occasion, when the emperor was intent on some particular business, he fairly snatched it from his person, and made off with it. The emperor charged him with robbery, and threatened to pay him off for it sometime or other. Meinwerc replied that it was much more proper that such a mantle should hang in the temple of God, than on his mortal body, and that he did not care for his threats. They were, however, carried into execution in the following manner:—"The em-

peror knowing that the bishop, being occupied in a great variety of secular business, was now and then guilty of a barbarism, both in writing and in speaking Latin, with the help of his chaplain effaced the syllable *fa* from the words *famulis* and *famulabus*, which form part of a collect in the service for the defunct, in the missal; and then called on the bishop to say a mass for the souls of his father and mother. Meinwerc, therefore, being unexpectedly called on to perform the service, and hastening to do it, read on as he found written, *mulis et mulabus*, but, perceiving the mistake, he repeated the words correctly. After mass, the emperor said, in a sarcastic manner, to the bishop, "I asked you to say mass for my father and mother, not for my male and female mules." But he replied, "By the mother of our Lord, you have been at your old tricks, and have made a fool of me again; and now, in no common way, but in the service of our God. This he who is my Judge has declared that he will avenge; for that which is done to him will not pass by unpunished." Thereupon, he immediately convened the canons in the chapter-house of the cathedral, ordered the emperor's chaplain, who had been a party to the trick, to be most severely flogged; and then, having dressed him in new clothes, sent him back to the emperor to tell him what had happened.

"And here, good reader, you have, I believe, the whole and sole foundation for the notable story of Bishop Meinwerc and his mules. If you have been at church as often as you should have been in these five years past, perhaps you would have heard King George prayed for by men who were neither stupid nor careless; but who were officiating from a book which had not been corrected. I am sure I have heard it within these six months;—but there is no need to apologize for the bishop."—p. 136-138.

Did any one ever hear of a charge against a whole century being founded on so ridiculous a story? It is not wonderful that Maitland should exclaim (p. 157) that he can "no longer call these the darker, but the earlier ages of the Church;" that he should declare (p. 159) that the abuse heaped upon the monks for being unlearned, is altogether unjust and absurd. "I know," says he, (p. 164), "as well as Mabillon did, that the monks were the most learned men; and that it pleased God to make monastic institutions the means of preserving learning in the world, and I hope to shew this; but before I do so, I wish to come to a clear understanding with those who, instead of thanking the monks for what they did, find sufficient employment in abusing them for not doing what they never undertook to do, and were in fact no more bound to do than other people."

We are very sorry that we cannot follow the author through "his dark age view of profane learning;" and that

we must be very brief in our notice even of the sacred learning of those times—a subject which is ably and learnedly discussed in the remaining portion of this book. The question the author now asks is, “Did the people know anything of the Bible in the dark ages?” It would be utterly impossible to give any adequate idea of this part of Maitland, without transcribing nearly one hundred pages. He wishes to infer the number of Bibles which existed in the middle ages from the number of manuscripts of that time which are still preserved; and we unfeignedly feel with him the greatest astonishment, not that they are so few, but that they are so many. Talking of the literary tour of the Benedictines in search of manuscripts, he says, “Still, though they did not see all that might have been seen, though their object was not precisely the same as ours, and they did not think of mentioning the manuscripts of the Scriptures they met with, unless some accidental circumstance rendered them remarkable, yet it would be easy to specify one hundred copies of the whole or parts of the Bible which they happen thus to mention, and which had existed during the dark ages. At some places they found no manuscripts, which may be easily explained; at others, there were one or two, or a few only remaining. And it is worthy of notice, how frequently such relics consisted of Bibles or parts of the Scriptures.” If we take into account the various causes of destruction to which manuscripts were exposed—war, fire, the religious fury of the Calvinists (which Maitland mentions among these causes), ignorance, cupidity, dishonesty, and the other casualties which have occurred within the last six hundred years, we must be amazed that so many remain; and it is an evident demonstration that the copies must not only have been very numerous, but that they must have been preserved with the greatest care. The author mentions several instances where the Bible alone was saved, when the priests and monks were able to rescue nothing else; and of the affectionate reverence with which they speak of the word of God, and the necessity of having it in every monastery; which ought to satisfy every rational being that they had the sacred oracles in their hands, and that they knew how to use and respect them. It is keeping quite below the probable estimate to say, that in all the public libraries there must be at least one thousand copies of the Scriptures remaining from those times of which we are speaking; and we question much if, after the lapse of six centuries, posterity will be able to boast of so many copies

of the Scripture having gone down to them from this Bible-loving age.

"I have not found any thing," says Maitland, where he speaks of the frequent notices of the Scripture which he met with in the middle ages, "about the arts and engines of hostility, the blind hatred of half barbarian kings, the fanatical fury of their subjects, or the reckless antipathy of the popes (to the Scriptures). I do not recollect any instance in which it is recorded that the Scriptures, or any part of them, were treated with indignity, or with less than profound respect. I know of no case in which they were intentionally defaced or destroyed (except, as I have just stated, as to their rich covers), though I have met with and hope to produce several instances, in some of which they were the *only*, and in others *almost the only*, books which were preserved through the revolutions of the monasteries to which they belonged, and all the ravages of fire, pillage, carelessness, or whatever else had swept away all the others. I know (and in saying this, I do not mean anything but to profess my ignorance; for did I suppress such knowledge, I might well be charged with gross dishonesty), of nothing which should lead me to suppose that any human craft or power was exercised *to prevent the reading, the multiplication, the diffusion of the word of God.*"—p. 220-221.

In several of the subsequent chapters, Maitland proves that the monks were obliged to have the psalms by heart, that they repeated them on their journeys, that their time was spent in celebrating the Divine mysteries, in prayer, and sacred reading; that they were in the habit of carrying the Bible with them when they went any distance from home; and that the whole Scripture, Old and New Testament, was publicly read through for the whole community every year, part of it in the church, and part in the refectory.

"A monk, says the author, was expected to know the Psalter by heart. Martene, in his commentary on the rule of St. Benedict, quotes and acquiesces in the observation that the words 'legantur' and 'dicantur' had been used advisedly, and with a design to intimate that the lessons were to be read from a book, but the psalms were to be said or sung by memory. He also quotes, from several of the ancient rules, proofs that means of instruction were used, which render it probable that this was practicable, and was required. From Pachomius, 'He who will renounce the world.....must remain a few days outside the gate, and shall be taught the Lord's Prayer, and as many psalms as he can learn;' and again, 'There shall be nobody whatever (omnino nullus) in the monastery who will not learn to read, and get by heart some part of the scriptures; at the least (quod minimum est) the New Testament and Psalter.' St. Basil, 'If any one who is in good health shall neglect to offer prayers,

and to commit the psalms to memory, making sinful excuses, let him be separated from the society of the others, or let him fast for a week.' St. Ferreol, 'No one who claims the name of a monk can be allowed to be ignorant of letters.'—pp. 338-9.

Lest any one should imagine that such practices were confined to the monks, we subjoin the first three canons of the council of Pavia, held in the ninth century, A.D. 850. The council of Rheims gave similar commands in the same age.

“‘I. The holy synod has decreed that the domestic and private life of a bishop ought to be above all scandal and suspicion, so that we may (according to the apostle) provide things honest, not only before God, but before all men. It is meet, therefore, that in the chamber of the bishop, and for all more private service, priests and clerks of sound judgment should be in attendance; who, while their bishop is engaged in watching, praying, and searching the scriptures, may constantly wait on him, and be witnesses, imitators, and (to the glory of God) setters forth, of his holy conversation.

“‘II. We decree that bishops shall perform mass, not only on Sundays, and on the principal festivals, but that, when possible, they shall attend the daily sacrifice. Nor shall they think it beneath them to offer private prayers, first for themselves, then for their brethren of the priesthood, for kings, for all the rulers of the Church of God, for those who have particularly commended themselves to their prayers, and especially for the poor; and to offer the sacrifice of the altar (*hostias offere*) to God, with that pious compunction, and deep feeling of holy devotion, which belongs to more private ministration, that the priest himself may become a living offering, and a sacrifice to God of a broken spirit.

“‘III. It is our pleasure that a bishop should be content with moderate entertainments, and should not urge his guests to eat and drink; but should rather at all times shew himself a pattern of sobriety. At his table let there be no indecent subjects of discourse; and let no ridiculous exhibition, no nonsense of silly stories, no foolish talking of the unwise, no buffoon tricks, be admitted. Let the stranger, the poor, the infirm, be there, who, blessing Christ, may receive a blessing from the sacerdotal table. Let there be sacred reading; let *viva voce* exhortation follow, that the guests may rejoice in having been refreshed, not only with temporal food, but with the nourishment of spiritual discourse, that God may be glorified in all things through Jesus Christ our Lord.’”—p. 341-2.

We would gladly follow the author through the entire of the arguments by which he proves that the Scriptures were familiar to the Christians of the middle ages. One of these consists in the fact, that all the distinguished ecclesiastics of those times were eulogized for the knowledge of the sacred

volume. Again, we have direct evidence of the same fact in numberless instances. We have only room for a small portion of Maitland's evidence. The first instance relates to John, abbot of Gorze. "Being therefore," says his biographer, "greatly stimulated by them (a company of nuns), and more inflamed than he had been before by any example of virtue, he deliberated with a fixed mind on a plan for a more perfect life. He therefore immediately began with these hand-maidens of God a course of divine reading with all his might, having first read through the whole of the Old and New Testament."—*Maitland*, p. 465. This man flourished about the end of the tenth century. We are told also of Ludiger, bishop of Munster, who died in the beginning of the ninth century, "that he was well instructed in the sacred writings, and that he did not neglect to lecture his disciples daily; and whatever he found to be enjoined in the holy books, he studied to practise and teach." It is told of this saint, that when he was quite a child, when any body asked him, what have you been doing to-day? he would say that he had been all day making books, or writing, or reading. And when he was further asked, "Who taught you?" he would answer, "God taught me." "The reason," says Maitland, most justly, "why this circumstance is worth mentioning is, that it indicates a state of things in which the child was familiar with books, and reading, and writing. If he had not seen it practised, he would have no more thought of writing than Philip Quarl's monkey did, before his master came to the island." Of St. Dunstan, who lived in the tenth century, it is told that he spent his leisure in religious exercises, in reading the divine writings, and in correcting copies of them. The same thing is told of Maiolus, abbot of Clugni, in the tenth century; of Lambert, abbot of Lobbes, in the eleventh century; and in the same century of Anselm, bishop of Lucca, "that he knew almost all the holy Scripture by heart, and as soon as he was asked, could tell what each and all the holy expositors thought on any particular point. William of Malmesbury says of Wulstin, bishop of Worcester, who lived in the same age, that "lying, standing, walking, sitting, he had always a psalm on his lips, always Christ in his heart;" and of his contemporary Arnold, bishop of Soissons, we are told that for "three years and a half he never spoke to any creature, but spent his time in reading the word of God, and in meditation." Abbot Thierry had the Scriptures by heart; and "the table-talk



of Aufidius, a man of high rank and military education, was always seasoned by references to holy Scripture." "We shall not," says Maitland, (p. 465), "surely, be told that such stories as these are either fictions or very singular cases, or even that they are to any important extent either coloured or exaggerated. It would be easy to multiply them, and not easy to escape the inference that a familiar knowledge of the word of God was possessed and valued by many in those ages which have been represented not merely as without light, but as so fiercely in love with darkness, that they were positively hostile to the Scriptures, and not only virtually destroyed them, and made them void by their wicked doctrines, but actually hated and destroyed the very letter of the Bible."

The next proof that the Scriptures were familiarly known by both clergy and laity is taken from the sermons and homilies of that period which have come down to us. The reader will find one in Maitland, from page 479 to 488. It was preached by Bardo, archbishop of Mentz, on an occasion when his object was to recover his character for learning, and to remove an unfavourable impression from the minds of the people. We have not room for it, but may refer the reader to our extract from St. Eloy, or to any other homily of the middle ages. They are almost a string of scriptural quotations, which it is truly astonishing that the preachers ever got together without a concordance, and which the audience could neither have listened to nor endured if they had not been familiar with the Bible. After part of Bardo's sermon has been quoted by Maitland, he observes (p. 488):—

"These extracts may give the reader some idea of the sermon, and whatever a severe criticism might find to say respecting the taste or the truth of some of the applications, I feel that I may confidently ask whether it does not imply a greater familiarity with the Scriptures in both the preacher and the hearers than most people would have given them credit for? When it is considered how small a part I have given, and that the whole is characterized by the same biblical phraseology, it really does appear to me surprising how any man could on such short notice put together such a string of texts at a period when concordances, common-place books, and other pulpit assistants, had not been invented.....But what did the audience think of the sermon? Was the unhappy preacher really casting pearls before swine in thus profusely quoting a book, the very existence of which was unknown to them? Surely, if they knew nothing of the Bible, they must have wondered what he was talking about and what he was driving at, and have sorely repented that they had expressed discontent with his former brief

sermon. Surely, if the emperor participated in the blind hatred of the 'half-barbarian kings of feudal Europe,' and the audience in 'the fanatical furies of their ignorant people,' by which we are told that the Scriptures were so cruelly and hatefully oppressed, such a preacher was likely to be torn in pieces. But nothing of the sort appears to have happened. The people certainly were astonished; and it is said that all of them agreed in the *strangest notion imaginable, namely, that the preacher was a highly fit man to be Pope.*"

The last argument and the most irresistible is that taken from the histories, biographies, familiar letters, legal instruments, and writings of every kind in those times, for no matter by whom they were written, they are all literally made up of the Scriptures. If the Scriptures had not been most familiarly known, no person could have written these documents, nor could any one have understood them when they were written. Now, when we reflect on the enormous amount of these manuscripts which must have existed—when, in spite of fire, war, pestilence, and time, hundreds of thousands of them of one kind or another have come down to us, we must admit that an extraordinary knowledge of the Scriptures must have been universal. This argument is put by Maitland in the following words:—

"The fact, however, to which I have so repeatedly alluded is simply this—the writings of the dark ages are, if I may use the expression, *made of the Scriptures*. I do not merely mean that the writers constantly quoted the Scriptures, and appealed to them as authorities on all occasions, as other writers have done since their day—though they did this, and it is a strong proof of their familiarity with them—but I mean that they thought and spoke and wrote the thoughts and words and phrases of the bible, and that they did this constantly and habitually as the natural mode of expressing themselves. They did it too not exclusively in theological or ecclesiastical matters, but in histories, biographies, familiar letters, legal instruments, and documents of every description. I do not know that I can fully express my meaning, but perhaps I may render it more clear if I repeat that I do not so much refer to direct quotations of Scripture, as to the fact that their ideas seem to have fallen so naturally into the words of Scripture, that they were constantly referring to them in a way of passing allusion, which is now very puzzling to those who are unacquainted with the phraseology of the Vulgate, and forms one of the greatest impediments in the way of many who wish to read their works. It is a difficulty which no dictionary or glossary will reach. What the reader wants, and the only thing that will help him, is a concordance of the Vulgate, in which to look out such words as seem to be

used in a strange and unintelligible way. Without seeing them in their original context, there is little chance of discovering their meaning—but then is it not clear that the passage was present to the mind of the writer, and that he expected it to be so to those of his readers? How could it be otherwise?”—p. 470.

Yet, in spite of this overwhelming mass of evidence, evidence derived from so many different sources, each of which increases the stream, until it at length becomes irresistible, we shall still hear very likely the old trumpery about Luther and the Bible, which he, happy man! discovered after it had been lost in the dark ages. Yet look at these facts. A multitude of the writers of the middle ages speak of the Bible as a book familiarly known; it was in all convents, monasteries, churches; parts of it were repeated from memory; the whole of it was read through in the religious communities each year; it was carried about on journeys; it was ornamented with gold, silver, and precious stones, and publicly presented in the churches; a large number of copies have survived rapine, murder, fire, and the casualties of six hundred years; it was constantly and sometimes exclusively read by those pious men whose lives have come down to us; the sermons of the period were a string of texts, and every thing that was written by priest or monk, by secular or regular, was written in scripture phraseology, and filled with passages from and allusions to the sacred volume. Is it not strange that after all this any one would be so barefaced and so ignorant as to repeat the old calumnies against the dark ages? But, unfortunately, there are such people to be found.

“I am not,” says Maitland, “such an enthusiast as to suppose that a series of papers in a magazine, desultory and superficial as I sincerely acknowledge these to be, can do much to stop the perpetual repetition of falsehood long established, widely circulated, and maintained with all the tenacity of party prejudice. If I were, the occurrences of almost every day would, I hope, teach me wisdom. While these sheets have been going through the press they have brought me a specimen quite worthy of Robertson, and so much to our present purpose that I cannot help noticing it. Even since the foregoing paragraph was written, a proof sheet has come from the printing-office, wrapped in a waste quarter of a sheet of a book which I do not know that I have seen, but the name of which I have often heard, and which I have reason to believe has been somewhat popular of late. The head-line of the page before me is

“The University.  
“Luther's Piety.

“‘D'AUBIGNÉ'S REFORMATION.

““Discovery.  
““The Bible.

“Among the contents of the page thus headed, and in the column

under 'Discovery. The Bible,' we find the following passage relating to Luther:—

“The young student passed at the university library every moment he could snatch from his academic duties. Books were still rare, and it was a high privilege in his eyes to be enabled to profit by the treasures collected in that vast collection. One day (he had then been studying two years at Erfurth, and was twenty years of age) he opened one after another several books in the library, in order to become acquainted with their authors. A volume he opens in its turn arrests his attention. He has seen nothing like it to this moment. He reads the title—it is a Bible! a rare book, unknown in those days. His interest is excited to a high degree; he is overcome with wonder at finding more in the volume than those fragments of the Gospels and Epistles, which the Church had selected to be read in the temples every Sunday throughout the year. Till then, he had supposed these constituted the entire word of God; and now behold, how many pages, how many chapters, how many books, of which he had not before had a notion.’

“Is it not odd that Luther had not by some chance or other heard of the Psalms?—but there is no use in criticising such nonsense. Such it must appear to every moderately informed reader, but he will not appreciate its absurdity until he is informed that on the same page this precious historian has informed his readers that in the course of the two preceding years Luther had ‘applied himself to learn the philosophy of the middle ages in the writings of Occam, Scot, Bonaventure, and Thomas Aquinas,’—of course none of those poor creatures knew anything about the Bible.”—pp. 467-70.

‘Milner, the deacon, has given the following version of this story:—

“In the second year after Luther had entered into the monastery, he accidentally met with a Latin bible in the library. It proved to him a treasure. Then he first discovered that there were MORE scripture-passages extant than those which were read to the people: for the scriptures were at that time very little known in the world.’ *Vol. iv. p. 324.* Really one hardly knows how to meet such statements, but will the reader be so good as to remember that we are not now talking of the dark ages, but of a period when the *press* had been *half a century* in operation; and will he give a moment’s reflection to the following statement, which I believe to be correct, and which cannot, I think, be so far inaccurate as to affect the argument. To say nothing of *parts* of the bible, or of books whose *place* is uncertain, we know of at least *twenty* different *editions* of the *whole* Latin Bible *printed* in *Germany* only before Luther was *born*. These had issued from Augsburg, Strasburg, Cologne, Ulm, Mentz (two), Basil (four), Nuremberg (ten), and were dispersed through Germany, I repeat,

before Luther was born;\* and I may add that before that event there was a printing press at work in this very town of Erfurt, where, more than twenty years after, he is said to have made his 'discovery.' Some may ask what was the pope about all this time? Truly one would think he must have been off his guard; but as to these German performances, he might have found employment nearer home if he had looked for it. Before Luther was born, the bible had been printed in Rome, and the printers had had the assurance to memorialise his holiness, praying that he would help them off with some copies. It had been printed too at Naples, Florence, and Placenza, and Venice alone had furnished eleven editions. No doubt we should be within the truth if we were to say that beside the multitude of manuscript copies, not yet fallen into disuse, the *press* had issued fifty different editions of the whole Latin Bible, to say nothing of Psalters, New Testaments, or other parts. And yet, more than twenty years after, we find a young man who had received 'a very liberal education,' who 'had made great proficiency in his studies at Magdeburg, Eisenach, and Erfurt,' and who, nevertheless, did not know what a Bible was, simply because 'the Bible was unknown in those days.'—p. 469, *note*.

If one-tenth part of the calumnies which have been invented concerning the middle ages—all because the people of those times were Catholics, and some of them monks—had been written or spoken about anything but religion, their authors would have been hunted out of society, and the books which contained them would be consigned to eternal infamy. If persons who did not know the very alphabet of science were to cast wholesale aspersions upon its most eminent professors without ever having seen or read their works, would any one endure such intolerable insolence? Yet here we find something infinitely worse, not only endured but encouraged. All the millions of Christians who inhabited the world for six or seven hundred years, are found guilty of the grossest ignorance, of superstition and idolatry, on the evidence of men who have never seen any of their works beyond a few mutilated extracts, which they still farther mutilate, and pervert in the most scandalous and flagitious manner. No one seems to recollect that the monasteries were the houses of the poor and the afflicted; that their inhabitants devoted their time to prayer, meditation, and study; that they were the physicians, not only of the soul, but also of the body; and that it is to their labour and care we are indebted for the Bible itself, as well as for all the works of antiquity which have come down to us. The Christian Church also was in those times, to use

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\* For an enumeration of these editions, see two articles, "Versions of Scripture," in Nos. II. and V. of this Journal.

Maitland's words, "the source and spring of civilization, the dispenser of what little comfort and security there was in the things of this world, and the quiet scriptural asserter of the rights of man." In the long and beautiful account which the author gives of St. Bernard and Peter the Venerable, he alludes briefly to the character of the monks as landlords. "Without entering," he says, "into a subject (page 393) which is extremely interesting, and for the illustration of which materials are very abundant, I may just observe that the extraordinary benefit which they conferred on society by colonizing waste places—places chosen *because* they were *waste* and *solitary*, and could not be reclaimed except by the incessant labour of those who were willing to work hard and live hard—lands often given because they were not worth keeping . . . . was small in comparison with the advantages derived from them by society after they had become large proprietors—landlords with more benevolence, and farmers with more intelligence and capital, than any others. One thing, however, is worthy of notice . . . . that these ecclesiastical landlords did not make so much of their property as they might have done, or as would have been made of it by the unprincipled and tyrannical laymen by whom they were surrounded, and too often robbed. I think we may infer, from Peter's (the venerable abbot of Clugni) way of alluding to their mode of treating their tenants and those serfs over whom the law gave them so great a power, that, though in one sense very careful of their property, they were not careful, or had not the wisdom, to make the most of it." It is no wonder that he designates the flagitious robbery of these good landlords, who supported the labourer comfortably at home, and fed the poor in their halls, by the epithets "bare-faced spoliation and brute force."

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ART. VIII.—"*Opinions delivered by the Judges on the Questions of Law propounded to them in the Case of O'Connell v. the Queen; writs of Error, ordered to be printed the 2nd Sept. 1844.*" London: 1844.

WE resume, not reluctantly, our review of the Irish State prosecution. The scene of our former notice was laid in the Irish Court of Queen's Bench, the present will be chiefly conversant of the proceedings in the House of Lords. In our last number, we carried our hasty sketch of the

proceedings down to the verdict. The forms of law allowed, or rather compelled, the ardent prosecutors to pause for a space; weeks were passed without any move on either side. No sooner had the judges reassembled, however, than a motion was made on the part of the Traversers for a new trial, on the ground, principally, of the fraudulent tampering with the panel, the reception of illegal evidence, and the one-sided charge of the Chief Justice. It is not within the scope of our design, to enter into the arguments of the counsel on this motion; neither will we be guilty of the injustice of making extracts, where the entire should be read. We cannot, however, help pointing the attention of our readers in an especial manner, to the solid and masterly argument of Thomas O'Hagan. It was worthy of the occasion; it was the speech of the lawyer, the orator, and the scholar. Well may the North be proud—and the North is proud—of having cradled such a man. Unlike many of his brethren, who are only great on great occasions, Mr. O'Hagan is one of the readiest and quickest advocates at the Irish bar, and is rapidly advancing to the leadership of his circuit. The new trial, was, of course, refused, Judge Perrin dissenting from his brethren. Would that he had been on this, and on other occasions during the trial, a little more firm and self-relying.

The last of the motions made on the Traversers' part, was the motion in arrest of judgment. Our limited space compels us to dispatch this too in a very few words. The argument was opened by Sir Coleman O'Loughlin, the junior counsel of the Traversers, who had sustained the heaviest part of the labour of the case on his shoulders from the commencement, and who in his excess of zeal for his clients, nearly sacrificed his own life. We need not remind our readers of the general regret expressed and felt at the illness, and the universal joy experienced at the recovery, of this highly gifted and able young man. To him is due much of the credit attachable to the successful termination of the case. He has inherited from his father a name dear to Ireland, and his struggles with the serpent of this State Prosecution, while yet in the infancy of his professional career, foreshadow a fame not inferior to his father's, when years shall have imparted to him increased confidence and experience. We question whether any man of his standing, at the Irish or English bar, could have made such an argument as he made upon this motion. But all argument, and reasoning, and reference to authority, were in vain; the court ruled every thing against the accused. Like those judges, who in the sanguinary days of the criminal law,

“emptied the gaols into the grave;” the Judges of the Queen’s Bench appeared to side in all things with the prosecutor. It is ludicrous now to turn back to the judgments delivered upon this occasion, over-ruled as they are in almost every particular by the House of Lords; for example, the sixth and seventh counts in the indictment appeared to have been the pet ones of the Irish Judges; and these, their English brethren have unanimously declared to be quite untenable.

So far, the Irish Attorney-General’s progress was one continued victory; flushed with his triumph, therefore, and unmindful of the means by which it had been achieved, he dragged his victims up for sentence. The leaders of the Irish people were called to the bar of the Court of Queen’s Bench as convicted conspirators. With cheek unblenched, and with haughty port, they entered the court. The moment they appeared, the bar—the Irish bar, to their eternal honour be it recorded—rose and gave them an enthusiastic greeting; Conservative and Radical, Catholic and Protestant, Repealer and Anti-Repealer, joined in the demonstration. It was only thus, that they could protest against the unjust sentence that was about to be recorded. Many of them hated O’Connell politically; some were indifferent; *all* felt that he had not got a fair trial. The judges frowned, but their frowns were unheeded. Public opinion is now of too sturdy a growth in Ireland to be checked by the scowl of power. The sentence was passed; Judge Burton wept as he delivered it. Had his lordship been gifted with a prophetic spirit, he would have treasured up the tears he shed over the Traversers, to let them fall soon after for himself and his brethren. The British House of Lords has judicially declared the whole proceedings in the Irish Court of Queen’s Bench, erroneous and fraudulent. Should not those weep who permitted that fraud, and who, when applied to, refused to remedy it?

The sentence was listened to by the Traversers without any apparent emotion. There were many anxious and eager whisperings through the court, as every one imparted his opinion of its severity to his neighbour. There was the profoundest silence however, as Daniel O’Connell spoke the very few words he did speak in reply to that judgment and sentence. He knew that that was not the time or place to enter fully into the matter. Few therefore, and dignified, were his observations; they had the solemn earnestness of truth—*“It is now, my Lords, with great regret, that I express my painful conviction THAT JUSTICE HAS NOT BEEN DONE.”* The pent-up feelings of that crowded court, could be repressed



no longer. A loud and long continued cheer spoke the assent of the auditory to the declaration of O'Connell—that indignant shout expressed the feelings with which that sentence was received all over the world. In sooth, it was a sentence that carried no moral weight with it. The gambler, it was true, had won the game, but the paltry fraud by which he had attained success, had been detected and exposed. To repeat the scathing words of Jonathan Henn—"that sentence was unjust and oppressive, and amounted to an exercise of legal tyranny which ought not to be known to the English law."

On a glorious sunlit evening, the 30th of May 1844, the Irish Patriots left the Four Courts in custody of the Sheriff to be consigned to a dungeon. There was no tumult, no groaning, no apparent excitement, as they passed rapidly to the prison. The people looked on in speechless horror. It was an insult to Ireland which ages may not obliterate. Had O'Connell wished it, the chivalry of England, with the Great Captain at its head, would have found it no easy task to make him a prisoner. He preached peace, however, and the most infirm tipstaff of the court would have formed a sufficient escort to the prison. Still the smoothness on the surface shewed the depth of feeling beneath. The absence of all noisy ebullition only proved its intensity. It is when the steam is letting off, and when the pressure on the engines is least, that the noise is the greatest. A far-seeing statesman would have read this correctly, and have retraced his steps. Mr. Attorney-General Smith, and his man Brewster, clapped their wings and crowed defiance. With them the end justified the means. They had thrust the foremost man of modern times into a dungeon; and thus by the rule that had been acted upon for years in Ireland, had fitted themselves for the bench. Great was the glorification of their friends. The Attorney-General was compared to Lord Coke, and Brewster, it was thought, greatly resembled Lord Mansfield. The Irish people waited patiently. There was a final appeal to the House of Lords, but many thought it worse than mockery to test it; *so thought not O'Connell*. He resolved that no act or default of his should be construed into an acquiescence in such a great injustice. It was true, some of the most flagrant grievances that had been suffered upon the trial, could not be reviewed in the court of appeal at all. The utter inadequacy of the evidence to sustain any count in the indictment—the reception of testimony which

should have been rejected—the refusal of the witnesses' names—the one-sided charge of the Chief-Justice, and the sectarian character of the jury—were all, by the unbending rules of law, shut out from the consideration of the court of error. In the literal sense of those solemn words, these should now be left “to God and the country.” The court of appeal could not travel out of the record, and these monstrosities did not appear upon the face of it.

The House of Lords is an appropriate assembly room for the peers of England. There is a subdued grandeur about its general arrangement and its smallest details. The royal throne is not elevated too high above the seats of the aristocratic senators. The Chancellor presides over the debates; but his seat—the woolsack—is on a level with those of the spiritual and temporal peers. The thick carpets on the Chamber itself, and upon all its approaches, prevent the foot-fall of those entering or leaving the house distracting the sedate consultations of the unexcitable senate. The infusion of plebeian blood in the person of an occasional law lord, is too small to instil much healthy vigour into the veins of this venerable body. Every one, except Lord Brougham, seems to enter its precincts with measured steps and slow. The very doors creak not on their well-oiled hinges, and open as it were spontaneously to admit the titled aristocracy of England. The ushers and vergers look more like marble statues in full dress than like living men. If they communicate with each other, it is only by signs. On those occasions when the House of Lords sit as a court of appeal, they hear barristers on the part of the litigants at their bar, and allow an influx of strangers into the body of their house in the persons of the learned judges of England. Those grave personages, however, although they sit in the house, do not mingle with the peers. Their places are at the table, around which they cluster, living impersonations of all the deep knowledge that is to be found buried in the legal text-books and reports—the depositaries of the *lex non scripta* of England.

Before a tribunal thus constituted, the case of the Irish State Prisoners came to be argued. The Attorney-General for Ireland had called upon the Irish judges to fling the Traversers into a dungeon, before their appeal had been adjudicated upon. Let the decision of that tribunal be what it might, he was determined that the Traversers should be punished. A fine levied might be repaid; a recognizance

might be cancelled; but the prisoner can never get back months spent in a dungeon. It must never be forgotten—*it never will be forgotten*—that the order of reversal of the House of Lords only reached the state prisoners after they had been for upwards of three months the inmates of a gaol—the companions of pickpockets and petty-larceners. Imprisonment for such a space at his advanced age, might have proved fatal to ordinary men; but O'Connell was no ordinary man. His body and mind seem equally adapted for his high position; and he left the Richmond Penitentiary with step as light and elastic as he entered it.

Sir Thomas Wilde, the ex-Attorney General of England, had been selected by O'Connell as his leading counsel in the lords. Three things mainly contribute to success in legal strategy—a good cause—an able advocate—and just judges. The two former were within the prisoners' own selection; the latter they had to take as they found them. Had their consent been asked on a recent occasion, it is more than probable they would not have been satisfied with the Irish Court of Queen's Bench. They had now a just cause. They had been falsely accused, foully convicted, and illegally punished in their own country, and by their own countrymen. They came to seek redress from the law lords of England, not as a boon, but as a right. The government had closed the prison doors upon them, before their appeal could be heard; if they had not been thus precipitate, Daniel O'Connell could himself, once more, have stood at the bar of the House of Lords, and stated his own and his fellow-traversers' case. We can well conceive the triumphant chuckle of Brewster, and the other small officials, at this notable move. To use a legal phrase, however, "they took nothing by their motion" but ultimate discomfiture and defeat. The small elevation they acquired by the imprisonment of the traversers only served to increase the severity of their fall.

Sir Thomas Wilde occupied the place that the Irish people would have selected for their own countryman. It is only justice to him to say, that he was worthy of being the national advocate; he threw his whole heart into the case. He brought the vast stores of his legal learning, and the blunt manliness of his thoroughly English character to bear upon it. Many an argument used by him in the course of his opening speech, obtained the weight and importance of a judicial decision, when afterwards adopted and embodied in the judgments of the learned law lords. It is not our object, nor in

sooth would it be at all consistent with our limited space, to attempt to give anything like a full analysis of the speeches made upon this memorable occasion. We have reason to think, however, that they will appear in an authorized shape, and have no doubt that they will be useful studies in all after times for the statesman and the lawyer.

The counsel concerned in the cause had, very properly, divided the several matters to be argued between themselves; and upon Mr. Peacock devolved the task of grappling with some of the nicer and subtler legal points in the case. No one could manage them more adroitly. The special pleaders, and black-letter men, listened to him with ecstasy. He had cases innumerable, and if we are not greatly misinformed, his argument upon this occasion, has raised his fame, as an astute and painstaking lawyer, even higher than it was before.

To Mr. Hill's part in the division of professional labour, fell the argument of the traversers' challenge to the array, in consequence of the fraudulent tampering with the jury book. He argued it with great force and ability. That challenge signed "Coleman O'Loughlin" stands uncontradicted—admitted—on the files of the Irish Court of Queen's Bench—an eternal memorial of the corrupt administration of justice in Ireland. The ruffian who dared to profane the sanctuary of justice, by filching away a part of the jury list, may perhaps escape exposure and punishment; but little doubt is entertained as to the persons who planned the fraud and suborned the perpetrator.

Mr. Kelly closed the arguments on the part of the appellants. He powerfully and successfully attacked the entire frame-work of the indictment. From the immense farago of legal verbiage, and nonsensical repetitions which seemed studiously to have been strung together, not for the purpose of explaining clearly to the accused the accusations he was to answer, but to mystify and mislead him—the learned counsel dragged forth the charges stripped of their legal technicalities. He demonstrated that the greater part of them were no offences at all. Under one count, the sixth, the appellants were found guilty of conspiring to cause large numbers to assemble for the purpose of procuring changes in the law! In the seventh, they were found guilty of having conspired to bring into disrepute the tribunals established in Ireland for the administration of justice, in order to induce parties to have recourse to other tribunals! Now, the learned sages of the Queen's Bench in Ireland, declared that

both these counts disclosed serious and grave offences; and the House of Lords was called upon to affirm that decision. The judges of England, and the law lords—with the single exception of Lord Brougham (!) *who doubted*—over-ruled the absurd and monstrous decision of the Irish judges, and declared these counts did not contain any legal charge. If they had come to any other conclusion, it would have behoved Lord Brougham and Sir James Graham, and even the premier himself, to have obtained a bill of indemnity from parliament to save them from the legal consequences of their exertions for parliamentary and legal reform.

Sir William Follett, confessedly the most highly-gifted legal man of the English bar, opened the case for the crown. As Attorney-general for England, it was his duty to hold the shield over his Irish brother. What a revolting task must it not have been to him! He had to argue that the indictment was a good one; that the trial had been a fair one; and that the sentence following upon the trial had been a just one! Labouring under great physical weakness, he still proved himself worthy of his high place at the bar, and his still higher position in the estimation of his brethren. His was a clever argument, cunningly put together, and admirably delivered. He studiously avoided, or as it is technically called, “shirked” the broad constitutional questions arising in the case. As a skilful soldier, who has the care of a weakly-garrisoned citadel, and is afraid to expose his slender forces in a pitched battle, contents himself with strengthening his defences, without attempting aggressive warfare; so Sir William avoided the great questions involved in the challenge to the array, and contented himself with arguing that the challenge itself was informal. On the whole, however, we must admit that his argument, looked upon as that of an advocate, was excellent; and we hope when he next appears in a great case, that he will have a better foundation upon which to raise his legal superstructure.

He was followed by the Irish Attorney-general; of him we have so fully spoken before, that we shall not now revert to him at any length. For some of those who were connected with the prosecution, we have no sympathy, and have expressed none. We really feel for the Irish Attorney-general. The ridiculous vauntings of his professing friends, but real enemies, at the Irish bar and the English press, had attributed the conviction obtained by such means as we have faintly described, to the superhuman exertions, the deep legal

learning, and powerful elocution of Mr. Smith. They kept in the back-ground the packed jury, the over-zealous judge, and the court that always leaned against the side of mercy—forgetting the old time-honoured maxim of Matthew Hale,—“In criminals, where there is a measuring cast, to lean to mercy and acquittals.” Loud and vehement were the *Io triumphés!* when O’Connell was imprisoned. Bitter were the taunts against the traversers for daring to bring a writ of error. Poor Mr. Smith! His inflated elevation has subsided, and his former adulators are now among his accusers. His argument upon the writ of error we shall not dissect; it forms an excellent companion to his opening speech upon the trial; the latter being the longer, was of course the worse of the two.

On the second of September the Judges of England assembled in the House of Lords to answer the several questions put to them touching the writ of error. Their decision was not to be conclusive, nor in any way binding on those learned personages who sought their advice. Still their answers were looked for with an interest proportionate to the great importance of the matters in issue, and which their opinions would undoubtedly in some way influence. Rumour had it that there was a division of opinion among those learned personages, and the public marvelled that those high functionaries to whom the empire looked up as their oracles in all legal controversies, could not agree among themselves. Lord Chief Justice Tindal delivered the unanimous answers of the Judges to nine out of the eleven questions propounded to them. We have already informed our readers, that wide as was the ground taken by these questions, they left untouched some of the greatest hardships complained of by the traversers. In addition to this, the questions themselves by no means opened the points to be argued in a way favourable to the appellants. A decision against them would not therefore, in any respect, make the case for the crown better, while an opposite result would be doubly damnatory upon them.

We shall not exhaust our space, nor weary our readers by going through the answers of the Judges; they all upheld the technical propriety of the judgment upon the minor points; but Baron Parke (admittedly the highest legal authority on the Bench in England) and Mr. Justice Coltman, differed from their brethren, and considered that certain counts of the indictment being bad, a sentence inflicted generally upon all, could not be supported. This appears common

sense. For example. A man is indicted for conspiring to create a mutiny in the army, and in another count in that indictment, he is charged with being a law reformer. An enlightened and constitutional judge (Justice Pennefather, suppose), tells the jury that both are grave offences, and the jury find him guilty on both. The judge sentences him generally, laying great stress on the iniquity of all reforms, and all attempts to change or alter the law. The court of appeal review the judgment, and then it is in effect said, "True, sir, you were erroneously convicted for what is a virtue, not a crime; but we shall presume, notwithstanding, that the judge who differs with us as to the law, thought one thing when he said another. It is true, he sentenced you for doing what is right; but we shall presume that he punished you for doing what is wrong." We cannot reconcile this with our notions of unswerving justice and unbending right; no matter who the judges are who state so, nor where they state it, we will not believe that such is the law of England. We thank God! Lord Denman lives to bear testimony against it. No wonder therefore that the agents for the traversers, who had listened from the beginning to this eventful trial, and who had heard the Irish Judges resting the validity of the judgment principally on the counts which the House of Lords declared good for nothing, while admitting in a letter addressed by them to the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*,—"that it was not their province" (we would add, *nor their habit*) "to set boundaries to the force of presumption," yet protested in the face of the English public, and in the face of the world, against a presumption not in accordance, but at variance, with the truth. It was rumoured that for this letter the four Irish attorneys were to have been brought up to the bar of the House, but it was passed over in silence. Had they been committed, we think "Black Rod" would have found he had caught a bevy of Tartars, and certain we are that the House would soon be glad to get rid of them. They would not have been *silent* sufferers.

Wednesday the fourth day of September 1844, will be a day long marked with white, in the annals of Ireland. Truly was it said by O'Connell, to have been the first occasion on which England had done justice to Ireland—full justice she could not do. She could not recall the imprisonment that had been unjustly and illegally inflicted; she could not wipe out the insult that had been offered to the country. But what

could at that period be done, was done by Lord Denman, with the sanction of Lords Cottenham and Campbell, and, what enhances the favour, against the wishes of Lords Lyndhurst and Brougham. Had they joined in the favourable judgment, it would not have been so received in Ireland as it was:—

“ I saw my livid tormentors pass ;  
 Their grief it was joy to hear and see,  
 For never came joy to them, alas !  
 That did not bring bitter woe to me.”

The Irish people would have feared that something dreadful was lurking beneath, had Lyndhurst and Brougham given a judgment favourable to the traversers.

Unusual excitement pervaded the passages, and the portion of the Lords' chamber devoted to strangers, on that eventful morning. The traversers' friends, trusting more to the innate justice of their cause, than to the forms and technicalities of the law, closed their ears to the general rumour of an unfavourable judgment. The crown counsel looked gloomy and doubtful. The peers sat stately and unexcited, as became their rank. Lord Brougham alone seemed uneasy, and flitted about from place to place, as he was wont to do in the other house.

There was silence—a hushed and eager and anxious silence, if we may so speak, as the Lord Chancellor of England left the woosack, and stood to the left of the throne to address their lordships. His appearance and demeanour were imposing in the extreme. He had a great part to perform, and not one of those great men who had preceded him in his high office, knew better how to perform it. We will not now stop to cavil at the matter of his judgment, but we are bound to acknowledge that nothing could be more majestic than the manner in which he delivered it. Every one knew that that judgment would be adverse to the accused; still all were anxious to hear how so expert a tactician would deal with so difficult a theme. The involuntary exclamation that rose to the lips as he concluded, was, not what a just judge, *but what a great actor!*

We now come to Lord Brougham's judgment: he followed Lord Lyndhurst. “ How art thou fallen from heaven, Lucifer, star of the morning!” How changed from that Henry Brougham, who once led the van in the forward march of free opinion; whose hand was uplifted to strike the fetter from the slave, and whose voice sounded through the world as a



trumpet in the days of the Reform Bill. Fallen, debased, and degraded, he is now the living mockery of his former self. The poet says that the recollection of former happiness aggravates misery; the severest censure upon Brougham would be to remind him of what *Henry Brougham* once was, and then to tell him what *Lord Brougham* now is. We shall not perform the nauseating task. We once looked upon him as one of the lights of the age—one of the safest guides in the yet untrodden ways to freedom. We now,—alas! that we are obliged to write it—consider him as one of those wandering meteors, that lead, in the words of Moore, “the other way.”

In matter, as well as manner, his judgment was a wretched exhibition. The greater part of it consisted of some miserable trash, about the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords, which any Old Bailey lawyer could have done better. It was read, too, in the sing-song tone of a lubberly school-boy. As we listened in wonder and amazement, we doubted the testimony of our senses, for a time, and but for the convulsive twitching of the ex-chancellor’s nose, and his subsequent restlessness, we might have hoped that we had been deceived, and that one of those gentry, who, at the Garrick’s Head, in Bow Street, are in the habit of performing the “double of Brougham,” had for once found his way into the House of Lords. Who could have believed that the great advocate of the Reform Bill, and the Law Reformer, would have given a judicial opinion, that to meet in large numbers to procure changes in the legislature, or to establish new courts of law, was illegal and contrary to the old common law of England. Yet this did Henry Brougham (or rather Lord Brougham) say with unblushing face before the assembled peers of England. If he was right, how illegal must have been the career by which he found his way to the wool-sack! In his endeavour to defend the monstrous judgment of the Irish Court of Queen’s Bench, he effaced, as far as he could efface, with suicidal hand, the name of Henry Brougham from the muster-roll of the friends of freedom. Posterity, however, will save him from himself—will describe him as he was when he grappled, and not unsuccessfully, with Canning in the House of Commons (—“There were giants in those days”—), and will draw a veil, in mercy, over the closing scenes of his career, when he became the slave of Lyndhurst and the parasite of Wellington. He was too old when transplanted into the ungenial soil of the House of Peers, and “has

withered at the top." How marked was the contrast between him and his old colleague—Denman!

The Lord Chief Justice of England was there, in the House of Lords, carrying out as a peer, in "his pride of place," the principles he had advocated as a commoner. From his high official and moral elevation he gave expression to sentiments that will long reflect honour upon his name. It has been suggested that his judgment should be written in letters of gold. We hope this will be done; it would be a compliment not less due to him who spoke it than to the noble principles he gave expression to. His was a masterly exposition of the law of England. He rent asunder the small web of legal subtleties with which it was attempted to encumber the case. He took up the question of the packing of the jury, which none of the judges had attempted to grapple with; he exposed the fraud, and boldly stated that "if such practices as had taken place in the present instance in Ireland should continue, the trial by jury would become a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." This was speaking as became the Lord Chief Justice of England; this was in the spirit of the old worthies of the law, whose motto was "*fiat justitia ruat cœlum*," "we will interpret the law as it was bequeathed to us, we leave the consequences to the Almighty." We will not do such an injustice as to attempt to abridge Lord Denman's judgment; every man should read it; it now forms part of the constitutional history of England; it will be an authority hereafter. No one has yet dared to gainsay it. The daws of the Tory press have not attempted to peck at it.

Lord Cottenham, the best chancellor of modern times, and Lord Campbell agreed with the Lord Chief Justice in reversing the judgment of the court below; and the majority of law lords being of that opinion, *the judgment was reversed*.

We pass over the attempt of some of the Tory lay lords to vote, without either having heard, or being able if they had heard, to understand, the subject. Of course they would have asked what judgment would have kept O'Connell in gaol, and would have voted accordingly. Fortunately they were saved from such degradation.

We have already stated that the Irish people had borne with patience and in silence the imprisonment of O'Connell and his fellow-sufferers. The news of their liberation, however, was not so calmly received. Fires blazed on every hill-top; men and women rushed into the thoroughfares to

congratulate each other on the happy event; it brought gladness to every heart and homestead through the length and breadth of the land. As the day of their incarceration was a day of mourning, so the day of their deliverance was one of national rejoicing.

Saturday, the seventh of September, was fixed upon for the public exit of the prisoners from the Richmond Penitentiary. The procession was a glorious one. The trades of Dublin, with their banners, flags, and music, marched past the prison; next came the members of the corporation in their robes, and gentry innumerable in private carriages and on horseback; and lastly, in the majesty of their numbers—the People. In keeping with the other portions of the transaction, this procession was on the largest scale, and might appropriately be called a monster procession. Its vast tide of human life, as it poured along for miles from the prison towards the city, would have formed a fitting subject for one of Martin's pictures.

The scene in Dublin, as O'Connell and his son, Mr. John O'Connell, were conveyed through its crowded streets on the triumphal car, we will not, for in sooth we cannot, describe. Every window was crowded, and every voice was uplifted to welcome the prisoners back to their native city. No violence was offered to the person, to the property, or even to the feelings, of any one. The national heart was too full of joy to find room for resentment.

We have thus hurriedly brought to a close our review of this state prosecution. It entailed great expense upon the government and upon the traversers, or rather upon the nation that sustained them. It called forth talent, too, of the highest order, and opened the eyes of many to the wrongs and sufferings of Ireland. It subjected the leaders of the Irish people to an ordeal that they passed through triumphantly. We do believe that it will not be without its happy results. All parties are beginning to see their own real interests. Fraud and villainy need only to be exposed, to be hated and abhorred. The legal annals will never again be sullied with the report of such a trial. The people of England have now, from the mouth of one whose testimony may not be gainsayed—the Lord Chief Justice of England—that the law is not fairly administered in Ireland; and that trial by jury, which in England is the great bulwark of freedom, the safeguard of the rights and liberties of the people, has degenerated in Ireland into “a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.” They

will no longer then be surprised at the general discontent, and the monster meetings in Ireland. They will ask themselves, had such provocations been given in England, would they have been so calmly endured. The people of England would have had their monster meetings too, *but they would not have left their arms behind them.* The sun shines upon no people so grateful for benefits conferred, or so patient under long suffering, as the people of Ireland!

ART. IX.—*Correspondence of the Right Honourable Edmund Burke, between the year 1774, and the period of his decease, in 1797.* Edited by Charles William, Earl Fitzwilliam, and Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Bourke, K.C.B. 4 vols. 8vo. London: 1844.

“SIR,” said Dr. Johnson, “if a man were to go by chance at the same time with Burke under a shed, to shun a shower, he would say, ‘this is an extraordinary man.’” What would the Doctor have said, could he have foreseen that four goodly volumes of the most important part of his “extraordinary man’s” correspondence, would be withheld from the public for nearly half a century after his death?

The preface of this collection explains the cause of the delay of its publication, as well as that of the long-expected life of Burke, which it was hoped would accompany it. This hope, it would now appear, if not entirely abandoned, is at least indefinitely postponed. With Dr. French Lawrence and Dr. King, bishop of Rochester, to whom Burke’s papers were successively entrusted for publication, have perished numberless memorials of their deceased friend, the recovery of which is now hopeless, but which are indispensable for an authorized biography.

From a letter of Boswell’s—a very characteristic one—given in this collection, it might seem as if he once had an idea of attaching himself to Burke as he did to Johnson, and perhaps of collecting memoranda for his life. We know not how it is, but we can hardly bring ourselves to regret the failure of the project, if it really were seriously entertained. It is true, that a life composed on such a principle, and by a collector so indefatigable and so remorseless as Boswell, would in a literary point of view be almost invaluable. Burke was one in whose regard no ordinary biography, however minute, could ever satisfy curiosity; his mind should be seen in

every phase; every detail of his life would form in itself an interesting study. His habit of constant thought, his minutely accurate acquaintance with every subject, the freedom and candour with which he delivered his opinions, and the singularly honest and straight-forward character of his reasoning faculty, gave a value to anything which fell from him, even his most casual and unprepared observations. But although we should be sure of having all such details as these from Boswell, with an accuracy and minuteness which no biographer ever yet equalled; though he would tell us every little peculiarity of his hero—his air, his tone, his gait, his dress, the persons he conversed with, the subjects he discussed, even the words he used; though he would transport us into his very society, and shew us how he first frowned, and then smiled, and then laughed outright; how he bolted his food, and how the veins swelled in his forehead after dinner; though he would place before us every working of his mind, its likings and antipathies, its excitement and depression; how it depended upon the chances of appetite and of digestion; how it would shroud itself in “sulky virtue” in the presence of a Wilkes, and gradually relax into good humour under the softening influence of “veal pie, with plums and sugar;”—though, in a life from Boswell’s pen, we should be sure of these and a thousand other minutiae, yet we must plead guilty, nevertheless, to a sort of superstitious reverence for the memory of Burke, which make us shrink from the idea of such a biography, as a kind of minor profanation. With all our fondness for that most extraordinary of books, the *Life of Johnson*, we are hardly ever at perfect ease in reading it. There is always, even when it is most amusing, a tormenting doubt and scruple as to the kindness, not to say the justice, of such revelations as it contains. We are among those who think that Homer would have done better for his gods, by leaving them on the dim and misty heights of Ida and Olympus. Whatever may be its historic merit, we can hardly help regarding the Boswellian system of biography as little better than a literary *post-mortem* examination. A memoir so composed, always reminds us of one of the “preparations” in the glass cases of an anatomical museum; and, with a full consciousness of the amount of positive information which we should derive from it, we entertain, in our own despite, the same reluctance to see it tried upon any really great man, which we should feel to see Byron’s head in the hands of a phrenologist, or Howard’s heart on the demonstration-table of a dissector.

This, however, is but idle speculation. All chance of such a memoir of Burke is now at an end. His reply to Boswell's letter (if, indeed, he wrote one) is not given in these volumes; but it is very unlikely that he would ever have submitted to the unceasing persecution, the perpetual system of annoying, though deferential, espionage, to which we owe the *Life of Johnson*.

At all events, a biographer of this school would derive but little aid from the voluminous correspondence now before us. We have seen very few collections of letters, not purely and entirely official, which throw less light on the purely personal history of the writer. It is probable that the greater number of letters regarding Burke's personal history, were anticipated in Prior's life, and the correspondence with Dr. Laurence. The vast majority of the present collection are political, and addressed to political personages. Very few are literary: scarcely one at all can be called light. If he ever relax at all, it is seldom beyond a half-smile, and even then without changing his general character. You recognize Hercules, even in the slippers and embroidered gown. The very letters addressed to his own family are political: nay, those to the ladies of his family and acquaintance, where, at least, you might expect the writer to be betrayed for a moment into the chit-chat which ladies love to read, as well as to listen to.

But to the history of his public life, and that of the eventful times in which he lived, these volumes are a most important contribution. They range from the year 1744 to that of his death in 1797; and though some of those years are but scantily supplied, there are others, especially in the latter part of his life, of which the correspondence is almost a continuous history; and there is one series of letters—those addressed to, or otherwise regarding, the members of the French royalist party after the revolution—which, in itself, forms a complete episode in the history of that memorable event.

It would be a very great mistake, however, to imagine that these volumes are nothing more than a collection of letters in the ordinary sense of the word. It is not easy to define the characteristics of a good letter. If Lady Mary Wortley Montagu be the model of letter-writing, these are not letters at all; and, even were Mme. de Sevigné to sit in judgment, a large proportion of them would be struck off the list. This, however, is but a question of name; and whatever be their merits as letters, we doubt whether among the twenty volumes

to which Burke's works have now swelled, there be any which give so lofty an idea of his extraordinary powers. Call them by what name you will,—letters, or essays, or dissertations,—it is impossible to mistake the authorship. The stamp of his genius is upon them. They could only have come forth from that simple but stately mould which produced the “Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents,” or the “Reflections on the French Revolution.”

One of the defects charged upon Burke's oratory, is its tendency to run into the form of dissertation. The same may be said of the great majority of his letters. They are almost all philosophical essays. Not that they do not contain the ordinary staple of news, and speculations upon news, which are, of course, inseparable from correspondence; but the same constitution of mind which imparted to his speeches, even those upon the most exciting and engrossing topics, so much of abstraction and generality, led him also in his letters to speculate and generalize far more in the style of a philosophical historian than of a familiar correspondent. Still, when we speak of this as an admitted defect in his oratory, we must not be understood to set it down as a defect, at least to the same extent, in his letter-writing. They are very different exercises. In a letter, no matter what may be its subject, no one expects that unity of purpose and plan, which is indispensable to a speech. Even supposing, what is far from universally true, that both have the same objects—to convince and persuade—the circumstances are, or may be, very different. If there were no other ground of discrepancy, it is far easier to deal with the eye than with the ear. It was said by a shrewd observer—

“*Segnius irritant animas demissa per aures  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus:*”—

and, though he used the principle for another purpose, yet the application here is perfectly just. When Burke spoke, he frequently had to encounter an indifferent, perhaps an adverse audience, on whom his “deep-drawn eloquence and quaint philosophy” were all but lost. When he wrote, he was sure of an attentive and respectful consideration for all that fell from his pen. He had no fear of the weary and reluctant benches on which he so often wasted his elaborate oratory—no consciousness that his words were to fall upon languid ears, impatient for the close of a protracted debate, on the stretch for the exciting call to a division, and indifferent, for

the moment, to all other sounds beside. That to such an audience, many of the characteristics of his oratory, and especially its discursiveness, were ill-adapted and even unpalatable, may be easily understood, and is fully proved by the results. But, in his letters, he addressed himself to individuals, who, for the most part, felt as great an interest in the subject as he did himself, and before whom, therefore, he might give a free vent to his philosophic vein, secure, from the very nature of the relations between them, of an anxious and undivided attention. Hence, his very diffuseness—his habit of tracing every thing back to first causes—his disposition to run out into every branch and subdivision of the subject—all which, in his speeches, often bear the appearance of an effort at display, in his letters lose all semblance of this character.

And, indeed, it would hardly be possible to devise any species of composition more fitted for the display of the varied powers of his versatile mind. Those who have read Cicero's exquisite letters will understand our meaning. The parallel which has often been traced between him and Burke is nowhere more striking or more complete. In their shorter and more familiar letters, this is, of course, less remarkable; for such letters as these can hardly be characteristic; almost all educated men must, on such subjects, write alike. But Cicero's more finished and elaborate letters—those to Atticus, and the first and fourth books *Ad Familiares* (to Lentulus and Appius Pulcher), might, allowing of course for the difference of time and circumstances, take their place among those in the volumes before us. Who has not risen from these charming compositions with a feeling of admiration for the writer even deeper than his orations had inspired—for his simple yet polished style, the golden purity of his language, the clearness of his narrative, his graphic power of description, and, above all, the exquisite skill with which he philosophizes on the causes, or speculates upon the result, of the events which he describes! It is so also with those of Burke. There is none of the productions of his pen in which his singular felicity of illustration tells with happier effect, none better calculated to display the copiousness and flexibility of his style,—

“Musical as is Apollo's lyre,  
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets.”

The reader is borne insensibly along, pleased, yet uncon-



scious of the source of pleasure, and submitting his judgment implicitly to the master-mind of the instructor, while he imagines—so gentle is the mastery—that he is but following the suggestions of his own undirected understanding.

We have long meditated an article on the general character of the writings of our illustrious countryman; but, for the present, we must devote all our available space to the *Correspondence*. It is not confined (as, indeed, the title itself implies) to the letters of Burke himself. It contains those of many other personages, most of them historical, and a large proportion in the very highest rank of historical celebrity. Among his correspondents are numbered several royal personages—Marie Antoinette, Monsieur (afterwards Louis XVIII), the King of Poland, and the Comte d'Artois; almost all the noblemen who took a part in the politics of the last century—the Dukes of Portland, Richmond, and Buckingham, Lords Fitzwilliam, Charlemont, Auckland, Rockingham, North; almost all his contemporaries of any political eminence—Franklin, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Wyndham, Sir Philip Francis; with a host of literary friends—Garrick, Malone, Sir William Jones, Reynolds, Barry, &c.; and a crowd of less distinguished personages, many of them known to us only through the notices which the editors have judiciously appended. The great majority of the letters now published “were obtained many years ago,” we are informed in the preface, “through the kindness of the persons to whom they were addressed, or of their representatives, in compliance with the applications of Dr. Laurence and the Bishop of Rochester. They were sent mostly in original, but a few in copy. Of the last, the greater part has been compared with the originals. A few additional letters in original have been obtained at a later period, and a very small number are printed from corrected drafts found amongst Mr. Burke's papers. Several letters, both to and from Mr. Burke, have, at various times since his death, and in various publications, been given by others to the world, without the authority of his executors or trustees. The rule adopted in this publication has been, not to reprint any such letters, except in cases where their republication was essential to the illustration of his life or character at the period to which they belong. To the letters are added a few short pieces, which, though incomplete, are of some interest. Some papers written by his son, Richard Burke, are also given in this collection.” The editors, Earl Fitzwilliam and Lieutenant-General Sir Richard Bourke, have executed their share of the task in a manner which reflects great credit on

their judgment and taste. The notes are very judicious, and just tell as much as is required for the illustration of the letters, without burdening the page with the minute and unnecessary details on which annotators so often love to dwell.

We have said that the letters contain comparatively little of his personal history. Those to his early school friend, Richard Shackleton (a Quaker, and the son of his schoolmaster), are an exception. They go back as far as 1744, the sixteenth of Burke's age; a circumstance which of course increases the interest with which they will be read. The following account of his early college studies will explain, to some extent, the vast variety of knowledge which distinguished him in maturer life.

"You ask me if I read? I deferred answering this question, till I could say I did; which I can almost do, for this day I have shook off idleness and began to buckle to. I wish I could have said this to you, with truth, a month ago. It would have been of great advantage to me. My time was otherwise employed. Poetry, Sir, nothing but poetry, could go down with me; though I have read more than wrote. So you see I am far gone in the poetical madness, which I can hardly master, as, indeed, all my studies have rather proceeded from sallies of passion than from the preference of sound reason; and, like the nature of all other natural appetites, have been very violent for a season, and very soon cooled, and quite absorbed in the succeeding. I have often thought it a humorous consideration to observe, and sum up, all the madness of this kind I have fallen into this two years past. First, I was greatly taken with natural philosophy; which, while I should have given my mind to logic, employed me incessantly. This I call my *furor mathematicus*. But this worked off, as soon as I began to read it in the college; as men, by repletion, cast off their stomachs all they have eaten. Then I turned back to logic and metaphysics. Here I remained a good while, and with much pleasure, and this was my *furor logicus*; a disease very common in the days of ignorance, and very uncommon in these enlightened times. Next succeeded the *furor historicus*, which also had its day, but is now no more, being entirely absorbed in the *furor poeticus*, which (as skilful physicians assure me) is as difficultly cured as a disease very nearly akin to it; namely, the itch."—vol. i. pp. 21, 22.

That there is no cause to regret his abandonment of the last-named passion, the *furor poeticus*, the following specimen (one of several equally unpromising) will be as much evidence as we shall think ourselves warranted in submitting:—

"Soon as Aurora from the blushing skies  
Bids the great ruler of the day to rise,  
No longer balmy sleep my limbs detains;

I hate its bondage and detest its chains.  
 Fly! Morpheus, fly! and leave the foul embrace,  
 Let nobler thoughts supply thy loathsome place.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

By the foul river's side we take our way,  
*Where Liffey rolls her dead dogs to the sea;*  
 Arrived, at length, at our appointed stand,  
 By waves enclosed, the margin of the land,  
 Where once the sea with a triumphing roar,  
 Roll'd his huge billows to a distant shore.  
 There swam the dolphins, hid in waves unseen,  
 Where frisking lambs now crop the verdant green.  
 Secured by mounds of everlasting stone,  
*It stands for ever safe, unoverthrown.*"—vol.i. pp. 4-6.

Among the letters connected with Burke's earlier years, is one, which, though it bears not directly upon his own history, yet throws so much light upon the state of Ireland at the time, that we cannot resist the temptation of making a few extracts from it, if it were for no other purpose than to acknowledge the kindly spirit, on the part of the editors, which seems to have dictated its insertion. It is addressed to Mr. Hamilton, the Irish Secretary, by Chief Justice Aston, at the close of the summer assizes, 1762; and may serve to show how little connexion there is, or has been, between the religious feelings of the people and the tendency to violate the law, into which, then as now, they were occasionally betrayed:—

"In obedience to your commands, I have the satisfaction to assure you, that upon the strictest inquiry into the causes of the many outrages committed in the different parts of the province of Munster, there did not appear to me the least reason to impute these disturbances to disaffection to his Majesty, his government, or the laws in general; but, on the contrary, that these disorders really, and not colourably, took their rise from declared complaints and grievances of a private nature; and which, at the time of the several tumults, were the motives avowed by the rioters themselves; and not broached ostensibly only, when, in fact, some other cause or expectation was the latent spring of their actions.....The subject matter of their grievance was chiefly such as—price of labour too cheap—of victuals too dear—of land excessive and oppressive. In some instances their resentment proceeded against particular persons, from their having taken mills or bargains over the head of another (as it is vulgarly called), and so turning out, by a consent to an advanced price, the old tenant. Such was the nature of their complaints: to redress these, they acted in a very open and violent manner; and might, I think, have fallen under the statute of 25th

Edward III, by carrying their schemes to such an excess, as to magnify their crimes into a constructive treason, of levying war against the king. But yet, daring as their proceedings were, there was no ingredient of any previous compact against government, or, as I may say, the original sin of high treason.....In the perpetration of these late disorders (however industriously the contrary has been persuaded), *Papist and Protestant were promiscuously concerned*: and, in my opinion, the majority of the former is with more justice to be attributed to the odds of number in the country, than the influence arising from the difference of principle."—vol. i. pp. 38-40.

This important letter is followed by a very masterly, though unfinished, paper from Burke's pen on the same subject—the origin of agrarian disturbance in Ireland. It appears to have been written about 1768 or 1769. But as we shall hereafter have occasion to submit many specimens of his opinions on Irish subjects, we do not deem it necessary to offer any extract from this paper. So little has hitherto been known of his more youthful compositions, that we are tempted to give, in its stead, a short specimen, taken from the letters, or rather journals, which he addressed, during his vacations (1751-52), to his friend Shackleton, and which contain some memoranda of the tours in the rural districts of England and Wales, in which these law-vacations appear to have been spent. The companion to whom he alludes, was his relative William Burke; and the place where their sojourn occasioned so much speculation was Monmouth.

"Whilst we stayed, they amused themselves with guessing the reasons that could induce us to come amongst them; and, when we left them, they were no less employed to discover why we went away without effecting those purposes they had planned for us. The most innocent scheme they guessed was that of fortune-hunting; and when they saw us quit the town without wives, then the lower sort sagaciously judged us spies to the French king. You will wonder that persons of no great figure should cause so much talk; but in a town very little frequented by strangers, with very little business to employ their bodies, and less speculation to take up their minds, the least thing sets them in motion, and supplies matter for their chat. What is much more odd is, that here at Surlaine, my companion and I puzzle them as much as we did at Monmouth; for this is a place of very great trade in making of fine cloths, in which they employ a vast number of hands. The first conjecture which they made was that we were authors, for they could not fancy how any other sort of people could spend so much of their time at books; but finding that we received from time to

time a good many letters, they conclude us merchants; and so, from inference to inference, they at last began to apprehend that we were spies, from Spain, on their trade. Our little curiosity, perhaps, cleared us of that imputation; but still the whole appears very mysterious, and our good old woman cries, 'I believe that you be gentlemen, but I ask no questions;' and then praises herself for her great caution and secresy. What makes the thing still better, about the same time we came hither arrived a little parson, equally a stranger; but he spent a good part of his hours in shooting and other country amusements—got drunk at night, got drunk in the morning, and became intimate with everybody in the village. He surprised nobody: no questions were asked about him, because he lived like the rest of the world: but that two men should come into a strange country, and partake of none of the country diversions, seek no acquaintance, and live entirely recluse, is something so inexplicable as to puzzle the wisest heads, even that of the parish clerk himself."—vol. i. pp. 28-9.

To those who know Burke only from his more serious and stately compositions, trifles like these will not be uninteresting. His later correspondence is of a very different stamp; but there is an occasional trace of the waggish humour which seems to have been natural to him, though it was early repressed, or perhaps forgotten, in the habit of serious thought which his extraordinary devotion to business could hardly fail to induce. One of his letters to his school-friend, Dr. Brocklesby, written long after he had buried himself in the anxieties of public life, and became mixed up in all the intricacies of party politics, breathes the same light and boyish humour. It was written in acknowledgment of a present and a letter from his friend, a day or two after the public fast (December 13, 1776), which had been appointed to avert the evils of the American war. We give it as indicating one of the peculiarities of the writer's character, which appears to be but little understood.

“ December 15, 1776.

“ MY DEAR DOCTOR,—A thousand thanks for your remembrance, your intelligence, and your cod. The first will always be most grateful; the second is as good as the nature of things will give us leave to expect; the third was in high perfection, and consumed, according to the intention of the donor, with all possible execration of uncharitable fast and hypocritical prayer. Instead of this, we had very charitable cheer, and very honest and sincere toasting; and when we drank the health of the worthy founder of the feast, I assure you we did not dissemble. We made your cod swim in port to your health, and to those of the few that are like you. Had the times been very good, we must have been very intemperate; but

the character of the age gave us our virtue—that of a small degree of sobriety. Mrs. Burke and all here salute you.

“I am, most truly and affectionately yours,  
EDM. BURKE.”\*

—vol. ii. pp. 130-1.

In one of his letters to Shackleton, he alludes to his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, which though written nearly nine years before, was not published till 1756, and it would appear from this letter, that his prospects were at that time extremely unsettled;—his designs lying “sometimes in London, sometimes in remote parts of the country, sometimes in France, and shortly, please God, in America.” But the fame which this publication, as well as his *Vindication of Natural Society*, a very happy parody on Lord Bolingbroke's *Essays*, procured for him, seems to have fixed him in this country; and his marriage in the following year furnished an additional tie to home. It will be a little provoking, especially to our lady readers, that not a single letter regarding this event, so interesting in the life of all, and especially of literary men, is preserved in this collection; and that the very few fragments of his married correspondence with his wife are not in any way characteristic.

In 1759 he connected himself in some unexplained way, probably as secretary, with Mr. William Gerard Hamilton, whom he accompanied when he removed to Ireland as secretary of the viceroy, Lord Halifax, in 1761. Prior has given in his *Life* some particulars of a difference between them regarding a pension of 300*l.*, which Burke obtained partly through his influence. The correspondence is here given at full length, and is an eloquent lesson on the fatal consequences of patronage and dependence. It ended in a dissolution of their connexion, and the resignation of Burke's pension; and it is hard not to sympathize with him in his regrets for the loss of time and opportunity “for six of the best years of his life,” in which it had involved him. He repines bitterly “at seeing himself left behind by almost all his contemporaries. There never was a season more favourable for any man who chose to enter into the career of public life; and he thinks he is not guilty of ostentation in supposing that his own moral character and his industry, his friends and connexions, when Mr. H. first sought his acquaintance, were not at all inferior to those of several whose

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\* There is another very amusing letter in vol. iii. p. 75.

fortune at that day was upon a very different footing with his own."

Of the circumstances which led to his subsequent connexion with the Marquis of Rockingham, and his return to parliament in 1765, we learn nothing that was not known before; but from this period forth, the letters both of Burke and of his correspondents throw a great deal of light on the private political history of the times, especially on the affairs of America, with which he was officially connected, and of India, to which he gave so much of his time. Into this branch of the subject we do not mean to enter. But there is a series of letters addressed to him in 1778, by the Right Honourable Edmund Sexton Pery, speaker of the Irish House of Commons, which will be read with great interest, as explaining the views then entertained towards the Catholics of Ireland by the more liberal party of the time. It would seem that even then the scheme of a domestic education for the Catholic clergy was seriously canvassed. Pery, among other questions, consults Burke anxiously regarding it, but his answer is not preserved; and the letter to Pery, already published in his works,\* though full upon other topics, has no allusion to this branch of the enquiry. His letters to his constituents on the proposed removal of the restrictions on Irish trade, are all of the same tenor with those already published. They reflect great credit on the integrity and firmness of the writer; and a correspondence with the secretary of the Catholics in Ireland, on the subject of a tribute of 500*l.* voted to him by them in return for his exertions in their behalf, is equally honourable to his disinterestedness. He respectfully declines the proposed tribute; and his letter (which is addressed to Curry, author of the *Civil Wars in Ireland*) contains the germ of that project for the freedom and security of Catholic education, on which, as we shall hereafter see, all his affections were fixed.

"I am glad," he says, "that you have thought of collecting some little fund for public purposes. But if I were to venture to suggest any thing relative to its application, I think you had better employ that, and whatever else can be got together for so good a purpose, to give some aid to places of education for your own youth at home, which is, indeed, much wanted. I mean, when the legislature comes to be so much in its senses, as to feel that there is no good reason for condemning a million and a half of people to ignorance, according to act of parliament. This will be a better use of your

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\* Vol. ii. p. 105, royal 8vo. edition.

money, than to bestow it in gratuities to any persons in England; for those who will receive such rewards very rarely do any services to deserve them."

His well-known devotedness to Catholic interests, and admiration of Catholic institutions, drew upon him a considerable share of unpopularity, and even the suspicion of being a Papist in disguise; and, indeed, it could hardly be wondered that such expressions as the following, if made public, should create that impression.

"I wish very much to see, before my death, an image of a primitive Christian Church. *With little improvements, I think the Roman Catholic Church of Ireland very capable of exhibiting that state of things.* I should not, by force, or fraud, or rapine, have ever reduced them to their present state. God forbid! But being in it, I conceive that much may be made of it, to the glory of religion, and the good of the state. If the other was willing to hear of any amelioration, it might, without any strong, perceivable change, be rendered much more useful. But prosperity is not apt to receive good lessons, nor always to give them; re-baptism you won't allow, but truly it would not be amiss for the Christian world to be re-christened."—iv. p. 284.\*

With opinions such as these, one can hardly feel surprised to find him, during Lord George Gordon's riots, marked out for the vengeance of the mob. We do not recollect to have read anywhere a more startling picture of those nights of terror—not even in Dickens's terrific pages—than is contained in the following letter from his relative, Mr. Richard Burke. It is addressed to their friend, Mr. Champion, of Bristol, one of Burke's most sincere and faithful supporters during his long connexion with that constituency.

"June 7, 1780, *in what was London.*

\* \* \* \* \* "This is the fourth day that the metropolis of England (once of the world) is possessed by an enraged, furious, and numerous enemy. Their outrages are beyond description, and meet with no resistance. I believe, had the town been taken by storm, more misery would have attended the first and instant possession, but we should long since have been at least in safety. You will, before this reaches you, have the melancholy list of the burnings, plunderings, and devastations. This moment, the King's Bench, New Gaol, and another prison, are (as a Surrey magistrate tells me) in flames. What this night will produce is known only to the great Disposer of all things. What it is intended this night shall produce is, I believe, known to some who are not

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\* We have often thought of collecting all his opinions regarding the Catholic religion: they would shew how far he was in advance of his age.



known themselves. For an increase of horror, we hear that at Bristol you are in the same way. Lancaster, we are told, is in a similar situation. If one could in decency laugh, must not one laugh to see what I saw, a single boy, of fifteen years at most, in Queen Street, mounted on a pent house, demolishing a house with great zeal, but much at his ease, and throwing the pieces to two boys still younger, who burnt them for their amusement, no one daring to obstruct them. Children are plundering, at noonday, the city of London (!)

“Champion, my dear friend, this is the first pen I have used for many days. We are all, thank God! hitherto safe. Edmund, who delivered himself with his name into their hands, is safe, firm, and composed. Some blame him. *Utcunq̄ue ferrent ea fata minores, vincit amor patriæ.* Jane has the firmness of an angel; but why do I say an angel?—of a woman! The house yet stands. I rather think it will go to-night, if their other more important objects do not divert them. The Bank is, by rumour, the great object of this night. I may almost assure you that no plan of defence, or much less of offence, is resolved on. May I be mistaken! The magistrates have all refused to act. This night delivers us to a furious rabble, and an army who, I fear, have but little discipline.

“*Fuimus.* Adieu, my dear friend. Heaven save you, your truly amiable wife, and your innocent children. Adieu again!”—iii. pp. 350-52.

Burke's conduct on this terrible occasion, reflects the highest honour on his courage and resolution. Though he was informed of the design for the destruction of his house, and saw with his own eyes the fatal certainty with which these furious projects were put in execution, he not only resisted the entreaties of the friends who urged him to withdraw from the city, but he boldly presented himself to the mob, informing them who he was, and remonstrating with them on their wickedness and folly. He concurs, however, in the judgment which most of the later historians of the event have expressed, that though some of the mob were malignant and fanatical, “the greater part of those he saw were rather dissolute and unruly than very ill-disposed.”

There are several letters to and from Sir William Jones; several also from the poet Crabbe, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Shakespeare Malone, and from other literary characters of the time. One of Sir William Jones's (vol. ii. p. 456), displays in its full force that disinterested love of literature by which he was afterwards distinguished. But we must pass over these, and several others on literary subjects, to come to

what was the crisis of Burke's fortunes, both in literature and in politics—the French revolution. We shall allude only to one circumstance, which, indeed, it can hardly be necessary now to record—his formal and authoritative contradiction of the statement that he was the author of Junius. Several of the letters refer to this report; but there is one, in which, to clear away all doubt which might have hung around his former denial, he “gives his word and honour that he is not the author of Junius, and that he does not know the author of that paper,” and gives full authority to his correspondent to declare so.

We cannot be expected to go into any of the particulars of the history of the revolution. These letters throw a great deal of light on a portion of it, regarding which but little was hitherto known—the history of the emigrant royal family, and of the devoted few who attached themselves to their fortunes. For us, however, there are few documents more interesting than the following letter of our countryman (at least by descent), the Abbé Edgeworth:

“You are undoubtedly surprised, my dear and honoured friend, that, whilst the clergy of France are flocking to England for shelter and support, I should remain here, amidst the ruins of this afflicted, persecuted Church. Indeed, I often wished to fly to that land of true liberty and solid peace, and to share with others at your hospitable board, where to be strangers and in distress is a sufficient title. But Almighty God has baffled all my measures, and ties me down to this land of horrors, by chains which I have not liberty to shake off. The case is, the Malheureux Maître charges me not to quit the country, for that I am the person he intends to employ to prepare him for death, in case the iniquity of the nation should commit that last act of cruelty and parricide. In these circumstances, I must endeavour to prepare myself too for death; for I am convinced that popular rage will not allow me to survive one hour after that tragic act. But I am resigned: my life is of no consequence; the preservation of it, or the shedding of my blood, is not connected with the happiness or misery of millions. Could my life save him, ‘*qui positus est in ruinam et resurrectionem multorum,*’ I should willingly lay it down, and should not then die in vain. ‘*Fiat voluntas tua!*’ Receive the unfeigned assurance, perhaps for the last time, of my respect and affection for you, which I hope even death shall not destroy.”—vol. iv. pp. 109-10.

Burke's house at Beconsfield was open for the reception of the friendless victims of popular fury, who, during those years of horror, crowded to the shores of England. He was the guiding spirit of all those laws for their protection and relief which originated at this period, and re-

flect so much credit on the benevolence and liberality of the British public. His pen, his purse, and his hand, were ever ready at the call of distress; and he appears to have inspired his son with all his own zeal and fervour in their cause. The letters addressed to this lamented young man, during his mission to the royal family of France at Coblenz, and his own frequent and ample reports on the progress of the negotiations, are, in a historical point of view, among the most important in the entire collection.

With Burke, devotion to the cause of the royal family of France had become an absolute passion; and the rupture with his early friends and colleagues, to which it led, is an evidence of the extent to which it engaged all his feelings. The reader will be disappointed in not finding almost any reference to this unhappy quarrel in these letters, much less a full explanation of its origin and progress. From the first symptom of disaffection in the debate upon the army estimates, in February 1790, to the memorable 6th of May 1791, when Fox wept over the memory of their past friendship, we find hardly an allusion to the quarrel; a clear proof, if any indeed were wanting, how little of premeditation there was in Burke's conduct throughout the unhappy affair.

The truth is, that he threw himself into the cause with all his characteristic impetuosity, at first thoughtless, and afterwards reckless, of the consequences to which this violence eventually led. We can see this in his entire conduct; and the length to which his feelings carried him, may be gathered from the incident related by Mr. Curwen, of his stopping the carriage and insisting upon being set instantly down, as soon as he discovered that Curwen did not side with him on the question which lay so near his heart. There is a great deal of the same impetuosity in the following passage, regarding the Coryphæus of the revolution, Mirabeau. It is from a letter in which, after expressing, in most impassioned terms, his unbounded admiration of Maury's genius, his eloquence, and, above all, his devotedness to the cause of loyalty and religion, he offers him a refuge in his house from the dangers which were then daily thickening around him. He thinks it necessary to offer an apology for inviting the abbé to a house which had once been desecrated by the presence of Mirabeau:

"I have had the Count de Mirabeau in my house; will he [Maury] submit afterwards to enter under the same roof? I will have it purified and expiated, and I shall look into the best formulas from the time of Homer downwards, for that purpose. I will do everything but imitate the Spaniard, who burned his house because

the Connétable de Bourbon had been lodged in it. That ceremony is too expensive for my finances; anything else I shall readily submit to for its purification; for I am extremely superstitious, and think his coming into it was of evil augury; worse, a great deal, than the crows, which the Abbé will find continually flying about me. It is his having been in so many prisons in France that has proved so ominous to them all. Let the Hall of the National Assembly look to itself, and take means of averting the same ill auspices that threaten it. They are a fine nation that send their monarchs to prison, and take their successors from the jails! The birth of such monsters has made me as superstitious as Livy. A friend of mine, just come from Paris, tells me he was present when the Count de Mirabeau—I beg his pardon, M. Ricquetti [Mirabeau's family name]—thought proper to entertain the assembly with his opinion of me. I only answer him by referring him to the world's opinion of him. I have the happiness not to be disapproved by my sovereign. I can bear the frowns of Ricquetti the first, who is theirs.....To be the subject of M. Ricquetti's invectives and of Abbé Maury's approbation at the same time, is an honour to which little can be added. Mirabeau, in his jail, would be an object of my pity; on his throne (which by the sport of fortune, may be the reward of what commonly leads to what I don't choose to name), he is the object of my disdain. For vice is never so odious, and, to rational eyes, never so contemptible, as when it usurps and disgraces the natural place of virtue; and virtue is never more amiable to all who have a true taste for beauty, than when she is naked, and stripped of all the borrowed ornaments of fortune."—vol. iii. pp. 199, 200.

Connected with this part of the subject, there is a most interesting correspondence with Sir Philip Francis, in which both parties appear to have spoken with great unreservedness and freedom. Burke, it would seem, sent to his friend the proof-sheets of his *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, as they were passing through the press. Francis's answer is a long letter, containing very free strictures both upon the style and the matter of the work. We cannot find room for any lengthened extracts from either, but it would be unpardonable to omit Burke's defence of the well-known passage on the ill-fated queen, Marie Antoinette. It is plain that the whole soul of the writer is in the words which burst from him, in his indignant scorn of the criticism of his correspondent:

"Am I obliged to prove juridically the virtues of all those I shall see suffering every kind of wrong, and contumely, and risk of life, before I endeavour to interest others in their sufferings, and before I endeavour to excite horror against midnight assassins at back-stairs, and their more wicked abettors in pulpits? What!—Are not high rank, great splendour of descent, great personal

elegance and outward accomplishments, ingredients of moment in forming the interest we take in the misfortunes of men? The minds of those who do not feel thus, are not even systematically right. 'What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, that he should weep for her?'—Why, because she was Hecuba, the queen of Troy, —the wife of Priam,—and suffered, in the close of life, a thousand calamities! I felt too for Hecuba, when I read the fine tragedy of Euripides upon her story; and I never enquired into the anecdotes of the court or city of Troy, before I gave way to the sentiments which the author wished to inspire;—nor do I remember that he ever said one word of her virtue. It is for those who applaud or palliate assassination, regicide, and base insult to women of illustrious place, to prove the crimes (in sufferings) which they allege to justify their own."—vol. iii. pp. 137-8.

And to Sir Philip's charge of "foppery," against his lament for the departed chivalry of the country which could now look tamely on such scenes as these, he replies:

"Pray, why is it absurd in me to think, that the chivalrous spirit which dictated a veneration for women of condition and of beauty, without any consideration whatever of enjoying them, was the great source of those manners which have been the pride and ornament of Europe for so many ages? And am I not to lament that I have lived to see those manners extinguished in so shocking a manner, by means of speculations of finance, and the false science of a sordid and degenerate philosophy? I tell you again,—that the recollection of the manner in which I saw the queen of France, in the year 1774, and the contrast between that brilliancy, splendour, and beauty, with the prostrate homage of a nation to her,—and the abominable scene of 1789, which I was describing,—*did* draw tears from me, and wetted my paper. These tears came again into my eyes, almost as often as I looked at the description; they may again. You do not believe this fact, nor that these are my real feelings; but that the whole is affected, or, as you express it, downright foppery. My friend, I tell you it is truth; and that it is true, and will be truth, when you and I are no more; and will exist as long as men with their natural feelings shall exist. I shall say no more on this foppery of mine."—vol. iii. pp. 138-9.

These, and similar passages, both in this collection of letters, and in the works already published, might lead one to suppose that his views on the subject of France were merely the result of feeling and imagination. This, however, we need hardly say, would be a grievous mistake. There is abundant evidence in the correspondence before us, that he was fully cognizant of all the defects and corruptions of the *ancien régime* in France, though he entertained a natural horror of the sanguinary revulsion by which it was sought,

not to purge the constitution of its accumulated impurities, but to annihilate it altogether, and, with it, all the religious and social institutions which had grown up under its shadow. The communications to his son, during his mission to Coblenz, are full of instructions and hints for his guidance; and from these it is quite clear that he contemplated a thorough reform of the French constitution. He expressly declares it as his opinion that the royal manifesto which it was intended to publish, would be "dangerously defective," unless it contained a distinct promise "to secure, when the monarchy as the essential basis shall be restored, along with the monarchy a free constitution." He requires that they shall pledge themselves to call a meeting of the states, freely chosen according to the ancient legal order, to vote the abolition of all *lettres de cachet*, and other means of arbitrary imprisonment; that all taxation shall be by the states conjointly with the king; that there shall be a fixed responsibility in the use and application of the public revenues; that there shall be a synod of the Church of France to reform all real abuses; and that all the friends of the monarchy shall solemnly bind themselves to support with their lives and fortunes those conditions, and that order which can alone support a free and vigorous government. For his own part, he declares, that though he doubts not he should prefer the old course, or almost any other, to "this vile chimera, and sick man's dream of government," yet he could not go with a good conscience to the re-establishment of a monarchical despotism in the place of the existing system of anarchy.

We have reserved for the last place what in our eyes is the most interesting portion of the entire correspondence; that which contains his opinions on the condition of the Catholics of these countries, and especially on the relations of the Catholic Church in Ireland to the state. His general views on these topics are sufficiently contained in the works and letters already published, especially his letters to Sir Hercules Langrishe, Mr. Smith, and "to a noble lord on the penal laws affecting Roman Catholics." But they are here found more in detail than in any previous publication. There are several most admirable letters on the general question of Catholic claims, addressed to certain members of a Scottish Protestant association; but the series to which we chiefly refer, are those to the Rev. Dr. Hussey, the first president of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, and afterwards named bishop of Waterford, a few months before the death of Edmund

Burke. This eminent ecclesiastic was for many years attached to the Spanish embassy in London, and having been employed in a diplomatic mission to Spain, of considerable difficulty and importance, he enjoyed for a long time the familiar acquaintance of many of the leading political personages of his day. With Burke he was upon terms of most intimate, and even tender friendship; and their correspondence evinces the most perfect mutual confidence and good feeling. When the project of the establishment of a college for the domestic education of the Irish clergy was first mooted, Dr. Hussey, who was deeply interested in it, maintained a most careful and anxious surveillance over all the successive steps in the progress of the measure. He consulted Burke upon them all, and seems to have delivered his opinions with the utmost unreservedness and familiarity. Their correspondence extends back as far as 1790; but the portion to which we refer, is contained in the fourth volume, and commences with the year 1795, when Dr. Hussey was in Ireland, engaged in the negotiations for the establishment of the college. We shall make no apology for extracting largely from these letters; nor do we think it necessary to offer much commentary of our own. The following is from a letter dated March 17—fitting day for such a theme—the festival of our national saint.

“It is my poor opinion, that if the necessary money is given to your own free disposal, (that is, to the disposal of the Catholic prelates), that it ought to be readily and thankfully accepted, from whatever hand it comes. It is my equally clear opinion, that they ought not only to consent, but to desire, that an account of the expenditure, with proper vouchers, should be annually or biennially, according to convenience, laid before a committee of the House of Commons, to prevent the very suspicion of jobbing, to which all public institutions in Ireland are liable. All other interference whatever, if I were in the place of these reverend persons, I would resist; and would much rather trust to God's good providence, and the contributions of your own people, for the education of your clergy, than to put into the hands of your known, avowed, and implacable enemies—into the hands of those who make it their merit and their boast that they are your enemies—the very fountains of your morals and your religion. I have considered this matter at large, and at various times, and I have considered it in relation to the designs of your enemies. The scheme of these colleges, as you well know, did not originate from them; but they will endeavour to pervert the benevolence and liberality of others into an instrument of their own evil purposes. Be well assured

that they never did, and that they never will consent, to give one shilling of money for any other purpose than to do you mischief; if you consent to put your clerical education, or any other part of your education, under their direction or control, then you will have sold your religion for their money. There will be an end, not only of the Catholic religion, but of all religion, all morality, all law, and all order, in that unhappy kingdom."—vol. iii. p. 298-9.

His apprehensions happily proved groundless. He himself lived to see the college established on a basis which, though miserably inadequate to the wants of the country, yet secured, and still secures, the complete independence of its educational system. For the few years during which Burke survived its foundation, he continued to take a warm and active interest in its progress; and the library still possesses several of the books of his beloved son Richard, presented by the bereaved father through his friend and correspondent, the Rev. Dr. Hussey.

On the necessity of a separate education for the Catholic clergy, his opinions were very stern and decided; and he entertained the strongest repugnance to any attempt at associating the new college with the Dublin University, or rendering it in any way subject to its control.

"You are to judge of their plans and views by the act of parliament which they passed a year or two ago, when they took off the penalties on your keeping schools. They put any schools you might have in future under the direction of the College of Dublin. Probably a more contumelious insult was never added to a cruel injury, from the beginning of the world to this hour. I believe I revere the College of Dublin as much as any man, and am sure a better inspection over schools belonging to our Church could not be provided. But it is neither fit nor decent that they should have any meddling whatever with your places of education. I say nothing of the other parts of that act, which are all in the same spirit, or worse.

"Consider, before you put your seminaries under the direction of those enemies of yours who call themselves Protestants, the manner in which they conduct themselves with regard to the schools that belong to the religion they pretend themselves to believe in. I have put the report concerning those schools into your hands. You know what to think of it. You know what to think of the charter schools. You remember the mention you made of them in your sermon on St. Patrick's day, when my dear son and I heard you. You did not scruple the more to do them justice, because Lord Westmeath, as well as some other gentlemen, zealous for the Protestant ascendancy, were among your auditors. If schools of



their own are so managed by them, think of what must become of yours in such hands."—pp. 301-2.

The grounds on which he argues for the propriety, and indeed necessity, of educating the clerical student apart from those who are destined for secular occupations, will be considered very remarkable in one who was not a Catholic. They imply a sense of the fitness of things, which gives us a higher idea of Burke's sagacity and power of comprehending all the bearings of every subject, than almost anything we have ever read from his pen.

"When we are to provide for the education of any body of men, we ought seriously to consider the particular functions they are to perform in life. A Roman Catholic clergyman is the minister of a very ritual religion: and by his profession subject to many restraints. His life is a life full of strict observances, and his duties are of a laborious nature towards himself, and of the highest possible trust towards others. The duty of confession alone is sufficient to set in the strongest light the necessity of his having an appropriated mode of education. The theological opinions and peculiar rights of one religion never can be properly taught in universities, founded for the purposes and on the principles of another, which in many points are directly opposite. If a Roman Catholic clergyman, intended for celibacy, and the function of confession, is not strictly bred in a seminary where these things are respected, inculcated, and enforced, as sacred, and not made the subject of derision and obloquy, he will be ill fitted for the former, and the latter will be, indeed, in his hands a terrible instrument.

"There is a great resemblance between the whole frame and constitution of the Greek and Latin Churches. The secular clergy, in the former, by being married, living under little restraint, and having no particular education suited to their function, are universally fallen into such contempt, that they are never permitted to aspire to the dignities of their own Church. It is not held respectable to call them *papas*, their true and ancient appellation, but those who wish to address them with civility, always call them *hieromonachi*. In consequence of this disrespect, which I venture to say, in such a Church, must be the consequence of a secular life, a very great degeneracy from reputable Christian manners has taken place throughout almost the whole of that great member of the Christian Church.

"It was so with the Latin Church before the restraint on marriage. Even that restraint gave rise to the greatest disorders, before the Council of Trent, which, together with the emulation raised, and the good examples given, by the reformed Churches, wherever they were in view of each other, has brought on that happy amendment, which we see in the Latin communion, both at home and abroad.

“The Council of Trent has wisely introduced the discipline of Seminaries, by which priests are not trusted for a clerical institution, even to the severe discipline of their colleges; but, after they pass through them, are frequently, if not for the greater part, obliged to pass through peculiar methods, having their particular ritual function in view. It is in a great measure to this, and to similar methods used in foreign education, that the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland, miserably provided for, living among low and ill regulated people, without any discipline of sufficient force to secure good manners, have been prevented from becoming an intolerable nuisance to the country, instead of being, as they generally are, a very great service to it.”—vol. i. p. 540.

There is a great deal of shrewd common sense in the test, by which he purposes to try the motives of those who clamour for control over the Irish Catholic clergy.

“You will naturally ask those politicians who are so desirous of regulating your ecclesiastical affairs, one plain question:—Why, when they gave, about three years ago, a no smaller sum than five thousand pounds a year to the dissenting ministers, they never reserved to themselves any share in the inspection or control of that body to which they gave that donation? Ask them another:—Why they did not secure to themselves some share in the election or approbation of their ministry, when they would fain arrogate to themselves a large share in the approbations of yours? They can give no answer but this:—That they fear them, and they despise you—that they look on the Dissenters as good subjects, in whom they can trust; and that they look upon you as under a just suspicion of being traitors, over whom they must hold a strict hand and a careful watch. The gentlemen of the Catholic clergy know whether, by their future actions, they are to countenance a conduct on the part of power, which can be defended only on the one or the other of the above suppositions, or, indeed, only by both these suppositions together.”—pp. 303-4.

The above allusion to the loyalty of the Catholics of Ireland reminds us of a passage which we had marked for extract at an earlier page of this paper, but which, even through late, we deem not undeserving of insertion. It is a letter of George Goold, Esq. grandfather of the present Sir George Goold, addressed to Burke in 1781, at the time when the rumours of French invasion were rife throughout the country. It is one of the many proofs (in great part lost to history) which our fathers, despite of every provocation to disloyalty, never failed to give of their too-confiding and ill-requited fidelity:—

“You no doubt have known our alarm must be much, from an apprehension of our being visited by the French in *this* city. Sir

John Irwine, commander-in-chief, came down here on the occasion. One of his aides-de-camp came to me a few days since, reporting that Sir John had been in much distress for money, as apprehension had run among the people, and he could not find guineas for Latouche's paper. I answered him that I was singularly happy to have it in my power some supply. I gave him about five hundred guineas, and desired his informing Sir John, I would give to him my last guinea, and support his majesty's service, &c. The next morning I had General Baugh and Lord Ross, to announce Sir John's feelings at my doing this. They (that is, the general) wanted some guineas, and such I gave him. A day or two after, I had a message from the general by his aide-de-camp, to know if I could supply them with money for his majesty's services. I answered him by letter, and he, in consequence, sent me that of the 13th, which I beg leave to send you. My interview with Sir John was on the 10th, and, I find, my word was conveyed by Sir John's letter to Lord Carlisle. The letter I received this day has been in consequence. Yesterday morning, I paid to Captain James Allen, five thousand guineas. My letter has been sent to Dublin, and probably may go further. Hence, you see, a Roman Catholic stepped forth in the hour of danger to support the government, when *others* would not risk a guinea. Your sense of us is, in this small instance, proved. I am singularly happy to have had in my power the doing what I have done; and I hope our legislators will see that there are not a people more steady in this quarter, nor a people that less merit a rod of severity, by the laws, than we. I took in my fellow-subjects in my report, at the time when I took every shilling in advance on my own shoulders."

But we must cease our extracts; and we do so with extreme reluctance, for there is much more to which we should gladly call the attention of the reader. We repeat our conviction, that the volumes which have been so long withheld from the public will prove among the most popular in the entire series of the works of our distinguished countryman. It is not a little curious, that he himself seems to have foreseen, very early in his life, the interest which would one day attach to his letters. "Let us once get a reputation by our writings," says he to his friend Shackleton, "and our letters shall at once become most valuable pieces, and all their faults be construed into beauties." We shall only add, in conclusion, that we know few compositions which have less need of this indulgence, few which require less to draw upon what Pope considered the great advantage of a literary reputation—"the privilege of saying foolish things unnoticed." It is a singular evidence of the originality of Burke's mind, and the vast extent of its resources, that in this enormous

mass of correspondence, written by fits and starts, and under every variety of circumstances, oftentimes, of necessity, hasty and imperfectly digested, and almost always, in a greater or less degree, careless and unprepared, there is hardly a page that does not sustain a reputation which is almost without a rival in the literature of England.

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ART. IX.—*The Anglican Church the Creature and Slave of the State; in a series of Lectures delivered before the Academy of the Catholic Religion (Dublin).* By the Rev. P. Cooper, of the Church of the Conception, Dublin. London: 1844.

THE present condition of the Anglican Church makes every question relating to her, at this moment, a subject of serious interest. It is true that the movement of controversy is gradually carrying it into a totally new sphere. Those who are now guiding it are enabling us to dispense, at least, in arguing with them, with much that used to form the staple of controversy. Their concessions are so ample and so explicit, that we may now assume much which before formed tedious preliminaries to more vital questions. When it is freely granted that the Reformation was "a sin," that it is an object of hatred, that it was unjustifiable, that it introduced a gospel, which was no gospel at all; when every circumstance connected with its rise, progress, and effects is heartily and unreservedly condemned, it would appear that the whole territory of historical discussion is at once given up; and that so far as relates to facts, we are standing upon neutral ground. Even mere dogmatical disputation has been drawn into very narrow compass, if it can be said at all to remain between ourselves and those whose opinions in the Church of England now interest us most. We hardly know where we should begin to argue our matters of doctrine with Mr. Ward, or with the authors of the *Lives of English Saints*. Though there are inaccuracies, no doubt, in the theological statements of both, they are clearly not the result of principles wilfully opposed to Catholic teaching. No; our differences have now assumed another aspect, and a far more practical tendency. It is a question of duty and of action that now forms the knot of our difficulties—the *quid agendum?* not the *quid sentiendum?* that keeps up separation.

Still there are many who are yet entangled in old preju-

dices, many who are yet attached to the "pure and apostolic" view of the English establishment, and believe its origin heavenly, and its presence a blessing; who still nurse up venerable antipathies to the Pope and popery, and stick to the "thirty-nine" with earnest fidelity. For these it is necessary to go repeatedly over the same ground, and to re-argue the ancient cause, historical and controversial.

The work before us comes in opportunely for this purpose. It contemplates, we think, a middle state between the older heads of dispute, and the more urgent one to which we have alluded. It takes its position usefully and well at the point of transition. It is based on the view presented by the earlier *Tracts for the Times*, of the relative position between Church and State, of the independence of the former from the latter in matters ecclesiastical. From that standing many of the designers and executors of the plan proposed in the *Tracts*, have gone forward in their truth-seeking direction, and they certainly cannot be held responsible any longer for opinions which fall infinitely short of what they now openly profess. We are sure that many Anglicans of note will agree in all that Mr. Cooper has written on the disgraceful surrender by the *Reformed* Church of her noblest rights, at the bidding of kingly and queenly tyrants, and will deplore the utter powerlessness of that Church now, for carrying on the most solemn duties and affairs of a Church, partly at least in consequence of its thralldom. Certainly no one can read Mr. Ward's most remarkable book (which considerations of a serious character have withheld us from reviewing at this present) without seeing in every page a readiness to acknowledge the fallen and trammelled state of the English Church.

But there are many no less, who, like and with Mr. Palmer, have lingered behind, and still claim for their idol, the English Church, all the veneration and homage bestowed upon her in her most palmy days. They still consider her immaculate in every word and deed, from her origin till now. They hold her birth to be divine; her claims to apostolicity, nay, to catholicity, complete; the State had no part in calling her into being, and has never received from her any submission or exercised influence, save in such matters as belong of right to the temporal rulers of every Christian country; and she is perfectly spiritual and undefiled by secular influence in the construction of her formularies, and the transmission of her orders.

This view the work before us meets boldly; its object is

to prove that from the beginning the English Church has been, and is "the creature and slave of the state." It is thus a valuable addition to our controversial literature; for it does ample justice to the subject which it undertakes. It traces, step by step, the strange history of the alliance between the State and its creature, the Anglican Church; and the mixture or combination of patronage and tyranny which constituted that alliance. It shows us the Church, when withdrawn from the pretended thralldom to a foreign prelate, and placed under the high protection of national authority, to become "the free Church of a free people," fall into a slavery the most complete both of word and action, gagged and fettered, prohibited alike from pronouncing on matters of doctrine and from enforcing laws of discipline. Mr. Cooper's work may thus be divided into two parts. The three first lectures are occupied with tracing the history of Anglican slavery with respect to doctrinal teaching. Commencing with "the legislative view of the subject," the learned author shews that, by the joint enactments of the civil and the ecclesiastical legislative assemblies, the Church is bound hand and foot to the throne, and acknowledges her total dependence on the temporal power, not merely in matters administrative, such as the feudal times would have exacted, but in all matters purely religious and ecclesiastical. Whatever power the Pope possessed in Catholic times was spontaneously surrendered by the Church of England (so far as words could do it) into the hands of the sovereign. Of all this, abundant evidence is brought forward by Mr. Cooper.

We next have the history of "the Act of Submission," by which the unhappy clergy of England put their necks under the foot of the arch-tyrant Henry. The consequences of this disgraceful proceeding are detailed in the third lecture, from Protestant authorities; they consist in the rendering of convocation utterly dependent upon the civil power, unable to meet, to deliberate, or to pronounce, without, at every step, a regal sanction. And even then, high legal authority has pronounced that its canons or decrees are not binding on the legislature. So that when the royal power has put the rod into the Church's hands, and bid it strike, it is only on condition that the blow falls on its own body!

We next proceed to the contemplation of "the Church as an executive," but no less "the slave of the state." (Lect. iv.) This portion of the subject introduces us to "the Church Courts of England;" and first to that monstrous offspring of

the tyrannical Reformation—"the Court of High Commission;" a tribunal almost exclusively composed of lay men, yet empowered to exercise the highest ecclesiastical jurisdiction, even amounting to deposition, over bishops themselves. Dr. Cardwell has attempted to trace this extraordinary tribunal to a Catholic source; by considering it a copy of what Queen Mary had previously done, by her "general," and her "special, commissions." But Mr. Cooper goes fully into this question, and solidly and thoroughly vindicates the unrivalled and unenviable claims of Protestantism to the conception and formation of the grossest usurpation ever attempted by any sovereign of purely ecclesiastical rights. And at the same time he vindicates Dr. Lingard from the unjust charge made against him by Dr. Cardwell, for the purpose of supporting his own views. This discussion occupies a considerable portion of the fifth lecture; and the following one is taken up with the consideration of the frightful cruelties which this iniquitous tribunal was the instrument of inflicting upon the poor oppressed Catholics.

The three remaining Lectures treat of succeeding Ecclesiastical Courts in England; their past condition, their present state, and their future prospects. Into this portion of the work, we regret that our prescribed limits do not allow us to enter. We must content ourselves with recommending our readers to peruse the entire volume, as we are sure they will derive satisfaction and instruction from it. Our author is ever scrupulously exact in alleging proofs for everything he asserts, and makes good every step from Protestant authorities. He has given us a valuable addition to our controversial stores, by compiling and condensing much historical matter upon the particular topic which he has selected. We trust, therefore, that this is not the last work that we shall have from his pen, but that we shall soon find him actively engaged in some other matter of research, to which we doubt not he will do equal justice.

This brief review of Mr. Cooper's work opens to us the consideration of another subject, naturally connected with it. His Lectures were read to a society wisely formed by the clergy of the archdiocese of Dublin, on the model of the Roman Academy of Catholic Religion. The object of both is to hear papers read on subjects illustrating or defending the doctrines or practices of the Catholic Church, whether from historical, scientific, or literary sources. The Dublin Academy is clearly a most valuable institution; and its creation reflects the

highest credit on the intelligent and exemplary clergy who compose it, and on the enlightened and venerable prelate who has so cheerfully encouraged and patronized it. Those who are acquainted with the labourious duties discharged by the parochial clergy of Dublin, will indeed admire the spirit and good taste that lead them to seek relief and recreation in literary pursuits, and to unbend their minds in that "feast of reason and flow of soul," which is to be found in such instructive meetings as those of the Academy of Catholic Religion. We hope to see the example followed everywhere, and similar societies established in every district in Ireland, and in every diocese of Great Britain.

But our wishes would aspire higher still. While England and Ireland are overrun with societies, literary, philosophical, statistical, archæological, medical, agricultural, bibliographical, and architectural; while the Surtees, the Roxburgh, the Ælfric, the Cambden, the Parker, the Bannatyne, the Abbotsford, and countless other societies, are publishing rare and curious works of ancient times; and while all and every of these are mainly administered by Protestants, and too often pay but little regard to the feelings of even their own Catholic members, why should not we all unite to form one general Catholic society, directed to promote the interests of truth by means of every other branch of science? Monthly meetings might be held both in London and in other large towns, to read papers upon any subject bearing on the interests and the beauties of the Catholic religion, and a yearly meeting at some principal town, in rotation, would afford an opportunity of bringing Catholics together, and entertaining them usefully for a few days with topics calculated to interest and instruct them. And as now almost every year presents the attraction of some great and splendid church being opened in some part of England, what would be more appropriate and more beneficial than to select the time and place in accordance with any such event? Experience has shewn how attracted our people are by it, and how eagerly they listen to accounts there presented them of the progress of our sacred cause.

The machinery of the Catholic Institute could, in these days of peace, be made subservient to such an object. Through it members could be enrolled, and branch societies organized, and persons engaged to supply the matter for local and general meetings. A little energy and zeal would soon discover a great amount of talent, not rendered as yet available, and bring it into exertion.



As it is, Catholics are driven to seek for that solace and instruction which such associations give, to bodies which, even when they profess impartiality, shew themselves strongly biassed against us, (as the Historical Camden Society lately did by the publication of Mr. Wright's letters on the suppression of monasteries, noticed in this Review), or are even framed for purposes of which a Catholic cannot conscientiously approve.

We have before us an inedited document bearing upon this subject, which we are sure our readers will feel interested in perusing. The Cambridge Camden Society was pleased to elect as a member a distinguished Catholic peer of France, one who has always boldly stood in the breach whenever religion has been assailed by the government of his country, and who lately more particularly was the bold champion of the rights of conscience in the great University question. The following is a letter addressed by him in consequence to a learned member of that society, well known by his works. It bears the stamp of that warm zeal and bold declaration which have ever distinguished all his generous efforts in the cause of truth. If these require apology, he has been careful himself to make it; nor will we venture to change or modify what he has written, beyond admitting one or two verbal corrections. The Saxon blood in his veins will shew itself in the accuracy and energy of his English. This letter too has no small reference to the main topic of this article.

*Funchal (Madeira), February 20th, 1844.*

To the Rev. ——— Member of the Cambridge Camden Society.

“The Camden Society having done me the unsolicited and unmerited honour of placing my name among its honorary members, I feel not only authorized, but conscientiously obliged to speak out what I inwardly think of its efforts and object: and I am happy to be able to do so, in addressing myself, not only to one of its most influential members, but to one for whom I feel a most lively sympathy, on account of his talent, science, courage, and, indeed, of every thing except what the Church which I believe to be infallible, reproves in him.

“I first thought that the Camden Society was merely a scientific body, pursuing an object which, like all branches of history, is of the utmost importance to religion, and to which all religious minds could associate, but like the French *Comité historique*, not setting up the flag of any special ecclesiastical denomination. On a nearer study of your publications, I have perceived that they are carried on, with the professed intention of blending together the interests

of Catholic art and of the Church of England, and of identifying the Catholic Church of the Middle Ages in England with the Anglican schism begun by Henry VIII and Cranmer, and professed at present by all those who agree to the Thirty-nine Articles. Against this intention, I, as an honorary member of the said society, beg to enter my most earnest and most Catholic protest. First, and principally, I protest against the most unwarranted and most unjustifiable assumption of the name of *Catholic* by people and things belonging to the actual Church of England. It is easy to take up a name, but it is not so easy to get it recognized by the world and by competent authority. Any man, for example, may come out to Madeira and call himself a Montmorency or a Howard, and even enjoy the honour and consideration belonging to such a name, till the real Montmorencys or Howards hear about it, and denounce him, and then such a man would be justly scouted from society, and fall down much lower than the lowliness from which he had attempted to rise. The attempt to steal away from us and appropriate to the use of a fraction of the Church of England that glorious title of Catholic, is proved to be an usurpation by every monument of the past and present; by the coronation oath of your sovereigns, by all the laws that have *established* your Church, even by the recent answer of your own university of Oxford to the lay address against Dr. Pusey, &c., where the Church of England is justly styled the *Reformed Protestant Church*. The name itself is spurned at with indignation by the greater half, *at least*, of those who belong to the Church of England, just as the Church of England itself is rejected with scorn and detestation by the greater half of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. The judgment of the whole indifferent world, the common sense of humanity, agrees with the judgment of the Church of Rome, and with the sense of her 150,000,000 of children, to dispossess you of this name. The Church of England, who has denied her mother, is rightly without a sister. She has chosen to break the bonds of unity and obedience. Let her, therefore, stand alone before the judgment-seat of God and of man. Even the debased Russian Church, that Church where lay despotism has closed the priest's mouth and turned him into a slave, disdains to recognize the Anglicans as Catholics: even the Eastern heretics, although so sweetly courted by Puseyite missionaries, sneer at this new and fictitious Catholicism. It is repudiated even by your own hero, Laud, whose dying words on the scaffold, according to the uncontradicted version of contemporary history, were, *I DIE IN THE PROTESTANT FAITH, AS BY LAW ESTABLISHED* (a pretty epitaph, by-the-bye, for the life of the future St. William of Canterbury!\*) Consistent Protestants and rationalists are more Catholic, in the *etymological* sense of the word, than the Anglicans; for they at least can look upon themselves as

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\* See *Hierologus*.

belonging to the same communion as those who, in every country, deny the existence of Church authority, or of revealed religion; they have at least a negative bond to link them one with another: but that the so-called Anglo-Catholics, whose very name betrays their usurpation and their contradiction, whose doctrinal articles, whose liturgy, whose whole history, are such as to disconnect them from all mankind, except those who are born English and speak English; that they should pretend, on the strength of their private judgment alone, to be what the rest of mankind deny them to be, will assuredly be ranked amongst the first of the follies of the 19th century. That such an attempt, however, should succeed, is, thank God, not to be expected, unless it should please the Almighty to reverse all the laws that have hitherto directed the course of human events. You may turn aside for three hundred years to come, as you have done for three hundred years past, from the torrent of living waters; but to dig out a small channel of your own, for your own private insular use, wherein the living truth will run apart from its ever docile and ever obedient children,—*that* will no more be granted to you, than it has been to the Arians, the Nestorians, the Donatists, or any other triumphant heresy.

“I therefore protest, first, against the usurpation of a sacred name by the Camden Society, as iniquitous; and I next protest against the object of this society, and all such efforts in the Anglican Church, as absurd. When the clergy and Catholic laymen in France and Germany, when Mr. Pugin and the *Romanists* of England, labour with all their might to save and restore the monuments of their faith,—unworthily set aside by the influence of that fatal spirit which broke out with the so-called reformation, and concluded with the French revolution,—they know that they are labouring at the same time to strengthen, in an indirect manner, their own faith and practice, which are *exactly and identically the same* as those followed by the constructors of those glorious piles, and by all the artists of Catholic ages: and this object sanctifies their labour. But is this the case with the members of the Camden Society? Not in the least. They are most of them ministers of the ‘reformed Protestant Church as by law established;’ pledged under oath to the thirty-nine articles, which were drawn up on purpose to separate England from Catholic Christendom,\* and to

\* [It is asserted by modern High-Church Anglicans, that the Church of England never rejected the communion of Catholic Christendom, but merely threw off the usurped supremacy of the Roman Pontiff. This assertion is overthrown by the history of the Reformation. It was the unanimous opinion of the British Reformers that the *visible* Church had apostatized, that her chief bishop was Antichrist, and that communion with her was unlawful. The Homilies of the Church of England assert this in the most decisive manner. (Vid. Third part of the sermon against peril of idolatry, p. 224, ed. Oxon. 1831.) For testimonies of individual reformers, and other Anglican divines, see *Essays on the Church*, p. 323, ed. 1838. See also the Archbishop of Canterbury’s charge just delivered.]

protest against all the *barbarous superstitions* of the dark ages. By attempting to re-establish their churches, chalices, and vestments, in their original form, they are only setting under the most glaring light the contradiction which exists between their own faith, and that of the men who built Salisbury and York. Surely no man in his senses can pretend that Dr. Howley and Dr. Mant profess the same faith, and follow the same discipline, and acknowledge the same spiritual head, as William of Wykeham or Gundulph of Rochester: and no man in his senses can deny that Dr. Wiseman and Dr. M'Hale do at least profess to obey the same holy see, to preach the same doctrines, and to practise the same spiritual rites and sacraments, as all the English episcopacy of the middle ages. Let, then, the Camden Society put itself under the authority of Dr. M'Hale and Dr. Wiseman, and then everything will be right: but as long as they do not, and remain under Dr. Howley and Dr. Mant and their fellows, they are nothing but parodists, and inconsistent parodists. If St. Dunstan and St. Anselm, St. Lanfranc, St. Thomas of Canterbury, or Archbishop Chichely, could be called out of their tombs to resume their crosiers in any English cathedral, their horror would be great at seeing married priests reading English prayers in those desecrated edifices. But assuredly their horror would be much greater still, if they were to find, beneath copes like their own, and at the foot of altars like theirs, and rood lofts with crucifixes, and every other exterior identity, these same married priests carrying in their hearts the spirit of schism, glorying in the revolt of their forefathers, and pledged by *insular pride* to insult and deny that infallible see of St. Peter, from which all those great saints had humbly solicited the pallium, and for whose sacred rights they so nobly fought, and conquered the insular pride and prejudices of their time.

“Catholic architecture, and Catholic art in all its branches, are but a frame for the sacred picture of truth. This one holy truth is beautiful and pure, even amidst the worthless clergy and decayed discipline of Funchal, even, and still more so, amidst the missionary dioceses of Polynesia; although, both here and there, she is deprived of the frame which the humble genius of Catholic generations has worked out for her in western Europe. But without her,—or with her, defaced and adulterated by *insular pride*,—the most beautiful frame is fit for nought but for the antiquary's shop. Supposing the spirit of the Camden Society ultimately to prevail over its Anglican adversaries,—supposing you do one day get every old thing back again,—copes, letterns, rood-lofts, candlesticks, and the abbey lands into the bargain, what will it all be but an empty pageant, like the tournament of Eglinton Castle, separated from the reality of Catholic truth and unity by the abyss of three hundred years of schism? The question, then, is—have you, Church of England, got the picture for your frame? have you got the *truth*—the *one* truth—the same truth as the men of the middle ages? The

Camden Society says, *yes*: but the whole Christian world, both Protestant and Catholic, says, *no*: and the Catholic world adds, that there is no truth but in unity, and this unity you most certainly have not.

“Who is to judge between these conflicting assertions, on earth? Before what tribunal, before what assembly, is this most vital cause to be brought forward, to the satisfaction of those who have renounced the jurisdiction of the Holy See, and that of the last œcumenical council? I know of none; but one thing I know, that before whatever earthly tribunal it may be, as well as before the judgment-seat of God in heaven, against the Church of England and her so-called Anglo-Catholics, will appear in formidable array the seven millions of real Catholics, whom you call British and Irish Romanists, and who will thus arraign the Anglicans on the behalf of ten generations of their ancestors, and on their own:— ‘For the love of unity and obedience, we have endured from the hands of these pseudo-Catholics every extremity of cruelty, of robbery, and of insult; we have stood firm through every variety of military, legal, civil, and religious persecution; in the holes and corners where these persecutors have confined us, we have kept true to every traditional beauty which they would fain now recover. *We have nothing to restore, because we have never destroyed anything.* We want no erudite quibbles, like No. 90; no dissertations on long-forgotten rubrics, to enable us to believe in justification by works, or in baptismal regeneration, to honour the blessed Virgin, to pray for our dear departed. We have never doubted any article of Catholic faith, and never interrupted any practice of Catholic devotion. Here we are with our priests, our monks, and our bishops, and with the flame of Catholic unity, which we have fed with our substance, and with our blood. If these men, who after having robbed us of every temporal good, would fain now rob us of our name, are Catholics, *then we are not*; then we have been mistaken fools, and not we alone, but thirty-five popes, and all the Catholic bishops, and all the Catholic nations in the world, who have till now praised us, helped us, loved us, prayed for us and with us, as their brethren. If *they* are Catholics, then Catholicism is but a shadow and a name, and a paltry vestment, fit to be put on and off at the world’s pleasure.’

“To this language the Church has answered long ago, in the words of the Divine spouse: ‘*Oves meæ vocem meam audiunt, et EGO COGNOSCO EAS, et sequuntur me; et ego vitam æternam do eis,.....et non rapiet eas quisquam de manu mea.*’

“Does the Camden Society, that lays such a stress on history and tradition, think that these mines are closed to every body except itself, or that the world will not dive into them for any other purpose than for archæological or architectural curiosities? Do the Anglo-Catholics think that the world is blind to their own

history? that the events of the Reformation in England are unknown abroad? that the word *apostacy* is effaced from the dictionary of mankind?

“If you had pushed on a little further your Spanish tour, you would have found at Grenada, depicted by the pencil of a monk, the martyrdom of those holy Carthusians of London, who were hanged, disembowelled, and quartered, for having denied the supremacy of the author of Anglo-Catholic Reformation. What! shall the tombs of unknown knights and burgesses be treated with the deepest reverence, and singled out for admiration and imitation, because they are in brass, or with a *cross fleurie*, or *à dos d’âne*? and shall the blood of our martyrs be silent, and their noble memory buried in darkness and oblivion? Believe it not; such will not be the case; no, not even in this world of sin and error, and how much less before the justice of God? Believe not that we shall ever forget or betray the glory of Fisher, of More, of Garnett, of those abbots who were hanged before the gates of their suppressed monasteries; of so many hundreds of monks, of Jesuits, of laymen, who perished under the executioner’s knife, from the reign of Henry VIII down to the palmy days of Anglican episcopacy, under the first Stuarts? Were they not all *Romanists*? did they not all die for the defence of the supremacy of the see of Rome against the blood-thirsty tyranny of Anglican kings? Were they not the victims of the same glorious cause which St. Dunstan, St. Elphege, St. Anselm, and St. Thomas had struggled for? and were they *ours* or *yours*? I know that the modern Anglo-Catholics would attempt to throw back on the Puritans of 1640, most of the sacrilegious devastations that attended the Reformation: but I know also that Pugin, in that article of the *Dublin Review* which you were good enough to lend me, has completely demolished that false pretence; and irrefutably demonstrated, that every sacrilege committed by the Puritans had been inaugurated on a much larger scale by Cranmer and Elizabeth: and I have looked in vain through all the publications of the Camden Society for one word of answer to this most damning accusation. As for *moral* sacrilege, if I may so say, as for the surrender of spiritual independence and Christian freedom to the sanguinary pride of royal theologians, assuredly the Anglo-Catholic fathers of the sixteenth century have surpassed in that respect every example of the kind, both in Pagan and Christian times. That debauched and murderous tyrant, called Henry VIII, could find his models amongst the monsters who reigned at Rome while the Church was in the Catacombs. But the slavish subserviency of the English apostate bishops, to this baptized monster’s caprices, has remained unequalled since their days, as it had been before them. Where was Latimer, that father and martyr of the Anglican Church, on the 30th of May 1538? preaching at the stake where a Catholic friar was burning, for having denied the

king's supremacy over the Church of which Latimer was a bishop ! Where were Cranmer and the other prelates, from whom the modern English bishops pretend to derive *apostolical succession* ? sitting at the council-board of the tyrant, voting in his parliament, helping him to butcher his wives, his principal nobility, his best and most innocent subjects, and acquiescing in his judgment against St. Thomas of Canterbury ! Has not Cranmer come down to posterity branded with the monster's eulogium, ' that he was the only man who had loved his sovereign so well, as never to have opposed the royal pleasure ? ' (Vit. Cranm. MS. apud Legrand, ii. 103.)

" Is there anything, even in the annals of continental Protestantism, to be compared to this origin of a Reformed Church ? And has this Church purified the dark and bloody stain of its origin by its subsequent conduct ? Was there ever a Church, except perhaps the Greco-Russian since Peter I, which has so basely acknowledged the supreme right of secular power, the absolute dependence of spiritual jurisdiction on royal and parliamentary authority, from the days of Cranmer down to Archbishop Whately's last motion on Church government, debated upon, as he says in print, ' with the tacit acquiescence of the whole episcopal body ? ' was there ever a Church, *not even* excepting the Russian, which so completely sacrificed the rights and dignities of the poor to the rich, as the writer of the *History of Poes* must know better than any one ? Was there ever, under the face of heaven, a more glaring focus of iniquity, oppression, and corruption, than the existence of the Church of England in Ireland, as denounced, not only by the groans of the Catholic victims, or by those foreigners who, like myself, have seen and cursed the abomination in its own den, but by your own authorities, such as *Strafford's Correspondence with Laud*, and Monk Mason's *Life of Bishop Bedell* ? Have not these pseudo-Catholic bishops been sitting for centuries as Lords spiritual in a parliament whence has issued that *penal code* against fellow-Christians, the like of which has never been seen or imagined even under the reign of terror and atheism in France ? Have they not for centuries, and without ever lifting up a dissentient voice, witnessed, approved, and, for all I know, themselves taken those tremendous oaths against the most sacred mysteries of the faith of the whole Catholic world, both Greek and Latin, in that assembly ' where,' to use the words of an English writer, ' the Holiest of holies has been chosen as the favourite object of the profanest treatment, and pierced day after day by the jeer of the scoffer ; where alone denial of the blessed Eucharist has been made a public, a legal, a national, a royal act ; and where more impious blasphemies have been uttered, more sacrileges committed, more perjuries pronounced, against the divine sacrament than in the whole world besides ? ' And shall these men, forsooth, be acknowledged by us as our brethren, or as our spiritual fathers ? Shall the perpetrators

and inheritors of these unexpiated, unrepented, unforgiven sins, come in quietly and sit down among the Catholic churches and nations of the world, with bundles of tracts about hierurgical antiquities and monumental brasses under their arms: and shall we not one and all arise to reject and expel them? God forbid that we should do otherwise! There is a place in the Catholic Church for public penitents, whence many saints have risen on the wings of humility and contrition to the glorious eminence of an Augustine: but there is no place for proud sinners, who would shake off the chains of isolated error, without confessing their guilt and that of their forefathers.

“ I dislike every mixture of nationality with Catholicity; and the fatal example of England is well calculated to justify this dislike in every Catholic heart. But I cannot, in this circumstance, refrain from reverting, with legitimate pride, to the difference between the conduct of the English bishops of the sixteenth century, and that of the French hierarchy, when exposed in 1790 to the fury of a much more formidable tyrant than Henry VIII, to the whole French nation. The French bishops of that period were far from being saints or ascetics; their high birth had been generally the only reason for their promotion. They had to struggle, not like the English bishops, at the issue of long ages of faith, of devotion, of popular enthusiasm for the Church; but after more than two long centuries of secular invasion and monarchical despotism. Their people were not, like the people of England, up in arms for their monasteries and their orthodoxy; but, on the contrary, had been intoxicated during a hundred years by the poison of scepticism and philosophical scurrility. Lastly, the Gallican Church was not, like the Anglican, the immediate daughter of the see of Rome: she had not been founded by a papal legate in the sixth century, but by St. Irenæus, St. Denis the Areopagite, and other disciples of the Apostles. The reformation which was imposed on her, was not obedience to a theological tyrant, but a pretended return to the primitive Church, giving the election of bishops to the people, and allowing them to communicate with the holy see. And yet, out of a hundred and thirty-six French bishops, *four* alone betrayed their trust; the hundred and thirty-two others gladly went forth to imprisonment, to exile, to death. When you go to Paris, pray visit the Carmes, an ugly, insignificant, low, square-built modern chapel, without any vestige of archæological symbolism, but where the pavement is still red with the blood of the bishops and priests, who were murdered there for having refused the oath to the civil constitution of the clergy.\* There you will learn at what price a national Church can purchase the rights of talking about apostolical succession, and styling itself a ‘branch of the Church Catholic.’

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\* [See the British Critic, No. LXIV, p. 286-288.]



“But now let me suppose that the Camden Society and the new Anglo-Catholic school have both gained their point; that liturgy, architecture, and theology, are brought back precisely to the point they were, at the close of the reign of Henry VIII, when, as Dr. Lingard so justly says, ‘to reject the papal creed was heresy, and to admit the papal supremacy was treason.’ Supposing all this, what will you have gained after all? *Nothing at all*, I should say, grounding myself on Mr. Newman’s own words. Does he not say, ‘We cannot hope for the recovery of dissenting bodies, while we are ourselves alienated from the great body of Christendom. We cannot hope for unity of faith, if *we, at our own private will, make a faith for ourselves in this our small corner of the earth.* We cannot hope for the success among the heathen of St. Augustine or St. Boniface, unless, like them, we go forth with the apostolical benediction. Break unity in one point, and the fault runs through the whole body.’ (Sermons bearing on subjects of the day, 1843, pp. 149-50.) But when the work in which you are engaged shall be achieved, you will be as far from *unity* as ever, and you will only have *alienated* your Church *from the great body* of Protestant Christendom, to which you were formerly accounted to belong, by that general feeling which led the poor king of Prussia to give you his Protestant money and Protestant sympathies, in order to endow Protestant bishoprics in Syria. But you will not have come one step nearer to *unity*, because, as Mr. Newman says: ‘*Break unity in one point,*’ &c. . . . The Greek Church has been at the point you aspire to ever since the eleventh century; and can anything be further from unity with the Latin Church than she in the nineteenth? Every Catholic will repeat to you the words of Manzoni, as quoted by Mr. Faber: ‘The *greatest* deviations are none, if the main point be recognized; the *smallest* are damnable heresies, if it be denied. That main point is, the infallibility of the Church, or rather of the pope.’ The Coptic, Maronite, and Catholic Armenian Churches, although differing in *every thing outward* from the Church of Rome, are in unity, since they acknowledge her supreme authority. The Anglican Church, even brought back to the most Catholic externals, can never be in unity as long as she denies her legitimate mother.

“One thing quite certain is, that individuals or churches cannot be both Catholic and Protestant; they must choose between one and the other. In politics, in literature, transactions and compromises are advisable, and indeed are often the only thing possible; but in religion, in eternal truth, there is none. Notwithstanding Dr. Jelf, there will never be any *via media* between truth and error, between authority and rebellion, no more than there is between heaven and hell. If Fisher was right, then was Cranmer wrong; they cannot be *both* right, both the murderer and the victim. If Archbishop Plunkett was a martyr, then Archbishop

Laud was not. If the Church of France is to be admired for having held out against schism through martyrdom and exile, then the Church of England must be blamed for having given way to schism. It is like the ostrich, that thinks it saves itself from the hunter by refusing to look at him, to say that the present English Church is a holy although *less distinguished* branch of the Church than that of Rome. If the Church of Rome, when she maintains that out of her pale there is no salvation, and that she alone has the power of governing the Christian world, is not infallibly right, then she is infallibly wrong; and so far from being a *distinguished* branch of truth, she is founded on imposture or error; and in neither case can be a true church. On the other hand, if the Church of England is not the only true Church on earth, then she is an apostate rebel.

“There is only *one sure* way of passing from error to the *one sure* truth; that which St. Remigius showed to the first Christian king of France. When baptizing him, he said, ‘Bow thy head, proud Sicambar; burn what thou hast adored, and adore what thou hast burned.’

“It is true that to reconciled and forgiven rebellion may be granted certain privileges, as conformable to the weakness of a fallen Church. The Anglican Church may demand what was granted in 1595 to the united Greeks of Poland—the degrading exception of married clergy, and the use of the national language in the Liturgy. These concessions are not incompatible with the essentials of faith or authority; but they would make the re-united Church of England sadly different from what she was in the days of St. Dunstan or St. Anselm.

“I am not a doctor, nor a minister of the Church; I am only her soldier, faithful though unworthy. But I can fearlessly assert that among the millions who belong, like me, to the Church of Rome, there is not one who, being led by leisure or duty to consider attentively what is now going on in England, would arrive at a different conclusion from mine. Seeing the profound ignorance which reigns among even the best informed Anglicans (such as Mr. Faber) on the feelings and duties of churchmen out of England—seeing also the furious prejudices which animate the new school against English and Irish Catholics, probably on the old pagan principle of *Odisse quem læseris*, I have presumed to think that it might not be quite useless to you to hear the opinion of a continental Catholic, than whom no one can be more interested in England’s welfare, or more attentive to her present struggles. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.*

“Need I beg of you to acquit the warmth and asperity of my language of any intention of personal disrespect to you? No, surely not. I have much too high an opinion of you not to be certain that you will perfectly understand the motives that have dic-

tated my words; and I hope that you will see, on the contrary, a mark of deep respect on my part for your turn of mind and your personal character. I have written to you as to a man who knows the value of truth and the value of a soul. I should certainly not have done so to most members of your schism. Although taught by conscience and authority to look upon the Church of England as one of the most awful forms of sin and pride that have ever appeared in the world, I have loved and esteemed several of her children. I feel a compassionate sympathy for those of her ministers who know the weight of her present degradation. But, at the same time, I feel a most legitimate terror for the fate of their souls, when I see them, after having removed the rubbish which their forefathers had piled up to the very clerestory of their church, close their eyes against the light which, from the past and present, is now pouring down upon them. They are thus losing that *invincible ignorance*, which is the only reason which the Church admits for not belonging to her! This feeling has inspired me with the thought of thus writing to you. This feeling must plead my excuse, if I have wounded *your* feelings. Indeed, I wish I may have done so. Truth is a weapon intended to wound and destroy everything that is not truth. *Non veni pacem mittere sed gladium.* Convinced as I am that you do not belong, as you say I do, to a distinguished branch of the Church, but that you are in error, and that wilful error is mortal sin, I have spoken for the love of your immortal soul. If I have done so roughly, it is the roughness of love. Is there not more charity in pulling roughly back a man who is on his way to perdition, than in bowing him civilly on to the brink of the precipice?

“This letter requires no answer. We are not called upon to carry on a controversy with each other. The ground on which we stand is unequal, and the odds between us would be uneven. To convert you, as well as all heretics, is and must be my desire, but not my province. To convert me can neither be your province nor your desire. You cannot look upon me as being in a state of rebellion, as I do you. What would become of me, if I was to be convinced of the truth and right of the Church of England? I must then immediately doubt the truth and right of the Church of France, which acts and teaches the very reverse; for what is true and right on the north of the Channel cannot surely be otherwise on the south. And yet, according to the principles laid down by Mr. Faber and the *British Critic*, supposing myself convinced of the error and misconduct of my own Church, I must wait till she recognises it herself, before I have a right to act up to what I think true, and to save my own soul. Alas! what a lamentable non-descript sort of thing I should be!

“Our position is, therefore, quite different. The faith I profess, the authority I obey, the holy sacrifice of mass at which I assist,

the very prayers I daily say, are fitted for you, for me, for the Portuguese ox-driver who is passing under our windows, as well as for the savage who is at this moment being baptized in Oceania. Your faith, your spiritual superiors, your liturgy, can be of no use but to those who are English born and English bred. This shall be my last argument, for it would alone suffice to show which of us is the Catholic. You cannot, in conformity with your own doctrine, wish *me* to be what *you* are. I can, and indeed I must, wish *you* to be what *I* am. To you I can say, like Paul to Agrippa, 'Opto apud Deum et in modico et in magno...te...hodie fieri talem qualis et ego sum, *exceptis vinculis his*;' or rather as Bossuet beautifully modifies this text in speaking, I believe, to one of your own communion, *præsertim vinculis his*, the bonds of faith, of obedience, of unity with the past, the present, and the future.

In conclusion, let me beg your acceptance of the enclosed papers,\* that will show you how the torrent of grace is flowing among *Romanists*, and what are the fruits of *Mariolatry*. It is a good thing to write books, like Mr. Newman, about the miracles of the fourth century; but it is a better still to acknowledge and experience miracles in the nineteenth. Never, assuredly, were miracles more wanted than in these ages of light, and never, I may say, were they more abundant; for can there be a greater miracle in the world than the sudden and mysterious conversions of sinners in an age like this?

"May that Blessed Lady, who has been so long the object of the jeers and blasphemies of Anglican divines and Anglican travellers, and who seems now at last to inspire your countrymen with some degree of veneration—may she use her *omnipotentia simplex* to enlighten, to bless, and to console you! Such will be for ever the prayer of your obedient servant and sincere well-wisher,

"LE COMTE DE MONTALEMBERT."

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- ART. XI.—1. *A Letter to the Very Rev. G. Chandler, D.C.L., Dean of Chichester, &c., containing some Remarks on his Sermon preached in the Cathedral Church of Chichester on Sunday, October 15, 1843, "on the occasion of publicly receiving into the Church a Convert from the Church of Rome."* By the Rev. M. A. Tierney, F.R.S., F.S.A. London: 1844.
2. *A Narrative of Iniquities and Barbarities practised at Rome in the Nineteenth Century.* By Raffaele Ciocci, for-

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\* Annals of the Archiconfraternity of the Holy and Immaculate heart of Mary.

merly a Benedictine and Cistercian Monk, Student and Hon. Librarian of the Papal College of San Bernardo alle Terme Diocleziane, in Rome. Second Edition. London: 1844.

**O**FTEN the deep wisdom of God's holy Word is manifested thus. All seems going well with us, or still more with His Church; for we are speaking of ourselves only in conjunction with her. We see in all that happens the clear manifestation and fulfilment of His great and glorious promises, the fruit of prayer, the reward of zeal and virtue. Every thing is natural, and according to order. Then on a sudden there befalls us that which seems to run counter, to perplex us, to be without cause. But somewhere or other we shall find that full warning has been given us; that it has been threatened, or perhaps rather promised us, that we ought to have been prepared and forearmed for it. It may be but a phrase, a word, that has to give us consolation; but it is written somewhere, and if we seek it diligently we shall find it.

Even so has it been with us of late. We have been cheered on by many happy events; by the progress of truth, by conversions, by visible tokens of Divine watchfulness over the Church, and of the accomplishment of the "glorious things that have been said of the city of God." Never did the golden pages of eternal truth glow more vividly before our eyes, in the reflection of the brightness from above, in the assurance of their fulfilment; never was our heart more full of joy at the works of grace which surrounded us, and seemed to await us; when suddenly more of darkness and of heaviness fell upon us than in many preceding years had been our lot. Defection from the Truth, open and public, such as had not been for years witnessed amongst us, and such as might well nigh break the heart of any ardent believer, became almost frequent; blow followed blow so quickly and so heavily that we were staggered and fairly beaten to the ground. Where look for comfort? where seek to rally our fainting hopes? From words which at another time might well have struck us with terror. "It needs must be that scandals come." This is a portion of the destined trials of the Church and her children; this is an appointed lot, as necessary for their prosperity and for their existence as the most cherished graces. And as scandals could hardly exist as prominent and striking evils, except where they shock and clash with a state of things most discordant with them (being

as darkness coming suddenly upon a bright light); as, where all is lukewarm or disorderly, all consequently *scandalous*, such occurrences could hardly be noted, and the *necessity* of scandals not be needed as a topic of comfort, we may justly conclude that the appearance of unusual and startling acts of wickedness crossing the march of religious progress is characteristic rather of success than of failure, and forms part of that mysterious economy which God employs in regard of His Church.

When, too, even in the very earliest period of its history, while it enjoyed the passing glory of the Apostleship within it, the trials of the most zealous and holiest were to contain among them "perils from false brethren," it surely is right that we should look for a similar snare and danger in more evil times. And who *are* "false brethren" but those who have been brought up and have lived with us as children of the same fond parent, and then turning traitors and belying the faith of their youth, seek to turn their faithlessness to account, by calumny and misrepresentation against us?

Again, we have been comforted by being told that "the disciple is not greater than his master;" and that, "as men have persecuted the one, so shall they the other;" and that, "if in the green wood such things are done, what shall be done in the dry?" Now it was a painful feature of our Lord's sufferings, that the treachery of a friend, a brother, one admitted to his closest councils, should be the root and origin of them, and that violated pledges of love should be the first step in his bitter passion; that the very first to profane his blessedest ordinance, to scandalize his Church, should be an apostate bishop, a traitor Apostle! Nor can we overlook this striking consideration, that he was chosen to be one of the twelve, with full foreknowledge of his terrible scandal and treachery. (Jo. vi. 65, 71.) The simple omission of his name, and the substitution of Cleophas or any other follower instead, in that sacred college, would have made up the mystical number without a blot. Surely, whatever other reasons, far beyond our scanning, there were for the preference given to the Iscariot, we may well admit this, that both an awful warning and a consoling lesson was intended to be conveyed. A warning which every succeeding age of the Church has repeated from Tertullian till Lamennais, that the very pillars of the sanctuary may be shaken, and that the secure in their own confidence are most in danger of a fall; that no dignity, no richness of grace, no privilege of the

spiritual life, bestows a guarantee against the lowest, the deepest, generally the most hopeless, abyss of dark abandonment and degradation. But a consolation, too, if we are doomed to bear the trial, the most afflicting one that can befall a Catholic, of seeing those dear to us in the faith and love of Christ, fall away from our sides, and go over to the enemy; perhaps to fight from thenceforth against us.

In the distressing occurrences to which we have alluded, we have observed how almost always the apostacy has been double; from the vows of the religious state, and from the communion of the Church. "*Corruptio optimi pessima;*" and so when one whom closer ties bound to God, by the engagement of a greater purity and holiness, throws off his yoke and turns wanton, the scandal to the sorrowing Church is far more grievous, as the guilt is blacker.

We cannot, therefore, but consider it a most artful machination of Satan, to have directed to our shores the two unhappy individuals to whom the publications at the head of our article refer, just at the time when the flow of conversion towards our holy faith seemed to have set in, as if to present a counterfeit parallel to the good work that was accomplished, and to whet the edge of a hostility which seemed waxing less keen. Both were religious men; the one a friar, the other a monk; both Italians. We propose to discharge in regard to both, a painful, but a serious duty. We must guard against the possibility of any being deceived by the cunning of the evil one, so far as lies in our power; and if in stripping off the mask of those who put it on to accomplish his work, pain and shame are inflicted, the fault is theirs who have chosen to wear it; not ours, whose duty it is to tear it away, and expose the real features concealed beneath.

The first of these wretched men is Mr. Vignati, the history of whose apostacy has been fully and satisfactorily recorded by Mr. Tierney, in his Letter to Dr. Chandler, dean of Chichester. Mr. T. premises a truly curious episode in the history of Protestant conversion. The good people of Chichester seem to have a peculiar affection, or a peculiar attraction, for the rejected of Catholicity. A short time before, there had been introduced among them another apostate priest, whose history seems, after his conversion to protestantism, scarcely fit for the public eye. This was M. L'Herminez, ordained in France, and for a time a fervent young ecclesiastic in the diocese of Cambray; who allowed himself to be entangled in the toils that enslaved even Solomon, and soon fell into the

mire of corruption. He disappeared, with a victim of his wicked arts, and reappeared in Rome as a father of a family, and teacher of languages. Of course, his true character was there unknown, till he met with the high-church archdeacon of Chichester, Mr. Manning; from whom we should have expected better things than encouragement to a violator of his ecclesiastical engagements, and of vows solemnly pledged to God. But on the contrary, such a man was a prize: he was transplanted to Chichester as a convert priest, was petted and courted, was admitted as a teacher into the bosom of orthodox families, and repaid their confidence and their kindness, as might have been anticipated, by profligacy the most revolting and the most heartless, which shamed his protectors, and drove him with ignominy from the town. And yet Mr. Tierney assures us, that even after his guilt was known, every attempt was made by many parties to uphold him, and to suppress the evidence, and to hide the appearance of his crimes.

“Their hatred of popery was greater than their hatred of vice; their desire to retain a proselyte outweighed their desire to discard a libertine. Mr. L’Herminez had been brought to do great deeds; to arrest the insidious progress of ‘Romanism;’ and to exemplify in his own person, that ‘advance of scriptural truth,’ which you, sir, so eloquently describe. It was mortifying of course to see these mighty projects destroyed by the very instrument which had been selected for their accomplishment; but it would be doubly mortifying to discover, and to let the world discover, that the ‘interesting convert’ was nothing better than a profligate renegade.”—p. 10.

After this discomfiture, it so happened, that a young gentleman well known in Chichester, after having been for some time an inmate of Mr. Newman’s community at Littlemore, joined the Catholic Church. Such an event could not fail to produce a sensation among his friends and acquaintances; but we must continue the narrative in Mr. Tierney’s own words:—

“Under such circumstances, it was but natural to look for some counteracting influence; and that influence, it was doubtless thought, would be found in the exhibition of Mr. Vignati.

“With the history of this person we are but imperfectly acquainted. The little that we know is derived entirely from himself; and of that little you have not deemed it prudent to publish the whole. He was born, and I suppose educated, at Lodi; became a member of the order of Friars Minors, or Franciscans (the locality of his convent is not mentioned); and, having been secularized, at



his own request, by the authority of the present Pope, took the opportunity to leave Italy, and declared himself a Protestant, first in Switzerland, and afterwards in France. *This was about four years ago.* Some seven or eight months since, he removed to England, and became a member of the Established Church. But to be a member of the Church was not sufficient. 'He wished to make a public renunciation of the errors of his former creed;' and as his residence at Brighton had placed him within the limits of this diocese, so Chichester and its cathedral were selected as the scene of his edifying performance. Thus much, sir, at least in substance, you have condescended to tell us: but you have not told us *why* he resorted to this proceeding: you have not told us *why* 'he wished to make this public renunciation of his former creed.' He had been a Protestant for nearly four years. He had been a Swiss Protestant: he had been a French Protestant: 'for nearly a twelvemonth,' so you assure us, he had been an English Protestant. *Why* was this exhibition now thought of for the first time? Already 'in communion with your Church,' why did he thus wish to place himself before the world, and go through the 'form of admission?' What spell thus suddenly came over him? What power had been able to raise that spirit of 'repentance,' which, neither in Switzerland, nor in France, nor even in the midst of the first fervour of his conversion, had ever shed its influences upon him?—It may be awkward, sir, to reveal the fact, which your prudence has so studiously withheld: but report has supplied at least one answer to these inquiries,—*Mr. Vignati wanted a fortune and a wife.* You inform us that, on his arrival at Brighton, he had attached himself to 'the ministry of the Rev. T. C. Maitland:—but he had attached himself also to another and a gentler 'ministry: he had disengaged himself from the light trammels of his earlier vows; and had wooed and won the heart of a youthful heiress. In what manner the lady's family received his advances I have no means of knowing. But her father, at least, is said to have been cautious. If he consented, his consent, so we are told, was accompanied with a condition; and that condition was, that the 'renunciation' in question should be made. And it was for this, that the public service of the Church was to be interrupted! It was for this that an unauthorized form of prayer and protestation was to be introduced into the liturgy; that the Sabbath of the Lord was to be made a day of exhibition, and that which should be the temple of peace and the chair of truth, converted into a theatre of slander against five-sixths of the Christian world! It was not that Mr. Vignati felt more scruples now than he had felt for the four preceding years: it was not that the horrors of popery were more dreadful, or that the necessity of being admitted into a Church which he had *already entered*, became more apparent: but the heiress, the heiress was the point. The 'renunciation' formed a necessary adjunct to the marriage deed;

and the dignitaries of the Church, therefore, were to lend themselves, in the abused name of religion and repentance, to the holy enterprise of securing the wife! Verily, Mr. Dean, there was reason for the light step and jocund air with which the 'penitent' appeared in the cathedral. A bride with some 50,000*l.* was not a subject to make a man doleful."\*—pp. 12-15.

So true is the saying of a learned bishop, that every apostacy of a Catholic priest, like a comedy, is sure to end by a marriage. But in this instance, the mockery of the whole thing was greatly enhanced by a formulary being used for the act of apostacy, which was originally prepared by Dr. Tillotson, but never sanctioned, and which, on this occasion, was mutilated to suit the prevailing High-Church views of the Chichester authorities. In the interrogatory made to the "penitent," the question was omitted—"Dost thou acknowledge the supremacy of the kings and queens of this realm, as by law established, and declared in the thirty-seventh article of religion?" Thus do these functionaries equally violate rule and consistency, in making use of unauthorized forms, and then even perverting those.

How few of those who witnessed the ceremony thought even of penetrating into the history of the unhappy man, brought forward for a specimen of the conquest of the English Church! Or if they did, what else did they imagine him but a retired and mortified inmate of a convent, whom grace touched during his pious meditations, and prompted to fly from the bondage and abominations of Popery, and seek a shelter in a happy Protestant land. Perhaps the Bible, read by stealth, suggested the blessed thought, and bid him "go out of *her*, lest he might be made a partaker of her plagues!" Alas! alas! how would the truth have disappointed them! They would have found, that the Church which received him, had it known its duty, or had feeling to follow it, would have sent him to do penance in sackcloth and ashes, instead of parading him before a Christian congregation as an object of triumph.

After mature consideration, we shrink from making public the authentic information before us of his early life, and the whole of his career. Had he, indeed, merely sunk into apostacy from the high dignity of the Catholic priesthood, shunning, as he ought to do, the light of day, we should not even

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\* "Mr. Vignati was married two or three days after the ceremony of his recantation,—I believe on the following Tuesday."

have troubled ourselves to obtain information concerning him; but should have felt that we had satisfied our duty when we had humbled ourselves before God for his scandal, and prayed for his return. But the publicity which he and his ill-starred friends chose to give to the wicked act, made us feel it important to possess such true accounts of his previous course, as would enable us to counteract any mischief which he might attempt by attacking his former friends. Luckily, he has made his fortune too soon to require this, like others; he has attained, without the trouble of slander, the usual aim of such renegades. We will, therefore, content ourselves with a few facts, to explain or correct the scanty notice furnished gratuitously by his panegyrist, Dr. Chandler.

We are assured, therefore, that while Mr. Vignati's apostasy filled all his former acquaintances with sorrow and dismay, it did not cause surprise or astonishment to any one acquainted with him in Italy. He was born at Lodi, and would have embraced the ecclesiastical life, but no bishop would accept him as his subject, or admit him to orders. On the other hand, his circumstances prevented him from qualifying himself for any profession. He therefore resolved to enter the religious life, in a place where he was not so well known, and proceeded for this purpose to Piacenza. There he was admitted among the Friars minors, or Franciscans: and it is acknowledged, that till he received orders, nothing occurred to excite suspicion in the mind of his superiors. But no sooner had he attained his object, by being admitted to the priesthood, than he reappeared in his former and real colours, both as to moral conduct and as to doctrine. He attempted to sow the seeds of infidelity among his companions; so that, to save others from his pernicious influence, it was found necessary to transfer him from Parma, where he then was, to the convent of his order at Bologna. But here things went on worse than before; he wrote and distributed lampoons and libels against his superiors, till *they*, finding him beyond cure, *applied to the present pope to have him secularized, that is, expelled from the order.* It was not, as Dr. Chandler tells us, at his own request, but at that of his superiors, that he was removed from that body. For a time, he wandered about in his habit from diocese to diocese, leading anything but an edifying life, till he came to Lodi, and applied to the bishop to receive him among his clergy. This application he backed by threats of going to Switzerland, and there throwing off both his religious and his sacerdotal habit. But the venerable

prelate would not listen to his application. In fact, as he himself assures us, all the unhappy man's family, including his parents and brothers, entreated him not to do so, as they could not think of admitting him beneath their roof!

In the summer of 1839, he fled into Switzerland; thence to Belgium and to France. The rest of his history is already known. But we may add, that we have now before us an official report of the police abroad respecting him, which confirms much of what has been communicated to us from other authentic sources. A great deal we have withheld; but what we have given will suffice to console Catholics for the loss from their ranks of brother Cajetan, now Mr. Vignati, and to show Protestants that even here is no exception to the saying (which Mr. Tierney hesitates to apply to the case, p. 5) that "when the pope cleans his garden, he throws the weeds over their wall." This may be very well; but it is certainly foolish to make a nosegay of them, and carry them in triumph, as sweet of odour, and goodly to behold. The sooner they are swept away into a corner, and left to ferment and fester in secrecy and silence, the better for all parties, including the unhappy beings themselves of whom we treat.

We now proceed to the second work before us,—“the awful disclosures” of Raffaele Ciocci, the “Maria Monk” of monks. Doubtless many good people have sighed over the “narrative of iniquities and barbarities practised in Rome in the nineteenth century,” and have pitied the poor youth who has been their victim. They have taken every description for a fact, and every exclamation for a true burst of feeling; and their hair has stood on end, and their flesh has crept at the murderous doings of monks and jesuits, popes, cardinals, and inquisitors!

“What!” some one will indignantly exclaim, “are you prepared to deny and contradict *this* narrative too, as you did that of Maria Monk, and cruelly to deprive Mr. Nisbet's customers of another rich treat of religious empiry and holy wrath? Are you going to give the lie to a work that has passed through two editions for the edification of the godly? Let it, at least, stand over till the next ‘May meetings’ at Exeter Hall, where it may be most useful in arousing the flagging spirits of the Protestant Association.” To such an expostulation, we at once reply, that it is our intention openly and fearlessly to give the lie to the entire narrative. Not but that some mere indifferent facts may be true—the framework, so to speak, of the romance; but, as to all that makes

up the tale of horror, all that has interested the religious world, we solemnly believe it untrue; we consider it a fabrication, a wicked forgery, the invention of one over whom Satan has obtained power, and whom he is employing, in punishment for his past guilt, in the horrid work of scandal, in placing stumbling-blocks before many hastening on the right path.

In doing this, we have before our eyes the author's vaunts at the close of his volume. These are his words:

"Having brought my narrative to a conclusion, I would express my earnest desire that the truth of these facts may be fully established. I have written nothing but what may be authenticated by testimony or by public documents. Though malice may tear these from the protocols of the convocation of Bishops and Regulars, or from the archives of the Penitentiary, it cannot close the mouths of hundreds of witnesses. All Rome can bear testimony to my process for a declaration of the nullity of my vows, and very many are acquainted with my incarceration in *Sant Eusebio*. I would that the *defenders of Roman tyranny* should attack anything which I have narrated, for I am prepared authentically to corroborate all that I have brought forward; and, even where the necessary proofs may be in the talons of my enemies, I know how to extract them. *But they will, I am persuaded, maintain silence, well knowing that in a discussion of this kind, in a free country, the tyrant has the worst of it;* besides which, they are careful to keep their machinations secret. Much do I desire that my narrative might reach the hands of my parents and my relations. But I know well that the most watchful care will keep it far from what was once my home, and from all those who would receive it kindly."—pp. 186-7.

Mr. Ciocci will find that "the defenders of Roman tyranny," as he is pleased to call us, do not shrink before the tribunal of a "free country." We do not intend to maintain silence. He will have his desire, however, of his work reaching Rome, and going into the hands of some of the few of whom he has said a good word in his book. There many of his statements will be brought to proof, which at this distance we are not able to examine: and the result of such examination shall be made known. How then, we may again be asked, do we intend at present to meet these charges, and on what ground do we so boldly pronounce them false? We reply, on a variety of grounds. For instance, the entire work carries on its very face self-confutation in the improbabilities, not to say impossibilities, it contains; its statements are at variance with the well-known characters of persons mentioned; it is full of contradictions; and, finally, on every

point on which we have it in our power to put its assertions to the test, we find them untrue, and the statements positively false.

But before we go into these matters, we may be allowed to say a few words, upon some expressions in the extract just cited.

On the 20th of March, of this year, Mr. Ciocci wrote to one of our bishops, to inform him of his having joined the Protestant religion; and made, in his letter, the following remarks:—

“Believe me I am not one of those who recant in public, or who are ambitious of making themselves known in newspapers; I am quite the reverse. \* \* \* I am not like those, who, on passing to a new religion, hate those who adhere to their former faith: on the contrary, I love my Italian brethren, as I love you too.

“Upon hearing the news of my separation from ‘Popery,’ my parents would die of grief: this may guide you to suggest in Rome, that the news be so conveyed to them as not to take them by surprise.”

Several remarks suggest themselves to us, on comparing these lines with the published statement. The wish *now* to pour on his poor parents the whole bitterness of his abominable narrative, contrasts painfully with the remnant of tenderness which made him shrink from communicating the bare news of his apostacy without precautions. Some change, not surely for the better, must have come over him.

Then, again, it is clear that a few months ago he had no idea of thrusting his name upon the public, and seemed with laudable sensitiveness to draw back from the unworthy notoriety courted by others similarly guilty. All this virulent and bitter attack on Rome has clearly been an afterthought, written, we may suppose, to satisfy the desires of his new friends. And in this we are confirmed by the following occurrence. Soon after his arrival in England, he showed to a friend of ours, on whose word we can implicitly rely, and who is ready to corroborate his statement by oath, a letter written to him by the Rev. Mr. James (one, if not the principal, contriver of his flight from Rome), with the concurrence of the Rev. Messrs. Blackburn and Noel, requesting him to favour him with a statement of his religious sentiments, and of his sufferings in his monastery. Whereupon Ciocci exclaimed, “Ah! these scoundrels (*questi Signori furfanti*\*)”

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\* His ordinary expression *then*, when speaking of those who had decoyed him from Rome.

wish to induce me to write, that so they may publish some horrible book against our holy religion. Never will I do this, as I would rather die than utter a word against it." No doubt he has found his account in changing his mind; he had not then discovered that "the land of religious liberty" was likewise the land of "religious gulls."

We have said, then, that Mr. Ciocci's book bears on its very face self-confutation, from the improbabilities and impossibilities which it contains. Now, those who have been bred in the belief that Rome is as mysterious a place as Timbuctoo; that one ever walks through its streets with trembling, for fear of meeting a bravo, and speaks always in whispers, for fear of being overheard by an inquisitor; that every young monk whom one sees is a victim, and every old one a tyrant; that the cardinal's robes are dyed in the blood of heretics, and prelates amuse themselves every morning with a pull at the rack; that every house is provided with pitfalls, to send one down into the dungeons of the Holy Office; and every night half-a-dozen refractory unbelievers are pitched into the Tiber; those, we say, that believe, or would believe, these and any other amount of bugaboo stories—and really, if told with grave face, *many* would—about Rome, will see nothing but what is probable and most credible in Mr. Ciocci's history. But they who know that Rome is a city as open to day as London, and peopled with human beings composed of flesh and blood, and having common sense and common feelings at least; that its religious houses are communities of *men* and not of wild beasts; that they are visited and known by hundreds and thousands; that their inmates go to and fro, have their friends and acquaintances in the city, and can speak their minds; that men live and die there without once in their lives troubling their heads about the Inquisition; those, in fine, who have conversed, lived, and moved in the place, would just as soon believe the story of the Forty Thieves or the voracious history of Bluebeard to have happened there last year, as give credit to Mr. Ciocci's tale. To us, one is just as probable or as possible as the other.

Let us suppose that a book appeared at Geneva, giving an account of the terrible doings at Oxford by the enemies of Calvinistic opinions; and that it told us how the writer, an interesting youth, who clearly does not think little of himself, has been from seven years old and upwards singled out to be the special object of their love and persecution;—

strange combination, but so it is!—that is to say, that so determined were they to have him, in spite of himself, for what reason they knew best, that they got his parents to force him, not into their own college, but into another, with which they were quite unconnected—(nay, what *he* considers a rival establishment, with which they were at daggers drawn); and that there he had been kept in spite of his parents' remonstrances and his own refractory behaviour; that while he did all in his power to make himself a pest to them, they only embraced him the closer, coaxed and tormented him, indulged and imprisoned him, pampered and poisoned him, all for the same good end of keeping him, all through the sheer unaccountable love and hatred which they bore him; that the agents in all these matters were Mr. Newman and Dr. Pusey, and the Bishop of Oxford; and that they called in Mr. Maitland and Archdeacon Manning to help and back them; and they all gave in to the same most unreasonable iniquities; and that, when nothing else would serve their turn, rather than lose so precious a subject, they coolly poisoned off half-a-dozen heads of houses, called together, like poultry, to be killed; and that all this passed off in Oxford like an every day thing, which astonished no one, though it was the talk of all the town; what should *we* think of the people of Geneva, if they quietly swallowed all this as easily as their breakfast, aye, and digested it, and called for a second edition, as most delectable food; what, but that they must be a most inexplicable set of credulous, deceivable, hoaxable old women? Yet this is really the sketch of Mr. Ciocci's marvellous narrative. Put Rome for Oxford, and there it is. All that contradicts common sense in this brief outline is there; and that criterion is as true in Italy as in England. All that depends for probability on the character of parties is as fairly set forth in our parallel as in his counterpart; for if, in the one, we have been free with names which at once protect our credulity from being imposed upon, Mr. Ciocci has associated with the black deeds of his volume persons as well known, as highly distinguished, as deeply venerated, and as universally honoured, as any that we have chosen; nay, saintly men, whose piety and conspicuous virtues will shake the infamous slander from their names and memories as easily as the lion will the dew-drops from his mane. Yes, we fear not to repeat it; such men as the Canon Del Bufalo, whom God, since his demise, as in his life, has honoured with splendid miracles; as the Abbate



Pallotti, a man whose days are passed in the confessional, the prison, or the hospital, the comforter of the poor and the counsellor of the great, the father of the orphan, and the model of the clergy, bent down and worn down in youth to the semblance of age by mortification and labour; as F. Rossini, revered till his death as a matchless spiritual guide, in the holy exercises of St. Ignatius; such men as Cardinals Patrizi and Castraccani, eminent for their virtues and their prudence; and as many others, held up to public hatred in Ciocci's work, are as full security to those who know them, against the truth of anything wicked or infamous with which their names are connected, as the most honoured and esteemed in Church or state could be in England.

Mr. Ciocci commences his autobiography from his earliest years. Over these we pass lightly for the present; they will afford matter for a few remarks, and, what is more important, for a few detections, later.

At the age of sixteen, we find him at home, frequenting the public schools of the Sapienza—the Roman university. Here occurred a most extraordinary incident, of which, of course, Mr. Ciocci is the hero. It is worth examining, because, though in itself a trifle, it may show his trust-worthiness in matters of greater moment. Here is his account of the matter:—

“We attended school five days in the week; Sundays and Thursdays were holidays. On these two days, after the devotional exercises of the morning, we assembled outside the city walls, to the number of about two hundred, all youths from *sixteen to nineteen years* of age, for the purpose of exercising ourselves in the art of war. The ideas we had acquired, from the study of our national history, of the greatness of the Roman people, and of their military exploits, had roused in us a desire to render ourselves skilful in arms. We were further stimulated to these proceedings from perusing the wars of Napoleon, the history of America, and other warlike treatises. Hence we conceived and followed out the project of organizing two armies, each of which was headed by a general. We took our positions, and following the evolutions and manœuvres as well as we were able, commenced an attack. Two trumpets and two drums animated the combatants on either side; banners were displayed; swords, lances, pistols, cannons, and other implements of war, all of wood, composed our arms. After having exercised ourselves for the space of three or four hours, we returned to the city; some abandoning themselves to the innocent joy of having gained a bloodless victory, others to the passing sorrow of a transient defeat. We took the precaution of re-entering the city in small

parties, lest our numbers should attract notice, and we should be forbidden to repeat our diversion.”—pp. 17, 18.

We have said that this is a most trifling incident, and yet it is fraught with the grossest improbabilities. Let it therefore be first observed that we, who are examining it, were ourselves at that time connected with that establishment, and discharged the office of public professor in it; and are therefore tolerably entitled to judge of the truth or likelihood of such a story. It is well known that in Rome the very idea of two hundred youths of the class of students, organized in military order, and going twice a week through the military exercise out of one of the gates, is of itself hardly credible. After the attempted revolution in the papal states in 1831; the government, seeing how widely revolutionary ideas had spread among youths at the university, broke up the Sapienza, sending the legal schools to one quarter of the city, and the medical to another, reserving only the theological classes at the usual place. This was done with the avowed object of preventing their combining together for any foolish political purpose. Further, we well remember how complaint was made because the law-students, after their “devotional exercises” at the church of St. Giovanni della Pigna, remained collected in groups in the square without; and how a particular friend of ours, their spiritual instructor, by one kind word in a sermon, put an end to the grievance. With these jealous and guarded feelings just before, for this separation lasted some years, are we to believe that two hundred of these youths were permitted to assemble with swords, lances, pistols, and cannon, (all of wood, to be sure, but symbolical enough in the eyes of a foreign police of something worse), and at least with trumpet and drum, which we are to suppose were real, sonorous, clattering instruments, quite enough when regularly repeated twice a week, to bring a posse of gens-d’armes upon the combatants. But Mr. Ciocci tells us that they “took the precaution of entering the city in small bodies, lest their numbers should attract notice, and *they should be forbidden to repeat their diversion.*” Now compare this with what he says in page 22:—“Our proceedings *are all carried on in public*, and there is nothing of which we can possibly be ashamed.” So that the whole affair was public, and yet they stole into the city in small bodies for concealment! How are we to reconcile these two—publicity and precautions—against detection? They knew, however, that such a diversion would not have been allowed, and this is

enough for our purpose. We must be permitted to doubt the existence of it, under the eye of the police.

But no doubt the police who would "have forbidden such a diversion," could not see what was "carried on in public." But there were others, far more keen, that did. Ah! those prying, lynx-eyed Jesuits, who could discover two hundred youths publicly making sham-fight, to the sound of trumpet and drum, while the police were asleep! No doubt they took care to give information to the authorities, and aroused all the slumbering suspicions of the "tyrannical" government, and had all the young would-be generals lodged in the castle of St. Angelo! No such thing. They went a much more cunning way about it. Instead of denouncing the matter as a nuisance, and getting the young gentlemen's ears roundly boxed by the police, and themselves sent home, the Jesuits commence a most complex intrigue, and put themselves to immense trouble. First, it is resolved that Master Ciocci is, must be, the life and soul of the whole concern, the Mars from whom the belligerent spirit emanates, and he must be put out of the way. Such is the deep thought of Father Brandi, who "plotted the dissolution of this festive meeting." "The wily Jesuit," continues Ciocci, "thus reasoned with himself:" (We do not stop to discover how Mr. Ciocci got to know the secret musings of "the wily Jesuit," because it is a privilege conceded to all writers of romance, to describe the secret thoughts of their characters): "The most effectual way of dispersing these restless youths, *who may at some future period render themselves formidable to the government of the priests*, would be to take away the leaders. Of these the foremost and least tractable is R. Ciocci;\* when he is removed, it will be an easy matter to separate the rest. His family are scrupulously devout; let us attack their vulnerable point," &c. Then come a series of discourses made by this artful man to the mother of our hero (not, of course, made before him) which end in his family determining to send him to college to study his philosophy—a wise determination, forsooth. Surely, however, the Jesuits tried to secure him for their own schools. Oh no: they determined that he should be a Cistercian monk. Just compare this with our

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\* Ciocci was all this time tonsured, and consequently, if he attended the schools of the Sapienza, must have worn the ecclesiastical dress. Let those who know the usages of Rome, believe that a young *abbate* was at the head of an organized body of two hundred young men, playing such fantastic tricks before high heaven as these, and no notice taken of it, till the Jesuits feared for the safety of the pontifical government,

author's reasoning about the Jesuits at p. 115. "The idea at last occurred to me that I was not fox enough to be able to cope with the wiles of these tyrants (the Cistercians), brought up in deceit.....and therefore it behoved me, if possible, to enlist in my cause some person, who, *being as crafty as themselves*, should fight against them with equal arms. Could I but succeed, thought I, in engaging in my defence *one of a rival order*, I might look upon myself as emancipated. With this motive *I formed the project of imploring the assistance of some Jesuit*, well knowing the influence these men possess in Rome, and also how eagerly they seize every opportunity that presents itself of lowering the pride of those monastic orders superior to themselves in endowments and power." Assuming, therefore, in "the crafty" F. Brandi these feelings of his order towards the rival order of the Cistercians (here declared as such), we must conclude that when he recommended young Ciocci to be sent to *this*, he had nothing less in view than its humiliation and disgrace. This was indeed a long-sighted policy, and fully proves his sagacity.

But we certainly do not see this quality much displayed in what follows. Father Brandi having disposed of Ciocci, all the influence of other powerful men of the order was brought to bear upon other striplings. But, by the bye, we are in Falstaff's case; the men in buckram have increased. "While the Jesuit Brandi was employed in deciding my destiny, other Jesuits were likewise exerting themselves to dissolve the union of the *three hundred*." (p. 23.) A hundred more have come up, who certainly complicate the case not a little. But let it pass. What think you, reader, was the notable way taken by these clever men (amongst whom F. Peronne, author of a learned course of theology, is expressly named) to break up the rest of the university corps? Did they send them all to college? Oh dear, no! For one they procured a situation in Torlonia's bank; another they *compel* to enrol himself as a cadet among the dragoons, and "his brother is placed among the noble guards," that is, receives a commission which is an object of high ambition, and of difficult attainment to the best families. A son of Prince Chigi gets, in spite of himself, an appointment in the line. (It is hardly worth while mentioning that there is *no* son of the family in that branch of the service). Thus far the young soldiers realize their aspirations; but another is still more curiously disposed of, by being sent off somewhere as "under cancellor," after the Jesuits have decorated him "with

laurels," as Mr. Ciocci's translation has it, not knowing that "*la laurea*" means, in scholastic phraseology, the degree of doctor. To qualify him for the office, this could only be the doctorship in laws, which the Jesuits have not the power of conferring. But never mind: some way or other, here is a boy "between sixteen and nineteen" made at once a judge, to bribe him from going out to exercise with a wooden gun!

Really the whole transaction is too absurd to be treated seriously. It reminds one of the story of the charlatan who sold powder for killing fleas; which was to be effected by catching the offender, opening his mouth, and putting in the powder. "Would not crushing it do as well?" asked a bystander: "Just the same," was the honest reply. And so, if F. Brandi seriously apprehended the overthrow of the government from these puerile diversions, one word to the authorities of the university would have put an end to them, instead of the rather expensive process of procuring clerkships, judgeships, and military commissions, by way of coaxing boys to give up playing at soldiers.

However, according to Mr. Ciocci, he received, as his *douceur*, confinement in the college attached to the Cistercian monastery of St. Bernard, under pretence of studying philosophy, but in reality to be compelled to join the order against his will. The whole business is to us more than incredible, and we must be excused if we refuse our assent, without better proof than declamatory assertion, to a narrative which supposes a preternatural amount of folly and wickedness, in men whose characters stand fair before the world, and have as good a right to be heard and believed, as Mr. Ciocci, whose veracity and character appear sufficiently at a discount in his own pages. No: he has overdone the thing; his slander is too thickly laid on to hold.

On his entering the house, he is first treated with peculiar honour, having a suite of apartments assigned him, till, by degrees, he is fully thrust into the prison-house of the novice or college. Now in all this history we are met with so many incredibilities, that we wonder how any one can have written them. First, the master of the novices conducts him along a corridor, and then ushers him through the massive gate of the novice's apartment, with the words which Dante tells us are written on the infernal gates—

"Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate."

A very likely speech for one who was in a conspiracy to entice him into the place. There he is left alone, with the novices, ten young men of fifteen or sixteen, "with pallid countenances, sunken eyes, and attenuated forms," though he had known several of them "vigorous in health, ruddy, and joyous." Yet a few pages on we are given their daily bill of fare, no stinted one, with an assurance that "there was no cause to complain" on that score. (p. 34.) What then had reduced these youths to so sad a condition? It is intimated that the whole had been kidnapped like himself, and imprisoned there against their wills; that forged letters were sent to their parents expressing how happy they were, and forged replies returned; and, finally, a particular friend among them cautions him to beware how he tells a word of his revelation, lest, he adds, "a few drops of the water of Tofania" (a poison, the very ingredients are as unknown as those of the philosopher's stone) may be in store for both of us!" "For both of us?" exclaims Ciocci in very natural surprise; "my object in coming here is study, and you say they will dare to give me the water of Tofania. No, no, it cannot be." "I repeat, what I have uttered is true; I conjure you to submit, as I have done; or in a few days you may cease to exist." "How? Die! Die in the hands of these cruel men! O unhappy me! where am I?" (p. 32). Well, indeed, might he ask this question, and so may we. Was he in the den of the forty thieves, or in the castle of some baronial robber of ancient days? For truly, elsewhere one must be strangely credulous to believe such a tale. Is it possible to imagine that any body of men, religious or otherwise, could exist by such means; that is, that eleven families at least, including Ciocci's, (and, supposing this to be the plan of other religious houses in Rome, some hundreds more), can be got over to give up their children to be imprisoned, and made to pine away, and forced into a life that they detest? is it possible that they can allow them to be excluded from the light of heaven (p. 33), and be persecuted in every form? that the whole of them could be kept in ignorance by means of forged correspondences being kept up between the superiors and them, where handwriting, style, little family particulars, could not fail to betray the deceit? for how can we believe that every father's, mother's, brother's, and sister's hand was imitated, and all their ideas caught up faithfully? For Mr. Ciocci (though his poison-fearing friend had told him of this wholesale

forgery) assures us that he wrote home and received replies, and neither side detected the fraud, though both the right letters were suppressed, and forgeries substituted, to the number of near sixty on both sides, *i. e.* one hundred in one year. (pp. 49—51.) And all this time, be it understood, that parents and friends have access to the novices or students, and ample means of communicating with them; and Mr. Ciocchi has himself taught us, that it was easy enough to get servants to violate rules, and lend a hand to any secret service, especially conveyance of letters. (pp. 66, 74, &c.) Now if all this folly and unnatural dealing of families, with respect to their children, is to be supposed possible, on such a scale, what gain on earth could it be to the religious order to engage young men for the sake of poisoning them? Surely, if Masters Ciocchi and Apollonj gave their superiors trouble, it would be a much simpler process, and one more likely to serve the interests of their order, to send them about their business, than to murder them. Surely monks have common sense enough to see a middle course between being plagued by refractory pupils and giving them ratsbane! Will any one in his senses believe that there is a body of *men*, putting aside their religious character, who would make nothing of killing off youths when they got troublesome, instead of at once dismissing them? What good on earth could it do them? What serious evils must it not bring on them? Can we imagine, too, such a system going on for years, the victims being young men of good family, and no public indignation felt or expressed, no punishment demanded? or, worse than this, parents going on sending their children to these dens of murder and iniquity?\* Are charges such as these to be taken at the word of an utter stranger, whose very work, as we shall see, entitles him to anything but credit?

However, we may make ourselves easy. For Mr. Ciocchi, with one of his usual kind contradictions, a few pages on, sets us at rest. He had been introduced to ten emaciated youths, who mysteriously let him understand that he would soon be as reduced as themselves, not through want of food, but from unhappiness like their own. But someway or other, the

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\* Last year, an ex-Dominican friar and a priest was convicted in Rome of the cruel treatment of a ward, which ended in the child's death. In spite of every effort to the contrary, he was degraded and executed. This does not look like any toleration of such murder as Mr. Ciocchi would have us believe the pontifical government coolly permits.

number increases to four-and-twenty, and it turns out that "all, with the exception of D. Cherubino, had *voluntarily* given themselves to the sacrifice; but this young man, like *himself*, had been victimized. He had not yet completed his fifteenth year. Circumstances, age, and misfortunes, bound them together, &c., but being at length worn out with suffering and ill-treatment, he bent his back to the yoke, and yielded himself to their hands." (p. 36.) If there is any consistency in the narrative, among these young men were the ten pallid youths who first greeted him, and Apollonj himself; yet, as he is not Don Cherubino, how are we to reconcile this voluntary surrender of the novices with their former reluctant imprisonment, and their sad pining away? That Ciocci was considered a novice, is plain, from his making his vows, as he says, at the end of the year, he was, therefore, in the company of those same young men. Let others reconcile the two statements,—we cannot.

We next have a long narrative of the important event of his profession, which, of course, is made out to have been accomplished by violence and deceit. As usual, letters were forged from his mother; he was assured that the ceremony was a mere form, was got to sign a declaration before a notary that he willingly renounced his property, under the pretence that its operation would cease at the expiration of his term of study; and so, after one or two scenes, he is brought like a sheep to the church, and there makes his vows, all the ladies pitying him!\* (By the bye, we were not aware that P. Abbate D. Nivardo Tassini was a bishop, p. 56.) Now to all this we simply reply by asking, *Cui bono?* Are we to believe so much gratuitous malice for no purpose? Those who have the least opinion of monks will be the most inclined to give them credit for a sharp look-out to their own interests. But really, unless Mr. Ciocci would have us believe that there was something so transcendently super-excellent in himself as would make the Cistercian order determined to secure him, in spite of himself, at any cost of lying, forgery, violence, and perjury (for the notarial declaration was equivalent to an

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\* Mr. Ciocci tells us that as a preliminary the barber came to shave his head. But he, quite amazed, asked what he wanted, as he had no beard, and his hair was short. The superior, of *course*, tries to deceive him, and tells that it was necessary only that the tonsure should be made. "This is a formality." At the first touch of the razor, he felt his indignation kindle, &c. Yet, observe, that he had received the tonsure at seven, and must have worn it till now. Whence then the amazement? whence the indignation?



oath); of hypocrisy, too, impiety, and sacrilege, we cannot imagine how else to explain the transaction. Out of four-and-twenty youths, he was the only one who resisted; was he so necessary to them that they could not forego him, but would wade up to the neck in vice and crime to have him? Of what use would a fractious, discontented, rebellious member be to the order? What credit, support, or benefit could he gain for it? Of Mr. Ciocci's abilities (except in fiction), or of his learning, this, his only work, gives us no high idea; it is filled with high-flown declamation, and common-place, and whenever he touches on any subject of literature, classical or native, he is almost sure to blunder. We have seen his Italian: it is deficient both in orthography and in construction. In the short note translated at the beginning of our remarks on his book, there are eight or ten such errors. How, then, are we to account for this strange eagerness to possess him at any cost?

After this, in consequence of an interview with his mother, who promised him that after he had finished his studies, he should apply to the "Congregation of Bishops and Regulars" for release from his vows, he was put in confinement, threatened with death, debarred from all communication with his friends, and applied himself assiduously to the study of philosophy. And why all that rigour? Because his mother had shewn him all the fifty or sixty forged letters received by her from the monastery; and he, "on finding them to contain sentiments never expressed nor even thought by himself,"—how well the hand-writing &c. must have been imitated, to require such a mode of detection!—had pronounced them forgeries (p. 58). Yet his mother, who now knows how he has been deceived, and how wretched he has been, coolly tells him to go back to his murderous prison for two or three years more, when every one in Rome knows that to get vows declared null, it is necessary to apply as soon as possible after they have been taken. We cannot understand the conduct of an affectionate mother to have been such as Ciocci describes it; especially when, after his return to the monastery, he was forbidden to write letters, or see any of his friends. Surely she must then have thought of looking after him.

He now begins to read "the History of the Popes, Muratori's Annals of Italy, and the Councils. These books contain the few truths that her vigilant governors allow the people of Italy to read. Here I observed that pride, thirst for dominion, cupidity of riches, and easy and voluptuous

living, had, in every age, been the main-spring of action" (easy and voluptuous living a main-spring of action!) "to the Church of Rome" (p. 64). Are these, then, the *only* truths which the governors of Italy, Rome included, allow the people to read? Truly, how generous in the permission; how sensible in the selection! But this is to us quite new information, that the Councils are an important portion of the restricted literary course permitted to poor benighted Italians. Twenty folio volumes of Greek and Latin, or thereabouts, and of solid theology, is a fair allowance, we own, of reading; instead of Penny Magazines and Penny Cyclopedias.

We now come to the very climax of Mr. Ciocci's horrors; and we will give his account in a summary manner, and make our comments upon it:

A certain D. Alberico Amatori, "a very learned and pious monk," librarian at the monastery of Santa Croce, belonging to the same order, took a great liking to our hero, and began to extol the Bible to him. It was not long before he put forward the doctrine that the Bible is "the only book that contains the word of eternal life." Finding in the youth an apt scholar, he unfolded to him, under secrecy, his plan for reforming the order. "The change was to be effected by *simply adopting the Bible alone as the rule of faith.*" Ciocci subscribed with fourteen others. D. Alberico, "in the simplicity" (aye, truly!) "of his heart, applied to the General" for permission to retire with his fifteen disciples to some monastery, "for the purpose of living in the perfect observance of the proposed rule."—(p. 69.)

In other words, the modest application was made to the superior of a Catholic religious order, for permission to erect in the very heart of it a *Protestant community*, directly rejecting the fundamentals of Catholic faith, and for the giving up of a monastery for the trial of the experiment! The whole thing is just as probable as if we were told that a deputation from the Unitarian or Baptist body had called on Dr. Bloomfield, to request him to give up one of the London parish churches, or Westminster school, to their care. We will believe the one as soon as the other. Either D. Alberico had studied the first principles of his religion, not to say theology, and then he must have known that what he asked (*if* he asked it, mind,) was contrary to them; or he had not, and then he certainly was no learned man, nor fit to be librarian. But the speech put into his mouth, is far more likely to be Mr. Ciocci's fabrication, than the expression of any learned man's

sentiments. It is as follows: "The Bible is become a book almost disused. *Here and there* a priest or monk *may be found, who hurriedly repeats a few scattered fragments, a few mutilated psalms,* and that is all. *Instead of the homilies of the fathers,* and the lives of the saints, how much better would it be to devote oneself entirely to the constant reading and meditation of the law of God," &c. Now, if there be any sense in the first part of this sentence, it means: first, that only a *few* priests or monks are found to recite the psalms; and secondly, that the psalms which they recite are *mutilated*. Yet Mr. Ciocci knows, or ought to know, that both assertions are false; that *every* priest and *every* monk recites the breviary (the religious in choir), in which are *all* the psalms entire, without the slightest mutilation; and that the breviary and missal do not contain a few scattered fragments, but large, and the principal, portions of the Old and New Testaments. Yes, Mr. Ciocci *did* know this: shame! shame! to tell deliberate lies! And further, after D. Alberico has been made to throw a slur on the homilies of the fathers, a little further on, he is said, by way of still uncatholicizing him, to have procured him "the *Commentaries of the Holy Fathers, translated from the French.*" So much for consistency: but why have them translated from *the French*?

Don Alberico's proposal was considered "scandalous," and so it was; and these *reformers* "were all denounced before the Holy Convocation," (what on earth is that? we never heard of it before,) "as heretics and apostates." What else were they? The tribunal to which cognizance of such conduct, as the preaching up Protestant doctrines, and the attempt to establish a Protestant branch of the Cistercian order in Rome, would belong, would be the terrible Inquisition, or Holy Office, concerning which Mr. Ciocci makes such a flourish at the outset of his work, where he says that he is, "one of those unfortunate beings upon whom the Roman tigers had fixed their claws; victim of an Inquisition," &c. (p. 3,) while his whole work shews that he never once came in contact with this tribunal, unless this "Holy Convocation," is it; and then, certainly, he and his friend came off very easily. For after the notable plan of a religious house, in which the Bible alone was to be the rule of faith and life, had been discussed, what think you was the result? *Parturiunt montes,* &c. Why this terrible tribunal, whatever it was, "thought it advisable to impose silence on the parties," which means, in the judicial language of

Rome, allowed each side to hold its opinion, and forbade either to impugn the other. In other words, this awful tribunal, speaking the sentiments of the Church of Rome, has pronounced that any person, and a Catholic, may in Rome maintain the *Bible alone* to be the rule of faith, and no one must gainsay him! Reader, believe *that*, if thou canst! If thou canst not—then don't believe Ciocci.

Surely, it is now high time for the order to get rid of Ciocci and his new master in mischief. It would be easy, after such an affair, to get them expelled the order, or to remove them elsewhere. Instead of this, see the creditable way in which they go to work. They *poison* all, *except these two!* Six escape death after many months' illness, the others die at very regular intervals of about two months; so that two abbots and four fathers are despatched in a very short time! Is it to the hearty good sense of the people of England, or only to the blind fanaticism of a few bigots, that Mr. Ciocci has the hardihood to address such a statement? Will any one believe that, "in the nineteenth century" any community of men could be kept up, in which a few superiors poison not only their subjects, but their brother-superiors, like flies, without any notice being taken of it by the public, by the authorities, or, still more strange, by the survivors? Neither Don Alberico nor Ciocci seem to take the least step in consequence, nor do the lucky six who survive to prove that the monks are not *sure* poisoners; though if they got rid of "the abbot Bucciarelli, a man of herculean stature, in three days," they must have been pretty good hands at the work. The families of these murdered men ask for no enquiry, and give themselves no trouble. The ecclesiastical authorities, in fine, must have seen that this sudden death fell on the very men who had been acquitted, when accused by the order before them, and therefore, one would think, must have resented the matter and taken it up, and looked into it. Oh dear no! they are all quite used to it. In Rome it is quite a matter of course; and every religious order is understood to be kept up by wholesale poisoning of a dozen members at a time!\* And then, no doubt, the same wisdom

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\* A few years ago, shots were fired at night into the window of the superior of the Greek monastery of Grottaferrata, near Rome. He was not hurt, but died some months after from the fright. There was a suspicion that some young and discontented religious had been parties to the outrage, by procuring it to be committed. A severe investigation took place: Cardinal Mattei was appointed to enquire into the whole business. In the mean time, the regular

which dictates that plan of destroying a troublesome little nest of reformers, teaches them to keep whole and sound the authors and ringleaders, and not even disturb them in their posts. D. Alberico was continued librarian, and Ciocci, for the present, left to study philosophy—the only two unpoisoned. But there is one monk not yet disposed of. Why a middle course was pursued in his regard, we cannot say; but he was not poisoned, and yet was not forgiven. “The monk Stramucci was sent to the monastery of San Severino, *in the marshes*; where, *owing to the insalubrity* of the situation, or from some other cause, in the course of a few months he was from a robust man reduced to a skeleton.” We must here share an error between Ciocci and his translator; or rather, we must first divide it into two portions, into a blunder and an untruth; giving the first to the translator, and the second to the author. On first reading the sentence, we were quite perplexed to make out whereabouts “in the marshes,” understanding as every one would, the Pontine marshes, there was a Cistercian monastery. Moreover, we only knew of one place of the name of San Severino. But as that is situated not in any *marshes*, but in the province of “the March of Ancona,” we were led to assume that Ciocci wrote “San Severino *nelle Marche*,” which would be the ordinary Roman designation; and that his translator, seeing the expression coupled with a charge of insalubrity, rendered it by the *marshes*. But how Ciocci could talk of the insalubrity of San Severino, a hill in the centre of the healthiest and richest province of Italy, (the residence of a bishop—generally a cardinal,) we are at a loss to determine, except on the ground that he will dare to say anything that serves his purpose. And speaking of salubrity, we may as well make another comment. In the next sentence he tells us that “D. A. Gigli, curate in the monastery of *Chiaravalle*, was called to Rome,” and knocked off in two months; being, when he arrived, *in excellent health*, (p. 70.) At p. 104, we are informed that at length Don Alberico “was commanded to quit Rome for the monastery of *Chiaravalle*, on

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authorities of the house were superseded, and the suspected monks were closely confined in other religious houses. The enquiry was conducted with the utmost rigour; all the guilty parties were severely punished, some we believe by imprisonment for life; the monastery deprived of its own government, and a superior from another order placed over it. Yet we are to believe that fourteen religious, including abbots, could be coolly poisoned in a religious house in Rome, and attract no notice!

*the frontier.* Such a decree was equivalent to sentence of death; for *the noxious air of the locality* was calculated to produce on his weak frame an effect as fatal as poison." Now let us compare notes, Gigli enjoys excellent health at Chiaravalle, and Amatori is sent there to be poisoned by the climate. The one must, forsooth, be brought at some expense to Rome to be *literally* poisoned (was there no bane to be got *there*?); the other must be sent to that very place to be killed by the atmosphere. Would it not have been as easy to poison Amatori at Rome as Gigli? or to let Gigli die by the noxious air of Chiaravalle as Amatori? Truly the devices of these good disciples of St. Bernard puzzle one. It seems as if they always went the clumsiest way they can about things. Again: why send Stramucci to one pestiferous place to be choked with foul air, and bring Gigli from another to be poisoned? But no: it is no use trifling about the matter; wherefore we tell the reader at once, that Chiaravalle is *not* on the frontier, nor within a hundred miles of it anywhere; and we tell him, moreover, that he will find it in his map on the banks of the Esina, not far from Ancona. Aye, and if ever you travel in that lovely part of Italy, descending from the hill of Jesi towards the sea, you will pass through fertile lands like gardens, and, down in the valley, you will go through the cheerful and thriving town of Chiaravalle, the great depôt of the tobacco-plant, surrounded by vineyards and olive-grounds, and teeming with a healthy population, and remember that this is the mysterious spot in which one Cistercian enjoys excellent health (and you will believe it), and to which another is sent to be poisoned by bad air. Fie, Mr. Ciocci, fie! And this process of settling monks is considered by him as a practical application of the maxim of governing, "*Divide et impera*;" which, we suppose, ought to be translated, "Kill your subjects, and you will then govern them quietly!"

But, before quitting this disgraceful attempt to play on the credulity of religious fanaticism in England, let us say one word more, about the slander conveyed through it. Mr. Ciocci is a person unknown to the world, save through his autobiography. The superiors of the Cistercian order, including its general, D. Nivardo Tassini, are well-known public characters, hold station and ecclesiastical rank in Rome and before the world. We will, therefore, fairly stake their reputation against his; and let any impartial person judge between them. In reading his account, some people

will imagine that these personages, at such a distance, are parts of a dark, mysterious system; and they feel no more startled at hearing such atrocities attributed to them than if they were told of Don Pedro the Cruel or the Ameer of Scinde. But let them alter their view, and remember that these terrible charges are made against persons living and enjoying fair reputation in the heart of European civilization, in a state with a government, in the midst of a society as refined as that of England. They are men engaged in the discharge of religious duties; daily assisting at the altar, and singing the divine psalmody of the Church; acting as parish priests, preaching or instructing. As for ourselves, we know them personally; we have spent hours, almost days, in the library late in charge of D. Alberico, but then in the hands of a young man, worth twenty Cioccis, who was prematurely cut off—we expected to find his name somewhere in the book among the poisoned—by his own excessive application to the “codes” (as Ciocci’s translator renders *Codici, codices*, manuscripts,) of the library of Santa Croce; we were his most intimate friend, consulted by him in all his pursuits; we have conversed freely and unreservedly with him and others in the order, having been visited by them repeatedly; nay, we have familiarly conversed with the very individual to whom all these deeds of atrocity must be principally (if true) referred, and have conversed about the very author of these imputations, who was spoken of with all the kindness and tenderness that a father could apply to an erring child. *We* therefore, at least, must feel the whole malignity of such charges; but we feel also that we have a right to appeal to the justice of our fellow-countrymen on behalf of such persons against their accuser, till opportunity at least has been given for a reply, which *we* certainly shall not consider necessary, for no *proof* has been brought against them. Think with what horror men would instinctively recoil from any person who should bring the charge of deliberate murder, the hideous charge of poisoning the children confided to him by their parents for education, merely because they were troublesome to him, against one moving honourably, with reputation, in society—against a clergyman of known character in *any* denomination of Protestants! How, unless he brought overwhelming evidence of the fact, would the accusation rebound on his own head! And so let it be here; especially if we have succeeded, as we trust we have, in establishing gross improbabilities and glaring contradic-

tions in the accuser's own narrative. Some may appear trifling; but if Daniel, not only confuted the accusations of the two elders against Susanna, but condemned them and put them to death, as seekers after innocent blood, because the one placed the false charge under "a mastic tree," and the other under "a holm tree" (Dan. xiii), surely such self-contradiction as is found in every page of this narrative may well throw doubts upon the cool imputation of foul, diabolical murders, cast upon persons of fair repute.

After this, Ciocci gets from his friend the librarian a copy of the New Testament, and reading it, becomes quite a Protestant. It is the old story: for he tells us how he came to conclusions about the blessed Eucharist, purgatory, confession, indulgences, &c., so pat to his present purposes, so nicely chiming with English *evangelical* notions, so exactly based upon the very arguments used by Exeter-hall champions, that really it is quite marvellous. In a word, he became a complete Protestant: and it is clear from what he says, that if Luther, and Calvin, and Zuinglius, had never lived, he would, in his cell, at San Bernardo, have hit upon exactly the same ideas with them, on those very points in which English Protestantism agrees with one or other of them—but only just on those; so that his bible-reading led him to make for himself precisely, and to a tittle, that farrago of Wittenburg, Geneva, and Zurich theology, which constitutes evangelical Church-of-Englandism! How lucky! How true?

But now comes the crowning scene. He was not poisoned with the others; no, because he wanted to have a poisoning "fit of his own." It might have been useful then to the community; there would have been an ostensible reason for it. But now that all is over, and no one any longer suspects him, the monks,—we must suppose merely for the humour of the thing,—determine to get rid of him in the same way. One evening, after supper, he is seized with frightful spasms in the stomach. This and other symptoms led him to *suspect* the cause of his illness. Wherefore, upon seeing the monks come about him, he exclaimed, "you have your revenge," &c. He is asked to go to confession, but he is too much of a Protestant for that, and refuses. Whereupon he is duly *exorcised* as *possessed*! (Every Catholic knows that this can never be done, and never is done, without express leave from the bishop.) After some other struggles, a physician arrives, who is evidently in the secret, for he brings his medicine with him, which turns out to be only another dose of poison



Still he is a match for this, and insists upon having his own physician, Dr. Riccardi, called in. Now, if the monks had poisoned him, and intended to kill him, it does not seem very likely that they will call in a man to snatch their victim from their deadly grasp, and to detect their villainous design. Nor is it probable that they will take care to leave the remains of the poison in the phial on the table. However, they do both. Dr. Riccardi comes, and finds the poison, examines it, shudders, utters "a mysterious and significant 'ah!'" and—throws it out of the window! He then some way or other prepares another medicine, &c., and restores him. And after this, Ciocci is not only left unmolested, but is sent out in a carriage, and quite indulged. He lets his mother know, by a letter, that he has been poisoned, and she (who is everywhere spoken of as most affectionate) replies by exhorting him to patience! Will any mother believe this? He now receives the minor orders.

We are almost weary, we fear our readers are quite so, with following the steps of this foolish young man in his egoistical narrative. But it is better to finish the subject at once; and, therefore, we pray our readers to bear with us, while we touch summarily on a few more points. His mother, who could have done the thing just as well or better at any previous time, now gets him to write a memorial to the "Congregation of Bishops and Regulars," praying for the declaring of his vows, null and void. The memorial is read aloud by the secretary of the congregation, and he is permitted to support the prayer of his petition. His proceedings "were the general topic of conversation in Rome." (p. 90.) Yet we have not found any one who heard of them; while persons high in ecclesiastical dignity and office there at that time, assure us that they never heard them mentioned. But the superiors, "counselled by the *wolfish heart* enclosed in their breasts, assumed towards him the *conduct of lambs*." Then comes a digression about Unity, because "unity being the boasted *palladium* of the Romish Church, it is necessary that she should see how weak is her *battle-steed*, her invulnerable *Achilles*." (p. 92.) This is classical with a vengeance! The whole of this portion of his history, as every other part, exhibits what is at the heart of all, the importance of the writer. Here he is struggling, single-handed, against a powerful religious body, the superiors of which are now at his feet, most humbly gracious to him; all Rome is ringing with his name; all its great men, the saintly Del Bufalo, the

pious Palotti, the eloquent Finetti, come to wrestle with the youthful champion, but in vain. Only one thing more is wanted—the notice and sympathies of royalty. These are soon procured. The good old dowager queen of Sardinia comes twice to the monastery, and is “informed of his mournful history;” of course by himself. But this only gives occasion for a disgusting outburst against her and all Italian princes, in which figures this most humane sentence: “Groans are a pleasing harmony to Italian sovereigns,” &c. Alas! that the spirit of vanity should have so prevailed over the spirit of truth.

However, after a long suspense, the decision has to be given on his petition, backed by his charges against the order. We cannot stop to mark a number of inconsistencies which will at once strike any one acquainted with the forms of procedure at Rome, in ecclesiastical congregation, enough to convince us of the untruthfulness of the narrative. The decision, as given by him, we unhesitatingly pronounce untrue. It was, according to him, as follows: “*That the monastic profession was null, that he was at liberty to lay aside the Cistercian habit and to return to live freely in the bosom of his family. But let it be known, was continued, that he is prohibited from marrying; though a secular, he must remain a celibat, like the Knights of Malta!*” Well may Ciocci exclaim, “behold the wisdom of justice! the infallibility of a pope.” (p. 98.) For we have no difficulty in declaring, that such a rescript never issued from any congregation at Rome. Why did not Mr. Ciocci give us the original, or a literal translation of it? There are two ways of dealing with liberation from the monastic state,—by declaring the vows null, and by secularization. In the former case, the prohibition to marry is absurd and *impossible*—it is a contradiction in terms. The annulling of the vow of chastity signifies that the person may marry. In the latter the person is transferred from the regular to that of the secular clergy, with the clause “*servata tamen substantia votorum.*” In other words, the vows are affirmed, and only a change of state is permitted, for motives of conscience or convenience. Let the reader consult any Catholic theologian on vows, and he will see the truth of our statement. If, therefore, a clause analogous to that given by Ciocci was added to the rescript, it is a proof that his vows were held good, and a lie was given, after ten months’ trial and deliberation, to his accusation against the monks, of

having used fraud and violence. We say a clause *analogous* to what he gives; because the flourish about the Knights of Malta is a pure and puerile invention of his own, nor is ever such an expression, as "he is forbidden to marry," introduced into such documents.

One must come to a very satisfactory conclusion as to the good-nature and easy-heartedness of the monks. For immediately after this occurrence, they select him to the honour of holding a public disputation on philosophy; yes, the moment after he had publicly accused them to the cardinals and pope of being poisoners, and of every other crime, and after they had retorted on him that he was "a heretic, insolent to superiors, negligent in psalmody," &c. What a spell he must have held over them,—no, it is clear that the Cistercian body could not live without him, even though now, by the rescript above quoted, they could justly and rightly have ejected him and sent him home. Nay, they now even want the young heretic to go on with theology. To-day poisoned, to-morrow eagerly wanted to study!

Another persecution now comes, and another petting,—a new bubble, and a new bursting of it. His young companions are drafted off to Santa Croce, and he is told that in order to go with them, he must sign a retraction of his application to the congregation of bishops and regulars. He refused. "Very well," the superior replied, with that horrid grin which adapts itself so well to the lips and physiognomy of tyrants, "very well, you show you are as stubborn as an old man" (the superior was one himself), "and therefore you must remain with them." He "did not at that moment, understand the malignity and cruelty of this new species of torture:" neither, we own, do we now. For the result of this terrible persecution was, that he had three furnished rooms allotted him to live in, a young man appointed to wait on him, good cheer, the affection of the old men, and the office of librarian. So ended this terrible trial.

He was, however, determined to run his head against something else; and therefore goes to a Jesuit to get him to take his part. There is a long history of his intrigues for the purpose; of his conferences with two cardinals; of his thoroughly putting himself again into hot water; and being sent to make a spiritual retreat in the Jesuits' house of S. Eusebio. All these matters we must pass over, because Ciocci's own showing puts him in the wrong. He tells us then that he was put into a close, dark room, barely large

enough to contain "a small hard bed—hard as the conscience of an inquisitor, a little table cut all over, and a dirty chair." The window was shut, and barred with iron. His luggage was not admitted with him, and he had not the means of washing properly; so he never washed or combed himself for fifteen days or more. Fathers Rossini and Giuliani are represented as making terrible speeches and preaching long sermons to him; a skeleton is put on his table; a horrible picture was hung in his room; all which frightened him to death (because Romans are terribly afraid of hobgoblins!); then, worse than all, a discipline was laid on his bed; he was nearly starved to death; if he asked any one whom he met a civil question, he was answered, "My son, think of hell!" or some such speech. To all this, we have only one word to say; that we do not believe a syllable of it. We know that house, we know those men too well, not to feel assured that there can be no truth in it.

A form of retractation was proposed to him; and on his refusal, he "expected to be conducted to the torture. Whenever I was taken," thus he writes, "from my room to the chapel, I feared lest some trap-door should open beneath my feet; and therefore took great pains to tread in the footsteps of the Jesuit who preceded me. *No one acquainted with the Inquisition will say that my precautions were needless.* My imagination was so filled with the horrors of this place, that even in my short, interrupted, feverish dreams, I beheld daggers and axes glittering around me; I heard the noise of the wheels; saw burning piles and heated irons," &c. &c. &c. Very fine, Mr. Ciocci, but not true! and you know it too! No, no, the truth will come out. You know that you were no more in the Inquisition at S. Eusebio than you were in your own convent. You know that the *Holy Office* is by the colonnade of St. Peter's, and that S. Eusebio is two miles off, beyond Sta. Maria Maggiore. You know that if you had been wanted for business belonging to the Inquisition, it is not to a house of retreat that you would have been taken. A coach could have taken you to one place as easily as to the other, or removed you from one to the other. You talk of being a victim of the Inquisition, and you have no more been in it than we have. But here we will put you to the test, even as Maria Monk was; and, like her's, your "narrative" will break down. Hear, then, our proposal. There are plenty of English gentlemen going to Rome this winter; there are many there already. Choose any one that you

please, and we will pledge ourselves that he shall be permitted to search the house from garret to cellar, and measure the thickness of the walls, aided by an architect; and see whether there be even a possibility of trap-doors, &c., or any single arrangement that could warrant your pretence of its being an inquisition, or anything like one. The house belonged to the Irish Augustinians before it was converted to its present holy purpose of a house for spiritual exercises, and is totally unlike what you represent it. There are plenty of persons now in England and Ireland, noble and simple, who have gone through the course of spiritual retreat there, and will bear witness to the untruth of your statements.

We next have a concluding scene, of three Jesuits sitting at a table, immoveable, who threatened him with death, if he did not sign his recantation. Everything persuaded him that "these bloody men were firmly bent on his extermination," and he signed the paper. This is the Inquisition, we suppose; but Mr. Ciocci knows perfectly well that there was no such thing there, and that three, or three hundred Jesuits can form no tribunal. The whole story is as true as the *Arabian Nights*.

We reach at last the final period of Mr. Ciocci's history. He falls in with two English gentlemen, one at least a clergyman, who persuade him to fly from Rome. Now we do not deny this fact, nor the reality of his flight; but it is worth while, in order to shew the credit which the writer deserves, to look at some of his statements. It will be seen how, even in relating a true event, he cannot tell it truly.

He goes into the library, after some absence, on *Easter Monday*, and finds, why or wherefore we cannot see, that the floor has been covered with fragments of his papers, torn wantonly in pieces. Now if people wanted to destroy his manuscripts, we cannot see why they should litter the floor with them, instead of carrying them away and burning them. However, this is so, and he determines to quit Rome. He fixes his departure for *Thursday*. That same *Monday* he goes to Santa Croce, to see his friends. As he returned home, he thought he would return by the Church of *St. Gregory*, "at that time gorgeously decorated for the solemnization of the festival of the saint." The Pope was there, as he generally is on *St. Gregory's* day, he having been a monk of that house. Another scene takes place, but we pass it by. On *Tuesday* he visits his family; on *Wednesday* he took leave of the monks, &c. That evening, as far as we can

gather, he went to the house of his friend, and put on his disguise of a servant. He started from Rome, we must suppose, next day, and was two days on his journey to Civita-vecchia, (though certainly the usual time is one.) He remains four days at Civita-vecchia, and embarks for Leghorn. His flight (from Rome) we are told took place on the *thirteenth* of March.

Now let us put these dates together.

Easter Monday, in 1842, fell on *March the twenty-eighth*.

The Thursday following was consequently the *thirty-first*.

Yet Ciocci visited the library on *Easter Monday*, and left the following *Thursday*, and that was the *thirteenth*.

Again, St. Gregory's day is the *twelfth* of March, and in that year fell on *Saturday* before Passion Sunday, and was kept on that day. Yet Ciocci, on *Monday the twenty-eighth*, went to the church of St. Gregory, for his festival!

These chronological matters may be trifles in themselves, but they shew the accuracy of the writer. *Some* of these statements *must* be false.

At length he reaches London; and we are prepared to declare that what he has written in this part of his narrative is false, and can be contradicted in the most positive manner. He writes, "This quiet soon met with an interruption, in the form of a call from Dr. Baldacconi." Now, so far from this being the case, Ciocci was the first to call on that rev. gentleman, and, with tears in his eyes, made himself known as "an apostate," and promised to return to Rome. Every conversation which he relates as held with that gentleman, he is prepared to assert is most false. Mr. C. pretends that he was quite a Protestant before he quitted Rome: why, then, did he go to mass, at the Sardinian chapel, on the 29th of June of that year, the feast of the holy apostles SS. Peter and Paul; and even go into the vestry, and speak with the priest there? No: here are points on which his statements can be flatly and clearly contradicted, and so enable us to judge on other matters. He tells us that he "could not stir from the hotel, without meeting now a Franciscan, a Dominican, or a Jesuit, who, upon some pretence or other, sought to engage him in conversation." (p. 183.) This is bringing his fictions too near home. There is not, it is well known, a single Dominican or Franciscan in London, nor was there then; we would engage to prove an *alibi* for every one of those bodies in England. And if there had been, how would he have distinguished one from the other here?

These are palpable untruths; and we have reserved one other clear one for the conclusion, though it will take us back to the early period of his life. He tells us that, after he had been five years with the Redemptorists, he "was sent to *the college* of the Jesuits in Rome." On being admitted, the rules of the *establishment* were read to him. (p. 8.) At p. 15, we find that he could not get certain books to read, unless secretly provided for him. Moreover, after four years, he *writes* to his mother, expressing his firm determination to stay no longer at college, and his ardent desire to return to the bosom of his family; and, living at home, to frequent the schools of the Sapienza. (p. 16.) Now we would fain ask, *what college* was he in? For all this supposes his being an inmate of *some establishment*. Yet the Jesuits *have no such college* at Rome, except the Noble College, to which there is no appearance of Ciocci's having been admitted. The Collegio Romano, the schools of which he may have frequented, has no boarders, and admits only day-scholars, as the Sapienza does. We must therefore conclude, that even in so simple a matter as his place of education, Ciocci cannot tell us the simple truth.

"Mentita est iniquitas sibi," would be an appropriate motto for his book. It is a tissue of such improbabilities, incredibilities, contradictions, and clear untruths, as have not often been put together. We hope it will not be long before we have still stronger evidence to bring before the public. In the mean time, we have a right to call upon them to beware how they are imposed upon again, as they have been before, by narratives of "atrocities." Let them suspend their judgment upon an accusation from a person of whose character they have no evidence.

Yet we cannot but be consoled by one thing. While Ciocci pursues every religious and good point in the Catholic Church with his implacable hatred, while he spares no amount of spite, and obloquy to bring all that he once deemed sacred into contempt, his silence in many cases, and his positive testimony in others, must weigh much with impartial men, in favour of the monastic life. We have, indeed, insinuations, that monks serve *mammon*, that they lead effeminate lives (p. 147), that they live luxuriously (p. 109). But fortunately *these* are accusations which can be examined into and easily disproved: whereas the silence, throughout this wicked volume, of a single attempt to fasten upon any of the religious orders, with which its author is at deadly feud, the

slightest suspicion of immoral principles or conduct (we use the terms as generally understood) must go far to form a strong argument in their favour. But more than this, in his attempt to ridicule, he has given the highest praise, and confirms the exalted view which many are beginning to take of Catholic education, and Catholic institutions. Let any one read what Mr. Ward has written in his *Ideal of a Christian Church*, on the wants of Protestant, and the superior advantages of Catholic, education. (pp. 260, 363, 371, &c.) How often does he enumerate as the most powerful means of training to virtue, "repeated meditation on such subjects as sin, death, and judgment to come," daily examination, frequent confession, mortification, &c. Now, Ciocci bears witness to the practice of these things in his place of education from seven years of age. "Half an hour every morning was dedicated to the meditation of great and abstruse mysteries..... the subjects were generally chosen from the four last things—death, judgment, hell, heaven." (p. 5.) Now, indeed, he thinks he "might, with infinitely more comfort to himself" (has Protestantism taught him that *comfort* is the criterion of right?) "have been enjoying his repose in bed." Once a week, he frequented confession and communion; and he was frequently, even at that early age, enjoined the practice of mortification. "It was also frequently suggested to me," he adds, after enumerating other penitential prescriptions, which we fear become his present state more than his boyhood, "that I should, at breakfast or at dinner, leave a portion of food untouched, and that I should at times abstain from those amusements most congenial to my lively disposition, in order that I might, by such acts of self-denial, acquire command over my appetites and desires. Sacrifices of this nature are called by the friars in Italy, 'Flowers whose odour is agreeable to Mary.'" (p. 7.) Is this meant for ridicule? For our parts, we care not by what name such sacrifices are called,— "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." No one with true religious feeling will gainsay that the training of a youth in such early sacrifices, and in the acquisition of mastery over his appetites, must be pleasing to God, and is putting him on that right way, from which, when he is old, it will be well if he do not depart.

We now close the volume *for the present*. That we shall soon be able to give more pointed and authentic contradiction to many of its statements, we have no doubt.



Indeed, even after most of this article was in type, and the first portion of it printed, we have been able to examine another of Ciocchi's statements, and find it false. The name of the arch-plotter in dispersing the young university troop, and in kidnapping Ciocchi, Father Braudi, sounded to us new. We have, therefore, searched through the printed catalogues of the Roman Province of the Society of Jesus for the years 1836, 1837 and 1838, in which every member's name is given. The result is *that no such Jesuit as Father Braudi is found in any of them at Rome, or elsewhere*; and, as we firmly believe, no such person was in existence. This is enough to throw discredit on *that tale*, and, in fact, on the whole book.

But as it is, and in the absence of much information which we expect, we did not wish to allow the present Number to appear, without some contradiction to the impudent untruths contained in this work. This has been attended with some delay in the time of publication, which we are sure our readers will excuse in consideration of the motive.

If in what we have written there shall appear to have been severity and harshness, we may fairly say that we have been compelled to employ them. It is in itself a severe duty to have to lay bare deceit and imposture; nor can it well be done with gentle words and soothing speeches. But let our writing have only its desired effect, let it *begin* to strip the bandage from the eyes of Mr. Ciocchi's supporters and encouragers, let him feel the first tinge of shame upon his cheek, and consider it as the precursor of yet deeper confusion; let him ponder on the truthful adage, "*melius est relinquere quam relinqui*," the sure fate of most who have preceded him; and perhaps his heart may warm again towards his ancient mother, whose arms are ever open to receive again the most erring and sinful of her children. The gate of repentance (the gate of Peter) is never closed, day or night, in the city of God. At whatever hour the prodigal returns, he will find *this way open*, and at it an ever ready welcome, to his Father's house.

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#### NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*A Guide to the Blackwater in Munster.* By J. R. O'Flanagan, Esq. London: 1844.

It is very easy to perceive, by the title of this work, what a "terra incognita" Ireland is to the great majority of the English public. What would be thought of a tourist on the Rhine, were he to tell his readers that that river was in Germany; or the Danube, that

it was a river of Austria. While an Irish tourist thinks himself bound to tell his unenlightened, or his careless readers, that the Blackwater, one of the loveliest and finest rivers of the kingdom, is situated in the province of Munster. And a fine and beautiful river it is, as ever attracted the steps of tourist or traveller. In a course of more than seventy miles, it is one unbroken succession of scenes of the most varied and picturesque beauty; and if it had been any where but in Ireland, would have long since attracted visitors from every kingdom of Europe. It is withal ennobled by associations of deep historical interest. By its banks, Sir Walter Raleigh mused and meditated, and even the very room may still be visited, where he planned and brooded over many a scheme of wild and desperate adventure. The garden is still pointed out, where that root was first planted, which has since become the food of millions. By its murmuring waters, Spenser conjured up many a bright form of poetic excellence; and the reader of his pages must be, ere now, familiar at least, by name, with

“Swift Auniduff, which of the Englishmen  
Is named Blackwater.”

If the tourist should prove one for whom the fame and traditions of Ireland possess an interest, when she was an island of saints and scholars, he will be gratified with a visit to the spot where Carthagh, the sainted bishop of Lismore, diffused around him the odour of sanctity, and the light of knowledge to the multitude, that thronged to hear him from every province of the west. Every castle that stands upon its banks, and every ruined abbey that looks out from the overhanging foliage, and every blue hill that lends its charm to the landscape, is one of interest to the historian, the poet, and the Christian. And the public should feel grateful to Mr. O’Flanagan for the clever and attractive manner in which he has brought these varied beauties before it in the present volume. Those who have travelled over this fairy ground, will have all their pleasant recollections renewed in the perusal of this delightful and instructive book. And those who have never seen, and yet purpose visiting the reality of what is there described, should, above all things, peruse it, and carry it with them as their travelling companion. It will make every jutting headland in the river be viewed with more pleasure, and every frowning battlement eloquent with recollections of the past.

The author has evinced, by his varied learning and accurate local information, that he was fully qualified for the work he has undertaken. He has played as a boy on its banks, and whilom too has disported himself in its crystal stream; he has thought and studied, aye, and hunted too, he tells us, by its waters; and he has brought with him to the execution of his self-imposed task, the enthusiasm of an early love. This makes us value it the more. There is a freshness and a buoyancy of feeling about it which reminds us of the bright dreams and sunny pleasures of our youth,

and which makes us linger over its lines, as if each sentence gave expression to some fond memory of the past. The work is embellished with numerous illustrations in the best style of wood-engraving, in perfect keeping with the very creditable manner in which the work is executed. The present work had its origin in the following circumstances, we quote the author's words,—“At a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Cork in August 1843, the author read a paper on the statistics of the River Blackwater, the object of which was to aid the laudable endeavours of the Earl of Mountcashel, and Sir Richard Musgrove, in rendering this beautiful river available for the purposes of inland navigation. The essay having met the approval of the meeting, the author was solicited to extend his enquiries; and embodying the substance of the essay, to prepare the present work, for the use of strangers visiting the picturesque district of the Blackwater.”

The Blackwater is navigable from Youghal to Cappoquin, a distance of sixteen miles. A small steamer plies daily between these towns. From the latter place to Femoy, it may be rendered navigable for small boats alone at a very inconsiderable expense. Since the publication of this work, the Duke of Devonshire has made a sacrifice of no less than £700 a year, to forward this great national object, by consenting to the removal of a weir in the neighbourhood of Lismore, that obstructed the navigation of the river. If this example was more generally followed by those interested in the improvement of the locality, this noble river would be more useful to themselves, and more creditable to the country than it is in its present condition. We think that the publication of the present work, will contribute, in a considerable degree, to forward this important object; and that besides its utility to the tourist and the traveller, it will render good and substantial service to the public.

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*Ireland and the Irish during the Repeal Year, 1843; from the German of Herr J. Venedey.* Translated, and with Notes, by William Bernard Maccabe, Esq. Dublin: 1844.

THIS stirring volume is an evidence of the interest with which our affairs are regarded on the Continent, and especially in that country where public opinion, so long suppressed, like a walled-up torrent, has begun to give indications of an approaching outburst, which it is not easy to mistake. It is a translation of the second of two volumes upon Ireland, published this spring, by M. Venedey, a native of Cologne; who visited this country during the summer of 1843, and returned to prepare his two volumes for the Easter fair. The first, a hasty, and, though well-meant, not very profound or accurate sketch of Irish history, is judiciously passed over by the translator, who confines himself entirely to the second; in which the author relates his impressions of what he saw and heard during

the bustling months of his Irish tour. Never had tourist a more exciting period to record. His opportunities appear to have been very considerable, and he used them with very great industry, and certainly in an honest and candid spirit. His notes, of course, are not very profound, nor does he often go far below the surface; but they evince a great deal of good feeling; and while his style wears a certain air of flippant self-reliance, his reflections are generally those of a thoughtful and benevolent mind.

We have received the work at so late a period, that it is not possible for us to dwell upon it at such length as, under other circumstances, we should have desired. Of the translation and notes, we cannot speak too highly. The style is vigorous and racy, without a single taint of German idiom; and there are some passages straggling and mystical enough in the original, of which the translator has made more than we thought it possible to make. We perceive too that he has had the good taste and good feeling to omit a few extremely offensive and uncalled-for expressions,—one of them especially, *piis auribus offensiva*, by which the original work, otherwise excellent, is deformed.

We can find space but for one little picture: but if there be any one so insensible to simple beauty as, after he has gazed upon it, to rest till he shall have mastered the whole volume, we could not hope to please him, though we were to extract almost without limit. It is from the account of the monster meeting at Dundalk, and though a slight sketch, displays the hand of a master:—

“At length the procession moved on, and in a few moments afterward O’Connell’s carriage, drawn by four horses, was seen turning into the town. O’Connell stood erect in the carriage and saluted the people on all sides, whilst in every glance of his eye there was triumph and the exhilarating feelings of joy. And wherefore should there not? Who could, as he, this day say—‘I AM THE MAN—Daniel O’Connell?’

“I have often seen many princes and royal personages make their solemn entrées into my own old Cologne and other places, but all was as ‘child’s play’ to that which now presented itself to my view. The streets were so full, that there was no longer left the possibility of walking in them. All were either borne or pushed forward. I had a bird’s eye view of the entire scene; I looked down upon it, and could behold nought but heads—not even the shoulders of the men were visible. Never did I see anything like to this, and never did I hear anything like to that prolonged, that never-ending ‘hurra for O’Connell—hurra for the Liberator.’ He stopped before the house where I was—he descended from his carriage, and oh! miracle of miracles! a large broad path was instantly opened for him in that dense crowd, which as instantly closed again behind him, when he had passed. Yes, I could not but feel that I saw, as if before me, the passage of Moses through the Red Sea! It was represented to the very life.

“While I was engaged reflecting upon this wondrous spectacle, I beheld another, and one that was still more beautiful. In the very centre of that closely-pressed, that jammed-together throng, I observed one small point unoccupied, which always came nearer and nearer towards the house. What, I asked, can that be? or why is there that little spot left free? The riddle was soon explained—the mystery was speedily unravelled; for in the centre of that unoccupied space I beheld—a *cripple!* I love the Irish people; but never did I in my life behold anything which so much entitles them to the love, the admiration, and the respect of every philanthropic, of every feeling, of every honest heart, as this—making a space, and giving free room to the helpless, pithless cripple, in a crowded multitude, through which the strongest giant would in vain have struggled to force his way. Oh! yes, they are a good, a truly good people, these poor Irish!”

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[*Note on Irish MSS.*]

As an evidence of the reviving spirit for the encouragement of our national literature, to which we referred in our last number, we deem it right to give publicity to the following Report of the Royal Irish Academy. We have no hesitation in saying, that the work is a national one. The balance of the purchase money which remains unsubscribed is comparatively small; and we feel assured that there are many of our readers to whom it is only necessary to explain the nature of the collection which it is thus intended to secure for the public, in order to enlist their warm and active co-operation in the work.

“*An Abstract of the Report of the Committee of Antiquities to the Council on the Irish MSS. of Messrs. Hodges and Smith.*”

“Messrs. Hodges and Smith’s Collection of MSS. consists of 227 volumes, including upwards of 3,000 separate pieces, of which the names are indexed, and about 4,000 minor pieces included under general heads.

“The Index and Catalogue Raisonné (the latter forming a folio of 769 pages) have been carefully drawn up by Mr. E. Curry, who is at present employed in executing a similar work for the academy.

“The Vellum Manuscript, known as the *Leabhar-na-Huidhre*, is the most ancient in the collection. From internal evidence, the date of the compilation of this exceedingly curious volume is fixed at the end of the eleventh, or early part of the twelfth century, and some idea of the value attached to it by its possessors may be formed from the fact, that the siege of Sligo, carried on by O’Donnell in A.D. 1470, was undertaken chiefly for the purpose of recovering this book, and the *Leabhar Gearr*, or Short Book, from the

O'Connors, to whom they had been given in ransom of O'Dogherty and the son of O'Donnell's chief poet.

"The next piece, in point of antiquity, is a copy of the ancient Dictionary, known as Cormac's Glossary, transcribed anterior to the close of the fourteenth century, and (with the exception perhaps of the imperfect copy in the Bodleian Library) the oldest known copy extant.

"Cormac, to whom this very interesting compilation is attributed, flourished in the ninth century. The work exhibits an acquaintance with the Irish, Latin, Greek, Anglo-Saxon, Danish and Welsh languages, and preserves some words of the lost language of the Picts. It is generally believed to be the work of the learned prelate whose name it bears, and may perhaps be regarded as of equal curiosity with the more celebrated, but less ancient Glossary of Aelfric.

"The medical and botanical MSS. in this collection, are chiefly compilations of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. They give a highly interesting view of the state of medical knowledge under the old system of hereditary professions. One of them appears to have been the Text Book of the O'Lees, hereditary physicians to the O'Flaherties, and was long celebrated as the subject of a fiction, which represented it to have been brought originally from the enchanted island of O'Brasil.

"With the exception of *Leabhar-na-Huidre*, and the medical and botanical tracts above mentioned, the collection consists mainly of compilations and original compositions of the last century. But with respect to the antiquity and value of the MSS. so preserved, their actual age affords no criterion; thus, Mr. O'Donovan's transcript of the *Book of Feenagh*, though made so recently as A.D. 1828, contains poems ascribed with every appearance of truth to Flann of Monaster-Boyce, who lived in the eleventh, and to Benignus, the disciple of Patrick, who lived in the sixth century. The same remark applies to almost all the compilations in the collection, in which are generally mingled pieces of the most various dates and subjects; of these, several are the works of professed compilers, attached to particular families, as No. 178, a thick volume, compiled in 1746, by James Maguire, from the earliest writings of the O'Clerys, &c., illustrative of the family history of the Maguires and other Fermanagh families. No. 207. A transcript, by John Murphy, of Rahinch, in 1744, of the work of Daniel O'Gara, who appears to have been, in like manner, attached to the family of O'Hara, and whose collection embraces several poems relating to many of the chief families both of South and North Munster, as well as of Sligo and Tyrconnell. No. 200. A transcript, made in 1706-9, by John Stack, from the *Book of O'Brudar*, a retainer of the Fitzgeralds of Desmond, originally compiled in 1682-92, and being perhaps the most interesting of this class, of which we enumerate only the most remarkable. No. 201

is a compilation transcribed within the last ten years by John O'Clery, senior, of Dublin, the direct descendant of the famous Peregrine O'Clery, the chief of the Four Masters, and contains a great number of exceedingly curious genealogical, historical, and romantic pieces.

"As it would be inappropriate, however, to specify each work of the collection in this manner, we proceed to give the following general synopsis of the subjects embraced in the collection, which, for convenience sake, we take up in the order of historical, romantic, and lyrical compositions.

"In civil history, the collection embraces a vast number of genealogies and family affiliations, which are brought down to within a very short distance of the present time, and form the most valuable and complete genealogical library of the native Irish families that is known to exist.

"There are several copies of Dr. Keating's History of Ireland, and poems by him on various subjects, historical, political, and religious.

"There are various transcripts from the Book of Conquests, the Book of Munster or Leabhar Oiris, the Book of Lismore, and several other historical books still existing; besides extracts from the now lost Leabhar Gearr or Short Book, and Leabhar Buidhe or Yellow Book of Slane, and from the still more ancient lost Book of Dromsneachta.

"To the ecclesiastical writer, this collection supplies several original lives of Irish saints, which are not only of great value as ascertaining early topography, but also showing the state of mental advancement of the times in which they were written.

"It is difficult to separate the early history from the early romance of any country; and there is unquestionably much historical material in the section of romance, embracing a great variety of poems, which may be classed as Pagan, Finian, or purely fabulous.

"The three most famous romantic tales of the native Irish from a very early age, are considered to be the following, viz.: The Death of the Sons of Usneach, The Metamorphosis of the Children of Lir, and The Death of the Sons of Turion; in all which the events are laid in Pagan times. These, as well as several other remarkable romantic tales and poems concerning the Pagan Tuath de Danaan, are among the collection; and although there is no reason to attribute any of them to the very ages to which they refer, it is not to be doubted that they are among the older traditions of the Irish, a people whose love of tradition is proverbial, and who, longer than any other in Europe, have retained their primitive manners.

"The Finian Romances of this collection constitute by far the most complete series of these pieces with which we are acquainted; the total number preserved is upwards of one hundred, relating principally to the ancient names of a great variety of districts and

places, with the accounts of battles, hunting matches, adventures, &c., which led to their respective denominations. These would supply a great part of the deficiency in *The Book of Lismore*, at present in the Academy. We are not aware of the existence of any equally authentic and voluminous collection of these remarkable compositions.

“The purely fabulous poems and tales (of which there is a considerable number) are, of course, inferior in value to those from which historical facts or analogies may be collected. Still it is impossible to say what pieces may eventually prove to be of this comparatively worthless character, inasmuch as the labours of other societies are daily bringing to light numbers of similar compositions of other nations, among which many of the more marked characteristics of Irish compositions are strikingly observable, and which may reasonably be expected to develop still further analogies as they proceed.

“These remarks are applicable equally to the lyrical portion of the collection, and particularly to that large class devoted to the politics so popular among the native Irish during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but which, we trust, may now be regarded as merely matters of history. The great exertions that have been, and are now, making in other parts of the empire to preserve the songs and ballads expressive of the popular feeling of those times, are well known, and we need do no more than refer to the ardour with which Sir Walter Scott devoted himself to the preservation of every fragment of this kind, to justify us in expressing a hope, that if the academy should now prevent the dispersion of these relics, their efforts will not be unappreciated by that large class of the community, whose tastes have been so strongly influenced by the writings and example of that illustrious man.

“Another considerable division of the lyrical pieces of the collection, comprises the elegies of the professed poets on the deaths of members of their respective patrons’ families. The number of pieces of this description is considerable, upwards of a hundred, some of them are extremely ancient, and all particularly interesting, from their allusions to the domestic habits and local superstitions of our native great families. The remainder of the lyrical collection (including nearly a hundred songs ascribed to Carolan) is of a miscellaneous character—amatory, satirical, descriptive, and humorous.

“Besides these there are several lexicons and glossaries of the Irish language, of which we have already noticed a copy of Cormac’s Glossary, as remarkable for its antiquity, and in addition would desire to specify Nos. 153 and 156, copies of the glossary of old Irish terms, compiled by the distinguished chief of the Four Masters in 1643.”

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ART. I.—*Vie de Rancé par M. le Vicomte de Chateaubriand.*  
Paris: 1844.

SOME men achieve celebrity for themselves, others have celebrity conferred upon them by their biographers. It is not often that the historian and the hero of his tale are men whose names would be immortal independently of their relation to one another; yet it has happened so upon the present occasion; for one is the Abbé De Rancé, and the other is the Viscount Chateaubriand. The pen of the gifted author of the *Génie de Christianisme* is able to confer on any subject that enlists its services the immortality of literary fame. We know no more fortunate circumstance in a great man's destiny than to obtain the services of genius. Without it, what must have become of the great men whose lives are the study of the world? How few would ever have heard of Agricola but for the pen of Tacitus? Of course, we speak not of that loftier and more abiding reward of excellence, which the great and good should ever, and beyond all others, aspire to, and which consists in the consciousness of goodness here, and the hope of happiness hereafter; but of such as may be found in that public and respectful homage which rescues the good man's deeds from obscurity, and proposes them for the imitation and enlightenment of the world. This homage it is the duty of genius to give when it is due. It has no nobler function to discharge, than to invest the good man's name with those graces which it can confer upon the subject of its advocacy, and vindicate for it that place in the public estimation which it should possess, but which it may not otherwise obtain. The stately pile which the piety of after ages rears to the memory, and over the ashes of the sainted dead,

where the rich and mellow tints streaming in golden floods of light through the stained window, the triumphs of human art that look down from the niche and canvas, or that hang in such gorgeous profusion from the overhanging dome, the clustered pillars, and tapering arches, that stretch far away in the dim perspective before us, and the solemn majesty that surrounds, and takes possession of the soul, will extort from even an unwilling votary that reverence to departed worth, which would be slowly and coldly rendered over the unadorned tomb, that simply bore the record of a name.

The present work was not the voluntary undertaking of the Viscount Chateaubriand. He says it was a duty imposed by his confessor; and its faults or its beauties must be laid to the account of the Abbé Seguin,\* whose name is inscribed upon the title-page. That name few would have heard or known, if, like the bee embalmed in amber, it had not been rescued from oblivion in the work of his illustrious penitent. Can it be that the lighter productions of his muse needed such an atonement, or that the reveries of René or Attala were to be expiated by meditating on the stern and rugged virtues that distinguished the reformer of La Trappe? The life of De Rancé has been written by several biographers. The most distinguished and trustworthy are Le Nain, a brother of the illustrious Tillemont, Maupeou, and Marsollier. None of these have been rendered into English; and the only information which our language affords, is to be sought for in a few meagre and imperfect notices. We therefore think that we shall be doing some service to our readers, and supplying, to some extent, this deficiency, by presenting them with a few of the particulars of the life and conversion of this remarkable man, principally, but not entirely, as they are detailed in the work before us. We regret to say,—and we do it with all respect to its distinguished author,—that it is less a life, than a dissertation upon the life, of De Rancé. It is marked, too, with many of those literary imperfections which have been noticed in the author's later writings. He not unfrequently places himself between us and his subject, and obtrudes his own achievements when we are only anxiously thinking of De Rancé. Many pages are taken up with events of his own life,—his embassy to London, his acquaintance

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\* The Abbé Seguin was a native of Carpentras. Born in 1748, he witnessed and survived all the horrors and atrocities of the revolution. A brother of his was one of the martyrs of the 2nd September. After a long and holy life he died in Paris in 1843, at the advanced age of ninety-five years.

with Mr. Canning, Mr. Croker, and Lord Liverpool,—when his reader is only anxious about La Trappe : and a French legitimist may read with interest those digressions about “le pauvre orphelin Henri V,” which, in the present work, only the garrulity of old age can excuse. There is much to instruct in a life like this before us. There is many a salutary lesson in the struggles, the temptations, the triumphs, the vicissitudes of such a character ; nay, even in those darker shades which obscure and tarnish its early existence, when they are unfolded to us, not in any captious or censorious mood,—not for any purpose of idle or reprehensible prying into the wayward wanderings of the prodigal son, who squandered his substance in a foreign land,—but, when we approach them with humility, to derive therefrom a lesson and an example for ourselves ; and to contemplate with a Christian fear and charity that inward and purifying process, by which the sensualist and the infidel, the proud man or the ambitious, is transformed into the child of God. Our own heart and reflection tell us that such an ordeal is a fearful one to feel, and that it is to be contemplated with sentiments of reverential awe, and canvassed with a spirit of charitable indulgence, knowing that we ourselves have been tempted, and that “he who stands should take heed lest he fall.”

Armand Jean Bouthillier de Rancé was the second son of Denis le Bouthillier de Rancé, private secretary of Mary of Medici. He was born in 1626, in Paris, where his parents were then residing. The family from which he was descended held high rank among the nobility of France. The archiepiscopal see of Tours was filled by one of its members, the see of Aire by another. The name may be found in the list of many of the great functionaries of the state of those times. They themselves took no small pride in their connexion with the dukes of Brittany ; and it is supposed that the name of Bouthillier was first derived from some Ganymede of that ancient and almost royal court ; the name, which first only expressed the official dignity, becoming in after times the surname of the family. But we apprehend that few indeed beyond the walls of the herald's office would ever have heard of the name of Bouthillier de Rancé, but for its being possessed by the reformer of La Trappe. He was called Armand Jean after his godfather, the Cardinal Richelieu. His elder brother, Denis Francis, besides being a canon of Notre Dame, held also, “in commendam,” the abbey of La Trappe, and possessed its revenues from his childhood. He died young ; and

as the custom of the times made such property a kind of heirloom, the abbey descended to the next of kin—his brother Armand. A child with such expectations deserved and obtained the best education which the schools of Paris could afford. He had one tutor to teach him Greek, another to teach him Latin, and a third to teach him virtue. The latter, we are sorry to say, does not seem to have been as successful or as diligent as the others. The young Armand had scarcely put off the dress of childhood, when he was able to translate the poets of Greece and Rome. We are told that a benefice of some value was then vacant; the name of the godson of Richelieu was, of course, put on the list for promotion. A violation of propriety so outrageous was made the subject of remark: the clergy remonstrated, and the people were scandalized. Caussin, a Jesuit, the king's confessor, sent for the boy. He had a copy of Homer on the table when he came, and requested him to translate a passage, which he placed before him. The youth did it so much to his satisfaction, that he supposed at first that he read it out of the Latin translation at the bottom of the page. This he covered with his hand; but finding that he translated as fluently as before, he exclaimed, "Habes lynceos oculos," embraced him with affection, and made no further opposition to his preferment. He was only twelve years of age when he published an edition of Anacreon, which he dedicated to the Cardinal Richelieu. A boy of such promise and such patronage was on the high road to preferment. He was already abbot of La Trappe and canon of Notre Dame, the benefices which had been held by his elder brother. He was in due time made prior of the abbeys of Chambor, of Notre Dame de Val, of St. Symphorian near Beauvais, of St. Clémentin near Poitou, archdeacon of Angers, and a canon of Tours. What a shower of honours for the editor of Anacreon! If the bard of Teios were to return to earth again, how amazed he would be at the rewards that awaited a commentator upon his labours. De Rancé made his studies in the usual course, and took out the degree of doctor at the Sorbonne with much distinction. Among his classfellows was one whose name is not without honour in the annals of his country,—Bossuet. We suspect that when they were boys together, the future looked and promised more favourably for the godson of Richelieu and the editor of Anacreon, than it did for the eagle of Meaux. He received the order of priesthood in 1651, and said his first mass at the Chartreuse. Soon after, he

commenced his career as a preacher, for which duty he possessed many qualifications, and in which he would have acquired celebrity, if the seductions of Parisian society had not diverted his thoughts from his professional avocations.

The fashionable society of the capital, to which his rank gave him easy access, was split up, at this period, into several coteries, each of which was under some distinguished leader of the ton, and held its meetings in one of the elegant mansions which, after the disturbances of the Fronde, were erected by Italian architects, on the plan of the princely mansions of their own country. There can be no question as to the luxurious taste and costly elegance which shed their charms over these social circles. They were formed on the model, and in many respects had adopted the phraseology, of classic times. The locality of each "réunion" was honoured with an appellation borrowed from the shores of the Egean; and none but the initiated could find out the precise latitude and longitude of "Corinth," and "Delos," and the "little Athens." We know not whether there was among them a "little Cyprus;" but if the private memoirs of the times tell truth, the name would not be altogether misapplied to many a mansion upon the banks of the Seine. Tomfooleries which now would be tolerated but in the nursery; shepherds and shepherdesses wandering about, in would-be Arcadian simplicity, through shady bowers long after night set in; ditties, sung by love-sick swains, which, without the elegance, had all the voluptuousness of Tibullus, were the prevailing fashion of the age. It must be admitted that such society was but an indifferent school for the young ecclesiastic. When he should have been poring over the pages of Aquinas, the fashionable abbé was, perhaps, discussing the rival pretensions of a Longuevil and a Rambouillet, and devoting to the Duchess of Montbazon those hours that would have been more profitably given to Augustine or the Master of the Sentences. The life of De Rancé, at this period, is one on which we would not wish to dwell. The abyss into which he sunk in a very few years, is one from which he could have been rescued only by an angel's hand. We think that our author has evoked rather unnecessarily the spectral images of voluptuousness with which several pages of his work are filled. Such details are repulsive enough in the memoirs of living men; but they are beyond description loathsome when the actors have long since gone to their dread account, and the skeleton and the charnel-house are visible in the back-ground of the picture.

If the nobles of France have done deeds unworthy of a Christian people and a Christian country, they have been severely tried, and let us hope that the dark stains upon their scutcheon have been washed away in the bloody stream of the Place de Grève. God may have armed the hand of Robespierre to avenge the excesses of the Regent Orleans.

De Rancé had a beautiful country residence at Veretz. Thither he frequently repaired, when tired of the gaities of Parisian life, or when he wished to indulge in the pleasures of the chase, of which he was excessively fond. The house at Veretz was remarkable for the magnificence of its decoration, and the extent and splendour of the accommodation it afforded. Everything that wealth and taste could do—and what is there that they cannot do, was done. The gardens and surrounding lawn were laid out with exquisite taste, and every feature of the landscape was made to harmonize with the splendour which pervaded the whole establishment. A succession of fêtes attracted from all quarters the gentry of the neighbourhood—and there were no entertainments like those of the Abbé de Rancé. When even these pleasures had palled upon the taste of their author, he determined on varying the monotony of existence, by sallying forth, like some knight-errant of the olden time, in quest of adventure. It was an age of superstition, too, with all its fancied refinement, and there were many who, like Catherine of Medici, tried to read their fate in the movements of the heavenly bodies. The tower which she had built for the purpose, is still, we believe, shown to the stranger in Paris. De Rancé was led by the prevailing opinions of the day; but we should hope that there was some lingering sense of his Christian, if not of his clerical, profession, and some promptings of his better nature, to save him from the folly of yielding seriously to so monstrous a delusion. One day at Veretz he ran great risk of losing his life. He heard in a distant part of his lawn the noise of some persons who were trespassing upon his preserves of game: he rushed out upon them, unarmed as he was, accompanied only by a single servant, and after a short struggle disarmed their leader. But he little knew the danger to which he exposed himself. This leader was a gentleman well known in the sporting world of that day. He was notorious for the many duels in which he had been successfully engaged—and the shedding of human blood was a thing of very little moment in his eyes. The law could not reach, and the public opinion honoured, instead of stigmatizing, the murderer who could show the emblems of nobility upon his scutcheon.

From such an adversary, and in the excitement of the chase, he could scarcely hope for quarter or for mercy. And after the event had taken place, the trespasser was wont to say, that Providence had something yet in store for De Rancé, for though he had him in his power, and feared neither God nor man, yet there was something he could not tell which prevented him from killing him upon the spot, as he intended more than once to do.

The darkest page in the history of De Rancé is, that which describes his connexion with the Duchess of Montbazon. The duke, her husband, had been an old friend of his father, and the friendship was extended to the son. He was near eighty years of age when he married Mary of Bretagne, daughter of the Count de Vertus. She was then only in her sixteenth year, and as happens in almost all such unequal connexions, sacrificed her happiness at the shrine of her vanity and ambition. In this instance the sacrifice included, it is said, her virtue also. The husband died after a few years, leaving her a widow while the sheen of girlhood yet lingered upon her cheek. The intimacy of De Rancé with the family continued after the duke's death. He took a great interest in the management of her business. He was a constant visitor at her house; he was always present at her parties; and had a right of admittance to her presence when many others were excluded. The widow was young and handsome, and the abbé was gay and fashionable. Is it surprising that the world, which is never sparing of its censure, or charitable in its constructions, should have said more in reference to them both than it had a right to do?

Our readers may wish to know something of his outward garb at this period of his life. The following sketch is by an eye-witness:—

“He wore a tight coat of beautiful violet-colour cloth. His hair hung in long curls down his back and shoulders. He wore two emeralds at the joining of his ruffles, and a large and rich diamond ring upon his finger. When indulging the pleasures of the chase in the country, he usually laid aside every mark of his profession; wore a sword, and had two pistols in his holsters. His dress was fawn-coloured, and he used to wear a black cravat embroidered with gold. In the more serious society which he was sometimes forced to meet, he thought himself very clerical indeed, when he put on a black velvet coat with buttons of gold.”

As for the great and important function of his ministry, the writer says a great deal in a few words—“*Pour la messe il la disoit peu.*”

The worldly and unprofessional habits of the abbé do not seem to have in any material degree impeded his promotion. He was offered the bishopric of Laon in Brittany, but deeming the revenue too small, or the distance too great from court, he declined its acceptance. His uncle, the archbishop of Tours, who largely shared in the ambitious views of the family, wished him to be appointed coadjutor and provisional successor to himself, but could not prevail on Mazarin to comply with his wishes. Disappointed in this hope, he resolved on giving his nephew an opportunity of displaying those brilliant talents which he unquestionably possessed, and had him nominated one of the deputies of the clergy of Tours at the general assembly of the French Church which was then about to be held. He attended only one of the two years which the meeting lasted, but during his attendance he attracted much attention by the seasonable aid which, in the course of a stormy debate, he afforded to Harlay, who was subsequently archbishop of Paris. He was also commissioned, in connexion with the bishops of Vence and Montpellier, to superintend a Greek edition of Eusebius, for which his previous study and well-known proficiency in that language had qualified him; and he reached the culminating point of his clerical promotion, when, on the resignation of his uncle the archbishop in his favour, he was appointed almoner to Gaston Duke of Orleans. If Providence had not some other object in view for De Rancé, the inevitable consequence of this appointment would have been his speedy promotion to some episcopal or archiepiscopal dignity.

We have hitherto contemplated only the young and gifted cleric, climbing the rugged steep of ambition, and striving for those honours, which his great connexions promised to secure for him. We have seen him the victim of pride, ambition, perhaps of other and less worthy influences. A great mind, and a noble generous heart, were perverted from their high purpose, as many such have been perverted before; and we turn with pleasure to the consideration of those events by which they were brought back to God. Why should not we rejoice at such a salutary change in one who is of our own flesh and blood, when even seraphs are filled with joy, on seeing from their starry thrones some poor erring child of Adam returning from the evil of his ways? The precise circumstances of De Rancé's conversion are not correctly known. Some of his biographers, perhaps the most trustworthy, ascribe it to the natural working of his own mind, directed



and sanctified by a special grace, without which it could do nothing; but occasioned, it is said, by his providential escape from those dangers to which he had been sometimes exposed. One of these we have just now alluded to; another occurred while he was one day on a shooting excursion. The conversation between him and his only companion was of that irreligious nature then fashionable in many circles of the capital; and the abbé, so far from opposing the principles in vogue, was expressing his concurrence in them; and some even go so far as to say, that with him the subject originated, when a shot was heard from a neighbouring copse, and De Rancé was struck in the side by the ball of some rival sportsman. On examination it was found flattened against the steel buckle of his shooting-bag. So slight was the thing that preserved him from a sudden and unprovided death. What would have become of him, had he thus unexpectedly been called before the judgment-seat of God? In this reflection, so natural in the circumstances, we may discover, it is said, the germ of his reformation, and the immediate occasion of his repentance. But this is too homely a way to account for a great man's conversion; and accordingly, we find that romance has come in to lend her aid, and by filling up the details, has contributed to give a beauty and interest to the narrative. And though we have called it by the name of romance, we know not but we may be bearing false witness, or uttering a malicious insinuation against the facts of history; for it has often happened, that history has outstripped romance in the wildness of its narrations. It is said that after the circumstance just related, he was returning to the residence of the Duchess of Montbazon, whom he had not seen for some days, having been absent in the country on the shooting excursion during which it occurred. It was late in the evening, and he was sad and thoughtful. When he came to the door he found it closed, and apparently deserted by all its inmates. Surprised and alarmed, he went round to a postern, through which he had often before got admittance, and tied his horse to a post. The servants knowing his attachment to their mistress, were unwilling to tell him what had taken place, and he ascended a small private stair that led to the apartments of the lady. On the top was a small chamber,—half library, half dressing room,—where she was wont to see her most friendly visitors, and where De Rancé now wished to give her an agreeable surprise. He tapped softly at the door, and hearing no sound, he opened it slowly and

went in. She was there indeed, but—it was in her coffin. She had been carried away by the small-pox after a short illness, and the horror of the dreadful contagion was such, that neither friend nor attendant would keep her company. The undertaker was the only one who ventured to touch her remains, and perform towards her the last duties of respect. Yet, even so hastily and carelessly was his task discharged, that on finding the coffin too short, he had recourse to the barbarous expedient of cutting off the head, to find room for the remainder of the body in the coffin. The head was placed in a dish,—clotted blood upon it,—the teeth were firmly set, and the lips drawn back, as if she had expired in great agony,—her features, once beautiful, were now disfigured by the ravages of the horrible disease,—the face was turned towards the door of the apartment, and was the first thing that presented itself to De Rancé as he entered. There on that clotted dish, and on her neglected mutilated bier, lay the lifeless Mary of Bretagne. Where was her loveliness now? where the group of admiring worshippers? where the votaries of fashion? What did it avail her to have been loved and esteemed? or the gaities and amusements of life, what now did they profit her? De Rancé hurried away to his green fields and sunny lawns at Veretz. He wished to bury himself in the shade of his forest trees, and recover his peace of mind, in silence and alone. He took long walks in the woods and fields about him, to try to get rid of the weight that was pressing upon his heart. He wandered about in his gardens amid sweet-smelling flowers, and shrubs fragrant with the odours of far off lands, hoping that his mind would be diverted thereby from the horrible thought that was pressing upon his brain, and goading him well nigh to madness. He wandered by running streams on the surrounding hills, and watched their crystal waters as they ran in murmuring whispers along their pebbly bed, and wished to forget the world and the world's cares; but there was a harrowing remembrance that followed him even there. He reclined upon the green sward, or sat in some shady arbour of his own princely domain, or gazed upon the many forms of sculptured beauty, which for years had been collected within its walls, and asked himself why he should not be happy and at ease? But a spirit was evoked which would not suffer him to be at rest, and whithersoever he turned, or to what dissipation soever he applied himself,—whether in his hours of forced occupation, or sullen loneliness in the silence of his chamber,

or the world's noise, in the midnight darkness, or the glare of noon,—that countenance so sad, so horrible, cast its reproachful look upon him, and, calling up many a remembrance of other days, seemed to accuse him as the author of its ruin. He had recourse to the wizard's skill and dark pretensions, to penetrate the secrets of the tomb; but the summoned spirit refused to answer. He spread before him the book of the heavens, and attempted to read in its mystic page the doom of the departed; but he found there no intelligible sound; all was void and empty, and there was darkness upon the face of the abyss. In the rush of confused and distracting thought that pressed upon his mind, he would at times turn back upon the lessons of his early years, and found some clue to hope and certainty in the promises of religion. It is said, that once he left his bed, after a sleepless night, and went out to cool his fevered brow in the fresh morning air. After a short walk, he was returning by the avenue which approached the front of the house, when he fancied he saw the basement story in flames. A ruddy glow lit up the entire front of the building, as if a considerable portion were already consumed. Alarmed and surprised, he rushed towards the house. The blaze, by some strange influence, seemed to sink and die away as he approached, and, at a short distance, assumed the appearance of a pool of fire, on which a female form lay floating, half enveloped in the liquid flame. It needed but one glance to tell him who that female was. Could this have been the creation of his own disturbed imagination, excited to a high degree of tension by the thoughts of the preceding days? or could it really have been a salutary warning given him, as to many holy men of other times, by God, for His own wise purposes? That De Rancé himself was firmly convinced of its reality, we have his own express and written declaration. Whatever its nature may have been, it exercised a salutary influence upon his mind. Terrified at the judgments of God, his soul was at length humbled before Him, and he resolved to return to Him by a sincere repentance, knowing that a contrite and humble heart God will never despise. He had often preached that truth to others, but he never felt it himself till then; and it became in his breast an active element in his existence, which never lost its power or its activity during the remaining portion of his life.

“Veretz,” says M. Chateaubriand, “which was once so agreeable a residence, now became insupportable to De Rancé. Its

magnificence was revolting to him. The furniture which everywhere sparkled with silver and gold,—the gorgeous beds, where even luxury—to use the words of a standard writer of the times, would have found itself too comfortable. The rooms hung with pictures of great price, the gardens exquisitely laid out, were too much for a man who looked at everything through a shower of falling tears. He resolved on reforming everything. For the former sumptuousness of his table he substituted the strictest frugality. He dismissed the greater part of his servants, gave up hunting, and even drawing, an art of which he was passionately fond, was abandoned. Some maps and landscapes from his pencil have reached our times. Some friends who, like himself, had to weep over past excess, joined him in his mode of living, and in the practices of those austerities of which he was subsequently to give so great an example. He seemed to be taking lessons, as it were, in the science of mortification before he began to teach it seriously to others. A man struggling with himself, and seeking a victory over his passions, must ever be an object of interest to his fellow men. ‘If I be not greatly mistaken,’ he would say, ‘in the spirit of the Gospel, this house must be the house of a reprobate.’ Having occasion shortly after to go to Paris, he took up his abode in the convent of the Oratorians. It must have been a task of no ordinary difficulty to divest himself of the thoughts he had cherished so long. A famed anchorite of the early ages thought to get rid of them by fleeing to the sepulchres, but they followed him even there; and Jerome, for a like intent, had recourse to unintermitting labour, and carried heavy loads of sand up and down the beach of the Dead Sea, but, alas! he toiled and carried these loads in vain. I, too, have paced that beach myself, bearing my heavy load of care. Two emissaries of the evil one tried the virtue of De Rancé. They had not, indeed, they said, forms as fair and beautiful as she for whom he grieved, but they would love him as truly and as well. He looked at his crucifix and fled. In doubt as to his future prospects, De Rancé consulted with his friends. Some recommended him to go to the foreign missions; to repair to the Indies or the frowning rocks of the Himalaya, and such a mission would have suited the stern and gloomy grandeur of his mind; but the vocation of De Rancé did not lead him there.”—p. 71.

As he had not yet resigned his situations, the course of duty required his attendance on the Duke of Orleans, and the religious enthusiasm which filled his own breast soon communicated itself to his friend and patron. The duke had largely shared in the vices and follies of the times, and many an erring daughter had to rue the mention of his name. But he was now an old man. Time, which silvered his locks with grey, brought with it soberer thoughts, and more mature reflection; and the example of one who had been, like him-

self, a sinner, completed the good work for which he had been already in part prepared. A retreat of a few weeks at his retired country house at Chambor, afforded him an opportunity of entering seriously into himself, and making his peace with God; and it was well for him that he did that work in time, for death was nearer than he supposed. He was seized with his last illness, after he had received the sacraments. He was a great man during his life, had a large and numerous retinue, and many looked up to him for patronage and protection; but when he lay upon his dying bed, he was deserted by them all, and there was no one to receive his last breath, or perform towards him, in his greatest need, the last kind offices of friendship, but his faithful and devoted chaplain. A penitent himself, he could best appreciate those advantages and consolations of religion which he administered to others.

It would be vain to attempt, within the pages at present at our command, to trace minutely the progress of his conversion, or the motives that finally decided his choice of a state of life. He was for a long time undecided as to the course he should adopt. At one period he thought of burying himself amid the solitudes of the Pyrenees, and in some dark dell which the noon-day sun would seldom penetrate, or in some rocky mountain cell, where no one should ever reach his lonely hermitage but the reckless chamois hunter inured from his childhood to the storm, to weep over his sins alone, and die to all other interests, save those of God and of eternity. At another he was counselled to embrace the monastic life, and benefit the Church by edifying and instructing his brethren. This advice he finally adopted, though he long cherished a repugnance to this mode of life, and sometimes gave expression to sentiments which were far from complimentary to the cowl and the cassock. But his mind was no sooner decided upon the course to be adopted, than he pursued it without hesitation. He was not a man to turn back when once he had put his hand to the plough. He resigned all his benefices save one, and sold out his property. Veretz brought him 100,000 crowns. He gave it all to the poor; of the monasteries which he held "in commendam" he kept only the poorest, the most unhealthy, and the least known of all—the abbey of La Trappe in the ancient province of Perche.

This province is divided from Normandy by a range of hills which commence at Cherbourg, and, extending in a south-easterly direction, disappear near Chalons. This range

of hills, for the most part of very moderate elevation, is intersected here and there by ravines and narrow valleys, and clothed in many places with dense masses of the ancient forests of the country.\* In one of these ravines, lay the monastery which has since acquired a more than European celebrity. The nearest towns were Seez and Mortagne, between which it was situated. The geographical distance was small, but for all purposes of human communication, it was as far removed from the abodes of man, as if it were a hundred miles away. Nature had surrounded it with hills and woods, as if it was resolved to shut out all intercourse with the world that was beyond them; and the hardy traveller who succeeded in passing the barrier of rocky hills, was still debarred access to the convent walls by a chain of small lakes which encircled them like the moat of a castle, and could only be passed in safety under the direction of an experienced guide. A few fields of corn and some fruit trees were all that the most laborious industry could wrest from the stubborn soil. Such was the dreary loneliness of the place, that save some stray sound from the monastery, nothing was ever heard but the rustling of the trees, the wild notes of the water fowl, and the rush of the water that fell from the surrounding hills. In the heat of the noon-day sun the venerable walls of the convent were seen distinctly from every point of the hills around, but in the morning and evening the eye would look for it in vain amid the thick mist that settled upon the valley. A dark grey tower would now and then raise its head through the mass of curling vapour, but at other times its existence and position could only be determined by the sound of the large bell that came booming up the mountain side at the stated hours of prayer. It was founded by Rotrou, the second of that name, Count of Perche, in the year 1122. Once on his way from England he was in danger of being lost at sea. He made a vow that if ever he saw his native hills again, he would build a chapel to our Lady in gratitude for his deliverance. The storm ceased, and he returned in safety. The convent of La Trappe was the fulfilment of his vow. In token of the event, he had the roof constructed to resemble the keel of a vessel turned upside down. Louis VII was King of France, and Bernard was Abbot of Clairvaux, when this event occurred, and the convent embraced his rule, and was united to the Cistercian

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\* At least it was so two hundred years ago, though we believe there are few remains at present.

Institute in 1144. One of its early abbots, of the name of Herbert, accompanied the Crusaders of 1212, and with Renald of Dampierre, and Simon of Montfort, was taken prisoner by the Caliph of Aleppo. After a captivity of thirty years he returned at length to his own country, and founded Claretz, a dependency of La Trappe. The thirteenth abbot, in regular succession, died in 1526, and in that year Cardinal du Bellay received it "in commendam" from Francis the First. Thenceforward, it continued to be so held, until the strict observance of the institute was restored by the subject of our notice, in 1662.

"There are in existence," we quote the words of our author, "formal reports in writing of the early condition of this monastery. That which bears the date of 1685, signed by Dominick abbot of Val-Richer, describes the state it was in before the reform of De Rancé. Day and night the gates were open; males and females were indiscriminately admitted to the cloisters. The entrance hall was so dark and filthy that it was more like a prison than a house consecrated to God. Access was had to the several floors by a ladder placed against the walls, and the boards and joices of the floors were broken and worm-eaten in many places. The roof of the cloister had fallen in, and was hanging down, so that the least shower of rain deluged the place with water. The very pillars that supported it were bent, and as for the parlour, it had for some time been used as a stable. The refectory was such only in name. The monks and their extern visitors played at nine pins or shuttlecock in it when the heat or the inclemency of the weather prevented them from doing so outside doors. The dormitory was utterly deserted; it was tenanted only by the birds at night, and the hail and the snow, the rain and the wind passed in and out as they pleased. The brothers who should have occupied it, took up their quarters as they pleased, or as they could. The church itself was not better attended to. The pavement was broken, and the stones thrown about. The very walls were crumbling to decay. The belfry threatened to come down every moment. It shook alarmingly at every ringing of the bell..... When he set about reforming the monastery, it was but the ruin of a monastic establishment. The monks had dwindled down to seven. Even these were spoiled by alternations of want and plenty..... When De Rancé first began to talk to them of reform, the whole establishment was in commotion. Nothing was heard but threats of vengeance. One spoke of assassinating him, another advised poison, while a third thought the best and safest way of getting rid of him would be to throw him into one of the lakes that surrounded the monastery. A gentleman of the neighbourhood, apprehensive for his safety, proffered his assistance, but it was immediately declined.

'The Apostles,' said the abbot, 'established the faith in defiance of earthly power, and that come what may, there was no happiness after all like that of suffering for the sake of justice.' The abbot threatened to report their irregularities to the king, and the very dread of his authority, and the fear of his vengeance, had penetrated these remote localities. The monks consented at length, and unwillingly, to the changes proposed. A formal agreement was drawn up, which secured a pension of four hundred livres to each of the seven surviving members of the old community; and they were allowed the choice of living in the monastery according to the rule, or taking up their abode elsewhere. Shortly after, two religious of the abbey of Perseigne, at the request of De Rancé, came to take temporary possession of the monastery."—p. 95.

The abbey had been, since 1526, held, as we have already seen, "in commendam." The special permission of his majesty was therefore required, to enable the abbot to assume the regular jurisdiction of the community; and this permission he succeeded in obtaining. But, to render this permission binding upon his successors, the joint concurrence of the courts of Rome and Paris was necessary. It was evident that until this was obtained, only half the work was done; and, by the aid of influential friends, in this also he was successful. He began his noviciate at the reformed house of Perseigne. After spending about five months there, a malady, which he vainly endeavoured to conceal from his physicians, compelled him to leave the house for a time, until his health should be restored. His medical attendants even went so far as to say, that unless he moderated his austerities, his very life would be in danger. But a resolution embraced, and a state of life adopted, after an internal conflict like his, were not to be so easily shaken. He went for change of air to La Trappe, and recovered. On his return to Perseigne, his influence was required by his superiors to defend the reformed institute in one of the houses of the order. The strict observance of rule had been introduced into a convent in Champagne. Some of the community were opposed to its introduction, and were supported in their opposition by the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. A party of these came one day to the convent, to expel by force the members who had introduced the change. As such an event was expected, De Rancé was sent down expressly from the parent house, to oppose and baffle the assailants. He met them at the gate. They were led on by the Marquis de la Vassé, an old friend of De Rancé. The marquis recognized him in a moment, and, descending from his horse, clasped him affectionately in his



arms. It is scarcely necessary to add that the errand on which he came remained unfulfilled. When his noviciate was expired, he prepared to consecrate himself by his solemn vows to God. The better to arrange his affairs, he went for a few days to La Trappe; made his last will and testament, bequeathing to his convent his remaining property, making special mention of his library. "And if," said he, "from any causes which I do not at present foresee, La Trappe should cease to observe the reformed rule, I bequeath my books to the Hotel Dieu, at Paris, to be sold for the benefit of the sick and poor." He had several letters of the Duchess of Montbazon, and two portraits. The former he consigned to the flames, the latter he returned to her son, the Marquis de Soubise. The only memorial of his former attachment which he continued to retain was, it is said, the identical head which startled him on his return from the chase, which haunted his imagination in the halls of Veretz, and whose sad and mournful expression had for many a long day and night carried terror and dismay to his inmost soul. This skull he is said to have kept in his cell at La Trappe, as a memento of his past transgressions, and an incentive to increased compunction. So at least it was currently reported at the time, though it is but fair to add, that this fact has been denied by the later members of the community. He was anxious to make his solemn profession in company with Bernier, one of the old religious of La Trappe, and who was also, it is said, one of those that conspired to take away his life, though afterwards brought to follow his example. But some obstacle intervening, and being desirous to complete his sacrifice, he made his solemn profession to Guiton, a deputy of the Abbot of Prieres, on the 26th of June, 1664. Two others were professed with him, of whom one had been an old servant of his in the days of his worldly splendour. A few days after this event he went to take formal possession of his convent, having previously received the abbatial blessing and investiture from one of our own expatriated countrymen, Dr. Patrick Plunket, bishop of Ardagh. This prelate had been himself a Cistercian monk, before his elevation to that dignity, and had probably taken shelter among the brethren of his order from the dangers of his own distracted country.

The first days of the Abbot of La Trappe were principally employed in putting his monastery in repair, and in establishing judicious regulations for the performance of the choral service. He was himself employed among them like the

humblest of his brethren. At his suggestion, the obsequious and docile community gave up the use of meat, eggs, fish, and wine, and adopted a more respectful and deferential deportment in their intercourse with one another. He had not been long engaged in the work of reformation, when he was selected by the chapter of reformed Cistercians to advocate their claims before the Holy See, which were called in question by the parent house of the Cistercian institute. On the eve of his journey he was working in the garden of his convent: the spade struck against some hard substance, which, on being turned up, proved to be a number of gold six-shilling pieces, of English coinage. The brethren looked upon them as sent by Providence, to defray the expenses of his journey. At Chalons-sur-Saone he was joined by the Abbot of Val Richer, his fellow-traveller and appointed associate, and reached the eternal city on the 16th of November 1664. He had been preceded about six weeks by the Abbot of Citeaux—the leader and advocate of the opposition he came to combat. He had an audience in the beginning of Advent of Alexander VII, who then filled the chair of Peter. The claims of the reformed Cistercians were looked on with an unfavourable eye at Rome. The question between the parties, perhaps, was not perfectly understood at the time; or, perhaps, it was feared that some of the old leaven of the Waldenses was at work in their longing after evangelical perfection. The examination of the points in dispute was referred to a committee of the cardinals. De Rancé, finding their sentiments unfavourable to his cause, left the city, but was compelled to return by his superior, the Abbot of Prieres.

“He ascended,” says our author, “once more the hill of the Vatican. He traversed in vain that noble staircase which so many now forgotten footsteps had traversed before him, and down which messengers had so often come, bearing with them the destinies of the world. He addressed a memorial to the cardinals. One of them spoke rather warmly on the subject. The demands of the poor monk, perhaps, put him in a passion. De Rancé meekly answered, ‘I do not speak from any impulse of passion, my lord; but I speak from a sense of justice.’”

During his stay in Rome, and while awaiting the issue of his mission, he was remarkable for the austerity and seclusion of his habits. His food was coarse brown bread, his drink water. His daily expenditure never exceeded six small pieces of the Roman copper coin. Having much time upon his hands unoccupied, he spent it in visiting—not the monuments

of Roman grandeur or the triumphs of human art—but some of the least frequented churches, in which he was wont to spend many hours in prayer. It was also remarked that he paid long and frequent visits to the catacombs. The darkness of these caverned recesses; the sepulchral purposes to which they had been applied; the multitudes that had passed and repassed these gloomy pathways for more than two thousand years; the mouldering emblems and remnants of mortality, pagan and Christian, of martyred saint and unrepenting sinner, that lay strewn around him, were in harmony with the stern complexion of his feelings, and uttered with their own terrible impressiveness that warning lesson, which in after years he taught so well—“Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity.” He wished to spend the Christmas holidays in some convent of his order, but an old religious, with whom he formed an acquaintance, happening casually to mention that they had no pious reading at meals, and that after supper the brethren amused themselves with a game of cards, he became shocked at the irregularity, and celebrated that festival in the quiet and privacy of his own lodging.

On his return to La Trappe, after an absence of nearly two years, he began to establish on a firm basis those observances which have rendered his name and that of his house so well known to the world.\* Dissensions had unfortunately sprung up between the prior and the assistant during his absence. The prior was of opinion that the walls of the convent cells looked altogether too bare, and that the brethren stood a fair chance of going to heaven without working altogether so hard. Meat and fish, which De Rancé removed, began again to find their way upon the table of the refectory. He had already, by letter, expressed his displeasure at these changes; and on his return, he took care to remove the prior from his office, and restore the original regulations. In addition, he now began to introduce the observance of that stricter discipline, which distinguishes the Trappist institute from the other houses of the Cistercian order. The details of this discipline, —its short sleep, its rigorous abstinence, its unbroken silence, are well known, and we will not here wait to describe them. They have become more or less familiar to our Irish and English readers since the introduction of the order into these countries. From the commencement of his labours in this

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\* We doubt whether there be any convent so generally known by name as that of La Trappe, except, perhaps, that of the Great St. Bernard, on the Alps.

department, to his death, there are inscribed in the registers of the convent no less than ninety-seven professed religious and forty-nine lay brothers. They presented themselves for admission slowly in the commencement; but when the virtues and example of the members and the abbot became better known, the postulants that presented themselves were more than they could well accommodate. The penitent who felt his heart pressed down by the consciousness of guilt, and the Christian who aspired to more than ordinary perfection, sought refuge within its walls; and many a contrite and humble soul, on which the recollections of early days pressed dark and heavily, came to tread in the footsteps of the abbot, and prepare for its dread accounting. Something, too, we should perhaps set down to the impulse of that enthusiasm which novelty ever excites, and which is one of the auxiliaries which religion borrows from the earth, and, by employing, consecrates and hallows for its own high purposes. Various as are the ways of God with man, and manifold as are the means by which souls are conducted to sanctity, are the names of those who first presented themselves, and whose characters are described in its early archives. Ragobert, once a monk of Clairvaux, who sought in vain within the degenerate cloisters of Bernard the perfection which he found only at La Trappe. Le Nain, elder brother of the illustrious Tillemont. He was subsequently prior of the monastery, and employed his pen in sketching the biography of his friend and abbot. Brother Placide, who, on his dying bed, and awaiting the coming on of his agony, was so full of heavenly joy and hope, that when his abbot asked him whither he was going, "To the mansions of the blessed, of course," he replied. Brother Bernard had just received the viaticum, when a severe fit of coughing came on; expectoration would have relieved him, but out of respect to the body of his Lord that reposed within his bosom, he did violence to the requirements of his physical nature, and died a martyr to his reverence for the eucharist. Claude Cordon, a learned doctor of Sorbonne, who, after a career of much distinction in the theological world, took the habit of religion and the name of Arsenius, and died in the odour of sanctity. A few days after his death, one of the brothers said he saw him surrounded with a brilliant light, and heard him say in rapturous extacy, "Oh if you knew what it was to be in the society of the saints!" Peter Forc had been a lieutenant of grenadiers. He bore about him the marks of several engagements, in which he had proved him

self the bravest of the brave: but he was also wicked and depraved. The blood of many a murdered man, and the curse of many a dishonoured maid, were upon his head. So reckless and abandoned had he at length become, that twelve warrants were at one time out against him. But in the darkest depths of guilt there is an element of correction. He heard of the wonders of La Trappe, and determined to seek for admission. Starting from his place of refuge, he travelled in a few days over two hundred leagues, through bye-paths and under heavy rains; and on a cold day in winter presented himself at the gate of the convent. His eye was wild and blood-shot; his features haggard; his look indicative of despair. The hardships he had undergone imparted a savage fierceness to his whole demeanour. He asked admission, and obtained it. The repenting sinner, be he who or what he may, was sure to be received; and Fore was not unworthy of the kindness during the few weeks he survived,—for, alas! his course of penance was short. His iron frame was broken by the hardships he endured. Ulcers began to form in his chest. Reduced to extremity, he asked to be laid upon a bed of ashes, and died in the warmest sentiments of compunction. The wonders of asceticism and rigorous self-denial which are recorded of the early members of La Trappe, would have been worthy of the solitaries of the Thebaid; and had Pachomius been admitted to contemplate that community, he would have been proud to acknowledge them as brothers. The monks, though living in the same house, were strangers to one another. Each one followed to the choir, the garden, or the refectory, the feet that were moving before him, but he never raised his eyes to discover to whom the feet belonged.

There were some who passed the entire year of their noviciate without lifting up their eyes, and who, after that long period, could not tell how the ceiling of their cells was constructed, or whether they had any ceilings at all. There is mention made of one, whose only anxiety was for an only brother, whom he had left leading a scandalous and disorderly life in the world. Since he entered the convent, he never passed a day without shedding a tear over his miserable condition, and begging for him from God the grace of repentance and amendment. On his dying bed he asked one request of the abbot—it was, for a continuance of his prayers for the same purpose. De Rancé retired for a moment, and returned with one of the most useful and valued members of the brotherhood. When the cowl which concealed his features was

removed, the dying monk recognized the brother for whom he had so often wept and prayed. An aged monk was once selected to attend a youth of great promise, who had entered the monastery and was dying of a slow decline. Day and night he watched by his bed, with the most anxious care, and the most untiring solicitude—but in vain. The young man pined away like a crushed and broken flower, and his remains were borne to their resting place, in the burial ground of the brethren. One day the aged monk was observed standing over the grave of the departed. Tears flowed down his wrinkled cheeks, and his breast heaved with the intensity of his emotion; for a moment, nature triumphed over duty. The inscription upon the grave told him that it was the grave of his only son. He had not seen him since he left him a boy, to the care of his guardians, in the world. Such was their ignorance of the world's ways and usages, that when the Duchess of Guise was permitted to see the chapel, one of the brethren accused himself in chapter of having looked at the *bishop* that had visited the convent. Even the death of Louis XIV, occurred some months before it was known to any but the abbot. The following incident we should rather expect to meet in the history of the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid: A traveller, making his way through the mountains, missed his way; he wandered about some time after sunset, in danger of being dashed to pieces among the rocks, or of sinking in the morasses that surrounded him. About eight o'clock he heard the tolling of a large bell, and, with some difficulty, made his way to the spot from which the sound proceeded. It was a large monastery. He sought shelter for the night, and was admitted. One kind attendant took care of his jaded steed, another divested him of his wet and travel-stained habiliments, another conducted him to the apartment where he got refreshment, and where a plain but neat bed received his weary limbs. But, from his entrance to his departure in the morning, strange to say, no sound of human voice broke upon his ear. His noiseless attendants came and went, like so many beings of another world, ready to anticipate his slightest wish; but, as it was the hour of silence, even for those who waited upon the strangers, not a word was spoken when he went, or when he came.

To some who may cast their eyes over these pages, a life like that which we have described, will seem nothing but the veriest fanaticism. We have often before now heard the names of Paul, and Anthony, and Francis, and De Rancé,

classed in the same category with the Fakirs of Hindostan. There is in modern civilization, and occupying an important place, a desire of ease and comfort, an anxiety to provide for man's mere physical nature, which, however useful and praiseworthy, is not all that man requires. Who can tell the various shades of character, of disposition, of usefulness, of which society is composed, from those who are clothed in soft garments in the houses of kings, to those whose dwelling-place is in the desert, and whose food is the locust and wild honey? Shall we say that the Baptist in the wilderness, where from childhood he had been sanctified by God's spirit in lonely meditation and rigorous abstinence, was not as great and useful as the merchant, the soldier, the courtier, or the monarch; or that, in the divine economy, he had not his own high function to fulfil? We should rather think it was this previous preparation, hallowed as it was by heavenly influence, that elicited from the Saviour the magnificent eulogy, "Amen, I say to you, there hath not arisen, among those born of woman, a greater than John the Baptist!" No doubt, the example thus afforded, was never intended for universal adoption. Those who are specially called to such a life, are, and have been, comparatively few; but in every age of the Christian dispensation, as before it in the old, there have been found persons like Elias, and the Baptist, and Paul, and Anthony, whose home was to be the desert, and who were to serve God in solitude and in prayer. Some called away from the busy abodes of men in the very innocence of childhood, ere yet the world and its corrupting influence had tarnished the purity of their souls; others who were summoned to weep in solitude, and eat the bitter bread of compunction, over the wanderings of a sinful life; others whose mind and disposition were little adapted to the ways of men, and who determined to flee for ever from seductions which they were afraid openly to encounter; others whom God's spirit set apart to pray, with a strong cry and tears, for the welfare of their people, and, like Moses, to extend their hands to heaven upon the mountains, while the people were battling upon the plain. Who will say that, even in these evil days, the fate of empires, and the destiny of peoples, are not more influenced by some poor and unknown solitary, whose voice ascends to heaven in secret, than by the movements of armed men, or the intrigues of diplomatic agency, to which they are generally ascribed? The Trappist, and similar institutes, are not to be viewed independently

in themselves. They are but parts of the Christian system, which must be considered in their bearing upon the whole. It was no small service for the Trappist institution, to have given the corrupt times in which it originated an example of penance and mortification. We know of no lesson more needed by the voluptuousness of those among whom De Rancé lived. The almost pagan tendency and epicurean morality, or immorality, of the day, required to be checked and censured by the example of Christian mortification. The same service which the monks of the Thebaid rendered to the tottering empire of the Cæsars, was conferred by the Trappists upon the libertinism of their own. De Rancé was to the Longuevilles and the Montmorencys, what Anthony and Arsenius were to the degenerate children of Constantine. The marvellous and ever abiding spirit which presides over the children of God, will always provide a fitting and adequate remedy for the disorders of the time; and the salt of the earth will never be wanting, when the corruption of human nature requires it to be applied.\*

Among the names of those who from time to time visited the monastery, to be edified by its inmates, and witness the wonders that had been achieved among them, our attention is at once arrested by the name of Bossuet.

“He was the college companion of the abbot, and he went to see his old friend. He rose in La Trappe like the noonday sun over some forest wilderness. Eight times did the eagle of Meaux ascend to this eyrie among the mountains, and the various flights are in some measure connected with things which have now become a part of history. In 1682 Louis XIV removed to Versailles. In 1685 Bossuet wrote at La Trappe his introduction to the catechism of Meaux. In 1686 he put the finishing hand to his funeral orations, by that chef-d’œuvre which he pronounced before the bier of Condé. In 1696, Sobieski, the old soldier of Louis, departed this life for a better. He had entered Vienna by a breach made by the Turkish cannon. The Poles saved Europe, and Europe permits Poland to be blotted out from among the nations. History has sometimes as little gratitude as men. Bossuet nowhere felt himself more at home than at La Trappe. Brilliant minds have sometimes

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\* The words of D’Alembert, with reference to this subject, may not be undeserving of notice. “Le Séjour de La Trappe paraît destiné à faire sentir aux cœurs même les plus tièdes, jusqu’à quel point une foi vive et ardente peut nous rendre chères les privations les plus rigoureuses; Séjour même qui peut offrir au simple philosophe une matière intéressante de réflexions profondes sur le néant de l’ambition et de la gloire, les consolations de la retraite, et le bonheur de l’obscurité.”



a passion for out-of-the-way-places. When the high road of Perche had become tolerably well known to him, Bossuet, writing to a nun who was ill, said, 'When I am coming back from La Trappe, I will pay you a pretty long visit.' The only interest of these words is, that they were written upon his journey, thrown into a post office as he passed, and bear the signature of 'Bossuet.' He took particular pleasure in hearing the brethren sing the divine office. The solemn chanting of the psalms, which was the only sound that could be heard; the long pauses, the soft and searching tones of the 'Salve Regina,' inspired him with a devotional feeling that was very acceptable to him.\* He fancied, perhaps, at La Trappe that he heard the world and its cares hurrying by on the wings of each passing wind. It was as if he stood in one of those distant fortresses which our country has established upon the very confines of civilization, where morning and evening the hills around echo sounds which they never heard before, for the strangers are singing some sweet melody to remind them of their native land. One by one the strangers die away, and the notes of that sweet song are echoed back no more. Bossuet took care to attend the service of the night as well as the day. Before vespers he took a walk in company with De Rancé. I had pointed out to me, near the Bernard grotto, a path overrun with brambles, and which formerly was a causeway between two lakes. Those same feet which carried me during my day-dreams of René, walked over this causeway, which formerly supported two great men while talking over heavenly things. On the green banks by my side, I almost fancied I saw projected the shadows of the greatest orator of France, and the first anchorite of his time."—p. 173.

The society of Bossuet was of much greater advantage to the reformer of La Trappe than perhaps he was himself aware. In early life De Rancé contracted intimacies with many of those distinguished men who, unfortunately for themselves, became involved in the Jansenistical controversy. The brother of Tillemont was among his earliest associates; and Pavillon, bishop of Alets, one of those whom he consulted in his choice of a state of life, was deprived of his see, for his avowed and obstinate advocacy of the proscribed opinions. It would be, therefore, natural to suppose, that his mind would be more or less imbued with sentiments, more congenial, perhaps, to his austere disposition, than the milder and orthodox doc-

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\* There was, down to the latest times of La Trappe, a peculiar reverence in the manner in which they recited the Anthem of the Virgin. The following is from the *Pelerinage des deux Provençaux*: "Rien n'égale le respect avec lequel ils recitent l'antienne de la Vierge. Le '*Salve Regina*' dura plus d'une demi-heure. Ils restèrent plus d'une minute sur chacune de ces exclamations, '*O Clemens*,' '*O pià*,' en faisant à chaque fois une génuflexion profonde."

trines. But the truth of this supposition has been placed beyond doubt by a letter of his addressed to M. de Brancas, sometime in the year 1676.\* It is not, therefore, surprising that Louis should have looked upon him with suspicion. In fact, it was at one period contemplated to involve his monastery in the fate of Port Royal des Champs; and the calamity was only averted by the influence of powerful friends,—among the rest of Bossuet. His enlightened mind must have seen the tendency of De Rancé's convictions; and we can have little doubt, that the little causeway between the lakes, was the scene of many an animated conversation on the subjects that were then agitating the theological world. It was no common intellect that could resist the reasoning, or baffle the intellectual power, that have never perhaps been equalled. The result of these conversations may be inferred from the after silence and submission of De Rancé.

Among those who visited the monastery, and learned a lesson from the example of its inmates, was the well-meaning but unfortunate monarch, our own James II. Once the sovereign of three kingdoms, but then an outcast and an exile, he came to learn resignation in the sanctuary of religion. About the period that he visited La Trappe, the cannon of Limerick was carrying destruction among the ranks of William, and the banks of the Shannon resounded with the tumult of armed men. Had James taken his stand among them, and died upon the field that was red with the blood of his devoted followers, the world would regard with more sympathy his fallen fortunes, and his star would have gone down in glory. But if his destiny is mournful, and his after career without honour in the world's estimation, and no halo surrounds his latter days, it is yet not without

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\* "Je croirais faire un mal si je soupçonnais leur foi (des Jansénistes); ils sont dans la communion et dans le sein de l'Eglise. Elle les regarde comme ses enfants; et par conséquent je ne puis et ne dois les regarder autrement que comme mes frères.....Pour vous parler franchement, monsieur, je ne suis rien moins que moliniste, quoique je sois parfaitement soumis à toutes les puissances ecclésiastiques. Je ne pense point comme eux, pour ce qui regarde la grâce de Jésus Christ, le prédestination des saints, et le morale de son Evangile, et je suis persuadé que les Jansénistes n'ont point de mauvaise doctrine.....Il me reste, monsieur, une autre affaire, qui est d'empêcher, qu'on ne croie que je favorise le parti des molinistes, car je vous avoue, que la morale de la plupart de ceux qui en sont, est si corrompue, les maximes si opposées à la sainteté de l'Evangile et à toutes les regles et instructions que Jésus Christ nous a données, ou par sa parole, ou par le ministère de ses saints, qu'il n'y a guère de choses que je puisse moins souffrir, que de voir qu'on se sert de mon nom pour autoriser des sentimens que je condamne de toute la plénitude de mon cœur."—*Chateaubriand*, page 181, et seq.

interest for the Christian observer. He bore his reverses with dignity, and hallowed his sufferings by patience and enduring fortitude. God chastens those whom He loves; and better may have been the crown of thorns which was given him to wear, than any that earthly monarch ever wore. It was on an autumn evening in the eventful year 1690, that James rode up to the gate of the convent, attended by a few friends, Lord Dumbarton among the number. He was kindly received by the abbot, and after partaking of his hospitality, attended evening service in the chapel. After communicating on the following morning, and inspecting the respective occupations of the religious, he visited a recluse that lived some distance up the mountains. His solitude was never interrupted, save by an occasional visit from his abbot, and he spent the greater part of his time in prayer. In the recluse, James immediately recognized an officer who had formerly distinguished himself in his army. He asked him at what hour in the winter mornings he attended service in the chapel of the convent, and was answered, at half-past three. "Surely," said Lord Dumbarton, "that is impossible. The way is dark and dreary, and at that hour is highly dangerous." "Ah!" said the old soldier, "I have served my king in frost and snow, by night and day, for many a year; and I should blush indeed, if I were not to do as much for the Master who has called me to his service now, and whose uniform I wear." The afflicted monarch turned away his head. His attendants remarked that his eyes were filled with tears. On his departure the following day, he knelt down to receive the abbot's blessing, and on rising he leant for support on the arm of a monk that was near him. On looking to express his thanks, he saw in him another of his followers,—the Hon. Robert Graham. He too had been an officer in his army, and lost besides a splendid fortune in his service. His majesty spoke a few words of kind recollection. Even the solitudes of La Trappe were filled with the ruins of his greatness. These visits he repeated each year as long as he was able; and to his dying day cherished a most grateful remembrance of the benefit which he derived from the edifying lives of the abbot and the community.

Disgusted with the world, De Rancé would have been content to live and die unknown in his dear solitudes. The great work of religious reform, in which he had succeeded so well, would have rescued his name from oblivion, without other aid; but he was also to obtain what he least expected,

and what he least desired,—a literary reputation. In the spiritual guidance of his brethren, he had frequent occasion to study the duties and obligations of the monastic institute, and to make himself well acquainted with the principles and examples of religious perfection, handed down by those who have gone before us. In the alembic of his strong and original mind they assumed a new, if not more impressive form, than they had before. The discourses which he delivered to his monks on these subjects were taken down in writing, and began to find their way into circulation. One of the copies fell into the hands of Bossuet, who no sooner read it, than he wrote to the author, and insisted in the strongest terms on its immediate publication. The answer of De Rancé was to throw the manuscripts into the fire. But it would not do: other copies were in existence. His friends renewed their entreaties, Bossuet promised to superintend the publication, and correct the press. He did more. He gave a written approbation, which was prefixed to the first edition, dated from Meaux, on the 10th of May 1685; in which year the work appeared.\* It was read with much eagerness. The world was anxious to know, what the great reformer of his time had to say about the state of life he adopted, and for two years its positions remained undisputed. The first murmur of dissatisfaction was heard from the Low Countries, where the opinions that were oppressed or persecuted at home, found a free and unchecked expression. It purported to be a true and accurate account of the conversion of the abbot De Rancé. It was written in the form of dialogue, and was marked by a spirit of personal acrimony and vituperation. The treatise on the duties of the monastic state found another opponent in the Père Mege, who, in his commentary on the rule of St. Bennet, took occasion to mention it in terms of censure. It reached its third edition before it provoked any antagonist worthy of the notice of the author. It was Mabillon that spoke from the cloister of St. Maur. The old chronicles of the early kings, the records of early European history, and the ponderous folios of the fathers, were piled around him on the right hand and on the left; and on the table before him lay the annals of his order, which he was employed in publishing. His threadbare cassock was covered thick with the dust of many a mouldering and worm-

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\* This work has been long and favourably known to the English public under the title of "A Treatise on the Duties of a Monastic Life," by the Abbot De Rancé.

eaten document, brought from the libraries of Italy and France; and his grey hair and wrinkled brow told of study, and thought, and labour, beyond what are given to other men. Yet he, the most learned man of the most learned order that the Church has produced, was told by the abbot of La Trappe, that the pursuit of human learning was unworthy of the monastic state and opposed to the essential duties of the profession. It was only such a charge that could arouse the great Benedictine, or provoke him into the arena of controversy. But when he does buckle on his armour for the fight, he does it with a dignity worthy his name and cause. His reply, under the title of "*Traité des Etudes Monastiques*," is very appropriately addressed to the young religious of his community. He lays it down as an incontrovertible position, that though monasteries should never be made mere schools of human learning, nor of that knowledge which merely puffeth up, yet that the cultivation of human learning may be rendered eminently conducive to the interests of religion; that if influenced by charity, it may be very useful in promoting humility and knowledge of ourselves; but that in all his studies, and in all his eagerness for knowledge, the true religious should ever seek to perfect himself in the love of God, and to know, with the apostle, but Jesus Christ and him crucified. To maintain this position—about which, at the present day, we should think there will be no second opinion—he employs all the resources of his rich and well-stored mind. His favourite pursuit, nay the object of his whole life, was censured; perhaps his character as a religious in question. He appeals with pride to the great men whom the religious institute has given to the world in every age; to the magnificent collections of books which were amassed within the walls of convents, to prove that literature was loved and cultivated by the inmates. He alludes to the doctors of Syria, Egypt, and Palestine, whose knowledge was thus acquired; to the schools established wherever a religious foundation was made; to the masterpieces of human genius preserved by religious men; to the numerous popes and councils that praised these labours and required them to be continued. Nor is France unnoticed in his pages, for he appeals with confidence to the names of Anselm and Lanfranc, and mentions with honour the abbeys of Bec and the Grande Chartreuse. Modesty prevented him from alluding to his own times; but posterity will say, that in the brilliant galaxy that sheds lustre upon the monastic institute, there are no more illustrious names than Mabillon and St. Maur. De Rancé replied to this treatise, and Mabillon an-

swered by his "Reflexions." There have been few controversies conducted with more zeal and erudition, with more consideration for each other's character, and, what is more creditable, with less loss of temper. The Benedictine in particular, seems to write for the world and posterity, rather than for the abbot of La Trappe. What can be more dignified, more Christian, more worthy of his great name, than the following words, with which he closes for ever the discussion.

"I have endeavoured to observe all the rules of moderation, but I cannot flatter myself that nothing opposed thereto has escaped me, or that I have not strayed from my original intentions, however pure and upright. Would that you could see my heart, dear rev. father (he is addressing De Rancé), for permit me so to address you, that I may prove the sentiments which I entertain for you and yours. I am far from blaming your mode of acting towards your religious with regard to study; but if you think they are able to dispense with it, at least do not deprive others of a support of which their weakness stands in need.....I wish that, however divided our hearts may be on the subject of knowledge, they may be united in charity. Forgive me, rev. father, for I must conclude with the words of a holy doctor. Forgive me if I have spoken with too great a freedom, and rest assured that I never intended by anything I said to hurt in the slightest degree your feelings. *Non ad contumeliam tuam sed ad defensionem meam*. However, if even in this respect I am mistaken, I pray you to forgive me."

Bossuet, with his customary acuteness and precision, solved the difficulty in a few words, by distinguishing the hermit from the cenobite. The words of De Rancé applied to the one; those of Mabillon to the other. To prove to the world, as well as his opponent, that the feelings of Christian charity did not vanish in the heat of controversy, the Benedictine visited La Trappe in 1693, and spent several days in the society of his friend.\*

In his later years, finding himself unequal to the duties of so large a community, De Rancé wished to resign his office in favour of some of the more active religious, thinking that the power of the abbot required to be exercised by a younger and more

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\* Besides the works mentioned above, we have from the pen of De Rancé—1. *Lettres Spirituelles*, 2 vols. 12mo. 2. *Instructions Chrétiennes*, 2 vols. 3. *Règlements de l'Abbaye de La Trappe*, &c. 1 vol. 4. *Institutions de La Trappe*. 5. *Reflexions sur les quatre Evangélistes*. 6. *Vies de plusieurs Solitaires de la Trappe*. All marked by the same severe spirit of asceticism which distinguishes his "Devoirs Monastiques."

[From a correspondent of the Athenæum (Nov. 16) we learn that fifty MS. letters of De Rancé have been discovered in the library of Clermont, by M. Gorrod, the librarian, and may be expected to be published in a short time.—ED.]

energetic hand. Perhaps he thought that his institute would be more durable if the transfer of authority were made during his own lifetime, and confided to a successor animated with sentiments kindred to his own. Such an arrangement would also have the effect of preventing the abbey being given away "in commendam," as it had been before, and as it was likely to be again, if the rule and mode of life established by him was not made perpetual. Accordingly, in the month of October 1695, he sent in his resignation to the king. It was presented by the archbishop of Paris. His majesty manifested his respect for De Rancé by leaving to him the appointment of his successor. He named Peter Foisil—in religion, brother Zozimus,—the prior of the monastery, and an intimate friend of his own. The new abbot died within a twelvemonth after his election, and was succeeded by Francis Armand Gervaise, who had been a Carmelite friar before he entered La Trappe, and who was also appointed at the instance of De Rancé. But in this case the penetration of De Rancé was baffled. Gervaise, after his election, began to exhibit qualities which never were discovered in his character till then. He wished to become a great man; took every opportunity of vilifying his old abbot, and of weaning from him the affections of the religious. In his pride and affectation, he unfortunately fell into some grievous fault which gave great scandal to the community, and in a sudden fit of shame and compunction, gave in his written resignation. De Rancé, glad of such an opportunity of remedying the false step he had made in the selection, would not allow him to retract, which in his cooler moments he wished to do; and notwithstanding the calumnies which he circulated, and the intrigues he excited at court, succeeded in getting Jacques De la Cour appointed abbot of the monastery. With this appointment, neither De Rancé nor the religious had ever any reason to be dissatisfied.

The reformer of La Trappe was now an old man. The rheumatism, that had hitherto disabled only his left hand, now seized upon the right, which, notwithstanding the kind attendance of the surgeon of the duchess of Guise, whom she commissioned to take charge of him, he found himself, in a short time, unable to use. His stomach had an extreme repugnance to every kind of food, and in addition to a distressing cough, and a want of rest at night, his teeth gave him much trouble, and he got a swelling in his legs. The last six years of his life he spent in the infirmary, reclining in an easy chair, almost without changing his position. When the

lay-brother in attendance came to give him a drink, he used to say, with a smile, "Here is my persecutor again." The religious, one and all, would have deemed it an honour to be permitted to do him the slightest service, but he was often known to bear thirst for hours together, without mentioning it, so unwilling was he to give them trouble. Even the acute internal pain which he endured would never have been discovered, but for the convulsive twitching of his features, and the sudden paleness which at times overspread his countenance. On the wall over against his chair, were written the words of the royal penitent: "The sins and ignorances of my youth remember not, O Lord." In his advanced age and increasing infirmities, his brethren besought him to moderate somewhat of his rigorous austerities; they even obtained from the Holy See permission for the purpose, but his love of penance was stronger than his love of life, and he continued them to the last. When the days of the exhausted and worn-out invalid were drawing to a close, and apprehensions were entertained of his death being near at hand, the brethren of the monastery began to gather around the door of the infirmary, anxious to have one look at their respected father, and to hear one word from his venerated lips, before he was taken away from among them. De Rancé, from his bed, heard their whispered inquiries, and was informed of their solicitude. He dictated his last farewell, which he wished to have read for them by the abbot:

"God alone," said he, "knows how desirous I am to see you once more. Though I long for that happiness more than ever I did through life, yet I grieve to say, that in the present state of my health, it is one which I must forego. Pray for me, my brethren; and ask of God, that if I be still good for anything, I may be continued to you a little longer, if not, that He take me from the world."

The bishop of Seez, his friend and confessor, was sent for. De Rancé seemed much pleased when he saw him: took the prelate's hand, and raised it to his forehead, as if he meant to form with it the sign of the cross upon himself, repeated the general confession, and requested his kind influence at court in favour of the discipline he had established in the monastery. This was the only solicitude that troubled his dying hour. Seeing one of the monks in tears, he stretched out his hand, and said, "I am not going away from you for good. I am only going before you a little while." He attempted to write a parting letter to James II, who since his visits to La Trappe had kept up a friendly interchange of letters and kind offices,



but not being able to finish it, he prayed the abbot to make the necessary apology to his majesty. The night of the 25th of October was a long and restless one for the sinking patient. He spent it in a straw chair, with sandals that belonged to a deceased religious placed on the ground before him, as if to remind him of the journey he had to go. He rallied a little on the following day, but at eight o'clock in the evening it was evident to all around him that his agony was coming on. He required to be placed on his knees to receive once more the bishop's blessing, and then laid on the bed of ashes on which, according to his institute, the Trappist must always die. A king might envy the unearthly joy that sparkled in his eyes as he helped to arrange his emaciated limbs upon his bed of pain. The bishop, who stood by his side, asked him whether he knew him. "Perfectly; I never will forget you," was the reply. He then inquired of the attendants whether they gave anything to sustain the strength that was each moment becoming less. De Rancé heard the question, and faintly whispered that nothing remained undone. Some verses of psalms were repeated alternately by him and his attendants. "Lord, thou art my protector and my deliverer," repeated the bishop. "O Lord, do not delay," faintly muttered De Rancé. They were the last words he spoke. He looked for a moment stedfastly at his friend, then raised his eyes to heaven and died. This was on the 26th of October in the year 1700. He was seventy-four years of age, and had spent thirty-seven—just half his life—in the penitential exercises of the cloister. He was buried in the common cemetery of his convent. In death, as in life, he wished to be in the midst of his brethren.

Thus far only the noble author, whose work is before us, continues his history, and here, too, we had intended to conclude this notice, but we feel that a few observations may not be out of place concerning the after condition of his institute. We are sure that those who have gone with us through the preceding remarks cannot but feel an interest in the fate of the great work for which De Rancé prayed, and watched, and laboured,—the reformed monastery of La Trappe. At his death, in 1700, it was under the direction of the Abbot Jacques de la Cour, and the monks shut out in a great measure from the world, and secluded by their rule, as well as by their local situation, from any intercourse with mankind, continued for near a century in the strict observance of the reform which had been delivered to them; and would

have continued until the present time, if the even tenor of their lives had been disturbed by any visitation less terrible than the first French revolution. Peter Olivier was the seventh abbot in succession from De Rancé, when, some time in the middle of the year 1791, two commissioners from the administrative assembly of the department of Orne presented themselves at the convent, to inquire why or on what grounds they claimed exemption from the law of the National Assembly, which suppressed the religious orders in France. There were then in the convent fifty-three choir religious, thirty-seven lay-brothers, and five novices. They were all called in, one by one, and minutely examined. The inquirers reported favourably. "With the exception of five or six," they said, "and these were persons naturally of weak minds, the choir religious are in general of very strong and decided character, which has not been at all impaired by their fastings and austerities. Their thoughts are utterly absorbed by religion. The piety of some,—and it is easy to perceive it by their words,—has even reached the very highest degree of enthusiasm. The others, who are the majority, are under the influence of a more subdued spirit. They seem to have the sincerest affection for their state of life; and to find in it a kind of happiness and tranquillity, which should be highly fascinating." Of the fifty-three choir religious, forty-two expressed their most anxious desire to live and die in the strict and unmitigated observance of their institute; of the remaining eleven, two were deprived of the use of reason; the others divided in their opinions,—two wished to pass to another house, where the rule was less severe; two more wished to have the power of doing so, if at any time their health should be impaired, or their minds should change. Four said they would leave the community, if by any innovation certain changes were made in the rule. There was only one, who expressed a wish to go home to his friends, as he said, until his health, which was delicate, should be restored. Of the thirty-seven lay-brothers, seven only expressed a wish to leave the monastery. What a remarkable proof is thus afforded us of the influence of the religious institute on the individual mind and character. How frequently is it remarked, that the adoption of the vows and obligations of the religious life is the result of youthful enthusiasm, operating on tender and susceptible minds; and that the walls of the convent and the monastery contain within their enclosure many a heart grieving for the worldly hopes and

joys which it sacrificed for ever in a moment of delusion. Yet here, in one of the most rigorous and self-denying institutes of the Church,—an institute against which men's physical nature would soonest and most strongly rebel, and where, in the solitude of the wilderness, there were none of those human aids of vanity or ambition, to keep alive the decaying strength of their early determination,—there was only one individual of the actual community willing to depart; and even he was influenced only by the perhaps pardonable motive of recruiting his health in the society of his friends. As for the lay-brothers, they are never looked on in any religious house as forming part of the real body of the community. But the sentiments of the majority of the Trappists could not avert their impending doom. The executive of the department reported that their plea of exemption should not be allowed, and the constituent assembly pronounced the sentence of suppression.

Then began for the children of De Rancé a long, and weary, and troubled pilgrimage of over thirty years. But as to the wandering sons of Israel, God gave light and strength in the years of their journeying, and raised up from among themselves one who was to be their guide and to make known to them his will, and to bring them in safety through their many perils to the resting-place which his providence had prepared for them; so did he raise up for the outcast Trappists, in their hour of need, a leader even from among themselves. Louis Henry Lestrangé was born of an honourable family in the Vivarais. He received his education in the college of St. Sulpice, where he was ordained priest at the age of twenty-four. He officiated for some time upon the mission, but alarmed at the responsibility attached to the cure of souls, he took refuge in La Trappe, where he took the habit and the name of Augustine, about the year 1780. When the decree of their expulsion was made known to the inmates of the monastery, he was master of novices; and as in situations of great difficulty great minds will always acquire the ascendancy, Augustin became immediately the leader of his brethren. If Olivier was still living we know not; but we do not find his name mentioned nor his influence felt in the various vicissitudes of the community. Twenty-four of the religious sought and obtained a refuge in the canton of Friburg. Augustin, by whose influence and address they were successful, came back to conduct them to their destination. They passed through France, and arrived in Switzerland in 1792. Valsainte, the

new habitation, was to become to them another La Trappe. Though three of their number deserted them upon the way, deterred probably by the dangers that encompassed them, they received so many accessions in the course of three years, that it was resolved to form other establishments elsewhere. Colonies were therefore sent to Catalonia, to Darfield, near Anvers, and to Monbrech, in Piedmont. Three religious, destined for the Canadian mission, were detained by Mr. Weld, at Lulworth, on their way through England. The house of Valsainte, on its first establishment, made some alterations in the rule of La Trappe, and added somewhat to their customary austerities. It was raised to the dignity of an abbey by Pius the Sixth, in a brief dated the 30th September, 1794, and Augustin received the investiture from the papal nuncio in Switzerland. He founded a convent of female religious in the Valais, some time in the year 1796. Among these Trappistines, as they were called, was a member of the illustrious house of Condé, and for their religious guidance and instruction, he established, in the same locality, a convent of monks. In the following year he made a still greater change in the Trappist institute, by establishing a third order for the instruction of the young. Schools were accordingly opened, and in a short time above one hundred and fifty pupils were receiving a practical religious education in the seminary at Valsainte. But this career of prosperity was not to last. In 1798 the victorious armies of the French directory overran Switzerland, and established the Helvetian republic. As this invasion was professedly undertaken in consequence of the intrigues of the French who had taken refuge within its frontiers, the French Trappists could not expect favour. Neither as exiles, nor as religious, could they hope for mercy. The entire establishment of Valsainte was broken up, and two hundred and fifty monks and nuns were cast forth again upon the world. Many of the pupils had become so attached to their masters, that they had rather be houseless wanderers with them, than enjoy peace and comfort at home. A body of seventy-four made their way in the direction of Munich, when Augustin received a message from the Emperor Paul, stating that he would give an asylum to fifteen monks and as many nuns, in his dominions. After conducting them to their assigned place of abode, at Orcha, in the dutchy of Mohilev, in White Russia, Augustin repaired to the capital, and succeeded in obtaining the imperial protection for the remainder of his followers. They had been wandering in the Austrian

dominions, and being expelled from thence by the orders of the government, had passed into Russian Poland. There the abbot found them on his return from St. Petersburg, having performed the journey in the depth of winter, and conducted them to the houses assigned for their use by Paul, in the diocese of Lucko, in Lithuania. They were not well fixed in their new abodes, when the imperial policy was reversed, and an ukase was issued, expelling every native of France from his dominions, and they had to go forth once more. After many hardships, they arrived at Dantzic, and were received with every mark of attention by the Protestant authorities of the town, who gave them, as a place of temporary residence, the old convent of the Brigittines. It was a Protestant merchant too, that gave them the means of proceeding to Lubeck, and subsequently to Altona, where they spent the winter of 1801-2. Baffled, on the continent, in his efforts to find a home for his houseless brotherhood, Augustin tried the hospitable shores of England, where so many of his creed and country had succeeded in obtaining refuge, and had the good fortune to establish, near London, a house of Trappistines. He also sent thirty monks to lay a foundation in Kentucky.\* He quitted Altona in the spring of 1801, and, with the remaining members of the community, returned to Valsainte, after an absence of three years. How many privations, and anxieties, and disappointments, and hardships, had he endured since he went forth an outcast from its walls! But France was the birthplace of the order; there it grew, and strengthened, and flourished; and there, beyond any other country, did its members wish to be established. The older members of the community, who survived their hardships, and who recollected the old convent of La Trappe, and loved it, as every heart will love the place, whatever its defects may be, where it has learned the first lessons of knowledge and piety, cherished this desire, and wished more than others to see it realized. Coming from Spain, whither he had gone to visit the house of his order in Catalonia, Augustin passed through Paris, and at some risk to himself, being obnoxious to the government both as a religious and a refugee, determined to ascertain whether there was any likelihood of restoring the

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\* The ruins of their unsuccessful mission are those described by Dickens, in his "American Notes," and the passage in which he describes them is, we believe, the only one in the works of this charming writer on which we are compelled to pass sentence of condemnation. It is not what we should expect from his fine taste and exquisite feeling.

order in his own country. Bonaparte was not an enemy to the religious institute, except where his own power was concerned. He thought they afforded a secure and tranquil asylum to many, to use his own words, "for whom the world was not suited, or who were not suited for the world;" and following the advice of his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, he provided them with an asylum in France. This gleam of sunshine was, however, but the harbinger of the storm. Bonaparte quarrelled with the Pope, and to make sure of the religious orders, he had tendered to them the oath of allegiance. The Trappists took it at first, but the abbot ordered them to retract as speedily and as publicly as possible. He who could treat with indignity the successor of Peter, was not the man to have his will opposed or his policy frustrated by a Trappist monk. He gave orders to have Augustin arrested, and the abbey of Valsainte dissolved. The abbot was taken prisoner as he was going on board a vessel at Bordeaux, but escaped by a mistake of the police, made his way through France and Switzerland, procured a Russian passport, and got safe to Riga, in company with the Chevalier de la Grange, since become a member of the order, who escorted him on the journey. From Riga he proceeded to England, and thence to Martinique, from which place he found his way to the United States, where he gathered together the scattered members of the order, some of whom had left Bourdeaux at the time he was taken prisoner. But quiet times came on. The eagle of France was struck down. He that so often had led that eagle to victory, and controlled the destinies of Europe, was an exile upon a barren rock in the Atlantic; and the Trappist returned once more to his native land. The abbot Augustin had the good fortune to purchase La Trappe, after the restoration, and make it a religious house again. The principal convent of the reform of Valsainte — which, as we have already seen, is somewhat different from the institute of De Rancé, — was Melleray, in the diocese of Nantes. The chief house of the original observance as established by him, was the convent of Port-du-Salut, near Laval, in the diocese of Angers. It was taken possession of by the Trappists, on the 21st of February 1815; and on the 10th of December in the following year, Pius the Seventh, by a special brief, raised it to the rank of an abbey. The monks on whom this honour was conferred were those who, as we have already mentioned, had been previously established at Darfield. In 1825, Augustin was summoned to Rome, to answer some statements that

were made against him. While in Italy, he visited Naples and Monte Cassino, where he was taken ill, and from which he addressed a circular to his brethren. But after the wanderings of near forty years, in so many quarters of the globe, it was given him to lay his bones in his own fatherland, and among his own brethren. He died at Lyons, in 1827, on his way from Rome.

With this event we must conclude our notice. The changes which took place in the Trappist institute, and which led to its introduction among ourselves, are within the recollection of all our readers. We can bear our own humble testimony to the piety and self-devotion of their lives, and the example of every good and exalted virtue which they afford to their own immediate locality, as well as to the country at large. The Irish soil has not been uncongenial to the institute of De Rancé. It has taken root amongst us. We trust that its after course will be free from those perils that beset the past; and that in the onward progress of our religion, and the increasing prosperity of our people, it will, with God's blessing, bear fruit an hundred fold, and shed a lustre on the country it has adopted as its own.

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ART. II.—*Narrative of the Texan Santa Fe Expedition, &c.*  
By George Wilkies Kendal. London: 1844.

“Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,  
Where flowers ever blossom—the beams ever shine,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
And all but the spirit of man is divine?”

MAKING every allowance for the exaggeration of interested writers in describing the innumerable natural advantages of Texas,\* we can well believe it to be the lovely land which it appeared to the philosophic eye of Humboldt; but unhappily the lines prefixed to this article too truly indicate its political *status*, abandoned, temporarily we hope, to the vilest and basest of mankind;—reminding us most forcibly of what may have been the condition of ancient Rome, when, according to the legend of its origin, adopted by Livy: *Huc omnis turba finitimorum populorum, nullo discrimine liber an*

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\* A writer whose work is the latest of the season, speaks of Texas as “A country which had some time loomed up as the asylum of that portion of oppressed humanity which feels nervous under the restraints of law.”—Featherstonhaugh, “Excursion to Slave States.” London, 1844.

*servus esset, avida rerum novarum perfugit.*" That the standard of morals should be low among this *convencarum plebs, transfuga ex suis populis*;—that "the more unfathomable the falsehood," the greater is the energy employed in the utterance of the most fearful oaths, though painful enough, is yet not astonishing;—that "luggage," in their conventional language, should be called "plunder," may only serve to remind us of the facetious pleasantries of the knights of the road. But not even in the twilight of the human mind, did the hutters on the Palatine adopt for their rule of conduct such a comprehensive sanction of every form of iniquity. Divorce is so completely the *lex loci*, that forty cases occurred during the few months of Mrs. Houston's sojourn. Any one who even *listens* to an argument against slavery will be hurried out into the wilderness by men more savage than the wolf and the hyæna, to whose companionship he is left. Lynch-law is the national code, and as if to whet perpetually the appetite for blood, Mrs. Houston tells us, "but should it ever be pronounced by the unprejudiced voices of the people that either the punishment of his enemy was undeserved, or not warranted by the first duty of self-preservation, he becomes amenable to punishment by means of the same law."

The defeat and capture of Santa Anna, the president of Mexico, in the fatal battle of Jacinto, unhappily completed the dismemberment of Texas from the Mexican republic:—the stealing we should rather have said, which even Miss Martineau calls "the most high-handed theft of modern times." The subsequent recognition of Texas by France and Holland and England, rendered this gigantic fraud *un fait accompli*, and makes it superfluous to pain ourselves by dwelling longer upon the prodigious villainies of Moses Austin and his accomplices, by which the purchasers of a few hundred empresarios from the government of Mexico, wrested a region vaster than the kingdom of France from a people to which they had voluntarily sworn allegiance. In Texas, as the beginning was, such has been the middle;—may the end be different! The success of the first body of land jobbers had the effect of encouraging all the unquiet spirits in the southern states of the union to form a sort of conspiracy against the states of central America. One of its overt acts was an attack by a gang from New Orleans upon the island of Eleuthera in the year 1835, where their ill-usage of the inhabitants was so atrocious that it fortunately provoked the British naval commander at Nassau to dispatch a frigate to pursue and capture the pirates. Another party, led by a man



who assumed the title of general (Mexico), subsequently made a piratical descent upon Tampico, but were fortunately captured by the Mexican troops, and suffered the well-deserved punishment of their crimes. But for the vigour with which these atrocities were resisted, buccaneering would soon have been as prevalent in the Caribbean Sea as it had been in the seventeenth century.

The author of the work before us, is, or was, the editor of a New Orleans paper; our readers therefore will not wonder much when we add that he is much of a braggart; that he is so thoroughly selfish, as to be ungrateful for all the benevolence and mercy of which he has been the unworthy object; that his testimony is always to be believed, when it is corroborated by unimpeachable collateral evidence: and that he has strongly impressed on us the wisdom of the old proverb regarding "good memories," for the numerous falsehoods with which his pages are crammed, receive the strongest contradiction from himself. From his own account of the objects of the expedition, it appears that the pretence to trade was merely a flimsy veil to cover the real purpose of exciting a rebellion at Santa Fe; and while he states that he left New Orleans only for the purpose of travel, he drops some hints about certain newspaper articles, the fame—the infamy—of which probably preceded him to Mexico.

A brief description of the physical geography of Texas will, perhaps, enable our readers to follow the thread of the story with more pleasure. Its area is about 300,000 square miles, extending between the 25th and 30th parallels of N. latitude; the 94th and 101st degrees of W. lon.; bounded on the N. by the Red river, on the S. by the gulf of Mexico, on the E. by the Sabine river, which separates it from the United States (according to the treaty of 1819), and on the W. by the Nueches, or, as the Texans assert, by the Rio Del Norte.

The whole country may be called an inclined plane, sloping gradually from the mountains on the west, eastward to the sea. It is, however, naturally subdivided into three regions: the flat, which is one hundred miles broad in the centre, and only thirty in the S.W.; next, the rolling, about two hundred miles in breadth; the third, the mountainous region, in the W. and S.W. is a continuation of the Sierra Madre, or Mexican chain. At its extremity we reach an elevated plateau, where, according to Kennedy, the prairies not unfrequently resemble the vast steppes of Asia, except in their superior fertility. Besides the Sabine and Rio Del Norte, five other

considerable rivers empty their waters into the Gulf of Mexico. The wet season is from December to March; the dry from March until November; the heat is often excessive, the thermometer at noon standing at 83°. A writer who is not inclined to despise the attractions of the country, seems, notwithstanding, to dread the enervating influence of the climate upon emigrants from northern countries; for, after stating some other drawbacks, he remarks,—

“The inclination for luxurious indolence, to which the climate predisposes, is a worse evil than either serpents or mosquitoes; the settler will have much greater reason to guard against this agreeable poison, than against that of the *anguis in herba*.”\*

Mr. Kendal arrived at Galveston in the summer of 1841, and immediately proceeded to Austin, the capital, which lies about two hundred miles from the mouth of the Rio Colorado. He spent the interval, until the starting of the expedition, in scampering about the neighbourhood, and, upon one occasion, fell in with a body of Texan patriots returning from hunting, not the roebuck, but the Cumanchee Indians. It was ever the policy of the Spanish governments to foster the Indian race; and hence their happy condition within the limits of Mexico, even to this hour, in spite of the shocks of repeated revolutions.

Catlin, in his *Travels and Sketches among the Red Indians*, bears testimony to the fine qualities of this particular tribe, whose abode is on the Washita, a feeder of the Sabine, and we grieve to find them exposed to the attacks of these ruthless brigands. We remember to have read in a letter of the Vicar Apostolic of Texas, an allusion to the sufferings of his little flock from bands of marauders in this very year. He describes one party of seventy, that attacked a village (Refugio) inhabited by fifteen Catholic families—could it be with these Pandours Mr. Kendal fell in?†

The expedition finally left Austin on the 18th June, 1841. Two hundred and seventy volunteers, in six companies, one an artillery company (oh, these peaceful merchants!) with a staff of fifty supernumeraries. The president, General Lamar, for these Texan equality men, nevertheless, rejoice in high-sounding titles, accompanied them for two days, and reviewed and took his leave of them at the San Gabriel on the 21st. Their way being now through the rolling prairie region, they enjoyed an animated spectacle on the 30th.

“At sundown, a drove of mustangs, or wild horses of the

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\* *Ikens' Texas.*

† *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, 1842.*

prairie, paid us a flying visit. They were first seen ascending a hill at the distance of half a mile, and as they were coming towards us, were taken for Indians. When seen on a distant hill, standing with their raised heads towards a person, and forming a line, as is their custom, it is almost impossible to take them for any thing but mounted men. Having satisfied their curiosity, they wheeled with almost the regularity of a cavalry company, and galloped off, their long thick manes waving in the air, and their tails nearly sweeping the ground. They are beautiful animals, always in excellent condition, and though smaller than our American horses, are very compact, and will bear much fatigue.—vol. i. p. 88.

To do Mr. Kendal justice, he does not wrong the brute beasts; as this description bears to be contrasted with the poet's:—

“A thousand horse and none to ride,  
With flowing tail and flying mane,  
Wide nostrils never stretched with pain,  
Mouths bloodless by the bit or rein;  
And feet that iron never shod,  
And flanks unscarred by spur or rod;  
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,  
Like waves that follow in the sea,  
Come thickly thundering on.”

The character our author gives of his companions, gentle and simple, damns them to everlasting infamy; we find that even he is shocked at the prevalence of the vice of blasphemy among them. He tells us that the only business of the teamsters seemed to be, to invent oaths, which, for their outrageous impiety, exceeded all former experience. About the 21th of July, they reached that curious forest belt, called the Cross Timbers, reaching all the way from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, with a breadth, varying from five to fifty miles, and their camping ground on one of these nights, possessed many charms for the way-worn adventurers.

“The location upon which we were encamped, being on the edge of the timber, with rich prairie directly in front of us, was one of the finest we had yet met on our route. The valley of the Brazos abounded with every species of timber known in Texas: grapes, plums, and other fruit, were found in profusion; honey could be obtained in almost every hollow tree; trout and other fish were plentiful in the small creeks in the neighbourhood; and the woods and prairies about us, not only afforded excellent grazing for our cattle and horses, but teemed with every species of game—elk, deer, bears, wild turkeys, and, at the proper season, buffalo and mustang.”—vol. i. p. 102.

The party reached Noland's river on the 23rd, and, on the

27th, having taken the latitude and longitude, found themselves two hundred miles nearly north of Austen, and about five hundred miles from Santa Fe, which lay in a direction north of west. Having quitted the margin of the Cross Timbers in the end of July, they approached a location of the Waco Indians, on the river Wichetie; and, as a taste for natural beauty is almost the only merit of the author, we more willingly give his own words:—

“When within a couple of miles of the Indian village, a beautiful spectacle presented itself. Before us was a large and delightful valley, through which a river coursed along, with just trees enough to relieve the eye, without concealing any of the beauties. In a large bend of the stream the village was situated, and all around were corn fields, pumpkin and melon patches of the inhabitants. In the distance, on the other side, the prairie rose gently, without a tree or bush to destroy the uniformity of the rich carpeting of green with which it was covered.”—vol. i. p. 135.

In a former number, we have borne testimony to the zeal of Cortez for the protection of the aborigines. A Mr. Gregg, who has very recently published an interesting account of the commerce of the prairies, is compelled to admit that the wanton cruelties of these brigands has had a disastrous effect upon the trade. In one instance, the inhabitants of an Indian rancheria were lured within cannon-shot, and slaughtered without mercy.

Mr. Kendal had been induced to visit the celebrated mission of San Antonio Bexar before the march of the expedition from Austin; and he is almost disposed to admit that evidences of civilization, such as we have instanced, were attributable to the influence of similar establishments, scattered through the country. The Wacoos must have very soon perceived the difference between the gentle fathers and the Exaltados. Mr. Kendal confesses that an attempt at a parley proved a failure—the reputation of the Texans not being fragrant in the nostrils of these keen-scented Indians, for we are told—

“In the early history of Texas, they were at peace with the inhabitants of that republic. Large hunting parties of the tribe were frequently seen within her limits, and every relation seemed to bring additional peace and harmony, until an unfortunate affray occurred, which induced them to dig up the tomahawk; and, since that time, many have been the inroads they have committed along the northern frontier of Texas. I heard it said, that the whites were guilty of bringing on the war, by some act of bad faith to the Wacoos; and the wound they then received has never been healed.

From the fact of their hurrying off their women and children, as well as their large cavalcade of horses and mules, it was evident that they placed no reliance on our assertion, that we were among them with pacific intentions: they had been deceived once by our men, and, Indian like, looked for another violation of our words."—vol. i. p. 142.

Surely this passage is enough to remind us of the sentence, "Out of thine own mouth," &c. And, indeed, we must freely admit that Mr. K. is nowhere backward in shewing up his new allies. Anxious, as he tells us, to be foremost in every scene of adventure, he joined a reconnoitring company on the 6th August. Journeying, with occasional intervals of rest, on the 13th they beheld that phenomenon, at once so magnificent and terrible, the prairie on fire. Most of our readers doubtless remember the eloquent description in Cooper's novel; but the narrative of an eye-witness cannot be uninteresting.

"If the scene had been grand previous to the going down of the sun, its magnificence was tenfold as night in vain attempted to throw its dark mantle over the earth. The light, from miles and miles of inflammable and blazing cedars, illuminated earth and sky with a radiance even more lustrous and dazzling than that of the noon-day sun. Ever and anon, as some one of our comrades would approach the brow of the high bluff above us, he appeared not like an inhabitant of this earth. A lurid and most unnatural glow, reflected upon his countenance from the valley of burning cedars, seemed to render more haggard and toil-worn his burned and blackened countenance.....From the spot on which I was lying, a broad sheet of flame could be seen, miles and miles in width, the heavens in that direction so brilliantly lit up, that they resembled a sea of molten gold. In the west, a wall of impenetrable blackness appeared to be thrown up, as the spectator suddenly turned from viewing the conflagration in the opposite direction. The subdued, yet deep, roar of the element could still be plainly heard, as it sped on, as with the wings of lightning, across the prairies; while, in the valley far below, the flames were flashing and leaping among the dry cedars, and shooting and circling about, in manner closely resembling a magnificent pyrotechnic display."—vol. i. p. 180.

On the 17th, a party was detached from the main body, under the command of a person who enjoyed the soubriquet of Old Paint, as well as the title of Captain (titles, to be sure, were rife among them); the leader of the party being known as General McLeod. On the same day, the surgeon, a Doctor Brashear, died; and, a few days after, Lieut. Hull and four men were cut off by the Cayquas. Luckily for himself, the

author now joined an advance party, consisting of ninety-nine men.

Quitting the banks of the river Quintufue on the 31st of August, they suddenly came upon a stupendous chasm, not visible fifteen yards off, in Lat.  $34\frac{1}{2}$  N., Long.  $10\frac{1}{2}$  W. Upon reaching the ridge which bounded the plain, they enjoyed the last view of the prairie region.

“There we were again gratified, by finding spread out before us a perfectly level prairie, extending as far as the eye could reach, and without a tree to break its complete monotony. We halted a few minutes to rest our horses, and occupied the time in surveying the calm and beautiful valley lying hundreds of feet below us.

“It was a lovely scene, beheld from the point where we stood; and I could hardly believe that but a few hours previous a horrible tragedy had been enacted upon its fair surface. Softened down by the distance, there was a tranquillity about it which seemed as though it had never been broken. The deep-green skirting of the different water-courses, relieved the eye as it fell upon the wide-extended plain, The silver waves of the Quintufue were occasionally brought to view, as some turn of the stream brought them in line with us, and again they were lost to the sight under the rich foliage of the banks.”—vol. i. p. 216.

The adventurers had been for some time ignorant of their whereabouts, until, on the 10th of September, they reached the Angosturas (the narrows) of the Rio Colorado, in the 105th degree of W. longitude. The crisis was now approaching; and it was resolved by the leader of the party to send on two of his number to the frontier town of San Miguel, with the motive evidently (as the author lets slip) of blindfolding the Mexican authorities. For while—like the ambassadors of Tarquin the Proud to the senate—they were instructed to declare that they had come in the character of peaceful delegates, they were also provided with General Lamar's proclamation, written in Spanish and English, to be distributed if an opportunity should offer, and of which we may judge the spirit from the confession of the author:—

“Not a doubt existed that the liberal terms offered would be at once acceded to, by a population living within the limits of Texas, and who had long been groaning under a misrule the most tyrannical.”

Colonel Cooke's detachment, which the author accompanied, arrived on the 15th of September at Auton Chico, where the women and children hid themselves, and the men would have attacked them, they were told, but for their arms.

At Cuerta they were surrounded by a Mexican company, commanded by an officer named Salazar, and immediately disarmed. Five of the prisoners, amongst them the author and a Mr. Van Ness, were led on in advance of the rest. Van Ness, we are told, had taken the precaution of sending back certain papers and letters, which might have made inconvenient disclosures. Kendal and his four companions were brought into San Miguel at sunset, where the good and charitable priest sent them hot coffee to their quarters, and in the morning a comfortable breakfast. In a few days after, they heard of the capture of Colonel Cooke's party, and Armijo, the governor of the province, marched out against General McLeod, whom he captured, with 160 of his associates. On the 17th of October, the whole of the prisoners, with their escort, began a march of 2000 miles, in a direction almost due S. towards the capital. Mr. Kendal abuses the Captain Salazar for his cruelty, and yet he tells us that himself and half-a-dozen of his colleagues were generally on parole; generously received in the private houses of the hospitable Mexicans, and often permitted to be present at tertulias and fandangos, and at the same time, confesses that they had no scruple about escaping, but for the danger. We know well what, according to the common law of nations, would be the fate of such a party of robber merchants landing on the shores of Britain.

They were at El Paso about the beginning of November, where he acknowledges they were treated with the most indulgent kindness by Gen. Elias; and a Capt. Ochoa, a man of great benevolence, relieved Salazar in the charge of the prisoners. They feasted sumptuously for several days (of course we mean Kendal, and half a dozen friends; the main body of the prisoners were, necessarily, lodged in barracks) at the house of Gen. Elias. Amongst the daily visitors was the young and generous curate of the place, Ramon Ortez, who treated this man with ill-requited kindness—for he provided him with a complete change of raiment, pressed a purse of money into his hands, and subsequently furnished him with a horse to proceed as far as Chihuahua, 300 miles beyond. As this was the only priest in Mexico, with whom the author was upon terms of domestic intimacy, we pray particular attention to the character he gives of him, while the memory of his charity was not yet wholly effaced:—

“Professing a different religion from mine, and one, too, that I had been taught to believe, at least in Mexico, inculcated a jealous

intolerance towards those of any other faith, I could expect from him neither favour nor regard. How surprised was I, then, to find him liberal to a fault, constant in his attentions, and striving to make my situation as agreeable as the circumstances would admit.....His charity and virtues adorn the faith which he professes and illustrates by his life; and should this page ever meet his eye, let it assure him of the deep respect and reverence with which the moral excellence of the pious curé of El Paso, inspired more than one Protestant American.”—vol. ii. p. 41.

We observe two or three amusing Yankee traits in the progress of the narrative, of which the author seems entirely unconscious. In one place he had bought a horse, a dead bargain, which proved to have been stolen; but he felt no scruple about retaining it. At El Gallo a young lady, in whose father's house he had been hospitably entertained, took a fancy to his watch, and, as a great favour, he made her a present of it, in exchange for more than its value, in good Mexican dollars from her father's purse. The party reached Zacatecas on the 30th of December, and in January 1842, they arrived at Espiritu Santo, where they found a well-informed and gentlemanly priest, and passed the evening (these sufferers) at a tertulia. They travelled through a highly picturesque region, on their way to La Parada; wild flowers of every hue mingling their delicious fragrance with the mountain air; orange and other fruit trees were growing luxuriantly, and a species of cactus, the tall and symmetrical organo plant, tapering upward gradually, from eighteen to twenty-five feet high, and destitute of limbs or leaves. A few days before, they had received a visit from a young Irishman and three elegant young women, the daughters of an Irish father at the Hacienda of La Noria. Why will our fellow-countrymen task the hospitality of “Native America,” at Boston or Philadelphia, or cast themselves on the desert shores of New Holland, when they might be received, with open arms, in such a country as this, sanctified by the religion of their fathers, and pledge the devotion of their manly hearts and stalwart arms, to shield it from the “Forty Thieves” of Texas? In the noble city of San Luis they were lodged in the convent of the Augustine friars, where the holy and benevolent brotherhood “kindly appropriated two or three large rooms in their convent to their use.” (vol. ii. p. 159.)

In the beginning of February, the author was lodged in the ancient palace of San Christobal, where he was visited by Mr. Brantz Meyer, United States secretary of legation;



to whom we shall have occasion to allude again, as he was then ostensibly cultivating friendly relations with Mexico. Mr. Kendal seems to have shammed sickness, to avoid joining a working-gang of his comrades, who were lodged in the convent of Santiago; and was therefore sent into the leper hospital of San Lazaro, in the city of Mexico, on the 9th of February. We may remark that this is one of the noble foundations of Cortez; and it is some proof of the public morality of Mexico, that all the religious and charitable institutions of the country have been held inviolable in every revolution. We are so tired of the egotism of this man, who is manifestly "plenus se ipso," that we will spare our readers the details of his indignation, whenever the poor lepers came "betwixt the wind and his nobility,"—his complaints against the sentinel, who would not let him run away,—his acceptance of alms, for which he did not thank the donors, upon the festival day, when all the beauty and fashion of the capital visited the hospital, in compliance with an ancient usage, to bestow their charity on the inmates,—and merely add, that, by an excess of lenity, he was liberated on the 21st April, 1842.

He enjoyed the sight of the capital, for some days after, sharing the hospitality of a courteous and generous people, and in return, imputes to them faults which existed only in his own foul imagination. But although he is in King Cambyse's vein, he adds, with singular inconsistency:

"The early fathers next zealously inculcated that heavenly spirit of charity which teaches that we must clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and relieve the sick and distressed; and with such untiring ardour did they impress this article of their creed upon the natives, that it took root, and has increased and continued to the present day. For evidence, we have but to look at the hospitals for the sick and wounded scattered through the country, to the institutions for relieving the distresses of the unfortunate, and to the different orders of sisters of charity,—those meek handmaidens of benevolence whose eyes are ever seeking the couch of sickness, and whose hands are ever raised to succour with a beneficence that knows no tiring. It is not in Mexico alone that this holy feeling of charity towards the sick and helpless exists; but wherever the religion of Rome is known, there do we find the same active benevolence exerted—the same attention to the wants of the suffering; and well would it be were other denominations of Christians to pattern after the Catholics in all that pertains to pity and compassion towards their sick and needy fellow creatures—in plain terms, if they would make fewer professions, and enter more into the real practice of charity."—vol. ii. p. 341.

He had written thus far, when we suppose it occurred to him that the book would not tell at home, and that to make it palatable, it must be seasoned (*cum sale multo*); and, accordingly, he passes away into a dissertation on the Mexican priesthood, in which he repeats and amplifies all the calumnies that have ever been devised against that misrepresented body. It would be easy, if we had time or inclination, to refute most of his statements from his own pages. But it is entirely unnecessary. His violence defeats its own object; and there are few so blinded by prejudice, as to forget the honourable testimonies of such writers as Madame Calderon de la Barca, or Mr. Bullock, for the intemperate and inconsistent invectives of a speculating New Orleans editor.

It is often in scenes most remote from the observation of the busy world, that ministers of religion are found practising the most exalted virtue; and, as the train of thoughts in which we have been indulging has led us into that region, we subjoin a notice of one of the missions of California, from the work of another American, a man of very different stamp from our author—the celebrated voyager Cleveland. He is speaking of the mission of San Borgia:—

“The more intimately we became acquainted with Padre Mariano, the more we were convinced that his was a character to love and respect. He appeared to be one of that rare class, who, for piety and the love of their fellow-men, might justly rank with a Fénélon or a Cheverus. His countenance, beaming with the love and benevolence which were his prevailing motives of action, inspired immediate and perfect confidence, even in those who had seen as much of the Spanish character as it had been our lot to do. The mild and humane treatment of his domestics, made their intercourse more like that of father and children, than of master and servants. His regular observance, morning, noon, and evening, of his devotional duties, with his uncouth-looking domestics assembled round him, and on bended knee participating in his prayers to the throne of grace with the utmost decorum, was affecting, and might be received as a tacit reproach for indifference to such duties by that part of his audience whom his brethren would call heretics. But this good man was gifted with a mind too liberal and noble, and a benevolence too extensive and pure, to pronounce condemnation for difference of opinions.”—*Cleveland Narrative*, vol. i. p. 222.

In describing the architectural glories of the churches of Mexico, and the costly decoration of their altars, Madame Calderon remarks, that native America, as she suspects, looks with gloating eyes upon the treasures which it longs to appropriate. Mr. Kendal imparts the character of prophecy to

this conjecture of the noble-minded and accomplished lady, as he can see no value in the ornaments of the altars at Puebla, save the market price of the silver, to be expended in the construction of rail-roads. Mr. Brantz Van Meyer, to whom we have made allusion, has just testified his gratitude to the Mexican people, for all the attention he experienced, while residing in their capital as American secretary of legation, by the publication of a work, in which he repeats a good deal less than we already knew on the subject of Mexican antiquities and statistics. But he outvies the Hebrew in the exactness of his calculations, as to the value,—aye to the very ounce,—of the gold and silver of the sanctuary, and in the unblushing effrontery of his scheme of spoliation. Even from the pages of Mr. Kendal, we would correct one mistake of the Yankee functionary, in the narrative of what was, under any circumstances, a fearful tragedy,—we mean the murder of Mr. Egerton, the English artist, and his female companion. Mr. Kendal states that she was not his wife; poor Egerton was a married man, and had abandoned his wife and three children, in London, to elope with this female, who had even been under a contract of marriage to another. The transaction was wrapt in mystery; but Mr. Kendal insinuates, that some relative of the wronged family might have come from England to avenge the injury. The notions of the rights—rather the wrongs—of property, entertained by these men, remind us of the anecdote of a friend, who consulted another citizen of native America, as to the sum which an industrious person should carry out, in order to embark in trade with a prospect of success; and the answer was, “If you bring anything, you’ll lose every cent of it; have nothing, and you’ll not fail to make a dig somewhere.” To see these rapacious adventurers boldly asserting the policy of destroying institutions which have wrought the happiness of a people that do them no wrong,—of desecrating the temple of a purer worship than their own,—reminds us of Milton’s fearful image of the great enemy of mankind, rearing himself above the verdurous wall of Paradise, to gloat upon that scene of vernal delight he was about to mar for ever.

Attacks upon the Mexican border have been renewed since the failure of this Santa Fe expedition; and we observe, in a note of Mr. Kendal’s, that a companion of his, one Brenham, of whose unmerited (!) captivity he complained so bitterly, joined another gang in 1843, and was killed at the battle of Mier. The scheme for the annexation of Texas to the

United States was projected so far back as 1829; and, though it has been rejected by congress for the present, we apprehend its ultimate success, unless the representatives of civilized nations countenance the better disposed section of the American community in frustrating the plot. The real motive of the projectors of the scheme, is to throw open the country to the planters of the Southern States of the Union; and perpetuate the curse of slavery. How alarmingly the evil has already spread, may be deduced from the fact, that, whereas in 1834, the whole white population of Texas was but 20,000, in 1841 no less than 12,000 slaves had been imported within the limits of Texas.\*

The rulers of this mighty empire, which has made such pecuniary sacrifices to give liberty to the enslaved African, should not be indifferent to this gigantic treason against the rights of mankind. In this season of almost universal peace,

“The flag that braved a thousand years  
The battle and the breeze,”

is only unfurled against the pirate and the man-stealer; and though we are not slow to censure our own government upon matters of domestic policy, yet sure we are that the minister, no matter who he be, that should wield the power of this great country to repress this mighty wrong, would receive the enthusiastic support of all the subjects of the crown of Britain. The influence of the deceased Dr. Channing seems to have been felt in the late deliberations on this subject in Congress; and though we differ from him most widely upon other topics, we are glad to be able to refer to his *opinions*† upon this vital question. He declares that Mexico had been more sinned against than sinning; and that at the moment of throwing off the Spanish yoke, she gave a noble test of loyalty to free principles in the emancipation of the slave population. For it was enacted that “No human being should hereafter be born a slave within the limits of Mexico; that no slave be introduced into the country; that the existing slaves should receive wages, and be subject to no punishment but on trial.” We have asserted that the main object of the land-jobbers is to throw open Texas to the slave-breeder. Here is the ninth article of the Constitution of Texas:

\* Letter of Dr. Channing to the Hon. Henry Clay. Boston, 1827. Passim.

† “The occupation of Texas makes the abolition of slavery hopeless.”—Featherstonhaugh, “Excursion to the Slave States,” vol. ii. p. 189.

“Sec. 9.—‘All persons of colour, who were slaves for life previous to their emigration to Texas, and who are now held in bondage, shall remain in the like state of servitude : provided, the said slave shall be the bona fide property of the person so holding said slave as aforesaid. Congress shall pass no laws to prohibit emigrants from bringing their slaves into the republic with them, and holding them by the same tenure by which such slaves were held in the United States : nor shall Congress have power to emancipate slaves : nor shall any slave-holder be allowed to emancipate his or her slave or slaves without the consent of Congress, unless he or she shall send his or her slave without the limits of the republic. No free person of African descent, either in whole or in part, shall be permitted to reside permanently in the republic without the consent of the Congress; and the importation or admission of Africans or Negroes into this republic, except from the United States of America, is for ever prohibited, and declared to be piracy.’”—*Kennedy's Texas, Appendix.*

The turpitude of the last clause, which we have underlined, is greater, because, appearing, upon a cursory glance, to oppose a barrier to the progress of slavery, it is really intended to raise the value of slave property in the slave states of the Union, by securing a monopoly to them; this Congress of Texas being actually a cabal of the planters, calling itself by another name.

Even on this earth crime eventually entails its own punishment, and, accordingly, the national distress of America is partly owing to the fact, that such a sum as two hundred and fifty millions sterling is invested in slave property. Slave labour too has proved so inefficient, that much of the soil is exhausted—hence the inferiority in the management of the farms of Virginia, contrasted with those of Pennsylvania.\* Among the task-masters themselves, it has introduced those indolent and slovenly habits, which provoke the disgust of travellers; those savage passions, which make every man a Cain, ready to shed his brother's blood.

An impatience of the liberty of all, save their own privileged class, has been characteristic of ancient and modern democracies, and we bless the good Providence which has willed us to be born the subjects of a monarchy.

To show what manner of men these planters be, we copy one advertisement, out of many similar, from a Carolina paper, the *Newburn Spectator*, December 2, 1836.

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\* Mr. Featherstonbaugh notices the striking superiority in the industrious habits of the people of Indiana over the slave owners of Kentucky and Tennessee.

"Two Hundred Dollars Reward.—Ran away from the subscriber, negro Ben, also one by the name of Rigdon. I will give the reward of one hundred dollars for each of the above negroes, *or for the killing of them, so that I can see them.* W. D. Cobb."

But the torture of the body is not enough, without the destruction of the immortal spirit; for in the Carolinas, Georgia, Louisiana, any slave is to be flogged for learning or teaching to read any book, even the Bible, (the old Irish ascendancy-men must have lent them their statute book for a model), and, O holy and insulted nature! a father is liable to be flogged for teaching his own babe to lisp the praises of his God! In the interior of Georgia, the white Baptist ministers have discontinued preaching Christianity altogether to the slaves. May we not expect the red right arm of an avenging God to smite the people of a state (North Carolina) in which a *law* has been enacted, which authorizes a master to kill that slave, the husband, who may presume to shield the wife from his attempts at violation. To perpetuate these horrors is the object, or will be the effect, of the annexation of Texas; and who will not wish "God speed" to Santa Anna in his determination to resist it? It was his powerful denunciation of this unspeakable treason against the moral law, that earned for Mr. O'Connell the proud distinction of being "the best abused" of the planters. But, alas! we are bearing testimony against the errors of others, how shall *we* render an account? What has been the reward of this foremost man of the age—the author or promoter of every great legislative or administrative reform that our times have witnessed—one who combines the love of liberty, the master passion of Fox, with the political wisdom, the love of order, characteristic of Burke—who unites the loyalty of Malsherbes with the dazzling eloquence of Mirabeau.

It was his manly voice that, on the auspicious day of her accession, assured to our Sovereign Lady the loyal attachment of eight millions of Irish; and yet him, to whom (had his lot been cast in other times) Greece would have raised altars; whom future ages will ever venerate among the great benefactors of mankind; the gratitude of our rulers has rewarded with three months—three lost, irrecoverable months—in the gaol of the malefactor or felon. We have no power to pursue the subject,

"Leves curæ loquuntur, ingentes stupent."

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- ART. III.—1. *The Neighbours; a Story of Every-day Life.* By Frederika Bremer. Translated from the Swedish by Mary Howitt, 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1843.
2. *The Home; or, Family Cares and Family Joys.* By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt, 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1843.
3. *The President's Daughters, including Nina.* By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt, 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1843.
4. *The Diary, and Strife and Peace.* By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. London: 1844.
5. *The H—— Family.* By Frederika Bremer. Translated from the Swedish. London: 1844.
6. *The Bridesmaid.* By Frederika Bremer. London: 1844.
7. *The Twins, and other Tales.* By Frederika Bremer. London: 1844.

THE London "trade" have usually got credit for considerable sagacity in catering for the taste of the novel-reading public. It would seem, however, that no oracle is gifted with infallibility, not even that of "The Row." The success of Miss Bremer's novels is a heavy impeachment of their power of discrimination. Mrs. Howitt tells us, in one of her prefaces, that, no less than six years ago, a translation of one of these works, by an accomplished hand, was sent over from Stockholm, and offered to the principal London publishers, none of whom could be induced to embark in the speculation. She does not specify the work which was thus rejected. For the honour of the craft, we trust it was not *Home*, or *The Neighbours*. We can only say that any publisher who was timid enough to refuse either of those tales well deserves to have lost the golden opportunity which has since been turned to so profitable an account.

Mrs. Howitt and her publishers cannot be accused of timidity, though we believe they have had to encounter an amount of opposition from rival translators, almost unexampled in the history of the trade. Finding, however, by the success of the first publication, that they were not deceived in their estimate of its suitability for the English market, they have actively improved the favourable moment. The series has been brought out with unprecedented rapidity, and thus, almost before we have had time even to call attention to the Swedish authoress, we find our library table literally laden with her works. We cannot help regretting the

delay of our notice. Had we taken an opportunity of examining this very remarkable series before it had advanced so far towards completion, we should have avoided, in a great degree, the most disagreeable duty of the critical office, and one which is peculiarly ungracious when the works of a stranger and a lady are the subject of criticism—that of dwelling upon the faults of the author. Those of Miss Bremer are far less numerous, or, at all events, less palpable, in the earlier volumes of the series of the translated works; and much of what we shall have to say regarding the collection would have been in a great degree uncalled for, if we were dealing only with *The Neighbours*, or, *Home*, the two first works translated into English.

Mrs. Howitt did wisely in commencing with these most charming stories. They belong to that class of fiction, the domestic novel, which must always be popular, and which possesses a double interest when it comes from a foreign country. They open to us an entirely new field in foreign literature. Among the countless novels and romances translated into English from foreign languages, we have not a single book of the class to which these Swedish tales belong; and, indeed, Miss Bremer may be regarded as, out of England, the founder of this class. French literature has never had, and does not seem likely ever to have, anything of the kind; at least if we may judge of the future, from the unnatural and overstrained sentimentality which till now has been the very life and soul of French fiction. The Italians, except in their comedy, have hardly attempted it at all; those of the Germans who have done so, have disfigured their performances by the very extravagances which they are the first to censure in the French school. This is not the place to go into any detail; but we may instance the extent to which Goethe, Tieck, Jean Paul, and, above all, Hoffmann, have abused their unquestionably great power of analysing and describing characters. Could they have been content to follow nature, they might have rivalled the very best writers of the English school. But there is hardly a single chapter, even in their best works, which can be called natural; nay, there is scarcely a single scene that is not deformed by some absurd or grotesque conception—some ridiculous *bizarrierie*—often absolutely painful to contemplate.

It is no wonder, therefore, that a writer of the natural and homely school from the “far north,”—one, too, formed upon our own models,—should be received among us with a joyous



welcome. It was a phenomenon which took the public completely by surprise. Mrs. Howitt, in taking to herself the credit of Miss Bremer's introduction into England, very truly observes, that, till she ventured upon the experiment, nothing whatever was known among us of Swedish literature. If we reflected upon the subject at all, our ideas were of the most vague and undefined character; and far from our forming a just estimate of their real merit, we are sure that very few, except perhaps in the foreign reviews, or through the medium of German translations, had ever heard the names of Thorild, Stagnelius, or Vitalis, not to speak of the more recent authors, Bottinger, Nicander, Oloff Texell, or Fru (Madame) Lengrenn. Certain it is, at all events, that we had no idea of the extent and variety of the resources of Swedish literature; and perhaps there is not a single department in which we were so little prepared to expect any considerable proficiency, as that in which Miss Bremer most excels. The accounts of the moral and social condition of Sweden with which even the most recent tourists—and especially Mr. Laing—have made us familiar, were not such as would seem to promise the refinement, and even delicacy of sentiment,—the elevation of thought,—the tenderness and purity of feeling, which characterize many of her sketches, though others of them are not without traces of levity, if not of grossness. It can hardly be considered a drawback on the pleasure with which we peruse these delightful stories, that we are irresistibly led to believe them to be far from impartial, and to represent "Life in Sweden" as much purer and more amiable than the melancholy reality. For, if the authoress has disguised the more coarse and ungraceful traits of national manners and elevated the tone of national morality, she has made her books, not only more agreeable, but more improving thereby; and we have no hesitation in declaring that whatever is lost to the artistic truth of her sketches, is far more than compensated by the immeasurable gain to their moral effect and tendency.

This feeling of wonder to which we have referred is the secret of a good deal of Miss Bremer's popularity. A Swedish writer of even tolerable pretensions, was, to the vast majority of readers, a phenomenon as little expected as an Esquimaux giant, or a Lapland *maitre de ballet*. The same cause has led, as might be expected, to an exaggerated idea of the extent, or rather, of the variety, of her powers. In one particular department she is unrivalled, but only in one. As the his-

torian of the domestic circle,—the chronicler of “family cares and family joys,”—we do not know her superior in any literature. Were the worship of the Penates—one of the most poetical in the whole range of Roman mythology—to be revived, she might well be chosen for its priestess; for she is perfect mistress of home and all its tenderest and most touching mysteries. While her pictures are confined within these sacred precincts, we could linger over them for ever. There is an indescribable charm about them all: the breakfast table,—the family dinner,—the quiet supper party; even the kitchen, and the bakehouse, and the larder: the solemn consultation of the heads of the house,—the less sober, but more interesting, deliberation of the junior members,—the walking parties, and sledging parties; above all, the family meetings at the evening fire-side, with all its beautiful revelations and confidences—its hopes, and fears, and joys. In scenes like these, she is without a rival; nor, indeed, do we know any author who has everywhere painted with more exquisite tenderness and truth, the relations of the family circle,—the love of parents for children, and of children for parents,—above all, of brothers and sisters for each other; their partings and meetings,—their quarrels and reconciliations,—their little struggles to secure each other's happiness, and yet to conceal the effort,—the self-forgetting sacrifices, which those only can know and appreciate, who are blest with that best of earthly blessings, a sister's love. All this the Swedish authoress can describe with a touching truthfulness hardly surpassed even by Dickens in his happiest passages. It is impossible to look upon her pictures without recalling the memory of many a long-forgotten scene, and reviving associations from which we had long been parted.

“My mither, ah, I see her still!  
 She smiles our sports to see,  
 Wi' little Jamie on her lap,  
 And Jennie at her knee!”

In a word, within this charmed circle—home—she rules with undisputed sway; she is mistress of the heart, and all its affections. But take her beyond its limits, and her power is gone; she sinks into a second-rate—and, indeed, hardly second-rate—imitator of the sickly sentimentalism of the French and Gallo-German school. And what is most unfortunate, with a fatuity from which it is the privilege only of the very highest order of genius to be exempt, she has been

betrayed into a mistake of her vocation, and has devoted herself to a line of literature for which she is entirely unfit.

Mrs. Howitt would have done well, therefore, for the fame of her Swedish friend, if she had stopped short after the publication of the two first works which she translated. It is hardly possible to recognize the later translations—for example, the *President's Daughters*, the *Diary*, or *The H—— Family*,—as the work of the same hand. We meet, it is true, an occasional trace of the same graphic pencil in them all, but the prevailing character is entirely different; and instead of the lively and natural, and almost gossiping, narrator of the events of every-day life, we find a bad though ambitious imitator of the philosophic novelist, pretending to penetrate into all the recesses of the human heart, and to lay bare all the springs of human passion; and not so much seeking to produce a rational and instructive picture of real life, as using the facts of the story as a thread whereon to hang a series of psychological speculations and metaphysical theories. In the construction of the plot, too, she is far from felicitous; and hence it is, that she is best in those stories which can hardly be said to have a plot at all. It is much to be regretted, therefore, that she has contrived to introduce into them all some ill-conceived episode or other, which, in almost every instance, not only is no help to the general interest of the story, but might even be omitted with manifest advantage. Thus, the character of Baron Stellan, in *The Neighbours*; Sara, in *Home*; Elizabeth, in *The H—— Family*; Angelica, and still more Don Juan, in *The President's Daughters*; might each and every one be cut out from their respective tales, without the smallest injury to the general plot, and some of them, especially Baron Stellan and Don Juan, with a decided advantage to the moral of the story.

In power of varying her characters, also, she is remarkably deficient. Her heroines are all doubles of Franceska, the heroine and narrator of the first tale, *The Neighbours*; just as much as Lady Morgan's *Miss O'Halloran*, or the *Harolds* and *Laras* of Lord Byron's poetry. Thus we meet Franceska over and over again—as Elise, in *Home*; as Mademoiselle Rönquist, in *The President's Daughters*; and as Beata, in *The Diary*. Edla, in *The President's Daughters*, is the very same with Leonore in *Home*; and though both are most beautiful and instructive sketches, yet some of the coincidences are absolutely tiresome. The same is true of the gentlemen also. Lars Anders and Judge Frank, Jacobi

and Hervey, Count Alarik and Count Ludwig, are identically the same. The names only are changed; and the necessity of varying the action, so as to adapt each to the circumstances of his own position, has often betrayed the authoress into serious and even painful departures from probability.

There is another still more serious blemish which we deem it our duty not to overlook,—the low standard of domestic virtue which she assumes, and the apparent indifference with which she supposes or speculates upon, even in some of her most amiable characters, departures from morality which a well-regulated mind cannot contemplate without horror. We shall not go into examples of this grievous defect, which are to be met, in a greater or less degree, even in the very best of Miss Bremer's tales. It is evidently an unconscious fault, and probably the result of the unhappy state of morals in Sweden, so forcibly depicted by Mr. Laing. There are some incidents in Miss Bremer's tales, which, though they are free from absolute impropriety, and are redeemed by the general correctness of tone which pervades them all, yet argue a very low condition of morals indeed in the average society of the country for which they were written.

It is hard to give any general description of her style and manner. Mrs. Howitt characterizes her (we think very unhappily) as the Miss Austen of Sweden; and indeed she has been compared by her critics to almost every lady novelist in the language—to Miss Burney, Miss Edgeworth, Lady Morgan (!); nay, what is more surprising, to Oliver Goldsmith, and even to Fielding. We shall not yield to the temptation of tracing further analogies upon our own account. Indeed if her works be taken as a whole, it would be an idle effort. We know no more unequal writer, not only in the merit, but even in character, of her writings. Nor perhaps is there any single one of her works for which anything approaching to a counterpart could be found in our language. She is herself evidently an admirer of Miss Edgeworth, and in the general structure, as well as in many particular passages of her earlier publications, she has very successfully caught up the tone of this most instructive and charming writer. *The Home* is very little inferior to Miss Edgeworth's best novel, *Patronage*; and we have little doubt, that had Miss Bremer known her real calling, and laboured faithfully to follow it out, she would have equalled in moral influence, and perhaps surpassed in general interest and effect, the very best fictions of our gifted countrywoman. With all the

earnestness of purpose, elevation of thought, and delicate discrimination of character, which distinguish Miss Edgeworth, her Swedish imitator possesses (within her own sphere) a quicker faculty of hitting off the little details of a picture, as well as far more liveliness and grace, and infinitely more dramatic power. We say, within her own sphere; for, unhappily for her fame, she differs in this respect from the Irish novelist, that she does not know, or has been induced to relinquish, the line in which nature had peculiarly fitted her to excel.

Having said so much in the way of general criticism, lest we should seem to echo the too indiscriminate praise which has been bestowed on Miss Bremer's novels in many of the highest quarters, we shall turn to the much more agreeable office of pointing out the numberless beauties of this very remarkable writer. As we mean to speak of her works generally, and not of any particular tale, we shall not embarrass ourselves by attempting an analysis of the several stories. It is seldom interesting, and would here be especially out of place, inasmuch as the stories contain but little of intricacy. We shall be content, therefore, with such occasional explanations as, without puzzling the reader with a maze of names and incidents, will suffice to make him understand the passages which we shall transcribe; premising that we mean to select specimens from almost all the tales, without following out any of them to their full denouement.

Our first shall be from *The Neighbours*, a delightful tale of middle life in Sweden. It is related by the heroine, if so matter-of-fact a little lady may be called by this dignified title. This is the Franceska of whom we have already spoken; and who, if fame may be trusted at such a distance from the shores of the Baltic, is no other than the lively authoress herself. She is a very plain, unpretending little personage, and, at the opening of the story, has just concluded, at the staid age of twenty-seven, a quiet and unromantic marriage with Dr. Lars Anders, a bachelor of fifty, with as little romance in his composition as his lady. Both, however, have a large share of what is a great deal better than romance—sound sense and unsophisticated good-nature,

The details of the home-coming of the bride and her husband, and of their reception by "Ma chère mère," the step-mother of Lars Anders, are extremely lively, and graphically descriptive of Swedish life. But we prefer the following sketch of a matrimonial quarrel and reconcili-

ation, which may have its lesson at home, as well as in the far north from which it is transplanted. The young wife, after many happy days at home, has been brought by her husband—rather reluctantly, for she was suffering from headache and ill-humour—to spend a day with the stately old “*chère mère*.” The day passes over, not without its *désagrémens*; and after dinner her husband offends mortally by leaving her for the purpose of playing billiards. After a long absence, the unconscious offender returns. We should premise that she familiarly speaks of him under the endearing appellation of “*Bear*.”

“At last Lars Anders came, and then it was time to leave; the weather had become fine, and the tea had done me good, but the mischief had taken possession of my soul. I was out of humour with myself, with my husband, with the whole world; and more than this, Bear sat all the time silent, and never seemed to trouble himself about my headache, for after he had just asked how I was, and I had answered ‘better,’ he did not speak another word.

“When I came home I had something in the kitchen to see after, and when I returned to the parlour, there had Lars Anders settled himself into the sofa, and was blowing the tobacco smoke in long wreaths before him while he read the newspaper. He had not indeed chosen a suitable time for the breach of our compact. I made a remonstrance, and that truly in a lively tone, but in reality I was angry. I took, as it were, a bad pleasure in making him pay for the annoying day I had passed.

“‘Pardon!’ exclaimed he in a cheerful voice, and still continued to sit with the pipe in his mouth. I would not allow that, for I thought the old bachelor might have indulged himself freely enough the whole afternoon.

“He prayed for permission only this once to smoke in the parlour; but I would admit of no negotiation, and threatened that if the pipe was not immediately taken away, I would go and sit for the whole evening in the hall. In the beginning, he besought me jokingly to grant him quiet; then he became graver, and prayed earnestly, beseechingly; prayed me at last out of ‘regard to him.’ I saw that he wanted to try me; saw that truly from his heart he wished I would yield—and I, detestable creature, would not. I remained steadfastly, although always cheerfully, by my determination, and at last took up my work in order to go out. Then Lars Anders laid down his pipe:—oh, if he had been only angry and spiteful; if he only would not have laid down his pipe, but would have marched out as proud as a nabob, banged the door violently after him, and never come back again the whole evening, then there would have been some ‘come off’ for me, some comfort, something paid for and done with; and then I could have touched

over this fatal history so finely and so superficially. But he did none of all these; he laid the pipe aside, and remained sitting silently; and with that I began immediately to endure the gnawings of conscience: neither did he make any of his grimaces, but remained looking on his newspaper, with a certain grave and quiet mien that went to my heart. I asked him to read aloud; he did so, but there was a something in his voice that I was in no condition to hear; still, in a sort of stifled bitterness against myself, I must yet tyrannise over him. I snatched the newspaper away from him—understand, this was in joke—and said I would read it myself; he looked at me, and let me have my way. I read, in a tolerably cheerful voice, of a debate in the English House of Commons; but I could not hold out long. I burst into tears, flew to him, threw my arms round his neck, and prayed him to forgive my bad humour and my folly. Without answering, he held me close to his breast so tenderly, so forgivingly, whilst a tear ran slowly down his cheek. Never did I love him so much as in this moment; in this moment I felt for him real love!

“I would have begun an explanation, but he would not permit it; and now it was my turn to beg of him, if he loved me, to relight his pipe, and to smoke directly at my very side. He refused; but I besought him so long and earnestly, besought it as a token of continued forgiveness, that he at last yielded. I held my face as much as possible over the smoke—it was to me the incense of reconciliation; once I was nearly coughing, but I changed this into a sigh, and said, “Ah, my own Bear, your wife would not have been so angry if you had not forgotten her for the whole afternoon; she lost all patience while she was longing after you.”

“‘I had not forgotten you, Fanny,’ said he, taking the pipe from his mouth, and looking half reproachfully on me; ‘but I was beside a peasant’s painful death-bed in the next hamlet: this prevented me from being with you.’

“Ashamed to the very soul, I covered my face with my hands—I, I who had been fostering such wicked and false mistrusts against him, and now in my vanity had been revenging myself—I, unworthy one—I who wished to make him so happy, what sweet refreshment had I prepared for the weary, troubled man!

“The thought of my folly distresses me even at this very moment; and the only thing that can give me any comfort, is the feeling that he and I love one another better since this occurrence than before.

“Beloved, good Lars Anders! before I will occasion you another disagreeable moment, you may smoke every day in parlour, sleeping room, yes, even in bed itself, if you will; only I pray God that the desire to do so may not possess you.”

No wonder that scenes like these should make home happy.

“Away from home may be good, but at home is best! So have

I often thought during the two pleasant days I have passed quietly in looking after my own affairs, in taming my Bear and my little animals. All goes on quite well: six hens, three ducks, and two turkeys, are now my intimate acquaintance. I have caressed and fed the cows to-day—the fine creatures; the largest and handsomest of which I have christened Audumbla, in memory of the beautiful northern mythology, of which I have read in the symbolical lore of the Edda.

“What of my husband? Since he has given up his little vices, he has acquired—God knows how!—continually a greater influence over me. This however is certain, that he is good and reasonable. Yesterday evening he came into our best sitting-room with the pipe in his mouth, but stood at the doorway looking at me, and made such roguish, questioning grimaces, that I sprang up, embraced both him and his pipe, and drew them both into the room. I was so happy that the pipe did not hate the room—but really too much friendship.”

It would not be easy to convey this lesson—a lesson, we fear, not entirely unnecessary, even in the “best regulated families” among ourselves—in a happier or more impressive way.

We are induced, by the similarity of subject, to add another passage of the same tenor—the reconciliation of a father and daughter, after a long and painful estrangement. It is from “The President’s Daughters.” The first part of this tale (which is in every way inferior to the earlier works of this author), contains the history of two elder daughters of President von P., Adelaide and Edla. The former, a beautiful and most amiable girl, is beloved, not only by her father, but by the whole circle of their acquaintances. Edla, plain, sickly, unaccomplished, and uninteresting, meets with comparative neglect from all, even her own father. Sensitive to an excess, her spirits, as well as her temper, give way under this coldness and neglect, to which she is constantly subjected, and even the affectionate attentions of her sister, Adelaide, become an object of suspicion and distrust. We shall transcribe her portrait, before we pass to the scene of which we spoke:

“‘This unhappy young creature,’ writes her governess, ‘seemed to have a bitter root in her heart, which shed gall over every object which surrounded her. She was for the most part silent and reserved; but what she did say was caustic, and what she did was unpleasing and unfriendly. Adelaide could not approach her with her beneficent warmth and affection, because Edla repelled all friendly advances; but Adelaide never replied to her sister’s bitter-



ness; she bore her ill-humour quietly, and if she knew anything that was agreeable to her she did it. Nevertheless she seemed almost to fear her, and rather to avoid any interference with her. This connexion between the sisters would have been quite inexplicable to me had they grown up together; but at the age of eight Edla had been sent from her father's house and placed in a school, whence she had only been recalled a year before the death of her mother, about two years before my entrance into the family.

"I contemplated Edla narrowly, and discovered in her a deep and wounded sensibility. What she said often betrayed a conviction of injustice in the distribution of human lots, and great bitterness of mind in consequence. She seemed to feel deeply the human inability to avoid suffering and unfortunate fate; she considered this fate to be her's, and yet would not submit to it. She seized upon the discordances of life with a keen glance; and pondering on the niggardliness of nature towards herself, her eye had become sick, and her heart wounded. These wounds she regarded as incurable, and she became reserved to the whole world. Her lips never complained, and no one ever saw her eye shed a tear. It might be said that her whole life and temperament was a silent, bitter, and proud repining. She was irritable and sensitive; but shyness and pride prevented her exhibiting her wounded feelings, except by a contemptuous and bitter demeanour. Beneath all this, however, there existed real power, deep feeling, love of truth, and extraordinary, though very much neglected, powers of mind."

At length, by a variety of combined influences, a most salutary change is effected in her disposition. As yet, however, she has not gained the affection or confidence of her father, though she pines for it with all the fervour of newborn filial love; and his coldness towards her is rendered still more painful by his affectionate preference for her sister Adelaide. The description of the working of this feeling is among the most successful efforts of the authoress. The opportunity at length arrives for a full and cordial explanation:

"The President was at this time in great trouble about a journey he was forced to make to his mines on the borders of Lapland, and from which he could not return till Adelaide's marriage. The summer was rainy and cold, and the President had strong symptoms of rheumatism; and, between you and me, my reader, the President was something helpless in attending to himself when he was well, and very apt to complain when he was sick. He required more than any one else to be surrounded with care and comforts.

"One evening we were collected round the fire, for the weather was so cold that we were obliged to heat almost all the rooms. I sat quite near the stove, warming my frozen feet; Edla was making

the tea a little further off in the room; and from the drawing-room we heard Adelaide, who was teaching her little sister to sing the 'Little Collier Boy.' The President sat in an arm-chair right before the fire, and lamented over his journey, which was to be commenced on the following day.

"'Were not Adelaide engaged,' said he, 'and had such a deal to do with her bridal paraphernalia, I would have taken her with me: then, at all events, I know that I should have been well attended to. But now, this is not to be thought of. The household requires also to be looked after up there,—who is to do this? If the late Frederica lived——'

"I sat just turned towards the President with that side of my profile which was like the late Presidentska, and I wondered if now, in the moment of embarrassment, this likeness would not appear more striking. But the President was silent, looked straight into the fire, and bit his seal ring.

"'If I might—if I could—' Edla now said, with a voice so weak and so trembling that it was scarcely heard.

"My genius now whispered to me to seek my knitting in the next room, whence I heard the following conversation:

"'What do you say?' was the President's answer to Edla's stammering offer.

"'If I could be useful to papa,' she said more firmly, as she came nearer, 'it would make me happy.'

"'You!' said the President, not without bitterness, 'you have more important things to attend to;—remain you with your studies, your books, your Plato.'

"Edla was hurt, and made a movement as if to draw back; but conquering herself, she went near, and begged with tearful eyes:

"Let me go with you,—let me take care of papa! I will willingly leave everything for that.'

"'I do not exact,' said the President coldly, 'such great sacrifices from my children; I do not ask that they should leave their pleasures for my comfort. I did so before, perhaps; but I have seen I was wrong. Remain you with your books, Edla.'

"This moment was decisive. I trembled for fear that Edla's wounded feelings might prevent her from making a new trial on the President's heart; I feared that this moment would for ever divide father and daughter from each other. But Edla drew herself a little farther off, and said mildly,—

"'And if my books admonish me of my duty? And if that goodness papa has shown me, has made this duty dearer to me than everything else?' She stopped: the President said nothing. 'I shall not ask more,' she continued; 'I shall not be obtrusive. Papa does not love me, and I know that I have not been in the right,—I have not deserved to be loved: but—but I would, if I could, make up——' She stopped again.

“‘The fault has been mutual, Edla,’ said the President with cold friendliness. ‘I have no right to expect love from you, when I have not tried to make you happy; and it would be egotism of me were I now to avail myself of what your sentiment of duty offers.’

“‘Oh, this is hard,—very hard!’ said Edla, with deep pain, but without bitterness. She drew herself back, and was about to leave the room.

“Edla!’ called the President hastily, as he turned and stretched his arms towards her; ‘Edla, my child! come here!’ Large tears stood in his eyes. Edla threw herself weeping on his bosom.

“A silent, long, and heartfelt embrace succeeded, on which the angels smiled.

“‘Forgive—forgive,—my child!’ said the President, with a broken voice; ‘I wanted to try you. Your mildness enchants me. We shall go together. God bless thee, my child! This was wanting to my happiness.’

“Edla let her head rest upon her father’s shoulder, and her tears flowed unrepressed.

“Softly and melodiously Adelaide’s silver voice rose from the next room. She sung to the guitar,—

“Blest, oh blest are they who weep

On the reconciled breast;

Who forgive, forget, and reap

Rapture from the voice loved best.”—vol. i. p. 240-3.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more beautiful than this. But it is not merely in scenes of this character that the author’s power is seen. We shall give one of a very opposite description—an outburst of wild and stormy passion in one of its most revolting forms—a deadly strife between a mother and her son.

The stately old lady in the *Neighbours*, “Ma chère mère,” has a secret history, which comes in as an episode in the main story, and is related by her step-son, Lars Anders, to his wife. Warm and impetuous in proportion to her apparent coldness and insensibility, she had lavished upon her only son, Bruno, a boy of ardent and fiery temperament, the tenderness which she denied to all others; and under her affectionate, but injudicious indulgence, he grew up a wild and ill-regulated youth, restrained by no feeling but love and reverence for his doating mother. His step-brother, Lars Anders, who was brought up along with him, used all his influence to keep him within bounds; but at last, in a moment of excitement, and driven to despair by a pressing call for a sum of money, which he could not otherwise command, the unhappy youth is tempted to pilfer from the stores of his mother. The young

men were both on the point of setting out for the university ; but the theft is discovered before their departure ; and, stung to the quick by the taunts of one of the servants who had been accused of the theft, the stern mother insists upon probing the matter to the bottom. The scene is described with great power, though we must say that the character of Bruno, generally, is extremely ill-conceived, and very unequally supported.

“ When all had been examined, *Ma chère mère* cast upon me a glance full of maternal love and joy. Alas ! she had had suspicions of me—of the thoughtful man rather than the wild youth ! and now she raised her head, and one could read, in her strong expressive countenance, ‘ Thank God ! now I am easy.’

“ ‘ Now, then, there are only the things of the young Baron left,’ said one of the old servants, respectfully ; ‘ but the chest is locked ; and besides this, it is not necessary.’

“ ‘ That may be,’ said *Ma chère mère*, ‘ but he must fare like the rest ; the box shall be broken open.’

“ ‘ But the young Baron—is not at home,’ said the servant anxiously ; ‘ we cannot—’

“ ‘ His mother commands it,’ said she, warmly.

“ It was done.

“ With her own hand the mother took out books and clothes which had been thrown in in great disorder. Presently the hand was withdrawn, as if it had been burnt by red-hot iron ; she had stumbled upon a bundle of notes. It was the missing money. She took it out ; turned it about in her hand ; examined it, as if she could not believe her own eyes ; grew paler and paler ; and then exclaiming in a voice of inexpressible anguish, ‘ My blood ! my own flesh and blood !’ sank as if lifeless to the floor.

“ We carried her out ; and our exertions at length recalled her to consciousness. Terrible was her awakening. But she shed no tear, uttered no word of anger or complaint. She appeared strong and determined.

“ She sent immediately to Pastor Rhen, the clergyman of the district. He was a man of iron ; stern, strong, and one ready to combat with word or deed, in support of what he considered right ; and more than this, he was an honest and faithful friend of *Ma chère mère*. To him she confided this painful circumstance, and they two decided the steps which should be taken in consequence. I anticipated what was designed, and made use of the influence I had frequently found myself to possess with *Ma chère mère*, to induce her, but in vain, to resort to less severe, or, at all events, less violent measures. But all my representations were useless ; she merely answered, ‘ Unpunished crime only induces to still further crime. Bitter must be atoned for by bitter.’

“In the evening, about the time when Bruno was expected to return—myself; my three brothers, the old servants, and the book-keeper, were ordered into *Ma chère mère's* apartment. The room was dimly lighted; and there, in its gloomy half-light, sat, in a tall armed chair, Bruno's mother, with Pastor Rhen beside her; her countenance bearing traces of the sorrow which she bore in her heart. But over sorrow, and shame, and anger, there prevailed such an expression of stern determination as I never saw before in a human countenance.

“Thus then was assembled that small but fearful court of judgment before which Bruno was to be cited. Here we awaited him—a terrible hour! during which no one spoke; but I saw, in that dull light, the drops of cold sweat stand like beads on the brow of that unhappy mother.

“It was towards the end of September—a stormy evening, and a gusty wind shook the casements. One moment it was still, and then we heard the fiery clatter of a horse's hoofs on the court pavement. *Ma chère mère* trembled as I had never seen her before. I heard a dismal rattling—not of the casements—but of her teeth, as they chattered together. My brothers wept; the old servants stood dumb, and with downcast glances: an expression of remorse was on the countenance of the book keeper, and even the iron-souled pastor seemed gasping for breath.

“The door was quickly opened, and Bruno stepped in. I see him this moment, as if he stood before me, as he was then—warm from riding, and from the storm; full of health and spirit; I never saw him handsomer than then! He came to his mother, longing, as he always did, even after only a day's absence, to throw himself into her arms; but as he reached the door he paused, started, and threw a terrified glance on his mother, who covered her face with her hands. Bruno grew pale, looked round upon us, and then again upon her; she cast a flashing glance upon him, and his countenance fell; he became yet paler, and stood there a criminal.

“At that moment her voice was heard, hollow and stern, to accuse him of theft; and pointing to his rifled chest, and to the money which had been found in it, she demanded his confession.

“Bruno acknowledged himself guilty, with an inconceivably bold haughtiness.

“‘Fall upon your knees and receive your punishment!’ said the stern judge. But Bruno bent not. A consciousness which after his haughty confession, seemed to have deprived him of all volition, overwhelmed him; he stood pale as death, his head dropped upon his breast, and his eyes riveted to the ground.

“Pastor Rhen approached him. ‘Young man,’ said he in a low voice, ‘you have grievously sinned against the commands of God, and against your mother—acknowledge your guilt, and submit to your punishment.’”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ ‘Fall upon your knees, sinner!’ exclaimed Ma chère mère, raising herself, and in an awful voice.

“Bruno cast a dark and threatening glance upon her, which she returned, and then he replied proudly, ‘I will not! What,’ demanded he, ‘has this priest to do with me? I have not desired him. If he be here about confessions of guilt, others may come in question as well as I! Exasperate me not—or’

“ ‘Silence!’ said Ma chère mère, gloomily, ‘and answer only to my demands. Acknowledge, are you alone guilty in this theft?’

“Bruno answered only by a dark glance.

“ ‘Answer!’ said she hastily, ‘answer! Is there any partner with you in this guilt?’

“Bruno cast another long look on his mother; and then, with a firm voice, said, ‘No! I alone am guilty.’

“ ‘Bow down your knee, then, unhappy one!’ said she. ‘Your mother, whom you have covered with shame, commands you to endure the dishonour which you have deserved. Fall down!’

“Bruno stamped his foot in wild rage, clenched his fist, and darted a furious glance at her.

“ ‘Compel him down, you people!’ cried Ma chère mère, in terrible anger: ‘Priest, if thou art a man, bow the disobedient, degenerate son to the earth. Make him humble himself before the commands of the Lord.’

“I was about to step between them; but the moment the Pastor laid his strong hands on Bruno’s shoulders, they were flung off again with a violence which whirled the Pastor completely round.

“ ‘Layest thou hands on the servant of the Lord!’ exclaimed the Pastor in a frenzy of rage, forgetting himself, and seizing Bruno with a sinewy grasp. But Bruno had the strength and elasticity of the lion; and, after a strong struggle, the Pastor lay stretched on the ground.

“ ‘Seize him! hold him!’ exclaimed Ma chère mère, beside herself.

“The book-keeper and one of my brothers, who attempted to hold him, soon lay by the Pastor; and then Bruno, starting back a few paces, seized a staff which stood in a corner of the room, and swinging it over his head, threatened, with the expression of mad frenzy, to strike it upon the face of any one who should dare to approach him.

“No one dared to do so, except his mother, ‘Remain where you are,’ said she to the others; and then, with firm steps and quiet mien, she approached him, laid her hand upon his head, bowed him down before her, and asked, in a voice which made the blood freeze in my veins, whether he would submit himself to her will, or receive her curse.

“Mother and son looked at each other with eyes of flame and defiance. They stood so, long. Again she repeated the question;

and then followed terrible words on both sides. Again all was still; the curse-speaking lips became stiff, the haughty glance dimmed, and mother and son sank fainting together."

This is really overpowering. The picture of that stern mother and unbending son, standing face to face in fierce hostility, is too terrible to look upon. We turn with a sense of pleasure, almost of relief, to the delightful story of the "Home"—most truly described in its title as a tale of "Family cares and family joys." The leading personages of the tale are a family in middle rank, Judge Frank and his wife, a son, Henrik, and five daughters, Louise, Leonore, Eva, Petrea, and little Gabriele. These are all children in the commencement of the story, and their characters, as developed in infantile years, are described by their mother in a very beautiful letter, with which the book opens. The story of the parents themselves is not without its own little romance of love and jealousy; but we cannot help considering this as a decided blemish. It is but an off-set of the plot, and the main interest rests with the children. In course of time two other members are added to the family group, Jacobi, Henrik's tutor, a candidate for orders, and Sara, a gifted, but wayward and unamiable orphan girl, adopted by the tender-hearted judge and his wife. The latter is an unnecessary, and far from agreeable excrescence upon the story, to the moral of which it contributes but very questionably.

In the delineation of the characters of the sisters, Miss Bremer is more happy than in any other of her works. Each of them is a distinct individuality, and the part assigned to each is, with few exceptions, well and judiciously sustained.

We would gladly extract at great length from this delightful tale; but we cannot afford more than a few morsels.

What a charming family re-union is the following! Henrik and his tutor have just returned from the university, after a protracted absence, and are gone to change their travelling dress before supper:—

"'By Jove, my dear girls, how comfortable it is here!' exclaimed the judge, in the joy of his heart as he saw the library thus populous, and in its, for the future, every-day state. 'Are you comfortable on the sofa there, Elise? Let me get you a foot-stool. No, sit still my child! what are men for in this world?'"

"The Candidate—we beg his pardon, the Master Jacobi—appeared no longer to be the same person who had an hour before stood there in his wet dress, as he made his appearance, handsomely apparelled, with his young friend, before the ladies; and his countenance actually beamed with delight at the joyful scene which he there witnessed.

“People now examined one another. They discovered that Henrik had become paler as well as thinner; which Henrik received as a compliment to his studies. Jacobi wished also a compliment on his studies, but it was unanimously refused to him, on account of his blooming appearance. Louise thought privately to herself that Jacobi's bearing was considerably more manly; that he had a simpler and more decided demeanour; he was become, she thought, a little more like her father. Her father was Louise's ideal of perfection.

“Little Gabriele blushed deeply, and half hid herself behind her mother, as her brother addressed her.

“‘How is your highness, my most gracious princess Turndot!’ said he, ‘has your highness no riddle at hand with which to confute weak heads?’

“Her little highness looked in the highest degree confused, and withdrew the hand which her brother kissed again and again—Gabriele was quite bashful before the tall student.

“Henrik had a little *tête-à-tête* with every sister, but it was somewhat short and cold with Sara; after which he seated himself by his mother, took her hand in his, and a lively conversation began while Eva handed about the confectionary.

“‘But what is amiss now?’ asked Henrik suddenly, ‘Why have the sisters all left us to take counsel together there, with such important judge-like faces? Is the nation in danger? May not I go, in order to save the native land? If one could only first have eaten one's supper in peace,’ added he, speaking aside, after the manner of the stage.

“But it was precisely about the supper they were talking. There was great danger that the pancakes would not succeed; and Louise could not prevent Henrik and Jacobi running down into the kitchen, where, to the greatest amusement of the young ladies and the tragi-comic despair of the cook, they acted their parts as cooks so ridiculously, that Louise was obliged at last, with an imposing air, to put an end to the laughter, to the joking, and to the burnt pancakes, in order that she herself might put her hand to the work. Under her eye all went well; the pancakes turned out excellently. Jacobi besought one from her own hand, as wages for his work; graciously obtained it, and then swallowed the hot gift with such rapture, that it certainly must have burned him inwardly, had it not been for another species of warmth—which we consider very probable—a certain well-known spiritual fire, which counteracted the natural burning, and made it harmless. Have we not here, in all simplicity, suggested something of a homœopathic nature?

“But we will leave the kitchen, that we may seat ourselves with the family at the supper-table, where the mother's savouring white pancakes, and the thick ones for Henrik, were to be found, and where, with raspberry cream, the whole was devoured with the greatest enjoyment.



“After this they drank the health of the travellers, and sang a merry little song, made by Petrea. The father was quite pleased with Petrea, who, quite electrified, sang too with all her might, although not with a most harmonious voice; which, however, did not annoy her father's somewhat unmusical ear.

“‘She screams above them all,’ said he to his wife, who was considerably less charmed than he with the accompaniment.”—i. pp. 186-9.

Soon after the return of Henrik and his tutor, the whole family are invited to a bridal party, where, according to Swedish usage, the hospitalities are kept up with spirit for an entire week. We wish it were possible to transfer the whole chapter to our pages—the preparations of the sisters for the party, their purchases, their conferences, and their anticipations. The following scene would, under any circumstances, be extremely amusing; but we prize it more for the deep and tender moral it contains. Each of the sisters, in pursuance of a wise arrangement of their mother, had been entrusted with a sum of money, which she might expend according to her own judgment in such purchases as were necessary for her preparations. The characters are extremely well brought out in the account of their several negotiations; and, as if for the sake of contrast, the adopted sister Sara is described as selfish enough to take advantage of the generous affection of the simple-minded Petrea, by accepting her offer of the sum allotted to herself, to be expended along with Sara's own money in purchasing a more costly dress than any of the rest. They are all naturally indignant at this unworthy and selfish proceeding. Poor Petrea is driven to great straits in furbishing up some old dress for the occasion; and, in the end, high words are exchanged between the eldest sister and the unamiable Sara. Their mother, however, succeeds in restoring peace, and in a short time they are as if nothing had occurred to disturb their cordial sisterly affection.

“‘There are certainly too many bitter almonds in this; it does not taste good,’ said Elise, setting down a glass of almond milk.

“‘Be pleased with us, dear mother,’ whispered Eva tenderly, ‘we are all friends again.’

“The mother saw it in their beautiful beaming eyes; she read it in Louise's quick glance, as she turned round from the table, where she was helping Sara with her tunic, and looked at her mother. Elise nodded joyfully both to her and Eva, \* \* \* \*  
‘Mamma, dear,’ said Gabriele, ‘we must certainly do something towards Petrea's toilette, otherwise she will not be presentable.’

“But Louise took Petrea's gauze dress secretly in hand, and sate up over it till midnight, and adorned it so, with her own

ribbons and lace, that it was more presentable than it had ever been before.

"Petrea kissed her skilful hands for all that they had done. Eva,—yet we will for the present keep silent on her arrangements.

"But dost thou know, O reader!—yes, certainly thou dost!—the zephyrs which call forth spring in the land of the soul—which call forth flowers, and make the air pure and delicious? Certainly thou knowest them,—the little, easy, quiet, unpretending, almost invisible, and yet powerful—in one word, human kindnesses.

"Since these have taken up their abode in the Franks' family, we see nothing that can prevent a general joyful party of pleasure. But yes!—it is true—

"PETREA'S NOSE!

"This was, as we have often remarked, large and somewhat clumsy. Petrea had a great desire to conform it, particularly for the coming festivities.

"'What *have* you done to your nose? What is amiss with your nose?' were the questions which assailed Petrea on all sides, as she came down to breakfast on the eventful day.

"Half-laughing and half-crying, Petrea related how she had made use of some innocent machinery during the night, by which she had hoped somewhat to alter the form of this offending feature, the consequence of which had, unfortunately, been the fixing a fiery red saddle across it, and a considerable swelling beside.

"'Don't cry, my dear girl,' said her mother, bathing it with oatmeal-water, 'it will only inflame your nose the more.'

"'Ah,' burst forth poor Petrea, 'any body is really unfortunate who has such a nose as mine! What in the world can they do with it? They must go into a convent.'

"'It is very much better,' said her mother, 'to do as one of my friends did, who had a very large nose, much larger than yours, Petrea.'

"'Ah, what did she do?' asked Petrea eagerly.

"'She made herself so beloved, that her nose was beloved too,' said her mother. 'Her friends declared that they saw nothing so gladly as her nose when it came in at the door, and that, without it she would have been nothing.'

"Petrea laughed, and looked quite cheerful. 'Ah,' said she, 'if my nose can but be beloved, I shall be quite reconciled to it.'

"'You must endeavour to grow above it,' said the good prudent mother, jestingly, but significantly."—i. pp. 255-7.

But there is yet another still more beautiful little incident connected with this all-important festivity. Leonore, the third girl, was too delicate to join the party. Her character may be gathered from the description already given of Edla, the President's daughter. Notwithstanding an occasional fit of moroseness and discontent, however, she is, in reality, a warm-hearted and affectionate girl, and the sisters vie with

each other in their devoted attention to all her wants and wishes. The struggle of each, on this memorable occasion, to be permitted to remain at home with the poor invalid, is beautifully portrayed; as well as her unwillingness that any of them should forfeit their share of enjoyment on her account. At last, all seemingly yield to her importunity, and take leave of her in travelling costume; but, scarcely have they gone, when poor Leonore's old feeling of discontent returns, and she begins to repine again at the fancied neglect, to which, as she imagines, her deficiencies have condemned her. While she sits alone in this gloomy and repining mood, the door suddenly opens, and Eva enters. She had but *seemed* to take leave along with the rest, partly to avoid Leonore's importunity, partly to heighten the pleasure of the surprise. Now be it remembered, that Eva was the beauty of the family, and the one to whom the sacrifice was greatest. Her efforts to cheer the poor desponding invalid, are, in our judgment, extremely simple and natural:

"But, dear Leonore, I assure you, you are unjust towards yourself. Your figure, for example is very good; your eyes have something so expressive,—something, at the same time, so soft and so earnest; your hair is of a beautiful brown,—it would become you so, if it were better dressed; but wait awhile, when you are better I will help you to do it, and then you shall see."

"And my mouth," said poor Leonore, "that goes from ear to ear, and my nose is so flat and so long,—how will you mend that?"

"Your mouth?" said Eva; "why yes, it is a little large; but your teeth are regular, and with a little care would be quite white. And your nose? let me see; yes, if there were a little elevation—a little ridge in it, it would be quite good too. Let me see, I really believe it begins to elevate itself! yes, actually, I see plainly enough the beginning of a ridge! and do you know, if it come, and when you are well, and have naturally a fresh colour, I think that you will be really pretty."

"Ah! if I can ever believe that!" said Leonore, sighing, at the same time that an involuntary smile lit up her countenance.

"And even if you are not so very lovely," continued Eva, "you know that yet you can be infinitely agreeable; you have something peculiarly so in your demeanour, I heard my father say so this very day."

"Did he really say so?" said Leonore, her countenance growing brighter and brighter.

"Yes indeed he did!" replied her sister. "But ah! Leonore, after all, what is beauty? It fades away, and at last is laid in the black earth and becomes dust; and even while it is blooming, it is not all-sufficient to make us either beloved or happy! It certainly has no intrinsic value."

“Never was the power of beauty depreciated by more beautiful lips. Leonore looked at her and sighed.

“‘No, Leonore,’ continued she, ‘do not trouble yourself to be beautiful. This, it is true, may at times be very pleasant, but it certainly is not necessary to make us either beloved or happy. I am convinced, that if you were not in the least prettier than you are, yet that you might, if you would, in your own peculiar way, be as much in favour, and as much beloved, as the prettiest girl in the world.’

“‘Ah!’ said Leonore, ‘if I were only beloved by my nearest connexions! What a divine thing it is to be beloved by one’s own family!’

“‘But that you can be, that you will be, if you only will. Ah! if you only were always as you are sometimes,—and that you are more and more so, and I love you more and more,—infinitely I love you.’”—vol. i. p. 264-6.

There is frequently a liveliness and spirit in Miss Bremer’s sketches, not excelled by the very best of the modern novelists. What could be better than the following scrap of a dinner-table conversation, in the beginning of the *President’s Daughters*. Mademoiselle Rönquist, the narrator of the story, has the good fortune to find a place beside a gentleman who knows everybody, and has an eye for every dish upon the table. The mixture of gallantry and gastronomy, of gourmandism and good nature,—the medley of criticisms on the company and on the fare, is absolutely irresistible.

“‘Count Alarik W.,’ said he, ‘is one of the most excellent and extraordinary men that I know. He served with distinguished bravery in the German war. When peace was made for Sweden, he retired from the army, and withdrew altogether from the world, devoting himself to science and philosophy, on an old family estate, which had come to his hands in a ruinous condition, and loaded with debt—don’t burn yourself with the *bouillon*! Ah! I see you have cold milk—to satisfy the demands of needy creditors, he sold whatever valuables he had inherited from his forefathers, and lived for many years in extremely narrow circumstances; nay, he was even, I believe, poor. Now, however, he has improved his lands; which, after all, are not large, and make no Cræsus of him—O! oysters, oysters! thank Heaven! and the most delicious grouse! this *à la daube* is the hostess’s crown!—they say now that he is come out into the world again to look about for a rich wife; but I don’t believe it.’

“‘And why not?’ asked I.

“‘Madeira or port wine, my most gracious?—He is not the man,’ continued my neighbour, as he filled his glass. ‘Not that I think there is anything wrong in a man looking for money and a

wife at the same time—I am just doing the same myself—but Alarik has his own notions. He is an uncommon and an excellent man—a true lion nature, and I have only one thing against him; that he is too particular, too obstinate, and even severe to harshness against the weaknesses of others—poached eggs and mushrooms—a little weak.....

“They say now, that he is to marry the President’s step-daughter, Countess Augusta U. Well, she is handsome, and extremely rich, and does not seem very much to hate him; but, after all, I know a wife that would suit him better—cold pike with shrimp sauce—almost too salt—aj! aj!”

“And who then is it?” asked I.

“Just that good, beautiful angel to whom he is now talking.”

“I looked, and saw Count Alarik leaning over Adelaide’s chair; they were both laughing.

“Faith, a handsome couple,” continued my neighbour. “No, but this is pleasant! I have not seen him laugh so heartily since his brother’s death. Now; let us look a little at the rest of the good people here. What luxury in toilette and eating! our finances must suffer; we must be ruined, all and every one of us!—what is this again? Fowls with oyster sauce! for the second, third, fourth times, welcome, ye oysters! One cannot live without oysters!—Do you see that pale, fine countenance, expressive both of talent and goodness, and who contemplates that lovely Miss Adelaide with such sincere admiration? Can you believe that fortune and the world have done all they could to spoil her, and have not succeeded? She never ceases to forget herself for others. That young man standing behind her chair there, seems to have very kind intentions towards her. . . . And there is Aunt Gunilla in a turban, than which Mahomet could not have a finer! Twenty years ago, a little girl who was fed on morning dew and parsley, and now a great lady—is it not quite wonderful that we mean quite a different thing when we say, “a great lady,” to what we mean when we say, “a great man?”—she eats with a keen connoisseur’s tongue from every dish, and thinks meanwhile on her supper next week; I hope she will invite me!—pudding? That was a pity! No, I thank you!—Baroness B. is charmingly beautiful this evening—and her husband, as usual, jealous of that little fair gentleman, who certainly never thought of anything wrong, but who has become the man’s *bête noire*. Look at that betrothed pair who have flitted through the honeymoon before the bridal—hem! aj! aj! there, two servants came in contact! Preserve the roast!—I am sorry for that young woman; she tries to be gay, but is pale, and scarcely can eat; and that because her husband sits at the card-table, and takes the food from the mouths of his children, or others, which is no better. Look at the Mamselles T., who are eating turkey and giggling! and their father, who swallows them

with his eyes, and thinks nothing on the whole earth so charming as his daughters. "They are wonderful, wonderful," he says. A happy family!—you will drink, I hope, a glass of negus? See, here we have an Etna!—admire in this ice-cake the power of art to unite cold and heat, and, by means of the agreeable, to destroy the appetite, which is such an especial means of health—look, now, how anxiously mamma yonder winks to her young daughter not to eat, and how dutifully she lays down the spoon which was just at her lips—such a daughter would just suit me. We have really a very fine collection of people—listen, what a noise and hum, just like a bee-hive when it is about to swarm. It is really wonderful how people are capable of talking so incessantly.—The women really dress themselves well in our days; elegance without extravagance, an agreeable medium, with the exception of what regards arms, and that strikes both my eyes and my shoulders. But see the heads of the young ladies, how beautiful they are with their uncovered hair. May I help you to jelly?"—vol. i. p. 29–33.

We must make room for one other extract,—a Swedish housewife's troubles at the arrival of a fashionable party, for whom she sees no means of providing with due credit to her housekeeping. The scene is an humble rustic parsonage, and the heroine is the sister of the parson, Pastor Hervey.

"Where is Maria?"

"I am at this moment a little ashamed of Maria, since no one can look less festively arrayed than she. She will only prepare a banquet for those who have forgotten themselves. She stands still and hot at the oven, and bakes fine bread. The greatest consternation shows itself in her countenance, while, in the deepest anxiety, she gazes round her, with the words—'Our maid-servants are gone out! The house full of guests!—The countess!—Supper!—I here! white bread must be baked, and both girls are out!'

"I will venture to assert that none of my fair readers will peruse this without the greatest sympathy for Maria, and even a little sympathetic distress. If they wish, however, to get rid of this distress, it is only necessary to accompany me a little farther. Maria, between her oven and her anxiety, would have lost her wits, if her brother, like a consoling angel, had not suddenly made his appearance, and, with friendly words, active help, and pleasant jokes, put to flight her trouble. She took courage,—all will go well; and from this it came to pass, that the baking turned out so admirably,—for, in fact, when the cakes in the oven rise well, the heart of the housewife rises with them. Maria felicitated herself on being able to treat her guests with her beautiful white bread, particularly the lovely Nina, whom, with a maiden's enthusiasm, she admired. For her was an especial cake baked.

"Maria speedily spread the cloth in the eating-room, and her brother spoke courage to her. He himself helped to cut bread,

and to set on the table the dishes of curd; so that his sister became quite easy and cheerful. Will you see Maria? She is like a thousand others,—fair, kind, blue-eyed, of features by no means remarkable, but with an expression of good-nature. Her dress was something worn, but far from being worn out; a warm heart, a good understanding, in whose joys house-keeping and heaven occupy the whole space, without much fascination; diligent, conscientious, affectionate, indefatigable—the first up, the last to bed; you see, in a word, before you, one of the many who live for others—of those who will probably think for the first time of themselves, when the Lord of the world says to them—“Thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful in a few things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.” But for such an one what joy can there probably be, except that of being able yet more freely to live and work for those that she loves?

“But we loiter—Maria does not. She has set the cold roast meat, the steaming potatoes, and the fresh butter, on the table; she has conducted the guests into the eating-room, and has invited them kindly and somewhat embarrassed to partake, and wishes that they may enjoy the repast.

“Here, also, the countess found herself quite out in her expectations, and saw not the smallest thing at which she could have smiled. For here all was too pretentious and too good. The meal resembled rather an idyllean banquet, than a supper ‘at the countess’s visit.’ And in truth the milk, with the excellent cream, she found, as well as the rest, so delicious after the long walk, that she bestowed a particular attention upon the dish. It did not escape her, however, that Hervey was more gay and social than usual. He looked around him as if he would bless everybody. But while all are eating, chatting, and laughing, I will make a little digression, and say a word with the

#### FATHERS OF FAMILIES.

“Thou who sittest at thy table like a thunder-cloud charged with lightning, and scolest the wife and the cook about the dinner, so that the morsel sticks in the throat of the mother and children,—thou who makest unhappy wife, and child, and servants,—thou who preparest for every dish a bitter sauce out of thy gall,—shame and indigestion to thee!

#### BUT—

“Honour and long life to a good stomach, and especially all good to thee who sittest at thy table like bright sunshine; thou who lookest round thee to bless the enjoyment of thy family,—by thy friendly glance, thy kind speech callest forth sportiveness and appetite, and thereby lendest to the gifts of God a better strength, a finer flavour than the profoundest art of the cook is able to confer upon them,—honour to thee, and joys in abundance. May goodwill ever spread the table for thee; may friendly faces ever sit round thy dishes. Honour and joy to thee!”—vol. iii. pp. 97-100.

With such charming tableaux as these before him, the reader will forget all the criticisms with which we began. Nor shall we be sorry if he does; for we ourselves have not had the heart to say a word on the improbable and unskilful combinations in which they are too often found.

In conclusion, we may say with perfect truth, that in the earlier stories there are comparatively few of these blemishes; and though here and there a few incidents or allusions may be met, which we should be glad to see withdrawn, yet, when we contrast the general healthy and natural tone which characterises the Swedish novels as a collection, with the diseased and unnatural spirit of the seductive trash poured in upon us from the French and German markets—the works of Goethe, and Spindler, and those of Balzac, Sand, Sue, and Victor Hugo—we cannot be sufficiently grateful to Mrs. Howitt for this important addition to our stock of foreign fiction. Most of the stories may be read with interest throughout; all contain numberless passages of great beauty and power. There are scenes in *Home* which might draw tears from the most hackneyed novel reader; and if we may be allowed to judge from ourselves, there are few of us who might not rise from the perusal of this charming book with softened, and, perhaps, improved, hearts—hearts touched by the recollection of times and scenes when we were happier, because more humble and more innocent than now; and it may be, by the desire of regaining that guileless innocence which years and intercourse with the world have too completely rubbed away, and that peace and happiness which were at once its accompaniment and its reward.

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ART. IV.—*Considérations sur les Ordres Religieux, adressées aux Amis des Sciences.* Par le Baron A. Cauchy, Membre de l'Académie des Sciences de Paris, de la Société Italienne, de la Société Royale de Londres, des Académies de Berlin, de St. Petersbourg, de Prague, de Stockholm, de Gottingue, de la Société Américaine, &c. &c. Paris: 1844.

THE work of which we are about to give an account, is one of the numerous protests of the French Catholic press against the unsatisfactory relations of Church and State. It claims the repeal of jealous legal restrictions as due, not only to the Church, but to the social and scientific interests of the



kingdom. The university controversy is already well known to the readers of the *Dublin Review*. The controversy on the religious orders, though of less general interest, has of late acquired an importance proportionate to the revival of Christian faith. Baron A. Cauchy's *Considerations*, recommended by a reputation of the first order in science, and free from the suspicion of partiality to the cloister, may open the eyes of his countrymen to the merits of a system which is blended with the noblest associations of France, and is destined to a conspicuous part in her regeneration.

In his preface he hints that he had been once opposed to religious orders, and that he had even collected historical materials as the grounds of his opposition. But as his researches extended, his prejudices yielded to the conviction that the monastery, in past ages, was a vital principle in civilization, and that in the present age it could be equally useful. Not that its action would be now equally extensive; for the Baron does not dream that the modern monastery need combine, like the old, all the functions of a host of our modern societies—agricultural and horticultural, societies for the reclamation of waste lands, for the construction of roads and bridges, for the encouragement of painting, sculpture and architecture, and the preservation of public documents; or that the modern monk should, like the old, be at once hotel-keeper, and poor-law guardian, and printer and publisher, and professor and schoolmaster. Such were the monk and his monastery in olden times, as Protestants, at home and abroad, now generally admit. But the wants of the present age do not demand all those duties. If he hallows the school, cheers the hospital, reforms the prison; if he opens a port for the guilty, beaten by the storms of the world, and for the innocent, whom Christ inspires to leave all to follow Him; if, by his example, he warns all to look forward to the eternal years, and, by the silent influence of his monastery, circulates the life blood of Catholic piety through the Church, he can resign to others the duties imposed upon him by the pupilage of ancient society, and seek the kingdom of God and his justice, undisturbed by earthly cares. This is all that Baron A. Cauchy requires. This is all that he demands from the French government, in the name of the Catholic Church and of the French charter. He demands that the laws of man should not oppose or punish the vocations of heaven. He might be visionary, if he imagined a new generation of Cistercians improving the French soil which their good fathers

reclaimed; a new family of the monks of Cluny making their chapel a "Palais des beaux arts;" in every department of France; a new legion of the monks of mercy, in their white robes and red and blue cross, bearing over the Mediterranean, liberty to the dungeons of Morocco and Algiers, or, in fine, fresh hosts of military orders protecting Europe, on the north, from the pagans, and on the south and east from the Mahometan; the necessity of these institutions has passed away with circumstances; but while the Catholic faith is a reality, men will make the three vows, which form the essence of the religious life; and devote themselves to what Christian charity may point out as the most pressing exigencies of the age. Liberty to devote themselves to the good of their country, without privilege, or endowment, or favour, is the demand of Baron A. Cauchy for the religious of France.

The accident that made the Baron the apologist of the religious orders, exhibits his motives in a most amiable light. As professor in some of the scientific institutions of the capital, he had seen young candidates of the religious orders attending his lectures. Several of them, in course of time, did honour to their master, and had they not chosen the cowl, would have adorned the first chairs in the university. But as the law stands, they think themselves happy that they are allowed to live in France; that they are not compelled to carry their knowledge to other climes, provided they keep it themselves, do not dispute the sway of the autocrat of the university, and suffer in patience the calumnies of the university press and professors against the history, laws, and living members of all the religious institutes of France.

With a zeal for science, honourable in a professor, and for religion, meritorious in a Christian, Baron A. Cauchy protests against such injustice, as disgraceful to the spirit of French institutions. The young men who surrounded his chair were not asked, in their various professions, whether they were Lutherans or Calvinists, Catholics or infidels. Sect or irreligion was no bar to promotion. But the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience,—vows approved by the Catholic Church as the most perfect form of her moral code,—put a man out of the pale of the charter, for that very religion whose liberty the charter expressly proclaims! Religious liberty, that opens all offices to all religions or no religion, locks the doors of the monastery, or holds over the heads of its inmates, vague laws that leave them at the mercy of a common policeman! We fear that we detract from the

value of Baron A. Cauchy's services by dwelling on this point. Surely, a consistent politician, whatever be his creed, must see the propriety of permitting the freest extension of religious associations solemnly approved by the Catholic Church. She has the same chartered right to liberty that the people have to representation, or the king to his throne.

The opposition to the religious orders appears the more extraordinary, when we consider that in France there are more than thirty millions of professing Catholics under the government of more than thirty thousand priests, paid by the state. If jealousy of ecclesiastical influence be a motive for proscribing the monk or nun, ought not the priest, who lives in the world, to be infinitely more dangerous? and yet the priest receives his pension, and is even exempted from some of the common burdens of citizenship. Is the convent an enemy of the throne of 1830? is it a school of absolute monarchy? does it impede the workings of free institutions? does it hold the deposing power of the Pope? or refuse to pay taxes? or claim any privilege possessed before the revolution? No; but it is a symptom of vigorous health in a creed which, the philosophers say, is dead; it is an agency neither connected with, nor dependent on, the state; and for that very reason an object of jealousy, where no association, political or literary, of more than twenty members is permitted without the consent of the police. As this power of associating in twenties is the amount of French political liberty, if the same power were allowed to the religious, there might be no reason of complaint on the score of equal law; but alarmed at the progress of religious institutes, the philosophic party seeks to rob them of that power. An edict of the empire is produced which dissolves all religious associations formed without the consent of government; and on that edict of a tyrant, the friends of liberty demand the suppression of some of the religious institutes of France. But as M. Vatismenil, an eminent lawyer, already noticed in our Review, clearly shows, the imperial edict has been repealed by the sixth article of the criminal code; and on the faith of that article numerous religious associations have been established. The limitation of the number of members to twenty does not affect persons living in the same house; and cannot therefore affect the members of the same convent. But no convent or religious association whatsoever can receive any donations or bequests, unless it has received the authorization of the state. Has M. Guizot given a lesson to Peel?

Such is the French law on religious institutes. It appears stringent enough, even for the most bitter prejudices, but the men against whom Baron A. Cauchy writes are not satisfied. They would destroy the convent altogether, and supply its place by government officials,—the pliant instruments of an absorbing centralization. The following extracts give his views on the duty of the state towards the religious orders, their objects and social influence; and especially on those which he considers most imperiously demanded by the present necessities of his country.

“Man being born for society, it is, of course, natural that individuals should unite together, and form what are called *associations*. When the object of these associations is good, it is the interest of all, not to discourage, but to protect them. To suppose that we can, without a reasonable motive, destroy with impunity these private associations,—that we can dissolve them without injuring the general interests of society,—is the same as to suppose that we could preserve uninjured a piece of ice or crystal, though we, at the same time, liquified by the dissolving action of caloric, the different parts of which it is composed.

“An isolated individual soon is made sensible of his weakness. Associations are necessary for men, to strengthen and incite them to labour, to inspire mutual encouragement for the prosecution of useful enterprises, and to insure their success, by the combination of many exertions for one object. So imperious is the impulse of human nature to association, that if men are not permitted to associate for good objects, they will associate for evil. Proscribe those useful associations, that pursue with perseverance an object which they are not afraid to avow, and you will soon see dark associations extend themselves, scattering the seeds of disorder, and threatening the ruin of the state. The legislator can no more annihilate that indestructible force which impels men to association, than the chemist or the natural philosopher can annihilate those internal forces that act from atom to atom, in solid or fluid bodies,—forces salutary or fatal in their effects, according to their good or evil directions.

“Of all private associations which may be useful to society in general, those which deserve especial favour and protection, those which it is most desirable to propagate and extend, are associations for disinterested sacrifice. When men associate for the cultivation of the earth, for the formation of canals, for the construction of rail-roads, or the utilization of recent discoveries, they confer signal benefits on agriculture, commerce, and industry. But if they associate for sacrifice, what services will they not do their country, civilization, and the whole human race !”

In an age when association seems the presiding spirit in

all human pursuits, no one contests the truth of the preceding remarks. It would be waste of time to transcribe them, if they did not show how utterly the antagonists of Baron de Cauchy forget the spirit of their age, the natural rights of man, of which they boast themselves the champions, and that charter, which they hold cheaply purchased by the blood and subsequent anarchy of 1830. They teach us, moreover, the value of the pretensions of French Liberals to enlarged and enlightened statesmanship. Patents and authorizations are at hand for whatever gratifies the animal cravings of avarice or luxury. Encouragement, worthy of the imitation of other governments, is also given to literature and the fine arts; but if the Church, to whose prelates the infidel Gibbon attributes the growth and strength of the French nation, wishes to extend religious associations, her applications are rejected, or hampered with restrictions devised by the tyrannical spirit of the republic and the empire, although these associations seek to remedy social evils which defy the skill and excite the despair of political economists. Let philosophers dream as they please on the *besoins* of society, and amuse themselves with sounding abstractions on the *progrès humanitaire*, they cannot banish poverty, and ignorance, and discontent. St. Simonian schemes for levelling all distinctions of rank, and introducing a community of property, will always have advocates; the facilities of communication which now aid the accumulation of wealth, will enable the poverty-stricken masses to know their strength, and act with concert, and excite convulsions which could be more easily prevented by the active beneficence of religious associations, than resisted by bayonets and the combination of kings.

“Society cannot subsist unless its members impose upon themselves continual sacrifices. If society, at this moment, suffers from deep and dangerous wounds; if cupidity, egotism, and ambition, threaten its destruction; if crimes and disorders are annually increasing, in frightful progression; does not that frightful increase arise from the disappearance or decrease of the spirit of sacrifice amongst us? The most urgent want of society is to renew that spirit of sacrifice in all ranks and conditions so that we be all disposed, if possible, not to sacrifice others to ourselves, but to sacrifice ourselves to others. \* \* \* \* \*

“The spirit of charity, of disinterestedness, and sacrifice, being the most urgent want of human society, should be the peculiar characteristic of the true religion. Accordingly, the divine Author of Christianity has inculcated the great law of self-sacrifice, not only

by words, but also by his own example ; having loved men even to sacrifice his life for them on the tree of the cross, he has ordained that the cross should be a sign of hope and salvation to regenerated nations ; he has ordered every believer to renounce himself, and take up his cross,—he has declared that the spirit of sacrifice and love should be the distinguishing mark of his true disciples.

“ This spirit of sacrifice, which heaven alone could inspire, is the very thing that gave the Christian religion so prodigious an influence over the destinies of nations—an influence whereby civilization is developed wherever Christianity flourishes, and disappears where it disappears ; so that Montesquieu could truly say,—‘ Singular fact ! the Christian religion, which appears to have as its sole object the interests of a future life, is our happiness even in the present.’

“ Evangelical perfection is the spirit of Christian sacrifice, made without reserve, with the view of pleasing God, and of serving our brethren. \* \* \* \* But can the natural weakness of man give us any ground to hope that he can ever attain such heroic virtue? Suppose even that he could attain it, can we hope that he will persevere in such sublime perfection? Does not everything, without and within him, conspire to overturn an edifice raised at the cost of so much labour? Do the most holy conditions of life make men infallible? and may it not happen that the priest himself should be faithless to the noble mission which he has received from heaven? Let not those who make these objections, imagine that they tell the Catholic Church something she did not know before! She knows as well and better than you the weakness of human nature. But she is not satisfied with knowing it,—she endeavours to assist it. She knows that generous examples have a great influence on the soul ; that strength and courage spring from a union of minds and hearts. Directed by the purest light of the Gospel, inspired by God Himself, she has accordingly fearlessly conceived a design, which confounds and amazes the mind of man—the design of associating men for self-sacrifice,—the design of establishing, not transient and temporary, but durable and permanent, associations, whose sole law and sovereign rule is the spirit of sacrifice. To the terrible disorders that ravage society she determined to apply efficacious remedies, by opening in the midst of us inexhaustible springs of self-devotion and love. She wished that souls, enervated by the pleasures of earth, should come and invigorate themselves in those sacred fountains. In a word, she instituted religious orders, to give the world a lesson and an example of the most angelical virtues.”

Such was the object of the Church in founding the religious orders ; and with the history of Europe before him, who can deny that they fulfilled their mission? The altars of Woden and Thor would have risen with the feudal for-

tresses of the savage warriors of the North over the wreck of the Roman Empire, were it not for the calumniated monks. They were the apostles of England and Scotland, and of a large portion of Germany. For many centuries they alone kept public schools, and at all times they gave the Church her most illustrious doctors, bishops, and Popes. Baron de Cauchy passes lightly over these services; probably, because they are but a slight recommendation in philosophic eyes; but philosophy ought not to overlook what the monks have done for mere earthly interests. They proposed to themselves to seek in the first place only the kingdom of God and his justice; but their whole history is a miraculous fulfilment of the promise of our Redeemer, that everything else would be added unto them. The wealth, acquired partly by the liberality of the faithful, but principally by their own hard toil, was not squandered on their own indulgence, or hoarded up for their relations. It flowed in an inexhaustible stream of charity and social beneficence. The superior agriculture of England, the vineyards of the Rhine, the corn trade of Poland, the linen trade of Silesia, owed their origin or perfection to monkish industry and skill, utilizing the peculiar capabilities of each country, stimulating lay enterprise, winning men to the arts of peace, and ennobling poverty and labour, when the nobles of Europe, as in the instance of St. Bernard, toiled side by side with the peasant, clothed in the same garments, and sleeping in the same hard cell.

Whoever has travelled through Ireland, and seen on the one hand her uncultivated bog and mountain, and on the other the piety of the people, who would gladly embrace the religious state, cannot but regret, if he be a Catholic, that Mount Mellerays are not more numerous. A monastery on some waste spot in each county would do more good than all the agricultural societies, and cattle shows, and royal premiums put together. While it swelled the national wealth, by the reclamation of the waste lands, it would diffuse piety and industry, and submission to the laws. No enlightened Protestant could be alarmed at a colony of monks on his estate. Maitland, the librarian of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the *Dark Ages*, and Hurter, in his *Institutions of the Catholic Church*, in the same ages, satisfy any reasonable man, that the prejudices against the monk are the calumnies of bigots. But it is not colonies of Cistercians that are most wanted in France. It is not to fell the forest, or clothe the moor with deep green pasture or golden harvest, or rear

cathedral spires and city ramparts in place of the savage pine and secular oak, or any other work of the old monks of France, that she now needs them;\* but to reclaim man's mind, laid waste by infidelity; to consolidate our shifting opinions, and restore social order, by re-establishing among the mass of the people the influence of the Catholic faith. In Ireland, they are poor in wealth, but rich in faith. In France, the great revolution equalized wealth; and as much will have more, wealth became the idol of the unbelieving masses. The religious orders are labouring hard in the great work of regeneration, and none more successfully than the Brothers of the Christian schools.

“Behold these little children affectionately crowding around a monk, whose severe dress does not frighten them. What has assembled them in this spacious hall, which can scarcely accommodate them? The rags that cover them, the rough robe of their humble and modest teacher, the naked walls, all suggest images of poverty. Nothing appears to catch the eye, and yet here a most sublime work is going on. Here the highest wisdom is successfully taught to the poor labourer's child. Instructed by a good brother, the child is initiated in the most sublime mysteries, and in the secrets of a philosophy far superior to that of the most celebrated philosophers. He will have more correct ideas of God, of the end of man, and of his immortal destiny, than those which were the boast of the philosophers of Greece. The Christian doctrine, after having pointed out the path they must follow, will inspire them with the courage necessary to overcome the obstacles that oppose them; and after having enlightened his understanding with the purest beams, the rays of heavenly truth will enkindle in the heart of these children a love of the purest and most solid virtues. But to accomplish this wonderful work, of which society is to gather the happy fruits, what humility, patience, and mildness are required in the Brother of the Christian Schools. Surrounded by numerous disciples, he will teach them, not systems flattering to his pride, but salutary truths. He is not animated in his laborious duty by the love of glory—by the hope of having his name transmitted to posterity. His whole life is spent in obscure labours, devoted exclusively to the education of the poor. He is not supported by the hope of making a fortune, nor even of acquiring one day a decent competence; for he has made a vow of poverty. His existence is known to the rich and the powerful only by that coarse dress which conceals from their eyes a soul, raised by the spirit of sacrifice to a sublimity of devotion of which they can have no idea.”

Changing the scene of the Christian brother's labours, M de Cauchy conducts him from the school-room to the prison.

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\* See Appendix.



In the former he prepared members for society; in the latter he reforms its outcasts, or alleviates their misery. The convict, in the opinion of the heartless politician, is a diseased member, who must expiate his offences by perpetual exile or temporary detention, under a prison discipline that makes little or no provision for the reformation of the offender; but in the eye of the religious, the abode of misery is the attraction of charity; the darker the dungeon, the stronger the claims of its inmate to the consolations of a religion of love.

“This spirit of sacrifice, of devotion and love, can, when occasion requires, work other miracles. The good brother, so skilful in forming to virtue the simple souls of the children of the poor, is equally successful in causing it to spring up anew in the degraded soul of the convict, whom society rejects from its pale. We complain every day, that offences and crimes increase and multiply at an alarming rate; and the official tables of criminal statistics heighten our despair, when they show that from 1830 to 1840, the number of criminal cases has increased from 62,000 to 98,000. We complain of the imperfection and insufficiency of our criminal code; that the means for the suppression of crime, far from healing the cancer that devours us, seem to poison it more and more; and in truth, as one of our most distinguished publicists has remarked, ‘our prisons not only do not reform, but they deprave. The fact is indisputable. They give back to society citizens much more dangerous than those whom they have received.’ Alas! every day’s experience but too truly demonstrates that melancholy truth. But let the most hardened criminals be entrusted to the care of humble monks; let the care of awakening remorse in their souls, of instructing and of bringing them back to virtue be confided, as it is in the central house at Nimes, to the brothers of the Christian Schools; and, as it happened in that city, we shall soon see order established among our prisoners here; we shall see submission and the love of labour supplant tumult and revolt; and the wonderful change produced by the good brothers will demonstrate, that the spirit of sacrifice can attempt and realize that reformation of our prisons and criminals which appeared impossible to us.”

Another religious order described by Baron Cauchy, needs no words of ours to describe its origin or celebrate its merits. Many towns in Ireland, and even in Protestant England, know the zeal, the heroic self-devotion, of the Sisters of Charity and of their kindred orders.

“Behold that young lady, whose beauty is, as it were, but the irradiation of a noble soul. What innocence, what virginal candour, reveal themselves in her whole exterior. She is tenderly loved by her father, and, from her childhood has been the pride and joy of

her mother. She was born, perhaps, in the bosom of opulence and in exalted rank. She has it in her power, if she wishes, to unite her destiny to that of the wealthy representative of some illustrious line, and already you are congratulating the happy man who can aspire to possess so rare a treasure. But you are deceived. She is inspired by an ambition which you can scarcely comprehend. Her ambition is to retire to the country, and teach the children of the humble labourer. Her ambition is to protect in our cities the abandoned orphan; to live in our hospitals, serving the sick and dressing their wounds. Without fearing either famine, or pestilence, or war, she is at hand wherever misery is to be relieved; and ever ready to sacrifice her life, she encounters every danger, and goes, if necessary, to the extremities of the globe, to soothe the suffering and console the afflicted.

“Such is the Sister of Charity. That spirit of sacrifice, which inspires her with such heroic devotion for the poor and the afflicted, admirably answers, you must admit, the most urgent calls of suffering humanity. So dear is the Sister of Charity, not only to France but also to other nations; so indispensable does she become to them, that wherever she appears, in Europe, Asia, or America, she is welcomed as an angel from heaven. She is so necessary for the consolation of the afflicted, that the good sisters were respected even in the most disastrous times. You, who are tempted to reject evangelical perfection, as useless to the happiness of the human race, tell me, I pray you, how can you, except in the school of the gospel and the cross, succeed in educating a single daughter of Vincent of Paul, a single sister of charity?”

Whoever has seen a beloved relative struck down by a contagious distemper, and abandoned perhaps to the care of a nurse whose heart has felt the hardening influence of a public infirmary, will bless the charity that comes in the person of the ‘*Sœurs de Bon Secours*,’ to the bed-side of the rich, and with feelings held ever fresh by communion with the God of love, administers to the wants of the patient, with an affection and devotion as great as the closest ties of blood could inspire. Many an old Voltairian, who would spurn the priest, has been converted by his nurse. Daily examples are recorded in the French Catholic journals. Many persons in high rank, who had never bent the knee since their first communion, die in peace by the zeal of the *Sœur de Bon Secours*.

“We have seen the Sister of Charity devoting herself to the cause of the poor and the afflicted. We have seen her affectionate solicitude for the poor in their sickness. But shall the rich, when they are sick, have no share in her charity? The God of our Gospel wishes, it is true, that the poor should be objects of predilection with his disciples. In order to inflame the spirit of sacri-

fice, devotion, and love, in order to animate them to relieve the unfortunate and console the afflicted, he wished that the poor should represent Himself. But does pain never seize the rich? Does it not sometimes surprise them in the midst of intoxicating pleasures, and but too often aggravate the sufferings of the body, by the anguish of the soul? The 'Sœur de Bon Secours' devotes herself to the relief of both. Like an angel guardian, she watches and prays by the bed side of the rich man, whose life is endangered by a burning fever, and perhaps by bitter remorse seems rapidly sinking. She raises the courage and excites the hope of the despairing soul—and the terrible disorder, which threatened to defy all medical skill, yields to the enlightened care of the good sister, whose experience and skill are made more efficacious by the untiring zeal of industrious charity. What services have not the 'Sœurs de Bon Secours' done to the numbers whom they saved? How many husbands owe the lives of their wives to these holy women? How many children owe to them the life of a beloved parent? But if their zeal has such power to heal sickness and console affliction, it is because it springs from the spirit of sacrifice. That spirit is the motive of all their actions, the thought of all their life, the treasure amassed by their united care,"

The influence of these various orders—their charity, speaking more powerfully than any language—is renewing the face of French society to such a degree as to excite the frenzy of those philosophers who can tolerate the Catholic Church as a convenient engine of state, but cannot tolerate the hold which her beneficence gives her on the hearts of the people. Neither respect for sex, nor reverence for heroic self-devotion, deters the philosophic press from publishing, against communities of defenceless ladies, ribald obscenities, which we are sure an English Protestant jury would punish with the utmost rigour of the law. Be it remembered that the French convents enjoy no legal privileges—their houses and lands are subject to all the burdens of the state. Why, then, do the advocates of liberty and equality persecute them? The principal object, at present, appears to be, to raise popular prejudices against all religious institutions, in order to secure the university monopoly, and exclude the Jesuits from all share in education. We do not intend to dwell on the university monopoly—that monster grievance of France; but the following extract is a specimen of the arguments which Catholics are every day urging, to save their children from a club of infidels:

“ We have seen the highest wisdom taught to the children of the poor by the brothers of the Christian schools. But the doctrine of

the Gospel,—that doctrine so full of consolation and hope,—that doctrine which reveals the most sublime truths—truths whose knowledge is so necessary, that they alone can secure subordination in society and in families,—shall that doctrine be the exclusive patrimony of those who are born in indigence and in humble life? They are, it is true, specially dear to God, who came to preach the Gospel to the poor, and to protect the weak and miserable. But is the child of the rich disinherited of his share of the treasures of grace and life bequeathed by the Saviour of the world? Has not the child of the rich the same need of heavenly truth, a mind capable of knowing, a heart capable of loving it? Like the child of the poor, has he not passions to subdue, and passions still more formidable, because he has greater opportunities of indulging them? Do not the allurements of pleasure and banqueting, the illusions of pride and of fortune, expose them to a thousand dangers from which the poor child is free? Knowledge itself, if not accompanied by moral training, will it not reveal to the rich the disordered licentiousness of the opinions and passions of man, without enabling him to resist seducing maxims and pernicious examples? In the midst of so many obstacles and dangers, what prudence, what skill, what courageous and persevering zeal, ought the master to have, to whom a father entrusts the care of educating his children, of protecting their innocence, of planting and nourishing in their souls the precious germs of science and virtue? Here, indeed, the spirit of sacrifice is specially necessary. At all hours the master should watch over his pupils, and instruct them in their duties, more by his example than his words; he should counteract their levity by his patience, their pride by his humility, their effeminacy by the austerity of his life, their revenge and hatred by his meekness and his charity. Can we be surprised, then, if the masters who gave the most solid education, if those who most successfully inspired the most heroic virtues—disinterestedness, respect for the laws, love of family and country—have always been those who were themselves most profoundly penetrated with the spirit of sacrifice? if the masters most esteemed by parents, most celebrated for the education of youth, if those whom Leibnitz, Vincent of Paul, Henry the Fourth, Bossuet, and Fénelon, regarded as the wisest and most experienced, were modest religious, who bade an eternal adieu to the riches, the pleasures, and honours of the earth, by the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience.”

If Baron Cauchy wished by these remarks to claim the education of the youth of France as the exclusive right of any religious order, or even to confer any privileges on any of their colleges, there would be some grounds for charging him with reviving the partial and class-legislation of the old regime. But he asks no privilege. Cordially accepting the

French charter, he insists on its stipulations, which guarantee the free exercise of religion, and ought not therefore to compel a Catholic to have his child educated by M. Cousin, who denied the Incarnation, and, if not the existence, at least those attributes of God, upon a belief of which all morality depends. He demands liberty of education, as due, not only to the Church, but to science itself; for the palmiest days of Grecian sophistry never saw such monstrous systems of morals and metaphysics as now gambol through the howling abyss of the French university. Yet, there is a society in France, which, if it could not suppress this intellectual anarchy, could at least make it comparatively harmless.

“I suppose you are the friend of science, and love to find, in those who cultivate it, that candour and modesty which are the brightest ornaments of talent. You love literature, sound philosophy, and the progress of knowledge. You love amicable discussion, clear and precise dissertations. You wish that science should be presented to you without pomp or ostentation,—with benevolence, mildness, and charity, so that the savant or literary character should be one whom you would wish to make your friend. Well then, there exists a society to which we owe classical works, in literature, morals, and philosophy,—learned treatises on the origin, languages, manners, and institutions of various nations; useful and important discoveries in the arts and sciences; in medicine the most precious specific quinine; in physics the invention of the air balloons; and the first experiments that led to a knowledge of that singular phenomenon, the refraction of light; a society which had a great share in the reform of the Calendar: which gave to mathematics, physics, and astronomy, Scheiner, Clavius, Gaubil, Guldin, Kircher, Grimaldi, Lana, Boscovich; to the art of fortification and naval tactics, Breuil and L. Hoste; to history, Petavius, Sirmond, Daniel, Duhalde, Charlevoix, Premare, Eckhel; to Christian philosophy, Buffier, Bellarmine, Lugo, Suarez, Vasquez,” &c.

The society which formed all these illustrious men is, at this moment, ready to take as high a part in education as ever. The French Jesuits have amongst them men, who, for oratory, science, or historical research, are not inferior to the greatest lights of the order. The philosophers themselves cannot deny it. But the learning of the Jesuits is their crime, not their shield. Had they not kept pace with the progress of science, they would be feeble competitors of university monopoly; but when the Institute of France passes a merited encomium on their splendid contribution to archaeological science, their treatises on the differential calculus, their astronomical observations, and even gives the

gold medal to the monographs of Père Martin and Cahier, it would not be safe for the university, though it would be a blessing to science, to allow such men to take a part in public instruction. Baron Cauchy thus sums up his proofs, and demands—

“ We have proved that the first duty of our times is not to oppose but to promote the exercise of evangelical perfection, and we have seen that facts themselves incontestably demonstrate our position. We have seen the immense services done by the Sisters of Charity, the ‘ Sœurs de Bon Secours,’ the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and finally, by the disciples of Ignatius Loyola. \* \* \* We could mention many other orders whose labours, inspired and directed by the same spirit of sacrifice, have been eminently useful. We could urge the services rendered to agriculture by the order of St. Bernard; to prisoners and the deranged, by the Brothers of St. John of God; to the missions by the Franciscans, Lazarists, and Dominicans; to the education of young ladies by the religious of the Sacré Cœur. We have said enough to convince all who sincerely seek the truth, that the religious orders give to society, not ignorance, darkness, and barbarism, but science, light, and civilization. Our proposition is so evident that, wherever true liberty reigns, the people affectionately cherish the religious orders. In order to make them produce the fruits of benediction and life in the soil where they are planted, *it is by no means necessary that men should give their oppressive and often fatal protection to the work of the Almighty; it is merely required that tyrannical laws should not punish with proscription or exile those who have the confidence to presume that they please God,* when, at the expense of the greatest sacrifices, they devote themselves, without reserve, to the service of suffering humanity, the consolation of every affliction, and the education of youth.”

Let those whose Protestant reading may, perhaps, have associated the religious order with wealth and privileges heaped on useless members of society, mark the words in italics. The religious orders seek no privileges. They seek no connection with the state. They claim nothing more than was enjoyed by their brethren in the British empire. The Jesuit, the Lazarite, the Benedictine, demand now in the name of religious liberty, that protection which the charter gives every citizen in the exercise of his religion. The philosopher, not the monk, retrogrades. The latter adapts his institution to the times; the former calls for its suppression, and urges as his precedent, the absolute monarchy of Louis XV. The contest of liberty and religion against infidelity and tyranny will be hard fought, but when men like Baron Cauchy speak out, we have no fear of the result.

“I know that in some minds the prejudices which I combat begin to disappear. Great truths have been announced by men gifted with splendid talents and noble souls; and France never resists the united force of eloquence and virtue. France loves frank and open declarations, and is sure to listen to him who speaks to her with candour. There is every reason to hope that prejudice must one day disappear before truth; still, that happy day has not yet come—and even though it were, as I confidently hope, rapidly approaching, I do not wish to wait until France, being weary of proscribing and persecuting virtue, eloquence, and genius, there would be no merit in boldly proclaiming the truth.—I address, then to the lovers of science, to men of sense and candour, and especially to youth, these few reflexions which I am sure will not be displeasing. I remember, with delight, that during many long years I have seen them assembled around my chair, in the Polytechnic School, in the Faculty of Sciences, and in the College of France. I remember, with pleasure, that the course of studies which I was allowed to direct during that time was attended not only by eminent men from all quarters of Europe, and by most of the geometricians who have been since received into the academy, but also by humble religious, who are now eminent masters. Not to defend the latter, when attacked, would be to betray the duties of a father, who, when danger threatened, neglected to give aid to his sons, whose talents and virtue should be to him a subject of honourable pride.”

It is much to be regretted that the Baron has not taken a more comprehensive view of his subject. He has confined himself almost exclusively to the orders that exist in France. Had he followed in the track of Hurter, and sketched the origin, the objects, and services of the different orders, his *Considerations* would be much more useful, especially at a time when historical studies are so much prized in France. But we perceive that others have already applied to past ages the principle by which he tests the social usefulness of religious orders in the present. His work is useful rather as illustrating the contests of the Church in France, than as adding anything to what even the Protestant literature of England confesses were the merits of the religious orders. His *Considerations*, we hope, will have their effect with the friends of science, to whom they are addressed, and protect from the attacks of infidelity, asylums where religion and knowledge are more usefully combined than the poet pictures.

Knowledge, methinks, in these disordered times,  
Should be allowed a privilege to have  
Her anchorites like piety of old ;

Men, who from faction sacred, and unstained  
 By war, might, if so minded, turn aside,  
 Uncensured and subsist,—a scattered few  
 Living to God and nature, and content  
 With that communion. Consecrated be  
 The spots where such abide.

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ART. V.—*Gesammelte Schriften des Verfassers der Ostereier Christoph von Schmid.* (The collected works of Christopher von Schmid, author of the *Easter Eggs*.) 15 vols. 12mo. Augsburg: 1842-3.

“I DO not wish my people,” said King Lewis of Bavaria, in opening his new University at Munich, “to be learned at the expense of religion, nor religious at the expense of learning.” It was a noble sentiment, well worthy of a Christian king. This judicious combination of religious and secular knowledge is the ideal of a solid Christian literature. Perhaps it is idle to discuss such an ideal in a country possessing a literature like ours; but at all events it is useful to tend towards it, as an ideal, in order that, if we cannot hope to realize it fully, we may at least seize every opportunity which gives promise of improvement.

We have long contemplated a notice of the charming little series of moral tales which stands at the head of these pages; and indeed it speaks badly for the condition of English Catholic literature, that the works of Canon von Schmid should need any introduction at our hands. The good old canon has long been a familiar and honoured friend at every fireside in Catholic Germany, France, Switzerland, and Italy; and it is no credit to the taste and enterprise of our publishers that his works are not equally familiar among ourselves. The copy before us is a last edition, revised by the venerable author himself, after nearly half a century of uninterrupted popularity all over the continent; and yet we doubt whether the author's name is known to one in ten even of the educated portion of our community. His history, it is true, has but little of romance, to give it interest; and his popularity is of that quiet kind which is not likely to attract the attention of the learned; but his history should endear him to every true friend of religion, and his popularity has



the best mark of genuineness ;—it is greatest among those for whom his writings were intended. He is the idol of the young generation, not alone of Germany, but of the entire continent.

The history of his tales is rather remarkable. They were commenced without any idea of publication. The author, soon after receiving holy orders, was appointed to the administration of a parish, to which the care of a public school was attached, and afterwards became director of a numerous seminary. Partly with the view of beguiling the tedium of instruction, partly of conveying it in the most attractive and interesting form, he drew up a series of simple stories, illustrative of the moral and religious lessons he meant to impart, which he made it a practice to dictate for the pupils after school hours, on days upon which they had displayed more than ordinary diligence. The lesson was thus at once an incentive and a reward of industry. The tales were eagerly looked for, and enthusiastically received. Their moral influence far exceeded the most sanguine hopes of the unpretending author ; and the effect which he found them produce on his own immediate circle of pupils, induced him to consent that they should be printed for general circulation. Every year has added to their popularity. Edition has followed edition throughout every state in Germany ; and in foreign countries, especially in France, not only have all the tales been translated, but two, and sometimes even three, rival translations of the same tale have made their appearance.

The circumstances under which they were composed were certainly very favourable. The author did not write at random, as is too often the case, and without any definite object beyond the amusement of the hour. In habitual contact with those for whom he wrote, perfectly familiar with the words and thoughts best suited to their comprehension, and possessing abundant opportunities of discovering the avenues by which their hearts were best approached, he was able to accommodate himself to them, and, in them, to the whole youthful generation. He saw at a glance what incident would affect the young heart ; what idea would lay hold on the young imagination ; what form of argument or illustration was adapted to the young understanding. He had, in the little circle for which he read his simple tale, the best and most instructive of all criticism—the criticism of experience. He saw without an effort what it was that brought the tear to the eye, and the flush to the cheeks of his little hearers. He saw, too, what was heard without emotion, and passed

away without leaving an echo in their hearts. Many a laboured and high-wrought description was reluctantly retrenched, in deference to this practical criticism; many a simple and unstudied narrative became yet more simple, when its effectiveness was established by the best test of success—the unequivocal and undisguised emotion with which it was received. And it can hardly be matter of surprise, that books written and corrected under such circumstances, though intended for a small circle in an obscure village of Bavaria, and filled with provincial idioms and local allusions, should have met with universal favour through the length and breadth of Germany; because they aimed at the universal human heart, and addressed it in language which all alike must understand—the language of the affections, the source of simplicity and truth.

The material of the tales is just as simple as their manner. Some of them are purely imaginative; others are derived from the personal experience of the author; others are founded on events in more remote history,—in the early ages of Christianity, or the Crusades, or the struggle of the Moors in Spain, or the long and sanguinary thirty-years' war of Germany. Some of them have an elaborate and complicated plot, others are but a slender thread, whereon to hang the moral lesson which they are intended to convey. Some are told in the form of letters, others of the direct narrative. Some are for mere children, others for a more advanced generation. But whatever the primary object, there is no one who may not read them with pleasure. They resemble Miss Edgeworth's admirable juvenile tales in this respect; that, while they are not too elevated for the tenderest and most infantile capacity, the most learned may not scorn to derive wisdom from their perusal. In some of them there is a considerable variety of characters; in others the action is confined to one or two individuals. But whether the canvass be large or small, the sketch is always worthy of a master-hand; and whatever variety of characters it discovers, the prominent and striking figures of the piece never fail to tell a tale which all may learn with profit,—of virtue, and its reward, or of crime, and the judgment it invariably brings in its train.

It will be seen, however, from what we have said of their history, that these tales were mainly intended for juvenile readers; indeed, some of them are professedly addressed to very young children. We confess, this is the very last de-

partment in which we should have expected to find a German author attain any considerable success. There seems to be something so vague and dreamy,—so absorbed in speculation, and so forgetful of practice, in the very constitution of the German mind, that we could hardly hope to see it lower itself to the humble sphere in which alone the youthful reader is at home. And indeed, overlooked and disregarded as is this department of literature, it is one which requires a rare combination of qualities,—genius of no ordinary character, coupled with great tact of delivery. It is only the author who possesses both these gifts, that will ever be able to hit off successfully the things which are suited to the youthful mind; and, what is still more difficult, to place them before it, in a light sufficiently clear and strong to engage and interest its attention, without at the same time releasing it from the necessity of so much exertion on its own part, as is indispensable for the due development of its powers. It is not enough to teach, nor even to teach in a pleasing and interesting strain. The young student must be stimulated to enquire; and a taste must be created in his mind for self-instruction. There is a large class of modern juvenile books which we can hardly open with common patience; some of them in the shape of tales, others of catechisms, grammars, or compendious expositions of the different branches of juvenile education. They seem to proceed on the principle, that the pupil's mind is an intellectual vacuum; and the only test of utility they appear to regard, is the actual amount of positive knowledge which it is possible to pump into it in a given time, and with a given literary apparatus. They forget that the great object of juvenile education, is far more the development of the mind, and its preparation to avail itself, at a maturer stage, of the advantages which will be placed at its disposal, than the acquisition of any given amount of actual knowledge by an injudicious and jejune method. It is a vastly greater service to place in a man's hands the means of benefiting himself, than to confer upon him, without his own cooperation, actual favours to a far greater amount. And the most useful part of the process of acquiring knowledge, is that in which the mind, left unaided by the teacher, is yet stimulated and encouraged to develop itself, by pursuing the enquiry through the steps which it has been left to explore under its own direction.

Canon Schmid has in a great measure avoided this dangerous defect. He makes no attempt to teach natural phi-

losophy in his stories, nor does he even turn them to account (though this would be much less objectionable) for the purpose of conveying historical knowledge. The main end which he proposes is evidently to render reading agreeable to the young, and to combine, with the interest of the tale by which he seeks to effect this most desirable object, some useful moral or religious lesson, which will be sure to be remembered long after the medium through which it came has been effaced from the memory. If there be any defect in his tales, it is that he occasionally dwells too long upon his moral, and brings it too prominently forward; assuming too directly the office of professed instructor, instead of allowing his little pupils to draw in their own minds the conclusion which forms the moral of his tale.

Our account of the particular tales must necessarily be very brief and imperfect. They are above fifty in number, and occupy fifteen 12mo. volumes, averaging considerably above two hundred pages each. As they came from the author's hands, they were entirely without arrangement, each being written as the occasion arose. But the French translators, who never fail to exercise their own judgment in some shape or other on the book they undertake to translate, have divided them into series, according to the ages for which they appear to be best adapted. However, the venerable author has followed a different arrangement in the collected edition which he has published in his old age. His arrangement is based upon the different relations of the tales to the great end which all are intended to forward—the moral and religious training of the young reader. He begins, therefore, as he himself explains in a charming preface, with those tales which illustrate the knowledge and love of God and His unspeakable mercies to man, and which place before our eyes the blessed hopes beyond the grave for which we have been created. Thence he proceeds to the relations which subsist between God and us, illustrating, by the examples on which his tales are founded, the great general duties of faith, hope, and love. Then come examples of particular virtues—parents who brought up their children in piety and Christian virtue; children who were the staff and the joy of their parents' old age; brothers and sisters who left all for each other's sake; friends who sacrificed everything for their friends; husbands and wives who loved each other truly, though good and ill, with a Christian love; servants who faithfully served their masters under every temptation and every difficulty; masters who

made the happiness of their servants the study of their lives. And, of course, the effect is heightened by the introduction of warning examples of men who have departed from God, fallen away into sin, and drawn upon themselves the extreme, even of earthly misery. With all these are interspersed illustrations of the advantages derivable from the pious practices which the Christian religion prescribes;—whether the general practices—as prayer, meditation, &c., to which all Christians consider themselves obliged; or those specific devotions—as the use of the sacraments, the veneration of the saints, the consoling use of holy images—which are peculiar to the Catholic religion. In a word, the series is arranged as a sort of practical commentary upon the entire Christian code—a commentary the most useful and impressive which it is possible to devise, because it is, for the young reader, the representative of the actual experience by which he will afterwards learn to apply to himself the great obligations of the Christian religion.

It must not be supposed, however, that the tales are all directly and professedly religious in their character. The very titles will show that in a vast majority of cases it is otherwise; and indeed it is impossible not to be struck by the ingenuity and skill, with which the moral is not only engrafted upon the tale, but is made to form the very hinge upon which all its interest turns;—precisely that interest which is sure to fix the youthful attention. Let us take one of the stories as an example.

We select at random a little tale, entitled *The Best Inheritance* [“Das beste Erbtheil”]. The scene is laid in one of the free cities of Germany, towards the end of the eighteenth century, about fifty years after the close of the thirty years’ war. It is extremely simple; the characters are neither numerous nor elaborately described, being merely a merchant, Herr Vollmar, his wife and two children, together with a blind old man and his grandson, on whom the chief action of the plot is made to rest. Herr Vollmar had been one of the richest and most extensive merchants in the city, but by one of the ordinary vicissitudes of trade has been brought to the very verge of bankruptcy. The failure of an eminent house with which he had had extensive commercial transactions, carries away, at a single stroke, a large part of his property. Several minor failures, consequent upon the first, increase his embarrassments; and at length the wreck of a ship with a costly cargo, precipitates the ruin which had before seemed

all but inevitable. His business engagements, which this cargo was intended to meet, are heavy and pressing; and though his property, if at once available, is fully adequate to the discharge of all obligations, yet he is unable to command the resources necessary to meet engagements actually pressing upon him. In vain he applies to old friends whom he had often similarly obliged, One politely regrets that he is himself in similar straits. Another openly and unfeelingly declares his doubts of Vollmar's ability to repay the advances: and, to complete his distress, the banker who holds his largest bills refuses to forego his claim even for a single day.

In the gloomy and desponding state consequent on the failure of all his efforts, poor Vollmar goes, almost broken-spirited, to his garden in one of the suburbs of the city, and while he sits there, gloomily pondering on the ruin which is before himself and his little family, he overhears a conversation which passes outside the garden between a blind man of aged and venerable appearance, and a little boy, who turns out to be the old man's grandchild. Their dress and look bespoke extreme, but yet decent, poverty; and their soiled and travel-worn appearance gave evidence of their having made a long and fatiguing journey. From their conversation it appears that they have come from a remote village, the old man having been induced, by the fame of a celebrated oculist of this city, to undertake the long and distressing journey in the hope of recovering his sight, which had been destroyed by cataract. But, now that he is at the very gate, his courage begins to fail him. He feels, for the first time, in their full strength, the difficulties which he has to encounter—an utter stranger in this vast city, his money almost exhausted by the journey, and unable any longer to support himself by the labour of his hands. But the little boy does his best to encourage him. We must translate the simple little dialogue:

“Don't be afraid, dearest grandfather,” said the boy. “Even if our money should run out, I will pray and beg hard of the rich people of the city to take pity on you. They will not be so hard-hearted as to let you die in hunger and distress. And then, never forget the proverb, ‘The old God is still alive!’ You always tell me so yourself. He will take care of us, and put us in the way of some charitable folk or other.”

“I trust so,” said his grandfather; “but still I am cast down, and cannot shake off my anxiety.”

“See, dearest grandfather,” said the boy, “I have led you thus far by the hand. Do you think I could now run away from you,

and leave you here alone? Do not think more lowly of our dear God than you would of a simple boy. That would be a great sin.'

"'You are right, dear Aloysius,' said the old man; 'God, who has led us hither, will not forsake us. He will still watch over the poor blind man.'"

Herr Vollmar, who had distinctly heard this conversation, was deeply moved :

"'My God!' said he—'to be blind—not to be able to see the beautiful blue sky, the green trees, the flowers, the sun, the faces of men,—this is hard! This affliction is far greater than the loss which is before me. I still have both my eyes, sound and whole; and though I were to lose the whole of my fortune, what would it be compared with the loss of my eyes? How well those poor people, this good old man and this sweet boy, know how to console themselves in their misery by confidence in God! It would not be right for me to be less trustful in him.'"

While he is in this meditative mood, he is joined by his wife and children, to whom he tells the story of the strangers. The mother's heart is moved with pity for the poor child and his aged grandfather :

"'Dearest Frederick,' said she to her husband, 'what would you think, if we were to take this old man and the dear little boy into our house?'

"'What?' said Vollmar, 'is it now? in our present circumstances? The whole city would cry out against us. We are ourselves, perhaps, in danger of being soon as poor as these poor people!'

"'Ah!' said his wife, 'you are too desponding. I still have hopes. And though we were to lose the greater part of our property, we should even still, please God, have enough to be able to give a meal to a blind old man and a poor child. What these poor people would cost us will make no great change in our present circumstances. We can give them a room in our large house without its costing us a penny, and their support will make no notable difference in our house, where, at times, above twenty dine every day. Let us take them in. Christ our Lord says: 'Be ye merciful, and ye shall find mercy!'

"'Well,' said Vollmar, 'though you be of the weaker sex, you have more courage than I. Be it so; we will give them food and lodging, and call in the oculist, who, by-the-bye, is our family physician, to the old man.'

"The old man here stood up; the boy took him by the hand, and led him on. They went very slowly. The lady went to her children and said; 'Come with me, Max!' Both the children followed her to the garden gate, 'See!' said she, 'there on the footpath, is walking a blind old man, with a little boy leading him. Tell them to come to us here in the garden; that we wish to speak with them.'

“The children ran as fast as they could, and gave the message.”

“When the old man and the boy, accompanied by the children, came near the gate, Herr Vollmar and his generous wife were standing there to meet them. They manifested the liveliest sympathy with the old man in his blindness; praised the boy who had taken so much care of him, and offered to provide for them both in their house till the cure of his eyes should be quite complete. The old man felt as though he had fallen from the heavens. ‘Good God!’ said he, clasping his hands, ‘trust in Thee is never in vain!’

“‘Now you see, dear grandfather,’ said the boy, ‘that God never forsakes His own!’”—vol. xii. pp. 100-5.

Among the disclosures contained in the report of the Irish poor-law inquiry, there was none which excited more astonishment than the extent to which, among our poor countrymen, the duty of supporting the poor devolved upon the poorest and most distressed of the agricultural population. Even still this generous reliance on Providence, which the good old canon so beautifully expresses in the passage here cited, is daily manifested by our peasantry under the pressure of poverty, which, in other countries, would be considered absolute famine. Yet the charity thus bestowed, is bestowed without a grudge, in the true Christian confidence that it will not pass without its reward.

This then, it will be seen, is the moral of the canon's tale. Upon this act of disinterested benevolence, the whole plot is made to turn, and by a beautiful retribution, it is made the means of delivering the good merchant and his family from the ruin which hung over them.

The blind man and his grandchild are brought home and treated with the utmost tenderness; and as soon as he is sufficiently restored after the fatigue of the journey, the physician proceeds to perform the operation for cataract. It is entirely successful. After a few days of total darkness, the patient is removed to a small cabinet, which, as being dimly lighted, and painted green, is intended gradually to prepare his eyes to bear the full glare of daylight. The only ornament of this quiet little apartment, is a beautiful *Ecce Homo*, an old and very valuable picture, which had been, for generations, a cherished heir-loom in the merchant's family, and for which an English visitor had, a short time before, vainly offered a large sum of money. The moment the old man sees this very striking piece, he recognizes it, at a glance, as a picture which he had once seen before on a very memorable occasion, when he had served as a mason's



journeyman, in this very city, full fifty years before. This fortunate recognition leads to the recovery of the good merchant's fortunes.

Vollmar's grandfather had been one of the first merchants in the city in which his grandson still resided, but which, in the unsettled state of Germany during the thirty years' war, had suffered more, from both the contending parties, than perhaps any other city of the empire. On occasion of sudden alarm, created by the menaced advance of one of the armies, he, with many others of his fellow citizens, had been compelled to fly; and, as the only means of securing his treasures in those unsettled times, he resolved to deposit them in a vault many feet under ground, and far below the reach of pillage and even of conflagration. With this view he despatched a trusty messenger to the builder whom he had been in the habit of employing, to request his assistance in a matter of great importance; but the builder, unable to come himself, was obliged to send a youthful assistant, with an assurance, however, that the fullest reliance might be placed upon his honesty and trustworthiness. That assistant was the blind man, whom the old merchant's grandson had now so charitably taken into his house; and the secret of the hidden treasure, which, by a series of unlucky chances, had perished with the grandsire, was thus happily recovered for his descendant, in the hour of his utmost need!

The old man retained a perfect recollection of the spot, and the treasure—an immense sum of gold and silver, besides a large quantity of jewels and family plate—is found untouched and whole. The cases in which it was contained held also a will, drawn up by the old merchant, which is a perfect sample of the wise and pious feelings of the good old times. The property is all recovered without the slightest trouble, and is amply sufficient, not only to enable the merchant to discharge all his obligations, and regain the position from which he was in danger of falling, but also to make a munificent provision for the good old man and his grandchild, who had been, under Providence, the instruments of this happy discovery.

There is a little moral in the winding up of the tale, which we transcribe as a sample of the author's manner.

Vollmar, his wife, and children, are seated at table (in the same garden where they had first met) with the old man and his grandchild, on the eve of their departure to their native place. The conversation, of course, turns upon the merciful

interference of Providence, by which the family had been rescued from ruin.

“‘It was a lucky chance for me,’ said the old man, ‘or rather a merciful arrangement of God, that Herr Vollmar saw me sitting yonder, and heard my conversation with my grandson.’

“‘Yes, worthiest of men,’ he continued, ‘I cannot repeat it often enough. It was God who moved your heart to take pity, though yourself in the greatest embarrassment, on my distress, and receive me so kindly into your house. Ah, as I then sat upon that spot, blind and enveloped in darkness, within my soul still deeper darkness dwelt. How my heart trembled for my prospects, old and strange as I was in the great populous city. How happy am I now, that I have got back both my eyes, just as good as new! Blind and poor came I hither: I return seeing and laden with gifts! What joy shall I bring to my home, where my son, his wife and children, will be raised up from care and relieved from distress. Oh, I am unworthy of all the mercy my God has shown me!’

“‘To us too,’ said Madame Vollmar, ‘He has been equally gracious and merciful. We were in imminent danger, not only of losing our house and our garden outside of the city, but of being reduced to a very poor condition, and exposed besides to a good deal of neglect and scorn. God has used you, dear old father, as an angel, to show us where assistance lay ready prepared for us. Ah, even at the very time when our grandfather, by your hands, placed this treasure in that secret vault, our good God had ordained to show a great mercy to us and to you! He foresaw this very hour, in which we rejoice here in common, and praise his goodness. He gave his blessing to the great treasure which our grandfather laid up for us!’

“‘Yes, yes,’ said Max; ‘the rich treasure, which our grandfather left for us, is a princely inheritance.’

“‘Dear Max,’ said his father, ‘I know a still better inheritance, which has come down to us from our ancestors.’

“‘A greater treasure than all the gold and silver!’ said Max, in amazement.

“‘And than the beautiful sparkling jewels,’ said Fanny, ‘which are worth more than a heap of gold and silver!’

“‘All the gold and silver, and all the jewels in the world, are nothing compared with the treasure that I mean,’ said their father.

“‘And do you really know where this treasure is hidden?’ said Max.

“‘It is no hidden treasure’ replied his father. ‘Every one that is not entirely devoid of feeling can find it.’

“‘Oh! I know now what my father means,’ said Max. ‘It is the beautiful *Ecce Homo*. My mother often said there was a special blessing on it. And had my father sold it the time the Englishman offered so much money for it, we should never have found the treasure which was hidden in our house.’

“Neither is it the beautiful picture that I mean,” returned his father, “though it is of great value, both on account of the painter’s skill, and, still more, of Him whom it represents. THE BEST INHERITANCE, which your ancestors inherited from their own and transmitted to us, and which I hope will be your inheritance too, is—FEAR OF GOD, PIETY, VIRTUE, AND INTEGRITY. It was of this that the Lord Christ himself said, when Mary the sister of Martha sat at his feet, solely intent on hearing and keeping his word, ‘One thing is necessary. Mary hath chosen the better part, which shall not be taken away from her.’”—pp. 141-4.

We cannot help thinking this is extremely beautiful; and, what is still more important, admirably calculated to produce a lasting impression on the youthful mind. An ordinary writer might have been content with exciting the interest of the reader for the worthy merchant, struggling with undeserved embarrassments, and then inventing some pretty incident by which he should be rescued from his difficulties. But the good old canon knew the young mind better, and made his own charity and benevolence the direct, though unforeseen, instrument of his deliverance.

The same idea is to be found, in a variety of shapes, in several other tales. We may instance one very pretty and instructive story, “The Wooden Cross” (*Das Holzernes Kreuz*). Sophia, the heroine of this delightful tale, was a poor orphan girl, the child of humble but virtuous parents, whom she lost at a very early age. She was adopted, under circumstances of great interest, by a charitable and pious lady, who, as long as she lived, treated her with all the tenderness and affection of a second mother—an affection amply returned by the grateful and gentle girl. At length her benefactress dies, bequeathing to Sophia a small competence, suited to her rank of life, and fully adequate to all her humble wishes. The old lady’s will further entitles her to select from among the family jewels whatever set she may think proper, as a memorial of her departed friend. Sophia is, of course, advised to choose the most costly, but her own grateful heart directs her choice, in preference, to a simple WOODEN CROSS, valueless in itself, but endeared to the gentle girl because it had been held in the dying hand, and pressed to the expiring lips, of her pious protectress.

The choice is, of course, derided by her vain and worldly-minded companions; but Sophia is consoled by a consciousness of having loved truly and gratefully. And her disinterestedness is not left without its reward.

Years pass on, and Sophia is not without her share of those

troubles which seem inseparable from our common lot; but, through them all, she finds her best support and consolation at the foot of that little cross, which is the only memorial of her kind friend. At length reduced, by a series of misfortunes, to the last extremity of distress, and on the point of being stript of the last little remnant of her property, she turns in her affliction to her habitual consoler. The scene is extremely affecting, and written with great power. At the close of her prayer, while she still holds the precious cross in her hands, a spring opens, a bright sparkling stone is seen within, and the plain and valueless wooden cross is found to be but the outer case of a diamond cross of such value as to raise her above all her difficulties, and to secure her a happy competence for the remainder of her life.

In another of the stories (*Ludwig, der kleine Auswanderer*), a poor peasant and his wife, struggling with the most pinching poverty, and burthened with a large and helpless family for whom their efforts are barely sufficient to provide, have courage and charity enough to take upon themselves, without hope of reward or even of indemnity, the care and maintenance of a young boy, who has been lost by his parents during the war, and left entirely friendless and unaided. This act of charity proves to be their own salvation in the hour of distress. At the very moment when they are upon the point of being ejected from their little tenement for non-payment of rent, a sum of money is found in the boy's clothes, which relieves them from all embarrassment; and this extraordinary circumstance itself leads to the discovery of the parents, and the restoration of the long-lost child. What happier mode could be devised of conveying the little moral of charity and compassion for the distressed? And how would it be possible to fix it more firmly in the mind of the youthful reader?

There are others of the stories in which the same moral is coupled with a little more of romance. Thus in "The Water-pitcher" (*Das Wasser-krug*), a staid, matter-of-fact old merchant, who had spent his life among his account-books—and who, though his dealings have all been marked by the strictest honour and integrity, and his private charities have been most profuse, yet never had got credit with the public for a single grain of disinterestedness, not to say generosity, in his composition—is made the chief actor in a tale, romantic enough for the most fastidious critic. He accidentally meets in the evening, and in an obscure part of the city, a young girl, whose appearance is far beyond the menial office in which

he finds her engaged, of carrying water on her head in a rude pitcher of the commonest earthenware. He is tempted to make inquiries, and finds, with some difficulty, that she is the daughter of a respectable but poverty-stricken widow, and that the water is intended for a poor bed-ridden servant of her family, who, in better days, had been her nurse, but is now reduced to the very lowest extremity of distress. Discovering, by further investigation, that this is but a single trait of a most charming and amiable character, he makes himself fully acquainted with all the circumstances; and when his son—a youth of the highest promise, and whose alliance would be eagerly courted by the proudest of the land—returns from his travels, manages, by a little of that diplomacy which fathers and mothers understand, to throw him into the way of this interesting girl. An intimacy ensues—the father wisely abstains from interfering—it ripens into esteem and affection; and in the end, to the astonishment of the entire city, this seemingly cold and calculating father, who during life had had no other apparent wish than to accumulate money, bestows his blessing upon their union, in which the virtue and beauty of the bride were her only fortune.

So also in "The Rose-tree" (*Das Rosen-stock*), honest gratitude meets a similar reward. A rich merchant is plunged into the greatest affliction by the sudden intelligence of the wreck of a ship in which his son, the object of all his hopes and affections, was returning from England. Grief for this loss, added to the pressure of other afflictions, brings the old man in sorrow to the grave. He dies, while in the act of dictating a will in favour of an old and trusted clerk, to whose zeal, industry, and integrity, he has owed most of his success. The will, however, is incomplete, and the inheritance passes to the next of kin, to be distributed in the proportions fixed by the law. As too frequently happens in such cases, the sudden accession of unexpected wealth is a source of endless contentions among the relations. Each intent solely on appropriating as large an amount of the spoil as possible, they all forget the memory of him to whom they owe it. The old clerk is not only excluded from the provision which his master had contemplated, but rudely dismissed from the service which he had long and faithfully occupied; and, what is still more disgraceful, the grave of their deceased benefactor is left without even a stone to mark where he is laid. The poor clerk feels bitterly not only his own treatment, but still more the neglect of his beloved master's memory; and his daughter,

as the only mark of respect their little means afford, plants on the fresh grave a rose-bush, which she tends with her own hands.

Meanwhile, just when the newly-enriched relations were only beginning to enjoy the wealth for which they were making so ungrateful a return, the lost heir, who had escaped from the wreck by one of the ordinary chances of romance, suddenly appears. He sees at a glance the real state of things,—the heartlessness and ingratitude of his father's relations, and the hypocrisy with which they seek to deceive himself. He learns, upon the other hand, the piety and affection for his father's memory manifested by the good old clerk and his daughter; and finding that her other qualifications are in keeping with the grateful heart she had displayed, he completes the disappointment and discomfiture of his ungrateful relations, by marrying the humble and virtuous maiden, and sharing with her and her father the riches of which their selfishness had proved them unworthy.

The effect produced by these examples of virtue, is backed by frequent and moving illustrations of the sad effects of sin and crime. And by the same principle of retribution which tells so happily in the cases already described, the unhappy sinner is frequently represented as the instrument of his own punishment. There is especially one characteristic of these most instructive stories in which they differ from a large class unhappily too popular among us,—the crime is seldom allowed to pass, without a full illustration of the remorse by which it is invariably followed. Not that the author dwells upon that phase of this fearful passion, which many of our English artists affect to portray, which consumes without improving the heart. This would be a painful and profitless picture. The Canon's warning page displays rather that saving and salutary sorrow which "worketh unto penance," and which, by arming the sinner against himself, disarms for him the justice of the God whom he had offended. And it is a circumstance pregnant with instruction, that among the many shades of crime which he depicts in his various tales, there is but one to which he assigns the most fearful of all judgments—an impenitent death-bed. The murderer, the thief, the public robber, the hardened profligate, the unhappy victim of unrestrained passion,—all are reclaimed in the end; and die confessing their sins, and admitting the justice of their punishment. It is only avarice, narrow hard-heartedness, insensibility to the wants of the poor, and undutifulness

to parents in old age, that are visited with the poetical justice of final impenitence. We allude to the story of *The Flower-basket* (*Das Blumen-körbchen*), one of the most affecting in the entire series.

Another equally admirable characteristic of the good Canon's tales, is the sound and healthy tone which pervades them. We never find him introducing into his tales as a principle of action, or setting up as a standard of morality, that false and hollow sentiment of which we meet so much in novels generally,—a mere natural sense of honour and of integrity, abstracted altogether from the moral obligations of Christianity. Nor, on the other hand, are we pursued at every turn by that silly and sickly sentimentality (not to use a truer and harder name), which in all our standard fiction is sure to form the beginning, and the middle, and the end. We abstract altogether from the unhappy consequences, in a religious point of view, of the false and unhealthy tone of mind engendered thereby, and the vast amount of moral injury which it is calculated, of its own nature, to produce. But even looking merely to the social results, it is impossible not to feel that they are most pernicious. If fiction, judiciously managed, have any practical utility beyond the temporary amusement of a vacant hour, it can only be, that it is calculated to fit the reader for the better discharge of his social duties. Unhappily the specimens of fiction which we constantly meet fall very far short of attaining even this low standard of utility. On the contrary, how many a sensible head has been turned, how many an innocent heart has been corrupted, by the deleterious trash with which the youthful reader is beset at every turn! How many have been dissatisfied and disgusted with their condition in life, taught to look up for better and higher things than, in the ordinary course of events, it is reasonable for them to expect; and to let slip, in the ambitious pursuit of these unsubstantial shadows, the solid prospects for which nature, education, and position, had destined them. If the dissemination of the tales of Canon Schmid were not to produce any effect beyond the expulsion of this "perilous stuff," we should look on it as beneficial in the highest degree. Nothing could be better or more judicious than their spirit in this particular. There are but few examples to be found of individuals raised, by any extraordinary combination of good fortune, to a rank notably beyond that in which they were born; and in the cases which are related of such success (as in *The Nightingale* and *Christmas-eve*),

their elevation is ascribed to causes which could not possibly be misinterpreted, or produce an injurious effect. The general tendency of the tales is rather to make men content with fulfilling conscientiously the obligations of their actual state, and to trust for the rest to God's good providence. In the simple narratives of this wise old teacher, young men attain to success, each in his own department,—become eminent merchants or artists, or skilful mechanics in an humbler grade. But hardly any are raised to extraordinary rank. It was wrong, he thought,—though it might have a useful influence on a few individuals,—to set before the mass of his readers examples which it would be stark folly for the vast majority to think of imitating; or to hold out rewards of industry to which it would be madness for them to aspire. On the same principle, his pages contain no examples of young girls captivating their admirers at first sight; effecting brilliant conquests by the power of their beauty and accomplishments; triumphing over all the difficulties which over-wise parents and friends placed in their way; and, in the end, forming magnificent alliances in a rank far above their own. How much of reality and truth is sacrificed, in the common run of tales of fiction, to the false interest created by these romantic triumphs of beauty! How seldom do we meet such occurrences in real life; and what a fatal mistake to place such books in the hands of the young generation, necessarily creating impressions, as they do, and engendering hopes, which, in the vast majority of cases, cannot possibly be realized!

These general remarks will serve to give an idea of the manner in which Canon von Schmid acquits himself of the duty of instructing the young. They will also, perhaps, account for the enthusiasm with which his works have been received upon the Continent. It would not be fair to close without translating one or two passages as a specimen of his simple and unstudied, but extremely interesting manner. The reader is not to expect any display of fine writing, or any pretension to profound or original thought. The author's great object was utility; and to this he seems to sacrifice all else beside,—eloquence, philosophy, scenic effect. But there is in his pages, notwithstanding, more of natural eloquence, true philosophy, and real dramatic power, than may be met in many a far more ambitious writer. Take, for example, this nocturnal inundation of the Rhine:—

“But this good and happy family were soon visited by a great affliction. Winter set in, more severe than had been known within



the memory of man. An enormous mass of snow covered the mountains and valleys. The cold was terrific. The Rhine was frozen a full ell deep, and as hard as marble; and it was feared that the breaking up of the ice would occasion great inundations, and be attended with fearful destruction. At length, a rapid thaw set in, but as yet no imminent danger was apprehended.

“Martin, with his little family, lay sound asleep, when, on a sudden, he was aroused at midnight by the alarm-bell; signal guns were fired, and he heard a fearful roaring of water. He jumped hastily out of bed, flung on his clothes, and ran out of the room to see what was the matter. But the outer room and porch were already so full of water that he was obliged to wade through it; and, when he opened the door, a torrent rushed in with such violence, that he was almost flung to the ground. He flew back to the room, and cried, ‘Ah, Ottilia, let us first of all save our children!’ Ottilia, still half asleep, tottered out of bed, and hurried on her most necessary clothes, in the utmost confusion. The wretched parents endeavoured to make their way with the children to the vineyard upon the hills; but the swollen flood rushed so strong against them, that they were unable to reach it. They then attempted to gain another height at the opposite side of the village. But the night was so dark, that they could not see a staff before them. The moon had long gone down, and the stars were hidden by dark clouds. It rained heavily, too, and the storm howled fearfully. A deep flood rushed through the streets of the village, and covered every passage. The poor parents were afraid every step they made that they would be overwhelmed in the rush of waters; and their children, who had been so suddenly waked out of their sleep, cried and screamed loudly. Shrieks of terror echoed from every house.

“Meanwhile, a few torches appeared in the village above; and their deep-red glare revealed to sight the terrors which till now could but be heard. Hundreds of men were straining all their might to escape a fearful death in the waters by which they were surrounded. Wherever the eye fell, it encountered nothing but misery and danger. At the lowest window of a little hut, stood a distracted mother, with her children crying around her, and handed them out, one after the other, to the father, to save them, though he himself, sunk up to his breast in the raging torrent, could hardly maintain himself upon his feet. Sons and daughters were carrying their sick mother out of the house, to save her from the flood which had already burst in. The poor creatures were all in the utmost danger of perishing together in the flood; but a body of hardy and charitable men came to their aid, and rescued them from their peril.

“Ottilia, with a child upon each arm, was carried away by the force of the water; her husband, equally encumbered by the children, was unable to assist her; but two powerful men hastened to

their aid, rescued the mother and children, and reached the neighbouring height along with their father. Then they lighted a large fire under the pine-trees, at which the entire body of those who were saved, and who were thoroughly drenched with water, might make a shift to dry themselves.

“When Ottilia, breathless and almost insensible, had reached the top of the hill, and recovered a little from her terror, she looked round, and exclaimed in a voice of horror, ‘Where is my youngest child? where is my Caspar?’ The baby had been laid in the cradle by the mother’s bed side; but the water burst so suddenly, and in such a torrent, into the room, that the cradle was at once floated from the ground, and carried out of its place. The mother had instantly endeavoured to grasp the cradle in the dark, but not finding it in its place, she concluded that her husband had already carried the cradle and the child to a place of safety, and thenceforward thought only of saving the rest of the children. Now that she discovered her error, she clasped her hands above her head, and cried and sobbed so piteously, that it might have touched the heart of a stone. She attempted to rise up at once, and hasten back through the foaming flood to her house, to rescue her darling babe from a fearful death in the waters. But the father held her back: ‘Stay here! dear Ottilia!’ said he: ‘you would never reach our house in safety. The torrent rushes too strong, and would overpower you. I will try to save the dear child; our true neighbours will stand by me!’ ‘Yes, that we will!’ cried the two men who had saved Ottilia and her two children. They provided themselves with long staves to sound for bottom, and to support themselves upon, and set out without delay, one of them bearing a lighted torch in his hand.

“Ottilia tried to run after them. But the women who were at the fire with her, held her back with great difficulty, and, indeed, not without force. ‘Have patience,’ they said; ‘wait here: you would but run upon your death; the gallant men will surely save your child, if it be possible to do it.’

“The group upon the height gazed with trembling hearts after the three men, till the torch disappeared behind a house. They still continued to gaze with straining eyes into the thick darkness; but they saw no more of them, and heard nothing but the fearful roaring of the water, the howling of the wind, mingled with the occasional crash of a falling house. It was a terrific moment for the poor people; and they all with one mind prayed with uplifted hands to heaven: ‘O God! have mercy on the good men, and the poor babe! Stand by them, and suffer them not to perish. Thou alone canst save them!’”—vol. iv. pp. 187-91.

We recommend to our young and fair readers the following charming lecture on what we may call, the “morality of botany.” We cannot help thinking it extremely beautiful. It is the counsel of a father to his orphan daughter:

“ He used to point out to her in her favourite flowers the emblems of maidenly virtue. One day very early in March, when she joyfully brought him the first violet, he said to her, ‘ Let the violet, dear Mary, be to you an emblem of humility, retiringness, and unostentatious virtue. It arrays itself in the delicate hue of modesty: it loves to blossom in secret; and under its covering of leaves, fills the air with the sweetest perfumes. Be thou also, dear Mary, a quiet little violet, which despises gaudy and glowing apparel, seeks not the notice of men, and does good without ostentation, till its bloom is at an end.’

“ When the roses and lilies were in full bloom, and the garden appeared in its greatest splendour, the old man pointed to a lily just tinged by the morning sun, and said to the delighted Mary, ‘ Let the lily, dearest daughter, be to you the emblem of innocence. See how fair, how bright, and pure it stands there! The fairest silk is nothing compared with its leaves: they are as white as snow. Happy the maid, whose heart is thus pure from all evil! But the purest of all colours is also the most difficult to preserve. The lily-leaf is easily damaged. You must not grasp it rudely, or stains will remain after your touch. Even so, a word, a thought, may sully innocence!’

“ ‘ But let the rose,’ said he, pointing to one, ‘ be to you the emblem of modesty. Fairer than the rose-colour, is the tinge of a blush of modesty! Hail to the maiden, who blushes at every unseemly jest, and from the glow which she feels upon her cheek, takes warning against the danger of sin. Cheeks which blush easily, long remain fair and blooming—cheeks which can blush no longer, soon become pale and sallow, and moulder prematurely in the grave!’

“ He plucked a few lilies and roses, bound them together in a bunch, gave them to Mary, and said: ‘ Lilies and roses, those fair sister-flowers, match well together; and in a bouquet or a garland, each adds immeasurably to the other's beauty. So also, are Innocence and Modesty, twin sisters, which cannot be parted from one another. Yes, God gave Modesty to Innocence as a warning sister, that she might protect herself the more easily. Be ever modest, dearest daughter, and you will ever be innocent too. Let your heart be ever pure like the pure lily, and your cheek will ever bloom, like the blooming rose!’ ”—vol. vi. pp. 19-20.

We would gladly extract at greater length from these delightful little stories. But we have done enough to enable our readers to form an idea of their general character. How we wish we could call them our own! and what an immense amount of good might be expected from their dissemination among our people. How sadly do we need some such antidote to counteract the poison which is in constant and most extensive circulation among us! It is time that a new spirit

were infused into our literature, or, at least, that if we cannot get rid of the old one, we should make an active, vigorous, and well-organized effort to neutralize its influence. It can be done only in one of two ways—either by alienating the offensive works entirely from the use of Catholic readers, or by guarding their use with such caution as to obviate or diminish the danger with which it is fraught. The first, were it practicable, would be a secure and certain course. The second is obviously a perilous experiment. It is to leave a patient, who has certainly swallowed poison, to the chances of a doubtful and precarious antidote.

But is the first course really practicable? Is it practicable, in the present condition of English literature, for a parent or guardian, who wishes to educate a Catholic youth liberally, and to secure for him a competent acquaintance with the ordinary branches of secular knowledge—history, statistics, biography, general literature—to place in his hands such books, and such only, as, along with the necessary quantum of information, will be sure, we do not say to convey sound Catholic principles, but even not to convey grossly incorrect and pernicious principles on the subject of religion? We do not hesitate to say that it is not. We have already, on more than one occasion, given painful evidence that it is not.

This is, undoubtedly, a humiliating acknowledgment; but it is the truth. In this enlightened country, possessing a vast Catholic population, wealthy, intelligent, active, and not destitute of public spirit, it would not be possible to select a *complete* educational course, which could be put into the hands of a young Catholic, without undermining his principles, or, at least, shocking his natural sense of religion!

The first step, therefore, is to procure the compilation of a complete series of useful educational treatises,—histories, geographies, reading-books, &c.—entirely free from the anti-catholic spirit which has so long disgraced our literature. To some this may seem a difficult enterprise. But it is only an utter ignorance of the resources of the Catholic body that would warrant such a supposition. A good deal has been already done. The humble brothers of the Christian schools, with their limited means, have made an effort which deserves the lasting gratitude of every friend of education, and there needs but a little organization on our part to render perfectly practicable, not only this, but many far more difficult and comprehensive undertakings.

This, however, would be but the first step in the work. If

we had it in our power to expunge from the books in general circulation, whether for the purposes of education or general literature, every single obnoxious or offensive passage, and to purify them thoroughly from the anti-catholic virus with which they are all infected, we should still look on this but as one step in the great literary reform. It would be, at best, but a negative measure—but a pulling down of the old and crazy fabric. The work of reconstruction would still remain. To have got rid of an anti-catholic literature, would be far from satisfying our ambition. It would still remain to set up a Catholic one in its place.

That our literary organization falls notoriously below the requirements of our social and religious position, it would be idle affectation to deny; and that we are ourselves unconscious of this shortcoming, is perhaps an aggravation of the evil. Of our purely religious literature, especially the ascetic and devotional department, we do not now complain. There is no doubt that here there has been an extraordinary advance. Controversy, too, is tolerably well supported; though it is certainly very discreditable to the body that *the Catholic Library* should have fallen to the ground for want of encouragement. But, after all, these and similar works can effect good only with a limited class—and that a class which least needs improvement—the class of persons already religiously disposed. But for the casual reader, who is but little inclined to *seek* instruction, and to whom it must rather be insensibly administered than openly offered,—

Così al fanciull' egro porgiamo aspersi  
Di licor soave gli orle del vaso,—

for him we have hardly any provision at all.

In the first place, periodical literature is far from receiving from our body support and encouragement commensurate either with our resources or with its own importance. It is humiliating to think that there is hardly a sect, however small and unimportant, that is not equally if not better represented in this influential department. We should desire to see, in addition to the existing monthly journals (which are chiefly religious in their contents), another class, mainly literary, conducted with a view to amusement and general instruction; with but little ostentation of religion in its tone, but yet under Catholic management, and directed, quietly and silently, to the support of Catholic views, and the insensible diffusion of Catholic notions and impressions. Why should not a Catholic editor and a Catholic staff combine

for the maintenance of a monthly magazine on the plan of Blackwood, or Bentley, or Ainsworth, or Frazer, excluding Catholic politics and polemics, if you will, and devoting themselves entirely to literature; but yet, pursuing their task in such a spirit, as not only not to offend any Catholic feeling, but even to illustrate, incidentally and by allusions, the beauty and harmony of the Catholic system, and to dispel, insensibly and unostentatiously, the prejudices with which it is regarded by those who know it not?

There is another department in which we are still more deficient,—the higher and more ornamental literature of the day. We do not mean alone works of poetry and fiction; but also that extensive and undefined class, which form the medium, as it were, between the purely imaginative and those which appeal exclusively to the understanding. What a world of good might be effected by a judicious selection of Catholic biography, written in a calm and inoffensive, but uncompromising tone!—by a few tours in Catholic countries, composed in a serious and reverent spirit, selecting those features in the national character which illustrate the influence of the national religion, and explaining their distinctive usages in a kindly but impartial spirit. How much benefit would even Catholics—the very best informed among them—derive from sketches of the Catholic institutions of other countries! How few of us fully understand and appreciate the temper of the Catholic times! How much do we require to be instructed in their usages and minute history! For all this we have no provision whatever. We have hardly a Catholic tract at all; and, of the few who have written, hardly one has the courage to write as a Catholic. It is a very painful reflection, that the most interesting work on Italy in this language, though written by a Catholic and a priest, is so deformed by this “liberal” and complying spirit, that it is hardly safe to place it in Catholic hands, and that, after a career of high literary fame and popularity, the author’s death-bed was tormented by unavailing regrets for the weakness into which a false idea of liberality had betrayed him. Perhaps the history of the times in which he wrote—now nearly half a century ago—and of the society in which he lived, may furnish a clue to this seeming anomaly; but it is far worse than weakness to tolerate it now. It belongs to the Catholic public—and they have the power as well as the privilege—to give the tone to Catholic literature; and we shall never rest satisfied till we see our principles fully represented in every department,—

till we see Catholic Cyclopædias, Catholic Family Libraries, Catholic poetry, Catholic biography, Catholic tales, Catholic juvenile books,—in a word, till we see a disposition to seize and avail ourselves of every really practicable medium, through which we can bring our true principles to be known and respected by “those who are without,” and understood and realized by the members of our own community.

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ART. VI.—*The Works of Edmund Spenser.* London :  
Routledge. 1844.

IT is not our intention to discuss the poetical merits of Spenser, or to offer any opinion on the obscure points of his life. His great fame among his contemporaries, sealed as it has been by the sentence of posterity, has enlisted such a host of commentators and biographers, that it would be hard to find in his poetry or his life, any new title to confirm his general character as one of the greatest of English poets, and the most amiable of men. Ours is a more humble and more ungracious task—to speak of plain facts which have been overlooked by his admirers—to consider him, not as a poet establishing all the virtues in his Faery Realm, but as a politician applying his philosophy to an earthly kingdom; not as polishing the language and exalting the poetry of England, but as expressing her prejudices and swaying her councils in the government of a land which must bitterly regret that he ever set his foot on her shores.

Judging from his *Faery Queen*, and his general character, his connexion with Ireland should have been a blessing to the empire. His great literary fame, his opportunity of acquiring accurate information, as secretary to a Lord-Lieutenant, and as a landlord residing among the Irish people, the supposed gentleness of the man, the universal sympathies of the poet,—all conspired to point him out as one who could probe with a healing hand, the evils of his adopted country, and bequeath his *State of Ireland* as a monument not only of genius, but of saving political truth. Had he done so, it is useless to inquire what might have been the effects of his work on the fate of the empire. It is certain, that the reign of Elizabeth was the great crisis of modern Ireland. It is certain that succeeding reigns, with a few brief intervals,

adopted, with greater or less severity, the maxims of Elizabeth's policy; and it is equally certain, we fear, that whatever was irritating or oppressive in that policy, was, if not originated, at least recommended by the gentle Spenser. His work, indeed, may be cited as one of the most fatal instances of genius,—errors, for which the lively imagination and strong feelings of the poet might have been some excuse, had he erred by excess of humanity or justice, and not by excesses of an opposite kind.

It would be unfair to test Spenser's policy by a standard of ideal excellence (though it is hard to apply any other to the author of the *Faery Queen*), or to make no allowance for the influences that degrade even the greatest men to the level of an unreasoning mob. Spenser's genius, one would think, should have raised him to an elevation, commanding the whole human family, effacing petty prejudices and national peculiarities, and showing the broad lines of human nature, without a knowledge of which, the native of one country can never be fit to judge, much less to govern, another. But Spenser, in Ireland, was like a Cockney in the country,—a stranger in a world which had none of his sympathies. He was passionately sensible, no doubt, to the beauties of external nature, because he had the same sun, soil, and stars, as in England, but as intolerant of the habits and peculiarities even of the Anglo-Irish, as if he had never studied man, except in the English mould. Scarcely ever respecting the rights or just feelings of the Irish, he illustrates in his own person what he says of the fall of men from primitive innocence:

“For that which all men then did virtue call,  
Is now called vice; and that which vice was hight,  
Is now bright virtue; and so used of all.  
*Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right;*  
As all things else in time are changed quite:”

Almost every page of the *State of Ireland* is a violation of the morality of the *Faery Queen*, and of that by which he would have judged human action in England.

A metaphysical critic might attribute Spenser's errors to a want of that power by which his great contemporary, Shakespeare, was at home, under every government, and in every clime, and never erred in his judgments on men. This would be the most charitable apology. But, unfortunately, Spenser was on some points so far in advance of his age, that we cannot excuse his heart at the expense of his head. Thus,



with regard to religion; though he proposes plans to pervert the Irish to Protestantism, he abstains from ribald abuse of the Catholic Church, boldly censures the persecuting statutes of the Irish parliament, and pours out his wrath on the greedy covetousness, the fleshly incontinency, and hunting vicars of the Established Church. But other causes biassed his judgment. He wrote at a time when English prejudice was excited to frenzy by the danger of losing Ireland; and if even at the present day, impartiality from an English pen is welcomed as a novelty by the Irish press, it would be too much to expect impartiality even from Spenser in the reign of Elizabeth. Writing, moreover, in an age, which, if it was an Augustan age in English literature, was also an Augustan age in English slavery, when the noble independence, the chartered rights, the Church and conscience of Englishmen, were basely laid at the feet of a profligate woman, he was prepared by his previous idolatry of absolute power, to exhibit in his *State of Ireland*, a spirit which better suits a law of Woden than the gentle day-star of English poesy. Besides these causes, arising from the public opinion of the age, there were personal reasons which should have deterred him from perilling his fame by Irish politics.

His opinions on Ireland were formed in Kilcolman Castle, one of the baronial fortresses of the last Earl of Desmond. The unhappy earl, driven to arms in self-defence, forfeited his property and his life. His estate was parcelled among English adventurers, and Kilcolman, with three thousand acres, fell to the lot of Spenser. To this circumstance, to the same fell spirit that haunts the usurper on his throne, or the brigand in his cave, we must attribute the sad metamorphosis of the angel of poesy into a dark spirit in politics, gloating over the atrocious horrors of the Munster war, and sternly urging their perpetration against the Irish in Ulster. With the solitary exception of his protest against the sharp penalties on recusants, and his tribute to the industry and bravery\* of the Irish, he has not one favourable word, one word of pity for the miseries of Ireland. Denying her even those virtues

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\* And to these English inhabitants and colonies \* \* \* there repaired divers of the poor distressed people of the Irish for succour and relief; of whom such as they thought fit for labour, and industriously disposed, *as the most part of their baser sort are*, they received unto them as vassals, &c. (p. 483), for I have heard some great warriors say, that in all the services they had seen abroad in the foreign countries, they never saw a more comely man than the Irishman, nor that cometh on more bravely in his charge, &c.—p. 500.

which were admitted by his English contemporaries, he appears to have written under the impression that the slightest sympathy in her sufferings would shake his title to his estate, and send him back to the smoke of London from the "sweet soil" of Munster.

It is painful to look at the dark side of a character so generally admired; but the greatness of his fame is our extenuating plea. This *State of Ireland*, bound up as it is in the edition before us with the *Faery Queen*, is now within the reach of every cottager in England, and will very probably be much more extensively circulated than if published separately. Its poison must operate more fatally, coming from a hand from which no evil could be suspected. If, then, it be desirable that the subjects of the same crown should free themselves from prejudices pernicious to their common good, there can be no charge of irreverence to genius in exposing the errors of a talented calumniator. If the great Spenser,—the name which has been associated in prose and verse with every endearing epithet in the English tongue,—was a blind and corrupt guide on the affairs of Ireland, who can be trusted?

Besides the prejudices of an English planter, he had to contend with other feelings, more pardonable than sordid interest, but not less dangerous to truth, at least in a generous mind. In an evil hour for his own fame, he came as secretary to Lord Grey, one of the worst of a bad line—the lord-lieutenants of Ireland. Gratitude to a patron often makes good men do strange things; but few would carry their gratitude so far as Spenser, who not only perilled his fame by an elaborate defence in prose of Lord Grey's government, but even devotes to the same object the noblest inspirations of his muse. To form some idea of the government of Ireland by the Earl Grey of Queen Elizabeth, we have only to call to mind the government of the Lord Grey of Queen Victoria.

Suppose that the traversers in the late prosecution had been fraudulently convicted, not of a misdemeanor, but of high-treason, and that while their heads were spiked on the walls of Dublin, Earl de Grey, instead of gathering cockles on Clontarf, had followed up the blow, seized Sharman Crawford, and the Earl of Charlemont, and the Duke of Leinster, and cast them into a dungeon; that during two years he had violated the rights of all classes of Irishmen, massacred, perhaps against sworn faith, but certainly in cold blood, the soldiers of a foreign state, and had at last so inflamed the fury of Irishmen of every

sect and race, that nothing but his instant recall could avert the impending storm for one month, and save Ireland to the English crown. Suppose that a great English poet, Wordsworth for example, were secretary to Lord de Grey instead of Mr. Lucas, and that in a great poem, destined to live for ever among the classics of the English tongue, he had resolved to immortalize the good Earl de Grey, and that when about to speak, with all the authority of genius, on all the moral virtues, he burst forth with this noble invocation of justice :

Most sacred Virtue, she of all the rest,  
 Resembling God in His imperial might,  
 Whose sovaine powre herein is most exprest,  
 That both to good and bad He dealeth right,  
 And all His workes with justice had bedight.  
 That power He also doth to princes lend,  
 And makes them, like Himself, in glorious right  
 To sit on His own seats, His cause to end,  
 And rule His people right, as He doth recommend.

## XI.

Dread soverayne Goddess, that doest highest sit  
 In seate of judgment, in the Almightyes stead,  
 And with magnificke might and wondrous wit  
 Doest to thy people righteous doom aread,  
 That furthest nations filles with awfull dread ;  
 Pardon the boldness of thy basest thrall,  
 That dare discourse of so divine a read  
 As thy great justice, praised over all,  
 The instrument, whereof loe here thy Artegall!

If, when filled with reverence for justice by these beautiful lines, the reader should see the Earl de Grey selected by the poet, from all men living and dead, as her most fitting representative on earth, how would the friends of virtue and the muse hang their heads in shame? how would all, except the Tories, protest against the blasphemy? Decency might require from the secretary the charity of silence for the crimes of his patron, friendship might permit a tribute to some of his relieving qualities; but to make him the personation of a virtue of which his whole life was a profanation, is an outrage unparalleled in the annals of literary curiosities. An ironical hymn to purity in the dens of a brothel, a hymn to pity on the lips of the lurking assassin, or the hymn of the Atheists of '92 around the altars of God, might be as bad; but what could be worse?

Our imaginary case of Wordsworth was the real case of

Spenser. Lord Grey fraudulently convicted and executed Lord Nugent, and imprisoned the Earl of Kildare, and other lords of the pale, and massacred in cold blood the Spanish garrison of Smesnick, and committed such atrocities against the native Irish, that, in the words of Spenser himself, "he was reported to Elizabeth as a bloody man, who regarded the life of her subjects no more than dogs, but had wasted and consumed all, so that now she had nothing almost left but to reign in their ashes." Even Elizabeth blamed and recalled him; but Spenser defends him, and even makes him the hero of his canto on justice. Poor Ireland is thus introduced, welcoming the monster to her shores, and regretting his recall:

## III.

And such was he of whom I have to tell,  
 The champion of true justice, Artegall (Arthur Grey)  
 Whom as you lately mote remember well  
 An hard adventure, which did then befall,  
 Into a redoubted perill forth did call,  
 That was to succour a distressed dame,  
 Whom a strong tyrant did unjustly thrall.

\* \* \* \* \*

## IV.

Wherefore the lady which Irena (Ireland) hight,  
 Did to the Faerie Queen her way addresse,  
 To whom complaining her afflicted plight,  
 She her besought of gracious redresse:  
 That soveraine queene, that mightie emperesse  
 Whose glory is to aide all suppliants pore,  
 And of weak princes to be patronesse,  
 Chose Artegall to right her to restore,  
 For that to her he seemed best skilled in righteous lore.

## V.

For Artegall in justice was upbrought,  
 Even from the cradle of his infancie  
 And all the depth of righfulle doome was taught,  
 By faire Astrea, with great industrie,  
 Whilst here on earth she lived mortallie.

\* \* \* \* \*

## XII.

But when she parted hence, she left her groome,  
 An young man, which did on her attend  
 Always to execute her stedfast donne,  
 And willed him with Artegall to wend,  
 And doe whatever thing he did intend.

His name was Jalus, made of yron mould,  
 Immoveable, resistless, without end;  
 Who in his hand an yron flae did hold,  
 With which he thresht out falshood and did truth unfold.

## XIII.

He now went with him in this new inquest  
 Him for to aide, if aide he chaunst to need,  
 Against that cruel tyrant which oppresst  
 The faire Irene with his foul misdeede,  
 And kept the crowne in which she should succede.

\* \* \* \* \*

After many adventures, the yron man, with the yron flae, the true emblem of British justice in Ireland, comes to the relief of the fair Irene in the XII canto :

## XI.

The morrow next that was the dismal day  
 Appointed for Irena's death before,  
 So soon as it did to the world display  
 His chearful face and light to men restore  
 The heavy mayd, to whom none tydings bore  
 Of Artegall's arrival here to free,  
 Lookt up with eyes full sad and heart full sore,  
 Weening her life's last houre then neare to bee,  
 Sith no redemption nigh she did nor hear nor see.

## XII.

Then up she rose and on herself did dight  
 Most squalid garments fit for such a day,  
 And with dull countenance and with dolefull spright  
 She forth was brought in sorrowfull dismay  
 For to receive the doome of her decay.  
 But coming to the place and finding there  
 Sir Artegall in battailous array,  
 Waiting his foe, it did her dead hart cheer,  
 And new life to her lent, in midst of deadly feare.

## XIII.

Like as a tender rose in open plaine  
 That with untimely drought nigh withered was  
 And hung the heade, soon as few drops of raine  
 Thereon distill and deaw her daintie face  
 Gins to look up, and with fresh wonted grace  
 Dispreds the glorie of her leaves gay.  
 Such was Irena's countenance, such her case,  
 When Artegall she saw in that array,  
 There waiting for the tyrant, till it was faire day."

The battle rages through ten stanzas, and when at last Artegall had brought his antagonist to the ground, the people

## XXIV.

Running all with chearful joyfulness,  
To faire Irene at her feet did fall,  
And her adored with due humblenesse,  
As their true liege and princesse naturall,  
And eke her champion's glorie sounded over all.

## XXV.

Who, streight her leading with meete majestie  
Unto the pallace, where their kings did rayne,  
Did her therein establish peaceable,  
And to her kingdom's seate restore again ;  
And all such persons, as did late maintayne  
That tyrant's part with close or open ayde,  
He sorely punished with heavie payne ;  
That in short space, whiles there with her he stayed,  
Not one was left that durst her once have disobeyed.

## XXVI.

During which time that he did there remayne  
His studie was true justice how to deale,  
And day and night employed his busie paine  
How to reforme that ragged commonweale :  
And that same yron man, through all that realm he sent  
To search out those that used to rob and steal,  
Or did rebell against lawfull government,  
On whom he did inflict most grievous punishment.

## XXVII.

But ere here could reforme it thoroughly,  
He through occasion called was away  
To fairie court, that of necessitie,  
His course of justice he was forst to stay ;  
And Jalus to revoke from the right way  
In which he was that realme for to redresse.  
But envies cloud still dimmeth virtues ray :  
So having freed Irena from distresse,  
He took his leave of her there left in heavinesse.

Such is the poetic history of the government of Lord Grey. Jalus, the yron man, is forbidding enough even in his poetic dress. The following is a part of "the course of justice" administered to the Irish, which Spenser describes, not to reprobate, but to recommend it. Suggesting plans for the reduction of Ulster he says ;—

"The end will, I assure me, be very short, and much sooner than

can be, in so great a trouble, as it seemeth, hoped for ; although there should none of them [the Ulster Irish] fall by the sword, nor be slain by the soldier, yet thus being kept from manurance, and their cattle from running abroad, by this hard restraint, they would quickly consume themselves and devour one another. The proof whereof I am sufficiently exemplified in these late wars of Munster ; for notwithstanding that the same was a most rich and plentiful country, full of corn and cattle, that you would have thought they should have been able to stand long, yet in one year and a half they were brought to such wretchedness, as that any stony heart would have rued the same [except the stony heart that sternly calls for its repetition] : out of every corner of the woods and glens, they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them ; they looked like anatomies of death, they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves ; they did eat the dead carrions, happy when they could find them, yea, and one another soon after, insomuch as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves ; and if they found a plot of water-cresses or shamrocks, there they flocked as to a feast for the time, yet not able long to continue there withal ; that in short space there were none almost left, and a most populous and plentiful country suddenly left void of man and beast.”

When we compare the naked horrors of this scene of desolation with the honied lies of rhyme on Lord Grey—when we see helpless women and infants doomed by the gentle Spenser to extirpation by famine, and yet find that the heaviest censure, even of Sir James Hare, on Spenser, is a slight want of moderation, we may ask, whether the fanaticism of Mahomet, or the ferocity of the priests of Woden, ever more extinguished the feelings of humanity, ever more fatally perverted the public mind, than these extracts prove them to have been in the days of Spenser. He spoke the feelings of his day. His lines on Lord Grey, like the idol temples of the Mexicans, are the relics of a horrible system that immolated hecatombs of human victims. The excellence of Spenser’s character, in other respects, aggravates his guilt in yielding to prejudices which his genius should have resisted. His was a noble destiny, had he raised his voice for the cause of humanity and the happiness of the empire, instead of giving the whole weight of his authority to a system which has cost Ireland tears of blood, and England millions of money, and which now defies the skill of imperial legislation. But we must not be too severe on the anti-Irish prejudices of an age, when all the great literary characters bowed in base adulation to the throne, adorning with every virtue, a woman whom any honest man

would be ashamed to call his sister. The errors of Spenser and his compeers, like all great national lies, will last as long as the system from which they sprang. When the Anglican Church shall have spent its time, and when Ireland is as she ought to be, England will understand the error of connecting private virtue with Elizabeth, or public justice with Lord Grey.

Spenser's prose work, *The State of Ireland*, is a statement of what he calls the abuses in laws, in customs, and in religion; together with an historical sketch adapted to each, and the reforms which he suggests. The historical part, as far as it regards the ancient history and origin of the Irish, is almost entirely conjectural, and we omit it entirely; our object being to show that most of the grievances of Ireland under Elizabeth remain to this day, and that if Ireland is to be no longer "*a ragged realm hanging on the back of England*," Spenser's policy must be abandoned. Englishmen ought to mistrust their judgment when they find Spenser deceiving and deceived; Irishmen must rely on themselves for the redress of their wrongs. Our limits allow us to touch only on few of his projected reforms. Some of them regard the Anglo-Irish, others the native Irish, and all are founded on this principle, *that the Queen could, by her own mere will, change all the laws of the kingdom*. The following is a characteristic application of the principle:—

"The common law appointeth, that all trials, as well of crimes as titles and rights, shall be made by a verdict of a jury chosen out of the honest and most substantial freeholders. Now most of the freeholders of that realm are Irish, which, when the cause shall fall betwixt an Englishman and an Irish, or between the queen and any freeholders of that country, they make no more scruple to pass against an Englishman and the queen, though it be to strain their oaths, than to drink milk unstrained; so that before the jury go together, it is all to nothing what the verdict shall be. Yet is the law of itself (as I said) good, and the first institutions thereof being given to all Englishmen very rightfully; but now that the Irish have stepped into the very rooms of our English, we are now to become heedful and provident of juries. \* \* \* \* \*

"*Eudox.*—But doth many of that people make no more conscience to perjure themselves in their verdicts, and damn their souls?

"*Iren.*—Not only so in their verdicts, but also in all other their dealings, especially with the English they are most wilfully bent; for though they will not seem manifestly to do it, yet will some one or other subtle-headed fellow amongst them put some quirk or devise some evasion, whereof the rest will likely take hold, and



suffer themselves easily to be led by him to that themselves desired. For a question or doubt that may be raised, will make a stop to them, and put them quite out of the way. Besides that, of themselves (for the most part), they are so cautelous and wily-headed, especially being men of so small experience and practice in law matters, that you would wonder whence they borrow such subtleties and sly shifts."

Eudoxius suggests as a remedy the selection of none but Englishmen and honest Irishmen to serve as jurors; but Ireneus, admitting that there are some honest Irishmen, objects,

"That then the Irish party would cry out of partiality, and complain he hath no justice, he is not used as a subject, he is not suffered to have the free benefit of the law, and their outcries the magistrates here do much shun, as they have cause, since they are readily hearkened unto here; neither can it be indeed, although the Irish party would be so contented to be so compassed, that such English freeholders, which are but few, and such faithful Irishmen, which are indeed as few, should be always chosen for trials, for being so few they should be made weary of their freeholds. And therefore a good care is to be had, by all good occasions to increase their number and to plant more by them. But were it so that the jurors could be picked out of such choice men as you desire, this would nevertheless be as bad a corruption in the trial; for the evidence being brought in by the baser Irish people, will be as deceitful as the verdict, for they care much less than the others what they swear, and sure their lords may compel them to say anything; for I myself have heard, when one of the baser sort (which they call churls) being challenged and reproved for his false oath, hath answered confidently, that his lord commanded him, and it was the least thing he could do for his lord to swear for him; so unconscionable are those common people, and so little feeling have they of God or their own souls."

Let the reader remember that this common people did, according to Spenser's own confession, bear "*sharp pains and penalties*," rather than take the oath of supremacy, or frequent the conventicles of the Established Church. But the charge of perjury was then, as at the present day, the pretext to rob Ireland of her rights. Spenser thus puts his tyrannical plea for the abolition of trial by jury.

"*Eudox.*—It is a most miserable case; but what help can there be in this? for though the manner of their trials should be altered, yet the proof of anything must needs be by the testimonies of such persons as the parties shall produce, which, if they be corrupt, how can any light of the truth appear? What remedy is there for this evil, but to make heavy laws and penalties against jurors?"

“*Iren.*—I think, sure, that will do small good; for when a people be inclined to any vice, or have no touch of conscience nor sense of their evil doings, it is bootless to think to restrain them by any penalties or fear of punishment; but either the occasion is to be taken away, or a more understanding of the right or shame of the fault to be imprinted. For, if that Lycurgus should have made it death for the Lacedemonians to steal, they being a people which naturally delighted in stealth, or it should be made a capital crime for Flemings to be taken in drunkenness, there should have been few Lacedemonians then left, and few Flemings now; so impossible it is to remove any fault so general in a people with terror of laws or most sharp restraints.”—p. 486.

That this attempt to exclude Irish subjects from appearing as evidence or jurors is based on malignant slanders, is evident both from the well-known testimony of Sir John Davis to the love of justice which he always found in the Irish, and also from the following words of one of Spenser’s fellow-adventurers, Payne, whose description of Ireland was published some time since by the Irish Archæological Society. Writing from Ireland to his English friends, he says—

“Let not the reports of those that have spent all their owne, and what they could by any means get from others in England, discourage you from Ireland, although they and such others, by bad dealings, have wrought a general discredit to all Englishmen in that country, which are to the Irish unknown. These men will say there is great danger in travelling the country, and much more to dwell or inhabit therein; yet they are free from three of the greatest dangers,—first, they cannot meet, in all that land, any worse than themselves; secondly, they need not fear robbing, because they have not anything to lose; lastly, they are not likely to run in debt, for that none will trust them. \* \* \* \* What these men have reported, or what the simple have credited, that would rather believe a runagate than travel to see. But what I have discovered or learned in that country, I will herein recite to you. First, the people are of three sortes; the better sorte (who alone could serve on juries) are very civil and honestly given. \* \* \* \* Their entertainment for your diet shall be more welcome and plentiful than cleanly and handsome; for, although they did never see you before, they will make you the best cheare their country yields for two or three days, and take not anything therefore. \* \* \* They keep their promise faithfully, and are more desirous of peace than our Englishmen, for that in time of warres they are more charged; and also they are fatter prizes for the enemie, who respecteth no person. \* \* \* Nothing is more pleasing to them than to hear of good justices placed among them. They have a common saying, which I am persuaded they speake unfainedly;

which is *Defend me and spend me*,—meaning from the oppression of the worsor sort of our countrymen. They are obedient to the laws, so that you may travel through all the land, without any danger or injurie offered of the very worst Irish, and be greatly relieved of the best.”—p. 1-2.

Many of the good people of England who now swallow the slanders of the *runagate* tory press, will no doubt prefer the testimony of Spenser to that of this honest merchant, whose mortal dread of the Pope could not deter him from doing justice to the Irish Papists. Yet Payne was a most pious Protestant. Neither was he blind to what he believed were the faults of the Irish, but he had no infamous lord-lieutenant to defend, or private interests to serve by slanders.

“I cannot deny,” he says, “but in the Desmondes warres were many Irish traitors, ; yet herein judge charitably, for such was the misery of that time that many were driven to this bad choice, viz. that whether they would be spoiled as well by the enemy as the worse sort of soldiers at home, or go out to the rebelles and be hanged, which is the fairest end of a traitor. But as touching their government in their corporations where they bear rule, it is done with such wisdom, equity, and justice, as demands worthy commendations. For I myself have seen, divers times, in several places within their jurisdictions, well near twenty causes decided at one sitting, with so much indifference that, for the most part, both plaintiff and defendant hath departed contented ; yet many that make show of peace and desireth to live by blood do utterly mislike this, or any good thing that the poor Irishman doth ; wherefore let us daily pray unto Almighty God to put it into the heart of our dread sovereign Elizabeth, that as her highness is queen of so great and fruitful a country, wherein her majesty hath a great number of good and loyal subjects, to have especial care that they be not numbered nor gathered up with traitorous rebels.”

On this evidence of the plain-dealing English merchant, we have no hesitation in applying to Spenser’s accusation his own well-known lines, book v. canto 12.

## XXXIV.

For whatsoever good by any said  
 Or done she heard, she would straightwayes invent  
 How to deprave or slanderously upraid;  
 Or to misconstrue of a man’s intent,  
 And turn to ill the thing that well was meant.  
 Therefore she used often to resort  
 To common haunts and companies frequent,  
 To hearke what any one did good report,  
 To blot the same with blame or wrest in wicked sort.

## XXXV.

And if that any ill she heard of any,  
 She would it eke and make much worse by telling,  
 And take great joy to publish it to many,  
 That every matter worse was for her melting.  
 Her name was hight Detraction, and her dwelling  
 Was near to Envy, even her neighbour next;  
 A wicked hag, and Envy's self excelling  
 In mischief, for herself she only vext,  
 But this same doth herself and others eke perplex.

## XXXVI.

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,  
 Foming with poyson round about her gills,  
 In which her cursed tongue full sharpe and short,  
 Appeared like aspe's sting, that closely kills,  
 Or cruelly does wound whomso she wills.  
 A distaff in her other hand she had,  
 Upon the which she little spins but spils  
 And faines to weave false tales and leasings bad,  
 To throw amongst the good which others had disprad.

Some of Spenser's exquisite descriptions of Irish scenery were much more agreeable than the preceding *felo de se*; but, for the present, "false tales and leasings bad" must be the burden of our page.

One class of the natives of Ireland had the strongest claims on the gratitude of England. The corporations, without a single exception, adhered to the English crown, in every change of the chequered destiny of Ireland, from the days of Henry II down to those of Elizabeth. When England changed her faith, the Anglo-Irish towns still remained Catholic. They saw their abbeys unroofed, or occupied by the English undertaker, their churches seized by the Anglican minister and his clerk, and a few English soldiers and officials, and their own religion proscribed, except the precarious toleration of the private mass. During the reign of Elizabeth, English dominion was often reduced to such a state, that the revolt of a few of those Catholic towns would have made Ireland independent. Yet they preserved unbroken allegiance to their Protestant Queen. What reward does Spenser propose for their fidelity? He proposes that Waterford and Cork should be heavily taxed to pay a standing garrison, that their charters should be violated, and that her majesty's sword should be the sole answer to their remonstrances. Here are the privileges:

“There are other privileges granted to most of the corporations here, that they shall not be bound to any other government than their own; that they shall not be charged with garrisons; that they shall not be travailed forth out of their own franchises; that they may buy and sell with thieves and rebels (the native Irish); that all ameracements and fines that shall be imposed upon them shall come unto themselves. All which, though at the time of their first grant, they were tolerable and perhaps reasonable, yet now are most unreasonable and inconvenient; but all these will be easily cut off with the superior power of her majesty’s prerogative, against which her own grants are not to be pleaded or enforced.”—p. 488.

This is a sample of the spirit of liberty infused by the Reformation into our old Catholic institutions. The plan which he suggests to reconcile Cork and Waterford to their garrisons is characteristic of English domination. Why should they complain, since they were to have fellow-sufferers?

“*Eudox.* Let me ask, why in those cities of Munster, Waterford and Cork, you rather placed garrisons than in all others in Ireland? for they may think themselves to have a great wrong to be so charged above all the rest?

“*Iren.* I will tell you : those two cities, above all the rest, do offer an ingate to the Spaniards most fitly; but yet, because they shall not take exceptions to this that they are charged above all the rest, I will also lay a charge upon all the others likewise; for indeed it is no reason that the corporate towns, enjoying great privileges and franchises from her Majesty, and living thereby not only safe, but drawing to them the wealth of all the land, shou’d live so free as not to be partakers of the burden of this garrison, for their own safety, especially in this time of trouble.”—p. 520.

The reasoning is specious, but it was against a charter; and Spenser must have known that during Desmond’s war, Cork and Waterford had been willing and able to defend themselves; but truly has he written :

What tygre or what other salvage wight,  
Is so exceeding furious and fell,  
As wrong, when it hath armed itself with might?  
Not fit mongst men, that doe with reason mell,  
But mongst wild beasts and salvage woods to dwell,  
Where still the stronger doth the weak devoure,  
And they that most in boldnesse do excell  
Are dreaded most, and feared for their power.

Book v. cant. 9.

Perhaps of all the causes of Irish discontent and calamities from the accession of Elizabeth to the catastrophe under Cromwell, there was not one—not even religious persecution

itself—more pernicious than the inquisition into defective titles. In the hands of needy and unprincipled adventurers, it was a fearful instrument to ruin the peace of private families, to shake all public confidence, and to goad and torture the nation into rebellion. In the days of Elizabeth, lands that had been peaceably possessed for two centuries, were resumed by the crown—and every one knows how fatally and disgracefully the same policy was followed by the base Stuarts,—James and Charles. The very lands that Spenser held were indirectly the fruits of this inquisition; for by it the unfortunate Desmond was driven into rebellion, and his country wasted, as we have seen, with fire and sword. To question the justice or policy of this robbery would not suit Spenser's principles. He encourages it by holding out the strongest possible bribes to the harpies of Elizabeth. Having stated the uncertainty of Irish tenures, he says :

“For the reformation of which, I wish that there were a committee granted forth, under the great seal, as I have seen one recorded in the old chronicle book of Munster, that was sent forth in the time of Sir William Drury (who planned Desmond's rebellion) unto persons of special trust and judgment, to enquire throughout *all* Ireland, beginning with one county first, and so resting awhile till the same were settled, by the verdict of a sound and substantial jury, how every man holdeth his land, of whom, and by what tenure; so that every one should be admitted to show what right he hath, and by what services he holdeth his land, whether in chief, or in soccage, or by knight's service, or how else soever. Thereupon would appear, first, how all those great English lords do claim those great services, what seigniories they usurp, what wardships they have taken from the queen, what lands of hers they conceal. And then, how those Irish captains of countries have encroached upon the queen's freeholders and tenants; how they have translated the tenures of them from English holding unto Irish tanistry, and defeated her majesty of all her rights and duties which are to accrue to her thereabouts, as wardships, livries, marriages, fines of alienations, and many other commodities, which now are kept and concealed from her majesty to the value of £40,000 per annum, I dare undertake in all Ireland, by that which I know in one county.”—  
p. 524.

How the sound and substantial jury would be composed, and what were the qualifications of the special and district inquisitors, is evident from Spenser's views already cited on Irish juries. He says, indeed, that he did not wish to deprive the occupants of their property, but he leaves the matter to the packed jury. This was setting Jalous the yron man, with the yron flail, on the bench, and throwing the ermine over

the coat of mail. The whole history of this court of inquiry is a frightful commentary on Spenser's justice to Ireland.

Some of the real evils of the realm Spenser certainly exposes, and calls for their redress. But by a wretched fatality in so great a man, he himself perpetuated, by his example, the evil of which he complains. It has been the miserable lot of Ireland, to this very hour, to be governed by men who, from the first authority in the island down to the policeman or clerk, have regarded their offices as a private speculation, and not as a charge for the public good. Much of this evil there is, of course, in every government; but it stares us in the face at every page of Irish history, and in its most disgusting forms. Does not the following look like a history of the Shinrone police, or the more frightful machinations by which the rebellion of '98 was fomented by government?

“But there is one very foul abuse, which, by the way, I may not omit, and that is in captains, who, notwithstanding that they are specially employed to make peace, through strong execution of war, yet they do so daudle their doings, and daudle in the service to them committed, as if they would not have the enemy subdued or utterly beaten down, for fear that afterwards they should need employment and so be discharged of pay; for which cause, some of them that are laid in garrison do so handle the matter, that they will do no great hurt to the enemies; yet for colour sake, some men they will kill even half with the consent of the enemy, whose heads eftsoons they send to the governor, for a commendation of their great endeavour, \* \* \* \* and therefore they do cunningly carry their course of government, and from one hand to another do bandy the service like a tennis-ball, which they will never strike quite away, for fear lest afterwards they should want.”

How could this traffic in public disorder be abandoned by the fry of officials, when it had the sanction of the highest authorities in the land?

“And if I should say there is some blame thereof in the principal governors, I think I should also show some reasonable proof of my speech. As for example, some of them seeing the end of their government to draw nigh, and some mischiefs and troublous practices growing up, which afterwards may work trouble to the next succeeding governor, will not attempt the redress or the cutting off thereof, either for fear they should leave the realm unquiet at the end of their government, or that the next that cometh should receive the same too quiet, and so haply win more praise thereof than they before. And therefore they will not seek at all to repress that evil,.....what comes afterwards they care not, or rather wish the worst.....The governors usually are envious one of another's

greater glory, which if they would seek to excel by better governing it should be a most laudable emulation, but they do quite otherwise. For this, as you may mark, is the common order of them, that who cometh next in place will not follow that course of government, however good, which his predecessors held, either for disdain of himself, or doubt to have his doings drowned in another man's praise; but will straight take a way quite contrary to the former, as if the former thought by keeping the Irish under to reform them; the next, by discountenancing the English, will curry favour with the Irish, and so make his government seem plausible as having all the Irish at his command; but he that cometh after will perhaps follow neither the one nor the other, but will dandle the one and the other in such sort as he will suck sweet out of them both, and leave bitterness to the poor country."—p. 506.

Such was the system of Irish government in the days of Spenser, and such, with merely a change in the name, it continues. But all this fine philosophy was, on Spenser's lips, nothing but the rhetoric of an ex-minister and expectant place-man. We must deny him the credit of speaking for the public good, because he afterwards applies these very principles to the exculpation of his patron Lord Grey, and the condemnation of Sir John Perrott, one of the best governors, by the consent of all historians, that ever ruled Ireland. Perrott succeeded Grey, and pursued a policy diametrically opposite. He endeavoured to govern, not for a faction, but for the nation at large; and though the Armada threatened England, the Irish gave him their affectionate allegiance, and remained so tranquil that, humanly speaking, his recall and the abandonment of his just government must be classed amongst those acts of mercy to the Catholic Church, which removed temptation from her children to join the Anglican sect. Just government would have been a more dangerous antagonist to the Catholic faith at that period than the famines and massacres of the Drury and Greys. But let us hear Spenser:—

“After Lord Grey's calling away from thence, the two lords justices continued but a while; of which the one was of mind (as it seemed) to have continued in the footing of his predecessors, but that he was curbed and restrained. But the other was more mildly disposed as was meet for his profession, and willing to have all the wounds of the commonwealth healed and recured, but not with that heed as they should be. After, when Sir John Perrott, succeeding (as it were) into another man's harvest, found an open way to what course he list, the which he bent not to that point which the former governors intended; but rather quite the contrary, as it were in scorn of the former and in vain vaunt of his own councils, with the



which he was too wilfully carried; for he did tread down and disgrace all the English, and set up and countenance the Irish all that he could, whether thinking thereby to make them more tractable and buxom to his government (wherein he thought much amiss), or privily plotting some purposes of his own, as it partly afterwards appeared. But surely his manner of government could not be sound nor wholesome for that realm, it being so contrary to the former (Lord Grey's). For it was even as two physicians should take one sick body in hand, at two sundry times; of which the former would minister all things meet to purge and keep under the body; the other to pamper and strengthen it suddenly again; whereof what is to be looked for but a most dangerous relapse? That which we now see through his rule and the next after him, happened thereunto, being now more dangerously sick than ever before. Therefore it must by all means be foreseen and assumed, that after once entering on this reformation, there be afterwards no remorse or drawing back, for the sight of any such rueful objects as must thereupon follow, nor for compassion of their calamities; seeing that by no other means it is possible to cure them, and that these are not of mild but of very urgent necessity."—p. 511.

Here the "gentle" poet bolts the door, and blocks the windows, and stops up every outlet that might convey the screams of his victims to the ear of mercy. He forgets the profound tranquillity of Ireland under the strong but just government of Perrott, and in scorn of that government and vain vaunt of the bloody policy of Grey, with which he was identified, he makes the lives of the Irish, and the peace of the realm, the tennis-ball of his factions gratitude. We could not think of transcribing so many extracts from a work so well known as the *State of Ireland*, if they did not apply to the present day as well as to the period when they were written, and every succeeding period. What can be more humiliating than that Ireland should remain the battle-field of English factions, fomenting the discord of her children to their common degradation and ruin? It is, indeed, a shameful thing for Irish Protestants, and Irish Catholics, that where there is so much genius, so much virtue, so much kindness in the intercourse of private life, and, of late, such cordial co-operation in matters of minor national interest, there should not be a strong and united resolve to compel the government to rule for the general good. Protestants complain of clerical agitation; but look over the ten thousand speeches of priests for the last few years, delivered often in presence of their flocks alone, and always with the native ardour of Irishmen; and where do we find, in all these speeches, even

one stray word to justify the imputation of an intolerance inconsistent with the most perfect union with all religions for civil and political objects? The Catholics of Ireland ever did, and we trust ever shall, maintain the sacred inflexibility in all religious matters; but what body has ever given such proofs of rooted hatred and contempt for exclusive temporal privileges and state endowments? Do the Protestants of Ireland imagine that "the traitor of 1829" would hesitate to sacrifice them, or stop at any amount of annual pension or green acres to make the Catholic Church, by state connexion, an accomplice in Irish misgovernment? But so rooted is the aversion of the Catholic clergy to state connexion, so firm their resolve to remain, in the words of Burke, "the perfect image of the primitive Christian Church," dutiful subjects, but independent priests, that we are sure the most ardent clerical repealers would fling repeal to the winds, if they thought that the young repealers, who sometimes give the Irish people weekly glimpses of French political philosophy, could succeed in making the Catholic Church the paid functionary of even an Irish parliament. These thoughts occurred to us when we found Spenser and his imitators enabled by Irish discord to traffic in the misery and degradation of Ireland; but we hope the day is not distant when all Irishmen will be reconciled by "the amiable dame,"—

"Who Concord ycleped was in common reed,  
 Mother of blessed Peace and Friendship trew;  
 They both her twins, both borne of heavenly seed,  
 And she herself likewise divinely grew,  
 The which right well her works divine did shew.  
 For strength, and wealth, and happiness, she lends,  
 And strife, and war, and anger, does subdew.  
 Of little, much; of foes she maketh friends;  
 And to afflicted minds sweet rest and quiet sends."

Where could concord more appropriately erect her temple, and diffuse more strength, and wealth, and happiness, than in Ireland as she was made by God?

"For sure it is a most beautiful and sweet country as any is under heaven, being stored throughout with many goodly rivers, replenished with all sorts of fish most abundantly, sprinkled with many sweet islands and goodly lakes, like little inland seas, that will carry our ships upon their waters; adorned with goodly woods, even fit for building of houses and ships; so commodiously as if some princes in the world had them, they would soon hope to be lords of all the seas, and ere long of all the world; also full of very

good ports and havens, opening upon England, as inviting us to come to them, to see what excellent commodities that country can afford; besides the soil itself most fertile, fit to yield all kind of fruit that may be committed thereunto; and lastly the heavens most mild and temperate.”—p. 484.

But to return to our sad task. Even in this sweet passage, so like the lulling melody of his verse, Spenser is a tempter, depicting the glowing charms of helpless beauty. His plan for the subjugation of the native Irish is conceived in the worst spirit of barbarian conquest. Tyrone and Wicklow were the strongholds of the Irish, who, during the whole reign of Elizabeth, baffled by an intrepid guerilla the whole power of England. A levy of 10,000 footmen and 1000 horse was to be the first step: 8,000 were to be quartered in Ulster, in four garrisons of 2,000 each, on the Blackwater, at Castleliffer, at Fermanagh, and in Monaghan. 1000 men in the county Wicklow in six garrisons, and 1000 in two garrisons in Connaught, in Mayo, and Galway, “to keep down the Burkes, and Connors, and Kellies, and Murries, and all them thereabouts.” The garrisons being thus placed, proclamation was to be made that whatever inhabitants of these countries should absolutely submit themselves within twenty days (except only the very principals and head leaders) should find grace. But those that did not come in and submit themselves on the first summons, should never afterwards be received, but left to their miserable end! because they were stout and obstinate rebels, and never could be made dutiful and obedient, nor brought to labour or civil conversation; for, being acquainted with spoils and outrages, they will ever after be ready for the like occasions, there could be no hope of their amendment, and therefore needful to be cut off. A winter campaign, well followed up, was to be the agent of extermination.

“For it is not in Ireland as in other countries, where the wars flame most in summer, and the helmets glisten brightest in the brightest sunshine; but in Ireland the winter yieldeth best services, for then the trees are bare and naked, which used both to clothe and house the kern; the ground is cold and wet, which useth to be his bedding; the air is sharp and bitter to blow through his naked sides and legs; the kine are barren and without milk, which useth to be his only food, neither if he kill them will they yield him flesh, nor if he keep them will they yield him food; beside, being all with calf for the most part, they will through much chasing and driving cast all their calves and lose their milk, which should relieve them the next summer. . . . Towns there are none of which he

may get spoil, they are all burnt; bread he hath none, he plougheth not in summer; flesh he hath, but if he kill it in winter he shall want milk in summer, and shortly want life; therefore, if they be well followed but one winter, you shall have little work with them the next summer."—p. 509.

Spenser calculates that before the second winter, the enemy would be brought so low, as to accept any conditions. Judging from what he had seen in Desmond's wars, he supposed that no living thing, man or beast, could be found in Tyrone, Tyrconnell, or the county of Wicklow; but should any remain, he wished a general proclamation to be made in Her Majesty's name, that whoever came in and submitted, should either have pardon, or permission to return in safety. Supposing that all the survivors would come in, he suggests that those who were fit for subjection, or even *all* (because, he adds, "I think that *all* will be very few"), may be received, on condition of resigning themselves to the absolute disposal of the conqueror. When a similar proclamation was issued at the close of Desmond's war, he saw those who were refused protection, begging that anything should be done to them rather than that they should be compelled to return and die of hunger and misery.

From the manner in which he wished to dispose of the remnant of the northern and Wicklow Irish, it would appear that he believed there was a deathless spirit of liberty breathing from their native soil, which could never brook the chains of the stranger. Like the giant of old, the kern and galloglass were invincible as long as they trod their native hills. To break this spirit, the poet proposes the following singular plan:

"When the Ulster men be come in, I would have them first unarmed utterly, and stripped quite of all their warlike weapons, and then these conditions set down and made known to them: that they shall be placed in Leinster, and have land given them to occupy and live upon, in such sort as shall become good subjects, to labour thenceforth for their living, and to apply themselves to honest trades of civility, as they shall every one be found fit and able for.

"*Eudox.* Where then, a God's name, will you place them in Leinster? or will you find out any new land there that is yet unknown?

"*Iren.* No; I will place them all in the county of the Binnes and Tools, which Pheagh M'Hugh hath, and in all the lands of the Cavanaghs, which are now in rebellion, and all the lands which will fall to her majesty thereabouts, which I know to be very spacious, and large enough to contain them, *being very near twenty or thirty miles wide.*

“*Eudox.* But then what will you do with all the Birnes, the Tooles, and the Cavanaghs, and all those that are now joined with them ?

“*Iren.* . . . . I will translate all that remain of *them* unto the places of the other in Ulster, with all their creete and what else they have left them.”—p. 516.

We remarked that Spenser’s policy to the Anglo-Irish could be traced in the acts of every succeeding government, and the same may be said of his schemes of extermination, or transplanting, for the native Irish. Mountjoy, in the war with Tyrone, carried out Spenser’s campaign to the letter; and James the First, in the confiscation of the six counties of the north, the county of Wicklow, and King’s and Queen’s County, did but realize the settlement projected by the gentle poet.

The civil reformation of Ireland was to be completed in the same spirit in which it was commenced. When the Irish septes were broken, and their remnants dispersed and intermingled with the English colonists throughout the country, the sword was still to continue unsheathed. Martial law, in the most summary forms, was to be permanently enforced against all who left the places where they were located. Here was the precedent for those suspensions of the constitution which have been so cherished a remedy for all the evils of Ireland.

“But afterwards, lest any of them (the Irish) should swerve, or any that is tied to a trade should afterwards not follow the same, according to this institution, but should straggle up and down the country, or mich in corners among their friends idly, as carrowes, bards, jesters, and such like, I would wish that a provost-marshal should be appointed in every shire, which should continually walk about the country, with half-a-dozen or half-a-score horsemen, to take up such loose persons as they should thus find wandering, whom he should punish by his own authority, with such pains as the person shall seem to deserve; for if he be but once so taken idly roguing, he may punish him more lightly, as with stocks or such like; but if he be found again so loitering, he may scourge him with whips or rods, after which, if he be again taken, let him have the bitterness of martial law.”

Thus, whatever was exclusive, or tyrannical, or sanguinary, in British misgovernment, had the sanction of Spenser, though he had before his eyes, in the administration of Perrott, a proof of the ease with which the Irish people could be won over by gentleness and justice. One merit the *State of Ireland* certainly possesses, and in the highest degree. No book with

which we are acquainted, sketches so vividly the scenes and characters of the age. If we are ever to have a history of the Irish reign of Elizabeth, not a cold skeleton, but a breathing figure picturing the men and events of that great crisis, Spenser can be consulted with great advantage. O'Sullivan, in his *Historiæ Catholicæ*, often omits things which, from being so familiar to himself, were deemed unworthy of notice. But in Spenser, the features of the country, so different from what they are to-day, the manners of the Irish through all their grades, the woodkerne, the gallowglass, "the rake hell horseboy," the daring mountaineers of Wicklow and Tyrone; together with the poor hunted friar, and the lazy or vicious Anglican,—are all depicted in vivid colours. The bards were objects of special attention.

"There is amongst the Irish a certain kind of people called bards, which are to them instead of poets, whose profession is to set forth the praises or dispraises of men, in their poems or rythms, the which are had in so high regard and estimation amongst them, that none dare displeas them for fear to run into reproach through their offence, and to be made infamous in the mouth of all men. For their verses are taken up with general applause, and usually sung at all feasts and meetings by certain other persons whose proper function that is; who also receive for the same great rewards and reputation amongst them.....These Irish bards are so far from instructing young men in moral discipline, that they themselves do more deserve to be sharply disciplined; for they seldom used to choose unto themselves the doings of good men for the arguments of their poems, but whomsoever they find to be most licentious of life, most bold and lawless in his doings, most dangerous and desperate in all parts of disobedience and rebellious disposition, him they set up and glorify in their rhymes; him they praise to the people, and to young men make an example to follow. . . . As of a most notorious thief and wicked outlaw [some independent chief or subject driven to arms in self-defence], which had lived all his lifetime of spoils and robberies, one of their bards in his praise will say, that he was none of the idle milk-sops that was brought up by the fire-side, but that most of his days he spent in arms and valiant enterprises; that he did never eat his bread before he had won it with his sword; that he lay not all night slugging in a cabin, under his mantle, but used commonly keep others waking to defend their lives, and did light his candle in the flames of their houses to guide him in the darkness; that the day was his night, and the night his day; that he loved not to be long wooing of wenches to yield to him, but where he came he took by force the spoil of other men's love, and left but lamentation to their lovers; that his music was not the harp, nor lays of love, but the cries of people, and the clash-

ing of armour; and, finally, that he died not bewailed by many, but made many wail when he died, that dearly bought his death. Do you not think, Eudoxus, that many of their praises might be applied to men of best deserts? Yet are they all yielded to some notable traitor, and amongst some of the Irish not lightly accounted of. For the song, when it was first made and sung to a person of high degree there, was bought, as their manner is, for forty crowns."

It is clear from these extracts, that the great crime of the bards was their love of Ireland and independence,—a crime which met no mercy from a brother bard. Had they profaned the muse like Spenser himself, by blazoning the evil deeds and consecrating the crimes of Earl Grey, all their sins would have been covered by political apostacy. But they were doomed to extirpation because they spurned the Saxon chain, and devoted their genius, which extorts the admiration of Spenser, to the liberty of their country.

"I have caused," he says, "divers of them to be translated unto me, that I might understand them, and surely they savoured of sweet wit and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornaments of poetry; yet were they sprinkled with some pretty flowers of natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is a great pity to see so abused, to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which with good usage would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."—p. 501.

It were well for the fame of Spenser, that almost all his political writings, and too much of his poetry, which graces wickedness and vice, had shared the fate of the artless effusions of the forgotten bards.

With few exceptions, he enters fully into the exclusive and tyrannical spirit of Anglo-Irish legislation. Descending to the minutest details of dress, language, intermarriages, fostering, he wished to mould the whole frame of society after the English fashion, without any regard to the national character or the circumstances of the country. Once indeed, he ventures to condemn the laws that forbade saffron shirts and smocks, gilt bridles and petronels, and the wearing of beard on the upper lip; but a look at his own portrait, shows he had personal grounds for defending the moustache; and the following laboured philippic against Irish mantles and glibbs, deprives him of all claims to statesman-like views in tolerating gilt bridles or saffron shirts. The glibb, as every one knows, was a thick curled lock of hair flowing over the forehead. Spenser called for a law against it; because whenever an Irishman broke the law, he either cut off his glibb or pulled

it down over his eyes, masking himself as securely from the pursuits of justice, as if he had been wrapped in the Proteus folds of his Scythian mantle. Spenser against the mantle is a study for all small politicians, from the wise head that saw treason in moustaches, or in gold lace, or ladies' gowns,—down to the collective wisdom that branded Irish arms.

“The Irish mantle should be prohibited, because it is a fit house for an outlaw, a meet bed for a rebel, and an apt cloak for a thief. First, the outlaw being, for his many crimes and villainies, banished from the towns and houses of honest men, and wandering in waste places far from danger of law, maketh his mantle his house, and under it covereth himself from the wrath of heaven, from the offence of earth, and from the sight of men. When it raineth, it is his pent-house; when it bloweth, it is his tent; when it freezeth, it is his tabernacle. In summer he can wear it loose, in winter he can wrap it close; at all times he can use it—never weary, never cumbersome. Likewise for a rebel it is as serviceable: for in the war that he maketh, when he still flieth from his foe, or lurketh in the thick woods and straight passages, waiting for advantages, it is his bed, yea, and almost his household stuff. For the wood is his house against all weathers, and his mantle is his couch to sleep in; therein he wrappeth himself round, and coucheth himself strongly against the gnats, which in that country do more annoy the naked rebels whilst they keep the woods, and do more sharply wound them, than all their enemies' swords and spears, which can seldom come nigh them. Yea, and oftentimes their mantle serveth them when they are near driven, being wrapped about their left arm, instead of a target; for it is hard to cut through with a sword, besides it is light to bear, light to throw away, and in all. Lastly, for a thief it is so handsome, as being, as they commonly are, naked, may seem as though it was first invented for him; for under it he may cleanly convey away any fit pillage that cometh handsomely in his way; and when he goeth abroad in the night in freebooting, it is his best and surest friend; for lying, as they often do, two or three nights together abroad, to watch for their booty, with that they can prettily shroud themselves under a bush or a bankside till they can conveniently do their errand: and when all is over, he can, in his mantle, pass through any town or company, being close hooded over his head, as he useth, from knowledge of any to whom he is endangered. Besides this, he or any man else that is disposed to mischief or villiany, may under his mantle go firmly armed, without suspicion of any, carrying his head-piece, his skean, or pistol, if he please, to be always in readiness.”—p. 495.

This extract reminds one of the discursive trifling of Spenser's muse, often leading the reader from the main subject, and bewildering him in a maze of airy speculations, which



prove at once an inexhaustible fertility of imagination and a strange weakness of judgment. Seriously to recommend a law prohibiting all rebels and outlaws (to whom sword or spear could seldom come nigh) to wear the mantle, is something the same as if Marshal Bugeaud issued an order to the tribes of the desert not to wear the turban, because it protected their heads from the African sun. Perhaps the originators of the Irish Arms Act could take the hint, and have a law passed against the great coats now worn by the Irish peasant; they have all the traitorous properties of the Scythian mantle. Still it would be unjust to attribute Spenser's dislike for Irish dress to whim or national prejudice. He wished to enslave the Irish; and he had read in Aristotle, "that when Cyrus had overcome the Lydians, that were a warlike nation, and desired to bring them to a more peaceable life, he changed their apparel and music, and instead of their short warlike coat, clothed them in long garments like women, and instead of their warlike music, appointed to them certain lascivious lays, and loose jigs, by which.....they became tender and effeminate." Slavish subserviency to English interests was the civilization which Spenser wished to the Irish.

We have already had occasion to adduce his evidence on the disorders of the Established Church. The following were his views on the means by which these disorders were to be reformed:

"In planting of religion, thus much is needful to be observed: that it be not sought forcibly to be impressed into them with terror and sharp penalties, as now is the manner, but rather delivered and intimated with mildness and gentleness, so as it may not be hated before it is understood, and their professors despised and rejected. And therefore it is expedient that some discreet ministers of their own countrymen be sent over amongst them, which, by their meek persuasions and instructions, as also by their sober lives and conversations, first to understand, and afterwards to embrace, the doctrine of their salvation, ..... wherein it is great wonder to see the odds which is between the zeal of popish priests and the ministers of the Gospel; for they spare not to come out of Spain, from Rome and from Remes, by long toil and dangerous travelling hither, where they know peril of death awaiteth them, and no reward or riches is to be found, only to draw the people into the Church of Rome; whereas some of our idle ministers having a way for credit and estimation thereby opened unto them, without pains and without peril, will neither for the same nor any love of God, nor zeal of religion, nor for all the good they may do by winning souls to God, be drawn forth from their warm nests to

look out unto God's harvest, which is now ready for the sickle, and all the fields yellow long ago. Doubtless, the good old godly fathers will (I fear me) rise up in the day of judgment to condemn them. .... Were there ever so many of them (sober Englishmen) sent, even they should do small good till one enormity be taken from them (the Irish); that is, that both they be restrained from sending their young men abroad to other universities beyond the sea, as Remes, Douay, Lovain, and the like; and others from abroad be restrained from coming unto them; for they lurking secretly in the houses, and in corners of the country, do more hurt and hindrance to religion, with their private persuasions, than all the others can do good with their public instructions."

It is good to ponder on this contrast: to weigh well the destiny of these poor lurking priests; to see them maintaining for three centuries the Catholic faith against the mightiest kingdom in the world; and when the hour of deliverance was come, emancipating themselves by the arms of truth and justice, and by the moral influence of that victory, bringing back by the Reform Bill the constitution of England to its Catholic form; to behold the Irish Catholics, the nucleus of Catholic congregations in the towns of England, or carrying the cross wherever the British banner floats over the ocean, or infusing the Catholic element into the great American republic, or, more than all, exhibiting to the Catholics of Europe the image of an independent Church, perfectly free in an Erastian age, and reviving, by the incredible number of churches and convents erected within the last fourteen years, as well as by the lavish charity and increasing piety of her sons,—reviving, we say, the most zealous ages of the Christian Church. It is good to ponder on these things—not to feed our pride, but to know our duty; to make no change in what works so well, but transmit with our ecclesiastical liberty, a salutary distrust of the arm of flesh, which may attempt to bribe what it could not crush. The lurking friar was very probably the original of the following picture of the enchanter, who, according to Spenser, seduced the Church into the ways of error:

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way,  
 An aged sire in long blacke weedes yclad,  
 His fecte all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,  
 And by his belt, his booke he hanging had,  
 Sober he seemed, and very sagely sad;  
 And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,  
 Simple in show and void of malice bad,  
 And all the way he prayed, as he went,  
 And often knockt his breast as one that did repent.

(His house)

XXXIV.

A little lonely hermitage it was,  
 Downe in a dale hard by a forest's side,  
 Far from resort of people that did pass  
 In traveill toe and froe; a little wyde  
 There was an holy chappell edifyde,  
 Wherein the hermite duly went to say  
 His holy things each morn and eventyde,  
 Thereby a christall stream did gently play,  
 Which from a sacred fountain welled forth alway.

XXXV.

Around there, the little house they fill,  
 No booke for entertainment where none was,  
 Rest is their feast and all things at their will,  
 The noblest mind the best contentment has.  
 With faire discourse the evening so they pass,  
 For that old man of pleasing words had store,  
 And well could file his tongue as smooth as glass,  
 He told of saintes and popes, and evermore  
 He strowed an Ave Mary, after and before.

We had intended to lighten our task by a few extracts from the *Faery Queen*, descriptive of Irish scenery. Besides the celebrated description of the Irish rivers, and of Arlo Hill, copied into Sir James Ware's edition of the *State of Ireland*, the poem has many illustrations of a similar kind. But we must be content with a stanza on Arlo, and another on the allegory of the three rivers, the Barrow, Nore, and Sure.

Whilom when Ireland flourished in fame,  
 Of wealth and goodnesse far above the rest  
 Of all that beare the British Islands' name,  
 The gods then used for pleasure and for rest,  
 Oft to resort thereto (Arlo) when seemed them best.  
 But none of all therein more pleasure found,  
 Than Cynthia, that is soveraine queene profest  
 Of woods and forests which therein abound,  
 Sprinkled with wholesome waters more than most on ground.

The three rivers are the "three fair sons" of the giant Blomius (Slieve Bloom) and the Nymph Rheusa:—

The first the gentle Shure that making way  
 By sweet Clonmell adorns rich Waterford,  
 The next the stubborn Neure whose waters gray  
 By faire Kilkenny and Rossepont boord;  
 The third the goodly Barrow which doth hoord

Great heaps of salmon in his deep bosome,  
 All which long sundered do at last accord  
 To joyne in one, ere to the sea they come,  
 So flowing all from one, all one at last become.

The epithets, "gentle" and "stubborne" are not happily applied, unless there has been a great change since the days of Spenser. His lines—

The spacious Shannon spreading like a sea,  
 and

Mulla mine, whose waves I whilome taught to weep,  
 are not bad specimens of his artful melody, which, like the sounds in the cave of his magician, is as

A triekling stream from high rock tumbling down,  
 And ever drizzling rain upon the loft,  
 Mixt with a murmuring wind much like the sowne  
 Of swarming bees.

Thousands know Spenser's poetry who never heard of his politics. To such we feel some apology is due, for raking up these heavy charges on his memory. Should any person regard our notice as an effusion of monkish ignorance or bigoted intolerance, it must not be forgotten, that Spenser's calumnies and policy are still the maxims of British governors, and unfortunately, the public opinion of a large class of Englishmen towards Ireland. Had his errors died with him, like those of Cambrensis, who metamorphosed the people of Ossory into wolves, or like those of more modern historians, who gave tails to the wild Irish; or even like Milton's huge lie on the Irish massacre of 1641; no person could condemn, more severely than ourselves, the wretched taste which should disinter the follies of a man who has been the delight of three centuries and the glory of English literature. But Spenser's spirit survives in Irish misgovernment. His work is the fruit and food of prejudices injurious to some of our fellow-subjects and disgraceful to all. Such is the fate of the errors of genius, especially when they are the errors of an age. The impure novelist, the lying historian, the factious pamphleteer, generally survive their works; but the man whose life is an epoch in the literature of his country, whose genius gives him an eminence through all time, is guilty indeed, when his splendour misleads and enthralls, by the spell of his name, the minds of his countrymen in pernicious errors. Spenser found many statesmen, as he tells us, heartily wishing that Ireland was "a pool of water;" he found others plotting the ex-

tirpation of all her inhabitants ; others fomenting her disorganization lest she should grow too strong : and others haunted by the gloomy apprehension "that Almighty God had reserved her for some secret scourge which, through her, was to come unto England." "A thing," he says, "which was hard to know, but much to be feared." Should God, in his retributive justice, make England "suffer in that in which she has sinned," what has Spenser done to arrest the judgment? Nothing, we fear. He found England prejudiced, he confirmed her ; he found Ireland miserable, and plunged her still deeper in the gulph. In life and in death, by his writings and by his woes, when he wandered an outcast in London, after the loss of his property and the death of his child in the flames lit by Irish revenge, he was a firebrand between those whom it has pleased Providence to make the subjects of the same crown.

Should the name of Spenser attract to our pages any of those gifted minds whose high prerogative it is to reform public opinion, perhaps when they review the errors of a kindred spirit, they will acknowledge that, as anti-Irish prejudice has been one of the most fatal aberrations of the British mind, so there could be no greater blessing to the empire than to bury that prejudice for ever. So little inclined are we to part in anger with Spenser, that we have reserved for the close an appeal which covers a multitude of his sins, though it is clear his motive was not humanity, but policy—not the good of the tenant, but the destruction of the landlords' political power. How few the victims, how slight the rapid havoc of Irish wars, compared to the millions of hearts broken by the tyranny of landlords, from the days of Spenser to Lord Devon's commission.

"There is one general inconvenience which reigneth almost throughout all Ireland ; that is, the lords of lands and freeholders do not there use to set out their land in farm or for terms of years to their tenants, but only from year to year, and some during pleasure ; neither, indeed, will the Irish husbandman or tenant otherwise take his land, than so long as he list himself. The reason hereof in the tenant is, for that the landlords there used most shamefully to rack their tenants, laying upon them coigny and livery at pleasure, and exacting of them besides his covenants, what he pleaseth ; so that the poor husbandman dare not bind himself to him for a longer term, or thinketh by his continual liberty of change to keep his landlord the rather in awe from wronging of him. And the reason why the landlord will no longer covenant with him is,

for that he daily looketh after change and alteration, and hovereth in expectation of new worlds.

“*Eudox.* But what evil cometh hereby to the commonwealth, or what reason is it that any landlord should not set, nor any tenant take his land as himself list.

“*Iren.* Marry, the evils which come hereby are great ; for by this means both the landlord thinketh that he hath his tenant more at command, to follow him into what action soever he shall enter, and also the tenant, being left at his liberty, is fit for every occasion of change that shall be offered by time ; and so much also the more ready and willing he is to run with the same, for that he hath no such state in any his holding ; no such building upon any farm ; no such cost employed in fencing or husbanding the same, as might withhold him from any such wilful course as his lord’s cause or his own lewd disposition may carry him into. All which he hath foreborne, and spared so much expense ; for that he hath no firm estate in his tenement, but was only a tenant at will or little more, and so at will may leave it. And this inconvenience may be reason enough to ground any ordinance for the good of the commonwealth, against the private behoof or will of any landlord that shall refuse to grant any such term or estate unto his tenant, as may tend to the good of the whole realm.

“*Eudox.* Indeed, methinks it is a great wilfulness in any such landlord to refuse to make any longer farms to their tenants, as may tende the general good of the realm, be also greatly for their own profit and avail. For what reasonable man will not think that the tenement shall be made much better for the lord’s behoof, if the tenant may by such good means be drawn to build himself some handsome habitation thereon, to ditch and enclose his ground, to manure and husband it, as good farmers use ; for when his tenant’s term shall be expired, it will yield him in the renewing his lease, a good fine and a better rent. And also, it shall be for the good of the tenant likewise, who by such buildings and enclosures shall receive many benefits ; first, by the handsomeness of his house he shall take more comfort of his life, more safe-dwelling, and a delight to keep his said house neat and cleanly ; which now being, as they commonly are, rather swine-styes than houses, is the chief cause of his so beastly manner of life and savage condition, lying and living together with his beast in one house, in one room, in one bed ; that is, clean straw, or rather a foul dunghill. And to all these commodities he shall, in a short time, find a greater added ; that is, his own wealth and riches increased and wonderfully enlarged, by keeping his cattle in enclosures where they shall always have fresh pastures, that now is all trampled and overrun ; warm covert that now lieth open to all weather.”

If this extract should prompt any of our lawgivers to check the grinding extortions of Irish landlords, Spenser’s appeal

on behalf of the poor tenants may be regarded as the same *amende* for his political, that the following is for his moral delinquency.

Many lewd layes (ah! woe is me the more)  
 In praise of that mad fit, which fools call love,  
 I have in the heat of youth made heretofore,  
 That in light wits did loose affection move.  
 But all those follies now I do reprove,  
 And turned have the tenor of my string,  
 The heavenly praises of true love to sing.

And ye that wont with greedy vaine desire,  
 To reade my fault and wondering at my flame,  
 To warme yourselves at my wide sparckling fire,  
 Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my blame,  
 And in her ashes shroud my dying shame;  
*For, who my passed follies now pursewes,  
 Beginnes his owne, and my old fault renewes.*

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ART. VII.—*Tracts for the Last Days*. London: Painter. 1843.

**T**O those Catholics who have carefully and impartially watched the progress of the Anglican controversy during the last ten or twelve years, the present state of the theological movement by which this eventful period has been characterized, must, on the whole, however accompanied with painful and anxious feelings, afford abundant matter for deep and heartfelt satisfaction. The sacred doctrines for which we had so earnestly to contend a few years back, are now not only admitted but maintained by those very persons against whom we then contended, and are maintained with a zeal and tenderness which are better proofs of sincere conviction than even the unanswerable arguments with which they are supported. That all the original supporters of the present movement should not be prepared to go all the length of Catholic doctrine with Mr. Newman or Mr. Ward, is a thing which was to be expected, and may be accounted for on many grounds short of insincerity. Inveterate prejudices, misunderstandings, or want of moral or intellectual insight, whether resulting from the difficulties of position, or from individual incapacity, will amply satisfy any charitable person who has the slightest knowledge of human nature, as the real

causes of the short-comings of many who have taken part in the Oxford movement. And to deny that certain principles have taken deep root in the minds of religious Protestants, which cannot fail in their season to produce a favourable harvest, would at once betray a total ignorance of the popular Anglican literature of the day, and also of the tone of conversation in religious society.

Of the final result we have, of course, no doubt, but we can easily understand why many Catholics should look with coldness and suspicion on a movement which originated in a feeling of the most ardent devotion towards the Anglican Church, and which, to be consistent with itself, could not *at first* but treat the Catholics of England as schismatical pretenders to the privileges of the true Church. And again, it by no means follows that persons holding a large portion of Catholic doctrine are any nearer in reality to the full integrity of Catholic truth than persons who hold less; for, if so, the schismatic Greeks, who are orthodox on nearly every point of faith, and, indeed, the Oriental heretics of every description, would be nearer to us than such persons as Dr. Pusey or Archdeacon Manning. It is, again, most difficult for those who are unacquainted with the personal characters of such persons as Mr. Newman, or the writer in the *British Critic*, to conceive how persons can admit so much as they do without forfeiting that invincible ignorance which can alone excuse a person, in the sight of God, from openly deserting the heresy with which he is connected, and professing himself a member of that one Church which is divinely established as the ark of our salvation. From our study of the movement in its different bearings, and from the accidental knowledge we possess of the persons who originated it, or have since been raised up to accelerate its development, we are happy in being able to adopt a more consoling view of what we have to expect from the natural course of events; and we are encouraged by the consideration that those who have spoken on the other side of the question have no pretension to information on the subject not accessible to ourselves, but are rather deficient on this essential point; and where their reasons have been given, we have found them deserving, indeed, of all attention, but very far from being conclusive against us. It is not our intention in this article, which is expressly written in confutation of a section of the movement party, to enter upon the reasons which inclined us to look



with interest and hope upon the present state of things; still, as we have noticed some of the considerations which would lead to a different conclusion, we may as well state the grounds which prevent their having any weight with us.

And first of all, we look with hope upon the present movement, because it is a religious *movement*, and in the right direction. The cases of the Greek Church, and the other eastern heresies, are not parallel cases. If there were as much religious activity in those quarters as we see in England, we should have the most unbounded hopes of their speedy conversion. In England it is true that many may have joined the movement merely from a keen perception of the æsthetic beauty of the Catholic religion or its forms of worship, or from a sense of the intellectual inanity of ordinary Protestantism, and that such persons have, as might have been expected, been loud and forward in trumpeting their own claims, according to the true Anglican practice. Such persons do exist, and it is against such that the letter of the Comte de Montalembert is especially written. Would that that wonderful letter, of which we cannot sufficiently express our admiration, might utterly root out that most hateful vice of unreality, which is the especial danger of the present day! But to say that the whole movement was characterized with unreality, is to show an acquaintance with only one, and that the worthless, or, at least, most unpromising, section of the party. We are anxious to avow our sincere conviction that the real strength of the movement consists in its being the result of the spiritual cravings of a multitude of religious hearts, whose dissatisfaction with their present position arose, unconsciously at first, out of their exertions to live up to that standard of holiness which their own Church proposed to them. In so doing they found that their efforts were not assisted by their Church, and hence have arisen those complaints for which the "high and dry" orthodoxy of the establishment can only account, by attributing them to "morbid" feelings. If our solution of this most striking religious phenomenon of the nineteenth century be a true one, it is easy to see how many apparent and real inconsistencies are accounted for. And if, as every Catholic is bound to believe, the Catholic Church be the only haven of repose for the humble and contrite heart, and if God will give His grace to all who ask it in truth and sincerity, a Catholic cannot doubt of the final issue of such a movement as we have described.

But a humble person will naturally pause before he condemns the religious community in which he was placed by Providence, and will be more inclined to mistrust himself than his Church, and this we know to be the case with many most humble and affectionate souls, whose hearts are entirely with us, and who would only be following their natural inclinations and desires were they to desert the Anglican for the Catholic Church. It is *our* business to satisfy them that it is in the One Fold alone that they can hope to attain that supernatural eminence of holiness at which they aim, and this we shall do, not so much by force of argument as by exhibiting before them the exercise of those unearthly virtues which are so distinguishing a note of the Church of Christ. And though we should sin most grievously by uttering a single word that could tend in any way to countenance their present unhappy separation from the Catholic Church, which, however inculpable it may be in them, is yet most full of fearful peril to their souls; we should improve the matter but little by being angry, or fretful, or impatient, because the grace of God was slow in manifesting itself.

“God hath sown, and He will reap;  
Growth is slow when roots are deep.”

We propose in the present article to continue the series of papers which has already been commenced in this journal, with a view to establish, by means of documentary evidence, the existence of facts, doctrines, and principles, in the earlier ages of Christianity, which form an essential part of the present Catholic system, but which are utterly unknown to Anglicanism, and are rejected by its advocates as errors in doctrine, or corruptions in practice. And as offence has been taken at the language used in this Review with reference to the advocates of high-church Anglicanism, we must beg leave to say a few words on the subject.

We have great happiness, as we have already said, in knowing that a great many members of the Anglican Church, although brought up in bitter hostility to the sacred truths of Catholicism, have, by dint of living up to the positive truths which their communion has not yet denied, and by improving their knowledge by ecclesiastical studies, outgrown the narrow formulas of high-church orthodoxy, and are really, however unconsciously, only waiting for some crisis, openly to declare themselves Catholics, in communion with the Holy

Sec. Many of them have, in the course of their writings, used very strong expressions against Rome, which were the natural result of their position at the time; and at which it would now be foolish and unphilosophical for any Catholic to be astonished or annoyed, when he considers the circumstances under which they were written. Mr. Newman has since nobly atoned for his mistake by a public retraction. Others, like Mr. Ward or Mr. Oakeley, have been so cautious from the beginning, that they have had nothing of the sort to retract. Against such persons we should be sorry to utter a single harsh or unkind word. But there are others, who follow in their train, who are not content with embracing doctrines, which, let them say what they will, are utterly at variance with what they had been taught from their childhood, and which, when first started a few years back, startled and scandalized all the elder members of their communion; which, however consistent with the formularies of their Church, they no more learnt from their Church than they did from the Grand Lama; and which, if they be true, their Church has been teaching heresy for the last three centuries, more or less. Not content with this,—not aware that every change in religious teaching involves either the commission of present, or the confession of past, sin,—these gentlemen, whose constant cry is “Church authority,” make no scruple of asserting, that doctrines which have had the sanction of the whole of Christendom, their own Church inclusive (previous to its schism), are false as hell, blasphemous, and idolatrous; that the whole of Catholic Christendom is still plunged in the deepest abyss of error and superstition, and that the voice of nearly two hundred millions (whom they allow to be members of the true Church), with respect to their ecclesiastical position, is not merely erroneous, but undeserving of the slightest consideration. And here, where sects and heresies are daily springing up, like worms, from the decaying carcass of the establishment,—where, in the larger towns, vice reigns with almost undisputed sway, and in the most appalling forms; in short, where souls are perishing on all sides, and the bottomless abyss yawns daily for new victims,—we have grave clergymen proposing to cure the deep-rooted diseases of our social system, by preaching in surplices on the immaculate purity of the Anglican Church, turning to the East at the creed, setting up Gothic fittings, reading the prayer for the Church Militant, the weekly use of the offertory, and placing candlesticks upon the communion table, provided only

—most expressive, most significant symbol—that the candles be *not* lighted! And these are people who dare to talk of extreme views,—who dare to make a stir, when holy and self-denying members of their own communion are forced, in spite of themselves, to protest against the hollowness of Anglicanism, and the heretical and anti-christian character which has characterized it from the beginning. These persons it is who bring contempt upon their party, who give a point to the accusations of evangelicals, and to the blasphemies of infidels and latitudinarians, and who discourage earnest and truth-loving men from searching deeper into the causes of a phenomenon which bears such rottenness and unreality upon its surface. Mr. Carlyle was thinking of such men when he spoke of “Puseyism” as a “sham” of the nineteenth century, which was calculated “to strike one dumb.” The disgust we feel at the spirit of such proceedings, is not confined to Catholics and low-church Protestants. Mr. Newman has spoken most strongly and bitterly against it in his last volume of sermons. The eloquent biographer of St. Wilfrid has characterized it as “a fearful, indeed a sickening, development of the peculiar iniquity of the times—a masterpiece of Satan’s craft!” And we boldly challenge any one to point out any expressions of abhorrence which have been used, either in the *Tablet* or the *Dublin Review*, against the Anglican system, which would not be mild, when compared with the sustained and crushing attack which it has lately met in Mr. Ward’s “Ideal of a Christian Church.” Let those who feel inclined to quarrel with us, first settle their quarrels with Mr. Ward: when they have done so, we shall be happy to hear what they have to say for themselves. Meanwhile, believing, as we do, that the spirit we have described, which is one of the most odious and despicable formalism (compared with which Puritanism itself, were it the only resource, would become beautiful and attractive), has always been one of the chief characteristics of high-church Anglicanism, and that in close union with an infatuated self-complacency, which would be ludicrous, were it not awfully revolting,—believing all this, never can we permit an occasion to pass by, whenever it presents itself, of denouncing as energetically as we can the lying counterfeit which would fain pass itself off as genuine and pure Catholicism.\*

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\* In all fairness we are bound to say that the editor of the “English Churchman” (whose remarks on the “Dublin Review” have occasioned the above

The supremacy of the Roman pontiff,—that one doctrine which all heretics and schismatics have hitherto failed in acknowledging, however closely they have agreed with the Catholic Church on other points,—has for some time been acknowledged by the most advanced of the Oxford party.

An extract was given last Christmas in this journal, in support of the doctrine in question, from Mr. Newman's "Sermons for the Day;" and we are now happy in having the testimony of Mr. Palmer that the interpretation then given was a correct one. This gentleman, in his review\* of Mr. Newman's sermons, quotes the very same passage, and thus comments upon it:

"We have examined and turned this concluding passage in every way, but we fear that it can bear only one interpretation—the *Papal supremacy, and that by Divine right.*"

The same authority† tells us, that the biographer of St. Stephen Harding, has reverence for the Papacy, "the same in kind and degree as that of St. Bernard, or any other zealous adherent of Rome, when its claims and its powers were most exalted." Mr. Ward‡ demands that a Pope's dogmatic decree should be received without comment or criticism; and the life of St. Wilfrid, recently published, is one continued eulogium on the Holy See, and those who devoted all their energies in its support. When less advanced high-churchmen, therefore, challenge us to prove the Pope's supremacy, we might at once refer them to Mr. Newman, whose opinion on this subject, let them say what they will, is deserving of their most serious attention. The last years of his life have, as is well known, been almost exclusively devoted to the study of ecclesiastical antiquity; and his recent labours, on St. Athanasius, justify us in pronouncing him the most learned writer the Anglican Church has yet produced. Is he less learned than when he denied the Pope's supremacy? or, if mere erudition be not a sufficient claim to authority, are his reasoning powers impaired? For this let any one consult his *Essay on Miracles*, or his *University Sermons*, and, if the enquiry be an impartial one, we fear not the result.

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observations) is infinitely less Anglican than his correspondents, and we should be sorry should our remarks be looked upon as applying personally to himself. Only since he was displeased at our attacks upon Anglicanism, we thought it right to say plainly what we meant by high-church Anglicanism, and he will surely allow that our picture is not that of an ideal existence.

\* "English Review," No. II. p. 330. † *Ib.* p. 476 ‡ "Ideal of a Christian Church," p. 100, first edition.

But we have no wish to shelter ourselves behind the authority of Mr. Newman; and, as we have been repeatedly informed of late, by persons who profess, with Bishop Ken, to hold the faith of the universal Church anterior to the division of east and west, that the papal supremacy is their great difficulty, we propose, in the following pages, to examine into the faith of the Church during the period referred to, on this momentous subject.

Now, we suppose that no candid reasoner will deny, that *if* the *universality* of this doctrine before the schism can be proved, a very material point indeed will have been established. For *such* a doctrine as the papal supremacy could not possibly creep *imperceptibly* over the whole of Christendom. We might as reasonably suppose it possible, for a king of England or France suddenly and peacefully to acquire dominion over the whole of the civilized world, without its being perceived by the politicians of the different nations. Or even supposing this absurd impossibility to be got over, the difficulty remains as great as ever. For if the whole Church *unconsciously*\* agreed in acknowledging the papal supremacy, it follows that the supremacy is a natural and *necessary* development of Catholic Christianity, and could not have been denied without doing violence to existing and deep-rooted principles of action.

All this seems to have been allowed, or at least not denied, by Anglican controversialists. What they deny is, the historical fact of the universality of the doctrine, and they confine its reception to the "western branch of the Church, at the utmost." Mr. Palmer,† for instance, assures us that—

"The Eastern Church has not varied on the primacy; for she does not deny that the pontiff might fairly be considered the first bishop, according to the customs and synods of the Church; but she has *never* admitted that this primacy is *divino jure*."

We trust the evidence that shall be produced, in the course of this article, will enable the impartial reader to form a very

\* We suppose that none of our opponents maintain that the Church ever *conferred* the supremacy upon the Roman pontiff. If so we demand historical evidence of the fact.

† "Treatise on the Church," vol. i. p. 207. We are sorry to be obliged to refer so frequently to Mr. Palmer's writings, but he is really the only one of the party we are opposing who has any *claims* to knowledge of ecclesiastical history. It is not then from a monomaniac feeling against this gentleman, but simply because we have no one else to refer to. Mr. Sewell, Dr. Hook, &c. content themselves with assuming their facts, and then reasoning as if that assumption were a universally acknowledged truth.

different opinion on the subject. Before producing this evidence, we must entreat our readers to bear in mind what the doctrine is which is called in question, as almost every argument against it is founded on some misunderstanding or other.

We believe, then, that our blessed Lord intrusted the care of his faithful followers to the twelve apostles, to be by them guided, governed, and fed with the food of spiritual doctrine. As far as the office of the apostolate is concerned, all Catholics are agreed that the twelve were invested with perfectly equal prerogatives of power and dignity; and that to them in common was committed the charge of feeding the flock of Christ. So far we are agreed with Protestants; but we maintain that, over and above his apostolate, certain privileges were conferred upon St. Peter, with relation both to the apostles and to the Church at large. Thus it is perfectly sound theology to speak of the Church as founded upon the twelve apostles, for the reasons above mentioned: and yet we believe it no less true to say that the Church is founded upon St. Peter, in a way quite peculiar to himself. And, if the apostles were entrusted with the care of all Christians, it was the especial privilege of St. Peter to be entrusted with the care of the apostles themselves. Our blessed Lord having in an especial manner\* committed to *him* his sheep and his lambs (that is his whole flock), we cannot believe those to belong to the flock of Christ who refuse to submit to the guidance and government of St. Peter.†

And as we believe that the government instituted by our Lord was meant to continue even to the world's end, we at-

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\* Protestants argue against the prerogative of St. Peter from the similarity of language used on other occasions to the Twelve. The fallacy of their argument will appear on taking a parallel case. A king says to his commander-in-chief, "To you I give charge of my army, and every act of disobedience against you shall be punished as if done against myself." On another occasion he uses the very same words to the assembled officers of his army. Would any one maintain that by so doing he had revoked the supreme authority committed to the commander-in-chief? Yet this is really the Protestant argument.

† The doctrine of St. John Chrysostom relative to St. Peter, may be taken as illustrative of what was taught by the Eastern Church in early times. He says of the Apostles, that they were "πάντες κοινῇ τὴν οἰκουμένην ἐμπιστευθέντες." (De Util. Lect. Scrip. t. iii. p. 75. Ed. Ben.) Of St. Peter he says, "πρῶτος τῶν πράγματος ἀθεντεῖ, ἅτε αὐτὸς πάντας [μαθητὰς] ἐγχειρισθεῖς." (In Act. Apostol. Hom. III. t. ix. p. 26.) See also Hom. v. De Pœnitentia. "Τὴν ἐπιστάσιαν τῆς οἰκουμένης ἐκκλησίας ἐνεχείρισε." Some of the fathers speak out more strongly. Thus Eusebius says that Peter succeeded Christ as Joshua succeeded Moses; but we have taken St. Chrysostom, first, as being one of the great doctors of the Church; secondly, the first of these passages has been quoted against us.

tribute to the successors of St. Peter the same relation to other bishops that St. Peter held with respect to his brethren. The supreme pontiff, as far as the spiritual power of *the order* of the episcopate is concerned, is neither greater nor less than any other bishop, and the most humble prelate in the Catholic world directly receives this authority from the same divine source as Christ's Vicar upon earth. Yet the chair of St. Peter claims prerogatives due to itself alone, as the divinely constituted centre of unity, and the see of the universal pastor and doctor of Christendom.

Now, once more, we must remind our readers of the extreme importance of bearing in mind that the whole doctrine of the papal supremacy is comprised in the foregoing propositions. We believe, of course, that a consistent person living *now-a-days*, if he believes as much as this, will necessarily believe a great deal more, which logically follows from premises so pregnant with consequences. But we do *not* assert that these consequences have always been held in the Church; we know and willingly acknowledge, that the contrary has been the case. The humble and persecuted converts of the apostles could as little foresee the future triumphs of the papacy, as they could realize the possibility of bishops living in splendid palaces, or sitting in the House of Lords. And though we are fully satisfied that the infallibility of the Pope, and the consequent duty of implicit and unreserved submission to his authority, are necessary conclusions from his supremacy, we need not be astonished that members of the Church, in the third or fourth centuries, should not have maintained\* what the Gallican bishops of the seventeenth century concurred in denying.

Now be it observed, that the two facts in early Church history, which are commonly considered by Protestants as fatal to the doctrine of the supremacy, would really, even when viewed through the medium of Protestant spectacles, be inconsistent only with the "ultramontane" development of the supremacy, and not with the doctrine as we ourselves have stated it. The two facts we allude to are known to Protestants as—

1. "St. Irenæus *rebuking* Pope Victor for excommunicating the Asiatic churches."

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\* We do not mean that Gallicanism derives *any* countenance from antiquity for the fathers held none of those qualifying principles which disgraced French theology two hundred years back.



2. "St. Cyprian opposing the Pope on the question of heretical baptism."

As these two cases are perpetually cited against us, (in private conversation much more than in public,) it will be worth while to say a few words about each of them.

1. Now, first of all, the mere fact of thinking a Pope's measures wrong is not inconsistent even with the highest ultramontane doctrine. Bellarmine,\* whom no one will suspect of Protestantism or Gallicanism, expressly allows that a pope may commit errors in Church government, and enact imprudent or injudicious laws. As far, therefore, as relates to finding fault with a pope's proceedings, St. Irenæus is not proved to have held doctrines inconsistent with modern Catholicism. But what shall we say to his rebuking the Pope? Is not this inconsistent with all our notions of the Papacy? By no means. Of course no Catholic would venture to do such a thing, except under very peculiar circumstances; but these circumstances once existing, there would have been no more inconsistency in a person of surpassing holiness, like St. Irenæus, rebuking his ecclesiastical superior, than there was under the old law for a holy prophet in rebuking the high priest, whose supremacy he fully admitted. St. Bernard is a well-known instance in point. Allowing therefore, for the sake of argument, that St. Irenæus, like St. Bernard, used very strong language in addressing the Pope, what proof have we that he differed from St. Bernard in the opinion he entertained of the Pope's power?

In point of fact, however—which, although of little consequence to the argument as far as we are concerned, is of considerable importance to the Anglican side of the question—what authority is there for saying that St. Irenæus rebuked the Pope at all? Eusebius, who is the writer always referred to on this occasion, merely says that he wrote "in a becoming manner" to St. Victor, entreating him not to excommunicate the Asiatics.

Let us now carry the war into the enemy's country.

It is pretty generally allowed that "Victor acted in a manner which countenances the claims set up by the popes of later days."\* The Anglican reply to this, however, is, that

\* De Romano Pontif. iv. 5. It will be allowed that no modern "Papist" ever held stronger doctrine about the pope than M. DE MAISTRE. Yet this illustrious writer quotes, with entire approbation, a passage from BOURDALOUE, in which, among the glories of St. Bernard, one is "*Reprimandant des Papes.*"—Du Pape, Discours Preliminaire.

† Beaven's Account of St. Irenæus, p. 49.

“the Catholic Church negatived his claim.”\* When we ask, in return, how this is proved; we are told that “many” in that day, and St. Irenæus among the number, wrote very strongly indeed against St. Victor’s proposed excommunication of the Asiatics. But before this reply can have any weight, our opponents must show the inconsistency of holding that the pope has power to cut off individual Churches from Catholic unity, and of at the same time questioning the prudence or justice of his exercising that power in a given case. Now there is *no* inconsistency at all in the matter. A priest refuses baptism to a child, who dies soon after. The priest has committed a sin, yet no one, who pretends to the name of Catholic, will deny that he has nevertheless deprived the child of a means of a grace necessary to salvation. So St. Irenæus, and those who agreed with him, might think it imprudent and unjust in the Pope to excommunicate the Churches of Asia, and yet allow that, by so doing, he would really cut them off from Catholic unity. In fact they *did* so. The language of St. Irenæus is plain enough. He besought St. Victor *ὡς μὴ ἀποκόπτοι ὅλας ἐκκλησίας, κ. τ. λ.* And so it was always understood. Even the schismatic Photius† understands the case as one of excommunication from the Church, and treats it as a matter of course, without expressing surprise or indignation.

Mr. Palmer has however discovered, that the Asiatic Churches, although excommunicated by the Pope, still remained in communion with the rest of the Catholic Church. This startling fact, *if it could be proved*, might be something to the point; but as there is sufficient evidence to show that the sentence of excommunication was never carried into effect, we are compelled to believe, that in trusting to his memory, Mr. Palmer was deceived by his imagination.

2. St. Cyprian’s case is equally consistent with the Catholic hypothesis. If any one at the present day were to profess his belief that out of the Catholic Church there is no possibility of salvation;‡ that the Church is one, even as the seamless robe of Christ, and cannot be divided; that the Church is founded upon St. Peter; that St. Peter is the

\* Ib. 52. Mr. Beaven speaks of St. Victor’s as a “rash and determined mind;” Dr. Burton talks of his “violence” and “uncharitable” conduct, and similar expressions are constantly found in Anglican writers. We should like to know from which of the fathers they learnt to talk in this manner of one whom antiquity revered as a “thrice blessed” saint and martyr.

† “Βίκτηρ δὲ ἄρα κατ’ ἐκείνο καιροῦ Ῥώμης ἐπεσκόπει πρὸς ὅν και πολλὰκις γράφει [ὁ Εἰρηναῖος], παραινῶν μὴ ἐνεκα τῆς περι τοῦ πάσχα διαφωνίας, τινὰς τῆς ἐκκλησίας ἀποκηρύττειν.”—Phot. Biblioth. § 120.

‡ De Unitate, et Epp. *passim*.

source of unity in the Church,\* and the foundation of the authority of all bishops; that the Church of Rome is the see and chair of St. Peter,† the *root* and *womb* of the Catholic Church,‡ the principal Church, and the source of ecclesiastical unity;§ that the unity of the Catholic Church is to be found in the communion of its bishop; and that its bishop had the power of *deposing* other bishops;|| no one would hesitate for a moment in pronouncing him an avowed Romanist. And such was St. Cyprian. On the other hand, he nowhere professes the doctrine of the infallibility of St. Peter's successor; it was therefore no inconsistency in him to resist St. Stephen under circumstances most trying to himself. Believing as he did (most erroneously it is true,) that to acknowledge the baptism of heretics was to take part in their sin, he could not have acted differently from what he did. A Gallican bishop two centuries ago, however orthodox in his *positive* belief in the supremacy, would have acted precisely in the same manner. We allow that St. Cyprian's mode of acting proves that he did not believe in the Pope's infallibility, but it proves nothing against the supremacy, which is what we are concerned with at present. A parallel case will at once show the inconclusiveness of the Protestant objection. A priest is commanded by his bishop to preach some doctrine which he considers, rightly or wrongly, to be inconsistent with the Catholic faith. He is bound in conscience to resist, yet no one could argue from this that he denied his bishop's jurisdiction over himself to be "jure divino."

Let us now proceed to the positive proofs of the reception in the Eastern Church of the doctrine of the papal supremacy in times "anterior to the division of east and west."

Our proofs fall under two classes: viz., direct and indirect; the former consisting of testimonies directly taken from eastern sources; the latter from the doctrine professed by the popes, and other western authorities,¶ from the fourth to the

\* Ep. 33, 66, 73.

† Ep. 55, 69.

‡ Ep. 48.

§ Ep. 59.

|| Ep. 68. St. Cyprian begs of the pope to address letters "to the province and the people of Arles, whereby Marcian (the Bishop of Arles) being deposed, another may be substituted for him." Some people cannot understand how two distinct propositions can be equally true. It is argued that because the Church is infallible, the pope cannot be. And so again, because St. Cyprian elsewhere implies that the Church can depose bishops, some people argue that the pope cannot.

¶ We are not concerned here with ante-Nicene evidence. We wish to carry out a hint of Mr. Ward (*Ideal*, p. 165) to drive honest Anglicans to the *three* first centuries. When they take that ground we shall be fully prepared to meet them.

eleventh century. The force of this latter kind of proof will be apparent to any one who will bear in mind the following consideration. Any one, on ascertaining that the Church of Spain was in communion with the bishop of Rome at the present day, would at once, upon antecedent grounds, and without taking any trouble to read the works of Spanish theologians, take it for granted that the papal supremacy was there acknowledged. For the pope, considering, as he does, that his supremacy is of divine right, must look upon all who deny it as heretics, and would necessarily deny his communion to such persons. And on the other hand, the absence of protests on the part of the Spanish Church, and its peaceful communion with Rome, is an equally satisfactory proof of its belief. If, in the above argument, we substitute the Greek Church for the Spanish, and allow that the popes from the fourth to the eleventh century, throughout, maintained the same claims of supremacy as their present successor, it follows of logical necessity that the Greek Church allowed these claims during the whole of this period. But Anglicans deny that the doctrine of the supremacy was held by the popes of the first seven or eight centuries. They have even the rashness to quote St. Gregory the Great, to show that it was of later date than the seventh century. Such statements, indeed, most fully convince us, either of the almost incredible dishonesty of the old Anglican theologians, or of their astounding ignorance of ecclesiastical history, otherwise than from second-hand sources. Of the *παντολμος ἀμάθεια* of some living writers there can be no question. To the testimony of the first pope that shall be quoted, we shall add that of several circumstances in contemporaneous ecclesiastical history, by way of illustration; and those readers who should wish to carry out this plan for themselves in all the other cases, will find the task by no means an unprofitable one. There can scarcely be a more edifying investigation, than that into the mutual relations, at different periods, between the Roman pontiff and the Church at large.

1. Our first testimony shall be taken from the letter of St. DAMASUS, the contemporary of St. Athanasius, St. Ambrose, and St. Jerome, to the bishops of the East, who had petitioned him to *depose* Timotheus, a Greek bishop, and a disciple of the heresiarch Apollinaris. The ecclesiastical reader who is accustomed to the style of the Roman pontiffs of later times, will at once recognize the "papal pretensions," in the opening sentence:—

“*Dearest children.*\*—When ye render to the Apostolical see the honour which is due to it, the greatest profit falleth to yourselves. For although it behoveth us, especially in that holy Church where the blessed apostle sat and taught, to govern the helm† which we have received, we nevertheless confess ourselves undeserving of that honour. And therefore we labour in every way that so we may be able to arrive at the glory of his felicity. Know, therefore, that we have long since deposed the profane Timothy, the disciple of the heretic Apollinaris, together with his impious doctrine, and we trust that what remains thereof will remain powerless for the future. And if that ancient serpent ceaseth not from his attempts to beguile some unbelievers with his deadly poisons, do ye shun it as a pestilence; and always being mindful of the apostolic faith, especially of that which was written and set forth by the fathers at Nicœa, do ye remain with a firm footing secure and unshaken in the faith. And henceforth suffer not your clergy or your laity to listen to vain babbling and exploded questions. For we have,‡ once for all, issued a declaration§ [or confession of faith] that he who professes himself a Christian may keep that which has been handed down from the Apostles..... Wherefore, then, do ye again ask for the deposition of Timothy, who hath here been already deposed, together with his master Apollinaris, by the sentence of the apostolical see, in presence of Peter, the bishop of Alexandria, and awaiteth the punishments and tortures due to him at the judgment day?¶ ..... God preserve you in health, dearest children.”¶

Such was the tone in which the Roman pontiff addressed the bishops “ruling in the East,” little more than three hundred years since the foundation of the Church. The Greek ecclesiastical historian by whom this letter has been handed down to us, records it without any expressions of surprise or disapproval, and without hinting that St. Damasus was taking unwarrantable liberties, or usurping power which did not lawfully belong to him. He introduces it in the following manner\*\*:—

\* Compare Euseb. Hist. iv. 23. St. Soter (A.D. 170) affectionately exhorted travellers from all the Churches of Christendom, *ὡς τέκνα πατὴρ φιλόστοργος*. St. Basil addresses the pope as *τιμιώτατε πάτερ*.

† In allusion to the well-known figure of the Church, as the ship of St. Peter, in which alone Christ sat. Vid. St. Ambrose (in Luc. v. 3) tom. ii. p. 847. Also St. Maximus.

‡ Compare Sozomen's account of the Controversy about the consubstantiality of the Holy Ghost, quoted *infra*. Also, the language hereafter cited from St. Innocent and St. Zosimus, with St. Augustin's “*Causa finita est*,” and the exclamation of the Council of Chalcedon.

§ *τόπον*, the word used *infra* by Socrates for the letters, on the strength of which St. Athanasius and the other bishops were restored to their sees.

¶ Here the power of binding on earth and heaven, given to St. Peter, is claimed by his successor.

¶ Theodoret, Hist. Eccles. lib. v. cap. 10.

\*\* Ib. cap. 9, fin.

“When the *entirely-praiseworthy* Damasus learned that this heresy had sprung up, he deposed and excommunicated, not only Apollinaris, but Timotheus,\* his disciple.”

Here let us pause and reason for a moment. If an historical student were to read in some French chronicler a chance statement that the king of England had deposed and outlawed the governors of Calais and Rouen, there is no doubt what his conclusions would be. Even though there were no other positive reason for supposing that the king of England had authority in the north of France, he would remember that history scarcely records the thousandth part of passing events, and that if it were universally known that the north of France was *always* subject to England, this would be the very reason for its not being expressly mentioned. But supposing the letter of the king to the authorities of these northern provinces actually to be extant, (in which he takes it for granted that they acknowledge his power), and to be recorded without protest by the French chronicler; supposing also that there were several cases on record of appeals to the English king's authority,—that, in spite of local opposition, his decisions had been invariably acceded to,—that he had interfered in disputes, and that these had been put an end to by letters bearing his seal; we have no hesitation in saying, that the man who should ask for additional evidence of the English king's authority in the north of France, would at once be pronounced incapable of forming an opinion on historical matters. Such is not the enlightened scepticism of a Niebuhr, but the intolerable incredulity of a Hardouin. A genuine critic is constantly aware that such chance statements are often infinitely more valuable than actual dissertations; that when a number of them occur, all tending in the same direction, the light which is furnished by one of them is indefinitely increased; and that in forming an opinion, it is in the highest degree unphilosophical to consider each separately, as if it stood by itself.

After these observations, we trust our Protestant readers who are really desirous of knowing something about the nature and extent of papal power in the fourth century, will carefully weigh the following circumstances of Church history during the Athanasian period, in connection with the letter of St. Damasus, and the notice of that pope's proceedings by the Greek historian Theodoret.

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\* Both bishops, and in the east.

1. The historian Sozomen, when speaking of the disputes in the East about the consubstantiality of the Holy Ghost, enumerates the principal defenders of that sacred doctrine. He then proceeds :\*—

“This dispute having arisen, and, as was natural, gathering strength from day to day, through men’s love of strife, the bishop of Rome, when informed of it, wrote to the Churches of the East, that they should acknowledge the Trinity, one in substance and in glory, together with the bishops of the West. Whereupon they all acquiesced ; the question being once for all decided by the Church of Rome, and the dispute, to all appearance, was brought to a close.”

2. The historian Socrates tells us† that certain eastern bishops, viz., St. Athanasius of Alexandria, Paul of Constantinople, Asclepas of Gaza, Marcellus of Ancyra in Galatia, and Lucius of Hadrianopolis, on being expelled from their sees by their opponents, came to Rome and laid their cause before the pope.

“And he,” continues Socrates, “according to the prerogative of the Roman Church, sent them back to the East, furnished with plain-spoken letters, restoring to each one his see, and censuring those who had rashly deposed them. They therefore left Rome ; and, upon the strength of the letters of Bishop Julius, retook possession of their Churches.”

Sozomen’s account of the matter is substantially the same. Speaking of St. Julius, he says,‡

“And because, on account of the dignity of his see, the care of them all belonged to him, he restored each one to his Church.”

3. Peter, bishop of Alexandria, was also restored to his see by letters of St. Damasus, according to Socrates§ and Sozomen.||

4. Our next instance is so often quoted in controversial works, that we should not have thought of repeating it here, were it not that the case of St. Meletius of Antioch, with which it is so closely connected, has become, in a very incorrect and mutilated form, the one grand ecclesiastical *τοπος* in defence of separation from Rome among the advanced guard of the Oxford party. The common version of the story among the admirers of the *British Critic*, is as follows :—

“St. Meletius lived and died out of the communion of Rome, and yet was summoned to the Council of Constantinople instead of

\* Sozomen, lib. vi. cap. 22.

† Sozom. lib. iii. cap. 8.

|| Sozom. lib. vi. cap. 39.

+ Socrat. lib. ii. cap. 15.

§ Socrat. lib. ii. cap. 37.

Paulinus, who was the bishop in connexion with the chair of St. Peter, and was virtually canonized after his death.”\*

The real facts of the case are these: During the thickest part of the Arian controversy, there was a dispute for the bishopric of Antioch between Meletius and Paulinus, two orthodox Catholics, each of whom had episcopal consecration, and was supported by a considerable number of followers. Each party fancied that there were sufficient reasons for throwing doubts on the orthodoxy of the opposite party. Paulinus was accused of favouring the heresy of Marcellus; Meletius was supposed to favour Arianism. At the same time, a third person, Vitalis, an Apollinarian heretic, laid claim to the throne of Antioch. *All three claimants professed to adhere to the Roman pontiff.*† The dispute, therefore, let it be clearly understood, was between two parties in Antioch, each of which had partisans elsewhere, and not, as is often most erroneously and most injuriously supposed, between St. Meletius and the pope. For a long time it was impossible to know which party was favoured at Rome; but the orthodoxy of Paulinus being fully established, the Church of Rome rejected the communion of the (supposed) Arian Meletius. The friends of Meletius being still convinced of his orthodoxy, and, as they conceived, of the heterodox tendencies of Paulinus, and having the very best reasons for believing that their enemies had grossly misrepresented St. Meletius, they naturally supposed themselves free from the obligation of complying with a decision palpably founded on a vital error of *fact*. And no one questions that in so doing (abstraction being made of individual frailty) they were perfectly right; and that were it possible, which it is not, for similar circumstances to occur at the present day, Catholic bishops would be justified in acting as St. Basil did in support of St. Meletius. The party of St. Meletius never for a moment denied the supremacy of the pope, but, on the contrary moved heaven and earth to acquaint him with the real facts of the case, and to obtain a decision in their favour. St. Basil‡ addresses the pope as his “Most honoured Father,” and entreats him to

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\* The British Critic (No. 67, p. 44, n) adds, “Nay, was a link in the succession which finally prevailed in Antioch, for it was his successor, and not Paulinus’s, who reunited the contending parties.” Now, first of all, the schism of Antioch was healed by a reconciliation with Rome, and secondly, there was no successor of Paulinus at the time of the reconciliation.

† Vid. S. Hieron. quoted *infra*, and Theodoret, Hist. Eccles. lib. v. cap. 3.

‡ Ep. 70, *aliter* 220.



send legates who may settle the disputes, reestablish unity, and crush heresy. He concludes by telling Damasus, that unless he will speedily take some such measures, there will soon be no orthodox Catholics in the East to whom he may extend his consolations or assistance. The dispute between Paulinus and Meletius was at length amicably terminated; and it was not till *after* this that St. Meletius was called to the Council of Constantinople, at which time he was in full communion with Rome. It is, therefore, utterly irreconcilable with fact to speak of him as a saint who lived and died out of communion with Rome. And those who wish to establish a parallel case between the Church of Antioch in his day, and that of the Church of England since the reformation, must prove that the Anglican bishops since that time have agreed in the minutest articles of faith with the Church of Rome, and have openly professed to adhere to the popes during the whole of this period.

It will be allowed, we suppose, by every one that any document throwing light upon the feelings of spectators unconnected with either party, during this dispute, is deserving of the most attentive consideration. Such a document exists in the well-known letter† of St. Jerome to Pope St. Damasus.

St. Jerome begins by saying that in these times when the seamless robe of Christ is being torn to shreds, and wolves lay waste the vineyard of the Lord, it is difficult among broken cisterns that hold no water, to find out the “sealed fountain” and the “closed garden;” on which account, he thought it necessary to consult the chair of St. Peter, and that faith which had been praised by the apostle. After many similar expressions, he continues:—

“I am united in communion with your holiness, that is with the chair of Peter. On that rock I know that the Church is built. *Whoever eateth the lamb out of this house, is a sacrilegious person. If any one be not in the ark of Noah, he will perish whilst the deluge prevails.....*I know not Vitalis, I reject Meletius, I have nought to do with Paulinus. Whosoever gathereth not with thee scattereth; that is, whosoever is not of Christ, is of Antichrist.”

The Pope, as it is supposed, not having immediately replied, St. Jerome wrote to him another letter, repeating the same inquiries.

“The Church,” [of Antioch] he writes\* “divided, as it is, into three sections, calls upon me to choose my side.....In the mean-

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\* Hieron, Ep. xv. Id. Ep. xvi.

while, I continue to cry out, If any one is united to the chair of Peter, he is mine. Meletius Vitalis and Paulinus profess to adhere to thee. I could believe if only one made this profession; but now two of them, if not all three, speak falsely. Wherefore, I beseech your holiness." &c.

This is precisely the sort of inquiry we should have expected, were our doctrine received by the Church in the fourth century. And, strange to say, Mr. Palmer\* looks upon St. Jerome's strong words as merely "complimentary expressions." Complimentary expressions from St. Jerome on a subject of spiritual life and death!

In order to be satisfied that St. Jerome's sentiments on the necessity of communion with the chair of St. Peter, were not peculiar to himself, we need only remind our readers of the doctrine of his great contemporary, St. Optatus of Milevi, one of whose arguments against the Donatists is simply their non-communion with the chair of St. Peter at Rome. Even Mr. Palmer is forced† to make the following concession:

"It is not denied that St. Optatus, in arguing against the Donatists, as to the 'cathedra,' which they admitted to be one of the gifts of the Church, refers to the chair of Peter at Rome, as constituting the centre of unity in the Catholic Church. It was so, in fact, at that time, and had long been so. But Optatus does not affirm that it was in such a sense the centre of unity, that whatever Churches should be at any time separated from its communion, must be schismatic or heretic."

And yet Mr. Palmer has just been quoting a passage where St. Optatus says that the chair was divinely established for the preservation of unity; "*so that whosoever should set up a chair against the one chair, should be a schismatic and offender.*" In fact, the whole force of the argument lies in this.

Mr. Palmer continues:

"It may be added, that the argument of this holy bishop alone, is quite insufficient to establish an article of faith, or even to render a doctrine probable."

And pray what Catholic ever founded the supremacy of the Holy See upon the authority of St. Optatus? But where is the candid person who has ever read St. Optatus in conjunction with the two letters of St. Jerome we have just quoted, and the other historical facts already cited, with the perfectly identical argument of St. Augustine‡ against the Donatists,

\* Vol. ii. p. 5, 34.

† Id. vol. p. 535.

‡ Ep. 53, tom. ii. p. 120. Ed. Ben. Psalm contra Donat. tom. ix. p. 7.

and with such other testimonies as that of St. Ambrose\* or the Council of Aquileia,† and will yet dare to say, that *it is not even probable* that the Pope's supremacy was asserted and admitted as early as the pontificate of St. Damasus.

II. ST. SIRICIUS. Himerius, the Bishop of Tarragona in Spain, having consulted St. Damasus on certain important matters of discipline, Siricius, his saintly successor, wrote back a reply, which he begins by describing the overwhelming responsibilities of his post. For, says he,‡ “We bear the burdens of all who are heavy laden, yea, rather the blessed Apostle Peter beareth them in our person; *who, as we trust, protecteth and guardeth us, the heirs of his administration.*”

Our readers will perhaps remember how Mr. Palmer was shocked at the encyclical letter of the present Pope, because it spoke of St. Peter and St. Paul as guarding and protecting the Church.

St. Siricius then lays down a rule, with a view to put down a frightful abuse in the administration of Baptism. He proceeds: “Now, let all bishops keep the above rule, who do not wish to be separated from the integrity of that Apostolic Rock upon which Christ founded his Universal Church.”

There is another very un-Anglican decree in this letter. All bishops, priests, and deacons, who shall dare to marry, “Noverint se ab omni ecclesiastico honore quo usi sunt, Apostolicæ Sedis auctoritate dejectos, nec unquam posse veneranda atrectare mysteria, quibus se ipsi, dum obscenis cupiditatibus inhiant, privaverunt.”

In is after this, we hope, unnecessary to adduce farther proof that St. Siricius was not an Anglo-Catholic, but a Romanist in every sense of the word. Yet it is no less a person than St. Ambrose§ who describes “his holiness” as “the good shepherd who diligently keeps the gate entrusted to him, and guards with pious solicitude, the fold of Christ, worthy to be obeyed and followed by the sheep of the Lord.”

III. ST. INNOCENT, it is well known, was the rock of refuge to St. Chrysostom, when that blessed saint was well nigh hunted to death by imperial and episcopal oppression. He was also the ecclesiastical bulwark of the Church during the Pelagian controversy, as St. Augustine was argumentatively.

Five African bishops and the Councils of Carthage and

\* In Psalm xl. “Ubi Petrus, ibi Ecclesia.” De Pœnitentia, lib. i. cap. 7. “Non habent Petri hæreditatem, qui Petri sedem non habent.”

† “Inde [a Romanâ ecclesia] in omnes venerandæ communionis jura dimanant.”—Ap. Amb. Ep. xi.

‡ Coustant. Ep. Rom. Pontif. p. 624, et seq. §

Ep. Rom. Pontif. p. 669.

Milevi, wrote to St. Innocent on the subject of Pelagius. The answers of the holy pontiff assume throughout that they acknowledge his supremacy. In his reply\* to the Councils of Milevi, he speaks of his having "the care of all the Churches," and praises the bishops for acknowledging, by their practice, that when a question of faith is agitated, reference is due to Peter; that so all provinces may derive information from the Apostolic fountain. He also commends† the bishops of Carthage for knowing what is due to the Apostolic See, and expresses his wish to follow the Apostle "from whom the episcopate and the whole authority of this name is derived." He says "that it was instituted, not by a human, but by a divine decree, that whatsoever was agitated, even in distant and separate provinces, they should not think to be finally settled, till it had reached the knowledge of the Apostolic See, that by its full authority a just decision should be confirmed, and that other Churches might clearly know what to enjoin, whom to absolve, and whom to avoid, even as waters might proceed from their source, and the pure streams of an uncorrupted fountain-head might flow through the different regions of the world."

This is certainly a very plain statement of the papal supremacy, and that by divine right. The idea contained in it is, however, almost entirely taken from the concluding paragraph of the letter‡ sent by the five African bishops, one of whom was the great ST. AUGUSTINE. That blessed saint, in relating the particulars of the correspondence between the African Church and "Pope Innocent of blessed memory," so far from saying that St. Innocent assumed an authority which he had no right to claim, says, "*He wrote back all things to us, according to due order, and as became the apostolic see.*"§ And when the answer of the Pope arrived, St. Augustine is known to have said publicly,||

"Duo concilia missa sunt ad sedem apostolicam, inde etiam rescripta venerunt: *causa finita est, utinam aliquando finiatur error.*"

Of this striking expression, Tournely has given a most extraordinary explanation, of which our sharp-sighted friend, Mr. Palmer,¶ has been glad to avail himself.

\* Ep. R. P. p. 896.

† Ib. p. 888.

‡ Ib. p. 887, Ep. 28 fin.

§ S. Augustin. Ep. 186.

|| Id. Serm. 131.

¶ Treatise on the Church, vol. ii. p. 521. The language of St. Augustin evidently implies that the cause having been decided by the pope's authority, no further dispute remained. "No," says Tournely, "not by the pope's authority, but by the authority of the Catholic Church. The Pelagians had already

iv. St. Innocent was succeeded, in 417, by St. ZOSIMUS, who, although at first (humanly speaking) in danger of being deceived by the representations of the Pelagian heretics, was destined to accomplish their final overthrow by his encyclical letter, in which, to use the words of St. Prosper,\* “he armed the hands of all bishops with the sword of St. Peter, for the destruction of the wicked.” In one of his letters to the African bishops, he maintains the following doctrine respecting his position in the Church; viz. that the power of binding and loosing was divinely transmitted from St. Peter to those who should succeed him; † that St. Peter still has the care of all Churches, but chiefly of the Church of Rome, and that he will allow no one to invade its privileges; in short, that he (Zosimus) had succeeded into the place of St. Peter, and that his sentence was law, from which none could appeal. ‡

It may be answered that the African Church did not acknowledge the authority of St. Zosimus to be so great as he maintained. But such a reply is really an evasion of the question, which is not whether ultramontane doctrine has always been maintained, and that universally in the Church, but whether the Popes have always claimed *supremacy*, and whether the Church, or any portion of it, has ever protested against that claim. We have no objection whatever to allow that the Africans at this period had strong national opinions, which in a later age would be called Gallican; but we demand proof that they went farther in this than such Catholics as Bossuet, Fleury, or Du Pin. If they did *not*, then their testimony is on our side, and not on that of Protestants.

v. The short pontificate of St. Zosimus was followed by that of St. BONIFACE, at whose feet St. Augustine laid his four books against the Pelagians, “non tam discenda quam examinanda, et ubi forsitan aliquid displicuerit emendanda.” §

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been condemned in the Councils of Diospolis and Jerusalem in Palestine, and of Carthage and Milevis in Africa. Nothing, therefore, was wanting to *universal* consent than the judgment of Rome.” As Mr. Palmer has adopted this answer of Tournely, will he be kind enough to explain how Africa, Palestine, and the pope, between them, constituted the universal Church?

\* Contra Collat. cap. xxi.

+ S. Zozimi Ep. xi. Ex ipsa quoque Christi Dei nostri promissione, ut et ligata solveret, et soluta vinciret, par potestatis data conditio in eos qui sedis hereditatem, ipso annuente, meruissent: habet enim ipse cum omnium ecclesiarum, tum hujus maxime ubi sederit curam, nec patitur aliquid privilegii aut aliqua titubare aura sententiæ, &c.

‡ Quamvis patrum traditis apostolicæ sedi auctoritatem tantum tribuerit, ut de ejus judicio disceptare nullus auderet. . . . Cum tantum nobis esset auctoritas ut nullus de nostra possit retractare sententia.

§ Contra, epp. Pelag. lib. i. tom. x. p. 413.

And when in addition to this, we learn from St. Augustine how highly esteemed this blessed pontiff was in his day, and how full he was of the grace of God, we have some clue to the doctrine of the Church of the time, when we meet with such statements as the following in his epistles:—

“It never was allowed to agitate a question which has once been settled by the apostolic see.”\*—Ep. 13.

“The government of the universal Church, at its commencement, derived its origin from the dignity of the blessed Peter, in whom its rule and management abide..... It is certain, therefore, that this [Roman Church] is as the head of its members over all other Churches, from which if any one cut himself off, he becomes an alien from the Christian religion, since he has ceased to be in that unity.”† Ep. 14.

Our space will not permit us to quote all the popes who, from this period till the great schism, advanced those claims of supremacy which we have heard from the mouths of those holy pontiffs, who lived in the age most fruitful in the fathers of the Church. St. Damasus, St. Siricius, St. Innocent, and St. Boniface, were contemporaries of all those fathers whom Protestants are so glad of quoting whenever they have an opportunity. Surely no one can deny that St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, St. Augustine, and again St. Basil and St. Chrysostom, were most painfully sensitive when any doctrines not congenial to their minds were broached in the Church; yet how is it, that no protest against the “exorbitant claims” of the Bishop of Rome is recorded on their part, if, as high church Anglicans would have us believe, their views agreed upon the whole with those of modern “Anglo-Catholics,” nay, of Cranmer and Ridley.

Of course the Popes who succeeded St. Boniface were not more Anglican or less popish than himself; and of this we hardly expect that proof is required. Still, we may as well quote a few more links in the chain of evidence, pledging ourselves to be more minute in proof, should any respectable antagonist of ours adduce any reason for denying our assertion, that the Popes from the fourth to the eleventh century asserted their supremacy in as explicit terms, as Catholics are now required to believe it, and that in so doing they met with no opposition from the Church or any of its orthodox members.

VI. ST. LEO is given up by Mr. Palmer himself. “You

\* Ep. Pontif. Rom. Constant .p. 1036.

† Ib. 1037

are right," says that gentleman\* to Dr. Wiseman, "in saying that the Bishop of Rome might safely repeat the homilies of St. Leo, without disparagement to his claim of supremacy! His continual object was to represent *that St. Peter still lived in his successors*, and that all the promises made to him were made to the Bishops of Rome also." This is precisely the doctrine we have heard from St. Leo's predecessors already quoted; and Anglican readers may learn from Mr. Newman that the same doctrine is visible† in the language of Popes St. Julius and Liberius, who flourished in the earlier part of the fourth century, and that it is countenanced by no less a person than St. Athanasius‡ himself. We may judge of the opinion entertained on this subject by the contemporaries of St. Leo, by the following passage, which occurs in a letter of St. Peter Chrysologus, the Metropolitan of Ravenna, and one of the most illustrious saints of the time, to Eutyches:

"We exhort thee to attend with obedience to all things written to thee by the most blessed Pope of the Roman city, since St. Peter, *who lives and presides in his own see*, affords the true faith to all who enquire of him."§

Every student of ecclesiastical history is aware that the same doctrine was put forth in the presence of the assembled Œcumenical Council of Ephesus, and was received without a dissentient voice.

VII. St. Hilary, one of the papal legates at the Council of Chalcedon, succeeded St. Leo in the chair of St. Peter. The following words, from a letter|| addressed to him by the united bishops of the province of Tarragona in Spain, will show that the doctrine he held forth at Chalcedon was not unknown to the Church in the farther West:

"Even though there were no necessity of ecclesiastical discipline at issue, we might well have recourse to that prerogative of your see, whereby, when he had received the keys of the kingdom, after the Saviour's resurrection, the matchless preaching of the most blessed Peter took charge of the enlightening of all nations; the supremacy of whose vicar, as it shines forth conspicuously, so it is to be loved and feared by all. And therefore, adoring in you that

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\* Letter v. p. 48. Philip, one of the papal legates at the Council of Ephesus, said, before the whole synod, and without any contradiction on its part, that St. Peter, *as they were aware*, "to this very time and always, lives in his successors and exercises judgment."

† Library of the Fathers, vol. xiii. p. 57, 249.

‡ Ib. p. 251.

§ S. P. Chrysolog. op. p. xlvi.

|| Harduin, Concilia, tom. ii. p. 787.

God whom you serve unfeignedly, we have recourse to that faith which was praised by the Apostle's mouth; seeking replies from that source where nothing is prescribed erroneously or with prejudice, but after a true pontifical deliberation."

This mode of addressing the Pope was not peculiar to the Spanish Church, or even to the West, as we shall see before the end of this article; and as we are prepared to show at much greater length if required.

VIII. Ecclesiastical antiquity becomes more un-Anglican than ever as we advance. In the next generation we find two of the most illustrious and renowned saints of the period writing, in the most ultra-montane tone, about the superiority of the Pope to a council. St. Avitus, Bishop of Vienne in France, and St. Ennodius of Pavia, are far too popish for such a writer as Du Pin, who takes upon himself to censure them very freely for their ultra doctrines. These doctrines were also maintained by a council, held at Rome in the time of Pope Symmachus, consisting of upwards of seventy bishops from all parts of Italy, and including the Metropolitans of Milan and Ravenna.

IX. About a hundred years after this, St. Gregory the Great sat in St. Peter's chair. No Pope was ever more humble in proclaiming his rights; no Pope was ever less vigorous in exerting them when occasion required. He most distinctly asserts\* his jurisdiction even over the see of Constantinople, assuring us at the same time that the emperor of East and the archbishop of that see were earnest in their professions of submission. In fact, according to St. Gregory, every bishop was subject to the Apostolic See. "Si qua culpa," says he, "in Episcopis invenitur, nescio quis ei Episcopus subjectus non sit." He exercised the most unquestionable acts of jurisdiction in such countries as England, France, Spain, Dalmatia, Africa, and Egypt. He sent the pallium to the Bishops of Antioch, Corinth, Ravenna, Milan, Salone, Arles, Autun, and Seville. One of the necessary conditions of receiving the pallium was, that it should be humbly sued for; and the giving it was a real act of jurisdiction. And yet, in spite of St. Gregory's claiming jurisdiction over every bishop, Anglicans have had the incredible folly of citing him as a witness against the doctrine of the papal supremacy, because,

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\* "De Constantinopolitana ecclesia quod dicunt quis eam dubitet sedi Apostolicæ esse subjectam? quod et piissimus dominus Imperator et frater noster ejusdem civitatis episcopi assidue profitentur." S. Gregor. tom. ii. p. 941.



forsooth, he protested against the title of Œcumenical Bishop, which was most ridiculously assumed by the Archbishop of Constantinople, and denied the propriety of its application to any one bishop. But really, Protestants, if they wish to show the discrepancy between the doctrine of St. Gregory and that of the present supreme pontiff, ought to show that his present holiness claims that title; and this they would have hard work to do. That it is claimed for him by many theologians is quite true; but it is equally true that it was yielded to the Popes long before the time of St. Gregory; and this we shall see before we are done of the present subject. Nay, St. Gregory himself will tell them that the Œcumenical Council of Chalcedon wished to grant the title to his predecessors, but that these in their humility always refused to accept it.

But, it will be objected, by refusing the title on principle, St. Gregory must have rejected the doctrine of universal supremacy which it implies. Now, without falling back again upon the unanswerable fact that St. Gregory has, in express terms, claimed this universal supremacy, we must directly deny the connexion between the title in question and the doctrine we are defending. The idea of such a connection does not seem to have occurred, either to the foolish archbishop, who assumed that title, or to St. Gregory, who repudiated it. The Archbishops of Constantinople never claimed universal jurisdiction; and yet they have called themselves universal patriarchs down to this day. St. Gregory most certainly understood the word "universalis" in its natural sense, as identical with "unicus" or "singularis." And in this sense the title of Universal Bishop,\* even as applied to the Pope, is most decidedly impious, sacrilegious, and heretical. We are equally sure that no Pope, however jealous of his prerogatives, or that no canonist or theologian, however high his views of papal authority, ever claimed or defended it when so understood.

We should be satisfied with leaving it to the candid decision of any honest reader, whether the explanation which has been given of St. Gregory's refusal of the title of Uni-

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\* This may be seen in every place where he objects to it. Thus, in a letter to John of Constantinople, "Ad hoc perductus es, ut despectis fratribus episcopus appetas solus vocari." (St. Greg. tom. ii. p. 741. ed. Ben.) St. Eulogius, the Patriarch of Alexandria, having addressed St. Gregory as Universal Pope, the latter entreated him not to use a title which was inconsistent with his own right.

versal Bishop be not the true one. But, as the great majority of our readers may probably find the works of St. Gregory difficult of access, we offer the following direct proof that the rejection of the title is not inconsistent with the doctrine of the supremacy.

No one, we suppose, will hold out that ST. GREGORY THE SEVENTH was Protestant on the subject of the Papal authority. Now he is known to have been the life and soul of all that proceeded from the papal chair during the pontificates of his immediate predecessors. We propose then to quote from a letter,\* which bears evident marks of his influence, from ST. LEO IX to Michael Cerularius, just before the final separation of east and west. In this letter he says that "whatever nation proudly dissents from the Roman Church, is no longer to be called or esteemed a Church at all, but is altogether a nullity; yea, rather an assembly of heretics, or a conventicle of schismatics, and a synagogue of Satan." Yet he protests against the idea of the Roman Church being considered universal; for if it be so, "how," says he, "can it be called the head and mother of Churches?" With reference to the title of universal patriarch, he writes as follows to the Archbishop of Constantinople:—

"But what, and how detestable and lamentable, is that sacrilegious usurpation, by which you boastfully style yourself, both in word and in writing, universal patriarch, though every friend of God has hitherto shuddered at being honoured with such a title? For to whom, after Christ, could it more appropriately have been given, that to him who was divinely thus addressed, 'Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church,' &c. Yet because he is nowhere found to have been called the Universal Apostle, although he was chosen to be Prince of the Apostles, *none of his successors have ever consented to be called by so monstrous a title, although the Holy Synod of Chalcedon bestowed it by decree upon the great Leo our predecessor, and his successors.*"

A still more direct, and, if possible, more satisfactory proof will be found in a letter† to the bishops who had held a synod at Constantinople, from Pope Pelagius II, the predecessor of St. Gregory the Great. This letter is referred to by St. Gregory himself, as expressing his own sentiments on the matter, and was very probably composed by himself, as he was secretary and counsellor to the pope when it was written. The following passages speak for themselves:—

"It has been reported to the Apostolical see, that John of Con-

\* Harduin, Concil. tom. vii. p. 955.

† See Ceillier, tom. xvi. p. 605.

stantinople subscribes himself universal patriarch, and has, from this presumption, convoked you to a general council; although the authority of summoning general councils was given by a special privilege to the Apostolical see of the blessed Peter, and no council was ever considered of authority which was not supported by the Apostolical authority. Wherefore whatever ye have determined in your aforesaid conventicle, I do, from the authority of St. Peter, the prince of the Apostles, and the words of our Lord and Saviour, by which He gave to the blessed Peter the power of binding and loosing, which power has without doubt passed into his successors, ordain that they shall be null and void, so that they may never again be heard of, or agitated.

“And let no Patriarch ever use so profane a title, *for if even the chief Patriarch be called universal, the name of Patriarch is denied to all the others.*”

All the preceding testimonies from popes of different ages, but who all, with one exception, flourished during the ages when doctrine and discipline were most pure, will serve to show with what truth and decency Anglican divines, professing to be learned, have dared to assert that the first claim of supremacy was “made by the Patriarch of Constantinople, in the time of Gregory I, and shortly *after* usurped by the bishop of Rome, the first founder of the papacy and supremacy of that see, by the authority of Phocas, the traitor and murderer of his lord.”\*

We come now to the evidence directly taken from eastern sources, under which we consider ourselves at liberty to include statements of doctrines made publicly by western theologians in eastern assemblies, without any protest, or rather with hearty approbation, on the part of the latter.

i. Our first piece of evidence shall be taken from the history of the Nestorian controversy. It is well known that St. Cyril, the Archbishop of Alexandria, presided at the Council of Ephesus, as Vicar of the Apostolic See, and that this holy synod pronounced sentence against Nestorius, “being *compelled* to do so, by the sacred canons and the epistle”† of the Roman Pontiff. One important fact, however, is not sufficiently known, and this is, that the opponents of St. Cyril and the Council of Ephesus acknowledged the authority of Rome in the strongest terms; until (as in the history of all heresies) Rome spoke out so plainly against

\* Strype's Whitgift, vol. i. p. 197, quoted very frequently of late years, with great approbation, by Dr. Hook, and other members of the same school.

† See Palmer, Treatise on the Church, vol. ii. p. 503.

them, that they were forced to rebel against acknowledged authority.

A letter is still extant\* from Eutherius, bishop of Tyana, and Helladius, bishop of Tarsus, to St. Xystus, the reigning pontiff, protesting against the proceedings at Ephesus. It is impossible in a few words to give anything like an adequate conception of this letter, but no eulogist of the Holy See could wish for a more eloquent testimony to its power and divine authority. The pope is compared to Moses as opposed to Jannes and Jambres, and to St. Peter as opposed to Simon Magus; he is addressed as the expected Saviour of the orthodox believers, the divinely appointed ruler of the Church.† The constant victories of the Apostolic See over heresy, falsehood, and impiety, are elaborately set forth. In short, to quote their own words—

“We entreat you, and we throw ourselves at the sacred feet of your holiness, that you would stretch out a saving hand, and put an end to the shipwreck of the world, by *commanding* an enquiry to be made of all these things, and administering a heavenly correction to these unlawful proceedings; that those holy pastors may be restored who have been unjustly torn from their flocks, that their former order and peace may be to the sheep, and that lamentation and weeping may no longer be offered up instead of prayer and psalms.”

These two bishops wrote in the names of their partisans in Euphratesia, either Cilicia, Cappadocia Secunda, Bithynia, Thessaly, and Moesia. The document we have quoted is certainly a very remarkable indication of the feeling of the times, proceeding, as it does, from the Anti-Roman party. We know very well what weight it would possess in the eyes of any writer of secular history.

ii. The history of the Eutychian controversy presents equally striking facts for the consideration of the historical enquirer.

The blessed Theodoret, bishop of Cyrus near the Euphrates, having been deposed from his see, appealed to the pope that he might be restored to it. We have already seen how strongly St. Leo asserted his supremacy, even by the confession of our opponents. We may judge whether the following expressions from the letter of Theodoret were calculated to undeceive him, if he thought that the whole Church acknowledged his primacy.

“If Paul, the preacher of truth, and the trumpet of the Holy

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\* Galland. *Bibl. Patrum*, tom. ix. p. 522, et seq.

† “Nostrum est . . . ad eum clamare qui a Deo productus est *gubernator*.”—See Fleury, *Hist. Eccles.* liv. xxvi. p. 194.

Ghost, had recourse to the great Peter, that he might obtain from him a reply to those at Antioch, who were doubting about the observation of the law, with greater reason have we recourse, who are humble and lowly, to your Apostolical see,\* that from you we may receive a remedy to the ulcers of the Church. For on all accounts does the primacy justly belong to you. Your See is adorned with many prerogatives. Some cities, indeed, are illustrious through their magnitude or beauty, or their numerous inhabitants, and others, which are deficient in these, through their spiritual gifts; but the Giver of all good things has given to yours superabundance of gifts."

It is the greatest and most illustrious of cities, and presides over the world.

"But chiefly faith adorns it, to which the divine apostle beareth witness, saying, 'Your faith is spoken of throughout the whole world.' Besides this it has the tombs of Peter and Paul, our common fathers and masters of the truth, which illuminate the minds of the faithful. These have rendered your See the most illustrious of all; this is the climax of your gifts."

"And now I await the sentence of your Apostolical See, and I pray and entreat your holiness to assist me, appealing to your just and equitable tribunal, and to *command* me to come to you that I may shew forth how my teaching follows upon the footsteps of the Apostles. And do not, I pray, reject my suppliant prayers, or despise my miserable old age, thus unworthily treated after so great labours. Before all things, I pray that I may be informed by you whether or no I should acquiesce in this unjust deposition, for I await your sentence. And should you command me to abide by what has been decided, I will do so, and will no longer be wearisome to any man, but will await the just sentence of my God and Saviour."†

In the same strain did he write to Rhenus, a presbyter of Rome, begging of him to persuade St. Leo "to use his Apostolical authority, and *command* him to present himself at the Roman tribunal."‡ St. Leo restored him to his see, and Theodoret was admitted at the Council of Chalcedon in consequence.

The acts of this sacred synod are most instructive as to the relation between the Pope and the Church. At its commencement, the legates of the Apostolic See, who presided

\* Rome is called "the Apostolical See" in the letter of the Council of Ephesus to the pope. In the recent translation of St. Athanasius, we observe that ἀποστολικὸς θρόνος, is translated "an apostolical throne," in a sentence where μητροπολις Ρωμανός is termed "the metropolis." p. 248.

† Theodoret, tom. iii. p. 984, et seq.

‡ p. 959.

there, opened its proceedings by protesting, in the following manner,\* against the presence of Dioscorus, the Archbishop of Alexandria, who had presided at the atrocious Latrocinium of Ephesus.

Paschasinus, Bishop of Lilybœum, thus began: "We have orders from the most blessed and apostolic Bishop of Rome, which is the head of all Churches, that Dioscorus should not sit in the council, and that should he attempt to do so, he must be expelled from it. If, therefore, it please your greatness (the representatives of the civil power), let him depart, otherwise we go." It was then asked what the special charge against him was? Lucentius replied, "He has dared to hold a synod independent of the authority of the Apostolic See, which was never done, or allowed to be done." In consequence of this, Dioscorus was commanded to sit in the midst of the assembly as a criminal instead of a judge. Not a voice was raised by any one of the bishops then present,—and they were all orientals, without a single exception,—against the new doctrine, as Anglicans would have it, which was put forth by the legates.

The cause of Dioscorus was now examined, and his crimes being sufficiently established, his deposition was agreed upon. The legates were called upon to pronounce the sentence of deposition, on which Paschasinus asked,† "What pleaseth your blessedness that should be done?" The Bishop of Antioch replied, "That which seemeth fit to your holiness, and we agree to it." The three legates upon this read out the sentence of Dioscorus, setting forth his misdeeds at Ephesus, and pronouncing the pardon of the Apostolic See to all who unwillingly took part at that council, "*and who have since continued obedient to the most holy Archbishop Leo, and to every most holy and œcumenical council.*" In fine, "the most holy and blessed Leo, Archbishop of great and elder Rome, through us and the present synod, together with the thrice blessed and most glorious Apostle Peter, who is the rock and support of the Catholic Church, and the foundation of orthodox faith, has deprived him of his episcopate, and has removed him from all sacerdotal rank."

Then followed the subscription to the deposition of the Archbishop of Alexandria. The following *few* specimens may serve to show how little anti-papal feeling there was in the

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\* Harduin, Concil. tom. ii. p. 67.

† Harduin, Concil. tom. ii. p. 344, et seq.

sacred synod, notwithstanding the bold and plain-spoken language of the legates :

Anatolius, Archbishop of Constantinople.—“ I agree in all particulars in one sentiment with the Apostolic See, and join in the deposition of Dioscorus, late Bishop of Alexandria.”

Peter, Metropolitan of Corinth.—“ I too agree to what has been said, both by the legates of the most holy and blessed Leo, Archbishop of great Rome, and the most holy Anatolius.”

Seleucus, Metropolitan of Amasea.—“ I consent and agree to these things, which have just been set forth lawfully and canonically by the Apostolic See of Rome, through the most holy bishops who came in its place, and by Anatolius,” &c.

Julian, Bishop of Hypæpi.—“ I consent to all the things which have been said by the most holy bishops, Paschasinus and Lucentius, and the most religious priest, Boniface, the legate of the most holy and blessed Archbishop of Rome.”

And when it is remembered that St. Leo's doctrine, like that of his predecessors, was that St. Peter continually lived and presided in the person of his successors, it cannot be supposed that the Council of Chalcedon was much averse to this doctrine, when it cried out with one voice, upon the reading of St. Leo's epistle, “ Peter has spoken by Leo !” The letters of this sacred synod to the Emperor Marcian, and to the Pope himself, show how far they were from protesting against the claims of Rome. The holy fathers acknowledge\* St. Leo as the interpreter of St. Peter, as the head of the Church, and the divinely-constituted guardian of the Lord's vineyard. This is as strong doctrine as we could wish to have from any one. But if Bossuet had lived at that period, Anglican controversialists would quote him now, against doctrines for which he would gladly have laid down his life.

III. Our limits compel us to be brief in laying down the remainder of our evidence of the belief of the orthodox Oriental Church previous to the final schism. We have selected it from the principal controversies in the East, after the Council of Chalcedon. During the pontificate of Pope Symmachus, a letter was addressed to him by the orthodox bishops of the East, which was then involved in the Acacian schism. In this they acknowledged that the chair of Peter, the prince of the Apostles, was given to the charge of his holiness by Christ himself; and they addressed the Pope as one “ taught

\* Harduin, Concil. tom. ii. p. 655.

† Labbe, Concilia, tom. iv. p. 1304, et seq.; and Baronius, 512, xlviij.

by St. Peter to feed the sheep entrusted to his care all over the habitable world."

iv. Five years after this, we find a letter\* addressed to Pope Hormisdas by upwards of *two hundred* priests and archimandrites (or heads of monasteries) of Syria Secunda, on the subject of Severus, the heretical Patriarch of Antioch. They write "to the most holy and blessed Hormisdas, Patriarch of the whole earth, holding the see of Peter, the prince of Apostles," thinking it right, "since Christ had constituted him, and his holy angel, the prince of pastors, and the doctor and physician of souls, to lay before him the tribulation they were suffering, and to point out those ravenous wolves who were laying waste the flock of Christ; *that he might expel them with the staff of authority* from the midst of the sheep, and heal the soul with the word of doctrine, and soothe it with the medicine of prayer. We entreat you, therefore," they continue, "most blessed father, and we pray and beseech you, that you would arise with zeal and fervour, and justly condole with the lacerated body [of the Church], for you are the head of all; and vindicate the despised faith, the insulted canons, the blasphemed fathers, and the anathematized council.† To you have power and authority been given by God to bind and to loose."

v. The proceedings of the Church, a few years after this, in the case of Anthimus, the heretical Archbishop of Constantinople, are equally worthy of notice. Upwards of ninety archimandrites of Constantinople and its neighbourhood, Palestine, and Syria, wrote‡ to "the most holy and blessed Agapetus, Archbishop of ancient Rome, and Universal Patriarch," entreating him to depose and anathematize Anthimus.

The same prayer was addressed to the Pope by the bishops and other clergy of the province. The devotion of monastic orders to the Holy See is so well known, that it might be suspected that the archimandrites had gone beyond their secular brethren in their prayer to the Pope. It is well, therefore, to mention that the letter of the bishops is addressed§ "to our Lord, the most holy *father of fathers*, Agapetus, Archbishop of Rome."

Soon after this, a council was held at Constantinople under Mennas, the orthodox successor of Anthimus. In the sen-

\* Harduin, Concil. tom. ii. p. 1031.

† i. e. the Council of Chalcedon, which was anathematized by Severus and his party.

‡ Harduin, Concil. tom. ii. p. 1193.

§ Ib. p. 1203.



tence of the council against him, it is mentioned as a specimen of his deceitful profession of orthodoxy, that he sent word to the emperor, "promising to do whatsoever the pontiff of the great Apostolical See should decree, and he wrote to all the holy patriarchs that he followed in all things the Apostolical See. But," continues the council, "our God and Saviour Jesus Christ not permitting such things to last, the most blessed Pope Agapetus, of blessed and sacred memory, was sent by God to this royal city, who immediately, with God's assistance, put in force the sacred canon, and expelled him from his ill-gotten see."\*

The new patriarch, Mennas, almost immediately after this, made his own profession of faith before the council as follows:—"We FOLLOW and OBEY the Apostolical See, holding communion with those who communicate with it, and condemning those whom it condemns."†

The council which was held at Jerusalem on the same subject, under the Patriarch Peter, gave its hearty consent to all the proceedings of Pope Agapetus, and of the council under Mennas.

vi. The next great controversy in the East was that concerning the Monothelite heresy. The three great sees of Alexandria, Antioch, and Constantinople, were held by Monothelites. St. Sophronius of Jerusalem alone of the eastern patriarchs stood up in defence of orthodoxy. Towards the end of his life, he took Stephen, bishop of Doria, the first in rank of the bishops of his province, and led him to Mount Calvary. He there adjured him by Him who was there crucified, and by the account he should have to render at the last day, "to go to the apostolic see, where are the foundations of orthodoxy, and not to cease to pray till the holy persons there should examine and condemn the novelty." Stephen, moved by the awful nature of this adjuration, and by the entreaties of the orthodox bishops and laity in those parts, "gave not sleep to his eyes, or slumber to his eyelids," till he had fulfilled his promise. In the letter which he presented to the Roman pontiff, he describes the orthodox Christians of the East as "wishing for the wings of a dove, to fly and announce their distress to the see which governs and presides over all (I mean your own high and exalted see), for the healing of the universal wound, for it hath been the custom to do this from the beginning from apostolic and canonical authority. For not

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\* Ib. p. 1257.

† Ib. p. 1261.

only were the keys of the kingdom of heaven exclusively intrusted to the truly great Peter, the chief of the apostles, but to him first it was given to feed the sheep of the whole Catholic Church."

The feeling expressed in this letter was not peculiar to the Christians of Palestine.\* The following passages are taken from the writings of one of the greatest saints and ecclesiastical authorities of the period.† St. Maximus was born at Constantinople and was educated there. He was for some time secretary to the emperor, until he retired into a monastery at Chrysopolis, near Chalcedon, of which he became the abbot.

"Whosoever anathematizes those who repudiate Pyrrhus, anathematizes the Roman see; *that is*, he anathematizes the Catholic Church."

"Let him, before all things, hasten to give satisfaction to the Roman see. For this being once satisfied, all people will everywhere speak of him as pious and orthodox. For he talks in vain, who thinks that such persons as myself are to be persuaded and won over, and does not satisfy and implore the most blessed Pope of the holy Roman Church, that is the apostolic see, which, from the Incarnate Word of God Himself, as well as from all holy synods, has received and possesses authority and power of binding and loosing."‡

Our next contemporary authority is that of a letter from Sergius, metropolitan of Cyprus, in the name of his province, "to my most holy, and blessed, and godly lord, the Lord Theodore, father of fathers, archbishop, and universal pope." We hope the beginning of the letter will be sufficient to give some idea of his faith in the Pope's supremacy.

"Christ our God hath constituted thine apostolical see, O sacred Head, as the God-fixed and immovable support and the conspicuous exemplar of the faith; for as the Divine Word hath truly said, 'Thou art Peter, and on thy foundation are the pillars of the Church founded, for to thee hath he committed the keys of heaven, and hath given charge to bind and to loose, with power in heaven and earth. Thou art constituted as the destroyer of profane heresies, as the leader and doctor of orthodox and immaculate faith.'"§

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\* *Facts* are as valuable as any other testimonies. Pope Theodore appointed this same Stephen, bishop of Doria, as his vicar in Palestine, with authority to depose certain bishops irregularly consecrated, unless they consented to act canonically. He exercised his authority without opposition.

† Ceillier says of him: "Dieu semble avoir fait naitre ce saint exprès pour la defense de la foi Catholique contre les Monothélites." tom. xiii. page 609.

‡ S. Maxim. tom. ii. p. 76.

§ Harduin. Concil. tom. iii. p. 729.

VII. The Iconoclast controversy yields most satisfactory evidence of the doctrine of the Greek Church as to the pope's supremacy.

In the second Council of Nice, which is acknowledged as œcumenical by the present Greek Church, a letter\* was read from the Roman pontiff, in which the following statement of his authority is found :—

“Let the words of our Lord Jesus Christ be fulfilled, ‘The gates of hell shall not prevail against it.’ And again, ‘Thou art Peter,’ &c. Whose see shines forth as holding supremacy over the whole universe, and is the head of all the Churches of God. To which if your holiness [the Abp. of Constantinople] wishes to adhere and to hold the orthodox creed of our apostolical see, which is the head of all Churches,” &c.

When this letter had been read out, the papal legate said, “Let the most holy patriarch Tarasius, of the royal city, tell us whether he consents to the letter of Hadrian, the most holy pope of the elder Rome, or no.” Tarasius answered, that St. Paul in writing to the Romans had said, “Your faith is spoken of throughout the world. This testimony it is necessary to follow, and to offer opposition were senseless.” The legates then asked whether the holy synod received the letter of Pope Hadrian or no. The holy synod answered, *Ἐπόμεθα, καὶ δεχόμεθα καὶ προσιέμεθα.*

The same doctrine was maintained by contemporary private theologians. St. Theodore Studites, who is honoured by the modern Greeks as one of their greatest saints, thus begins a letter† to Pope Leo III :—“Since Christ our God, after the keys of the kingdom of heaven, conferred upon the great Peter the dignity of pastoral supremacy, it is necessary that reference should be made to Peter or his successor when innovations are made in the Catholic Church, by those who err from the truth.” After having explained the nature of his complaint, he addresses the Pope in the words of the chief of the apostles to Christ, “Save us, Chief Pastor of the Church upon earth, or we perish.”

VIII. The chief conversions wrought by the Greek Church in its later times were, as we are informed by Mr. Palmer himself, the Mœsians, Gazarians, Bohemians, Moravians, the Russians, and other Slavonic tribes. These conversions were the work of the missionaries sent out by the blessed Saint Ignatius, patriarch of Constantinople, especially by those wonderful

\* Ib. tom. iv. p. 102.

† S. Theodor. lib. i. ep. xxviii. vid. etiam ep. xxxiv. ed. Sirmond. tom. v. p. 300.

brothers, St. Cyril and St. Methodius.\* It is *assumed* by our opponents, that all these countries were originally innocent of admitting the Pope's supremacy. We shall see whether their holy instructors, or the patriarch, were likely persons to have omitted instructing them on this point.

And first, as to St. Cyril and St. Methodius, we offer the following extract from Butler's *Lives of the Saints*,† as sufficiently indicating their creed:—

“Cyril and Methodius translated the liturgy into the Slavonic tongue, and instituted mass to be said in the same. The Archbishop of Salzburg and the Archbishop of Mentz, jointly with their suffragans, wrote two letters, still extant, to Pope John VIII, to complain of the novelty introduced by the Archbishop Methodius. Hereupon the Pope, in 878, by two letters, one addressed to Tuvan-tarus, count of Moravia, and the other to Methodius, whom he styles Archbishop of Pannonia, *cited the latter to come to Rome, forbidding him, in the mean time, to say mass in a barbarous tongue: Methodius obeyed, and repairing to Rome, gave ample satisfaction to the Pope*, who confirmed to him the privileges of the archiepiscopal see of the Moravians, declared him exempt from all dependance on the Archbishop of Salzburg, and approved for the Slavonians the use of the liturgy and breviary in their own tongue, as he testified in his letter to Count Sfendopulk, still extant.”

Had St. Methodius been an “Anglo-Catholic” he would have merely said, “The Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm.”

This extract from Alban Butler, which agrees with the account of all other historians, throws great light on the remarkable fact, which was brought out by M. de Maistre, that the Russian liturgical books are in many places most gloriously orthodox on the subject of the Pope's supremacy, precisely in the same manner as the Anglican prayer-book contains the doctrine of baptismal regeneration; though perhaps the majority of the Anglican clergy regard that doctrine as anti-Christian. Russia, as it is well known, was in communion with Rome as late as the time of St. Gregory the Seventh and even later.

ix. We come now to the commencement of the great schism. It originated, as all students of ecclesiastical history are aware, in the refusal of the holy patriarch St. Ignatius, to comply with the wishes of the Greek emperor, who deposed

\* St. Cyril and St. Methodius are styled the apostles of Moravia, Upper Bohemia, Silesia, Gazaria, Croatia, Circassia, Bulgaria, Bosnia, Russia, Dalmatia, Pannonia, Daria Carinthia, Carniola, and of almost all the Slavonic nations.

† December 22.

and banished him, and put into his place Photius, a layman and a soldier, who was moreover ordained by a *schismatic* bishop of Syracuse.

The following is the opening passage of a letter\* from St. Ignatius, the persecuted patriarch, to Pope Nicholas I, who had nobly taken up his cause and deposed Photius:—

“Science has produced many physicians of the wounds and diseases of the human body, one taking especial cognizance of one disorder, and another of another; but of those diseases which affect the members of Christ, our God and Saviour,—the head of us all, and of His Spouse the Catholic and Apostolic Church, God has constituted one an especial physician of surpassing excellence and most Catholic, namely, your brotherly holiness and paternal reverence. Wherefore, he said to the great Peter, the chief of the Apostles, ‘Thou art Peter,’ &c., and again, ‘To thee will I give the keys,’ &c. These words He did not restrain or limit to the chief of the Apostles only, but through him transmitted them to all who after him should like him be the chief pastors and most divine and sacred pontiffs of elder Rome. On which account, from the earliest times, when heresies and schisms have sprung up, many of those who preceded your holiness and exalted paternity have eradicated and destroyed the evil tares, and the diseased and almost incurable members; being successors to the chief of the apostles, and imitators of his zeal in the faith which is according to Christ, and now in our times your holiness has worthily handled the power given to it by Christ.”

Surely these words are as strong as those quoted by Mr. Palmer from Mr. Newman’s sermons in favour of the papal supremacy, and that by divine right.

Perhaps, however, it may be said that St. Ignatius, though a patriarch, was speaking as a private individual; we therefore beg to refer to the council held at Constantinople in 869, which was attended by the representatives of the great sees of Antioch and Jerusalem, as well as by the patriarch of Constantinople. The papal legates read out a formulary before the council, which it was necessary to subscribe, in sign of communion with the Church of Rome. The following words, among others equally strong, occur in it.

“We follow in all things the apostolical see, and observe all its constitutions, we therefore hope to enjoy communion with it, in which is the solidity of the Christian religion in all its truth and integrity; and we promise not to recite at the holy mysteries the names of those who are cut off from the communion of the Catholic Church, *that is, who do not agree with the apostolical see.*”

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\* Harduin Concil. tom. v. p. 791.

The legates, after this had been read, asked the council: "Doth this formulary please you in all things?" The whole sacred synod answered: "The formulary which hath been read to us has justly and expediently been put forth by the holy Roman Church, and moreover *it pleaseth us in all things.*"

The same doctrine was held even by Photius and his partisans, as long as they enjoyed the communion of Rome. It is known that, upon the death of St. Ignatius, the Holy See, to gratify the Eastern Churches, acknowledged Photius as his successor. In the year 879, a large synod of all the great Eastern bishops was assembled at Constantinople, for the purpose of confirming him in his see. A letter\* was read as usual from the Pope, and *approved by the council as far as ecclesiastical matters were concerned.* In this letter the doctrine of the papal supremacy is thus asserted:

"The Apostolical See has received the keys of the kingdom of heaven from the first great Pontiff Jesus Christ, through Peter, the prince of the Apostles, in these words: 'To thee I will give the keys,' &c. It hath power of binding and loosing in all places; and, in the words of Jeremias the prophet, of planting and of rooting up. By the authority, therefore, of Peter, the prince of the Apostles, together with all our holy Church, we announce to you, and through you to our holy brothers and fellow-ministers the Patriarchs of Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem, and all other bishops and priests, and to the whole Church of Constantinople, that *we consent and agree in all things, yea rather God* by us, to all things which ye have asked. . . . Receive [Photius] as the Patriarch of your Church. Confirm your love and faith, and with reverence obedience to him, *and through him to the holy Roman Church.* For whosoever receiveth him not, receiveth not our decrees, or those of the holy Roman Church concerning him; nor doth he wage war against us, but against the most holy Apostle Peter, yea, rather against Christ the Son of God, who hath so honoured and glorified his Apostle, as to give him the power of binding and loosing."

It would be idle to cite additional testimonies. Those who are acquainted with the original authorities, will be aware that we have not by any means exhausted the testimonies which meet us everywhere in orthodox oriental councils to the papal supremacy. In fact, to a person who has studied the subject, the notion of the original independence of the Eastern Churches is no less astounding than would be the assertion that consular government was unknown in the earlier periods

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\* Harduin Concil. tom. vi. p. 258.

of the Roman republic. Let any enquirer take up the acts of those many Eastern councils where the papal legates were present, from the Council of Ephesus till the final separation; and the authority which they assumed, on the grounds of the papal supremacy by Divine right, and which was most heartily granted as a matter of course, will be no less instructive than astonishing to him, if he be sincere and candid in his investigations.

We have not professed to give more than the bare evidence of the reception of the papal supremacy in the Eastern Churches, as stated by ourselves at the commencement of this article. There are, however, many important questions remaining, over and above this, upon which we cannot now enter, but which may form the subject of another article. In the meantime, we hope we have adduced sufficient evidence to show how little reason Bishop Ken had for professing in his last will "to die in the holy Catholic and Apostolic faith, *professed by the whole Church before the disunion of East and West,*" and what little security Anglicans of the present day have in attaching their hopes of everlasting salvation to the historical enquiries of such men as Mr. Palmer, Mr. Sewell, or Dr. Hook.\*

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ART. VIII.—1. *Rogeri de Wendover Chronica, sive Flores Historiarum*. Nunc primum edidit H. O. Coxe, M.A. Printed by the Royal Historical Society. London: 1841-1842.

2. *Monkish Historians*. Royal Historical Society.

*Second Series of Monkish Historians*. Shortly will be published, Matthew of Paris, &c. Prospectus of the Royal Historical Society.

**T**HERE is scarcely a nation of Europe that possesses so copious and uninterrupted a stream of history as that which Britain owes to the labours of its monks. But for them, the history of our country for fifteen hundred years, would be a blank; the origin of our greatest institutions, a problem. Were their labours of the humblest character, and conveyed in the meanest language, it might be supposed that no one, that had the feelings of a man and a Briton, could withhold his commendation. Now it is certain, that much as is said of "monkish Latin," remote as the monks

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\* It may be well to mention that the first part of this article was written before the appearance of Mr. Oakeley's recent letter.

certainly were from the pure latinity that a classical scholar would require, some at least, as St. Bede, Wendover, and others, are far from being obscure, harsh, or involved in their style: while nearly all display a picturesque simplicity and hearty sincerity, that amply atones for faults of manner. But whatever the opinion of their merit as writers, there can be but one opinion of the invaluable service which they have rendered their country. Their reward has been that which unpretending worth too often experiences: has been but scorn and obloquy.

Too often has it happened, that men have scoffed at the ancient memorials which yet they condescended to copy; have claimed from an over-indulgent public that homage and praise which was chiefly due to the original compilers. We have long boasted of a Robertson and a Hume, but what would a Robertson or a Hume have been, had the chroniclers been such lazy, ignorant monks, as these authors would have us imagine? When men pander to the errors and prejudices of the age; when they make a traffic of the evil which they ought to remove; when they build their own reputation on the ruined fame of others, they may be idolized by the malicious and the ignorant, but they cannot escape the ultimate contempt of men, any more than the just retribution of God. Such contempt, such retribution, even on earth, seems now impending. It is therefore well for England, that its historic fame is not grounded on the productions of the last century. Europe has uttered against them its solemn protest; has weighed them and pronounced them wanting. Mere beauty of style is little regarded by those that thirst after truth; and, happily, such a thirst is now experienced. The age has discovered its error; has discovered that it mistook a mirage for the fountains of truth; it turns back in disgust from gorgeous style and perverted fact, to the precious though unadorned pages of "Monkish Chronicles." Until however these writings are faithfully translated, they will be accessible to few. Struck with this idea, the Historical Society is not only issuing, in the original tongue, a variety of chroniclers, and, among others, the hitherto unpublished work of Roger of Wendover; but has commenced a translation, if not of the whole, at least of the contemporary portions of the "more important writers." It is hoped that the public will be thus enabled to see the events of each century in the same light as they were seen and recorded by living witnesses.

It is needless to dwell on the utility of such an under-



taking; needless to praise what, in design at least, is so obviously meritorious. Among the few histories that are to be translated entire, is the *Historia Major* of Matthew of Paris. The recent translation into French, and the proposed translation into English, of an author so often quoted, so little read, is like the publication of a new work; and a new work ushered into the world under such high recommendations is likely to be received without further examination as a true picture of its age. The selection of Matthew of Paris for such a purpose is not a little remarkable.

The society, in one of its publications, acknowledges that up to the nineteenth year of Henry III, Matthew of Paris is only the copier of Wendover; and that in the account of his own times the latter has impartiality and kindness of feeling, and a style far from inferior to that of Paris.\* Wendover, moreover, is to form the text down to the Conquest. But why discontinue him then? why abandon him for the works of Paris? The latter died, according to the prospectus of the Historical Society, in 1259, or according to some in 1250; if then he continued his history till his death, it could not embrace more than four-and-twenty years, perhaps did not extend to more than sixteen. His merits, then, rest upon his narrative of sixteen or four-and-twenty years; and if we may believe the editor of Wendover, he is neither in style nor manner superior to his predecessor. What then is the reason that he is so great a favourite? Does it not appear that the true reason is not expressed? The prospectus may afford some insight into the subject. Paris's history, they tell us, extends from the Conquest to Henry III, and is so "bewitching," that it resembles "a well-written and amusing novel." Is this then the reason? Hardly, we think. For this praise is given to the whole history from the Conquest, and not to any specified portion of it; and consequently, the greater part of the praise is due to Wendover. But waiving this difficulty, what do you see, gentle reader, before, and repeated after, these words of praise? Before, is a quotation from Henry, telling us that Matthew of Paris "paints the insatiable avarice, intolerable tyranny, unbounded luxury, and abandoned perfidy of the court of Rome in stronger colours than any Protestant writer hath done. From all his writings he appears to have been a man of genius, taste, and learning." The latter sentence appears either mis-

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\* See Preface to Rog. de Wendover, vol. i. p. viii and xxviii.

placed, or intended to convey an inference from the former. It almost makes one suspect that Matthew of Paris seems a man of "taste," because he agrees with Protestants in their hostility to the See of Rome. For there is much truth in the assertion that our chronicler assigns pride and avarice as general motives of the popes, and that too with a zest and boldness that would not discredit a Hume or a Gibbon. The society, however, to shew, we suppose, that this was not the reason for the selection, inserted the last sentence of the quotation in Italics, and then proceeded to a general commendation of the work. But immediately after follows a passage from Sharon Turner, informing us that Matthew of Paris "rejoices in the acquired liberties of the nation; notices without acrimony the faults of the royal administration; and states with a fair censorial impartiality the avarice and tyranny of the popedom." "I think," he adds, "I never read a more honest historian." How softly these accents fall upon the ear; hardly could "avarice and tyranny" be more sweetly uttered, not the less do they teem with insidious error. Coupling Paris's claims to preference, with the words of the prospectus, we must say that our suspicions are awakened; still we could hardly blame the society, were it not for its own professions: but when it pretends to give us a true picture of the age, yet selects an author that is an exception to his class, our suspicions amount almost to certainty.

It is not very difficult to account why Protestants should be partial to a writer that asperses an authority which they have rejected. In the first edition of Paris's works, Archbishop Parker expresses the same feeling; but he seeks no concealment; he avows what he thinks; but, at the same time, acknowledges that Paris did not represent his age; that he was contrary to the general feeling of the nation; and that the acts which he branded as despotic and avaricious, "were supported and endured even with applause" by men of "prudent and magnanimous minds."\* Yet in the face of such a testimony, Paris is to be preferred before every other. The English of that day, says the Anglican archbishop, applauded the conduct of the popes; yet the society is about to present us with a delineation of the thirteenth century, in which, according to its own account, the conduct of the popes is held up to execration. The very fact of the broad distinction between their chosen writer and the greater part of

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\* See Preface to the edition of 1571, as affixed to Watts' ed. of 1640.

his contemporaries; the fact, too, that he was little popular, almost forgotten, until the Reformation,\* should of itself have produced caution—should have elicited, from those that intend to enlighten the public, at least a fair statement of the question. We protest, then, in the name of the thirteenth age, against the insidious plan that is thus proposed.

But if the society fails in its proposed design, in giving us “the predilections and impressions of the public mind of the period,” may it not at least have given the true account? was not the nation utterly darkened and besotted; and was not Paris far in advance of his time? This supposition would be too absurd to be noticed, were it not, in substance at least, constantly asserted. It would be to suppose that Matthew of Paris knew the ordinary facts and impulses of his age better than nearly all the rest of the nation—a nation, too, that did not sit down in ignorance of what was passing on the continent, but sent forth a constant tide of its population to the tombs of the Apostles, and to the holy sepulchre of our Lord. We are to believe that yeoman and burgher, abbot and bishop, noble and prince, were mistaken, not only in the bearings, but in the existence of the facts about them; that not only the English nation, but the Spanish, French, and greater part of the German and Italian chroniclers, are not to be put in competition with Matthew of Paris and one or two Germans, that sought to purchase favour both by flattering the emperor and by railing at the Holy See. Gross as the supposition is, it has yet been supported. Men are to be found that will condemn numbers of historians, of every profession, and rank, and country, on the word of a handful of censorious and interested declaimers.

It might, perhaps, be interesting, but it is not our present purpose, to examine how such an impression has arisen, and what is Matthew of Paris’s real value as an historian. As a preparatory step to such an examination, we propose to glance at the history of the Popes of his time, and thus arrive at our first general conclusions as to the truth or falsehood of his representations.

This outline we have derived from various authors, both of the same and the following century. The chief of those are Ricardus de S. Germano, a contemporary, and on some occasions an eye-witness, of the events which he describes; Amalric, who lived about the same time; Nick. Ross.

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\* Preface to the first edition of Par. ib.

Arago, made cardinal in 1356; Bernard Guido, born 1260, well known, says Muratori, for his learning, judgment, and accuracy;\* and Andrew Dandolo, the celebrated Venetian doge, who lived in the time of our Edward III, and who occasionally refers to the affairs of Rome in his *Chronicles of Venice*. These authors agree in all important particulars, and are borne out in their statements by the incidental narratives of the biographers of St. Louis, and of many other authors of the same period. As the narratives of Arago and Rich. de S. Germano are the most copious, they will form our principal guides. The brief narrative or rather panegyric of Nick. de Jamsille,—the work, as Muratori justly remarks, of a professed Ghibelline, or partisan of the emperor,—omits many circumstances, from its excessive brevity, but contains hardly a single fact in opposition to the authors already mentioned.† Epistles and other monuments are to be found in abundance in Raynaldi's continuation of Baronius. These authorities unveil to us not a time when refinement disguises the woes of man under soft appellations, or proscribes their very mention from the domestic circle; but one in which these woes stood forth in ghastly nakedness from the depths of society; where neither good nor evil was ashamed to avow itself: but each in open defiance waged its incessant strife, "a spectacle to angels and to men."

Eight hundred years of Roman sway had not sufficed for the fusion of the Italian races into one great nation. The Roman empire was the triumph of one city over the world; it modified external forms to its own likeness, but scarcely affected the internal structure of society. Naturally subdivided into several districts by the varying sweep of its mountains, and being rather conjoined by the ties of Roman policy than amalgamated by its influence, Italy found itself in nearly the same situation at the close, as it had been at the commencement, of Roman greatness. The key-stone of the arch had fallen, and all was again in fragments. The only essential difference was, that the Italian had lost the spirit that had made Rome stoop to the Caudine Forks, and that in the social war had taught it to tremble for its existence when it was the acknowledged dictator of kings. Even this difference was soon obliterated; and beneath the rude strokes of adversity, the olden spirit began to revive. Not in vain did Herulian and Goth scourge the Italian into life; not in

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\* Tom. iii. Pref. to G.'s Chron.

† See Mur. It. Script. tom. viii.

vain did Lombard, Norman, and Arabian, infuse into the native races their own wild energies. Italy, as of old, was once more a pent-up volcano, where the fierceness of the north, and the keen susceptibilities of the south, acted and reacted with ever-increasing violence. The torrent of Huns that poured from the Alps in the tenth century added to the confusion, not only by its own ravages, but by tearing asunder still more completely the elements of society. Overwhelmed in the field, the chiefs took refuge in their mountain fortresses, and beheld with indifference the ravage of the plains: the people determined to be their own protectors. While some restored the half-ruined towns of the Roman empire, others sought inaccessible places, and girt them with walls. The *love* of liberty was awakened: they began to struggle no less with their former masters than with the infidel invader. The death of a warrior was felt to be preferable to the feudal yoke, no less than to foreign slavery.

The Hun was still sweeping away the riches of the land; the Saracen fleet was ever and anon upon the shores; the Crescent gleamed even among the passes of the Alps, and almost met the Raven that told of havoc from the north; and yet did the struggle go on between vassal and lord, serf and burgher, baron and vavassour. The kings of Germany were invoked amid the contest, and, allured by the prospect of the Italian crown, they summoned their vassals and raised the German war-cry amid the Italian strife. Occasionally they compelled an acknowledgment of their sovereignty; but, in general, their claims were eluded or their power defied. Three centuries passed; centuries of gradual subsidence yet of perpetual strife; of heroic virtue and fiendish crime. At the commencement of the thirteenth century their exuberant energy was not yet exhausted. In the extensive and fertile plain which is guarded by the Alps and Appenines and opens only towards the isles of Venice, a confederation of republics had arisen which, in love of freedom and martial exploit, might compete with ancient Greece. United against a foreign enemy, triumphant over the might of Barbarossa, the Lombard league was yet true to its age: amid the avocations of a thriving commerce it never lost its ardour for war. "Every where," says Hurter, the then Protestant biographer of Innocent III, "we discover a relish for the military state; cries of joy for victory; or redoubled exertions to wipe away the shame of defeat. In the short intervals of peace, we behold festive games whose renown was heard afar; and the bland

light of the Church encircled as with a halo the calmed spirits of men."

With the bold republicanism of the north was contrasted the stern but imposing feudalism of the south. The Norman sceptre was now wielded by the Hohenstauffen race; but the chivalry of the barons, their impatience of restraint, their numerous vassals, their gorgeous tournaments, were no less conspicuous than under their native kings. In the centre of Italy the elements of the north and south often clashed; but there the burghers seldom triumphed, though not unfrequently both burghers and nobles defied the temporal authority of the popes.

When all these circumstances are kept in view, we easily understand why, amid the reverence and splendour of the middle ages, the pontificate should be highest in dignity only to be highest in toil and danger. The Pope felt it his duty to arbitrate to prevent enmity and the effusion of blood. This custom of arbitration, which was not only acknowledged but even spontaneously invoked, became a recognised right.

In disputes there is often some reason on both sides. It consequently happened, that the impartial adjustment of the pope gave to neither party the entire prize for which they contended; and thus he often incurred the resentment of one or both. If the dispute continued, the same principles of justice obliged the pope to advocate the cause of one, and thus incur the hostility of the other. Hence it became easy for short-sighted or unprincipled men to accuse him of inconsistency, and even to allege a plausible reason for impeaching his intentions. His efforts to obtain peace, thus not unfrequently ended in diverting the contest from others only to make it fall upon himself with redoubled fury. His conscientious boldness in enforcing the public duties of the great, checking the violence of kings, and defending the oppressed of every rank, continually produced the same bitter results. The storm which thus arose was often more violent than that which it was intended to suppress; but where principles are at stake consequences must be left to Providence. Thus felt, thus generally acted the Vicars of Christ: the weak engaged with the strong and tyrannical; often threatened, often in exile or in chains, they were always struggling, always invincible.

Like his predecessors, Innocent III assumed the tiara as a warrior assumes his helmet. He laid down for his great principle to "fear God rather than man:" to devote all his

energies to make war upon vice, even when decked with the pomp of kings. When he was crowned with peacock's feathers, he seems to our ideas to dwindle to an empty lover of parade. But to men of those earnest times, symbolism, whether in minute objects or in the glorious structure of a cathedral, was not as now, a body without a soul. Let the cold-hearted scoff: whatever can rouse our sluggish nature to good is not to be contemned. Not in vain was a golden orb placed in the left hand of the emperor at his coronation. Its splendour was but external; its interior was filled with ashes, to remind him that held it to what all earthly greatness, to what he himself was one day to be reduced. Thus did the eyes of the feathery crown remind Innocent of the constant vigilance which his office required. Nor was its admonition lost; the abundant tears that Innocent shed during the ceremony "proved the violence of his emotions."\*

Soon had he occasion for all his watchfulness and vigour. Two injured queens implored his protection. Ermenburga had been driven from the palace of her unfeeling husband, Philip Augustus of France. Snatched from starvation by the charity of the nuns, she was finally imprisoned in one of the royal fortresses. Berengaria, the widow of King Richard, was the other suppliant. Her brother-in-law, John of England, had unjustly seized her dower. Never did the voice of the oppressed appeal to Innocent in vain; but the passions of the two kings rendered them deaf to remonstrance. The contest with John became absorbed in another for the freedom of ecclesiastical election. His bribes were spurned; and France and England were successively punished with interdict, the dread of those days of faith. In Spain, the Pope had to grapple with similar difficulties.

Meantime, from encouraging and directing the efforts of Christians towards the recovery of the Holy Land, the attention of the pope was forcibly recalled to the violences of the Manichees, or Albigenses, of the South of France. These men were not less conspicuous for their general rejection of the Old Testament, condemnation of marriage, and belief in a good and an evil principle, than for their unanimous and furious hatred of the Church. The Abbot of St. Genevieve, writing to the Archbishop of Narbonne, who must have known the truth or falsehood of his assertions, depicts in mournful colours the ruined churches, desolate hearths, and general state of wretch-

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\* See Hurter's *Innoc. III*, tom. i. liv. 1, Fr. ed.

edness, to which the fury of the Albigenses had reduced the south of France. For nearly a century every measure had been adopted for their conversion, that either zeal or charity could devise. Their numbers however, no less than their aggressions, continued to increase. All the unprincipled spirits in the neighbourhood, whether heretic or Catholic, were glad to join in their plundering excursions. In several places the clergy were expelled; the sanctuaries pillaged and turned into stables; and the churches moated and walled, and converted into nests of banditti.\* Such proceedings were more alarming than the sound of war from the distant east. The Pope demanded help, and sixty thousand men flew to arms. The Crusade, led on by the heroic Montford, speedily triumphed; but the struggle was more than once renewed, and long before its close, Innocent had gone to his reward.

While thus incessantly watching and repressing evil, Innocent had been unconsciously rearing and exalting to empire one that was to be the scourge of Italy, and the reckless enemy of the Church. The dynasty of the Norman kings of the two Sicilies had become extinct; and Henry VI of Germany had claimed and seized the vacant throne. At his death, his infant son, Frederic, might easily, and even justly, have been set aside. Innocent, however, the suzerain of the disputed territory, decided in his favour, and on the death of the empress his mother, took him under his more especial care. Under the tuition of able instructors, the young prince became well versed in the languages both of the east and west, and in all the knowledge of the period.

When Frederic was seventeen years of age, Otho, the German emperor, was crowned at Rome. Otho determined to lose no time to crush the young Frederic, the only male representative of the hated race of Hohenstauffens. In contempt of the solemn oaths which he had just taken, he hurried from the scene of his coronation to the invasion of Naples. The interference of the pope, and the revolt of the Germans, forced him to abandon his project.

Assisted by Innocent, with money and troops, Frederic, with all the ardour of youth, pursues his rival across the Alps (A.D. 1212), and in a few weeks is crowned emperor at Aix-la-Chapelle. Humbled by his losses on the field of Bou-

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\* Compare Fleur. vol. xv. p. 438, &c. 8vo. with Hurter's *In.* III, tom. ii. liv. 14, *passim*.



vines, Otho appeared at the council of Lateran, to plead his cause against his rival. There were present the patriarchs of Constantinople and Jerusalem, and the deputies of those of Antioch and Alexandria, seventy-one metropolitans and primates, four hundred and twelve other bishops, and more than nine hundred abbots and priors. Ambassadors were there from almost all the sovereigns and princes, and from many of the lords and great cities of Europe; two thousand two hundred and eighty-three persons had the right of assisting its deliberations. "Catholic Rome!" exclaims Innocent, "Catholic Rome, appeared with a splendour such as ancient Rome in all its greatness could never boast." The bishop of Toledo, by his eloquence and knowledge of languages, gained universal applause. To all in general he spoke in Latin; but as he turned to each nation in particular, he addressed it in its native tongue.

The cause of Frederic prevailed in the council; and by the death of Otho (1218) he became undisputed master of the empire. He had already been crowned a second time (1215). On that occasion, he and many of his nobles spontaneously assumed the cross.\* At his departure from Italy he had promised Innocent that, in case of success, he would abdicate the kingdom of the two Sicilies in favour of his son. This promise he repeated in an epistle to Honorius III, at the time of his second coronation. In 1220, he was crowned at Rome by Honorius, and swore to maintain the donation of Matilda, and to go in person to the Holy Land.

Forgetting, however, his reiterated promises, he occupied himself in affairs that, at any other time, would have been worthy of a great prince—the erection at Naples of a palace and an university. There is strong ground for believing that even at this early period he contemplated the reduction of all Italy, and the erection of Naples into the first capital of the world. The injustice of the design was lost sight of in its dazzling magnitude: expediency, not justice, is too often the guide of the ambitious. From the days of Belisarius, the title of King of Italy was either merely nominal, or commanded obedience only in the northern districts. Barbarossa, the grandfather of Frederic, had resolved to become king, and real king, of all Italy. The project was too vast even for his gigantic powers. Young and ardent, Frederic II thought that he, at least, could achieve the work. After

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\* Rich. de St. Germ. ap. Mur. Rer. It. Script. tom. vii. p. 989.

thirty years of exertion and crime, the storm which he had evoked burst upon himself: he fled from the walls of Parma, and perished, it is said, by the hands of his son.

At present, however, he saw nothing before him but fame and empire. The pope reminded him of his repeated oaths, and of the urgent necessities of the Christians in Palestine. He replied that he had made a truce for three years with the Saracens. Well might the pope be surprised at so long, and so unnecessary a delay. It is true that several of Frederic's barons were refractory, and held out in their fortresses against one whom they deemed a foreigner and a tyrant; it is true, moreover, that the Saracens, who still occupied some parts of Sicily, were occasionally troublesome. These, however, were transitory difficulties, speedily quelled, and unless wantonly provoked, were not likely again to occur.

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries men did not regard the crusades with that cold philosophy which was the boast of the eighteenth. It was to them no trifling matter. The Saracens were firmly planted in the south of Europe, while, excepting the few spots where the cross still prevailed, their banners floated in triumph from their native deserts, to the walls of Constantinople. Their hostility to Christians was more furious than ever; their thirst for conquest still unslaked. Nor was this the only danger: already the name of Jenghis Khan had spread terror from the confines of China to those of Europe. Before many years elapsed, Russia became the prize of his hordes (A.D. 1237); and even the shores of the Adriatic were startled by his savage multitudes. At present this danger was remote and indistinct; but men remembered well the traditions of Dane and Hun; and to avert the danger from their own hearths, were eager to grapple with the Saracen on the distant shores of the east. Policy, valour, romance, and eastern riches, all had their share in arraying warriors beneath the standard of the cross; but there was another, and a far different feeling, that elevated and ennobled, if it did not always purify. The wild son of the forest will shed his blood to save the graves of his fathers from the polluting tread of the stranger. This feeling burnt no less in the breast of Saxon, Frank, Burgundian, and all the varied tribes of the German race; but it was directed to the tomb of their common Father—not of an earthly parent, but of Him who had been consigned to the tomb, that they might one day arise from it in glory and immortality. The feeling that was a mere impulse of natural affection, became vivified

and hallowed by faith. They went, indeed, to seek adventure, glory, and booty; they went to beat down Paynim insolence; they went to the rescue of their oppressed brethren; but more than all, they went to the land where God had had "His tabernacle with men;" they went to the spot where God had died; they went to rescue from the insulting presence of infidels, His holy sepulchre.

With such a feeling breathing in the strains of *trouvère*, troubadour, and minstrel, the engrossing subject of conversation in all classes, giving birth to holy thought, and earnest prayer, and heroic deed, what wonder that Christendom was scandalized to see the fatal indolence of the mightiest of its warriors?

In 1213, and again before the pope in 1220, Frederic, as we have seen, had solemnly pledged himself to go in person to the crusades. Until the death of Otho (1218), and the adjustment of the affairs of Germany, he was clearly unable to fulfil his engagements. Now month passed after month, and still the emperor was at Naples, dishonouring his crown, not only by his apathy, but by his abandoned life.

Honorius reproves his shameful delay—cannot sufficiently express his astonishment that he should neglect to fulfil his vow, though "the Lord had given him every facility." Frederic dispatches forty *triremes*, and swears that he will speedily follow with another fleet. News arrives of the surrender of the Christian army at *Damietta*. Overwhelmed with grief, Honorius writes in mournful language to the emperor, chiding him as the cause of the disaster. "What wonder," continues the epistle, "if Christian people murmur against us, and against you; if they think, and say that we have given you license to remain; and hence imputing to us the whole calamity that has happened, cease not with unheard-of reproaches to harass us and the Roman Church instead of you. We will no longer prefer you to our own salvation, and the utility of all Christian people; in truth we will solemnly proclaim you excommunicated as a contemner of your own vow, unless," &c.\*

Honorius was succeeded by Gregory IX. This aged prelate, when bishop of *Ostia*, had given Frederic the cross (A.D. 1220), and had learned by experience his crafty disposition. When Frederic married the daughter of John de *Brienne*, the titular king of *Jerusalem*, he bound himself to the service of the Holy Land, not as an ordinary pilgrim,

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\* Rayn. an. 1221, p. 490, &c.

but as stringently, we are told, as the vowed knights of St. John and of the Temple. At the approach of the appointed term, he informed the pope that he had not completed his preparations, and asked for the indulgence of another period of three years. After some demur, the pope granted two; and Frederic "spontaneously" subjected himself to excommunication, if "by any excuse or delay," he should defer the expedition, or refuse to comply with its terms. He was to expend 100,000 ounces of gold, and to take two thousand knights, and a fleet of one hundred chelanders, or swift-sailing vessels, and fifty triremes.\*

The two years were now rapidly closing. August arrives; the allotted day is passed; and no expedition has sailed. Crusaders had gathered from all parts of Europe; but were suffered to pine beneath the burning sun and pestilential atmosphere of Brundisium. A frightful distemper broke out; and thousands perished. Among the dead were two bishops and many nobles. The Landgrave of Thuringia died probably of the same disease; but, by common report, he was said to have been poisoned by Frederick.† Scared by the scenes of death, and panting for water and shade, numbers wandered, and died in heaps, among the rocks and woods; others returned home in despair; and some, finding the emperor little inclined to embark, extorted an ungracious permission, and sailed without a leader.‡

August had now passed, and September was drawing to a close, when Gregory announced that the emperor had incurred the excommunication to which he had rendered himself liable (1227). The Pope made known to all the princes of Europe, the frequent promises and frivolous excuses of Frederic; and at the same time declared that the only reason why he had not interfered to check his contempt for the rights of the poor and his encroachments upon those of the Church, was his fear of interrupting the business of the crusades.

Frederic was not silent: but sent a reply to all the Christian princes. It is, however, remarkable, that while the Pope enumerated his charges in detail, Frederic's defence was no more than a general denial and a vague charge against the popes of avarice and ambition.§

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\* See Ep. of Greg. IX, ap. Wend. and Sigonius *De Reg. Ital. lib. xvii. ap. Sig. Op. tom. ii. p. 926.*

† Raynold. an. 1227.

‡ Ep. of Greg. ap. Wend. an 1228.

§ See their Ep. in Rayn. or. Wend. and his copyist. *Matt. Par.*

Although the Pope excused himself for not having checked the ambition of Frederic, he had on several occasions been obliged to speak. The emperor had banished several bishops for trifling and even imaginary offences, and thrust others into their places, without regard to the laws of the Church. If he could rebel with impunity against even these laws, he was still amenable to those of feudalism. He was well aware, —he himself had acknowledged in the most ample terms,— that Sicily was a fief of the Holy See.\* A fief, as is well known, is land held on certain conditions during good behaviour. It presupposes attachment and protection between both lord and vassal ; it was given under the solemn triple form of homage, fealty, and investiture ; and was forfeited by treason or the refusal to discharge its essential obligations.

Now, suppose it were granted that for the appointment of bishops, the permission of the secular power was necessary : whose permission must it be ? That of the chief lord, or of each landholder in the bishopric ? Not the latter ; such a claim does not seem to have been dreamt of in the days of feudalism. It must then have been that of the former. Now who was chief lord of the Two Sicilies ? The Pope ; as Frederic himself acknowledged. According to the supposition, then, which we have laid down, and waiving for the moment the rights and canons of the Church, the permission of the Pope, and the Pope only, was necessary for the election of the bishops. The claim of Frederic to such a right was as unreasonable as if, in England, the Earl of Kent were to have claimed in preference to the king, the power of ratifying or annulling the appointment of the bishop of Rochester, or of the archbishop of Canterbury.

It was not, however, the illegality or absurdity, it was the irreligion of Frederic's practices, that called for the denunciations of the Pope ; it was not merely that he usurped the right of nomination, it was that he kept the sees vacant, to obtain for himself those revenues which were appropriated to the support of the Church and the poor. " Is it possible," exclaims the pontiff, " that you aspire to imitate your forefathers, whom a jealous God so intercepted in His providence, that besides yourself hardly one of their race survives."† The warning was disregarded, but was almost literally fulfilled.

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\* See his express and repeated declaration in an epistle to the pope, ap. Rayn. ann. 1215, vol. xx. p. 38.

† Ap. Rayn. ann. 1221, p. 494.

Another remonstrance had been called forth by the injustice of Frederic's officers and by his own ambiguous conduct. Berthold, son of the former Duke of Spoleto, and Gonzalini, dapifer or steward of the imperial court, invade the Pope's territory of Spoleto. The emperor swears that it has been done without his orders, and commands them to return. As they still continued their invasion, the complaints of the Pope are renewed. The emperor repeats his protestations, and to prove his sincerity, sends Gonzalini himself with the legate to see that right was done. No matter; Gonzalini still refuses obedience. It was the Pope's conviction that this could not have happened without the commands, or at least the connivance, of Frederic. Gonzalini would not have dared to disobey, or his master would have taken a speedy vengeance; for Frederick was not one to brook an insult, or to tolerate the slightest symptom of disregard to his authority. To the Pope's astonishment, he replies with excuses, protestations, and oaths; but he inflicted no punishment upon a vassal whom he thus stigmatized as a rebel.\* What confirms the suspicion of Frederic's duplicity is, that the people of Spoleto complained soon after to the Pope, that they had received a summons from the emperor to attend his court in Lombardy, as if they owed him service.†

Thus far the words of the Pope had been few and sparing; but it was now time to be no longer silent. He reproved the emperor for his breach of faith towards many of his nobles; for his oppression of the poor; for his disregard of the Church's censures; and for his expulsion of the Archbishop of Tarento from his see without any apparent cause. Frederic, however, continued his career, and was placed under an interdict (Maundy Thursday, 1228). Wherever he appeared, the bells were hushed; the chaunt ceased; the church doors were closed. He might affect to scoff, but he feared the consequences; he feared that sentence of forfeiture of his fief might follow; he feared that his subjects would rise against him as a rebel to his suzerain; he feared his father-in-law, John de Brienne, whom he had forced to surrender his claim to the crown of Jerusalem, and who was now the governor of the papal states. He began to hesitate; for awhile he excited the turbulence of some of the Romans; but his crafty policy overcame at length his thirst for immediate revenge. To the surprise of every one, he suddenly

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\* Rayn. ann. 1225.

† Ric. de St. Ger. ap. M. tom. vii. p. 1000.

embarks for the Holy Land. He left, however, the greater part of his army in Italy, and, instead of conducting to Palestine a hundred and fifty vessels, he took but forty galleys.\*

This precipitate departure, with a force so comparatively small, and after so long a delay, can hardly be accounted for without impeaching the motives of the emperor. His partisans, however, allege that the delay was caused by his fear of the Lombards.† But what fears? The Lombards had remained quiet till aroused by his own injustice. He had refused to acknowledge their right of contracting mutual alliance, though such right had been acknowledged by Barbarossa, Henry VI, and Otho IV. Exasperated no less than alarmed by his menaces, the towns deputed representatives to a general conference, renewed their league, and repelled with defiance the threats of the emperor. The Pope mediated and procured a pacification.

He that could thus renew, could doubtless preserve peace. Frederic knew well that in his absence his lands would be guarded by the influence of the Church,—an influence which the Lombard league was seldom known to resist. What, on the other hand, is the time that Frederic selects for his departure? Is it when the Lombards are helpless or pacified? It is when they have been embittered by his frequent hostilities; when his aggressions have created enemies in all parts of Italy; when he has raised such disturbances in Rome itself as compelled the Pope to quit his capital. He departs when he had aggravated to the utmost the Italian jealousy of the foreigner, and when all that wanted a pretext for humbling his power could accomplish their purpose with every appearance of justice. Where was now his fear of the Lombards? Another reason must be discovered to account for his delay; from all circumstances, it appears to have been no other than that he had taken the cross for his present expediency, and trusted to future events for an excuse to elude his vow.

He goes, however, at length, as if to fulfil his vow, though he does not comply with half its conditions; he goes to mingle with the soldiers of the Church, though he is under the bann of the Church; he goes, therefore, without that protection of the Church which could secure his dominions

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\* And. Dand. Chron. Ven. ap. Mur.

† See Du Barré, Hist. Germ. vol. v. p. 700, &c.

from insult. Yet Frederic was neither unwise nor rash: he did not go without a design. What could that design be? Was it not to raise a war that would be a sufficient excuse for an early departure from the Holy Land, and that might end in the subjugation of Italy? Whatever his motives, he had scarcely landed in Palestine than he began to treat for peace with the Sultans of Babylon\* and Damascus. The latter rejected his offers; his messengers to the former were frequently insulted and plundered. Yet he continued the negotiations; sent him his own coat of mail, helmet, and sword,—“the sword,” exclaims Pagi,† “which had lain on the tomb of St. Peter.” The Patriarch of Jerusalem, whose long epistle to the Pope throws much light on these transactions,‡ informs his holiness that he had received intelligence from a quarter on which he could depend, that the person that bore the imperial presents, bore likewise the message that he might do with the emperor whatever he pleased, for that Frederic was determined never more to arm against him.

When at last the negotiation was making progress, Frederic called four of the chiefs, pleaded his poverty, and asked their opinion of the treaty, and in particular of the offer of Jerusalem. They replied, that, if he could fortify and keep the city, it would be well to accept the offer. The Magistri Domorum, and the Bishops of Winchester and Exeter, were likewise called; but refused to give an opinion till they had consulted the patriarch. The emperor replied that he had no need of their opinion; and made the treaty upon his own authority. It was concluded for ten years. Frederic induced the Germans to give it their applause; but the other nations were ominously silent. The treaty made no stipulation for Christians, or the Church: it was merely a convention between Frederic and the Sultan of Babylon. In his epistle to Henry III of England, the former boasts of the extensive possessions that had been ceded to him. His insincerity, however, is too gross for much reliance to be placed on his words; and it is certain that of his vaunted possessions, none passed into the hands of the Christians but the wreck of Jerusalem.§

To the indignation of many a bold warrior, the army was escorted on its way to the Holy City by the purchased scimitars of the infidels. On their arrival, the Crusaders were

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\* Wend. and Matt. Par. ann. 1228.

† Ap. Rayn. ann. 1229.

‡ Brev. Gest.

§ Ap. Matt. Par.



anxious to rebuild the walls. Frederic deferred the question to another day; and on that very day, to the astonishment of every one, left Jerusalem. The Christians hastened after him, and promised all possible help in raising the defences. He evaded their pursuit, and hurried so rapidly to Joppa, that he out-stripped his followers, and arrived there almost alone. Before his departure, his conduct became outrageous: he plundered the clergy; caused some Franciscans and Dominicans to be dragged from the pulpits and scourged through the town; attacked and besieged the Templars for several days. Of the arms that had been furnished by John de Brienne and others, for the defence of the Holy Land, and of the warlike engines, some he carried off, some he gave to the sultan, and the remainder, as well as the triremes upon the coast, he destroyed.\* After vainly endeavouring to entice away even the Teutonic knights, he embarked for Italy, amid the execrations of the Christians. On his voyage, he stopped at Cyprus, invited the king and his court to an entertainment, and threw them into chains.

Such was the issue of an expedition that had raised to the highest pitch the expectations of all Europe. Every country had sent forth its host; England alone had marshalled forty thousand warriors.† Yet what was the result? A pompous entrance into a town which had not been won, and could not be maintained. Jerusalem left as it was found, a wide ruin, without a bulwark to check the inroads of the sultan of Damascus. What was all this, what was the article that yielded Jerusalem, but a mockery on the part of his enemies, a piece of folly and parade on his own? The sultan of Damascus was nephew of the ruler of Egypt, and therefore probably connived at the farce, as the readiest means of getting rid of his enemy. Surely nothing more is necessary to prove how glorious, how enviable was the renown of Barbarossa's grandson.

In his epistles to Henry III and other princes, Frederic laboured to remove the odium which, as he was well aware, he had universally incurred. He alleged the distrust of the Hospitallers, and the number of the enemy. But had he given no cause for distrust? When he first landed in Palestine, the Hospitallers were among the foremost to welcome his arrival; "they adored him and kissed his knees," in the

\* See various epist. ap. Rayn. ann. 1229.

† Wend. Paris (ann. 1227) increases it to 60,000, but probably includes women and children.

excess of their joy.\* If distrust had afterwards arisen, had he done nothing to excite it? Could he not have removed it at once by a prompt and hearty combination for the overthrow of the enemy? If he feared the united array of the Saracens, why did he not seize the opportunity while they were scattered over the country in several camps, and while their chiefs were all but at open war, to fall upon them separately, and rout them in succession? The land was still ringing with the exploits of the "lion-hearted" Richard,—exploits achieved in the very midst of the Saracen host, when the infidels were united,—when their leader was the redoubted Saladin. Had Christian prowess degenerated? Did they now begin to count the numbers of their enemies? or was Frederic himself faint-hearted? The knights clamoured for battle. Frederic had long ago proved himself no coward. What, then, could be the motive of his conduct but treachery to the cause, and a desire to escape the punishment of perjury by complying with the form, while he eluded the real object of his vow?

Frederic had committed the regency of his Italian dominions to Raynaldo. If we are to believe Arago's† account, this nobleman emulated and even surpassed the cruelty of his master. He did not content himself with expelling the clergy, but imprisoned them, deprived them of sight, and put them to death. Weary of executions, he bursts with fire and sword into the March of Ancona. Having been admonished to no purpose by the pope, he is excommunicated. Troops arrive from France to the help of the holy see, but are sent back with thanks. John of Jerusalem leads the papal troops against the invader, while Pandulf enters Campania, overthrows the imperial forces, and takes all the castles and towns as far as Capua. This twofold attack compels Raynaldo to return to the defence of his regency.‡

Frederic at length arrives; and after a succession of victories and defeats, tenders his submission. He agrees to make restitution to the churches and monasteries, and to the adherents of the pope; to restore the bishops; to preserve inviolate the rights of the churches and of the holy see; and to compensate the invasion and the expenses of the war with 100,000 ounces of gold. He visits the pope; receives, as if by a new infeudation, the lands which he had lost, and all seems to speak well for the future.‡

\* Wend. ann. 1228.

† Ap. Mur. tom. iii. p. 575, &c.

‡ Ap. Chr. ap. M. tom. iii. p. 576-577.

That future, however, was far from being tranquil. The next nine or ten years was a series of insidious aggressions or open outrage, against both the Lombard cities and the States of the Church. Everywhere, says the *Universal History*, the Ghibellines, the partisans of the emperor, strove to expel the Guelphs, and at Perugia, Perouse devoted them to destruction. The pope deputed one of the cardinals, and at last went in person, to terminate a contest in which fathers were armed against their sons, and sons against their fathers.\* Scarcely had tranquillity been restored in one place, when it was disturbed in another. Men scarcely knew how or why, but the war-cry suddenly arose, blood flowed, and then all again was still.

When once faction has become organized against faction, and opposition has ripened into hatred, a mere suspicion will sometimes enkindle the flames of war. These causes, however, were not quick enough for Frederic's impatience. Money, he was aware, is the sinews of war, and money he was determined to have; and knew but too well how to employ, not so much in open war, as in secret mischief. In the chronicles of the time, we have but imperfect glances into his proceedings. We see enough, however, to form some idea of the reality,—enough to teach us the harsh nature of his government, and to make us shrink with horror from its later scenes.

In Apulia we hear of the justiciary being torn "limb from limb" by an enraged multitude. The chronicler tells us that this was done by "the emperor's enemies."† That these enemies were his own injured subjects, we may conclude from the fact of there being no mention of any hostile party in the neighbourhood, and still more from the fact that a late justiciary, Peter de Vignes, the emperor's favourite, and at last his victim, wrung from the Apulians no less a sum, it is declared, than ten thousand pounds of gold.‡ Supposing, however, that the justiciary suffered from the vengeance of the Guelphs, we have no means whatever of accounting for the disturbances in other places, but from the supposition of local oppression. Every now and then some castle or town rebels, is besieged, and destroyed: every now and then some feudatory is summoned to Frederic's court, stripped of his possessions, and, in some cases, punished with death. The

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\* Tom. xxxii. p. 191, Fr. ed.

† R. de St. Ger. ap. Mur. p. 1014.

‡ See note to Biog. Univer.

oppression of Richard de Montenegro, the justiciary of Sicily, provokes a dangerous rebellion in Messina.\* The very demands of the people, and the promised concessions of the emperor, tell amply the real state of things: the exactions on the various kinds of trades and professions—tanners, fishermen, fruit-sellers, wine-merchants, and others—were to be greatly reduced, or altogether abolished, conformably to “the ancient custom;” and courts were to be erected, to check the rapacity of the royal officers.†

His oppression was not confined to individuals, but embraced at once entire districts. He ejected the inhabitants of Luceria. Of some of the deserted houses and part of the cathedral he erected a palace; nearly all the rest of the city he gave to a colony of Saracens.‡ These infidels he is said to have transplanted from Sicily. He made a distinction between them and his Christian subjects remarkably similar to that “Presentment of Englishry,” by which William the Conqueror distinguished his Norman soldiers from the vanquished and trampled Saxons: if a Saracen was slain, even in the act of aggression, the slayer was put to death, or the whole neighbourhood punished; if a Christian dies by the hand of a Saracen, redress is out of the question. It would appear that it was to please these infidels that Frederick seized, despoiled, and imprisoned the nephew of the sovereign of Tunis, when hastening to Rome to receive baptism. To the Pope’s remonstrances Frederic gave the satisfactory reply, that he had arrested the prince as a punishment for having allowed himself to be suborned to Christianity! The Pope had already been greatly blamed for not having sufficiently checked the abandoned career of Frederic. Now he determined to refrain no longer; he enumerates the emperor’s acts of oppression, and especially his simoniacal retention of the bishoprics, and pronounces against him the sentence of excommunication (A.D. 1239).

Frederic now set no bounds to his fury. While the poorer classes were ground to the dust and deluded with promises that were seldom observed, the barons were not exempted from the iron grasp of royal exorbitance. Probably, being mostly of Norman blood, they could ill brook the tyranny of their German ruler. In addition to this, however, they had assisted the Pope to quell the revolt of some of his vassals;

\* R. de. St. Ger. p. 1030, &c. † *Ib.*

‡ Compare Chron. And. Dan. (ap. M. tom. xii. p. 343) with Card. M. tom. iii. p. 583.

this was a piece of presumption that could not be forgiven; the gibbet and the sword, fire, famine, and the waves, rapidly thinned their ranks. Even ladies were tortured till they purchased exemption by revealing their treasures.\* He had already seized the chief part of the possessions of the Templars and Hospitallers; but in a treaty with the holy see had promised restitution. Instead of complying with the treaty, he now seized all that he had hitherto spared. Wo to the bishop that dared to warn the tyrant of his duty. Frederic thought little of getting rid of such unpleasant monitors and taking possession of their revenues. If they were not yet silenced, exile or death awaited them.† When Gregory published the sentence of excommunication, Frederic did not make even this distinction; all were involved in one common persecution. The Bishop of Catana, Chancellor of Sicily, the Archbishop of Tarento, the guardian and instructor of his youth, and five other bishops, he drove into poverty and exile. The Dean of Militenses he drowned on some trifling suspicion. The Archbishop of Naples and others he destroyed by the hardships of a dungeon. Nickolas archdeacon of Messina, he burnt. The Pope's notary, the archdeacon of Salernum, and a multitude of the clergy, he despoiled and banished. The famous monastery of "Cassino," where lay the blessed body of Benedict, could not escape his fury. It belonged by direct dominion to the holy see, and enjoyed many privileges, conferred both by popes and emperors. No matter; its monks were expelled, its castles seized, its lands pillaged, its vassals plundered: the vestments were made a spoil, and even the gold and silver vessels of the altar were desecrated to the service of the table. Frederic seized upon the revenues of the churches which he had thus rendered vacant, expending them in the erection of fortresses, and in the gratification of illicit pleasures.‡

From these numerous exactions and confiscations money poured into the royal treasury, and scattered the seeds of discord in many a tranquil city, or changed the commotion that already existed into a scene of carnage. He could now pay the thousands of Saracens, whose mortal enmity of Christians he let loose upon the Lombard and Roman states, and whose cruelty he glutted, by allowing them to torture at will their prisoners of war.

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\* Card. Ar. ap. M. tom. iii. p. 584.

† *Ib. passim.*

‡ Card. de Ar. vol. iii. p. 583.

While Gregory was mediating peace among the various states, and before he had pronounced the sentence of excommunication, Frederic was engaged in promoting discord in Rome itself. More than once the gates of his capital were closed against the Pope. The rebels even attempted, and but for the gallantry of the people of Viterbo, would not have failed to drive him from his dominions. On this occasion Frederic occupied and again relinquished the patrimony of St. Peter. In violation of a recent peace (1235), he again induced Frangipane, an old abettor of his, and Cincio, one of the senate, to seize the walls and gates of Rome, in the absence of the Pope (1236). On the appearance of his holiness the people indignantly flew to arms, stormed the Capitol, expelled the traitor, and issuing from the gates escorted Gregory to his palace with wreaths and songs of victory. It almost seemed as if some conqueror was renewing the wonted triumphs of ancient Rome (1237). Indeed it was a conqueror, but one who fought for "no earthly prize."\*

It is wearisome to follow in detail the conduct of Frederic, To such a degree did he strive to debauch the Roman loyalty, that according to Arago's statement he offered his gold by public proclamation. Depending on the party which he could not command, he had already summoned deputies to Lombardy from (1238) all parts of Italy, as if he was its acknowledged lord.†

Implored by the pope, the Genoese and Venetians hush their quarrels, and with fleets bearing the standards of both nations, become at once the warriors of the pope, and the champions of Italian freedom.‡ All Italy is arriving; the Lombards concentrate their strength; the Romans receive the cross, and animate one another to the defence of the city. Nor were their preparations unnecessary: Frederic thunders for three successive days beneath their walls. Baffled in his attempt, he expends his fury in the torture of his prisoners and the ravage of the country.

Disastrous tidings arrive from Palestine, and Gregory determines to call a general council. For this Frederic himself had asked. Scarcely, however, had the prelates received Gregory's summons, when they received threatening letters from the emperor, withdrawing his promise of a safe conduct. Many, however, determined to brave his displeasure, and em-

\* Ar. p. 582. Rich. de St. Greg. p. 1037. † Ib. pp. 1030-37 (1236.)

‡ Aud. Daud. Chron. ap. M. tom. 12.

barked at Genoa under the protection of a fleet. The ships of Frederic and the Pisans suddenly issue from the Arno, defeat the Genoese, and capture the greater part of the bishops. Chained in frightful dungeons and pining with hunger, few but the French prelates ever again beheld their homes.\* That the French were more favoured than the rest was not owing to Frederic's mercy: St. Louis their king demanded their release. The emperor replied that they had been scheming against him. St. Louis declared that he was astonished at the refusal; that the letters of the captives had convinced him of their innocence; and that "the realm of France is not so far tamed as to obey your spurs." The emperor understood the hint, and, much "against his will," complied.†

This rapid succession of evil tidings, added to the weight of a hundred years, reduced the energetic pontiff to his grave. His successor, Celestine IV, reigned but a few days. All this time Frederic had remained encamped in the neighbourhood of Rome. Great was the exultation displayed by his courtiers when Innocent IV, the friend of the emperor, was now upon the papal throne (June 25, 1243). In his congratulatory letters, Frederic familiarly wrote to the pope, that from "an old friend" he had become "a new father." Negotiations for peace immediately began. Innocent remembered that the "friendship of this world is the enemy of God," and determined, at any sacrifice, to forego the offers of the emperor, rather than yield what he knew he ought to retain. He demanded that Frederic should liberate the prelates, clergy, and laity, whom he had seized on their way to the council; and that he should clear himself of the accusations of Gregory IX. On the other hand, Innocent promised that if the Church had injured him, it would make satisfaction, according to the judgment of the bishops and princes assembled in general council, in some place of security. Astonished at so unexpected an answer, Frederic burst into a fit of passion; blocked up the roads to the city; and cut off all communication with the princes and people beyond the Alps. Some friar-minors attempted to carry despatches to the pope, and being taken, were hanged. The Italians in many places fly to arms. Those of Viterbo take their citadel from the emperor's party.

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\* Card. Ar. ap. M. p. 583, &c. Frat. Nich. Vit. In. ap. M. tom. p. 592. Pag. Brev. Ges. vol. ii. p. 164.

† Ges. St. L. ap. Duchesne, tom. v. p. 336.

and attack and overthrow the emperor himself. Frederic thought it time to submit, and swears to abide by the pope's judgment with respect to all injuries offered to Church or Churchmen.

That Frederic, on the plea that it was injurious to himself, did not intend to keep his oath, was asserted by Innocent; and the assertion was corroborated by Matthew of Paris, who declares that the emperor, "urged on by the goads of pride, began to repent that he had bound himself to the Church, as above mentioned, and began to lay snares for the pope's heel." He adds, the pope did not trust himself to the emperor or his party, because, "comparing the future with the past, he knew them all." Innocent goes to Castellion, to treat with the emperor. The latter demanded to be absolved before anything else. Moreover the latter only wanted to lull him into security, and was preparing to seize his person; the pope escaped with difficulty to Sutrium. Departing from thence at dusk, he toiled all night long amongst mountains, rocks, and forests; from thence, after many dangers, he reached Genoa. His fatigues and alarm brought on a serious illness, which prevented him from reaching Lyons till December. A general council was immediately summoned. There were present three patriarchs, one hundred and forty bishops and archbishops, many deputies of absent prelates, a great concourse of abbots, priors, &c.

Among the secular princes were Baldwin Emperor of Constantinople, Raymund Count of Toulouse, kings of France and England. The great object of the council, as mentioned in the decree for its meeting, as well as in the opening discourse, was to consider the state of the crusades and the case of Frederic. In the second session, some of the bishops, particularly those of Spain, complained of Frederic, and animated the pontiff to take decisive measures in his regard. The emperor's ambassador tried to defend his master, and at last begged for a delay that he might come himself, being already at Turin. A delay till the 17th was granted, "not without great inconvenience.\*" No Frederic came. After some other business about the crusades and the rights of England, the question recurred to Frederic. Thadeus, his ambassador, was far from denying the right of the council, but appealed in his name to a future pope and general council. To this subterfuge Innocent replied that this council was general. The sentence of deposition and excommuni-

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\* Bern. Guid. p. 592, E.



cation against Frederic and his abettors was then read before the whole synod. The "Te Deum" was next intoned, and the council was dissolved. The council had already taken part in the cause of Frederic, some by complaining against him, all by assigning time in which he was to appear. Can it be said then, that the act of reading the deposition was nothing to do with the council? that they merely heard it as indifferent spectators? After all they had done, what can their silence be called but an act of consent?\*

For awhile Frederic carried on a desperate struggle with the Italian states. Defeated at Parma, he "goes into Apulia; and he that surpassed all the emperors from Charlemagne in riches, power, and glory, being oppressed with a sore distemper, dies, carrying with him nothing but his sins."† William de Padio tells us that on his death-bed Frederic was struck with remorse, and forbade his corpse to be honoured with an imperial funeral, or that there should be any mourning for one that had been so rebellious to the Church.‡

When Frederic was dead, his son Conrad exercised every species of atrocity against the clergy and the laity of every age and condition. Innocent determined to have no such vassal in his fief, and offered the crown to Charles of Anjou, and then to Edmund, son of Henry III. Urban IV, finding that Henry and his son did not and could not observe their promise, gave the fief to Charles of Anjou.

Innocent had long before departed. His pontificate, began at Rome while Frederic's army was blocking up every outlet, is continued in the midst of alarms, of exile, and of the labours of a general council. Once more in Italy, and studying peace, he is surrounded with the din of armed Saracens, when Manfred as yet refused the oath of fealty. At last he

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\* On this point Pagi says, that some have denied the participation of the council because the words "Sacro presente concilio," are added, instead of "Sacro approbante concilio;" but he observes, such titles and explanations are often inserted by copiers. Besides, what did Innocent read before he pronounced the sentence? "We, therefore, having held beforehand deliberate consultation with our brethren and the sacred council, show the forementioned prince to be deprived by the lord . . . and, by our sentence, deprive him of all honour and dignity for his aforesaid innumerable and abominable excesses." Matt. Paris says, "Our lord, the pope, therefore, and the prelates assisting at the council, with lighted tapers, fulminated terribly against the said Frederic, who is now no longer to be termed emperor," &c. Paris speaks clearly of "all the prelates deposing the emperor." Nicholas de Curbio (Vit. Inn. c. xiv) says, that not only did all the prelates approve the sentence of deposition; but put to the instrument their names and seals.

† And. Dandolo Chron. c. vi. part 42, ap. Mur. tom. xii. p. 359.

‡ Ap. Pagi Brev. Ges. tom. ii. p. 181.

seems to have attained one great object: he enters the kingdom of Naples in peace, and is welcomed by its nobles and people. Manfred, with the rest, had sworn to obey his commands, and held his bridle as he entered Capua. A few days after, Manfred murders a feudatory of the holy see, collects the Saracens of Luceria, and makes a sudden and murderous onslaught upon part of the pope's army. Grief added to the infirmities of age, and thus closing his career as it had begun, Innocent quitted this scene of strife in December 1254.

Before many years had elapsed, he was followed to the tomb by the whole race of Hohenstauffen. Frederic II had departed in 1250. Henry was murdered soon after, it is said, by his brother Conrad. The latter dies in 1254. Manfred is slain on the field of Benevento (1266), and Conradin, the son of Conrad, dies on the scaffold in that Naples which, twenty years before was Frederic's favourite abode (1269). This extinction of so illustrious a family recalls to us the warning of Honorius, who reminded Frederic, in the beginning of his career, that he was the only survivor of his race, and bade him not imitate his fathers' crimes, lest he should be involved in their punishment.

Such were the eventful scenes that engrossed the attention of the Holy See during the whole period of the real history of Matthew of Paris. Knowing what was occurring at Rome, we shall be better able to judge of the decisions that were issuing from the centre of Christendom, as well as of those distant occurrences that were more or less connected with the Holy See. The consideration of these two classes of transactions will require much detail, and though they can be fairly judged only in reference to the state of things at Rome, they are not essentially involved in our present question.

That question is, whether we are justified in assigning avarice and ambition as the main-springs of papal affairs. In the prolonged contest between the popes and Frederic II, there can, we think, be little or no doubt that Frederic had no justifiable reason for deferring the fulfilment of his vow. He acted as one that cared not how often he renewed what he had no intention of observing.

He invokes excommunication upon himself: still fails in his solemn promise; again invokes excommunication, if he does not, within a fixed time, comply, according to his own words, "without excuse or delay." How could he then complain, if, when the time had elapsed, the excommunication was pronounced? A bargain between man and man, if broken, is

punishable by the law; a treaty between state and state, if broken, is punished by the sword: a treaty between the Church and an individual is surely as binding: its infraction is surely no less deserving of punishment, than either of the former. If then the Church exclude from its communion one who is the scandal of its children, does it exceed the bounds of right and justice? Is he that is its instrument, in uttering its censures, to be branded, for this fact only, as unjust, ambitious, and tyrannical?

The popes are men; and, like other men, are liable in their earthly rule to fall into error. Remembering then the common frailty of humanity, and keeping our eyes on the facts of the contest between the popes and Frederic II, we may occasionally, think that the former were carried away by the heat of the struggle, or carried their pretensions beyond what the customs of the age allowed, but, in the main, where was the fault—in Frederic or the popes? Who played the tyrant? Who invaded the rights of his barons, the customs of the middle-classes, the charters of traders, and privileges of the monasteries; who oppressed with taxes, and punished complaint with fire and sword? Who set at naught that feudal system, to which he owed the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, who sought what had never belonged to him and his—the kingdom of Italy? Who attacked his feudal lord, and when his treason was pardoned, strove to hurl him from his throne? Had the pope suffered him to proceed, would he have complied with his duty either as a chief lord, a ruler, or a pontiff? When Damietta fell, what was the cry throughout Christendom? That it was the pope's fault by not compelling Frederic to keep his vow. What then might they not have said, and justly, if the pope, the chief lord of the Sicilies, had suffered his vassal to riot in oppression, to which that of the infamous John Lackland is not to be compared? What if the pope, the sovereign of the ecclesiastical states, allowed his own subjects, to be left open to the inroads of Frederic's blood-thirsty Saracens, no less than to the confusion produced by Frederic's gold? What if a state, not the least powerful in Italy, idly looked on while the independence of the rest was crumbling beneath the assaults of the empire? What if the pontiff, the recognized peacemaker, whose fiat had so often stopped the effusion of blood, had refused to exert his powers—had shrunk from a contest that has justly been termed the strife of the "Titans and gods," and, terrified at the din and suffering of the battle, had silently sat down and

permitted tyranny to stalk unchecked along its bloodstained path? We cannot avoid the conclusion, in which, on this occasion at least, any impartial reader will agree with us, that the popes fought the battles of justice, humanity, and freedom; that their opponent was a tyrant whom it was mercy to the human race to disarm.

As well might we stigmatize as avaricious the man that has lost his estates, and begs from his friends the means of subsistence: as well too might we brand him with inordinate ambition, if he sought, by all the legal means and customary resources of his times, to recover what he had lost. His importunity for assistance might annoy his friends; his importunity for justice might annoy his enemies; but should we be right in judging from the complaints of his friends, or the calumnies of his enemies, that he was either avaricious or ambitious?

Exactly such was the position of the popes. The rights of the Church were invaded; they craved the help of its children. Innocent was driven from his see in the cause, and in the Council of Lyons he appealed to the justice, not only of the assembled bishops, but to that of the assembled princes of all Christendom.

Their importunity may seem too great; their agents might sometimes have become oppressive; but these were only some of those abuses to which all earthly things are liable; while in the essential facts, in the conduct of the popes themselves, where is there room for a deliberate judgment, that their actions were the result of avaricious, or ambitious, much less tyrannical projects?

For the present then we leave it to the candour of our readers to say, so far as we have yet proceeded, whether the outcry of papal avarice, and papal tyranny, is founded upon fact, and how far the popes were real tyrants, how far they were the protectors of the weak, the poor, and the oppressed? Strange it is that the outcry against them should proceed only from the rich and mighty; and that the strong cry of the poor should so loudly and so constantly appeal to their assistance: the poor and the oppressed may crave the forbearance, but they seldom ask for the help, of the tyrannical and the avaricious.

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ART. IX.—*The Star of Attéghei, The Vision of Schwartz, and other Poems.* By Frances Brown. London: 1844.

THERE never was a nation that had not its poets and poetry. In poetry we must seek the earliest records of every people, and however fabulous its narrative may be, the rude and unpolished way in which the exploits of the warrior are celebrated, is pregnant with instruction for the philosopher and the historian. It is the first light which shines amid the darkness that envelopes the origin of a nation, and although in the beginning it may appear unshapen and irregular, it will in some after time be formed into a sun, and a moon, and stars, which will enlighten with their glory not only the country over which they rose, but the most distant regions of the world. It would be an interesting and a delightful study to trace the origin and progress of poetry among the different nations, and to see how genius almost always rose by its own might, in spite of every obstacle of worldly circumstance. Homer was blind, and, it is said, a beggar. How many of his contemporaries, who enjoyed a little wealth, despised the blind beggar and his verses! He has made for himself an everlasting name; he has rendered the very language in which he wrote imperishable; his pen has conferred immortality on all whom it touched, and the memory of his glorious song was able, after the lapse of thousands of years, to rouse Europe, and make her rescue his degenerate countrymen from slavery. Many of the brightest and most gifted children of poesy have had to endure in "this dim world" as great afflictions as the mighty father of verse. Milton was blind and poor, and Tasso was shut up from the sight of the blessed sun in a dungeon; but none has ever rivalled his peerless renown. Even Shakspeare, who of all others approaches nearest to him in grandeur of thought, and who, in spite of his many absurdities, must undoubtedly be placed second on the list of fame, if we can believe the meagre and uncertain records of his life, narrowly escaped being hanged in his youth; and whatever competence he may have obtained in his old age, certainly spent the greater part of his life as an actor, which was then only little better than a beggar. The *Paradise Lost* was bought for £15, and Dryden's fables for £10; remunerations which, in the first instance, would not pay the writer one third of the wages of a common labourer for the time employed in composition, and which, in

the latter, would be spurned by any clerk who could write a tolerable hand. Even the polished writers of the Augustan age,—our own Pope, and some other moderns on whom fortune would seem to have smiled,—can scarcely be considered exceptions; for the lawyer, the statesman, the soldier, received infinitely greater rewards for discharging the ordinary duties of their professions, than any of these received for their writings: and moreover it was not until after they had risen by the unaided efforts of their own minds, that the great and the powerful condescended to bask in the blaze of triumphant genius. At all events, this can be true of those only who were fortunate enough to live in a polished age; but it is a strange and almost unaccountable phenomenon, that the brightest stars in the firmament of poesy have arisen and culminated in the early and comparatively rude ages of different nations. Some mighty spirit generally appeared in the very infancy of a people, who at once created and perfected their language and literature. The very grandeur of his genius placed him beyond the sympathies and the appreciation of his contemporaries,—his apotheosis did not take place until after his death; and when the hurricane of revolutions has swept over his country, he is once more left in isolated glory, the solitary representative of the literature which he formed, and of the language which exists only as the sanctuary of the imperishable records of his genius. Imitators always follow in crowds in the track of genius, but they are for the most part only opaque bodies, which borrow the light and bask in the glory of the luminary they follow.

“Time, that gray rock

On whose bleak sides the fame of meaner bard

Is dashed to ruin, was the pedestal

On which his genius rose, and rooted there,

Stands like a mighty statue, reared so high

Above the clouds and changes of the world,

That Heaven's unshorn and unimpeded beams

Have round its awful brows a glory shed

Immortal as their own. Like those fair birds

Of glittering plumage, whose heaven-pointing pinions

Bear light on that dim world they leave behind,

And while they spurn, adorn it; so his spirit—

His ‘dainty spirit,’ while it soared above

This dull gross compound, scattered as it flew

Treasures of light and loveliness.”

Perhaps the expression would gain as much in truth as it

would lose in poetry, if it were said that the world spurned the bard, instead of the bard spurning the world. It may be, however, that the frowns of fortune are the surest introduction to the smiles of the muses, and this may be one of the "sweet uses of adversity,"

"Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

The privation of sight must certainly be reckoned amongst the greatest of earthly afflictions; and yet we see that the most splendid achievements of genius have been produced under this sad bereavement. It would appear as if the intellect could absorb all the outward sense of vision, and that the darkness of the body rendered the mind doubly bright and luminous. But Homer and Milton did not become blind until they had acquired those ideas which can reach the soul only through the sense of sight; with them, memory could supply the place of vision; and perhaps it is not wonderful that the mind, when shut out from communion with the world, should discover hidden treasures within itself, which it might otherwise never have employed,—and that when it had for ever lost the view of "the earth with its thousand streams, and the heavens with its myriad of stars," it should create new heavens and a new earth of its own, and should give to the airy beings of its imagination "a local habitation and a name." But Miss Brown presents us with the new and more interesting phenomenon of a poetess who, although not born blind, was deprived of sight at an age when she could have acquired none of the ideas which are communicated to the soul by the organ of vision. She is the only person whom we remember—with the exception of Blacklock, whose productions are very inferior to those of this gifted authoress—to have written poetry without having read and studied the great book of nature, in which God has displayed his riches and his glory for the contemplation of his creatures. Miss Brown's history is therefore as novel in its kind as it is instructive and interesting in its details, and we are glad that the editor of her poems has enabled us to trace the progress of her mental culture under the almost insuperable difficulty of total blindness, in her own simple and touching narrative. We agree with the editor, who has well and modestly discharged his duty, that though the plea of circumstance be not admissible in the critic's court, it is rarely without its influence, and that one's ordinary and irresponsible

judgments are apt to measure merit in relation to the circumstances amid which it grew.

“The flower that has struggled into beauty under unfavourable conditions of air and light, testifies to more than common vigour in the soil whence it sprung : and they whose sense has first been secured by the absolute claims of a work of art, are for the most part willing to add something to their admiration on the score of any peculiar difficulties under which it may have been achieved. This is a principle to which the editor of these pages would not consent to appeal on behalf of their author, if it went the length of excusing the negative as well as enhancing the positive—of imputing desert, instead of only acknowledging it with warmth : but *they* are in general the most impatient under an appeal to their indulgence having no foundation in merit, who are most liberal in its grant where their sympathies have been bespoken by the language of genius. It is the editor’s wish then to put forward all these claims for Miss Brown—to add the merit of her tale to the merit of her poetry, taking them in that order—referring the reader to the poetry first, which speaks of her mind, and then asking him to turn to the tale that tells of her life. It is with the music in his ears of some of those beautiful little poems which occupy the miscellaneous portions of the volume, that the editor would engage him in the touching account of those impeding circumstances amid which has welled up this natural fountain of song.”

Now we, although occupying the critic’s chair, cheerfully subscribe to all the editor has said in this passage. Nay, if we could say nothing favourable of the “poor blind girl’s poetry,” we would pass it by altogether ; nor could we be severe on such an occasion without reproaching ourselves in the language of the poet—

“Poor harmless fly!

That with his pretty buzzing melody

Came here to make us merry; and thou hast killed him.”

“The story of Miss Brown’s mental education is well worth telling, both for its own interest and for the example. It is at once curious and instructive to watch a strong mind developing itself under conditions of social and physical disadvantage so great,—groping, by the aid of its poetic instincts, through the darkness of which it was conscious,—appropriating to itself everything whence it could draw nourishment, in the barren elements by which it was surrounded,—fastening upon all that could help it onward; while by its own undirected energies, it was struggling upwards to the light.

“Excellent rules for self-training—the promptings of a clear natural intellect—may be adduced from the narrative, which is best related in the language of the poetess herself,—its humble incidents



taking increased interest from the personality and simplicity of her narrative :

“ ‘ I was born,’ she says, writing to a friend, whose communication of her letter has enabled the editor to make Miss Brown her own biographer, ‘ on the 16th of January 1816, at Stranorlon, a small village in the county Donegal. My father was then, and still continues to be, the postmaster of the village. I was the seventh child in a family of twelve, and my infancy was, I believe, as promising as that of most people ; but, at the age of eighteen months, not having received the benefit of Jenner’s discovery, I had the misfortune to lose my sight by the small-pox, which was then prevalent in our neighbourhood. This, however, I do not remember ; and, indeed, recollect very little of my infant years. I never received any regular education, but very early felt the want of it ; and the first time I remember to have experienced this feeling strongly was about the beginning of my seventh year, when I heard our pastor (my parents being members of the Presbyterian Church) preach for the first time. On the occasion alluded to, I was particularly struck by many words in the sermon, which, though in common use, I did not then understand ; and from that time adopted a plan for acquiring information on this subject. When a word unintelligible to me happened to reach my ear, I was careful to ask its meaning from any person I thought likely to inform me—a habit which was, probably, troublesome enough to the friends and acquaintance of my childhood : but, by this method, I soon acquired a considerable stock of words ; and, when further advanced in life, enlarged it still more by listening attentively to my young brothers and sisters reading over the tasks required at the village school. They were generally obliged to commit to memory a certain portion of the Dictionary and English Grammar each day ; and by hearing them read it aloud frequently for that purpose, as my memory was better than theirs (perhaps rendered so by necessity), I learned the task much sooner than they, and frequently heard them repeat it.’

“ The whole of this narrative,” says the editor, after having exposed the barrenness of the spot from which Miss Brown started in her pursuit of knowledge, and the way in which the craving for it arose,—“ is, it will be seen, full of useful morals and appeals to the sympathies of the right-minded. It furnishes a striking example of the way in which the absence of the gifts denied may be compensated by a right use of the gifts that are left, and a position of apparent barrenness compelled into the yielding of abundance. For the acquisition of the intelligent graces, no lot could well seem more hopeless than Miss Brown’s at the outset of her mental life, as stated in the above simple paragraph. De Foe’s castaway was not more apparently helpless and companionless on his desert island, than this young girl, cut off by her calamity from the peopled world :

of vision, and left to an intellectual loneliness whose resources she had none to help her in finding out. The hint given by the preaching of the pastor was the first 'foot-print left on the sand' of her desolate place, by the native genius which she afterwards reclaimed and made a friend of, and educated, till it did her precious service and pointed out to her all the fruitful places of her solitude. It 'showed her the best springs,' and 'plucked her berries' in that seeming waste;—filling it with occupations, and peopling it with friends, that smiled upon her darkness, like the forms of the unknown world which dawned upon the inexperience of Miranda:—

“How many goodly creatures are there here!  
 . . . . . O brave new world,  
 That has such people in't!

“My first acquaintance with books was necessarily formed amongst those which are most common in country villages. *Susan Gray*—*The Negro Servant*—*The Gentle Shepherd*—*Mungo Park's Travels*—and, of course, *Robinson Crusoe*—were among the first of my literary friends;—for I have often heard them read by my relatives, and remember to have taken a strange delight in them, when I am sure they were not half understood. Books have been always scarce in our remote neighbourhood, and were much more so in my childhood: but the craving for knowledge which then commenced, grew with my growth; and, as I had no books of my own in those days, my only resource was borrowing from the few acquaintances I had,—to some of whom I owe obligations of the kind that will never be forgotten. In this way I obtained the reading of many valuable works, though generally old ones;—but it was a great day for me when the first of Sir Walter Scott's works fell into my hands. It was *The Heart of Mid Lothian*; and was lent me by a friend whose family were rather better provided with books than most in our neighbourhood. My delight in the work was very great even then, and I contrived, by means of borrowing, to get acquainted, in a very short time, with the greater part of the works of its illustrious author,—for works of fiction, about this time, occupied all my thoughts. I had a curious mode of impressing on my memory what had been read,—namely, lying awake, in the silence of night, and repeating it all over to myself. To that habit I probably owe the extreme tenacity of memory which I now possess; but, like all other good things, it had its attendant evil,—for I have often thought it curious that, whilst I never forget any scrap of knowledge collected, however small, yet the common events of daily life slip from my memory so quickly that I can scarcely find anything again which I have once laid aside. But this misfortune has been useful in teaching me habits of order.’

“The above is an interesting remark,—pointing out a distinction, the psychology of which does not, however, seem far to seek. That

sense by which the merely trivial and inexpressive occurrences of the outer world make their chief impression, had, in the case of the author, been early closed against their passage to her memory. Passing events on which the heart puts no stamp, the eye must mark, or they run the risk of being lost amid the lumber of the mind. But the knowledge for which her spirit thirsted came in, by many of its natural avenues, to a mind eager to appropriate and mark it at once,—and memory, in the sound subject, registers all that the heart receives. To a mind thus hungering, and digesting in the dark everything she heard that contained in itself the nourishing principle, yielded literary chyle, on which her intellectual constitution fed and expanded; and the knowledge so acquired became an indefeasible portion of her mental self. She had too many visitors in her world of shadows, to take note of all that came and went in the world of ordinary things about her. In some respects, the blind bard may perhaps be a gainer by the calamity which shuts out the sense of common things, and turns the vision inward. Milton had taken leave for ever of the faces of the earth, ere he met the angels face to face in paradise:—but *he* was familiar with the commonplaces of the outer world long ere his darkness came down—was a man of business and detail,—and the distinction which Miss Brown perceives in the power of her own memory, as applied to differing subjects, is the more easily explained *because* it had no existence with him.

“ ‘About the beginning of my thirteenth year,’ continues Miss Brown, ‘I happened to hear a friend read a part of Baines’s *History of the French War*. It made a singular impression on my mind; and works of fiction, from that time, began to lose their value, compared with the far more wonderful Romance of History. But books of the kind were so scarce in our neighbourhood, that Hume’s *History of England*, and two or three other works on the same subject, were all I could reach, till a kind friend, who was then the teacher of our village school, obliged me with that voluminous work, *The Universal History*. There I heard, for the first time, the histories of Greece and Rome, and those of many other ancient nations. My friend had only the ancient part of the work; but it gave me a fund of information, which has been subsequently increased from many sources; and at present I have a tolerable knowledge of history. My historical studies made a knowledge of geography requisite; but my first efforts to acquire it had been made even in childhood, by inquiring from every person the situation and locality of distant places which they chanced to mention. As I grew older, and could understand the language of books, the small abridgments of geography, which were used by my brothers and sisters at the village school, were committed to memory, by a similar process to that by which I had learnt the Dictionary and Grammar. In order to acquire a more perfect knowledge of the

relative situations of distant places, I sometimes requested a friend, who could trace maps, to place my finger upon some well-known spot, the situation of which I had exactly ascertained,—and then conduct the fingers of the other hand, from the points thus marked, to any place on the map whose position I wished to know,—at the same time mentioning the places through which my fingers passed. By this plan, having previously known how the cardinal points were placed, I was enabled to form a tolerably correct idea, not only of the boundaries and magnitude of various countries, but also of the courses of the rivers and mountain-chains. The first geographical problem that I remember, occurred to me on hearing, in an account of the discovery of America, that Columbus at first intended to reach the coasts of Asia by sailing to the west; and, as I knew that Asia was in the eastern portion of the world, as laid down on our maps, the statement puzzled me much. At length, however, hearing our village teacher explain to my elder brothers and sisters the globular figure of the earth, that problem was solved;—but to comprehend it cost me the study of a sleepless night! As I increased in years and knowledge, the small school-books already mentioned were found insufficient; and I had recourse to my old method of borrowing. By this, I obtained some useful information; and increased it by conversation with the few well-informed persons who came within the limited sphere of my acquaintance. In the pursuit of knowledge, my path was always impeded by difficulties too minute and numerous to mention; but the want of sight was, of course, the principal one,—which, by depriving me of the power of reading, obliged me to depend on the services of others;—and, as the condition of my family was such as did not admit of much leisure, my invention was early taxed to gain time for those who could read. I sometimes did the work assigned to them, or rendered them other little services; for, like most persons similarly placed, necessity and habit have made me more active in this respect than people in ordinary circumstances would suppose. The lighter kinds of reading were thus easily managed; but my young relatives were often unwilling to waste their breath and time with the drier, but more instructive, works which I latterly preferred. To tempt them to this, I used, by way of recompense, to relate to them long stories, and even novels, which perhaps they had formerly read but forgotten:—and thus my memory may be said to have earned supplies for itself. About the end of my fifteenth year, having heard much of the *Iliad*, I obtained the loan of Pope's translation. That was a great event to me; but the effect it produced requires some words of explanation. From my earliest years, I had a great and strange love of poetry; and could commit verses to memory with greater rapidity than most children. But at the close of my seventh year, when a few psalms of the Scotch version, Watts's *Divine Songs*, and some old country songs

(which certainly were not divine), formed the whole of my poetical knowledge, I made my earliest attempt in versification—upon that first and most sublime lesson of childhood, *The Lord's Prayer*. As years increased, my love of poetry and taste for it increased also with increasing knowledge. The provincial newspapers at times supplied me with specimens from the works of the best living authors. Though then unconscious of the cause, I still remember the extraordinary delight which those pieces gave me, and have been astonished to find that riper years have only confirmed the judgments of childhood. When such pieces reached me, I never rested till they were committed to memory; and afterwards repeated them for my own amusement, when alone, or during those sleepless nights to which I have been, all my life, subject. But a source of still greater amusement was found in attempts at original composition; which, for the first few years, were but feeble imitations of everything I knew—from the Psalms to Gray's *Elegy*. When the poems of Burns fell in my way, they took the place of all others in my fancy;—and this brings me up to the time when I made my first acquaintance with the *Iliad*. It was like the discovery of a new world, and effected a total change in my ideas on the subject of poetry. There was, at the time, a considerable manuscript of my own productions in existence, which, of course, I regarded with some partiality; but Homer had awakened me,—and, in a fit of sovereign contempt, I committed the whole to the flames. Soon after I had found the *Iliad*, I borrowed a prose translation of *Virgil*, there being no poetical one to be found in our neighbourhood; and in a similar manner made acquaintance with many of the classic authors. But after Homer's, the work that produced the greatest impression on my mind was Byron's *Childe Harold*. The one had induced me to burn my first manuscript; the other made me resolve against verse-making in future—for I was then far enough advanced to know my own deficiency—but without apparent means for the requisite improvement. In this resolution I persevered for several years, and occupied my mind solely in the pursuit of knowledge; but, owing to adverse circumstances, my progress was necessarily slow. Having, however, in the summer of the year 1840, heard a friend read the story of *La Pérouse*, it struck me that there was a remarkable similarity between it and one related in an old country song called the *Lost Ship*, which I had heard in my childhood. The song in question was of very low composition; but there was one line at the termination of each verse which haunted my imagination, and I fancied might deserve a better poem. This line, and the story of *La Pérouse*, together with an irresistible inclination to poetry, at length induced me to break the resolution I had so long kept; and the result was the little poem called *La Pérouse*, which will be found at page 207 of this volume. Soon after, when Messrs. Gunn.

and Cameron commenced the publication of their *Irish Penny Journal*, I was seized with a strange desire to contribute something to its pages. My first contribution was favourably received; and I still feel grateful for the kindness and encouragement bestowed upon me by both the editor and the publishers. The three small pieces which I contributed to that work were the first of mine that ever appeared in print,—with the exception of one of my early productions which a friend had sent to a provincial paper. The *Irish Penny Journal* was abandoned on the completion of the first volume: but the publishers, with great kindness, sent me one of the copies,—and this was the first book of any value that I could call my own! But the gift was still more esteemed as an encouragement—and the first of the kind.

“At this juncture, I had heard much of the London *Athenæum*; and the accounts of it which the provincial papers contained made me long to see it,—but no copies reached our remote neighbourhood. Finding it impossible to borrow the publication, I resolved to make a bold effort to obtain it; and, in the spring of the year 1841, having a number of small poems on hand, I addressed them to the editor, promised future contributions, and solicited that a copy of the journal might be sent to me as the return. My application was long unanswered; and I had given up all for lost, when the arrival of many numbers of the journal, and a letter from the editor, astonished me, and gratified a wish which had haunted my very dreams. From that period my name and pretensions have been more before the public,—many poems of mine have appeared in the pages of that publication, in Mr. Hood’s *Magazine*, and in the *Keepsake*, edited by the Countess of Blessington. Ten only of those contributed to the *Athenæum* have been included in the present collection; because most of them were so widely copied into the journals of the day, that I feared they might be too familiar for repetition.’

“In a long letter,” remarks the editor, “from which these extracts are taken, there are other passages furnishing interesting examples of the earnestness which let no opportunity escape which might help to reverse the seeming decree of her destiny, by which the author was shut out from the tree of knowledge. Thus, an opportunity having come in her way for acquiring, through the kindness of a friend, a knowledge of the French language, poetry and some objects in connexion with it very dear to her imagination, are put resolutely aside, for the purpose of securing this one more golden bough. \* \* Every step gained by her in learning, valued for itself, is valued more as the road to another. The knowledge earned is at once invested in the purchase of further knowledge. Of all the fruit which she gathers the seed is saved for a new increase.

“The energy displayed from her childhood by this almost friendless girl, raises, the editor cannot but think, at once the interest

and the character of her muse. There is something touching, and teaching too, in the picture of that perseverance which has conquered for itself an inner world of thought, in lieu of that outer world so early withdrawn from the sense. The bard gathers dignity from the darkness amid which she sings,—as the darkness itself is lightened by the song. There are lessons to be drawn from both; and the editor believes that this little volume has a variety of titles which should procure it a sure and extended popularity.”

We cordially concur with what the editor says in another place, that the reader of this narrative will rather wonder that so little indulgence should be needed, than refuse the indulgence which is unhesitatingly asked.

There can be no doubt, considering the age at which Miss Brown was deprived of sight, that she could have retained no image or recollection of those objects which the eyes alone can present to the mind. She could have no idea of light or colour, and consequently she must have been shut out from the actual as well as from the intellectual vision of creation. Yet by the almost unaided efforts of her own mind, she has made a bright light shine amid this darkness—she has made a firmament of her own, and enlightened it with a sun, and moon, and stars. Her perceptions of the objects of vision must be purely ideal, for whatever knowledge she has of them must be derived from the sense of hearing, and it is just as impossible for the ear to become the organ of sight as for the eye to become the organ of hearing. It is therefore just as impossible that those who are blind from infancy should have the idea of light, as that those who are born deaf should have the idea of sound and melody. Yet Saunderson can discuss learnedly and accurately of the properties of colours, and we find Miss Brown’s illustrations from visible objects, as numerous and as appropriate as in any other author. Sight is certainly the most noble of the senses; it is able unaided to derive a vast quantity of knowledge from the great book of nature, which all can read who can look upon it, and it at once understands a very great number of natural signs of ideas. Hearing, on the contrary, can acquire no direct information of itself, because all language is purely conventional, and the number of natural sounds, such as weeping and laughter, of which it takes cognizance, are neither numerous nor important. Yet, notwithstanding these disadvantages, we think the ear the more important organ, because through it, by the use of speech, a vast quantity of information

can be speedily conveyed. These are proper and important subjects for philosophical investigation. But what mainly concerns the philanthropist to know is, that through either the eye or the ear, aided by the sense of touch, almost all useful information can be conveyed, and that the defect of one sense can be in a great measure supplied by the superior acuteness which is acquired by those that remain. The learned Mossieu was born deaf, and Miss Brown's various and elegant accomplishments, include, as we have seen, in addition to a very great mastery over the English language, a knowledge of history, geography, poetry, French, and we have no doubt much more which her modesty has prevented her from revealing. How many are there who, besides enjoying all their senses, have had far better opportunities of acquiring information, and who have not the one-tenth part of her knowledge? Her information was also acquired at an early age—she is indeed still young, being only in her 28th year. It is most important to be furnished with such facts as those with which the life of Miss Brown supplies us, because it shows us what our fellow-creatures are capable of under the most severe bereavements. The great problem to be still solved is, how far those who cannot see can have ideas of light and colours, and how far those who cannot hear can understand what is meant by the word sound. We mean that it should be investigated by sound philosophy, not that it should be attempted to be explained by the empiricism and absurdity of catalepsy and mesmerism. The appropriation of each sense to its proper organ is thus beautifully expressed by Shakespeare.

“How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank,  
 Here will we sit and let the *sounds of music*  
*Creep in our ears* ; soft stillness and the night  
 Becomes the touches of sweet harmony.  
 .....*Look* how the floor of Heaven  
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;  
 There's not the smallest orb which thou *behold'st*  
 But in his motion like an angel sings,  
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims,  
 Such harmony is in immortal souls.”

We are convinced that these lines could only be written by one who had gazed upon the firmament, and who had been “moved by the concord of sweet sounds.”

But the chief difficulty in imparting knowledge is when all these bereavements are combined, and the poor sufferer is deaf, and dumb, and blind. A paper on a case of this kind



was read by Dugald Stewart, before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, in 1812. It was published during the same year in Edinburgh, with the title "Some account of a boy born blind and deaf." The boy was the son of a clergyman, his name was James Mitchell, and he was born in Scotland, in 1795. He was not however entirely blind, as he could certainly distinguish light from darkness; nevertheless, from the preternatural acuteness which his senses of taste and smell had acquired, in consequence of their being habitually employed to collect that information for which the sight is peculiarly adapted, it may be presumed with confidence that he derived little, if any, assistance from his eyes or organs of vision. His smell always informed him of the arrival of a stranger, and he immediately proceeded to the place where he was, and then examined him carefully by the sense of touch. The first thing he generally did, was to ascertain whether the stranger wore boots, and if this were the case he went to the lobby, felt his whip, and then proceeding to the stable handled his horse with great care, and with the utmost seeming attention. When strangers arrived in a carriage he always went to the place where it stood, examined the whole of it with great anxiety, and tried innumerable times the elasticity of its springs. In all this he was guided by the smell and touch only.

The servants were instructed to prevent his visits to the horses of strangers in the stable; and after he had been several times thwarted by them, he had the ingenuity to bolt the kitchen to prevent them from interfering with his curiosity. He frequently employed himself in gathering from the bed of a river round and smooth stones, which he afterwards arranged in a circular form, placing himself in the midst. He explored by touch a space of about two hundred yards around the parsonage, to every part of which he walked fearlessly and without a guide, and scarcely a day elapsed in which he did not cautiously feel his way into ground which he had not before explored. In one of these excursions of discovery, his father with terror observed him creeping on his hands and knees along a narrow wooden bridge, which crossed a neighbouring river at a point where the stream was deep and rapid. He was immediately stopped, and to deter him from the repetition of such perilous experiments he was once or twice plunged into the river, which had the desired effect.

Having at one time appeared to distinguish a horse, which his mother had sold a few weeks before, the rider dismounted

to put his knowledge to the test, when he immediately led the horse to the stable, took off the saddle, and put the key in his pocket. He knew the use of most ordinary utensils, and visited the shops of carpenters and other mechanics, to understand the nature of their tools and operations. He frequently assisted the farm servants, and even attempted to build small houses with turf, leaving little openings with windows. Means were taken to teach him to make baskets, but he seemed to want the perseverance necessary to finish his work. He acquired some sense of property, and valued things as his own, whilst he abstained from those which he knew to be habitually used by others.

In 1811 his father died, and it appears that attention, curiosity, and wonder, were excited by the novelty of the outward circumstances, but he did not exhibit those sentiments which would presuppose a conception of the nature of the change which had occurred in the state of his parent. He had previously amused himself with placing a dead fowl repeatedly on its legs, laughing when it fell; but the first human body which he touched was that of his father, from which he shrunk with signs of surprise and dislike. He felt the corpse in the coffin, and on the evening after the funeral he went to the grave and patted it with both his hands, and for several days he returned to the grave, and regularly attended every funeral that afterwards occurred in the same church-yard. When a tailor was brought to make a suit of mourning for him, the boy took him into the apartment where his father had died, stretched his own head and neck backwards, pointed to the bed, and then conducted him to the church-yard and to the grave in which his father had been interred. Shortly afterwards, being very ill, he was put into the same bed where his father had died; he would not lay a moment in it, but became quite peaceable when removed to another. Discovering shortly afterwards that his mother was ill and in bed, he was observed to weep.

His sister, by various modifications of touch, conveyed to him her satisfaction or displeasure at his conduct, and he seemed to understand very readily the intimations intended to be conveyed. Patting him much and cordially on the head, back, or hand, signified entire approbation. This action, more sparingly used, conveyed simple assent, and the idea of displeasure was imparted to him by refusing these signs, or by gently repelling him. To supply the obvious and glaring defects of this mode of communication, she had re-

course to a language of action, representing those ideas which none of the simple natural signs cognizable by the sense of touch could convey. Thus, when his mother was from home, his sister allayed his anxiety for her return, by laying his head gently down on a pillow, once for each night that his mother was to be absent; implying that he would sleep so many times before her return. It was once signified to him that he must wait two days for a new suit of clothes, and this also was effectually done, by shutting his eyes and bending down his head twice.

We have here given all the important features of this case, from Dugald Stewart's paper and the *Edinburgh Review* for 1812. The case is certainly interesting, as it shows what perceptions a human being is capable of acquiring purely by his own instincts, when he is deprived of the most important senses. Culture or instruction he received none from the philosophical observers who so narrowly watched his motions. With the true instincts of Scotch metaphysicians, they seem only to have been anxious to make an experiment, and they certainly took care not to mar its effects by any adventitious assistance. All the signs, including the ducking in the river, were perfectly natural. After the whole process has been described, we are at length let into the tremendous secret that he seemed to have no conception of any beings superior to human, and that he was consequently without any of those religious feelings which are among the most general characteristics of our species. In the name of Scotch metaphysics, how could the child have acquired any such ideas? Was it by being patted on the head or thrown into a river? The child, indeed, seems to have grown up a perfect animal, but with higher instincts than belong to the brute creation. He used the sense of smell for the very same purposes for which it is employed by the lower animals; and, as was to be expected, from the privation of the other faculties, it had acquired wonderful acuteness. With care and attention, the immortal spirit might have been awakened in this boy; but instead of this, he was neglected, to be subjected to meet the same kind of an experiment as the children who were shut up by a king to try what language they would speak naturally. Hunger, we are told, was as efficacious in making them cry out for bread, as the dip in the river was in keeping James Mitchell from transgressing the bounds which he had explored.

The next case to which we beg to call attention, is of a very different character. It is of a young girl, blind, deaf, and

dumb, destitute of smell, and nearly so of taste. Here the privations were much greater, and the obstacles far more insurmountable, than in the case of Mitchell; and yet, because she did not fall into the hands of cold metaphysicians, but of genuine philanthropists, her soul has been illumined even in this hour of darkness—it has been made to feel the consciousness of its own intelligence, and it can even look ahead, and hold sweet converse with its kind. This girl has been educated in the Purkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind, at Boston. The story is told so beautifully in Mr. Dickens' *American Notes*, that we think it a duty to extract it entire :

“I went,” says Mr. Dickens, “to see this place one very fine winter morning. The children were at their daily tasks in different rooms, except a few who were already dismissed and were at play. Good order, cleanliness and comfort, pervaded every corner of the building. The various classes, who were gathered round their teachers, answered the questions put to them with readiness and intelligence, and in a spirit of cheerful contest for precedence, which pleased me very much. Those who were at play were gleesome and noisy as other children. More spiritual and affectionate friendships appeared to exist among them than would be found among other young persons, suffering under no deprivation; but this I expected, and was prepared to find. It is a part of the great scheme of Heaven's merciful consideration for the afflicted.

“In a portion of the building set apart for that purpose, are workshops for blind persons, whose education is finished and who have acquired a trade, but who cannot pursue it in an ordinary manufactory, because of their deprivation. Several people were at work here, making brushes, mattresses, and so forth; and the cheerfulness, industry, and good order discernible in every other part of the building, extended to this department also. On the ringing of a bell the pupils all repaired, without any guide or leader, to a spacious music hall, where they took their seats in an orchestra erected for that purpose, and listened with manifest delight to a voluntary on the organ, played by one of themselves. At its conclusion, the performer, a boy of nineteen or twenty, gave place to a girl, and to her accompaniment they all sang a hymn, and afterwards a sort of chorus. It was very sad to look upon and hear them—happy though their condition unquestionably was—and I saw that one blind girl, who (being for the time deprived of the use of her limbs by illness) sat close beside me with her face towards them, wept silently the while she listened.

“It is strange to watch the faces of the blind, and see how free they are from all concealment of what is passing in their thoughts; observing which, a man with eyes may blush to contemplate the

mask he wears. Allowing for one shade of anxious expression, which is never absent from their countenances, and the like of which we may readily detect in our own faces if we try to feel our way in the dark, every idea, as it rises within them, is expressed with the lightning's speed and nature's truth. If the company at a rout or drawing-room at court, could only for one time be as unconscious of the eyes upon them as blind men and women are, what secrets would come out, and what a worker of hypocrisy this sight—the loss of which we so much pity—would appear to be!

“The thought occurred to me, as I sat down in another room before a girl—blind, deaf, and dumb, destitute of smell, and nearly so of taste—before a fair young creature, with every human faculty, and hope, and power of goodness and affection inclosed within her delicate frame, and but one outward sense—the sense of touch. There she was before me—built up as it were in a marble cell, impervious to any ray of light or particle of sound—with her poor white hand peeping through a chink in the wall, beckoning to some good man for help that an immortal soul might be awakened. Long before I looked upon her the help had come. Her face was radiant with intelligence and pleasure. Her hair, braided by her own hands, was bound about a head, whose intellectual capacity and development were beautifully expressed in its graceful outline and its broad open brow; her dress, arranged by herself, was a pattern of neatness and simplicity; the work she had knitted lay beside her; her writing-book was on the desk she leaned upon. From the mournful ruin of such bereavement there had slowly risen up this gentle, tender, guileless, grateful-hearted being. Like other inmates of that house, she had a green ribbon bound round her eyelids; a doll she had dressed lay near upon the ground. I took it up and saw that she had made a green fillet, such as she wore herself, and fastened it about its mimic eyes. She was seated in a little enclosure made by school-desks and forms, writing her daily journal. But soon finishing this pursuit, she engaged in an animated communication with a teacher who sat beside her. This was a favourite mistress with the poor people. If she could see the face of her fair instructress she would not love her less I am sure.

“I have extracted a few disjointed fragments of her history, from an account written by that one who has made her what she is. It is a very beautiful and touching narrative, and I wish I could present it entire.

“Her name is Laura Bridgman. She was born in Hanover, New Hampshire, on the 21st of December, 1829. She is described as having been a very sprightly and pretty infant, with bright blue eyes. She was, however, so puny and feeble until after she was a year and a half old, that her parents hardly hoped to rear her. She was subject to severe fits, which seemed to rack her frame almost beyond endurance, and life was held by the feeblest tenure; but,

when a year and a half old, she seemed to rally, the dangerous symptoms subsided, and at twenty months old she was perfectly well.

“Then her mental powers, hitherto stunted in their growth, rapidly developed themselves, and during the four months of health which she enjoyed she appears (making due allowance for a fond mother’s account) to have displayed a considerable degree of intelligence.

“But suddenly she sickened again; her disease raged with great violence during five weeks, when her eyes and ears were inflamed, suppurated and their contents were discharged. But though sight and hearing were gone for ever, the poor child’s sufferings were not ended. The fever raged during seven weeks; for five months she was kept in bed in a darkened room; it was a year before she could walk unsupported, and two years before she could sit up all day. It was now observed that her sense of smell was almost entirely destroyed, and consequently that her taste was much blunted.

“It was not till four years of age that the poor child’s bodily health seemed restored, and she was able to enter upon her apprenticeship of life and the world.

“But what a situation was her’s! The darkness and the silence of the tomb were around her; no mother’s smile called forth her answering smile; no father’s voice taught her to imitate his sounds. Her brothers and sisters were but forms of matter which resisted her touch, but which differed not from the furniture of the house, save in warmth and in the power of locomotion,—and not even in these respects from the dog and the cat. But the immortal spirit which had been implanted in her could not die, nor be maimed nor mutilated; and though most of its avenues of communication with the world were cut off, it began to manifest itself through the others. As soon as she could walk, she began to explore the room and then the house. She became familiar with the form, density, weight, and heat, of every article she could lay her hands upon. She followed her mother, and felt her hands and arms, as she was occupied about the house, and her disposition to imitate led her to repeat everything herself. She even learned to sew a little, and to knit. The reader will scarcely need to be told, however, that the opportunities of communicating with her were very, very limited, and that the moral effects of her wretched state soon began to appear. Those who cannot be enlightened by reason, can only be controlled by force; and this, coupled with her great privations, must soon have reduced her to a worse condition than that of the beasts that perish, but for timely and unhopèd-for aid.

“At this time I was so fortunate as to hear of the child, and immediately hastened to Hanover to see her. I found her with a well-formed figure, a strongly-marked nervous, sanguine temperament, a large and beautifully-shaped head, and the whole system in healthy action. The parents were easily induced to consent to her

coming to Boston; and on the 4th of October 1837, they brought her to the institution.

“For a little while she was much bewildered; and after waiting about two weeks, until she became acquainted with her new locality, and somewhat familiar with the inmates, the attempt was made to give her knowledge of arbitrary signs by which she could interchange thoughts with others. There was one of two ways to be adopted: either to go on to build up a language of signs on the basis of the natural language which she had already commenced herself; or to teach her the purely arbitrary language in common use,—that is, to give her a sign for every individual thing, or to give her a knowledge of letters, by combination of which she might express her idea of the existence, and the mode and condition of existence, of anything. The former would have been easy, but very ineffectual; the latter seemed very difficult, but, if accomplished, very effectual. I determined, therefore, to try the latter. The first experiments were made by taking articles in common use—such as knives, forks, spoons, keys, &c.—and pasting upon them labels, with their names printed in raised letters. These she felt very carefully, and soon, of course, distinguished that the crooked lines *spoon* differed as much from the crooked lines *key*, as the spoon differed from the key in form. Then small detached labels with the same words printed upon them were put into her hands, and she soon observed that they were similar to the ones pasted on the articles. She showed her perception of this similarity by laying the label *key* upon the key, and the label *spoon* upon the spoon. She was encouraged here by the natural sign of approbation, patting on the head.

“The same process was then repeated with all the articles which she could handle, and she very easily learned to place the proper labels upon them. It was evident, however, that the only intellectual exercise was that of imitation and memory. She recollected that the label *book* was placed upon a book, and she repeated the process, first from imitation, next from memory, with only the motive of love of approbation, but apparently without the intellectual perception of any relation between the things.

After a while, instead of labels, the individual letters were given to her, on detached bits of paper; they were arranged side by side, so as to spell *book*, *key*, &c.; then they were mixed up in a heap, and a sign was made for her to arrange them herself, so as to express the words *book*, *key*, &c., and she did so. Hitherto the process had been mechanical, and the success about as great as teaching a very knowing dog a variety of tricks. The poor child had sat in mute amazement, and patiently imitated everything her teacher did, but now the truth began to flash upon her—her intellect began to work. She perceived that here was a way by which she could herself make up a sign of anything that was in her own mind

and show it to another mind, and at once her countenance lighted up with a human expression; it was no longer a dog or parrot—it was an immortal spirit, eagerly seizing upon a new link of union with other spirits! I could almost fix upon the moment when this truth dawned upon her mind, and spread its light to her countenance. I saw that the great obstacle was overcome, and that henceforward nothing but patient and persevering—but plain and straightforward—efforts were to be used. The result thus far is quickly related and easily conceived: but not so was the process; for many weeks of apparently unprofitable labour were passed before it was effected. When it was said above that a sign was made, it was intended to say that the action was performed by her teacher, she feeling his hands and then imitating the motion. The next step was to procure a set of metal types, with the different letters of the alphabet cast upon their ends; also a board in which were square holes, into which holes she could set the types so that the letters on their ends could alone be felt above the surface. Then, on any article being handed to her,—for instance, a pencil or a watch,—she would select the component letters and arrange them on her board, and read them with apparent pleasure. She was exercised for several weeks in this way, until her vocabulary became extensive; and then the important step was taken of teaching her how to represent the different letters by the position of her fingers, instead of the cumbrous apparatus of the board and types. She accomplished this speedily and easily,—for her intellect had begun to work in aid of her teacher,—and her progress was rapid.

“This was the period, about three months after she had commenced, that the first report of her case was made, in which it was stated that ‘she had just learned the manual alphabet as used by the deaf mutes, and it is a subject of delight and wonder to see how rapidly, correctly, and eagerly she goes on with her labours. Her teacher gives her a new object, for instance a pencil, first lets her examine it and get an idea of its use, then teaches her how to spell it by making the signs for the letters with her own fingers; the child grasps her hand and feels her fingers as the different letters are formed; she turns her head a little on one side, like a person listening closely; her lips are apart; she seems scarcely to breathe; and her countenance, at first anxious, gradually changes to a smile, as she comprehends the lesson. She then holds up her tiny fingers and spells the words in the manual alphabet; next she takes her types and arranges her letters; and last, to make sure that she is right, she takes the whole of the types composing the word and places them upon or in contact with the pencil, or whatever the object may be.’ The whole of the succeeding year was passed in gratifying her eager inquiries for the names of every object which she could possibly handle; in exercising her in the use of the manual alphabet; in extending, in every possible way, her know-



ledge of the physical relations of things; and in proper care of her health. At the end of the year a report of her case was made, from which the following is an extract. 'It has been ascertained beyond the possibility of doubt, that she cannot see a ray of light, cannot hear the least sound, and never exercises her sense of smell, if she have any. Thus her mind dwells in darkness and stillness, as profound as that of a closed tomb at midnight. Of beautiful sights and sweet sounds and pleasant odours she has no conception; nevertheless she seems as happy and playful as a bird or a lamb; and the employment of her intellectual faculties, or the acquirement of a new idea, gives her a vivid pleasure, which is plainly marked in her expressive features. She never seems to repine, but has all the buoyancy and gaiety of childhood. She is fond of fun and frolic, and when playing with the rest of the children, her shrill laugh sounds loudest of the group.

"When left alone she seems very happy if she have her knitting or sewing, and will busy herself for hours; if she have no occupation she evidently amuses herself by imaginary dialogues, or by recalling past impressions. She counts with her fingers, or spells out names of things which she has recently learned in the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes. In this lonely self-communion she seems to reason, reflect, and argue; if she spell a word wrong with the fingers of her right hand she instantly strikes it with her left, as her teacher does, in sign of disapprobation; if right, then she pats herself upon the head and looks pleased. She sometimes purposely spells a word wrong with the left hand, looks roguish for a moment and laughs, and then with the right hand strikes the left, as if to correct it. During the year she has attained great dexterity in the use of the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes, and she spells out the words and sentences which she knows so fast and so deftly, that only those accustomed to this language can follow with the eye the rapid motion of the fingers. But wonderful as is the rapidity with which she writes her thoughts upon the air, still more so is the ease and accuracy with which she reads the words thus written by another,—grasping their hands in hers and following every movement of their fingers, as letter after letter conveys them to her mind. It is in this way that she converses with her blind playmates, and nothing can more forcibly show the power of the mind in forming matter to its purpose than a meeting between them. For if great talent and skill are necessary for two pantomimes to paint their thoughts and feelings by the movements of the body and the expression of the countenance, how much greater the difficulty when darkness shrouds them both, and the one can hear no sound!"

Success, in such a case as this, must be considered amongst the noblest achievements of cultivated science. It is a per-

fect triumph of mind over matter—a triumph in the instructor as well as the instructed—it is a work which angels might not blush to perform. It is an exercise of the most tender mercy of which man is capable; and the exercise of mercy makes man like unto God, for mercy is His attribute:

“The quality of mercy is not strained;  
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
 Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;  
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;  
 ’Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes  
 The throned monarch better than his crown.  
 His sceptre shows the form of temporal power,—  
 The attribute to awe and majesty,  
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:  
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway—  
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings—  
 It is an attribute of God himself.”

There is not, as far as we know, any Catholic institution for the deaf and dumb, or the blind, in the whole wide extent of the British dominions. There is not one in Catholic Ireland. But there are institutions, or at all events there is an institution, for the deaf, and the dumb, and the blind, in Ireland, where the price the parents must pay for their child’s instruction is to allow it to be perverted from the faith of its ancestors. What is there so holy, that it has not been perverted to the purposes of wickedness? what is there so pure, that it has not been polluted by the diabolical spirit of bigotry which animates a portion of the inhabitants of Ireland? Every spring of charity is poisoned by the arsenic of intolerance. We have Protestant meat for the hungry, Protestant clothes for the naked; and the blind or the deaf and dumb child of Catholic parents will not be instructed, unless they allow it to be dosed with the Westminster Confession or the Thirty-nine Articles. If *Barnaby Rudge’s* famous Protestant bird had visited Ireland, he would have found Protestant inexpressibles as well as Protestant teapots. One would imagine on entering such an establishment in this country, that the instruction of the deaf and the dumb and the blind was the offspring of the exclusive genius of Protestantism—that a wholesome horror of popery was the necessary foundation of all the information that they can receive. Who could imagine that the entire process of training was borrowed from the Catholic nations of the Continent; and that whilst such institutions have attained to full and

wonderful maturity in France, in Belgium, and in Rome, they are still in their infancy in this country.

The first idea of instruction for persons deprived of the use of the senses of sight or hearing, is most probably to be traced to a monastery. Pontius, a Benedictine monk, born at Valladolid in 1520, is said to have made this precious discovery in the following manner:—a certain person, called Gaspard Burgos, not being able to enter the monastery, except in the character of a lay-brother, because he was deaf and dumb, Father Pontius undertook to instruct him, and succeeded so well, that brother Gaspard was not only able to make his confession but became an accomplished scholar, and composed several books.\* The same author on whose authority we relate these facts, says that he also instructed two brothers and a sister of the constable, and another person, all born deaf and dumb, whom he not only taught to write, but even to talk by means of signs. We know, however, comparatively little of his method, as he did not commit it to writing. Bonnet, a Spaniard, was the first who wrote upon the subject, in a book entitled "*Reduion de los letros, y arte para enseñar a hablar los mudos,*" which was published in 1820. But the persons who brought this science to perfection were two French priests, the abbés L'Epée and Sicard. The former commenced this benevolent work out of his own private resources, with the aid of the voluntary contributions of the charitable. In 1778 and 1785, he received a public revenue of six thousand livres out of the property of a suppressed convent of Celestine monks. This institution at Paris was very celebrated. The Abbé Sicard, who was born near Toulouse on the 20th of September, 1742, and who had been previously director of an establishment for the deaf and dumb supported by the archbishop of Bourdeaux, succeeded the Abbé l'Epée on his death in 1789 in the management of the establishment in Paris. But the institution was deprived of its revenues when the Constituent Assembly declared the property of the ancient monasteries to belong to the nation. In 1791, it was again endowed, and in the following year the abbé, who was a very moderate supporter of the revolution, had to take the oath of "liberty and equality." But on the 28th of August he was seized by the "terrorists" in the midst of his pupils, and dragged to the arsenal, and on the 2nd of September he was removed to the "*Abbey,*"

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\* Ambrose Morales Description of Spain, *vide* Feller v. Ponce.

where the frightful massacres of the second and third of the same month were already planned. Desolation reigned among the deaf and dumb and blind, and at the risk of their own lives, they presented a most affecting petition to the assembly, imploring it to restore to them their master. But their prayers and their tears were alike disregarded, and Sicard owed his life to Monnot, a watchmaker and an officer of the national guard, who covered the abbé with his own body. He remained in prison until the 4th, in the midst of executions and victims, and in the most frightful agony, expecting each moment the fate of his unfortunate companions. In this terrible situation he wrote to M. Laffan-Lodelot, who, wishing to save so great and good a man, had the address to bring Chabot to see him, whose hard heart was softened at the sight; and at seven o'clock the same evening Sicard was brought before the assembly, where, after delivering a public defence of himself, he was set at liberty. On the establishment of the normal school in 1795, he was appointed professor of general grammar. He was at the same time professor in the national Lyceum, and assisted in the compilation of the *Lycean Encyclopædia*. He was associated with the Abbé Faupprett in the publication of the periodical entitled *Religious, Historical, and Literary Annals*, for which, after the revolution of the eighteenth Fructidor, he was included in the decree of banishment issued against the journalists who had been condemned by the directory. The deaf and dumb and blind were again left desolate, again they had lost a kind father, and again they sought, by every means in their power, to get back their master. He was at length restored to them on the 18th brumaire, but found his establishment in the most deplorable condition. There were no funds for its support, and religion had been banished from the place. Sicard soon remedied all these evils. He established a printing press in 1800, which was worked by the deaf and dumb with great effect. He gave public exercises each month, to which a select company was admitted to witness the almost miraculous progress of the pupils, and especially of Mossieu, who had gained the greatest and most deserved celebrity for the institution. These exercises procured large sums, which he devoted to the purposes of the institution. His holiness Pius VII honoured the establishment for the deaf and dumb with his presence in 1805, and, on the 18th of February, blessed the chapel belonging to the house. The pope assisted at some of the exercises, during which he received a present of a book of prayers, com-

posed and printed by the deaf and dumb. His holiness made presents to the abbé and M. Leclerc, a deaf and dumb pupil, who directed the management of the printing press. The name of this illustrious priest was known over all Europe, so that when the allied sovereigns were in Paris, they attended his lectures, and after the restoration, he received the decorations of the legion of honour, as well as those of St. Ann of Russia, and of Gustavus Vasa. This latter was conferred on him by the Queen of Sweden, as an acknowledgment of the important service which he had rendered to the new establishment for the deaf and dumb at Stockholm. Before the time of Abbé Sicard, the instruction of the deaf and dumb was nothing better than a pure mechanism. He was the first who raised their minds to intellectual objects, and made them comprehend the abstractions of philosophy. He died the 10th of May 1822, in the eightieth year of his age. Whilst on his death-bed he wrote the following remarkable letter to the Abbé Gondelin, who had succeeded him in the institution for the deaf and dumb at Bourdeaux:—

“My dear Compère,—Before I die, I bequeath to you my dear children; I bequeath their souls to your religion, their bodies to your care, their intellectual faculties to your enlightenment and to your culture: fulfil this noble trust, and I die happy.”\*

It was one of the Abbé Sicard's most celebrated pupils, Leclerc, who, at the age of twenty-five, went to America to found a school for the education of the deaf and dumb and blind, and carried this important science to the shores of the new world. It does not appear that the Abbé Sicard met with any one who was blind and deaf and dumb at the same time. Still, he contemplated the possibility of such a calamity, and laid down most important rules for the treatment of such a case, whenever it should occur. Indeed the case of Laura, the American girl, is little more than the practical develop-

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\* The following is a list of his works: *Mémoires sur l'art d'instruire les sourd-muets de naissance*, Bourdeaux, 1789. *Catechisme ou Instruction Chrétienne, à l'usage de sourd-muets*, 1796. *Manuel de l'enfance contenant des élémens de lecture et des dialogues instructifs et moraux*, 1796. *Théorie de signes pour l'instruction de sourds-muets*, Paris, 1808. *Alphabet et cours d'instruction de sourd-muets de naissance, pour servir à l'éducation de sourd-muets*, Paris, 1800. *De l'Homme et de ses facultés physiques et intellectuelles de ses devoirs, &c.* *Journée chrétienne de sourd-muets.* *Dictionnaire généalogique de l'Écriture Sainte.* It is strange that at one time of his life this great man was so simple as to sign bills of accommodation for some of his friends, which he was afterwards obliged to pay, in order to do which he was obliged to deprive himself of the revenues of his professorships, to sell his carriage and furniture, and to live for a time in a state bordering upon indigence.

ment of the principles which he had discovered. There is one thing which cannot fail to strike any one who will read the note at the foot of the page,—it is, the number of his works which are upon religious subjects. This principle was faithfully borne out in practice; and the infidel spirit which was let loose during the hurricane of the French revolution he has never allowed to enter the precincts of the “Institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb.”

At present these establishments for educating the deaf and dumb and blind, are spread over all Europe, and some excellent ones have taken root in America. The course of instruction is generally far more extensive than persons unacquainted with the matter would imagine. There is a very excellent institution of the kind at Rome, where almost every branch of science is taught, and we know a gentleman who was present and *saw* a sermon preached to its pupils. At the conclusion they all told their prayers upon their hands, apparently with great piety. An humble priest, like the Abbé Sicard, has established a house of this kind at Genoa, where there are at present about sixty inmates, and nearly as many extern pupils. His name is Assarotti. Many of the children under his care are intimately acquainted with the Italian, French, English, Spanish, and German languages; so that they are not only able to read but to write in them, with ease and correctness. There are several institutions for the same charitable purpose in France, Belgium, and the other nations of the continent. They are all conducted nearly on the same plan. The boys who are found deficient in literary talent are instructed in those trades for which they manifest an inclination, and in which it is thought they will be able to make the greatest proficiency. There are amongst them printers, bookbinders, shoemakers, carpenters, tailors; and the females are instructed in needle-work and embroidery. There are also to be found in these schools several who have attained to eminence in the liberal arts; there are in them excellent painters, engravers in wood and copper, scribes, draughtsmen, engineers, and designers.

The institutions, then, for the “instruction of the blind and the deaf and dumb,” are Catholic in their origin and Catholic in their progress and development. It is a shame for the Catholic priests and people of Ireland not to have an establishment of this kind on an extensive scale, where those who are afflicted with the loss of any of their senses might be instructed in science as well as in religion. We have asyly m

for the guilty and the fallen, why have we not even one for the little innocents who, being deprived of their faculties, are much less able to buffet their way through this harsh world? Consider, too, the great temptations to which the parents of these children are exposed. They are told that there are houses open for them where they will be fed, clothed, instructed, and put to some useful trade or employment, if they will only send them. There is not a word said about the poor soul, which, in such a case, is only awakened in order to be led astray from the faith of its ancestors and of its country. This work of enlightened benevolence should not be any longer neglected; such an engine of mischief should not be allowed to remain in the hands of our enemies. The want of such an institution says but little for either our zeal, our science, or for our benevolence. Even to pass over those higher points of view, in which undoubtedly it ought to be primarily regarded, an institution for the blind and the deaf and dumb would be a curious and interesting object to the philosopher. It would, *a priori*, appear to be an impossibility to arouse the spirit in a person who had no sense but that of touch left, and to make it capable of communicating with its fellow-beings; and yet we see how triumphantly this has been accomplished. Still it is a problem which is yet to be solved, whether it be possible to communicate to a person in this situation any abstract or purely metaphysical conceptions. The philosophers of the Dugald Stuart school have long since pronounced any attempt of this kind to be a downright absurdity; and we confess that, at first sight, we would be inclined to agree with them. But, when those who have been deprived of four out of the five senses, who have neither sight, hearing, taste, nor smell; who can only feel the harsh touch of a world, whose light, and melody, and sweetness, has been withdrawn from them for ever; who are apparently placed far beneath the instincts of the brute creation; can be elevated to the rank of thinking and sensible beings; who can receive, increase, and communicate knowledge, we dare not say that the progressive triumph of benevolent genius may not enable the soul to look through the natural even into the supernatural world.

It has pleased the Almighty that such instances of entire bereavement should be of rare occurrence, and for the most part the calamity does not extend beyond one sense; and, as a sort of recompense, the other four are generally more perfect than in the rest of mankind, and are even employed to collect that information which ordinarily comes through the

organ that is wanting. Thus the boy Mitchell used the sense of smell to supply the place of sight, in ascertaining the presence of strangers; and he also distinguished objects from one another,—an office which is usually performed by the eyes,—by tasting them, if that were possible, or, if it were not, by touching them with his hands, or even with his tongue, to ascertain their different degrees of hardness. In a perfectly organized man, the senses of taste and smell are almost always used for animal, scarcely ever for intellectual, purposes. In a person who has his other senses, the loss of these, too, is a great animal, but a very small, if any, mental privation. Even the sense of touch, although it extend over the entire body, is scarcely ever used for intellectual purposes by those who have all their organs perfect, except as an auxiliary of sight and hearing. Yet these three senses are capable of supplying, as we have seen, in certain cases the place of sight, which is naturally the highest intellectual organ, and even of acquiring some information which is derived from the ear. Thus we strike a coin upon a hard substance, to ascertain the quality of its metal by the sound which it makes. This knowledge deaf persons acquire, in most instances, by the peculiar delicacy of the sense of touch. But the chief and most interesting enquiry is, to ascertain how far the senses of sight and hearing can supply each other—that is, how far the ideas of sight can be acquired by the ear, and the ideas of sound by the eye.

There is, of course, no question about the ideas of pleasure, pain, power, existence, and unity, because these, notwithstanding the superlative refinements of some moderns, calling themselves philosophers, who would allow no two of the senses to be conversant with the same idea, most certainly do “convey themselves to the mind by all the ways of sensation and reflection.”\* We also get the ideas of space, extension, figure, rest, and motion, by the eye as well as by the touch; and by the latter alone the perceptions of heat, cold, and solidity. But light and colours can come only through the eyes, and music and sound only through the ears, when we speak of the impressions which are made upon the mind by the actual presence of the material objects. If we shut our eyes at noon-day, we can have no idea of light from any actual impression made at that moment upon us, because the only organ through which such a perception can enter the mind

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\* Locke.



is closed against it. When, however, we are in utter darkness, and when the stillness of death reigns around us, we can recall the ideas of both light and sound; nay we can, by the abstraction of the mind, behold a light far more glorious than any that ever shone on this dim world, and listen to the music of the seraphs as they sing the eternal hallelujah before the throne of the omnipotent God. But it is evident that the light which we behold in darkness, is but the memory of the light which actually shone upon our eyes; and that the glory of heaven, and the song of the angels, are abstractions which are wholly derived from the actual ideas of light and sound. If we had never seen or heard, could we have any such ideas at all? If, on the other hand, those who have never received any impression of vision from the eyes, or of sound from the ears, can have no ideas of light or sound, how can they talk as correctly or consistently, and as truly to nature, of such objects, as those who have derived their ideas of them from their proper organs? How can any one who has not the ideas of light and sound write poetry? For without the latter they can have no idea of harmony; and it is from the former that the imagination draws all its best illustrations, and all its finest perceptions of the beautiful. Thus the Princess of France says,

“ My beauty, though but mean,  
Needs not the pointed flourish of your praise;  
*Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,*  
*Not uttered by base sale of chapmen’s tongues.”*

That the imagination draws its chief images from the eyes, the same poet thus testifies, in the *Midsummer Night’s Dream*:

“ *The poet’s eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,*  
*Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,*  
*And as imagination bodies forth*  
*The forms of things unknown, the poet’s pen*  
*Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothings*  
*A local habitation and a name.”*

That all poets have derived almost all their illustrations from visible objects, requires no proof, as any one who will open their works will find this assertion verified in every page. A thousand instances crowd upon our memory; but we resist the temptation of transcribing any of them, as this truth is abundantly illustrated by the writings of the blind poetess herself, from whose beautiful verses we have too long detained the reader. Who will believe that the writer of the follow-

ing beautiful lines has no idea of light? We have marked in italics the images which are taken from light and colours :

THE FIRST FRIEND.

The priceless gifts of the soul were his;  
 And fame, whose early *light*  
 In *darkness* rose as the *stars* arise  
 From the silent depths of *night*.  
 And his upward course was *brightly* calm,  
 For his glory grew like the *fadeless* palm;  
 It felt no blight and it feared no blast,  
 But stood in its *greenness* to the last.

Yet ever around his spirit hung  
 A *shadow* like a spell,  
 And his eye grew weary of *looking* long  
 For a place remembered well.  
 Though many a *bright* one met his *gaze*  
 In minster's *gloom* or in banquet's *blaze*,  
 Yet none could waken again the glow  
 That gladdened the pilgrim long ago.  
 For once in the cold world's careless crowd,  
 When hope was faint and dim,  
 Like a *sunbeam* *bright* through the wintry *cloud*,  
 A young face *smiled* on him !  
 That moment seemed as if *night* were past,  
 And the *day* of his life had *dawned* at last ;  
 And the strength of his soul returned again,  
 As rivers rise in the mountain rain.

Oh ! never again could time or toil  
 The wanderer tire or chill,  
 For he kept the *light* of that blessed *smile*  
 The *star* of his desert still:  
 And now he had reached the pleasant streams,  
 But they took their *hue* from its *quenched* beams,  
 For many *shone* on his after lot,  
 But that was the only unforget.

The winter's passed and the summer's come  
 And his fortune's *frowns* were o'er;  
 For he wore the *fadeless* wreath of fame :  
 But he *saw* that face no more !  
 The *sunny* shore and the stormy sea,  
 The cities throng'd and the woodlands free,  
 All, all he sought, but he sought in vain,  
 For it never *smiled* on him again.

Oh ! did the grove in its quiet close  
 O'er the flower he loved so long,

Whose nameless memory ever rose  
 On the breath of his sweetest song.  
 Ah! many a lyre the laurel wreathes  
 That but of the withered myrtle breathes,  
 And the sweetest incense ever shed  
 Hath been an offering to the dead.  
 Silent and swift his years sped on,  
 And they bore his youth away;  
 But the *vision* lingered still that *shone*  
 So *bright* on his early *day*,—  
 For roses fade when the summer flies,  
 But the *rose of the canvas never dies*.  
 And thus when his summer days were gone,  
 The rose of his memory still bloomed on.  
 Oh! well that he had not *seen* it fade,  
 Or change as the living changed;  
 But blooming ever through *sun and shade*,  
 In its beauty unestranged!  
 There fell no blight on its tearless youth,  
 There came no stain on his spirit's truth;  
 For he sought that friend on the earth no more,  
 But turned his *gaze to a brighter shore*.

We will not trouble the reader by marking any more of the poetry, as, after his attention has been directed to the matter, he cannot fail to observe it himself. The following poem is perfect in diction and versification, as well as in truth, simplicity, and beauty:—

#### THE PARTING GIFTS.

'Twas early spring, and the violets' scent  
 The winds from the woodlands bore,  
 Where stood a youth, on far travel bent,  
 At a lonely cottage door.  
 His best beloved stood with him there:  
 One was a sister young and fair,  
 With eyes of azure and golden hair,  
 And the rose-bud's early bloom;  
 The other had locks like raven wings,  
 And her dark eye show'd thought's deeper springs;  
 For she seem'd as if born for higher things  
 Than a peasant's hearth or tomb:  
 But dearer far to that youth was she  
 Than sister, country, or home could be.  
 And yet he went, for their lonely lot  
 Was darkened by fortune's frown,  
 That brings a blight on the peasant's cot

As well as the monarch's crown :  
 But ere they parted, that dark-eyed maid  
 Gave from her brow one raven braid,—  
 Ah! long had the peasant lover prayed  
 For that shining tress in vain!  
 But it was given freely now  
 As the golden curl from his sister's brow,  
 With many a blessing and many a vow,  
 And the hope to meet again.  
 So he turned away from the cottage door,  
 With tears he went—but he came no more!  
 Long years had passed; and the northern light  
 In its starry splendour shone  
 On a stately chamber, hush'd and bright,  
 Where an old man sat alone,—  
 He sat alone by a silent hearth,  
 That knew no music of household mirth.  
 And far from the country of his birth  
 Was the wanderer's dwelling now :  
 His eyes were dim, and his locks were gray,—  
 Yet oft would his lonely visions stray  
 To a woodland cottage far away,  
 And a maiden's whispered vow ;  
 For the boy who had left his home with tears,  
 Was the same with that man of care and years.  
 Oh, bright did the star of his fortune beam  
 In a far and stranger clime ;  
 But he lost the light of his early dream,  
 And the flowers of his summer time !  
 He had stood in the sceptre's shade of power,  
 He had shone in the senate's thoughtful hour :  
 Through the battle-field and the festive bower,  
 The path of his fame had past :  
 But age was with him, and nought remained  
 Of all that his toil and years had gained,  
 To which he turned with a love unfeigned  
 And changeless to the last—  
 Save the golden curl and the raven braid,  
 And the looks from memory ne'er to fade.  
 How fondly still were the tokens saved  
 Of that early parting scene,  
 When the grass was long, and the wild weeds waved,  
 Where the cottage hearth had been,—  
 And the light of the golden locks was low—  
 For the dust had covered them long ago !  
 And the queen of his early joy or woe—

Her fortunes too were changed ;  
 For she kept youth's pledge to woman grown,  
 And a more than regal wreath put on,—  
 But the dark hair's glory long was gone,  
 And the lovers far estranged :—  
 Yet time brought neither snow nor shade  
 On the golden curl and the raven braid !  
 And now, as the old man gazed on them,  
 How the tide of time rolled back,  
 Till the years of his youth before him came,  
 Like a green untrodden track !  
 The hope that was then his only store,  
 And the love that had been his early lore,  
 And the home that should smile for him no more,  
 To his weary heart returned !  
 Ambition's dream had been more than crowned,  
 And his age a fairer home had found ;  
 But the light of the love that had shone around  
 His youth he missed and mourned :—  
 And pomp looked pale in the mystic shade  
 Of the golden curl and the raven braid !  
 Ah ! well might the Persian vizier prize  
 The weeds of his shepherd years,  
 That brought again to his aged eyes  
 The dew of his childhood's tears !  
 And thus had that old man prized and kept  
 The tokens frail of the love that slept  
 Too long, till time had darkly swept  
 Its fairest flowers away !  
 By strangers laid at length to rest,  
 Strange hands arranged upon his breast  
 The locks his dying fingers prest  
 When their clasp was turned to clay :—  
 But they knew not the wealth of affection laid  
 With the golden curl and the raven braid.

The little poem which follows, entitled *The Picture of the Dead*, is exquisite. However, we must pass it over, in order to be able to illustrate a peculiarity of Miss Brown's poetry which evidently arises from her blindness. The reader of this volume cannot fail to be struck by the frequent allusion which is made to the "music of streams." The image occurs in almost every possible variety in these little poems. This is an idea which she has not picked up second-hand from others, but which she has immediately derived from the impressions made upon her own senses ; and hence we should

expect her to cherish it with peculiar fondness. Here is a whole poem devoted to this subject :

## STREAMS.

Ye only minstrels of the earth—  
 Whose mighty voices woke  
 The echoes of its infant woods  
 Ere yet the tempests spoke!  
 How is it that ye waken still  
 The young heart's happy dreams;  
*And shed your light on darkened eyes,*  
 O bright and blessed streams?

Woe for the world!—she hath grown old  
 And gray in toil and tears;  
 But ye have kept their harmonies  
 Of her unfallen years.  
 For ever in our weary path,  
 Your ceaseless music seems  
 The spirit of her perished youth,  
 Ye glad and glorious streams!

Your murmurs bring the pleasant breath  
 Of many a sylvan scene,—  
 They tell of sweet and sunny vales,  
 And woodlands wildly green.  
 Ye cheer the lonely heart of age,—  
 Ye fill the exile's dreams  
 With hope, and home, and memory,—  
 Ye unforgotten streams!

Too soon the blessed springs of love  
 To bitter fountains turn,  
 And deserts drink the stream that flows  
 From hope's exhaustless urn;  
 And faint upon the waves of life  
 May fall the summer beams;  
 But they linger long and bright with you,  
 Ye sweet unchanging streams.

The bards—the ancient bards—who sang  
 When thought and song were new;  
 O, mighty waters, did they learn  
 Their minstrelsy from you?  
 For still methinks your voices blend  
 With all their glorious themes,  
 That flow for ever, fresh and free,  
 As the eternal streams!

Well might the sainted seer of old  
 Who trod the tearless shore,  
 Like many waters deem the voice  
 The angel hosts adore!  
 For still where deep the rivers roll,  
 Or far the torrent gleams,  
 Our spirits hear the voice of God  
 Amid the rush of streams.

We have marked in italics the touching allusion of the authoress to her blindness. In the "Bard's Farewell," the last poem in the volume, she again speaks of it thus;—

Farewell! some mightier hand may strike  
 Thy chords to prouder themes,  
 Yet not to waken memories like  
 To mine of all the dreams  
*That o'er my darkened path have shed*  
 A briefly glorious light,  
 Like wandering stars that wildly sped  
 Across the gloom of night.

In the next verse we have again the image drawn from streams, and another characteristic of Miss Brown's poems, which is evidently occasioned also by her bereavement.

Oh! bright amid those early dreams  
*One* glorious vision shone;  
 A land of brighter flowers and *streams*  
 Than earth had ever known:  
 Where song *gushed forth* from golden wires,  
 Like some *deep river's flow*;  
 But—all unlike our earthly lyres—  
*They had no tones of woe.*

My young, my beautiful were there,  
 The loved of other years,  
 With locks unblanched by time or care,  
 And eyes that knew no tears;  
 Their youth had left me for the gloom  
 Of death's eternal shade,  
 But in that land of changeless bloom  
 I knew it could not fade!

Oh! oft amid the mist of night  
 That glorious land arose,  
 But ever nearer to my sight  
 As life drew near its close!  
 And now upon the midnight air  
 I hear its music swell—  
*A sweeter harp awaits me there,*  
*My lonely lyre—farewell!*

The peculiarity to which we allude is the settled melancholy which pervades all Miss Brown's compositions. We do not recollect one that is not of this character; and undoubtedly this is a defect, as it gives a tone of monotony to the volume. Every one must, however, see how perfectly natural it is that she should be of this cast of mind, and that she should look forward with more than ordinary desire to that country where the eyes of the blind will be opened, and the brightness of God will shine on them for ever. This is finely expressed in her poem on "The Hope of the Resurrection."

Thy voice hath filled our forest shades,  
 Child of the sunless shore!  
 For never heard the ancient glades  
 Such wondrous words before.  
 Though bards our land of palms have filled  
 With tales of joy or dread,  
 Yet thou alone our souls hast thrilled  
 With tidings of the dead.

The men of old, who slept in death  
 Before the forests grew,  
 Whose glory faded here beneath  
 While yet the hills were new;  
 The warriors famed in battles o'er  
 Of whom our fathers spake;  
 The wise, whose wisdom shines no more,  
 Stranger, will they awake?

The foes who fell in thousand fights  
 Beneath my conquering brand,  
 Whose bones have strewn the Caffres heights,  
 The Bushman's lonely land;  
 The young who shared my warrior way,  
 But found an early urn;  
 And the roses of my youth's bright day—  
 Stranger, will they return?

My mother's face was fair to see,  
 My father's glance was bright,  
 But long ago the grave from me  
 Hath hid their blessed light;  
 Still sweeter was the sunshine shed  
 By my lost children's eyes,  
 That beam upon me from the dead,  
 Stranger, will they arise?

Was it some green grove's early guest,  
 Who loved thee long and well,



That left the land of dreamless rest,  
 Such blessed truths to tell?  
 For we have had our wise ones too,  
 Who feared not death's abyss;  
 The strong in hope, in love the true,  
 But none that dreamed of this!

Yet if the grave restore to life  
 Her ransomed spoils again,  
 And even hide the toil and strife  
 That died with wayward men:  
 How hath my spirit missed the star,  
 That guides our steps above,  
 Since only earth was given to war,  
 That better land to love.

Miss Brown is also a patriot; she evidently loves Erin, the land of song and of minstrelsy. She sympathises deeply with the poor exiles, whom hard necessity obliges to abandon the home of their fathers, and seek a foreign clime, where they may earn the daily bread which is refused them at home. She has expressed this feeling—which is so well worthy of her gentle and tender heart—in several exquisite poems. The following is one of them:—

THE EMIGRANT'S REQUEST.

O friends! dear friends! if a thought remain,  
 Of our childhood's vanished day,  
 When the joy of the summer comes again,  
 And my steps are far away:  
 Some gentle drops from the founts that flow  
 So sweet in the sultry hours,  
 Like an offering poured to the past bestow  
 On my lonely garden flowers!

The flowers I have left and loved so well—  
 For their early blossoms wore  
 The hues that still in my memory dwell—  
 But they bloom for me no more!  
 My home is far in a brighter clime,  
 Where the southern blooms expand,  
 But my heart grows sad in the summer time  
 For the flowers of its native land!

The holy haunts of my childhood's love,  
 And its joy were still with them,  
 When my dearest wealth was the forest dove,  
 Or the violet's purple gem.

How fast the heart's young myrtles grew!—  
 Yet their bloom was brightly fleet;  
 For it changed to the cypress' sombre hue—  
 But the flowers were ever sweet!

O, friends! you may watch the wild bird's wing,  
 When it seeks the ocean track;  
 But await the breath of the coming spring,  
 It will waft the wanderer back:  
 But where is the spring time that can give,  
 My voice to your distant bowers?—  
 Oh! then let my lingering memory live  
 In the breath of those home-born flowers!

We shall quote one or two more of those sweet little pieces, which are both music and poetry, at the end of this notice; but the specimens which we have already given are quite sufficient to convey a very high impression of Miss Brown's poetic powers, as well as to prove that the characteristics of her muse are those which we should expect in one deprived of the sense of vision. It is our duty now to look to her longer poems, and we could really wish that this task were not imposed upon us. The title of her book mentions decidedly the two worst as well as the two longest poems in the collection. We by no means wish to imply that they are devoid of merit, especially "The Star of Attéghéi;" but that they are not to be at all compared in vigour or originality to the smaller poems. The story of the first poem, which is called "The Star of Attéghéi," whatever the newspapers to which Miss Brown refers may say on the subject, is a very old one. A Circassian marries a Christian, and an Irish-woman, who is killed by lightning, leaving behind her one daughter. She grows up as all heroines ought—a very romantic and, we should add, obstinate young lady. The father is in the interest of the Russians, and she is a patriot. A distinguished Russian comes to her father's, falls in love with her, and her father tells her that she must marry him, and that it is a fine day which offers her so excellent a husband. She thinks differently, and makes a midnight flitting with a young Pole, who was attached to the train of the Russian. They join the ranks of the patriot Circassians, and she, the Star of Attéghéi, is at length slain by the very Russian who came to woo but not to win her. The main incident of this tale occurs in the twelfth book of the *Jerusalem Delivered*, where Tancred kills Clorinda, with whom he was in love under the very same circumstances. As for the previous

part of the story, it is very like *Lara*, except that the lady is made the warrior in Miss Brown's tale. There are also some expressions in it which are scarcely justifiable, such as, page 9,—

“O lovely are the mountain maids,  
With starry eyes *and gleaming hair.*”

Again, page 39,—

“————— but the grave  
Closed o'er her early bright and brave,  
And she became a Cossack's slave.”

If it were not for the last line, we would think that it was the lady herself who died; for to express the death of her lover by “the grave closed o'er her early bright and brave,” is, to say the least, unintelligible.

In page 45, the expression, “And from its mass a brightness fell,” meaning *the mass of a star*, is neither poetical nor correct.

There are a few other difficult and questionable metaphors in this poem which we omit, as those which we have pointed out may serve to warn Miss Brown to be cautious, even in these lesser matters. But we have graver charges against this tale. First, we do not like the story, and it is not original; secondly, the scenery and incidents are not peculiar to Circassia; thirdly, the metre, although it has been used by some of the greatest of the modern poets, is fit for nothing higher than burlesque. It is decidedly the worst metre in the language for such a tale as Miss Brown's. It is almost impossible to impart to it any degree of vigour, and hence Miss Brown's poem, although there are in it many redeeming passages, is on the whole weak, and wants the fire which is necessary to give life and animation to such scenes as she describes. There is nothing affecting in this poem; even the dialogue between the lovers, on the eve of the battle in which they are slain, is quite devoid of tenderness and even of interest. It does not make the “big tear tremble in our eyes,” like some of the sweet little poems at the end of the volume. Yet, with all these faults, the “Star of Attéghéi” is by far the best poem which has been published for some time. It is perfectly wonderful when we consider that it is the production of a self-taught blind girl of twenty-eight. Indeed we should never have thought of criticising it as we have done, if we had not been rendered fastidious by the great beauty of the poems at the end of the volume. We extract a portion from the beginning and also from the

end of this poem, as giving a tolerably fair specimen of it, and also as illustrating the observations which we made on the peculiarities of Miss Brown's poetry. Before doing so, we beg to warn her to be cautious in allowing her admiration of some modern poets to lead her into a too servile copying of their metres, especially when it is of that ranting kind which is adopted in the "Star of Attéghéi." She should also recollect that it is a most perilous experiment to have even the semblance of telling the same tale as the illustrious author of the *Jerusalem Delivered*. It will suggest comparisons, and all comparisons are odious. Again; ever since Hector and Andromache thought fit to hold a conversation before the hero went to the battle, which conversation one Homer, who must have been hid behind the curtains, has thought fit to publish, all future lovers have considered themselves obliged, in similar circumstances, to hold similar dialogues, which some eaves-dropping poet has managed to pick up and give to the world. Their "last speeches and dying declarations" have been generally received with but small favour. Byron has certainly succeeded, and even improved upon the original, in the peerless scene in which he depicts the "parting of Conrad and Medora." But it certainly does not diminish the difficulty of all future imitators, that they have not only to tread in the steps of the great father of song, but in those also of

"The grand Napoleon of the realms of Rythm,"

in one of the most successful and brilliant efforts of his gigantic mind. It is no slur on Miss Brown's genius that she did not succeed where there were two such illustrious competitors; but it is a slur upon her judgment that she entered the field with them at all. We are sure that she had not the least idea of rivalling either Homer or Byron; perhaps she did not, whilst writing the parting scene of her hero and heroine, on the eve of the battle, even recollect that either of them had written on precisely the same subject before her. On this hypothesis, which we believe to be true, we will found the last word of warning which we intend to address to Miss Brown, and we hope that she will receive it in the same kindly spirit in which we assure her it is given. Every one who reads much is liable to pick up the ideas of others, without having the least intention of doing so, and to appropriate them to himself, quite unconscious that they are not his own property. Miss Brown's calamity renders her

peculiarly liable to this, for she must pick up her ideas of visual objects *primarily* from the writings or conversation of others. We do not say that she has done so to a greater extent than any other modern writer. On the contrary, in her minor poems more especially, she has shown that she can think for herself, even on objects of sight. Our wonder and admiration is increased every time we cast our eyes on the bright and sparkling little gems at the end of the volume. The following are the extracts which we promised from the "Star of Attéghí":—

Muse of my country ! if thy smile  
 May beam on tuneless harps like mine—  
 As o'er our darkest homes the while,  
 Some gleams of early glory shine.  
 I ask not for the bays that shed  
 Their greenness o'er thy glorious dead,  
*Their* grace is for a nobler brow ;  
 But breathe upon my spirit now  
 The freshness of the garland worn  
 By him thy last and brightest born,  
 When first he struck his harp to sing,  
 The lay of Tara's breaking string !  
 For mine is but a broken chord ;  
 And if it breathe of distant lands,  
 It is that Erin's fame is poured  
 In loftier strains by mightier hands :  
 A thousand bards have sung the shore—  
*But none have ever loved it more :*  
 Though not to souls like mine belong,  
 The glorious heritage of song ;  
 Yet if my hand have power to wake  
 The theme which mightier hands forsake ;  
 Muse of my country's song, inspire  
 At once the minstrel and the lyre!—p. 2-3.

My song hath been more sad than sweet ;  
 But now the strain hath reached its close,  
 Muse of my country ! at thy feet  
 I leave the lyre—to thee it owes  
 At least its sorrow —if no more  
 Of thine hath touched its tuneless strings ;  
 But wouldst thou wake upon our shore,  
 Some harp like those that spoke of yore,  
 Beside the fairy-haunted springs.—  
 Its voice like freedom's trumpet tone,  
 Might sound in Europe's startled ear—  
 To summon freedom's soldiers on

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet if there be no sword to save,  
 Nor bard to sing, nor heart to hear—  
 Strength to thine own bright shield and spear.  
 Land of the Attéghéi ! thou bearest  
 A banner of that verdant hue  
 Which to my country's hills is dearest;  
 And it may be that in thee too  
 Are found such brave and gifted hearts  
 As her's:—but better fortune smile  
 On them than ever blessed the isle!  
 And thus an humble minstrel parts  
 From a proud theme:—but as the song  
 Is feeble may the prayer be strong !”

Every one must admire the ardent love which the blind poetess bears to her own beautiful country—a beauty which, alas ! “ her darkened orbs may never see ;” but she can hear and turn into sweetest melody the music of the stream, as it sweeps on to the embraces of ocean. Her sympathy, too, with the chivalrous Circassians, who have so long,—and hitherto so successfully,—resisted the gigantic power of Russia, is well worthy of her gentle heart. Even now, whilst the tyrant of the North is gathering his might and girding on his armour to crush, perhaps the song of the blind minstrel may arouse some mighty arm to defend their freedom. We must now hasten to the conclusion of this protracted notice. The following poem at once strengthens our admiration of the poetess, and confirms what we have said concerning the characteristics of her poetry :

THE FOUNT OF SONG.

Where flows the fount whose living streams  
 Are heard in every clime—  
 Whose voice hath mingled with the dreams  
 Of far departed time ?  
 Is it where Grecian fanes lie hid  
 Among the olives dim,  
 Or the Nile beside the pyramid,  
 Sends up its ceaseless hymn ?  
 Alas, by old Castalian wave  
 The muses meet no more,  
 Nor breaks from Delphi's mystic cave  
 The prophet voice of yore:  
 Old Egypt's river hath forgot,  
 The Theban glory gone;  
 And the land of Homer knows him not,—  
 Yet still that fount flows on !

The sacred fount of song, whose source  
 Is in the poet's soul,  
 Though living laurels crown its course  
 All-glorious to the goal;  
*Yet who can tell what desert part*  
*Its earliest springing nursed?—*  
 As from the glacier's icy heart  
 The mightiest rivers burst!  
*Perchance the wind that woke the lyre*  
*Was but a blighting blast*  
 That sear'd with more than tempest's ire  
 The verdure where it passed.  
*Perchance the fire that seemed divine*  
*On ruined altars shone,*  
 Or glowed, like that Athenian shrine,  
 For deity unknown.  
 It is not fame, with all her spells,  
 Could wake the spirit's springs,  
 Or call the music forth that dwells  
 Amid its hidden strings:  
 For evermore, through sun and cloud,  
 To the first fountain true,  
 It flows—but oh! ye soulless crowd,  
 It never sprang for you!  
 The wild bird sings in forest far,  
 Where foot may never be;  
 The eagle meets the morning star,  
 Where none his path may see.  
 So many a gifted heart hath kept  
 Its treasures unrevealed,—  
 A spring whose depth in silence slept,  
 A fount for ever sealed!  
 Woe for the silent oracles  
 That went with all their lore!  
 For the world's early wasted wells,  
 Whose waters flow no more!  
 Yet one remains no winter's wrath  
 Can bind, or summer dry;  
 For, like our own, its onward path  
 Is to eternity.

We have here the peculiarities of Miss Brown's muse—her love of streams, and her yearning after a world of light. We have also marked in italics her allusions to her own bereavement, and a conjecture that from this sad calamity might have arisen—as we hinted in the beginning of this article—her gift of song.

We give this little volume a hearty welcome, and although it is a little melancholy in its tone, we recommend it most strongly and earnestly to all our readers. They will find in it nothing offensive—nothing but what will call forth the purest and holiest feelings of the heart. It will be found a very delightful companion during the long winter evenings. Nothing has appeared for a considerable period which has more gratified us than Miss Brown's short poems. The thoughts are bright and sparkling—the diction is pure, and the metre is most musical. We honour her not more for her genius than for the warm and patriotic feelings of her generous Irish heart. She is one, of whom, considering everything, her country ought to be proud. Now that she has overcome those difficulties which would appear to have shut her out for ever from the bright realms of poesy, her calamity may give stronger wings to her fancy, on which she can rise into brighter worlds than ever mortal eyes looked upon. And we, therefore, expect that her next volume, which we hope will not be long delayed, will establish her place amongst the most gifted children of song.

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ART. X.—*The Chimes: a Goblin Story.* By Charles Dickens.

WE are happy to welcome another delightful tale from Mr. Dickens; combining genuine amusement for Christmas with deep and thoughtful instruction for this and each succeeding new year. We prefer it to the *Christmas Carol*: like that, it is a vision, but of a more condensed and earnest character. Not contented with exciting the warm sympathies of feeling, Mr. Dickens has here tried in earnest to direct them so as best to serve the poor,—the objects of his unflinching love: every species of cant, worldly-mindedness, and affectation of humanity, and all the mere talk, which has so often made the heart to sink and the hope to flag, are here keenly exposed. Dickens has set a mark upon them—he has arrested them in their vague forms, as they change and reappear, forming daily fresh combinations of self-interest, and worldly pride; and has fixed them in such vivid portraits, that they will not easily be again mistaken.

Here in one scene we find these social grievances in their most ordinary forms,—those of the mere political economist,



and of the justice—shall we call him so?—let him describe himself:

“Famous man for the common people, Alderman Cute! Never out of temper with them! easy, affable, joking, knowing gentleman!

“‘You see, my friend,’ pursued the Alderman, ‘there’s a great deal of nonsense talked about Want—‘hard up,’ you know: that’s the phrase, isn’t it? ha! ha! ha!—and I intend to Put it Down. There’s a certain amount of cant in vogue about Starvation, and I mean to Put it Down. That’s all! Lord bless you,’ said the alderman, turning to his friends again, ‘you may Put Down anything among this sort of people, if you only know the way to set about it!’

“Trotty took Meg’s hand and drew it through his arm. He did n’t seem to know what he was doing though.

“‘Your daughter, eh?’ said the Alderman, chucking her familiarly under the chin.

“Always affable with the working classes, Alderman Cute! Knew what pleased them! Not a bit of pride!

“‘Where’s her mother?’ asked that worthy gentleman.

“‘Dead,’ said Toby. ‘Her mother got up linen; and was called to Heaven when she was born.’

“‘Not to get up linen *there*, I suppose,’ remarked the Alderman pleasantly.

“Toby might or might not have been able to separate his wife in Heaven from her old pursuits. But query: If Mrs. Alderman Cute had gone to Heaven, would Mr. Alderman Cute have pictured her as holding any state or station there?

“‘And you’re making love to her, are you?’ said Cute to the young smith.

“‘Yes,’ returned Richard quickly, for he was nettled by the question. ‘And we are going to be married on New Year’s Day.’

“‘What do you mean?’ cried Filer sharply. ‘Married!’

“‘Why, yes, we’re thinking of it Master,’ said Richard. ‘We’re rather in a hurry you see, in case it should be Put Down first.’

“‘Ah!’ cried Filer with a groan. ‘Put *that* down indeed, Alderman, and you’ll do something. Married! Married!! The ignorance of the first principles of political economy on the part of these people; their improvidence; their wickedness; is, by Heavens! enough to—Now look at that couple, will you!’

“Well! They were worth looking at. And marriage seemed as reasonable and fair a deed as they need have in contemplation.

“‘A man may live to be as old as Methusaleh,’ said Mr. Filer, ‘and may labour all his life for the benefit of such people as those; and may heap up facts on figures, facts on figures, facts on figures, mountains high and dry; and he can no more hope to persuade ’em that they have no right or business to be married, than he can hope to persuade ’em that they have no earthly right or business to be

born. And *that* we know they haven't. We reduced it to a mathematical certainty long ago.'

"Alderman Cute was mightily diverted, and laid his right forefinger on the side of his nose, as much as to say to both his friends, 'Observe me, will you? Keep your eye on the practical man!'—and called Meg to him.

"'Come here, my girl!' said Alderman Cute.

"The young blood of her lover had been mounting, wrathfully, within the last few minutes; and he was indisposed to let her come. But setting a constraint upon himself, he came forward with a stride as Meg approached, and stood beside her. Trotty kept her hand within his arm still, but looked from face to face as wildly as a sleeper in a dream.

"'Now I'm going to give you a word or two of good advice, my girl,' said the Alderman, in his nice easy way. 'It's my place to give advice, you know, because I'm a justice. You know I'm a justice, don't you?'

"Meg timidly said, 'Yes.' But everybody knew Alderman Cute was a justice! Oh dear, so active a justice always! Who such a mote of brightness in the public eye, as Cute?

"'You are going to be married, you say,' pursued the Alderman. 'Very unbecoming and indelicate in one of your sex! But never mind that. After you are married, you will quarrel with your husband, and come to be a distressed wife. You may think not: but you will, because I tell you so. Now I give you fair warning, that I have made up my mind to Put distressed wives Down. So don't be brought before me. You'll have children—boys. Those boys will grow up bad of course, and run wild in the streets, without shoes and stockings. Mind, my young friend! I'll convict 'em summarily, every one, for I am determined to Put boys without shoes and stockings, Down. Perhaps your husband will die young (most likely) and leave you with a baby. Then you'll be turned out of doors, and wander up and down the streets. Now don't wander near me, my dear, for I am resolved to Put all wandering mothers Down. All young mothers, of all sorts and kinds, it's my determination to Put Down. Don't think to plead illness as an excuse with me; or babies as an excuse with me; for all sick persons and young children (I hope you know the church-service, but I'm afraid not) I am determined to Put Down. And if you attempt, desperately and ungratefully, and impiously, and fraudulently attempt, to drown yourself, or hang yourself, I'll have no pity on you, for I have made up my mind to Put all suicide Down. If there is one thing,' said the Alderman, with his self-satisfied smile, 'on which I can be said to have made up my mind more than on another, it is to Put suicide Down. So don't try it on. That's the phrase, isn't it? Ha, ha! now we understand each other.'"—pp. 39-44.

Can anything be better than this?—this chuckling in the

sense of power,—revelling in it, making it minister to the secret hatred of poverty that lurks in the heart of the worldly man. And again, how different a form is assumed by precisely the same love of power, the same lurking hatred, in the exquisite character of the Friend and Father :

“ ‘ Your only business, my good fellow,’ pursued Sir Joseph, looking abstractedly at Toby; ‘ your only business in life is with me. You needn’t trouble yourself to think about anything. I will think for you; I know what is good for you; I am your perpetual parent. Such is the dispensation of an all-wise Providence! Now, the design of your creation is : not that you should swill, and guzzle, and associate your enjoyments, brutally, with food?—Toby thought remorsefully of the tripe—‘ but that you should feel the Dignity of Labor; go forth erect into the cheerful morning air, and—and stop there. Live hard and temperately, be respectful, exercise your self-denial, bring up your family on next to nothing, pay your rent as regularly as the clock strikes, be punctual in your dealings (I set you a good example; you will find Mr. Fish, my confidential secretary, with a cash-box before him at all times); and you may trust me to be your friend and father.’

“ ‘ Nice children, indeed, Sir Joseph!’ said the lady, with a shudder. ‘ Rheumatisms, and fevers, and crooked legs, and asthmas, and all kinds of horrors!’

“ ‘ My lady,’ returned Sir Joseph, with solemnity, ‘ not the less am I the Poor Man’s Friend and Father. Not the less shall he receive encouragement at my hands. Every quarter-day he will be put in communication with Mr. Fish. Every New-Year’s Day, myself and friends will drink his health. Once every year, myself and friends will address him with the deepest feeling. Once in his life, he may even perhaps receive; in public, in the presence of the gentry; A trifle from a friend. And when, upheld no more by these stimulants, and the Dignity of Labor, he sinks into his comfortable grave, then my lady—here Sir Joseph blew his nose—‘ I will be a Friend and Father—on the same terms—to his children.’”  
—pp. 59—61.

It may be well believed that so keen an observer of the absurd, has not passed over that popular and more specious form of condescending pride, which enables a rich man to rejoice in affording his poor neighbours that cheap cure for pining bodies and dejected hearts,—the beaming light of his countenance, his presence, his patronage. “ But there was more than this to happen. Even more than this : Sir Joseph Bowley, Baronet and member of parliament, was to play a match at skittles—real skittles—with his tenants.”

There is a slight but forcible notice, also, of the lover of

the picturesque,—the ragged dilapidated picturesque; it is chiefly conveyed in an illustration, but one which brings out the full moral of the story. The toil-worn labourer, his tools dropped from his hand, sits cowering, with dejected heart, upon the fallen timber before his wretched hut. He forms an admirable foreground; and a lady, sheltered from the summer shower by the umbrella which her footman holds, is tranquilly transferring the scene to her album; or, had it been to the pages of a novel—to give relief and contrast to the general polish—might not that have done as well? But to all these different errors, what theory has Dickens opposed? None: for he has penetrated and deeply felt their great defect. It is want of heart, nakedly shewn in the unyielding system which could not be pursued where *love* existed. To do away with these systems, these theories, is our author's constant object. That each case should be treated upon its own merits, every poor man according to his individual character and wants, is what he inculcates obviously and unceasingly; giving to the feelings, eccentricities, and even faults, of the poor man, as large a share of considerate indulgence as though he had met them in a country justice,—this is his system, and the true one. That generally pursued is, to class “the poor” together as a separate race, upon whom we speculate, experimentalize, and *talk*; for whom we devise cunning rules and restrictions; and for whom it is fair to say we feel some compassion, not unmixed with anxiety; but all upon a limited and distinct scale, allotting even justice in such measure as if their claim to it rested solely upon our own good nature, much as a kind-hearted landholder views his flocks and herds, unwilling to see them suffer, yet quite resolved to turn them to his own purposes; pleased to see happiness, provided always that it be consistent with the main object of their being—which (it must never be lost sight of) is his advantage. And this is the best view of the question. The “putters down” cannot enter into a discussion upon charity, even of the most imperfect nature. Now, all this godlike superiority does not become us—we have no claim to it; our poorer brethren will not submit to it: and, while it continues to lurk in our hearts, the wisdom of Solomon could not devise a means for making the rich and poor to draw together with kindly harmony, as Christ willed them to do. It is not now our purpose to point out what *would* divest the heart of the rich man of pride, make him serve his poor brother *as* a brother, blend respect with his

compassion, indulgence with his consciousness of more cultivated intellect, and, above all, give even-handedness to his justice, making him balance the scales, not as between one poor neighbour and another (even that, often carelessly enough), but as between them and himself, both in the sight of God. For such high truths this slight article is not the place; and the more so as the author of whom we treat has never chosen to introduce them. We are inclined sometimes to regret this; for you cannot cultivate or long preserve sweet flowers, if the roots are not well laid. But we must always respect the unusual modesty which makes men, treating admirably what they thoroughly know, decline to enter upon subjects to which they are less competent. If Mr. Dickens has not proclaimed religion as his principle, he at least speaks her language, and admirably serves her cause. To him the poor man is truly a familiar friend; thoroughly understood by him, and invested with qualities the most endearing. He has taken for the hero of his present story an old porter, Toby or Trotty Veck (to be sure what a collection of names might be made from his works), who is truly described as "the simplest, hardest-working, chillest-hearted man as ever drew the breath of life." He is introduced beguiling his patient stand beside the churchyard with the following observations:

"'Why! Lord!' said Toby, 'The papers is full of obserwations as it is; and so's the Parliament. Here's last week's paper, now; taking a very dirty one from his pocket, and holding it from him at arm's length; 'full of obserwations! Full of obserwations! I like to know the news as well as any man,' said Toby, slowly; folding it a little smaller, and putting it in his pocket again; 'but it almost goes against the grain with me to read a paper now. It frightens me, almost. I don't know what we poor people are coming to. Lord send we may be coming to something better in the New Year nigh upon us!'

"'Why, father, father!' said a pleasant voice, hard by.

"But Toby, not hearing it, continued to trot backwards and forwards: musing as he went, and talking to himself.

"'It seems as if we can't go right, or do right, or be righted,' said Toby. 'I hadn't much schooling, myself, when I was young; and I can't make out whether we have any business on the face of the earth, or not. Sometimes I think we must have a little; and sometimes I think we must be intruding. I get so puzzled sometimes that I am not even able to make up my mind whether there is any good at all in us, or whether we are born bad. We seem to do dreadful things; we seem to give a deal of trouble; we are al-

ways being complained of and guarded against. One way or another, we fill the papers. 'Talk of a New Year!' said Toby, mournfully. 'I can bear up as well as another man at most times; better than a good many, for I am as strong as a lion, and all men an't; but supposing it should really be that we have no right to a New Year—supposing we really *are* intruding——'—pp. 16-17.

These doleful musings are cut short; his pretty young daughter has come to put him in better humour with himself, bringing a good dinner, and cheering him while he eats it by her bright eyes, and, at last, by a modest intimation that the fine young fellow who has long intended to be his son-in-law, considers now that an immediate marriage will be the best way of welcoming the new year. We think there cannot be a prettier scene than the old man's introduction to his hot and savoury dinner:

"'Why Pet,' said Trotty. "What's to do? I didn't expect you to-day, Meg.'

"'Neither did I expect to come, father,' cried the girl, nodding her head and smiling as she spoke. 'But here I am! And not alone; not alone!'

"'Why you don't mean to say,' observed Trotty, looking curiously at a covered basket which she carried in her hand, 'that you——'

"'Smell it, father dear,' said Meg. 'Only smell it!'

"Trotty was going to lift up the cover at once, in a great hurry, when she gaily interposed her hand.

"'No, no, no,' said Meg, with the glee of a child. 'Lengthen it out a little. Let me just lift up the corner; just the lit-tle ti-ny cor-ner, you know,' said Meg, suiting the action to the word with the utmost gentleness, and speaking very softly, as if she were afraid of being overheard by something inside the basket; 'there. Now. What's that?'

"Toby took the shortest possible sniff at the edge of the basket, and cried out in a rapture:

"'Why, it's hot!'

"'It's burning hot!' cried Meg. 'Ha, ha, ha! It's scalding hot!'

"'Ha, ha, ha!' roared Toby, with a sort of kick. 'It's scalding hot.'

"'But what is it, father?' said Meg. 'Come! You haven't guessed what it is. And you must guess what it is. I can't think of taking it out, till you guess what it is. Don't be in such a hurry! Wait a minute! A little bit more of the cover. Now guess?'

"Meg was in a perfect fright lest he should guess right too soon; shrinking away, as she held the basket towards him! curling up her pretty shoulders; stopping her ear with her hand, as if by so

doing she could keep the right word out of Toby's lips; and laughing softly the whole time.

"Meanwhile Toby, putting a hand on each knee, bent down his nose to the basket, and took a long inspiration at the lid; the grin upon his withered face expanding in the process, as if he were inhaling laughing gas.

" 'Ah! It's very nice,' said Toby. 'It an't—I suppose it an't Polonies?'

" 'No, no, no!' cried Meg delighted. 'Nothing like Polonies!'

" 'No,' said Toby, after another sniff. 'It's—it's mellow than Polonies. It's very nice. It improves every moment. It's too decided for trotters. An't it?'

" 'Meg was in an extacy. He could *not* have gone wider of the mark than Trotters—except Polonies.

" 'Liver!' said Toby, communing with himself. 'No. There's a mildness about it that don't answer to liver. Pettitoes? No. It an't faint enough for pettitoes. It wants the stringiness of Cock's heads. And I know it an't sausages. I'll tell you what it is. It's chitterlings!'

" 'No, it an't!' cried Meg, in a burst of delight. 'No, it an't!'

" 'Why, what am I thinking of!' said Toby, suddenly recovering a position as near the perpendicular as it was possible for him to assume. 'I shall forget my own name next. It's tripe!'

" 'Tripe it was; and Meg, in high joy, protested he should say, in half a minute more, it was the best tripe ever stewed.

" 'And so,' said Meg, busying herself exultingly with the basket, 'I'll lay the cloth at once, father; for I have brought the tripe in a basin, and tied the basin up in a pocket handkerchief; and if I like to be proud for once, and spread that for a cloth, and call it a cloth, there's no law to prevent me; is there father?'

" 'Not that I know of, my dear,' said Toby. 'But they're always a bringing up some new law or other.'—pp. 18-21.

This savoury tripe procures for Toby Veck a vision: he finds himself among the old church bells he so loves to hear, and the "spirits of the chimes"—wild and fantastic sprites they are, as ever Dickens drew—lead the old man's spirit through scenes of sorrow sweetly and sadly described, from whence he is to draw the moral of trust and patience. That there is good to be found in the most hopeless of characters,—that love lingers with a redeeming light in guilt, and even in desperation,—is the truth from which that trust and patience are to spring. Alas, it is an insufficient foundation; nay, in the end, to see those driven to desperation whose redeeming qualities deserved better things, could but destroy that very trust and patience. We need a firmer clue than this in exploring the mysteries of life,—we feel this, and feel accord-

ingly some dissatisfaction with the vision, exquisitely as it is written; we rejoice when the old man springs up to life and joy, to find his pretty Meg sewing ribbons on her wedding dress for the glad to-morrow, nay, for the day that is come already, as is joyfully proclaimed by the bridegroom, by the strangers whom the old man's kindness has sheltered, by the friends and neighbours who come to congratulate sweet Meg, and welcome in the new year with a dance. It is a sweet and joyous scene; with less of broad farce than in its prototype of the *Carol*, to which, we acknowledge, we prefer it.

We do not yet feel that we have done justice by this charming story; it is so lavish of beauties, that every line might bear extraction; and in no one of his works do we find his style so polished, or his vigorous thought and fanciful ideas so carefully developed.

We hope no year may go by without bringing us from Mr. Dickens some such sweet memorial of our duties. It will be wanting to complete the gay catalogue of the new year's triumphs, with which we will conclude our article.

“The streets were full of motion, and the shops were decked out gaily. The New Year, like an Infant Heir to the whole world, was waited for, with welcomes, presents, and rejoicings. There were books and toys for the New Year, glittering trinkets for the New Year, dresses for the New Year, schemes of fortune for the New Year; new inventions to beguile it. Its life was parcelled out in almanacks and pocket-books; the coming of its moons and stars, and tides, was known beforehand to the moment; all the workings of its seasons in their days and nights, were calculated with as much precision as Mr. Filer could work sums in men and women.

“The New Year, the New Year. Everywhere the New Year! The Old Year was already looked upon as dead; and its effects were selling cheap like some drowned mariner's aboardship. Its patterns were Last Year's and going at a sacrifice, before its breath was gone. Its treasures were mere dirt, beside the riches of its unborn successor!”—pp. 52-53.



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### ERRATA.

Page 417, line 18, for *law* read *bard*.

— 418, line 12 from the end, for *Earl* read *Lord*.

— 418, line 11 from the end, for *Grey* read *De Grey*.

— 420, line 3 from the end, for *donne* read *doome*.

— 421, line 6 from the end, for *deaw* read *dewe*.

— 421, line 4 from the end, for *Dispreds* read *Dispreaues*.

— 421, last line, for *faire* read *farre*.

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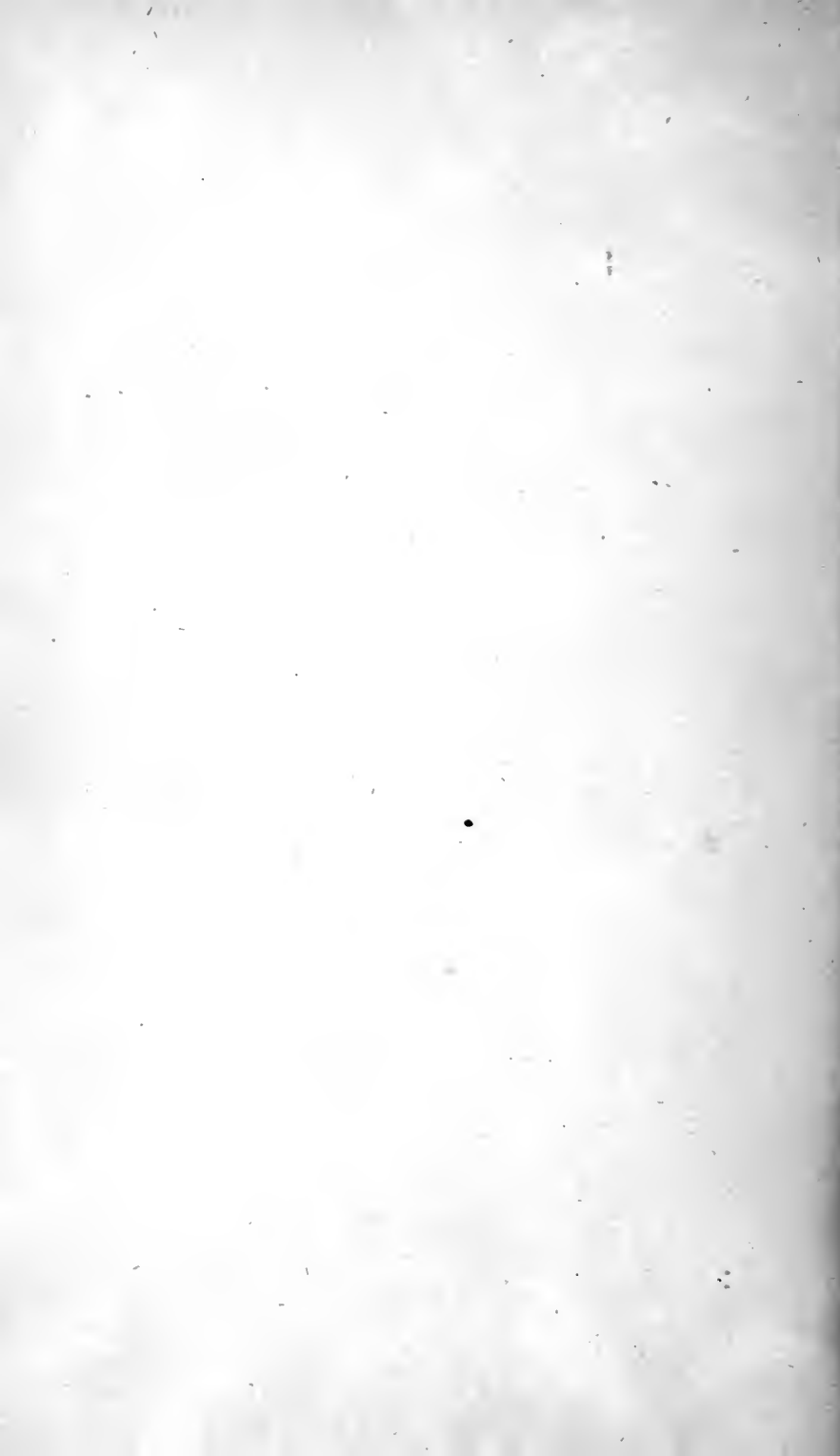
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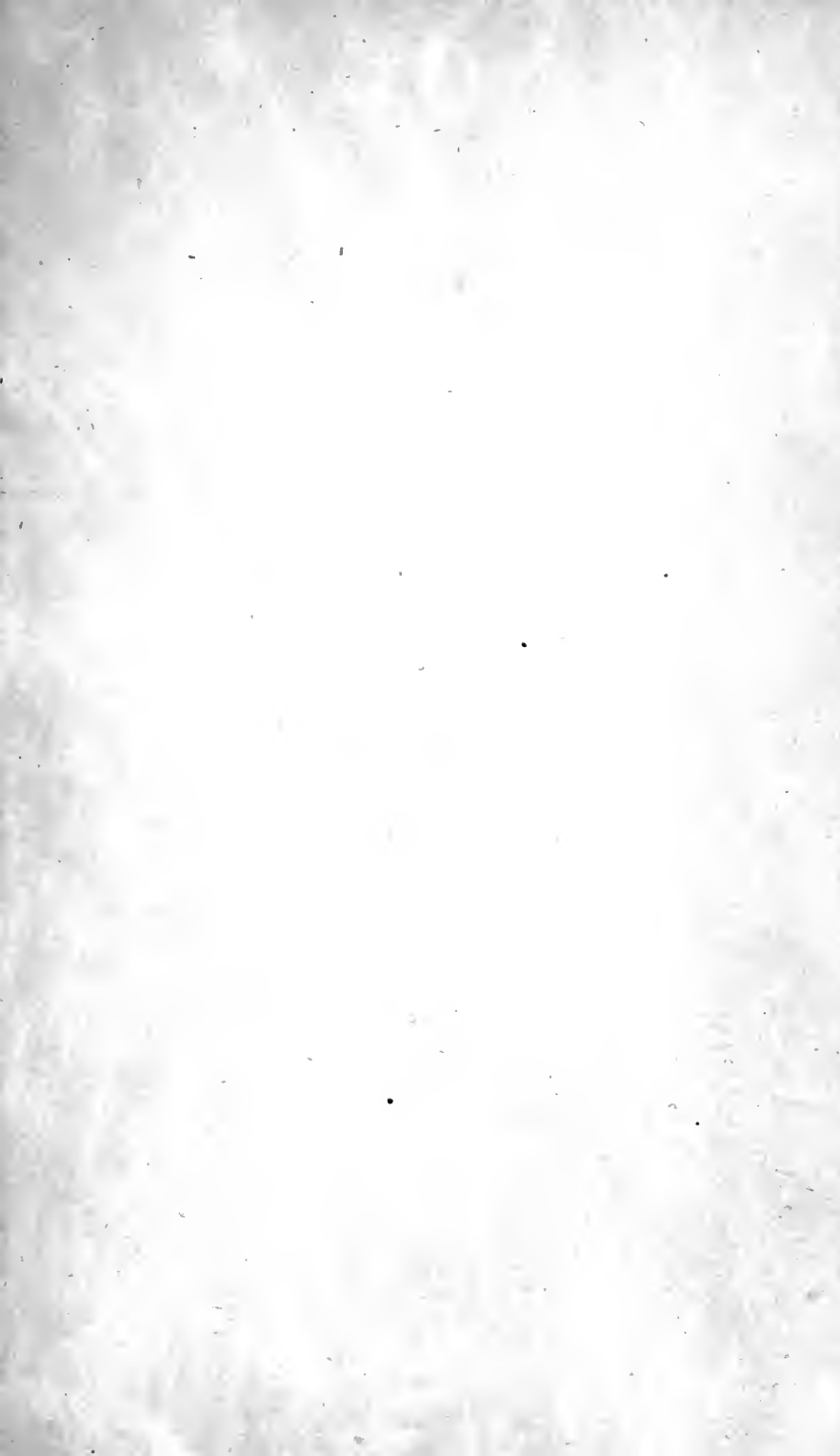


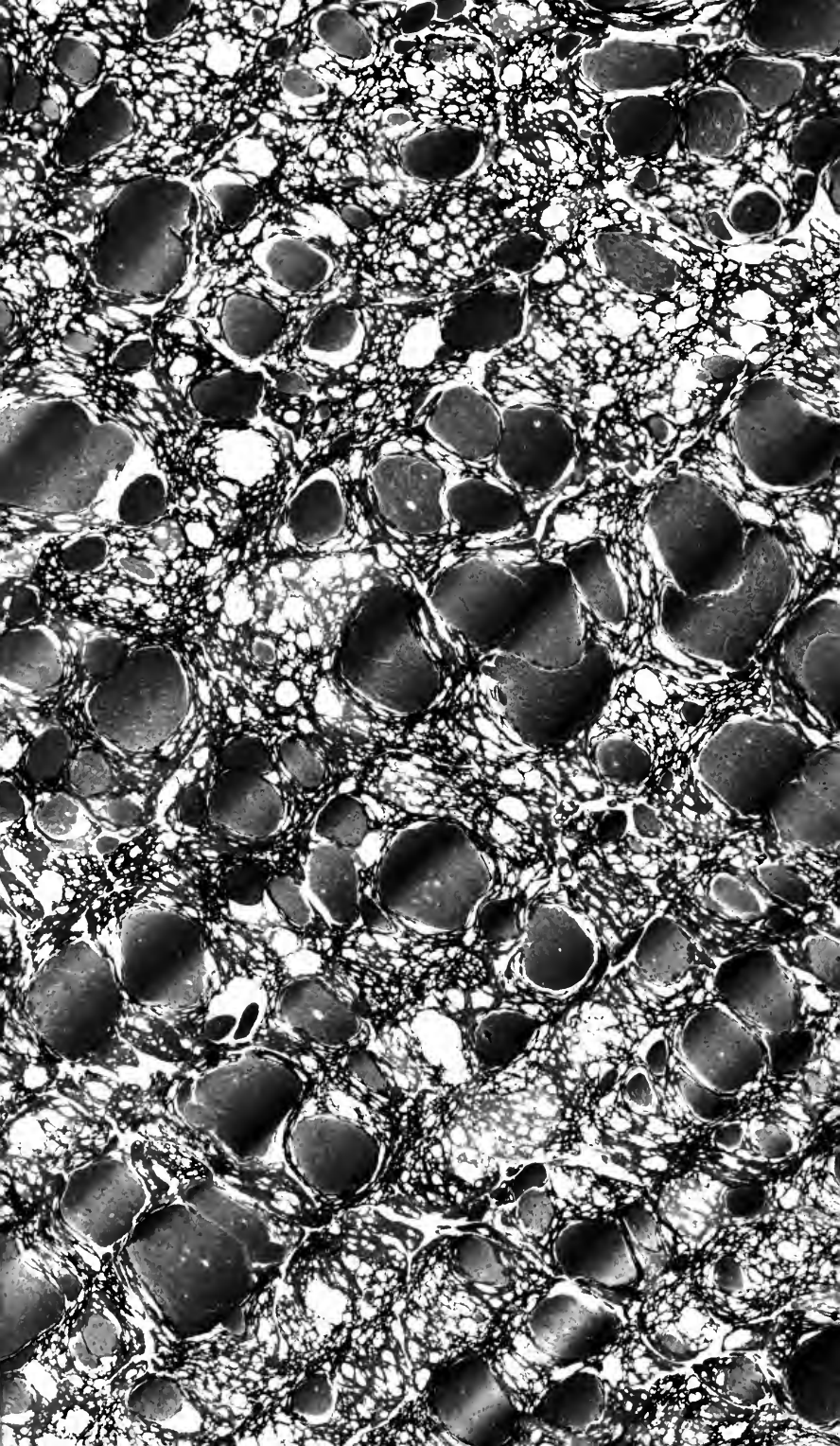
















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