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# THE RAMBLER.

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VOL. VI. *New Series.*

JULY 1856.

PART XXXI.

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## A PILGRIMAGE TO THE PROTO-MONASTERY OF SUBIACO,

## AND THE HOLY GROTTTO OF ST. BENEDICT.

BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP ULLATHORNE, O.S.B.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### FROM ROME TO ST. COSIMATO.

WHEN God deigns to bless the children of Adam with the reinvigorating influence of some great religious institution, He selects a chosen soul for the instrument of His work. He draws him apart from men and from the influences which their spirit might exercise upon him. Through secret attractions, He brings him to some secluded place, after his time to become for ever famous, as having been divinely prepared for the scene of his heavenly training. Such chosen scenes are as distinct in their features from common nature as are the men who give them their celebrity. They are God's own schools, and have nothing in common with the schools of human teaching. There, amidst solitary grandeurs, God secretly nourishes the spirit of the chosen man with the graces necessary for his enterprise, of the great results of which he is probably himself to a great extent unconscious. Such a school was Subiaco, and such a disciple of God's own training was St. Benedict. What Sinai was to Moses, and Horeb to Elias, and the desert by Jordan to the Baptist, and Patmos to St. John,—such was the Thebaid to St. Antony, the Chartreuse to St. Bruno, Averno to St. Francis, the Cave of Montserrat to St. Ignatius, and Subiaco to St. Benedict. It is to no ordinary scene, then, that the pilgrim, and those who are in his company, are directing their steps.

As we leave the capital of the Christian world, and take our way by the basilica in which the body of the glorious martyr St. Laurence reposes, we are probably following the track on which, towards the close of the fifth century, the youthful Benedict fled in dismay, after his innocent soul had shrunk from its first contact with the licentiousness of the Roman schools. Crossing the broad Campagna, we enter the chain of the Apennines by Tivoli. And leaving behind us its picturesque beauties and classic memories; its cascades, its majestic tufa rocks and grottoes, with the presiding genius of all its beauties, the circular temple of the Sibyl,—we proceed easterly by the ancient *via Valeria*. The route to Subiaco lies between two chains of the Apennines, along the winding valley of the Anio, and on the left side of that rapid stream, which comes rushing down from its sources a few miles beyond the sanctuary to which we are hastening. Bare are the mountains on each side of us in this month of April; yet their austerity is softened through the variety which their changing forms present to the beholder as he moves along his way. Sometimes they recede on one side of the babbling stream, sometimes on the other; then a green valley opens in their sides, and gives its tribute to the winding river; again they come close upon its banks and grow precipitous, and then the scene expands anew. Every strip of valley, or patch of alluvial flat, is carefully cultivated; and even the ledges on the flanks of the mountains, as well as the less rocky declivities, are scrupulously turned to the best account by the industry of the villagers. The vines and olives, which from the days of Horace have enriched these vales, are in course of pruning, so that, like the mortified Christian, they may gain in fruit what they lose in ornamental superfluities. Here and there rise up before the eye the ruins of some ancient tomb; or of those far more ancient polygonal walls, which bespeak the existence of a race of people of earlier date than the Romans; or an old town is seen which crests a hill, and bears a classic name,—a name, another, and yet the same; for time and new tongues have somewhat changed it to the ear. Thus, the ancient Ampulum now lies in ruins under the name of *Ampiglione*; and Saxula, with its stones scattered widely from its fallen edifices, is called to mind as the *via Saxonica*. Huge fragments of the Claudian aqueduct appear from time to time in the lower grounds upon the right; and in one instance the line of arches crosses a tributary stream, and enters the steep side of the mountain, where a tunnel conveyed the water towards its destination. If we follow the

tributary of which we have just spoken to its sources in the mountains which lift their heads in the distance, it will bring us to the neighbourhood of one of the most interesting and venerable sanctuaries of ancient times; a sanctuary the more deserving of our attention, as it long suffered from undeserved neglect.

While the celebrated Father Athanasius Kircher was exploring the recesses of these mountains, in search of what antiquities remained, for the completion of his work on ancient Latium, it was in the year 1661, in the neighbourhood of Guadagnolo, that he reached a greater elevation than he had yet attained, and in the heat of mid-day found himself surrounded on all sides by awful precipices; and, directing his attention to one which was far more conspicuous than the rest, he saw at its foot, peering through a wild mass of foliage, an abandoned church, which bore upon it signs of a great antiquity. Full of emotion, he approached it. It was open; and with a certain religious fear he entered. He found the form of a basilica, ample and entire. Ancient paintings of saints and venerable sculptures breathed the piety of the olden times, and in the midst of the nave there stood, beneath a baldachino, sustained on four columns, a high altar, closed in with iron work. On the altar stood an ancient devout image of the Blessed Virgin and Child, covered over with cobwebs. In the apse was another altar and a choir. A chapel was on one side; and at the other end of the church, in the opposite aisle, was another chapel.

This most learned and devout man was extraordinarily moved, and immediately set about investigating the history of the sanctuary he had come upon so unexpectedly. The result of his inquiries he published in his beautiful and elaborate work, the *Historia Eustachio-Mariana*. This, however, did not satisfy his piety; he moved sovereigns and princes to aid him in restoring the church, that it might again be animated with the divine service; and a pious wish was breathed to his brethren, that his heart, which had so loved the sanctuary whilst he lived, should repose in it after his death.

The Roman senator Placidus, the bosom friend of the Emperor Trajan, his general in the war against the Dacians, in the expedition against the Persians, and his companion in the Jewish war, was in his leisure days a keen huntsman. In the wild mountains we are contemplating, he possessed a rustic villa and ample lands. One day he followed the chase of the stag up the roughest and most precipitous crags of these mountains, until none durst follow him. Still the

chase went on, and still he followed with desperate resolution. At length he found himself surrounded by huge precipices, and the stag in sight plunged into a mass of thickets at the base of a towering rock, which rose roundly up before his path, its top contracted to a point, its base buried in the thickets where his prey had disappeared. It is just such a mountain-rock in form as that on which, in the old Greek mosaics, the Divine Lamb is represented standing and shedding streams of blood. Placidus still urged the chase; and, by a miraculous leap, the stag sprang up, and stood on the very crown of the precipice. Bewildered and astonished at this spectacle, the senator heard a voice from the rock, saying, "Placid, why dost thou persecute Me?" And, behold, between the branching antlers of the creature he had so hotly pursued, a great light, and the figure of a cross, and on the cross the form and features of one suspended. And trembling, he heard the voice once more: "Placid, Placid, why dost thou persecute Me?" Then Placidus with trembling voice sighed out these words: "My Lord, my Lord, in Thy goodness tell me who Thou art, and what it is Thou wouldst have me to do." Then the image said, "I am Jesus Christ, God, the Creator of all, Son of the Eternal Father, who for love of the human race came on earth, and put on flesh, and reconciled the world to the Father through My death; and whoever will receive My law shall be sharers of My kingdom. Go straight to the city, to a priest of the Christians called John, and learn the law from him; then be baptised with thy wife and children, and return to this spot, and I will show to thee the mysteries of the kingdom, and what thou shalt suffer for My name." Placidus hastened to Rome, communicated the vision to his wife, and was baptised by the name of Eustachius.

We shall not pursue the touching history of St. Eustachius and his family. Within the great fissure which rends the face of the rock almost from top to bottom, is the cave to which he returned, where he did great penance and received abundant heavenly consolations. He died a glorious martyr under the Emperor Adrian. Noble families trace their lineage to him at the present day; and amongst his earlier descendants was St. Placid, son of the senator Tertullus, and the favourite disciple of St. Benedict. The Emperor Constantine built the first church on the scene of the saint's conversion, and Pope Silvester dedicated it to the Blessed Virgin and St. Eustachius. A very ancient oaken tablet, formerly in the choir of the church, which is engraved in Kircher, represents in bas-relief the consecration of the

church by St. Silvester. Under three Roman arches, with the busts of our Lord and two apostles carved in the spandrels, stands an altar, on which is an inscription that may be thus rendered: *24th of October, dedication of St. Mary in Vol-torella.* The Pope, in a plain mitre rising out of a circlet of jewels, and wearing the pallium and a broad chasuble, which the deacon is folding up from the wrist, approaches the altar. The deacon is in an ample planeta, and wears a hood falling down on the shoulder. The sub-deacon, in planeta and hood, approaches on the opposite side, with a thurible in one hand, and a vessel for incense or holy oil in the other. Behind him is an acolyte holding a book and a crosier, his large-sleeved surplice covering him nearly to the feet. In another compartment is the stag with Christ between the huge antlers, but without the cross. The word *Silvester* is carved down the side of the Pope's head, and an inscription tells us that *Master William did this work.* The lower part of the tablet was formerly adorned with rows of precious stones, the upper part has foliated scroll-work with heads. The altar in the nave beneath the cupola, on which stands the wooden triptych with the statue of the Blessed Virgin and Child, was raised, according to the inscription, by Prior Nicholas, in 1305. On the doors of the triptych are painted St. Eustachius with the stag, St. Silvester, St. Benedict, and St. Placid. In the choir is a great wooden cross, with the figure of Christ crucified, of very ancient date. There are also two other crosses, one of silver, the other of brass, which are extremely interesting. Kircher has engraved the silver one, and supposes both to have been of the date of Constantine, and gifts from that emperor; but it is perhaps safer to assign them to a later date. They are of the Greek form; on one side is the Crucifixion, with angels at the extremities; on the other, the Lamb, with the symbols of the Evangelists. A vine, flowering with lilies and roses, runs over both sides of the cross. A yet more curious monument of pious antiquity is a seven-branched candlestick in brass. Its general form is like that of the Jewish Temple; but the upright stem is twisted, and the shaft below the branches runs through three cups resting on knops, or rather capitals, whilst round the branches there is a succession of loose and revolving cylinders, detached from each other by knots raised on the branches. A metal bar runs horizontally across the top of the seven branches, out of which rise seven prickets. Kircher says that similar candlesticks were to be seen in his day in the choirs of Roman basilicas. Old pictures, many of them much faded, cover the walls: St. Eustachius and his stag frequently appear. Under

a picture of the Blessed Virgin is this inscription: *M. Bartholomew, of Subiaco, painted this work with good faith in 1424. O Lady, help me. I ask this for my reward.*

It is an old tradition on the spot, that St. Benedict came to this sanctuary when he fled from Rome; but that finding the multitudes who came thither for devotion on festivals disturbed his solitude, he took the path towards Subiaco. It is perhaps better authenticated, that Tertullus, the father of St. Placid, made over this mountain of Voltorella and its vicinage to St. Benedict, and that he restored the sanctuary. It was certainly a dependency on Subiaco at a later period, and had a priory of Benedictines for many ages. Ruins of the monastery still remain, and leave its ground-plan traceable.

But we must proceed on our pilgrimage. At the ninth mile-stone from Tivoli we reach Vicovaro, the ancient *Varia*. Its massive old walls and bastions, half in ruins, stand on huge masses of tufa rock, presenting to the side of the road a series of deep caverns, which, as we pass along, have strongly riveted our attention; for each of the party has observed in them a practical commentary on the Gospel. Most of these yawning caverns have rude doors affixed to them, and are stables for goats, or sheep, or cattle; and now and then may be seen a shepherd dressed in rude goat-skins. On the right hand, a fertile declivity, rich in olive-trees, goes down to the margin of the stream. As we ascend at the close of this valley, and round a projecting point of the range, a magnificent prospect breaks upon the sight. The scene widens out on both sides; the dells are covered with foliage; the Anio takes a sweep round to the right, and at the arc of the bow which it forms, it laves the base of a rocky promontory, which guards the green peninsula like a coast-line. On this point stands a convent, its white walls and tower shining through a mass of tall cypress-trees, which raise their dark-green obelisks into the clear blue of the sky. The background beyond the stream is an intricate but graceful scene of wood and vale, closed in by a swelling range of lofty hills. This convent is St. Cosimato, a place of deep interest to the pilgrim of St. Benedict. Passing behind the present Franciscan convent into the garden, the spectator stands some 300 feet above the river; and beneath him lies a subterranean monastery, cut out of the living rock by human industry. A steep flight of steps constructed on the face of the rock conducts down two-thirds of the precipice, and brings us to a range of cells, each with its door, and a square aperture above it, opening upon the Anio. These cells are on an average six feet by four. Two seats in each cell are formed by projections left in the rock,



admitting of a board being laid upon them, so as to form a couch. An ascent by steps from the cells conducts to the chapel, which stands some 200 feet above the water. It is twenty-four feet long, whilst its breadth gives twelve feet at the one end, and nineteen at the other. Its vault is regularly carved in the rock, and a pillar is left standing in the centre. Seats are left in the natural rock on each side. The refectory of this subterranean convent can now only be entered by another descent from the garden. It is about seven yards square, and has its seats and a table left in the stone. This is the primitive monastery of SS. Cosmas and Damian.

We must now turn to the ninth chapter of St. Gregory's *Life of St. Benedict*. The holy patriarch was still a hermit in his solitary grotto at Subiaco, though the fame of his sanctity had spread abroad, when, as the great pontiff tells us, the father of the monastery we have just described was removed by death. The whole community went immediately to St. Benedict in his grotto, and implored him with many and earnest prayers that he would come and preside over them. The saint long refused himself to their wishes, and declared that their ways and his could never be made to agree; but conquered at last by their importunities, he assented. He held the monks to strict observance of their state of life, nor would he turn a step to left or right of its laws. So the brethren began to be maddened in their rage against him. They accused their own folly for seeking a superior of a spirit so different from their own, finding it hard to meditate on things to them so new, whilst their affections still inveterately clung to their former practices; they grieved over the breaking up of cherished habits, and felt, as depravity ever will, that the presence of holiness was a painful burden; till at last some of the community sought to rid themselves by conspiring the death of their spiritual father, and mingled poison in his wine-cup. When the cup was held towards him to bless, according to custom, the saint put out his hand and signed the cross; when, though held at a distance, the glass vessel broke in pieces, as if, instead of signing the cross, he had thrown a stone. Then the man of God knew that the cup, which could not receive the sign of life upon it, contained some deadly draught. So rising up at once, with a serene mind and a calm face, he said to the assembled community: "May God Almighty have mercy on you, brethren. Why would you do this to me? From the first did I not tell you that your ways and mine would not agree? Go and seek a father after your own fashion: for, after this, you can-

not possibly have me longer." He then returned to his beloved solitude.

Let us follow on the saint's path. Amongst various walled villages which rise in view, that of Sarascinesco attracts attention, as well from its conspicuous position, as from the singular history of its inhabitants. As its name implies, it is inhabited by a race derived from Saracens: the sole remains of those wild hordes who, between the seventh and ninth centuries, more than once overran this country, and destroyed the monasteries of Subiaco. How they settled here is still a question. But Nibby's conjecture has the greatest show of probability, that, after their second incursion, Pope Leo IV., having taken a number of them prisoners at Ostia, and employed them on the erection of the Leonine wall which guards the Vatican, had afterwards transferred them to this settlement. The Saracens are mentioned as inhabiting this place in a record of the thirteenth century. They still retain the traits of their Oriental origin; and though Christian for so many ages, they bear Saracenic names, and marry within their own tribe. The peasants, in picturesque costumes, who loiter on the steps in the Piazza d'Espagna, as subjects for the pencils of our artists, come mostly from Sarascinesco.

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## CHAPTER II.

### FROM ST. COSIMATO TO SUBIACO.

As we proceed along, the mountains increase their height, ridge recedes above ridge, and the sky-lines grow more dark and more severe. Walled villages, stained by age to the colour of the rocks on which they stand, and from which their materials have been taken, appear more frequently. Each, with its ruined castle-tower and Byzantine church-steeple, is perched on some high position of difficult approach. The old chronicles and title-deeds call them, not towns or villages, but castles. Their very designation speaks of the serfdom and feudal warfare which saw their origin. The eye wanders in vain about the lower grounds in search of human habitations. Not a single house is to be seen detached from these gray old mountain eyries. When their inhabitants descend to cultivate the valley, they put together little conical tents made of canes or reeds, which serve them in the fields and vineyards for their temporary accommodation. Here the primitive plough may be seen at work;—a wedge of wood, flat underneath, pointed with a sheath of iron, which the peasant forces with

his foot down into the earth, whilst he handles the short stilts and guides his yoke of buffaloes with a cord. And here, in the green nooks, the shepherds pipe to their flocks as in the days of Virgil, awake their attention with simple melodies that come sweetly from the distance to the ear, and invite their flocks to follow them to fresher pastures or to cooler shades.

The scholar may ask why we pass the cool stream of Digentia without even a notice of the Sabine farm of Horace. Let him turn to the Classic Tour of Eustace. He will there find a pilgrimage different from ours. Eustace has carefully identified whatever the poet has with rare felicity described of his sylvan retreat. But what an illustration of a past generation does that book present! The Rev. J. C. Eustace was a Catholic priest, trained in a Benedictine monastery, received his orders there, was a professor within its walls, and there found a home; yet while he searches out every corner of Italy which can afford the very minutest objects of classical interest, he concludes his tour in this direction at the Sabine farm. Subiaco, though but a few miles farther, has no interest in his eyes, although it was the cradle of the great order which nurtured him; and although magnificent scenery, great monuments of Christianity famous in its history, noble productions of Christian art, and brethren to welcome him, were there. His whole interest is concentrated on the few traces left of the famous pagans who are dead and gone. In passing St. Cosimato, he merely alludes to its association with St. Benedict, the founder of the western monks. Himself a "Eustace," and bearing the stag's head and cross upon his shield, he must have been quite familiar with Kircher's *Vetus Latium*, in which, as well as in the work already cited, the scene of the conversion of the glorious martyr, from whom he holds his family name, is both described and depicted; yet he passes it unnoticed, and apparently without a thought.

A point which has for some time tantalised the sight of the pilgrim is now, at length, passed, and the Simbruine mountains are unveiled in all their grandeur. A fertile valley lies straight before us; it abounds in vines and olive-trees. At the distance of a mile before us, the foreground of the prospect is closed up by a pyramidal hill, the base and sides of which are covered with the closely-packed town of Subiaco. A steep glacis exhibits its grass-covered sides above the loftiest seated habitations, which is crested by a fortress frowning with a triple girth of battlements. Rising out of the centre of the fortress, the palace of the abbots of Subiaco, an oblong structure of considerable elevation, crowns this most picturesque little city. As if to give the utmost advantage to its

fine position, the mountains on either side of the valley run on in almost parallel lines until they reach its vicinity, when the range on the left sinks its lowest tier to receive the outskirts of the town, whilst the upper ranges sweep out and wind round and away into the distant background. On the right, a long dark balk, backing up behind a series of round hummocks, reaches its highest point opposite Subiaco, when it goes sheer down into the valley. The river winds away round the town by this point, broken with falls, and then glides gently towards us through vineyards and trees.

Drawing near to the town, we pass a fine old bridge, which, with a single span of bold construction, crosses the Anio, and is guarded by a portal. Subiaco contains 6000 inhabitants. In all its features, as in the customs of its inhabitants, it is one of the most complete examples of what mediæval towns have been. Even in its lowest parts the ground is unlevel; and so narrow are the streets, and so sharp the turnings, that no wheeled carriage can pass through them; whilst by far the greatest part of the town ascends so steeply up the hill, that the streets are staircases. The shops are as primitive in their appointments and appearance as the greatest lover of antiquity could wish to see; and the whole crowded and closely-packed city, for city it is, wears the venerable but inconvenient air of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The fortress which rises above it was built by Abbot John V.; and not before it had become absolutely necessary for the protection of the population and the adjoining monasteries against the marauding expeditions of the barons from the neighbouring castles.

Only after we have passed through the town do we meet with signs of modern additions. Here, with a public place in front, is a spacious new church, built by Pius VI., who was commendatory abbot of Subiaco. Near this church is a large ecclesiastical seminary, built by the same pontiff. As we descend into the road, we again meet the river, like an old companion, and on its banks is a paper-mill, with other signs of modern industry. We soon enter upon a country through which wheels have never run. The bare mountains before us rise to a height we have not yet witnessed, and a deep opening between them points the way to the holy valley. The first distant view of the great proto-monastery of St. Scholastica is not promising to the lovers of venerable structures. The face it presents to us is a long square front of modern flat plaster; the more strange and unsuited to the place, when we reflect that the entire region is one great mass of travertine and limestone. But a glimpse of the fine old

tower of Abbot Humbert gives promise of better things. The lower range of hills conceals the convent as we advance, and closes up the view in front.

Ascending gradually for a short mile, the scenery increasing in interest, especially when we turn round and look back towards Subiaco, we are brought to a short and sharp ascent, and all before us is closed up like a hidden mystery. Then we come upon a round oratory on the verge of a precipice. Then we step aside from the path upon a bridge which strides a chasm. And, behold, the prodigious ravine of the holy valley, stretching before you until it is almost lost in masses of intricate shadow.

[To be continued.]

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## Preston Hall,

AND

### OUR NEW DIGNITARIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STUMPINGFORD."

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#### CHAPTER IV.

AN EVENT IN THE LIFE OF THE OWNER OF NABOTH'S GRANGE.

SOUPINGTON GRANGE, now distinguished as Soupington Hall, had once been actually the grange of the late dissolved abbey of Soupington. The Stumpyngfords were its founders. Aylwin, ancestor of the Stumpyngfords, was a Saxon thane when William the Conqueror beat Harold. He retained his rank and possessions, and employed a large part of them in founding an ample house for the children of St. Benedict. His posterity always looked upon it as their eldest child. And the time of destruction found it existing in great splendour, with unrelaxed rule, and among the number of those greater monasteries for which Henry and his Parliament yet thanked God that the performance of their duties was admirable, while they were dividing the lesser spoils of the small houses, and licking their lips at the prospect of the greater spoil to come.

The lying commissioners of Henry and Cromwell, whose infamous calumnies, fortunately for themselves, have not all come down to us, invented no lie about this place. The publicity of its spotless fame was too much for them. The king's

highness, therefore, was gratified by having the abbot hanged at once, because he denied the supremacy of the king in the concerns of JESUS CHRIST. This step taken, Achab entered into possession of the vineyard of Naboth without further obstruction. The Benedictine fathers received small pensions out of their own and the Stumpyngfords' money, and retired to spend their days in solitary obscurity. Their place was immediately supplied by the new religion, and an entirely new sort of minister, and a lord, the deputy of Achab. The minister, we need not say, was the predecessor of our well-known friend the Rev. Dr. Montfort Smith—a volume of whose sermons, if we may be forgiven for usurping the duty of an advertisement, is, we understand, likely to be published by the eminent religious house of Sokey and Babbelheim in the course of this year. The lord was the ancestor of the great nobleman whom we have slightly mentioned on a former occasion, the Duke of Soupington. The D'Umplings are undoubtedly a family of great antiquity. There is irrefragable evidence that they existed in Normandy long previous to the expedition of William. And the most eminent Norman genealogists assure us that they have a descent in the female line from the great King Pepin, with whose history we are all acquainted. It is not the fault of the annalists of the British peerage, much less of the present writer, if the name of D'Umpling does not appear in the Roll of Battle Abbey, which you are aware professes to contain the names of the associates of William the Conqueror. It certainly does not occur there. But we have other evidence in plenty, and the omission need not discredit the Battle Roll.

They came down from their founder at the Conquest, residing as moderate knights and great esquires at the little hamlet of D'Umpling, where they had their hall. It is now a farm-house, and is worth the attention of the curious. The Rev. Dr. Montfort Smith has quite a little portfolio of water-colour drawings and calotypes of it. Here they lived. And the great sacrilege found Sir Henry D'Umpling a very prosperous gentleman, with the utmost elasticity of faith, and a determination to keep pace with his contemporary the vicar of Bray. He had got to court. And, at the time when light divine is supposed to have first beamed from Boleyn's eyes, was forward in expressing his opinion of the match, and his desire that the king's highness should have his new wife without any trouble. This was not forgotten. And the fall of Soupington Abbey, which occurred not long after, enabled the king to reward Sir Henry D'Umpling with that ample domain, the sight of which we enjoy to this day, and also to

summon a man possessing so lordly a domain to the Upper House by the title of Lord Soupington. The grange soon disappeared, and a stately house rose in its stead, in the porch of which we now observe Oreb Wyggins thundering at the door of the son of the first lord, the then Lord of Soupington.

It was between eight and nine o'clock that the Lord Soupington was disturbed from a quiet, but not the least pensive contemplation of the bright embers of a wood-fire glowing between the dogs on the hearth in his hall. Lady Soupington, daughter of a lady who had once been one of the attendants of Queen Katharine, but it need not be said a devoted admirer of all succeeding queens, was sitting with him. They had been chatting pleasantly about the folly of that poor wretch the last abbot, who had got hanged and quartered for a mere quibble. They wondered, too,—dear me, how they wondered!—that the two families, the Prestons and Stumpyngfords, should be so very unconformable to the king's grace, his religion, and good ancient laws. It was so foolish. Their excellent bishop,—how well he did without any reference to that tiresome old Pope! It was so English to have a bishop from the only goodness and mere favour of the king, the supreme head on earth, &c. This pleasing retrospective conversation was broken in upon by the sudden arrival of Oreb, who, all splashed as he was, would see my lord, and my lord only, and would not be said nay.

When a groom had taken away the rector's cob, and Oreb was admitted, as at length he was, he approached Lord Soupington very humbly, put his brother's letter into the lord's hand, and retired to a distance while it was being read. That wise peer, to do him justice, was greatly moved; more than he chose to show. He was lieutenant of the county. Here he had got information, plain and direct, information which vexed him to read, but which he did not dare neglect. He had no idea of taking any more trouble. The vineyard of Naboth was enough for him; his father had secured his harvest, and had gathered his grapes for him, and the grapes had not set his teeth on edge. He had no animosity against the Prestons in particular, confining himself to a general malediction of all Catholics, as, of course, was natural.

However, he felt he must act. He would not let Oreb out of his sight. He made him sit down on a bench, called a servant, ordered him food with haste, and then desired his steward, who lived in the house, to be sent to him. He came immediately; an active man in the prime of life. "Steward," said the lord, "here is work to be done at Preston Hall. Let me have a dozen of my fellows, armed to the teeth, with all

speed. Get them here. And to-morrow morning, at four of the clock, we will move. Say nothing of where we are going. Take this fellow," pointing to Oreb, "never let him out of your sight, and see that his horse is well cared for. You will come with us yourself."

Lady Soupington had left the hall when Oreb was introduced, wondering what that ill-looking fellow could have to do with her lord. And now he went to join her in the withdrawing-room. He told her the whole story. And they really were, both of them, very sorry.

"That John Wyggins," said he, "thinks he is doing me a favour, and very likely that I shall get him made archdeacon and canon. But he never was more mistaken in his life, though I cannot tell him so. I hate papists hard enough, as you know. But Benedict Preston is a very good fellow, though he is a popish recusant."

"So he is," said Lady Soupington, quite pityingly. "And then his wife Apollonia—so handsome and pleasant, as those Stumpyngfords always have been—and her two dear little children. I'm so sorry for them all."

"I wish John Wyggins was hanged," said her lord. "The man might recollect in what parish he and his forefathers have lived so long. But it's all no use. If I refuse, it will soon be known, and I shall be lost. So it must be done. After all, it may be a false alarm, and we may find no one."

So the lord took himself to his bed, to take a few hours' rest before he rode on his foray. Punctual to the hour, the steward had a party of a dozen retainers at the porch, with Oreb, and a powerful horse led for his master. He also, ready to a moment, was speedily in the saddle, and led the way.

The whole party wore the armour of the day. They proceeded at a moderate pace, so as to arrive at Preston easily about six o'clock. At a quarter to six they arrived at the Hall, and posted guards at each of the outlets; that is to say, two in the back part of the house, in the court-yard, and at the great hall door. At this the Lord Soupington stationed himself, with six of his retainers and the steward. When these dispositions were made, the Lord Soupington lifted the long hammer knocker that hung on the door—you may see it still—and executed a volley of raps much exceeding in power those which may be heard echoing through a London street or square.

There was commotion in the house instantly. Lights appeared glancing about the upper windows. Still, no one came to the door; and the lord lieutenant continued his very muscular summons. Five or six minutes at least must have elapsed,



when some one approached the door on the inside, and asked in a loud voice who was there?

“Lord Soupington, in her majesty’s name.”

The bolts were then slowly withdrawn, and a bar removed, and a great key turned in the lock. All appeared to be done with deliberation. At last, when these sounds had all ceased, the door was thrown open, and Mr. Benedict Preston appeared holding a light; our friend Stibbs, the undoer of the fastenings, standing by.

“You are welcome, my lord,” said Benedict Preston, “to my house, in her majesty’s name or your own. May I ask what you want?”

Lord Soupington, the steward, and the six men-at-arms stepped into the hall.

“This is an unfriendly visit,” exclaimed Mr. Preston.

“Not that, worshipful Mr. Preston; but I have received information that you are harbouring here one Alfred Preston, who, I am afraid, is your brother,—a suspected traitor against her majesty’s laws and religion.”

“I have a brother named Alfred,” said Mr. Preston; “but your lordship will not find him here.”

“We must see that,” said the lord. “We are losing time. By your good leave, sir,” said he; and passing by Mr. Preston, he turned to his steward and said, “Stay here with two of these men to guard the door. The other four will come with me; and I charge you, Mr. Preston, and you,” turning to Stibbs, “on your allegiance to the queen, to come with me over the house.”

He took the light out of Stibbs’s hand, gave it to one of his four men, and drew his sword. The steward and all his retainers drew theirs. Oreb was not of the party. He had gone off to the rector’s house, instead of accompanying the lord lieutenant; but, on the road, he had told his lordship as well as he could the situation of the chapel, about which he had managed to discover that it was certainly at the top of the house. To the top of the house, then, not very hastily, and making something of a clatter in going up, Lord Soupington, accompanied by his men and by Mr. Preston, found his way. They reached the chapel. The door stood wide open. The candles were burning on the altar, and none of the little decorations which we have mentioned had been removed; but neither crucifix, missal, vestments, nor priest were to be seen.

“Your lordship can walk in,” said Mr. Preston. “I presume an English family may make its devotions in the oratory of the house without being exposed to evil report for so doing.”

“Certainly,” said Lord Soupington; “certainly, Mr. Preston. I have an oratory myself at Soupington; but I am bound to say we do not use it quite so early in the morning.”

“I hope, my lord,” rejoined Mr. Preston, “saying our prayers at six in the morning is no treason against her majesty or her laws.”

“Nay, Mr. Preston, you are jesting. The accusation against you is no jesting matter. But I see nothing here contrary to the laws of this realm. But we must search the house all over.”

Accordingly, to the best of their knowledge, they did go all over the house; and after an hour spent in fruitless ransacking, Lord Soupington sent his men into the hall, and prepared for a retreat.

“I am sorry, Mr. Preston, to have had this duty to perform. I trust we shall be no worse neighbours for it; and I trust you mean well to her majesty and her laws.”

“Her majesty has no more loyal subject than I am,” said Mr. Preston. “I give your lordship the good day,” said he, as he stood at his door uncovered, and saw the Lord Soupington ride away. Lord Soupington, on his part, was not sorry that the visit was over, and had ended without turmoil.

In the mean time Father Alfred Preston was safe inside the hiding-hole which we have shown to our readers; and the crucifix, vestments, and missal, were in the smaller hiding-hole near the chapel. So the danger was over for one while.

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## CHAPTER V.

### INIMICUS HOMO FECIT HOC.

NEVERTHELESS the man-hunters were not to be defeated by being at fault once. Elizabeth, the nursing-mother, who starred her page of history with a galaxy of blood, wanted more than Campian and his friends, who had already died by her executioner.

It was known at court that Alfred Preston was in England in disguise somewhere. All that Lord Soupington had heard, and all that he did, he put on paper and sent to Elizabeth's ministers. Under her eye, and with her, the measures against Catholic priests were planned and matured. It was determined to try the cover again,—this time with practised hunters from London. Lord Soupington received instructions from the privy council to hold himself in readiness on an early morning

in January 1581 to make another search of Preston Hall with certain persons whom the council should send down to him. Father Alfred Preston continued to live at his brother's house, all of them still hoping that, after the late search, and the report which they knew that Lord Soupington would make, the danger might pass over. Precisely at the same hour as before, on the Epiphany, Lord Soupington came as he had come before, and alarmed the family at Preston Hall. He was admitted without hesitation, and again went to the chapel. Again he saw nothing of which the law could lay hold. But this time he had two pursuivants with him, stanch bloodhounds.

"My lord," said they, when the search was concluded, "we would have your honourable lordship surely to understand that there is a priest in this house. Albeit the massing furniture is gotten clean out of the way, yet we find an appearance in that chapel by which we are assured that the priest himself is hidden not far off; so, if your good lordship will please to assign us a guard, we will wait in this house to execute the queen's commands."

Lord Soupington, still swayed alternately by his hatred to Catholics, and his wish not to be over-hard on Mr. Preston, was very unwilling to comply. He had made up his mind that he should get home quietly again; and that if there was any thing in the accusation, some one else might have to bring it to light; and he thought he could bear that.

But the pursuivants were peremptory, and claimed his assistance in the queen's name. So he left the pursuivants and eight of his followers, making courtly apologies to Mr. Preston, and expressing neighbourly hopes that he would be well seen out of the present inquiry shortly. Then he rode homewards cheerfully, and thanked—we had almost said—**GOD**, that he was well rid of so very unpleasant a business.

He found the comforts of a venison pasty, and some remarkably fine ale made from the malt-kiln of the foolish abbot who was hanged, very suitable to his state of mind; and after these substantial consolations, reposing in a chair of such ease as the age could devise, indulged in one of those gentle slumbers which poets are too apt to consider the especial privilege of virtue and innocence. There we leave him for the present.

This state of things, we can assure you, excellent and impartial friend, finds a very considerable contrast in any lock-up, or garret, or other den of misery and danger. Lord Soupington, when awake, would no doubt have said that Father Alfred Preston's condition, in his narrow hiding-hole at

Preston Hall, and a couple of pursuivants and several retainers prowling in every direction, prying, sniffing, and poking in every corner and cranny, was, as contrasted with his own, when asleep or awake, most unfavourable and pitiable. To think of a man enduring all this, with a gibbet and Protestant fire and knife in the distance,—all for the sake of saying *Confiteor Deo cœli*, and other such old tags of Latin, in a Mass!

But there is every reason to believe, as we shall see more at length, that Father Alfred Preston would have been very sorry to make any exchange. He had made up his mind, and counted the cost, before he left the security of Rome for the hunting-fields of England. Look at him in the hiding-hole, and see the other picture. He is sitting on the floor, perfectly silent, for he is not going to fling away his life; only to give it when wanted. Food is on the floor by him to eat, when he can do so safely. A particular tap outside his prison, by one of the household, tells him when he may do so. His Breviary is by his side. He does not turn the leaves till he has heard the signal of safety. He ceases to move in any way when he hears the signal of danger, which the family contrive to give by a loud knock on the floor in any room near him. There is not the smallest appearance of unhappiness in his face; and he seems intent upon a small crucifix upon the wall before him.

How very much more comfortable things are at Soupington! But, judging from holy Scripture, and the experience of the Saints, which they have bequeathed to us, it seems likely that the angels frequented the hiding-hole and cheered Father Preston, and were not engaged at the present time in a similar attendance at Soupington.

Billets are proverbially uncomfortable. Letters from exasperated publicans and their friends are found in the pages of our dear *Times*, in the year 1855, complaining bitterly of having friendly soldiers billeted upon them. Our friends at the Cock and Bottle in Stumpingford had a good deal to say about it, and insisted on the unexceptionable character of their house. The delightful privacy of the room with a hole in the door had been invaded by rough fellows in odd, new, fuzzy coats, who on numerous occasions declined paying any bill at all, and found no friend who would do it for them. But what would those injured, virtuous citizens of the Cock and Bottle have said to a billet of pursuivants? These pursuivants at Preston Hall had a very pleasant time of it. They eat and drank of the best when they liked. Lord Soupington's retainers had some feeling of what was due to their mas-

ter's neighbour. But the pursuivants, friends of the privy-council and Elizabeth herself, had no such restraint, and their billet was accordingly a very heavy infliction.

One morning, the third day after the last search, one of these gentlemen was walking from the gallery looking into the hall in the direction of the great landing at the top of the stairs, and passed Father Alfred Preston's place of refuge. He heard something—something which he had never heard before. He did not know what it was, and stopped most attentively to listen. Dreams of Eastcheap, and illimitable boozing, crossed his brain. This might be a hiding-hole; but the delirious prospect of interminable drunkenness when he had got his reward only made him more cautious and wary. He stood in a lout's version of an Apollo Belvedere. Noise went on—not the same,—it was now decidedly snoring.

Father Alfred Preston had, in fact, been sitting up and trying to say some of his office by the dim light as it came down the shaft over his head. He failed to do so. The book slipped out of his hand, and this was the noise that first attracted the pursuivant. He was sitting up in the posture in which we ventured to look at him, with his back against the wall; an uneasy posture for sleep. In a moment he began to breathe very hard, so hard as to be quite audible in the passage. This settled the question in the pursuivant's mind—his name was Foxe. He stole away as gently as possible, and in order to identify himself with the discovery, went into the servants' hall, which was given up to him—for none of the servants would so much as look at him if they could help it,—and there, finding all the retainers and his brother pursuivant, he related before them all the discovery which he had made.

You would have thought that they were going to encounter that army of the Pope which had been so long on its way against England, but had never been seen. They drew their swords, swore with the utmost freedom and pleasantry, and invoked a great many sacred names, and a not impossible measure of destruction upon themselves, as witnesses and penalty, if they did not lay hold of the priest.

Foxe persuaded them to go up-stairs quietly, and carried in his own hand a large crow-bar, of the kind since so highly approved by Orange landlords in Ireland. It may really be called the fortieth article. Reaching the place from which the sound proceeded, they all stood very still and listened. Foxe, Apollo again; the crow-bar enabling him to translate himself still better. They all heard it, winked, pulled each other's hair, shook their fists, made pleasant phantom pokes

with their swords in the air, and admirably imitated on the neck of the smallest of them the ceremony of decapitation.

Foxe terminated these sports and pastimes of the people of England by striking hard at the wood-work opposite to him. It sounded so solid, that for a moment he was confounded. But, with proper instinct, he lowered and lowered his blows towards the floor, till a blow on the panel which had admitted Father Preston discovered the secret.

Without a moment's hesitation he smashed the panel, flung himself on his knees, and looked in. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Foxe, we may be quite certain that the angels were not at all alarmed at his expressive face. And the object of their care and solicitude, waked suddenly out of a slumber, a really *facilis somnus*, showed not the slightest symptom of alarm. Foxe, quite up to these matters, slipped his hand through the great hole which he had made, undid the bolt, pushed back the slide, and, in a moment, stood inside the hiding-hole. The other pursuivant followed. Foxe desired the retainers to remain outside in the passage.

"Truly, a pleasant place," said Master Foxe; "airy, at all events. Yet methinks my lady's withdrawing-room would be better for a gentleman of the house." Father Preston, who had now got up, said nothing. "Always supposing," continued Foxe, "that you are the gentleman we are looking for,—Alfred Preston, Jesuit; friend of Edmund Campian, Jesuit, and the seminary priests, all traitors, lately put to death for treason against the queen's highness that now is."

"My name," said Father Preston, "is Alfred Preston."

"Marry now," said Foxe, "I thought so. You see I am a wizard, though I practise no black art. You shall come with us, sir. And we will take you with or without your fatherly blessing."

Alfred Preston said nothing. He was a priest, and did not forget that he was one, and recollected his duty. Human frailty only went so far as that the blood of his race for a moment warmed in him as he heard himself, on his father's land, jibed by such a caitiff. But it was gone in a moment as his eye fell upon the crucifix. He answered with most perfect placidity that he was ready to go. The pursuivants and retainers were taking him down-stairs hand-cuffed, and on the stairs met the squire.

He was greatly astonished; for all had been done so quickly that the news had not got into the house; and it so happened that no one had heard the breaking of the panel. But in time astonishment gave way to the liveliest indignation.

“Jew dog!” he said to Foxe, who was leading his brother. The crew all raised their swords.

“Patience, Benedict,” said the priest. “There is no use in being angry. They are but doing what they are bid.”

“Good lack,” said Foxe, “to see how some gentlemen take on! Why, Master Preston, I take it this is your brother that we have been looking for so long. When did you go to church last, Master Preston, to hear service and sermon orderly according to the queen her highness’s laws and religion? Surely this must be looked to, Master Preston.”

Father Alfred made signs to his brother, as well as he could, to be quiet.

Stibbs, the ancient and trusty, coming on the stairs at the moment with one or two other men-servants, it seemed possible for a moment that there might be a fight and a rescue. But the overwhelming number of Foxe’s party made the squire himself feel, that to make a resistance would be only insuring death to his brother and destruction to his family. So the Gospellers came down the stairs. There, in the great hall, they made a group such as we see now in the picture hanging on the wall of that same room, painted not long after to match another, with the subject of which we will not yet acquaint the reader. But here they now stood, as you will see when you make your visit to the hall. Father Alfred Preston in the middle, held by Foxe on one side, and brother to Foxe on the other. All the retainers on his left; the squire, Apollonia Preston, and Stibbs on his right. Stibbs, in an attitude of grand disdain, with his right hand in a position looking very much as if it was fumbling for a sword. Behind them, men and women-servants; and in the foreground, close to your eye, the two little children, looking up most intently at Father Alfred, who meets their gaze with a look of the utmost affection. It is a fine *tableau*, even as we see it in the picture. What it was in life we may even now imagine. They barely gave Father Alfred time to get a travelling dress on. Then they got him to the door, put him on horseback behind one of the retainers, and rode off with him, through Stumpingford, to Soupington Grange.

In half-an-hour the whole brutal capture was begun and ended, and the house clear of one of its best-loved sons, and that perfectly English expression became realised—that a general gloom fell over it.

Nevertheless, brave squire and brave priest, *post tenebras lucem*; if not in your time, in ours, who are unworthy of you. We don’t think there is much use in dwelling on feelings. Our readers can supply those for themselves. It is the busi-

ness of the historian to supply the facts. He becomes something else if he supplies the sighs. The reader, Catholic or Protestant, unless a Protestant of the Orange and sombre sort, but especially if a Catholic, will easily imagine the fierce anger, and at the same time the misery and desolation, caused by an event of this character. As far as it is reasonable to do so, he may indulge his grief. In the present history it is but a small part of the horrible realities of that day that can be told—its inexorable lying, and breathless pursuit of blood. So we leave Preston Hall for the present. We will see it again by and by. It is not to be uprooted by this storm.

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## CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH WE ARE REFUSED TO HAVE THIS MAN TO REIGN OVER US.

LORD SOUPINGTON was surprised, pleased, and displeased, at a glance, when he found that a prisoner was actually brought to his house. He really had thought that, after all, Alfred Preston might not be there. He certainly did not wish to be himself the instrument of destruction to a Preston. However, there was no help for it. All was done in form. He spoke as kindly as he could to Alfred Preston, whom he had known in their early youth, before he went to Rome; and despatched him, under the care of Foxe and the pursuivants, and a few of his own retainers, to the privy-council in London. It is not necessary, as we are not compiling a guide-book, to say what number of miles lay between Soupington or Stumpingford, and London. It is enough to say that, on a sorry jade, guarded as we have seen, Alfred Preston arrived in London. Brought before the privy-council, and bullied in the usual manner with imputations of treason, he at once admitted that he was a priest, a Jesuit, and had received holy orders in Rome; and further, that he had come to this country for the special purpose of reconciling people to the Catholic Church. This was enough. By a happy and unusual forgetfulness, if it was forgetfulness, or by the recollection of the power which the name of Preston still bore, he was spared the barbarous and habitual trial of the rack, which Father Campian and others suffered without mercy. The Catholic reader will recollect from the ever-memorable pages of the venerable Bishop Challoner how Elizabeth's privy-council tortured priests to make them reveal where they said Mass,



where they preached, and even the matter of confessions; but without success. Father Alfred Preston escaped this, and was reserved to be brought to a speedy trial for high treason. On an early day in March, having been previously arraigned, and having pleaded "not guilty," he was brought to trial in the Queen's Bench at Westminster. The attorney and solicitor-general of the day, and a third queen's counsel, were against him; and he defended himself. The same chief justice who had, as far as he was concerned, given Father Campian a fair trial, now tried Father Preston. England was in some amazement at these doings. The dreadful outrages of Henry VIII., his butcheries of queens, his judicial murders of his own kinsfolk, the burnings for all sorts of opinions inflicted by Cranmer, the executions of religious simply for denying his absurd and hateful claim to spiritual supremacy, the continuation of some of these things in the reign of the child whom he left to fill his throne, and the terrible measures which the advisers of Mary thought necessary, to destroy, if it were possible, the root from which most of those enormities had sprung,—these sad things, the fruitful source, even in our own day, of disunion and vindictive hatred, had in some measure familiarised the people with scenes of cruelty and suffering for religious opinions. But in a country which little more than twenty years before had been united to Christendom, and had formed one of the great body of kingdoms where the ancient, and we may indeed say the only known religion of Christ was practised, it was still a circumstance of mark and interest to witness the trial, hear the condemnation, and view the last agonies of a priest, so treated because he was one. Accordingly, Father Alfred Preston's trial brought a good many into court as listeners. It was also known that he was of gentle blood; a thing never undervalued in England. So they came to see the brave stag brought to bay.

Putting aside something of the cumbersomeness of the language of that day, we will give a short account of this trial.

After hearing his indictment read to him,—to the effect that he had conspired against the queen's majesty, and for the destruction of the religion established by her majesty in this realm; that he had countenanced an invasion of this country at Rome and Rheims; and that he had come to England, having been made priest in Rome, to seduce the queen's subjects from her majesty's religion, and their duties and allegiances to her,—he denied all treason and conspiracy, and project of invasion, and generally pleaded "not guilty" to the indictment; whereupon the queen's counsel spoke thus:

"My lord, your good lordship knows that there never was

such gracious peace and contentment in this most glorious realm of England as hath been ever since the queen's majesty came to the enjoyment of the crown royal, to these our own days. In which, God be thanked, we have enjoyed, and do yet enjoy, such blessings as I verily believe shall not elsewhere be found. Whereupon our great enemy, and hers, the Pope, the *antiquus hostis*, as I shall take leave to call him, much envying that we, who are separated from him, should have such success and prosperity, hath contrived, and doth now contrive, how he may spoil all. So here, of late years, have come unto us the new men of the new company of JESUS, as they will have it called, lately set up by one Ignatius, and confirmed at Rome by Paulus Tertius, of whom this Preston is one. And seminary priests, alas, also, of whom your lordship hath had experience, but with whom we have nothing to do this day. Known it is to all Europe with what infinite zeal Ignatius and his company have set themselves to the conversion of those whom they call heretics. Yea, that they even swear so to do. Also, it is known what deadly hatred, in special, the Pope and his cardinals bear to this realm of England, and to the queen's majesty that now is, the true, lawful, and undoubted successor to the crown imperial of England. How they labour with Spain to invade this her country, and to take away the crown from her head, and to set up in her stead a queen whose only affection is to Popery, and the rites thereof. And by just consequence knowing that we in England are much affected to men of our own tongue, and seeing that by native language plots and treasons are best devised and followed, this Pope cunningly persuadeth popishly inclined families among us to send their sons beyond seas, contrary to her majesty's good laws provided in that behalf, among whom that house of Preston is one, out of whom this man now here to be tried is sprung. And I pray your lordship to take good note of him, for we are told that he is a man learned beyond his fellows, very crafty and subtle, and was harboured with much privy in his brother's house at Preston Hall—alas, that I should say it—in this her majesty's realm of England. It is true, that he hath not been long in England, leastwise so far as we have any knowledge. But doubtless during the time that he hath been here, for all his privateness and retiredness, he has wrought all the mischief that a Jesuit can. Which, how much it is, your lordship well knoweth. And so I leave him to his trial."

Now, the trials in those golden, though, as we have observed, not immortal days, were conducted with a conversational freedom, with which, probably to our advantage, we

have ceased to be acquainted. It was a fair encounter of wits ; a good set duel of words. Very exciting to the hearers, more exciting to the counsel, and most exciting, we should think, to the prisoners ; the counsel arguing for promotion from the queen's highness, and the prisoners arguing that they might not be hanged, and then abdominally dissected during life. So, after this speech from the queen's counsel, Father Preston had his turn.

" I am," said he, " a priest, and a Jesuit. I am also her majesty's subject born. I never desired, nor intended to be subject of any other prince or potentate. I owe her my allegiance, and she has it. I never plotted treason against her at Rheims or Rome. I never desired to see the Spaniard in England. And I am sure that you can give proof of none of these things against me."

Then the attorney-general resumed the conversation.

" But, Preston, how is it that you shall be a true subject of the queen's highness, and yet be a true servant of the Pope, seeing that the Pope is the greatest enemy in the world to her majesty's laws and her religion ?"

*Father Preston.* " I wonder much, Mr. Attorney, that one like yourself, read in the ancient laws of this realm, should make such an objection to me. I pray you, who appointed the bishops and archbishops of this country these thousand years past, till our fathers' times ? Did not the Pope at Rome ? Did he not often deny the king to have his own way in those spiritual matters ; and yet, were they not good subjects of his crown imperial whom he appointed, and obedient to the laws and constitution of this realm ?"

*Att.-gen.* " All this goeth for naught, Preston. By our laws there is now no Pope for England. His grace of Canterbury, next under the queen's highness, ruleth the Church in this province. Her majesty is supreme over all."

*Father Preston.* " I grant it willingly, saving in matters spiritual and ecclesiastical."

*Att.-gen.* " So, then, her majesty is not supreme ?"

*Father Preston.* " No. Not over the Church of CHRIST."

Then witnesses were summoned. There were only two—Oreb and John Foxe. Oreb deposed that on the 18th November last past he saw a man dressed as a pedlar come into the courtyard of Preston Hall, who was at once admitted into the house. And that there was not, nor had been within his recollection, any such pedlar at Preston before. And that he watched, and never saw that pedlar go away from the house ; nor did any neighbour, that he could hear. And how, on the day following, though no pedlar was seen about Preston Hall, there

should nevertheless appear a gentleman of worship, who went by the name of Esquire Ambrose Perkins, and that the prisoner at the bar was the same gentleman that was called Ambrose Perkins as aforesaid. And how, to his certain knowledge, Esquire Ambrose Perkins, that is to say, Father Alfred Preston, used to hear confessions and say Mass in a little chapel at the top of Preston Hall; for that he, Oreb, had crept up to the door after they were all at their Mass, and had seen them there, and, namely, Father Alfred Preston saying it. And that he had heard talk of it, and of the hearing confessions among the servants of the house.

Oreb looked rather abashed under Father Alfred Preston's eyes; but bore it pretty well, and was most familiarly and pleasantly drunk at night, in Eastcheap, with John Foxe the pursuivant; who next appeared.

John Foxe deposed to the finding of Father Alfred in the hiding-hole of Preston Hall, but declared, with evident compunction, that the massing furniture had escaped him; he could find it nowhere. However, there was the Breviary, and the most profane crucifix, which he had found in the hiding-hole with Preston. And, suiting the action to the word, he flung down both book and crucifix in a burly manner upon the table of the court. The chief justice, who had not quite forgotten what he had learnt when he was young, did, however, very nearly forget himself at this, gave a little start on his bench, and had almost blessed himself by mistake.

“*Quid adhuc desideramus testimonium?*” said the attorney-general; “what need have we of further witness? Here he hath told us himself that he is a Jesuit, that he has received holy orders abroad, that he denies the queen's highness's supremacy. And we have found him harbouring as a pedlar, and then as a worshipful esquire, and hearing confessions, and saying Mass, contrary to the religion now established and her majesty's laws in that behalf. He has also kept company with her majesty's enemies abroad; and there is no just reason for us to doubt that the man who was in companies where her majesty's death, or removal from the crown imperial, was propounded, should be a party also to the schemes himself. What more can we want? *Reus est mortis*,—he is guilty of death; and thereupon we demand the verdict of the jury. Give your verdict to her highness and your country.”

The lord chief justice then turned to Father Preston, and addressing him with courtesy, told him that he had heard the charge and the proof against him. And that now he, the

chief justice, would sit there to hear his defence as long as he pleased.

Father Preston's defence did not occupy the good chief justice very long. The March evening was closing in. Every body had made up their minds as to the issue of the trial, none more decidedly than Father Preston himself. "I am accused," said he, "of serving a foreign prince, and giving to him the allegiance which I owe to my queen, which is false. But yet, Mr. Attorney and her majesty's counsel have so handled my cause as that these good men of the jury, albeit they are as honest as any in Westminster, may well be deceived by so artful practice. I have said with all sincerity, as I say again, that I profess myself, and am, her majesty's true and faithful subject; remembering what is said in the Gospel, *Reddite ergo quæ sunt Cæsaris Cæsari*,—render therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. But, seeing that He that gave this precept said also, *et quæ sunt Dei Deo*,—and to God the things that are God's,—in that sense I obey the Pope. And truly he—the Pope—is a foreign prince. But, I pray you, was the Christian religion born in this realm of England? Is Bethlehem in any of her majesty's shires? Or does the Mount of Calvary stand here at Tybourne? So the religion itself is altogether foreign. And you got your religion in times past from that great Pope Elutherius, who sent missioners here as the holy Pope that now is has sent me and others, who have come and intend to come, in spite of death, to reconcile those of this miserable country to the true faith and Church. I own all this. But as for treason against her majesty's person or government, I utterly deny it, in the presence of God and His holy angels, before whom you, my lord, and you, Mr. Attorney and queen's counsel, and you of my jury, must presently appear."

Such addresses as these, the truth of which every body knows who hears them, have nevertheless in Elizabethan, and indeed in other times, failed of their effect. Nobody had any belief—of all in that court—that Father Preston, or Father Campian himself, had any design against the queen. But it was convenient to assert the authorised delusion; and it could not be denied that, according to that law the ingenuity of which we have before noticed, obstinately refusing to take the oath of the queen's supremacy in spiritual matters was made treason. So, with this strange jumble of evidence before them, the jury were sent out to consider their verdict. They remained an hour in deliberation. Probably the scruples which the astute Cecil and Walsingham swallowed so easily, a little affected the less brawny consciences of these men. But

at the expiration of that time they came into court again with the desired verdict, and pronounced Father Preston guilty. The lord chief justice pronounced sentence in the usual form, and Father Preston was removed back to his prison. No satisfaction was expressed at the verdict by the hearers; but those who sympathised with Father Preston did not venture to give utterance to their horror. So here we have an early Elizabethan testimony against a foreign prince and a foreign God.

[To be continued.]

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R. P. S. ON THE DESTINY OF THE UNREGENERATE,  
IN REPLY TO J. S. F.

DEAR SIR,—I hope that you feel no displeasure at my having plunged your periodical into a controversy to which there need be no limits but those of the patience of yourself and your readers. I trust that I do not overstep those limits in asking you to allow me to reply to the letter and questions of “J. S. F.” in your last number.

The preamble of the letter I find more difficult to answer than the questions with which it concludes; for it consists of insinuations—gentle indeed, and courteous, and perfectly justifiable, but still insinuations—that I personally have no vocation to meddle with the matters on which I have written. J. S. F. commences his remonstrance by reminding me that the subject of original sin is one than which none can be more important, none on which it is more mischievous to speak incorrectly, more hazardous to speak any thing novel, any thing of my own. Then he goes on to say, that he cannot imagine that any part of this question has not been thoroughly discussed; and, apparently, concludes that my not having found a professed treatise upon the question must be attributed to my ignorance or carelessness rather than to the non-existence of the work. The most complete method of establishing this part of his case would have been to point out a book upon “original sin as affecting the destiny of unregenerate man,” instead of assuming its existence. I only say, that I have made inquiries of competent theologians, who have told me that there is no such book; and have searched in one of the best libraries of Europe without having found it. I do not say that it does not exist, but that it is very difficult to find;

more difficult than a book containing the answer to questions which at present so prominently occupy the popular mind ought to be. If no such book exists, the deficiency seems very natural; the destiny of those who are left in a state of nature is one that in itself has but little practical interest for theologians. "What have I to do," says St. Paul, speaking of the most vicious non-Christians, "to judge them that are without?" The question, What would become of us if we were not Christians? is a mere speculation for us. The one practical question is, What will become of us now we are Christians, or have had the opportunity of becoming such? Natural life may be life to the natural man, but "none of us will dare to think the life he now lives to be the true life."\* Till the subject was forced on theologians from without, it would be unlikely to occupy much of their attention.

Moreover, have theologians any more exhausted the field of theological speculation than philosophers that of natural science? The great root of Catholic doctrine is gemmed all over with eyes or germs, so minute as to escape attention, but vigorous enough to shoot out with wide ramifications when the surrounding conditions are favourable to their growth. Such occasions are the existence of speculative opinions analogous to, or of heresies opposed to, the dogma to be developed. As new generations of men, with new ideas, press round the root, it sends forth new fibres to meet their new wants. Thus an opinion never before mooted may suddenly occupy the thoughts of all professors and the pens of all controversialists. It would be curious to examine the history of the sudden and temporary developments of minor religious questions, to show how in different ages different observances or opinions have appeared to be the very turning-points of orthodoxy, till time has reduced them to their proper proportions; to trace them rising to the surface one after another, each occupying the whole attention of the speculators of its day, receiving more or less elucidation and definition, and at last becoming embalmed in a formula which is received, tolerated, or countenanced, as the case may be.

And what determines the succession of these points of controversy? Not the simple fancy of theologians. A man's speculations receive their main interest from their connection with the questions of the day: without this the most brilliant writings will fall flat. By it inferior productions are often brought into notoriety. The disputes which arise, not in the still waters of the Church's harbour, but in the stormy sea without,—the doctrines of the heretical bodies that rage round

\* St. Hil. Pict. in Ps. 118, v. 77.

her breakwaters,—are, as Dr. Newman says, “the indices and anticipations of the mind of the Church. . . . Heresies in every age may be taken as the measure of her thought, and of the movement of her theology; they determine in what way the current is setting, and the rate at which it flows.”\* Divines do not determine the movement of heresies; but heresies, by necessitating an antagonism, determine the thought of theologians.

Neither, again, do divines anticipate heresies, so much as heresies anticipate the divines. Dr. Newman shows how several heresies—such as Montanism or that of the Donatists—were but an impatient anticipation of doctrines and practices to which the Church, with more patient steps, was slowly wending her way. Individual fathers, or heretics themselves, furnished the “raw material,” which she gradually converted to her own uses. “Doctrine is percolated, as it were, through different minds, *beginning with writers of inferior authority* in the Church, and issuing at length in the enunciation of her doctors.”

These considerations serve to explain my feeling, that I have the right, if not the vocation, to discuss a question that has not been fully treated, and to propound views which are certainly no integral part of Catholic tradition; or if contained in its documents, are yet present in so occult a form, and are treated in so cursory a manner, that they can hardly be said to form part of the body of theological doctrines. It might be said that if the “spirit of the age,” the difficulties of Catholics, or the errors of heretics, required the development of such views, they would be produced in some other form than a letter of an anonymous scribbler to a miscellaneous periodical; that there is a legitimate authority to provide for these needs, without requiring a person without name or station to usurp the oracular office. But surely growth begins from below; the movement begins at the circumference, and gradually penetrates to the centre, where the infallible authority resides to give the final response, but not to take the initiative of the first questioning, and the earliest expression of the want. I do not know of a single case in ecclesiastical history where the decision of the central authority has anticipated the agitation of the circumferent masses. Heresies are but portions of such agitations: some phase of truth takes possession of a mass of men, to whom it presents itself as a contradiction to some current conception of Christian doctrine; for all popular error is based on some truth, real, though perverted. The denial of this truth only gives strength to the error. Success-

\* Newman, *Development*, p. 352.



fully to oppose the heresy, it is necessary not only to elucidate and secure the doctrine it attacks, but also to acknowledge the truth it contains, and to rectify this truth from the perversions to which it has been exposed. Thus, heresies serve a double purpose: they lead to the elucidation and security of the doctrine attacked; and they also lead to the clearer consciousness and acknowledgment of some other principle or truth which the one-sided and exclusive assertion of the doctrine had perhaps tended to compromise. In attempting to call attention to a neglected truth, I do not usurp the place of the doctor, but only do that which even heretics, or writers of inferior authority, are sometimes permitted to do. For myself I have no authority whatever, and I write anonymously, not only because my name would add no weight to my arguments, but also because it might, for all that I know, in some cases cause a prejudice against them. Authority, says Bacon, is like the long-bow; the force of the shaft depends on the muscle of the archer; argument, like a cross-bow, whose bolt is shot with equal strength by a child or by a giant.

Moreover, my anonymous disguise leaves me more at liberty to say things which people with names are afraid of uttering. Theologians in eminent places cannot be expected to risk their reputations by saying things that may be authoritatively proscribed. We in the lowest places deserve their thanks if we furnish to them the "raw material" on which they may use their keen-edged instruments of mental dissection.

I have further to make out a case for publishing such views to the miscellaneous readers of a periodical; and my apology is, that the errors I attempt to answer are now rife in every branch of English literature. English society is taught by nearly all its literary organs to treat the ordinary hell of the Christian priest as more or less a scarecrow. And this is not the case with Protestant writers only. In Mr. Digby's last book (*The Lovers' Seat*) I find the following sentences concerning exaggerated religionists: "The only preacher they like thoroughly is one who never tires of representing all the pains of hell as accurately as if he had passed many years in that republic . . . they see nothing but incentives to wrath on all sides; and making God to be like themselves, they believe that He must necessarily damn all the world . . . they are for terrifying babes with painted devils, but they know not how a soul is to be moved." It is the tendency of the age to scrutinise and to deny the Catholic doctrine of eternal punishment. This error is to be met, not by an obstinate adherence to old exaggerations, but by a frank acknowledg-

ment of the modicum of truth which *must* be concealed within a movement so universal and so popular. Many of the readers of the *Rambler* are laymen of education, persons who used to be supposed in another communion to have some authority in matters theological, and who still take great interest in the study and discussion of such questions. Some of them have frequent occasions for speaking to those whom no priest can approach, when they can explain the doctrines of the Church, and solve the difficulties of objectors. What is such a person to do if he is questioned by some young man, steeped in the universalist notions of the day, on the teaching of the Church with regard to the future state of unconscious infants and ignorant pagans who die without baptism? Is he to say bluntly that the "more Catholic" opinion is that they all alike go to hell, to the fire prepared for the devil and his angels, there to burn with them eternally? What would be the young man's immediate answer? That he never will believe a Church whose teaching commits such an outrage on the natural conscience, and on the deepest feelings of humanity. He will perhaps acknowledge that he had felt misgivings as to his own future lot, and that he was prepared to believe all that the Church threatened with regard to him, and to apply to her for means of saving himself; but when he found her opinions of the state of the infant and infidel so repugnant to natural equity, of which he was sure long before he ever heard of her claims, how could he feel more confidence in her opinion of his destiny? If she is wrong in a case which he can almost see and touch, how shall he trust her in things where he cannot test her truth? He is quite ready to cast his lot with these poor infants; if the Church has no more to threaten to him than to them, he has very little to fear. He would not like to be classed simply with Cain and Judas; but when all the crowd of infants and ignorants is added to them,—

"le turbe ch' eran molte e grande,  
E d' infanti, e di femmine, e di viri,"—

then, indeed, multitude gives confidence. He can easily bear all that justice can inflict on a body so constituted. To have such companions is sufficient surety against the misery denounced; with such, if with any,

*ἰσομοίρια τῶν κακῶν μετὰ πολλῶν, κούφισιν ἔχει μεγίστην.\**

There certainly has been an exaggeration on these points. During the Pelagian controversy the sufferings of unregene-

\* Thucydides.—"The sharing of evils with a multitude is the greatest alleviation."

rate infants were exaggerated, in order to induce an abhorrence of original sin. As for adults, the missionary who had to induce pagans to embrace Christianity would be tempted to paint their future lot in the blackest colours. In comparison to the supernatural life offered, natural life is but death; and the transition is easy from a comparative to an absolute death. It was also convenient to represent that state in as terrifying a way as possible. As the Roman schemer said,

“Expedit esse deos, et ut expedit esse putemus,”—\*

It is convenient that there should be gods; let us think them to be such as it is convenient they should be: so Christians, when they found how useful it was to work on the fears of mankind, were tempted to exaggerate the gloom of the natural destiny of man. “The name of torment,” says St. Thomas,† explaining away the hard things said by the fathers about the future state of infants, “of punishment, hell, and torture, and whatever similar thing is found in the writings of the saints, is to be taken in a wide sense for penalty, as the species for the genus. But the reason why the saints used such a mode of speaking, was in order to render contemptible the error of the Pelagians, who asserted that there was no sin in children, and that no penalty was due to them.” Such expressions should rather be “explained away than extended”—*potius exponendæ quam extendendæ*.

It appears certain that in the time of St. Augustine it was reckoned Pelagian to allow to unregenerate infants a natural beatitude. However, the opinion has gradually worked its way into the Church, and is now perhaps commonly held. “The loss of the vision of God,” says St. Thomas,‡ “is the proper and only penalty of original sin after death. . . . But in the other perfections and goodness which belong to human nature by its own right, those who are damned for original sin will suffer no detriment.” This is a specimen of the “anticipations” of heresies. In a similar way there appears now a growing disposition among theologians to admit the same thing with regard to “negative infidels,” whom they place in the same class with infants.

It was to prove this point, and no other, that I used the authority of Dante. I certainly never dreamed that I had found in his poem the true determination of the “very difficult subjects” of the “natural destiny” and “natural grace,” as J. S. F. seems to suppose. I maintain, however, that I had perfectly good reasons to use his authority in the way I did.

\* Ovid.

† Quæst. v. de Malo, art. 2, ad 1.

‡ In 2 Sent. dis. 33, q. 2, art. 1.

He has done what I at a long distance attempt to imitate: he has provided for the people, in their own language, a determination of questions which were discussed among theologians under the veil of a learned tongue and a scientific nomenclature. Moreover, he did it without authorisation, without being a clergyman, without any call to teach; and yet he was accepted as the popular teacher of the Catholics of Italy; his poem was the text-book of professors in the great universities of that country, and became an authority, of a different stamp, but equal in influence, to the writings of St. Thomas or St. Augustine himself. It was never proscribed by the Holy See; and for all that I can find, even the canto which I quote has not been blamed by any theologian except Berti, to whom St. Alphonsus was not disposed to attribute very high authority. Now this Dante speaks of the "multitudinous and mighty crowds of infants and of women and of men" whom he saw in "Limbus," and of whom his guide told him—"These sinned not; and if they had merits, it avails not, for they died unbaptised . . . . or if they lived before Christ, they adored not God duly. . . . For such defects," continues the guide, "and for no other guilt, are we lost, but only thus far punished, that without hope, we live in desire." It was from this very place that Adam, Abel, Abraham, and the other patriarchs had been rescued; here Dante converses with the ancient sages about "things which it is well to leave in silence, as it was well to speak of them there;" from which it is evident that he considered the knowledge of those spirits as extending to things which it is unlawful to utter on earth. Further, it is to be remarked that he places here not only the celebrities of Paganism, who never came into contact with Christianity, but also those of Mahometanism, who could scarcely have been in the same "invincible ignorance;" Saladin, who was even on courteous terms with the Crusaders, Avicenna, and Averrhoes. Now I submit, that before any one blames me for teaching the same things in the same way (making abstraction of poetry and style), he ought first to show that Dante was to blame. I use Dante, not as an authority for the things themselves—though he has become so, since his works have gone through so protracted an ordeal of ecclesiastical scrutiny,—but as an authority for me, for my own personal justification. I say, you cannot condemn me, unless you first condemn Dante.

And I go further, and say, that the fact of Dante's having, unrebuked, taught this to his countrymen for centuries, gives me a right to "blazon it to the universalist as *the Catholic doctrine on the subject.*" I do not mean, of course, that it is

a dogma of the Church,—for the Church appears to have made no definition on the subject;—or that those who maintain the contrary are not Catholics. But I mean, that when the universalist asks me what is the Catholic opinion upon this subject, I shall tell him this, which I hold myself, without feeling it necessary to make the humiliating confession, that though my opinion is allowable, yet the more Catholic one, the more frequent in books, whatever it may be in popular belief, is, that even infants are subject to some sensible pains, and that all men who have ever attained years of discretion have had sufficient opportunities for salvation, of which some few scores of persons in infidel and heathen lands have probably made use, and have been saved, while all the rest are consigned to eternal torments.

I will now proceed to answer the questions which J. S. F. puts to me. He asks me whether I do not hold the following three propositions:

“1. Man has *in hęc providentię*, *i. e.* in the present scheme of providence, a natural end or destiny, namely, the natural knowledge and enjoyment of God.

“2. Man in his fallen nature (*in lapsę naturę*) may attain to his natural end by the observance of natural law, all the obligations of which he can fulfil by his own natural strength, aided by a special help of God (natural grace), and without the grace of Christ (*gratia Redemptoris*).

“3. Man in his fallen nature can, without being raised to the state of adoption, obtain the remission of mortal sin committed against the natural law.”

The first proposition I affirm, with some explanations. First, as regards the term *in hęc providentię*. Of course I do not mean by it, in the Christian dispensation, in the scheme of providence in which the lot of J. S. F. and myself are cast. I am talking simply of negative infidels, of infants and those who are theologically in the state of infants. For them, in the present scheme of things, there is a natural end. Secondly, I do not assert that man has a natural end, *and also a supernatural end*, as J. S. F. kindly concedes my meaning to be; but that man was originally created for, and still for the integrity and perfection of all his natural powers requires to be graced by, a supernatural destiny; but that where, through causes connected with the fall of man, and not through his own fault, he fails of this, there is a lower and substituted end which he can attain, where, though he cannot enjoy all that his beatified nature is capable of, yet he enjoys all, and more than all, that nature left to its own thoughts can imagine or wish for. Nature never dreamed any thing better than

Elysium, and *that* nature can gain. My assertion is, therefore, that man has a supernatural end, and in default of that, from causes which he cannot control, a natural end. Thirdly, I do not consider this natural end to be any thing metaphysically final and perfect. An immortal spirit can have no "last end" that is not eternal, and therefore infinite. A natural end can only be indefinite, and the enjoyment of it can never be perfect, but only, as I said in May, "provisional, successive, and progressive." A happiness made up of parts, none of which is perfect, but where hope gilds the future and makes up for present disappointment; where a fresh prospect comes into view the moment that the old one is lost, indefinite variety doing what it can to supply the place of the infinite. Therefore, fourthly, the word "end" in the expression "natural end," is not to be taken in a metaphysical, but in a moral sense; it means a good that can be naturally enjoyed, and may be a legitimate object of the actions and the aims of man. Theologians may despise such aims, and transcendental philosophers, who

"Dum vitant humum, nubes et inania captant,"—

rise from the ground, only to gain the less solid realms of cloud and vacuum, may despise the simple enjoyment of common minds;

"May view with anger and disdain  
How little gives them joy or pain—  
A print, a bronze, a flower, a root,  
A shell, a butterfly can do't."

But let divines and philosophers speak for themselves, and poets and the people for themselves. Theologians reckon a natural end to be mere misery; it is so for them. But for the natural man, what a happiness to fathom "this unfathomable world," this work so deep that man cannot find it out from the beginning to the end! which interests even the inspired prophet, who rejoices in God's works, who finds them great, and "exceeding deep." Surely,

"Though such motives folly you may call,  
The folly's greater to have none at all."

In the fifth place, I by no means confine this natural beatitude to the philosophic contemplation of God, but I also include in it, as I said in my letter, "a progressive insight into nature; perhaps an administration of some of the powers of the material universe." St. Augustine anticipates this employment for souls deprived of the beatific vision: "God wishes to put all orders of things under the orders of spirits: it is good for the universe that matter should be ruled even by re-

probate souls, because matter is far inferior even to a damned soul. The creature that sins is punished by creatures of an inferior order, which are so very low that they are honoured by being tended even by sinful souls. In a household there is nothing more noble than man, nothing more low than the cesspool; yet if a slave is detected in a fault, and punished by being set to clean out the cesspool, his degradation is the honour and ornament of the sewer, and so contributes to the harmonious economy of the whole." Again, "Every soul is more excellent than any matter, the lowest spirit than the highest material being, a damned soul than light itself."\*

Now it is unquestionable that to a soul which had "tasted of the heavenly gift," and the hope of the supernatural life, such employment would be perdition; the soul would be eternally punished by a disgust for its work, and by envy of those in a superior order. Yet since, as St. Thomas says, "no rational person is afflicted at not having that which exceeds his capacity, but only for wanting that of which he was in some way capable—as no wise man grieves because he cannot fly like a bird, or because he is not king or emperor, when such rank is not due to him. . . . therefore infants" (and I add, those in the state of infants), "who were never capable of gaining eternal life, because it is not due to them by principles of nature, since it is beyond all the natural powers, and who could never exercise the proper acts for obtaining this great good, will have no sorrow whatever for the want of the vision of God; on the contrary, they will rather rejoice in that they will have a large share of God's goodness and of natural perfections."† Such souls, who have had nothing but nature to teach them, will be conscious of no degradation in having to perform the menial offices of the universe, and to superintend the functions of nature. For what does nature teach? Man left to himself knows nothing but self; yet he has fear, awe, veneration, pointing to a higher being than himself. Who is this? God. And what is God? The Maker of the world. But how Maker? How can we, left to ourselves, imagine or invent a maker of whom the world is not at least a part? How can we suppose that all we see was once nothing, and that the only true Being is something that we can neither see, nor imagine, nor understand? No; man left to himself can only abase himself below things that are lower than he is, till the spiritual being venerates and worships that which is far inferior to it,—the earth, the sea, the stars, even plants, and brute beasts themselves!

\* St. Augustine de libero arbitrio, lib. iii. §§ 16, 24, 27.

† St. Thomas in 2 Sent. dist. 33, q. 2, art. 2.

To such a soul to be set over the operations which he formerly worshipped would appear to be a wonderful advance, would seem to fulfil all, and more than all, his wildest dreams of ambition.

I am aware that though a state of enjoyment is conceded to infants, the general opinion is, that as soon as man comes to the use of reason, he is bound to think of the salvation of his soul; if he does this, grace comes, and his original sin is remitted; if he does it not, such omission is a mortal sin. Thus St. Thomas, in a sentence I omitted from the last quotation, asserts that "every man having the use of free-will is capable of obtaining eternal life, because he can prepare himself to receive grace, by which he will merit eternal life. If he fails to do this, he will suffer the most acute sorrow, because he loses that which might have been his." But in order to obtain eternal life what are ignorants to do? "They must be faithful to the light which God gives them; they must abstain from idolatry, and from all evil that their conscience condemns; and at least once in their life supply for the want of the sacraments by an act of perfect love of God." But how can the three hundred and sixty millions of Chinese, in whose language there is absolutely no name for God that is not appropriated either to the heavens, or the emperor, or Buddha, or Confucius,—how can the degraded savages of Borneo and New Holland, of Africa and the Pacific islands, rise to such acts? In St. Thomas's time it was considered certain that no nation was without an idea of God. Modern discovery shows the futility of this opinion: perhaps no nation is known which does not preserve traces of a former knowledge of God, but many are known where there is no actual and present knowledge of Him, no name which the missionaries are able to apply to Him! What are we to think of these, unless we class them with the "negative infidels," with those infantine nations to whom Cardinal Sfondrati and Père Actorie assign a natural beatitude in the Limbus of infants?

Again, if there is no natural end of man, how do you justify God in permitting the death of infants? Divines tell us that "God is not bound to invert the established course of nature in their behalf; for logically considered, God first established the order of nature, then superadded the order of grace, which is thus subject to the vicissitudes of nature. Therefore, if nature causes a child to die before it can be baptised, it happens unintentionally on God's part (*præter intentionem Dei*)." But how, after we have been told that one soul is of more value than the whole material universe, can we believe that God would suffer such a soul to lose the



one only end of its existence (if there is only one such end), for want of the simplest interference with the common course of nature? It would be so easy to send a priest, to suspend the death for a few hours, to inspire some bystander with the idea of baptising the child, that we must have a very harsh idea of God if we believe that He would rather allow a soul of almost infinite value to perish, rather than interpose in so superficial a way. Yet it is unquestionable that He does allow the overwhelming majority of infants thus to perish, or rather, as Cardinal Sfondrati teaches, though they are lost to the beatitude of heaven, yet He reserves some other good for them, for they belong to another end and class of providence—*ad alium finem classemque Providentiæ pertinere*.

But further; does the difficulty end with infants? Does not the established order of nature take the precedence of the order of grace with regard to adults also? Does death wait for them till they have the opportunity of being called and instructed? Was there any interposition of Providence to direct apostles to those hordes of savages whose very being is a modern discovery, and the possibility of whose existence was strenuously denied by St. Augustine and St. Boniface? How can a man think of the salvation of his soul, when he does not think he has a soul to save?—of worshipping God, when his tribe has not even a name for God?—of avoiding sin, when the first duties he is taught are treachery to his neighbour, and cannibalism towards his foes? He knows no precepts beyond his own instincts; and the law of God can never be said to be so urgent upon him as to require us to believe that he has supernatural grace for its fulfilment.

We might go on step by step from these savages to civilised pagans like the Chinese; from these to the ancient Greeks and Romans; from these perhaps to those outcasts of religion in Christian countries who have been left in utter ignorance, who have been scandalised by false teachers, and to whom the claims of the Church were never presented so as to appear more probable than those of the sect to which they adhered. Providence acts towards all these as it does towards infants. No supernatural interposition interrupts in their favour the course of nature and of society. How far they may be in the case of infants, no one but God can decide; even the apostle disclaims the right of judging of their condition in His sight. "What have I to do to judge them that are without?" But if they are in the case of infants, then the natural end of in-

\* I allude to the denial of the existence of antipodes, which was on this very ground, that in that case there would be another world, to which Christ was not preached.

fants is offered to them for their pursuit; then, though excluded from supernatural happiness, they may look for a deathless enjoyment in the natural contemplation and love of God, in the study of nature, and in social life.

Baius was condemned for saying that God could not have created man at first in the same condition as he is now born; and also for declaring that the opinion of divines, that the first man might have been created and constituted by God without original justice, was false. I therefore affirm my right to hold that man is now born in a condition in which He might have originally created him, who can create nothing that is not very good, and that man might well have been created without the gift of original justice; without that gift, which alone enabled nature to aspire to the supernatural. Our nature, then, even when cut off from the supernatural, is in itself good, perfect in its own order, such as might have come forth from God's creative hand without being a reproach to His goodness or wisdom. But to make even a material organism without an object is foolish; how much more to affirm that an intelligent nature like man's could be without an end! And yet such an affirmation seems to be necessary, if you deny that man has a natural end, in *cases where all knowledge of the supernatural end is precluded*. If it be denied that such a case can exist in adults, at any rate it exists in infants, and they have a natural end, and therefore fallen nature has a natural end; but I affirm that it exists also for those adults who are theologically in the state of infants, and that many adults are in this state even after they have attained the use of reason. And this I shall hold till you can show me that the Church has defined that supernatural grace, in itself sufficient to raise to a supernatural state, is actually given to all men without any exception who have natural powers of reason, whether or not they ever heard of baptism, or Christianity, or even of God Himself; whether or not the claims of the Church were ever brought before them in a probable manner. God never leaves any rational man without all the aids necessary to enable him to perform that which he then and there knows to be his duty; but is it certain that the performance of this duty deserves a supernatural reward? Cannot a pagan exercise all the natural virtues that he knows of, without being justified? St. Thomas\* supposes the case of a person brought up in the woods, and in all things following the guidance of natural reason in the desire of good, and the avoiding of evil; and thinks it certain that in such a case God would send an angel to preach to him, or at least give him a private

\* De Veritate, q. 14, art. 11, ad 1.

revelation, rather than leave him unjustified. Here he concedes the possibility of a complete obedience to the known law of nature before justification, even though he seems to think that God would be bound to interfere with the course of nature, in order to bring such a person within the kingdom of grace. I cannot see why such a man's soul is of more value than that of an infant, for whose sake God is bound to no such interference, nor why such a man should not be as happy in the limbus of infants as the children themselves. Why should not the man die in the course of nature an hour before the arrival of the angel, as the infant dies before the arrival of the priest?

To affirm that God is bound to send this angel, seems to affix conditions to the freedom of God's choice. In calling men into the Church, how many men of unimpeachable lives does He pass over, and how many careless immoral persons does He select! As we have no right to say that our acts merit God's supernatural grace, I cannot see why we should hold that a man's natural virtues, however perfect, necessarily and certainly attract that grace. The reasons of God's choice are mysterious. The reasons why those not chosen are left, and the destiny for which they are reserved, are also mysterious—equally unknown and unknowable. We only know that those who are left are not reserved for the supernatural end of man. On what pretext dare we deny them a natural end?

The second proposition that J. S. F. calls upon me to affirm or deny is—"Man in his fallen nature may attain to his natural end by the observance of the natural law; all the obligations of which he can fulfil by his own natural strength, aided by a special help of God (natural grace), and without the grace of Christ (*gratia Redemptoris*)."

This I also affirm, with the following explanations and reservations:

1. In the non-Christian there is a fulfilment of the natural law which may merit a supernatural reward; namely, when the person has received the supernatural gift, and has been justified by the secret operation of God's grace. But there is also a fulfilment of it which may take place before, and therefore without justification, as in St. Thomas's wild man of the woods, who was obedient to the whole law before he had the supernatural gift. Yet before this grace, his virtue does not merit a supernatural, though it does deserve a natural reward.

2. I should be sorry to say that man in the state of nature can absolutely fulfil *all* the obligations of the law of nature.

I simply assert that man in the state of nature has natural grace amply sufficient to enable him to gain his natural reward, and to avoid the eternal punishment due to the criminal under the natural law.

3. Though natural grace may enable a man to fulfil the law of nature, it does not enable him to fulfil it in the same sense, in the same way, or for the same end, as the justified non-Christian may fulfil it. It enables him to fulfil it so far as is required for his natural, not for his supernatural end.

4. I do not deny that this natural grace is a portion of the grace of Christ overflowing beyond the bounds of His Church; on the contrary, I used the words, "one Redeemer gives efficacy to repentance and expiation in the natural as well as in the supernatural system; natural and supernatural grace are streams from the same fountain, though they do not conduct to the same ocean." And in a note I said that "His kingdom extends over many economies," and that the redemption "has a direct special efficacy on men in the state of nature, which, though not transferring the person from the natural to the supernatural order, yet authorises and gives validity to natural sorrow and repentance." It is only because theologians have given such a precise and technical value to the term *gratia Redemptoris*, that I was obliged to distinguish it from the natural grace, without for a moment intending to imply that there is any grace given to man which does not in some way come from our blessed Lord.

5. With respect to the reality of what I call "natural grace," I adduce the authority first of Perrone, who, however "shallow," (as some persons are pleased to call him), yet has the distinction of being the recognised Professor of Theology in the Roman College, under the eyes of the Pope and Cardinals, and whose shallowness is perhaps nearer to safe common sense than the philosophic profundity of more pug-nacious divines.

Perrone, then, says,\* "If we are speaking simply of negative infidels, when we affirm that sufficient grace is provided for them, we do not mean that it is *supernatural both with respect to its substance and to its end*. For it is allowed that no graces properly called supernatural (even only with respect to their end) are given before the vocation to faith, from whatever quarter such vocation may come. . . . Wherefore the graces which we are considering, and which we prove to be given to infidels, are medicinal graces, by the *help of which they can fulfil the law of nature*, and overcome the difficulties opposed to its observance. But *the works performed by the*

\* Tract. de Gra. pars i. c. v. no. 437.

*aid of these helps are limited to the order of moral virtue" (i. e. the natural order).*

Perrone then goes on to say: "But if the infidels use these graces, greater help is given them, till at last God of His gracious goodness calls them to the supernatural end by the commencement of faith, occasioned either by preachers sent for the purpose, or by an angel, or by interior illumination, or by other means." But, I ask, what becomes of the infidel who dies while this work is going on; who is taken away before the transition from the "inchoate vivification" to "justification?"

My second authority is St. Augustine.\* Talking of the patience of heretics, by which they have sometimes suffered martyrdom rather than deny Christ, he says, "Is this patience, then, a gift of God? We must take care, if we call it a gift of God, lest we allow those who have it to be members of God's kingdom. Or if we deny it to be His gift, lest we be compelled to confess that without God's assistance and gift there can be any good in man's will. . . . Hence, as we cannot deny it to be a gift of God, we must understand that there are some of His gifts that belong to the children of the heavenly Jerusalem, the mother of us all, . . . and others which the children of the concubines can also receive, who are the carnal Jews, and schismatics and heretics. . . . Abraham in sending away the sons of the concubines gave them gifts, to prevent them being utterly destitute, not to constitute them his heirs. . . . If, then, we are the children of the free Jerusalem, let us understand that there are graces of the disinherited, and there are graces of the heirs; and those are heirs of whom it is said, 'Ye have received the spirit of adoption.'" Space will not allow me to do more than refer to two similar statements of St. Augustine (*contra Jul.* iv. c. 3, and *de Spirit. et Lit.* c. 27). With the countenance of these authorities I may perhaps be permitted to hold a "natural grace," a "grace of the disinherited," which enables them to perform the works of natural virtue, not for a supernatural, but for a natural end.

The third proposition, which I cannot find, "almost in the words in which it stands, repeated more than once," in my letter, as J. S. F. seems to be able to do, is as follows:

"Man in his fallen nature can, without being raised to the state of adoption, obtain the remission of mortal sin committed against the natural law."

I certainly do not hold this proposition, and I do not think that I ever wrote any thing like it. Mortal sin is that

\* Aug. de Patientia, cc. 24, 25.

which kills the supernatural life of the soul; the remission of mortal sin implies the restoration of this life. Original sin is the state of all who are not raised to the state of adoption, who therefore have no supernatural life, and are thereby in mortal sin. To say that a person continuing in this state can have a mortal sin remitted, is to say that a being who never had life can have life restored to him without living: it is like the story told of an Anglican confessor saying to a penitent, "I will give you absolution for your venial sins, but your mortal ones are too bad to be absolved." What I say is this: every one not raised to the state of adoption is, theologically speaking, damned; but the hell to which he is condemned contains all kinds of mansions, from Limbus to the deepest pit. If a pagan has committed murder or robbery, and thereby merited the pains of the pit, he can still, without meriting heaven, do a natural penance for his natural transgressions, can succour his fellow-creatures, can distribute alms, and show mercy on the poor, and become in all respects a good virtuous man, in spite of his former sin. At his death he will be damned (theologically speaking), but not to the pains which his youthful sins deserved, but to the Elysian joys which the virtues of his manhood have secured for him. This whole principle is laid down by St. Augustine, when he says *tolerabilius futurum judicium* to the heretic who practises the patience described in the last extract. The disinherited may render his "damnation more tolerable," may deserve to be sent not to the lowest, but to highest place of hell, not to the pit, but to Elysium, by making use of the natural grace, the "grace of the disinherited." By his penance he does not inherit eternal life, therefore his sin remains mortal; but he inherits Elysium instead of the pit, *therefore his penance is efficacious to the forgiveness of his sin within the order of nature.*

I believe I have now answered all J. S. F.'s questions; but I wish to say a few words concerning my theory of the beatific and damnific vision. As the beatific vision is the one supernatural end of man, as it is his joy in heaven, and his hope in purgatory; where, as Dr. Newman says, the soul lives on the momentary vision of its Judge, one glance of whom is sufficient for a century of sorrow in the nether earth;—so this vision ought to be the great penalty of hell: the sinner here never sees God; he must see Him at the judgment, or he will never know what he has lost; and this glance will embitter hell to all eternity. But now, as the gift of faith in this world is necessary for the vision of God that is to make us happy, why should it not be necessary for the vision that is to make

us miserable? To see God requires a supernatural gift. Is it likely that those who have died without this gift will have it conferred on them after death, simply to make them miserable? As the tree falls, it lies; that which falls in the natural state, and that which falls in the supernatural state, remain as they fall.

But further; even some supernatural graces can be received without raising the recipient to a supernatural state. Baius was condemned for rejecting the distinction of grace of the spirit moving the heart, but not yet inhabiting it, and grace of the indwelling spirit, whereby we are justified. Attrition is a gift of the former kind; and as it avails not for salvation without the sacrament, it is evident that, though a supernatural gift, it is insufficient to raise the recipient to a supernatural state. It disposes to the higher state, but does not confer it. Can we say that it has more effect for hell than heaven? that it avails more for punishment than for salvation? that it confers no right to supernatural happiness, but gives a liability to supernatural pain? St. Gregory Nazianzen,—“the only one of the fathers,” says Père Lallemand, “whose works contain no errors that have been condemned by the Church,” none of whose opinions St. Thomas will allow to be erroneous,\* and whose authority in Christian doctrine is so great, that no one ever presumed to calumniate his statements, any more than those of Athanasius, as St. Jerome says,—St. Gregory of Nazianzen, then, in his fortieth oration, speaking of those who have died without baptism, “either through being infants, or through some altogether involuntary accident preventing their reception of the gift even though they desired it”—who have “missed baptism through ignorance, or the tyranny of circumstances which unexpectedly deprived them of the power of receiving it,”—these, he says, “will neither be glorified nor punished by the just Judge; for though they were not baptised, they are without malice, and rather suffered than committed the loss.” There is, I know, a “baptism of desire;” there is a longing and a love which supersede the need of the sacrament: St. Gregory is not contemplating this perfect desire, but the ordinary good intentions, which, without the sacrament, do not justify. The man who dies in such does not gain heaven; but neither is he tortured in hell. “Not every one that deserves not punishment, thereby merits glory; nor is every man who merits not glory, thereby deserving of punishment. I consider the thing in this way. If you think that a man is a murderer who has not committed murder in act, but only in wish, you may consider him baptised who has

\* Summa, pars i. q. 62, art. 3, in corp.

wished for baptism without receiving it: if you do not admit the former, I do not see how you can admit the latter. Or if you prefer it, let us put the case thus: if you think that the desire of baptism is as good as its reception, and a ground for demanding glory, then reckon the desire of glory to be glory. For how can it hurt you to be without it when you are desirous of it?" So far St. Gregory. Whether St. Hilary\* of Poitiers had the same opinion in view when he distinguished two states of blessedness,—that of those who fulfil the law of nature, and that of those who by grace fulfil the law of Christ, inscribing the former in "the book of the living," and the latter in "the book of the just,"—is more than I can pretend to say.

St. Gregory, then, is distinctly of opinion that the reception of graces short of justification, though it does not confer a title to glory, yet, instead of aggravating the condemnation, exempts from punishment. This exemption from supernatural punishment, coupled with the preservation of the gifts of nature, I call the natural end of men: minds enlightened by supernatural grace may look higher, but this end is sufficient to content the general quality of men. "To small and abject minds," says St. Gregory in the same oration, "it seems a great and magnificent thing to escape punishment." This exemption is reserved for infants, for persons who die while desiring baptism, and yet without the perfect love of God which supplies for the want of the sacrament, and for all other unregenerate souls who have done what they could with the means at their disposal. The class below these are unregenerate sinners, criminals in the order of nature, who are punished in various degrees by the *pœna sensus*, but to whom the *pœna damni*, or loss of God, does not amount to a supernatural torment, because they have never had a supernatural connection with God, or a supernatural knowledge of Him. Below these are sinners against the supernatural law; sinners who have done violence to the spirit of adoption once given to them; sinners who have once tasted of the deific gift, of whom it is said, "whoever defiles the temple of God, him shall God destroy." These, who have fallen away after having been made "partakers of the Holy Ghost," cannot be renewed again to penance,—that is, probably, cannot be replaced in the same state in which they were before baptism. To such wilful sinners after receiving the knowledge of the truth, "there is left (says the apostle) no more sacrifice for sin, but a dreadful expectation of judgment, and the rage of a fire which shall consume the adversaries" (Heb. vi. 4, and x. 26). Then St. Paul

\* In Ps. lxxviii. s. 24.



goes on to contrast the punishments under the Mosaic and the Christian dispensation. The transgressor of the former "dies at the hands of two or three witnesses;" the Christian sinner "falls into the hands of the living God Himself:" He will repay, He will take the vengeance into His own hands, He will be the judge of His own people; nay, more, He will be their punishment, their pains, as He is the joy of His elect. "God is a consuming fire,"—the unquenchable fire that burns within the consciences of the damned; as He says by His prophet (Osee v. 12): "I will be as a moth to Ephraim, and as rottenness to the house of Juda;" a torment as intimate and intrinsic as the moth in a garment, or as rottenness in the bones. This is what I mean by the damnific vision; a supernatural knowledge of, and connection with, God, which enhances the *pœna damni* into the most agonising of all torments, which makes it a supernatural pain, in contradistinction to the merely natural and limited regret which it causes in those who have never had the means of knowing what they have lost.

I must now conclude, with disclaiming any intention of being offensively dogmatical. I do not hold Mr. Mozley's theory of contradictory truths; and therefore, as at present advised, I believe and hope that the views contradictory of mine are false. However, as I know that I have received no private revelation, and as I believe the Church to be the guardian of God's truth, I am ready as a Christian (if required) to give up what I have argued myself into believing as a student of philosophy.

I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

R. P. S.

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### Rebivus.

#### HAXTHAUSEN'S RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

*The Russian Empire; its People, Institutions, and Resources.*

By Baron von Haxthausen. 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall, 1856.

WE have here another work by the learned author of *Transcaucasia*. Baron von Haxthausen is an authority for every thing connected with the Russian empire, very few Russians themselves even understanding the principles and theory of the Russian government so well as he does, while to western Europeans the social institutions and resources of the empire have hitherto been a sealed book. We have indeed heard a

great deal of Siberia, of the Cossacks, serfdom, the Greek church, and the autocratical government of Russia; but there our knowledge ends. Baron von Haxthausen puts all these things in such a new light, that we give our readers a *résumé* of those parts we think will be most interesting to them, at the same time recommending those who may wish to know more of the subject to read the book for themselves.

To Catholic readers the condition of the Russian church, and the different sects springing from it, or existing side by side with it, will be naturally the first subject of inquiry.

We may observe that the state of religion in Russia is scarcely understood in England. People who think that the government is as autocratical in religion as in every thing else, are very much mistaken. Baron von Haxthausen justly observes that the national character and life, the social and political institutions of a country, can never be rightly appreciated, unless its religious condition is understood: this, therefore, has been the main object of his inquiries, and he considers that he "knows more on the subject than most other foreigners, or even the majority of the Russians themselves."

Undeniable traces of Gnostic conceptions prevail among some of the religious sects of the Russian empire. Whether these came directly from the East, the native land of Gnosticism, or were derived from the West subsequently to the seventh century, it is impossible to say. Among them we do not find the philosophical subtleties that prevailed among the contemplative people of the East; but we have isolated ideas that lead to the most frightful fanaticism.

First come the sect of the Morelstchiki, or self-immolators, wholly or partially. The Russian government has not been able to discover all their ideas. The conception of "baptism by fire," and a dreadful interpretation of that passage of St. Paul, that we must be saved yet so as by fire, is the only one of their doctrines known. That there exists a secret sect, with peculiar doctrines, and a system, is certain. Nearly every year the following scene occurs in some part of the empire, chiefly in the north. A large hole is dug with peculiar and solemn ceremonies. Straw, wood, and other inflammable materials, are collected round it. Then a small congregation of these fanatics, sometimes a hundred, leap in, set fire to the fuel, singing wild songs, and burn themselves to death with stoical indifference. The neighbours come to see, but no one interferes; the immolation is sacred; they are receiving the baptism of fire.

Next come the sect of the Skoptzi (eunuchs). It is not certain whether they erroneously interpret certain passages of

the Holy Scripture, or whether they believe it to have been tampered with and interpolated, and that "the true Gospel was in their exclusive possession, but was hidden in the wall of the cupola of the church of St. Andrew at St. Petersburg, by Peter III., one of themselves, and a new emanation of Christ." Their doctrines are, that in the beginning God the Father was alone and indivisible; that He made the world, and revealed Himself in Christ, as the Son, who was consecrated by God, and pervaded by His Holy Spirit, who in his turn spoke by the inspiration of God, but was not God. Christ, they say, never died, but wanders without sex (which His disciples try to imitate) on the earth in one form or another. At present he is Peter III., who was not put to death, but fled to Irkirtch; from whence he will come and summon the Skoptzi by ringing the great bell in the Kremlin at Moscow, and then will commence his everlasting empire. The Skoptzi are very numerous and rich; most of the jewellers and goldsmiths at St. Petersburg, Moscow, Riga, Odessa, and other large towns, belong to them. They are allowed to have one or two children before they are made eunuchs. They are very zealous in making converts, and will pay large sums for one,—sometimes several thousand roubles. They are, as well as the Morelstchiki, a prohibited sect; but being very rich, the police are able to discover their money much oftener than their persons.

The next sect are the Khlistoustchina—the self-scourgers and mortifiers. Nothing certain is known of their doctrines and belief. In their meetings they jump about in circles and flagellate themselves. A vessel containing water stands in the room, which they drink and dip their hands into when fatigued. Suddenly all the lights are extinguished, and the most horrible and disgusting orgies take place. At Easter they choose a virgin fifteen years old to represent our Lady. They cut off her right breast, cut it up into little pieces, and distribute it as a sort of communion of the breast that nourished our Lord.

Next come the Bezslvestnie, or the dumb. When a person joins this sect he immediately becomes dumb. Government officials have tried torture, and all sorts of means, to make them speak, but without success.

These are the four chief sects who subject themselves to voluntary martyrdom. Next in order come those who embrace certain mystical doctrines or conceptions. The chief of these is the sect of the Beatified Redeemer. There is a legend of the Eastern Church, based on the miracle of St. Veronica, that "a Byzantine emperor, a very pious man, had

once the greatest longing to see Christ with his bodily eyes. Our Lord appeared to him in a dream, in the glory of His transfiguration, and pressed a cloth which lay on the emperor's bed on His sacred countenance. When the emperor awoke in the morning he found the cloth, and the likeness of Christ imprinted on it." This picture constitutes the central point of the worship of this sect; all other pictures, and every other worship, is strictly forbidden. There are many other sects of the same sort: one, the Subotniki (sabbatarians), are now very much on the increase; they resemble the Sadducees in doctrine, and practise necromantic arts.

One of the most powerful of all the sects are the Starovertzi, or the old believers. They have such a mysterious influence in all questions of legislation, church affairs, and internal politics, that people, when any thing new is on the *tapis*, first ask themselves, What will the Starovertzi say? They are the incarnation of the old Russian element—the un-Europeanised part of the nation—and are much more simple, moral, and sober, than the rest of the people. They consider all the innovations of Peter the Great and the patriarch Nikon as heretical abominations; they hold it to be heretical to use printed books, to shave, to make the slightest alteration in ecclesiastical ornament, in church music, or in the office-books, even although the greatest corruptions have crept into them during the long period of Tatar rule, or even to taste any food not used by their ancestors, as potatoes, tea, and coffee. Any union of the Latin and Greek Churches is an impossibility as long as this sect exists in its present strength. They look on the present government even now as abettors of the "Latin heresy," for continuing the "innovations" of Peter the Great, who ordered the new year to begin on the first of January, instead of the first of September, and the years to be reckoned from our Lord, instead of the Creation, in imitation of the "Western heretics." They consider Peter himself the Antichrist who should change times and seasons, thereby inclining to the Poles and Roman Catholics, instead of the orthodox Church. This sect has a certain amount of education, in which they are much superior to the other Russians. They can read and write, though they will only use the old Slavonic letters. They know the Bible almost by heart, and are fond of exercising themselves in theological subtleties. Here is a specimen of their arguments. Q. Art thou a Christian? R. Yes. Q. Does not Christ say, "I am come, not to abolish the law, but to fulfil it?" Is not the law of which He speaks the law of Moses? Does not Christ often refer to the law, and command us to obey it? Is it not clear

from the New Testament, that whatever in the law of Moses has not been expressly abolished by Christ continues binding upon Christians? But the ten commandments incontestably belong to those laws which are retained; and it stands written, in the nineteenth chapter of the book of Leviticus, where the ten commandments are expounded, "Ye shall not round the corners of your head, neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard." A Staroveretz was once arguing with a Catholic, who asked him if he did not know that in the ancient times the Pope of Rome was regarded the supreme head of Christendom? He answered, Yes; but that a Pope named Formosus introduced the heretical custom of making the cross with the three first fingers; that all true believers then abandoned him, and after his death dug him up, and cut off his fingers. What a singular tradition! Baronius says that in the ninth century Stephen VI. ordered his predecessor Formosus to be dug up and beheaded: were his fingers cut off too?

It was the policy of the Emperor Nicholas to try and conciliate this powerful sect. This is the real secret and source of all his persecutions against the Catholic Church. From this arose the persecution of the poor nuns of Minsk, and the Catholics in the other parts of the empire. The Russian government conceded every main point in dispute to these fanatics—declared their liturgy and customs not heretical—set its face against every thing they called innovations of the western Church, and only asked that their priests should be ordained by the national bishops: but very few of them were thus gained over. The only possible way, it seems to us, is to conquer their absurd nationalism by education. It is clear that whilst this sect exists in its present strength, any attempt of reconciliation with Rome, were the emperor even so disposed, would cost him his throne. They are not found so much among the nobility, but abound among the great merchants and manufacturers who have sprung from the peasant class. The clergy of the orthodox Church are not sufficiently educated to cope with them; we therefore hope for the improvement of the national Church, as an authority much more likely to hear reason than all these sectaries. What are we to think of men who refuse to smoke tobacco because the Scripture says, "Not what goeth into the mouth defileth a man, but what cometh out of it;" and in whose case the requirement of an oath of allegiance is obliged to be given up, on account of their steady refusal to swear fidelity to a man in a cocked-hat and sword, instead of a crown and white robe, as the czar is represented in their ancient office-books? The

sect is now divided into three, which have some respective unimportant peculiarities.

One reason why the Starovertzi are so formidable a sect is, that they are supported by a large political (the old Russian) party, who, although they do not go the length of making a religious question of their principles, nevertheless loudly condemn the whole tendency of every government since the time of Peter the Great to introduce the political institutions, manners, and education of the West. They demand that this policy shall be abandoned, and every thing foreign eradicated, while all that is national shall be revived and fostered. The persecutions of the Catholic Church in Nicholas's reign, through this sect and party, must not be confounded with the partially successful attempt to gain over the Rusniaks, or Polish serfs, to the Russian national Church. The cause of the former was religious bigotry; but of the latter, a political consideration, dating from the time of Catharine II., who, although supremely indifferent herself to all religion, made the utmost exertions to separate the Rusniaks from Rome, in order more effectually to destroy Polish nationality; and the same policy has been continued to this time. To effect her object, she obtained a decree of the holy governing synod of the Russian Church, declaring that the doctrines of the United Greeks, to whom the Rusniaks belonged, were the same as those of the national Church, and on this plea Russian bishops and priests were put over them. This policy has been in a great measure successful.

We now come to another class of sectaries. Those we have just been speaking of have separated from the Church on a, so to say, conservative principle. In the following we shall see the elements of a reform threatening a dissolution of the fundamental principles of the Church. The former are the petrification of the external Church, the latter the volatilisation. These are divided into two classes; the Molokane, who answer to what are known in this country as "orthodox Protestants," and the Dukhobortzi, who more resemble the Anabaptists under John of Leyden. From these two classes we cannot help anticipating a no very distant internal revolution of the eastern Church. In fact, she is precisely in the same position towards these sectaries as the Latin Church was at the beginning of the sixteenth century. But the latter had an independent (the scholastic) philosophy; a powerful and consistent theology; high spiritual tendencies; and new, vigorous, and effective ecclesiastical institutions, particularly in the monastic life; and above all, a loadstar and an anchor in the Holy See as a *centrum unitatis*. Yet, in spite of all

this, even she witnessed the secession of one-fourth of her members. What chance, therefore, has the eastern Church when the real contest comes? She is merely a lifeless national log of wood, with external forms indeed, but no spiritual life. In Greece the same lot awaits her, where the American missionaries are now actively engaged in playing the same part as the Protestant sects in Russia. The fundamental principle of all these sects is, that it is necessary to give up all external forms in order to discover and awaken the pure spiritual essence of Christianity. We shall not describe the Molokane, as they exactly resemble our ordinary Protestants. But the ideas of the Dukhobortzi are too curious to be passed over in silence. We cannot better elucidate this oriental-looking heresy than by quoting a discourse by the head of the sect. He taught the transmigration of souls. Christ is born again in every believer; God is in every one. When He descended into the individuality of Jesus as Christ, He sought out the purest and most perfect man that ever existed. Where has the individual soul of Jesus been? It animated another human body. He said, "I am with you always, even to the end of the world." Every man whom the soul of Jesus successively animates is conscious of His presence. In the early ages it animated the Popes; they, however, soon fell away from the faith. The Dukhobortzi are the only true believers, of whom Christ said, "Many are called, but few chosen." The soul of Jesus always animates one of them. "Now," continued the blasphemous preacher, "as truly as the heaven is above me, and the earth under my feet, I am the true Jesus Christ, your Lord; fall down, therefore, on your knees, and worship me." And they fell down and worshipped him.

When this man died, the soul of Jesus descended to his son; he, however, took to drinking, and became unconscious of his high honours, to the great scandal of the elect. On the dissolution of order among them, thus caused by the drinking propensities of this manifestation of the Deity, the tyranny of the leaders and elders commenced. They constituted themselves a terrible inquisitorial tribunal. The sentence, "Whoso denies his God shall perish by the sword," was executed, according to their caprice, with stern rigour. The house of justice was called "Paradise and Torture;" it was on a lonely island in the mouth of the Milk river. A mere suspicion of treachery, or of an intention to go over to the Russian Church, was punished with torture and death. Two hundred people disappeared before it attracted the notice of the government, in the scarcely inhabited country where they dwelt. After a judicial investigation, in which many bodies were found which

had been buried alive, and many mutilated, the Dukhobortzi villagers where these atrocities took place, not the whole sect, were transported to the Transcaucasian provinces.

Curiously enough, they were met by a German Protestant traveller, named Wagner, on their journey, and he tries, in a book he has just published, to enlist the sympathies of our Protestant fellow-countrymen in their behalf, and describes all the Russian officials as monsters of persecution. Among their other doctrines, this sect holds that the cities of the saints are open to all comers, like the cities of refuge in Leviticus; so it may easily be imagined what a pest their villages became, from the crowds of persons flying from justice who became converts to their opinions. Dr. Wagner owns he knows nothing of their doctrines; but he says false accusations were trumped up against them by the Russian government, in order to get rid of them. Besides, the Molokane are not persecuted, because harmless, although a much more dangerous sect to the Russian Church. We are no friends of the Russian government; but the devil should not be painted blacker than he is. As a specimen of Dr. Wagner's ignorance of what he writes about, take his description of the Molokane as an ethnological tribe, like the Finns and Tatars, instead of a religious sect, the word meaning "milk-consumers;" and they are so called from their not fasting, milk being forbidden by the Russian Church on days of fasting and abstinence. In his description, too, of the Starovertzi, he confuses them with the Skoptzi, and is thus the inventor of a new sect, existing only in his own imagination.

The Russian sectaries may thus be divided into three great classes: first, the original sects that are derived from the early heresies of Christianity; secondly, those who object to any reform in the national Church; thirdly, the Protestant reformers of that Church who have arisen since the time of Peter the Great.

Besides all these sects, there is a powerful party in Russia, the disciples of Voltaire. They exist principally among the nobility; but differ from the same party in western Europe by conforming to the external observances of the Church. It has always been the case, that a certain class of educated minds, not having the power of distinguishing between religion and superstition, have looked upon all the atrocious and absurd fanaticism they see around them as a proof of the mischief of religion, and who, when they see it used as a stalking-horse to acquire wealth or power, or for the purposes of oppression, which unfortunately has too often happened, think to cut the knot by abolishing religion altogether. It is



an old story,—precisely the argument Lucretius draws from the sacrifice of Iphigenia at Aulis :

“Religio peperit scelerosa atque impia facta,  
Aulide quo pacto Triviaï virginis aram  
Iphanassai turparunt sanguine fœdè  
Ductores Danaum delecti, prima virorum—  
Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.”

No fear, in our opinion, need be entertained of these men. Voltaire was, after all, but a bad imitation of Epicurus. Man is too religious an animal for this party to gain a lasting influence. A name may be worshipped for a few years, as Epicurus was by his followers :

“Tu, pater, es rerum inventor, tu patria nobis  
Suppeditas præcepta, tuisque ex, include, chartis,  
Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,  
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea diæta,  
Aurea, perpetuâ semper dignissima vitâ ;  
Nam simul ac ratio tua cœpit vociferari  
Naturam rerum, haud divinâ mente coortam,  
Diffugiunt animi terrores.”

Now, the modern Voltaireanism is but a rehash of the old Epicureanism. Rational pleasure without religious fear may be preached, but it will end in a simple gratification of the animal passions. A sect like this may begin with would-be philosophers, but it will end with hogs—*Epicuri de grege porcos*. It is curious that Catharine II. was, of all the sovereigns of Europe, the one Voltaire and his associates took most pains to flatter, Frederick of Prussia not excepted. Infidel philosophers lauded her unjust conquests and oppressions in the last century, just as infidel poets and stockjobbers got up the Greek insurrection for the benefit of Russia in this, and Fox and Whitbread joined in the chorus, saying that mankind would be largely benefited by the annexation of Constantinople to the Russian empire. No wonder, therefore, that a feeling of gratitude drives many of the Russian nobles into espousing the views of that party.

The state in Russia has brought the national Church completely under subjection. No Church can exist without a central direction. This the Catholic Church most happily finds in the Pope. His independent position, and his elevation above all nationality, enables him to exercise towards every nation and every state a uniform equity and justice. The patriarch of Constantinople formerly occupied this position towards the eastern Church ; but he was too dependent, first on the Greek emperors, afterwards on the sultans, for the Russians to trust him. They therefore established a na-

tional patriarchate at Moscow. But Peter the Great felt that a purely national patriarchate would gradually have led to the greatest intolerance and persecution. The intolerant sect of the Starovertzi would most likely have been the established religion. Peter therefore instituted a governing synod, thus securing to himself and the state an entire control over the external affairs of the Church. This, when not influenced by the Starovertzi, as they, however, became in Nicholas's reign, has managed to secure a toleration and moderation necessary for the welfare of all. Without it life in Russia would be insupportable to those not of the established religion.

The besotted and lifeless national Church is the great-obstacle to the conversion of the Mahometan and pagan Asiatic races. If, for instance, the intellectual and amiable Tatars of Kasan were converted to Christianity, they would become one of the most civilised nations, and spread civilisation and Christianity through the numerous Tatar tribes of Asia; but the incapacity of the Russian clergy for the office of missionaries is the chief cause of failure, and the government will not allow their conversion to any other than the national Church. The Tatars in Kasan are superior to the Russians around them in a spiritual and moral point of view; and they will not accept Christianity till it exhibits its innate moral and spiritual superiority, and the germs of the higher civilisation that dwells in it. The Russian Popes are as foolish as the Protestant missionaries in converting the Mahometans and pagans. The printed Bible is not, indeed, the wonderful talisman they work with; but their efforts are confined to exacting these three promises from their catechumens,—to allow their hair to grow, not to eat horse-flesh, and to venerate pictures; and then they baptise them without the slightest spiritual instruction. No wonder that only the *canaille* are found ready to change their creed under this system; while the educated Tatars laugh, and true Christians weep, at the farce thus played. The same thing occurs among the Ossetians, one of the Caucasian tribes. Queen Thamar is said to have converted them to Christianity in the twelfth century; but they long ago relapsed into paganism. The Russians send popes among them, and give a linen shirt and silver cross to all who are baptised; the consequence is, that many of them have received this sacrament four or five times. As no spiritual life whatever remains to the Russian Church, the necessity of fasting and kissing pictures is all that is preached to this people. Two powerful tribes among them were opposed to one another, in consequence of a dispute originating in a murder; they agreed to end it, when, on balancing the murders com-

mitted on both sides, they found a small preponderance against one of the tribes. The one who had suffered most received a certain number of children of the other to square matters. They were barbarously butchered, and then peace was concluded. The popes did not interfere, but admitted the murderers to the sacraments as a matter of course; whereas a small breach in fasting must be atoned for by extraordinary penances. Capuchins\* have long been settled in Georgia and Imeritia; but they are strictly forbidden to make proselytes even among the Mahometans and heathen, who sometimes present themselves at the convent-gates, and beg admittance into the Church. Some young Catholic Imeritians ardently desire to become priests, and receive their education at Rome; but the government will not let them go. No Jew, Mahometan, or pagan may become Christian, if he will not enter the national Church. Many Jews have wished to become Catholics, but have been persecuted in consequence. The government had better break off altogether from the furiously bigoted sect of the Starovertzi, and go back to the policy of Peter the Great. Do all it can, it will never conciliate them. Let us hope that the reign of Alexander II. is the beginning of a new era. Is it any wonder that a people, not allowed to be taught any real Christianity, should break out sometimes into the most fearful extravagances, and that, seeing the inefficacy of lifeless forms, they should run into the opposite extreme?

It is generally known and acknowledged that the Russians are a very religious people. The natural affection, the love and attachment he has for his parents, are elevated in him to religious veneration and unconditional obedience. He entertains the same feeling towards the czar as a father over him; and as the czar is his father, so all the Russians are his brethren; he calls them *brat* (brothers), an irresistible feeling based on a sentiment of religious unity:

“The soil, the country Russia, was given to his forefathers, to himself and his brethren, by God; his ancestors are buried there. He lives upon the soil which is thus consecrated, and will one day cover him. This love of country, elevated to a religious feeling, in which the Russian's idea even of the Deity enters, as in a manner a national God (*Ruski Bog*), and in which the country, the people, and the Church, with the white czar appointed and consecrated by God, are one, is the source and foundation of the unity of Russia, and of its moral and material power.”

The Russian, however, has very little knowledge of dogmas. He receives little instruction on doctrinal points, and is

\* They were afterwards expelled from Russia by order of Nicholas.

in this respect in a state of the most childlike ignorance. Among the sects alone do we find any religious knowledge or logical acuteness. How lamentable that there is no one to teach him that Christ established a religious unity beyond the confines of national states; and as the czar is the father of the Russian people, so there is a common father of Christendom, to whom all Christians should look as a *centrum unitatis*, and whom all should equally obey! How gloriously Catholic would Russia become, did she consider that God did not only give Russia to the Russians, but the earth to man!

Peter the Great was the first man who took in hand the civilisation of the Russian empire; but he did not succeed in his task. By dressing his subjects in French court-costume and shaving off their beards, he could not make them civilised men. Now, for the first time, after two hundred years of toil, can the education of the higher classes be said to be completed. And through their having had foreign instructors from their childhood, and being sent to reside in foreign lands, it has proceeded rapidly. Civilisation is only the result of a long internal development; it cannot be acquired suddenly. The nations of western Europe have been passing through its stages for centuries. It would have been impossible to educate the people without first civilising the higher orders. The education and civilisation of the clergy is the next step to be attained; and this the government has been engaged in for the last twenty years. They are now being prepared in theological schools to become the instructors of the people.

Turning now to secular affairs, it is to be observed that the difference between Russia and the other nations of Europe is, that the life of the latter is based on feudalism, that of the former on the patriarchal system. Democracy below, and autocracy above, are the two poles within which Russia lives; but fortunately for her they are both of a patriarchal nature, and rest on the popular instincts and religion. The father is the head of the family; all the rest have equal rights. The father has the entire disposal of all the property, and assigns arbitrarily what belongs to each. The village is the family enlarged. The starosta, or head of the village, is elected by universal suffrage. Villages are united into communes, and the head (*starshina*) is elected by all the heads of families in the united villages; the union of these communes forms a district (*volost*); the chief (*golava*) is elected for three years. Then comes the circle, whose head is chosen by the crown, then the governor of the province, and last the czar. All these have patriarchal authority in their respective localities. No right of inheritance in land exists; it is equally divided

among those who live on it, to be temporarily occupied by them.

There are three systems connected with the division of land for agricultural purposes. First, the English; and this is now universally acknowledged the best by all the highest authorities. M. de Montalembert and the Baron von Haxthausen have both added their testimony in its favour. This is, to divide the land as little as possible, and only to devote to agriculture as many hands as is absolutely necessary. We need not go further into this question here. The second is the French system. It acknowledges, indeed, a property in land, but encourages its division, so that every man who wishes may become a small agriculturist: the consequence is, that while one-tenth of the English population is sufficient to cultivate the land, two-thirds of the French people are engaged in the same occupation; and as their small farms do not require more than two or three months' labour in the year, it follows that two-thirds of the population spend nine months out of the twelve in idleness and poverty, a prey to any socialist preacher or demagogue they may happen to become acquainted with. Again, with agriculture conducted on so small a scale, there is not sufficient profit for improvements.

The third principle is represented by Russia. She goes much further than France, and divides the soil constantly. France represents the principle of free competition, and considers all the land as a commodity which every one can acquire with money. Russia acknowledges the right of every one of her sons to participate in the usufruct of the land in perfect equality in each commune. In France land is the property of the individual; in Russia of the commune. One may object that nearly half the cultivated land is the property of the nobles; but this is an incorrect way of speaking. The serfs only belong to the nobles—the land to the serfs. If the serf is sold, the land goes with him, and not the serf with the land, as was the case in Europe in the middle ages. When a ukase was issued a few years ago forbidding non-Christian nobles to hold Christian serfs, the nobles were reduced to beggary; for the serfs being free, the land was free also, and was their property as free peasants. The serf says, "I belong to my master, but the land belongs to me; for my master can neither sell nor inherit me without the land." When a serf pays his master a tax for leave to go and work in a manufactory, the master cannot interfere with his serf's land; it is his to let or do as he pleases with. And in the serf-communes the land is divided precisely as in the free. In some parts of Russia the communistic principle is carried further still. Among the Ural Cos-

sacks the sowing and reaping is done by the commune, and the crops divided. In the grass-harvest every one on a certain day mows a circle: if he is greedy, and takes a larger circle than he can finish before sunset, any one may break into it; but when the circle is completed in time, it becomes as it were a magic circle, and all the grass therein is his own private property.

It would be curious to compare this state of things with the system, not the doctrines of the St. Simonians and communists. It is a very bad one for agriculture. More than once the czars, since Peter the Great, have tried to establish private property in land, and the law of primogeniture; but they have been obliged to revoke their ukase through popular opposition. As a natural consequence of this, there is no love of home in Russia; a soldier rarely returns to his native village—Russia is his home; love of home and father becomes in him love of czar and country. A Russian noble stares with astonishment if you ask him why he sells his ancestral serfs; such an idea as attachment to a particular spot in Russia, and not to Russia as a whole, never entered his head. The socialists may thus see that their system is not a new one; and a very bad system it is. Were it not that there are immense tracts of land which will not bear manure, which must only be scratched over to sow wheat, and that if they are ploughed, hemp must be grown for two or three years before they will bear corn, the system would not answer at all. Another evil is, that every tree is cut down on the occupied land; for the Russian will not plant trees on land not his own, and, on the contrary, will cut down all he finds on the land that returns to the commune when he dies.

We should have wished to say something on Siberia, and its enforced colonisation,—for transportation there is nothing else, except for murder and one or two other atrocious crimes; each ordinary convict being free immediately he arrives there, and receiving horses, cattle, sheep, and seed, as a present from government;—on the old nobility;—on the *tschin*, or new nobility of state-service, created by Peter the Great, and which bids fair to end in a huge system of bureaucracy;—on the serfs;—on the Cossacks;—and the colonisation of waste lands; but we should be writing a large pamphlet, instead of an article, were we to attempt it. We must refer our readers to the author, only observing that he throws a new light on all these subjects.

Baron von Haxthausen has been so well received in Russia, that he seems inclined to praise all he saw and heard there, more than we can think just. Thus, writing before the late

war, he tells us that Russia does not covet an inch more land; that she wishes Turkey to remain an independent empire, and will do every thing to maintain her independence; that the desire to possess Constantinople was but an isolated idea of Catherine II., not shared in by her successors; that Russia considers Poland and the Caucasian provinces a burden to her, and would gladly be relieved of them: all these announcements must be taken *cum grano salis*. Again, we are sorry to see our author justifying some of the national prejudices of the old Russian party, and speaking favourably of the mission of the Greek Church to christianise Asia. It is given, he says, to Russia and England to christianise the East through the two keys of Siberia and India. To the incompetency of the Greek Church he himself testifies in another part of his work. Nor will the printed Bibles of Anglicanism be found more efficacious than the lifeless ceremonies of the former. Gold may make a few hypocrites while it lasts. Indeed, another German, in a recent book of travels, alluding to certain American missionaries in a town of Persia, and a community of Lazarists who have also been established there, tells us that the Americans live in luxury, and have a splendid stud of horses; they spend 50,000 dollars a year in giving monthly salaries to the Nestorian bishops and priests for leave to preach in their churches, and another sum to every head of a family who will send his children to their school. What is the good, he naively continues, of these poor devils of Lazarists trying to compete with persons who seem to be possessed of unlimited wealth? Such conversions as these cannot be lasting. With these few and slight reservations, we cordially recommend these two volumes to the notice of our readers.

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#### ON THE ORIGIN OF THE PALLIUM.

*De sacri Pallii Origine.* P. Vespasiani, Hist. Eccl. in Coll. Urb. Prof. Disquisitio. Romæ, 1856.

EVERY one who has read any thing of the ecclesiastical history of his country must have been struck by the frequent recurrence of disputes concerning the *pallium*, or pall, which was sent from Rome to certain archbishops and patriarchs, to be worn by them during the celebration of the holy mysteries on the most solemn festivals; and he must have been sometimes tempted to wonder at the importance which was attached

to an ornament, of so little value in itself, and so rarely to be used. Nor would his wonder have been altogether removed, had he sought to investigate the history of the ornament, its origin, and its meaning. He would have found one set of authors deriving it from some supposed donation of a portion of the imperial costume by Constantine to St. Sylvester; whilst another see in it only a continuation and Christian adaptation either of the ephod, or of the rational, of the Aaronic priesthood;\* and both the one and the other freely acknowledging that these theories were merely conjectural,—for that the first origin of the pallium is wrapped in impenetrable obscurity. We believe that Monsignor Vespasiani, in the learned disquisition before us, has succeeded in piercing the veil of this obscurity; and that the explanation which he has given will prove most satisfactory to all who candidly consider the evidence upon which it rests. Certainly it commends itself to ourselves most strongly, both by its own simplicity and by the abundance of collateral arguments which can be alleged in its support.

First, however, let us say a few words on the other theories which have been mentioned. That which would refer the origin of the *pallium* to an imperial donation is both unsupported by any ancient authority and contradicted by innumerable facts and arguments. It will be sufficient to name but one. All history combines to show that the *pallium* was essentially a symbol of spiritual and ecclesiastical jurisdiction; and how should this be derived from any gift of royalty? None but a Gallican or an Erastian writer could ever have thought so; and, in fact, it is to the disciples of these schools that the advocacy of this theory has always been principally confined. Nor is the Jewish origin of the *pallium* any better supported: we do not say that no ancient writer has hinted at similarity between it and the ephod, or the rational; but it has only been on the general principle, that the priests both of the old and new law had special sacred vestments assigned to them. Moreover, there is the greatest possible dissimilarity both of form and of material between the Jewish and the Christian ornaments; so that nothing but the most violent and arbitrary laws of interpretation could succeed in identifying them. There is a third class of writers, therefore, who have sought to find the origin of the *pallium* in certain mystical and symbolical meanings which ancient Christian authors have attributed to it; but to these Vespasiani replies by laying down a most sound and certain principle of universal application in matters of this kind, namely, that mystical significations are

\* Exod. xxviii. 6-9; xxxix. 8-18.



always built upon some historial foundation—they do not give birth to material objects or external customs, but are themselves the fruit of human thought and devout meditation exercised on some fact or custom already existing.

Having thus disposed of the principal theories of former writers, our author proceeds to expound his own; for the due appreciation of which it is necessary that we should call to mind a few facts of ancient history, both sacred and profane. Thus, it is well known to every student of antiquity that the scholars of the most famous heathen philosophers used to adopt the dress, as well as the principles, of their masters; nay, more, that the particular dress often denoted the particular school to which a man belonged, just as much as a Franciscan at the present day may be distinguished from a Dominican, or a Jesuit from either, by the same token; and that the handing on of the mantle, or upper garment, of the master, served to designate his legitimate successor. It was in this way that many Romans began to exchange the national *toga* for the Greek *pallium* in the earliest days of the empire, being led to it by the admiration which they conceived for their Greek masters in philosophy; the *pallium* was looked on as a badge of profession of wisdom; and *transire ex togâ ad pallium* was as recognised a phrase to denote the adoption of the study of philosophy, as in our own days to exchange the helmet for the cowl might be understood to imply the abandonment of a military life and the commencement of a religious one. Still more to our purpose is the history of Elias and Eliseus recorded in the Book of Kings (iii. 19): “The Lord said to Elias, Go and anoint Eliseus the son of Saphat to be prophet in thy room. . . . And Elias, departing from thence, found Eliseus the son of Saphat ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen; and when Elias came up to him, he cast his mantle upon him. And he forthwith left the oxen and ran after Elias, and said, . . . I will follow thee. And he said to him, . . . That which was my part, I have done to thee.” Elias had been commanded by God to anoint Eliseus as his substitute and successor in the office of prophet; he now says that he has fulfilled this command; and he has fulfilled it, only by casting his mantle upon him. By and by, when Eliseus (iv. 2) knows that the time is drawing near for Elias to be taken away from him, he asks his master that “in him may be his double spirit. Elias answers, Thou hast asked a hard thing; nevertheless, if thou see me when I am taken from thee, thou shalt have what thou hast asked. . . . And as they went on, walking and talking together, behold a fiery chariot and fiery horses parted them asunder, and Elias went up by a whirl-

wind into heaven. . . . And Eliseus took up the mantle of Elias that fell from him; and going back, he stood upon the bank of the Jordan, and he struck the waters with the mantle of Elias that had fallen from him. . . . And they were divided hither and thither, and Eliseus passed over. And the sons of the prophets at Jericho, who were over against him, seeing it, said, 'The spirit of Elias hath rested upon Eliseus.' Thus the mantle of Elias was at once the instrument whereby the double spirit which Eliseus had prayed for was imparted to him, the instrument whereby he was enabled to work the same miracles as Elias had wrought, and the token whereby he was known and recognised as that prophet's legitimate successor.

Among the early Christians, to whom the histories of the elder covenant were "familiar as household words," and who delighted to do honour to the ancient patriarchs and prophets, and to insist upon the Gospel as being only the completion and fulfilment of the Law, we meet with several instances of the same practice. The great St. Athanasius gave his mantle to St. Antony; and when St. Paul, the hermit of Egypt, prayed St. Antony to bring it to his cell and to wrap his own body in it to bury him, St. Antony himself took the hermit's mantle from off his shoulders, and ever afterwards wore it, we are told, on all great occasions of solemnity. We read\* of St. Ignatius, patriarch of Constantinople, that he was habited in the usual episcopal vestments, and that "they reverently put upon him the venerable cloak (*ᾠμοφόριον*, *superhumeralē*) of St. James, the brother of our Lord," which had been lately brought from Jerusalem, and which Ignatius had received with the same respect and veneration "as though he had recognised in it its former apostolic owner." These instances sufficiently prove that a certain religious meaning and value was attached, in the estimation of the early Christians, to the wearing the mantle of any great saint or doctor of the Church, as though thereby they were placed more immediately in communion with him to whom the mantle had belonged. Other examples are still more important, as involving the principle of succession to office by him to whom the mantle was transferred. Thus we read that Metrophanes, who occupied the see of Byzantium in the time of Constantine, took off his pallium and laid it on the altar, charging that it should be preserved and delivered to his successor: and still more distinctly, Liberatus the deacon, in his history of the Nestorian and Eutychian heresies, testifies to this as an essential part of the ceremony of consecrating and enthroning the patriarchs of Alexandria.

\* Nicet. Paphlag. in vit.

“It is the custom at Alexandria,” he says, “for him who succeeds to the deceased bishop to keep a vigil by the corpse of the deceased, to lay the dead man’s hand upon his own head, and then, having buried him with his own hands, to take the pallium of St. Mark and place it on his neck, after which he is held legitimately to occupy his place.” Thus the pallium, or mantle of St. Mark, was religiously handed on from one of his successors to another in the see of Alexandria; and the bishop was not supposed to be fully enthroned and in possession of the see until he had received this token of his dignity and office.

Now, let us transfer this practice from Alexandria to Rome, from St. Mark to St. Peter, the disciple to his master; and we have an account of the origin of the pallium, simple and probable in itself, and thoroughly consistent both with all that history records concerning it, with all the ceremonies that belong to it, and with all its symbolical signification. Nor can the transfer be objected to as too violent and arbitrary; when the intimate connection not only between one Church and another in those ancient days, but in an especial manner between Rome and Alexandria, is fairly taken into account, as well as the important fact, that the death of St. Mark having preceded St. Peter’s martyrdom by three or four years, St. Linus must have known at Rome what St. Anianus had done at Alexandria, and was not unlikely therefore to adopt the same symbol of his own succession to the place and prerogatives of St. Peter as St. Anianus had done to denote his succession to St. Mark.

But it will be said that at least history is silent upon this subject; and that if we are to supply its deficiencies by our own conjectures, we are opening the field to every kind of abuse, and setting an example of most dangerous liberty, not to say license, of private interpretation. To this we reply, that perhaps history is not so altogether silent as the objection supposes; perhaps, when closely questioned, it may furnish no unimportant confirmations of the theory which has been propounded; and that this is really the case, Monsignor Vespasiani’s disquisition, we think, clearly proves. For one of the earliest testimonies that can be alleged respecting the use of the *pallium* occurs in a sermon on the Epiphany, commonly attributed to Eusebius of Cæsarea; and it is to this effect, that it is the most ancient of the episcopal vestments, which succeeded to the embroidered ephod of the old law; that it was first worn by St. Linus, in token of his plenary jurisdiction, and that it was he who gave it its name and its symbolical character; moreover, the author expressly says that

this is the account of it given “by ancient writers;” an expression which, considering the time at which it was used, carries us back almost to its very first origin. Now if we suppose the *pallium* to have been that habit which was ordinarily worn by St. Peter, it is easy to understand why it should be said of his immediate successor that he was the first to wear it,—the first to wear it, that is, with any religious meaning; he gave it its name, and made it a Christian type or symbol, to wit, a symbol of fulness of jurisdiction, or, in other words, of a legitimate succession to the see of Peter. An oriental father, writing about the same time, gives precisely the same tradition both as to its origin and the manner of its use; he says it was instituted by Linus, the next bishop of Rome after St. Peter, and denotes a singular privilege of power belonging to those who wear it; while a third refers it to St. Clement, which in fact comes to the same thing, as some of the old writers, especially in the East, supposed St. Clement, not St. Linus, to have been St. Peter’s immediate successor. Thus, the only positive testimony which antiquity affords as to the origin of the pallium thoroughly coincides with the theory advocated by our author; and there is absolutely no testimony on the other side,—there is no other account of its origin, given by any ancient writer, which at all contradicts us. The oldest writers confess that the *pallium* had been in use from time immemorial, and that its origin was lost in antiquity; which would be just what might have been expected, supposing it to have been something that was always in common use, and only came by the lapse of time to have a special juridical or ecclesiastical meaning, but which could not so easily be accounted for if it was called into being by the positive ordinance of some particular pope or council.

It often happens, however, that where direct historical testimony is wanting, certain rites or customs, or certain peculiarities of language, go far towards supplying the deficiency. We need only remind our readers how many facts in early Roman history were established by the ingenious Niebuhr, mainly on etymological evidence; or how many facts in our own history also have left their indelible impress on our language. Let us apply a similar test to the subject before us. We wish to investigate the origin of a particular portion of ecclesiastical vestments. What is its name? It is called the *pallium*; and we have supposed it to be derived from that which was never known by any other name. Further; we have supposed it to be that which once covered the body of St. Peter; and it has always been described, and is described to the present day, in all letters, petitions, and other official

documents, as *pallium de corpore S. Petri*. We have supposed it to have been assumed as a token of succession to the chair of Peter; and we find that, from the most ancient times, it has always been blessed on the festival of his martyrdom,—the very day, that is, on which, if not literally, yet virtually, its first transfer must have been made,—and that when blest, it was laid for a night upon the apostle's tomb, and afterwards, as long as this was possible,\* upon the apostle's chair; moreover, that it is assumed by each successive pontiff at this very same place, at the altar over St. Peter's tomb, and that this was done even when St. Peter's church was not yet included within the walls of the city, and could not fairly be considered the principal church of Rome. To this we may add still further, that many of the most ancient documents which speak of the pallium connect it in some special manner with the person of the apostle; as, for instance, in the letters of St. Gregory the Great, where it is called “the gift of Blessed Peter,” “from the chair of Blessed Peter the Apostle,” “from the blessing of Peter, prince of the Apostles,” or in the life of our own St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, where Eadmer, his biographer, mentions that those who assisted at his enthronisation reverently kissed the pallium as an act of devotion to St. Peter. Surely, then, no one can fail to recognise in all these facts the very strongest confirmation of a theory, already rendered sufficiently probable both by its own simplicity and by its exact conformity with what we know to have been practised in the church of Alexandria.

Only two principal objections, as it seems to us, can be urged against it; the one derived from its form, the other from its use. The ancient pallium, it may be said, was a large outer garment, covering the whole body, and corresponding among the Greeks to the toga among the Romans; and what has this in common with a mere woollen band or fillet, such as the modern archiepiscopal pall? To this our author answers, that though St. Linus and the other earliest Popes probably wore the very *pallium* of St. Peter himself, yet this may have been soon materially diminished by portions given to other churches, or consumed by age, or lost amid the troubles and persecutions of the first centuries; the rite of wearing it, however, in token and commemoration of St. Peter, being looked upon as of the deepest significance, the present more convenient form was adopted as a memorial and continuation of

\* Ever since the removal of the chair by Pope Urban VIII. from the sacristy to its present elevated position above the altar in the apse, this ceremony has not been observed. They are still laid on the tomb, however, and blest on the feast of St. Peter's martyrdom.

the ancient usage; and the loss of the original was supplied, as far as possible, by the rites and ceremonies observed in the benediction of its representative. This is no more than we know to have happened in other analogous cases; and in the present instance there was a peculiar facility for the change, inasmuch as the modern pall is probably no inapt representation of the fringes and phylacteries which bordered the Jewish pallium, whilst the colour and the material at least seem certainly to have remained the same.

The other objection to which we have referred is of a more serious kind; yet, when fully examined, it seems rather to confirm than to destroy our conclusion. It may be said, that if the pallium really represents the pallium of St. Peter, it ought strictly to be confined to the Roman pontiffs; whereas we know that, even in early times, it was worn by some other bishops, and at the present day its use has become still more general. Nevertheless, it will be seen on a closer examination that all those churches to which it has been conceded have derived it more or less immediately from the prince of the apostles, and with some special reference either to himself personally or to his representatives. Thus, the very first permission to use it which ecclesiastical history presents to us is that made by St. Mark in the earlier half of the fourth century to the Bishop of Ostia, to whom (as we learn from St. Austin) it belonged to consecrate the Bishop of Rome; and St. Mark allowed him to wear it precisely on this very occasion, whenever he might be called upon to exercise this privilege of his see. Again, if we read of the *hæreditas pallii*, handed on from one person to another in the regular line of the episcopate of Treveris, it is because that church was founded by Maternus, sent there immediately by St. Peter. Thus again, in the sixth century, Pope Vigilius sends it to Auxanius, filling the see of Arles; but it is "because we think it fitting that the *ornamentum pallii* should not be wanting to one acting in our stead." Pelagius sends it to another occupant of the same see, and his letter expresses the same reason, "as vicar of our see." St. Gregory the Great sends it to several, and the same condition is always implied, and generally expressed; "we send it you *as our representative* and to fill our place; that, by virtue of the apostolic see, you may consecrate bishops," &c.; "*according to ancient custom*, you have asked for the use of the pall as *vices sedis Apostolicæ*," &c. &c. These two things always go together; the one was the outward symbol or token of the other; and hence Innocent III. and other writers describe the pall as "the *insigne*, or token, of the fulness of the pontifical office." Hence restric-

tions both of time and place are always set upon its use when worn by any other than the bishops of Rome; since to these it belongs, *ex officio* and fully, to others it is only delegated, and must be used partially and according to the limits of the concession. Hence also the importance attached to its possession, the zeal and earnestness with which from time to time it has been petitioned for from the holy see, and the slow and jealous caution with which it has been sometimes conceded; hence it is only given publicly in the face of the Church, *i. e.* in public consistory, and anciently it was delivered to the archbishops or their procurators at the very altar of St. Peter; those who carried it to any distant prelate were bound not to loiter by the way, to pursue the most direct route, and to deposit it every night in the principal church of the places where they rested; and lastly, it is forbidden to the bishops of those sees who are entitled to wear it to convoke a synod, or to exercise any other of the more solemn episcopal functions, until they have actually received it.

It may be objected, however, yet once more, that all this testimony that has been adduced belongs to the western Church, whereas the pallium was also worn by bishops in the East, and as part of the ordinary episcopal vestments, without any dependence upon Rome or reference to St. Peter. This is true, but in no way militates against our argument. Undoubtedly in most of the oriental churches,—the Armenian, Melchite, Maronite, Syrian, and more especially the Greek,—the pall has always been common, both to patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops. Each, in fact, receives it as the symbol of succession to his predecessor, and through him, to the first founder of his church, whoever he may have been; and precisely the same amount of jurisdiction, therefore, is implied by it as that predecessor enjoyed, and no more. Each bishop receives it at his consecration or enthronisation, either from the hands of the consecrator, or taking it from off the altar himself; and when he has received it, *tunc legitime sedet*, as Liberatus says. But this does not hinder but that the same bishop might hereafter receive another pallium, symbol of succession to one who had more extended jurisdiction, or at least of some degree of participation, be it more or less, in that more extended jurisdiction. And, as a matter of fact, history tells us that the Roman pontiffs, while not interfering with the pallium already worn by the oriental patriarchs, have yet at various times sent them another *de corpore B. Petri*, which they wore, as they do at the present day, over and above their own.

It only remains to add to Vespasiani's very learned and valuable disquisition an important fact from the ancient Chris-

tian monuments of Rome, with which he does not seem to have been acquainted, viz. that the history of Elias leaving his mantle to Eliseus is represented both in the paintings of the catacombs, and in the sculptures of Christian sarcophagi, belonging to the fourth and fifth centuries; and it seems certain, both from the form and features of the figures themselves, and also from the whole tenor of our present argument, that they were intended to represent nothing else than the appointment of St. Peter to be the visible head of the Church in the place of our Lord—a fact which is otherwise represented in these same monuments under the figure of Christ transferring to St. Peter the rod of sovereignty or power, wherewith He Himself had previously been raising the dead to life, changing the water into wine, and performing other miracles; but which afterwards is seen in the hands of St. Peter apprehended by the Jews, and of the same St. Peter under the character of Moses, the *dux novi Israel*, striking the rock whence flow the spiritual waters of grace and the sacraments of the new law. The most ancient of the monuments of Elias and his successor, to which we have alluded, is a painting in the catacomb of SS. Nereus and Achilles; in which, however, the heads of the two figures have been unfortunately destroyed by a grave that was cut through them at a later period, but the horses of the chariot, and other accessories, remain uninjured. A sarcophagus, having the same scene carved at one end of it, lies under an altar near the door of the sacristy at St. Peter's, and contains the bodies of Popes Leo II., III., and IV.; a fragment of another sarcophagus may be seen in the new museum of Christian art at the Lateran palace; and a fourth and a fifth are copied in the works of Bosio, Bottari, and other Roman antiquarians. In these it is our Lord, who is going up into heaven under the figure of Elias, and St. Peter, to whom He is leaving His mantle; and St. Peter, not deeming himself worthy to receive it, holds forth his hands only under the covering of his cloak. The identity of the persons is unmistakable, and the theological conclusions to be drawn from it too obvious to need explanation. We shall probably, however, have an opportunity of returning to this subject before long, *à propos* to some account of the catacombs of SS. Nereus and Achilles, which may shortly be expected from the pen of the Cavaliere de Rossi: meanwhile we thank Monsignor Vespasiani very heartily for his valuable contribution to the science of Christian archæology.

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## Short Notices.

### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

*Callista; a Sketch of the Third Century.* (Burns and Lambert.) It does not require the date and hint given in the preface to this volume to point out its authorship to the intelligent reader. The book is so characteristic of Dr. Newman, both in style, matter, and object, that few critics familiar with his writings could have failed to recognise him in almost every page of *Callista*. Few, also, will fail to compare it with Cardinal Wiseman's *Fabiola*; and we fancy, moreover, that opinions as to the relative merits of the two stories will be divided, and not a little *prononcé*. We shall not enter into any comparison of the two books, but content ourselves with saying that *Callista*, though what it calls itself, a *sketch*, is a brilliant, animated, and instructive picture of Christian life and struggles, as they really were in the early days of the Church; and that those who wish to know what it was to be a Christian in the days of dominant Roman paganism cannot do better than ponder over the scenes and conversations here presented, and study what is below the surface, as well as that which at once strikes the attention. Dr. Newman says that it has required more reading than may appear at first sight; but we take it that such a book could only be written by a man who has lived half his life in thought among the Christians and pagans of the first centuries of the Church.

As a story, the book may possibly be open to criticism; but as a presentation of the realities of life in those glorious and terrible times, *Callista* is undoubtedly a most remarkable production.

*The Lovers' Seat. Kathemerina; or Common Things in relation to Beauty, Virtue, and Truth.* By Kenelm Henry Digby. 2 vols. (London, Longmans.) Mr. Digby, in adhering to his established style, has in these volumes opened quite a new mine of quotations. He here shows himself as well read in the ephemeral literature of the day, in the *London Journal*, the street-ballads, the minor minstrels, the lecturers, the popular philosophers, as he has elsewhere proved himself to be in the rare and recondite volumes of schoolmen, mediæval poets, troubadours, spiritual writers, and other out-of-the-way authors. His memory must be astonishing, in spite of any amount of commonplace books in which he may register his discoveries. It would be no small labour to arrange the multifarious contents of any such collection.

His object in these volumes is to show the beauty, virtue, and truth of the common every-day scenes and actions of life. In them he paints human nature in as rosy colours as he has heretofore painted the middle ages and the institutions of chivalry; he extracts the honey out of all stages and classes of life; he looks with a large amount of satisfaction upon men as we see them; he quotes also with approbation those poets who languish over daisies, whom we have before now attacked for their "fetish-worship." Mr. Digby has too manly a mind to enter into the limited feelings of these minstrels; but he is a philosopher, and his views are comprehensive; finding these poets illustrative of the lower stages of his pyramid, he uses them accordingly, giving them credit for the truth they tell, and assuming that they hold more than they express. We are critics, and by our trade look closer into the

deficiencies than into the beauties, except where even our habitual fault-finding is overwhelmed and put to shame before the incontestable superiority of some great writer.

Possibly it may be from this critical habit of mind that we have found some passages in Mr. Digby's present volumes which, to say the least, are suspicious-looking. At any rate, we see in them fresh proofs of the necessity of a careful examination on the part of Catholic theologians of the definitions of the Church and the writings of the fathers on the destiny of the unregenerate. Such statements as the following, we confess, give us some uneasiness when encountered in the writings of a Catholic like Mr. Digby. Does he mean to give us a new reading of the verse in the *Te Deum*, and insinuate that our Blessed Lord has "opened the kingdom of heaven to all unbelievers?"

"Humanity," he says, "hopes, because it feels as if instinctively that with God is mercy, '*et copiosa apud eum redemptio.*' He who is to judge man, He '*qui in altis habitat et humilia respicit in cælo et in terra,*' knows all the frailties of the things that He has made, and therefore can like feelingly judge them. He will come, we are told, to repay sin with holiness, death with immortality; all evil with all good; for with no other claims can any of us, grave stranger, look as demerely as you will, be secure." (vol. ii. p. 23.)

Again, speaking of the way in which divines will probably appreciate his labours, "They will say that the whole tendency of our argument is vicious, from its being opposed to the sentence of condemnation already passed by justice itself upon the defendants in this cause. But are they so sure of their own information in supposing that it is so? Can there be no question about the truth of their report? I remember hearing a theologian once, who had been describing the horrors of an English penitentiary, conclude with observing that the hideous spectacle of an unimaginable suffering was calculated to make men reflect on what was prepared for transgressors in the next world; but, God help us! it did seem strange to hear the Creator and Redeemer of mankind likened to an earthly magistrate, who is obliged to contravene the axiom of his own jurisprudence—'*pena ab ignorante non incurritur*'—the God of mercy likened to a policeman and a turnkey; especially when the very person himself who had made the comparison was obliged, as the representative of Omnipotence, to enter those dismal precincts with only forgiveness and offers of absolution on his tongue! Persons who take this dreadful view of human destiny may be very positive; they may cite passages from books, they may call to witness orators, poets, artists, for they see their judgment even painted; but is the unsophisticated human heart, and all the wisdom contained in it,—is conscience itself to be altogether rejected in evidence? Can these interpret nothing? . . . Is nothing expected from them in answer? Such, at least, is not the common opinion; and many have the courage to avow it." (Ib. p. 44.)

*Modern Painters, Vol. IV. Of Mountain Beauty.* By J. Ruskin. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.) How any one can read with any patience Mr. Ruskin's ponderous tomes of spurious philosophy and emasculated cleverness we are at a loss to conceive. His classifications are subdivisions almost *ad infinitum*; and though his nomenclature often shows a happy knack of coining words, yet he has been far from successful in providing the necessary *memoria technica* for his endless tabulations. As an instance of his terminology, we give the term *Giottesque* for the medieval hardness of definite outline, and *blottesque* for the opposite style of modern water-colour painters.

The general aim of the volume is good; it is a classification of

the lines of mountains, rules for finding what appearances are due to perspective and what to the forms of rocks, and an elaborate study of the laws of geological and mineralogical morphology. This seems to us almost as necessary to the landscape-painter as the study of superficial anatomy to the figure-painter. No human eye, however gifted, can see all that nature has to show; as a general rule, the eye sees only what it looks for, and it looks only for that which it has been taught to expect. We have often read a book through with one intention, carefully as we thought, and marked all its important passages; on reading it afterwards with another object in view, we have found as many more important passages which we had altogether missed at first. All natural sciences are of great use to the painter, in teaching him what to observe. Before the revived scientific study of gothic architecture, what ridiculous mistakes the best artists made in its contours and its details! Before the science of geology arose there was just as great confusion in the drawing of mountains. Sciences are a compendious way of instructing the mind and senses what to look for and what to observe. As Boswell says, he could not at first remember the conversation of Dr. Johnson: it was only in progress of time, when his mind became, as it were, strongly impregnated with the Johnsonian æther, that he could easily recollect and exactly record his talk; and as Johnson himself says, that one mind by itself can do little; all works are the contributions of many intellects; there is not so poor a book in the world but what would be a prodigious effort, were it wrought out entirely by a single mind, without the aid of prior investigators. The most brilliant intellect can only make a slight advance on its predecessors. We do not measure a man's powers by the positive value of his works now, but by the progress which he made on those who preceded him. Many a Cambridge wrangler can now work out propositions which Sir Isaac Newton might have tried in vain; the merest tyro at the Academy could draw a figure better than Giotto; but that is no reason why we should compare the powers either of the wrangler or of the sucking artist to those of Newton and of Giotto. The first inventor of steam-engines, or windmills, or ships, was a greater man than the last introducer of a modification or an improvement in their construction; and yet how rude, how almost useless were the first contrivances! No; artists must not trust to their own eyes alone; they must inform their minds, in order to form their eyes. The eye could not see the sun, says Plato, except it were soliform; the eye cannot note the peculiar characteristics of such geological phenomena as rocks and mountains unless the mind is inquisitive about, or furnished with at least a superficial knowledge of the anatomy of geological forms. The artist requires a mind, and an informed mind, as well as an eye and a hand. Mr. Ruskin therefore has given the draughtsman valuable assistance, when he furnishes a scientific classification of mountain-forms, of cleavages of rocks, of the arrangement of moraines, and of the angles of abutting heaps of fallen rubbish. An hour's study of such a book may save a student months of study, and enable him to start at once from a higher ground. But we must remind Mr. Ruskin that he is no discoverer in this line; he tells us no truth that is not more or less a truism. He is not the inventor of scientific classifications for the use of artists. His only originality here is in his impertinent, bumptious, and dogmatic Ruskinism, in the spurious poetry and namby-pamby sentiment, the bubbles, pretty in tint but slight in substance, which he works up with his solid matter into a whole that must be revolting to any manly mind. Witness the mawkish Dickensish sentimentalism of the following meditation on a sketch of a windmill by Turner:

“His mill is still serviceable; but for all that he feels somewhat pensive about it. It is a poor property, and evidently the owner has enough to do to get his own bread out from between its stones. Moreover there is a dim type of all melancholy human labour in it,—catching the free winds, and setting them to turn grindstones. It is poor work for the winds; better, indeed, than drowning sailors, or tearing down forests; but not their proper work of marshalling the clouds, and bearing the wholesome rains to the place where they are ordered to fall, and fanning the flowers and leaves when they are faint with heat. Turning round a couple of stones for the mere pulverisation of human food, is not noble work for the winds.”

This is not only foolish, but false; and if seriously intended, wicked. The whole material universe together is not equal in dignity to one soul; the life of one man, his power of spiritual action, is more noble than all the motion of the winds; the winds cannot have a more fitting occupation, or a nobler work, than to support that life by drudging at the grindstones. If you make nature superior to man, you let in the little end of the wedge, whose big end is pantheism, materialism, and atheism.

In a chapter headed “the Mountain Gloom,” Mr. Ruskin in the absurd way confounds sin with ugliness and dirt, hints that meditation on death and the horrors of the grave, and familiarity with the skeleton and the charnel-house, argue an unnatural feebleness and deadness of mind, an imbecile revelling in terror, whose chief cause he is pleased to find in Popery. He forgets that, whereas nothing is so difficult as to trace effects up to their true causes, nothing is so easy as to invent supposed causes for observed effects. Popery now is the enemy of all high art, of all real beauty of mind or body. Ruskinism, just hatched, but chirping very loud, is about to lay the egg from which the new universe of ideal loveliness is to proceed. The mountains labour,—the fruit is to come; it will probably be as of old—a mouse.

*Letters from the United States, Cuba, and Canada.* By the Hon. Amelia M. Murray (London, John W. Parker and Son, 1856). The authoress of these volumes, an ex-maid of honour to the Queen, made a journey to America in the year 1854. She has favoured us with a description of what she saw and heard there, in a series of letters to her friends at home. She exhibits herself chiefly as an amateur botanist, and as a partisan of slavery and the slave-trade. The letters on the former subject,—a considerable portion of these two small volumes,—are below mediocrity; just such as a young lady, whose botanical studies have been confined to the shop-windows of Covent-Garden Market, might be supposed to write home, on paying a first visit to a maiden aunt in the rural retreats of Clapham. “We took a delightful walk this morning,” she most likely would say—“we saw the May hedges in full bloom; underneath which grew a beautiful floss-silk-like orange-coloured flower, new to me, which my aunt told me was the dandelion, and which, on reference to my botanical manual, I found to be the *Leontodon taraxicum*. Further on I gathered chickweed (*Stellaria media*), groundsel (*Senecio vulgaris*), and ground-ivy (*Glechoma hederacea*). On returning home, I found an umbrella-like cryptogamous plant, which I fancied must be an Agaricus, but which my aunt pronounced to be a toadstool; underneath its shade a little frog (*Rana palustris*) sat croaking,—a curious reptile I had never seen before. In the afternoon, while walking in my aunt’s garden, I saw a white butterfly (*Pontia brassicae*) flitting round a cabbage-plant, on the leaves of which its cater-

pillar preys." We can assure our readers we are not exaggerating. Again, Murchison's *Siluria* having been the last book Miss Murray had read on the subject of geology, every rock she saw, from granite to the layers containing the bones of the mastodon, must of course be silurian.

Her opinions in favour of slavery and the slave-trade have acquired some considerable reputation, on account of the injustice, if report be correct, with which she has been treated at court for having published them. Surely poor Miss Murray has as much right to hold and publicly declare her opinions on that subject as the Duchess of Sutherland, or even higher ladies, have. We think the advocacy of Mrs. Beecher Stowe by the duchess was injudicious in the extreme. The romantic is surely not a proper way to treat a subject which, after all, resolves itself into a dry matter of fact. Are slaves unjustly treated or not in the United States? Miss Murray tells us the existence of Legrees is a myth, and that slaves are much better off than free negroes. When the dispute runs on the truth of simple facts, we who have never been in America can form no opinion; but we must confess we cannot quite believe all Miss Murray's statements. She is too decided a partisan of the southern inhabitants of the United States—so much so, that in taking the part of the buccaneering adventurers who desire to seize Cuba, and advocating the annexation of that island to the Union, she brings forward the tying chickens' legs together in the market at Havana as a proof of the cruelty of the Spaniards, and of their unfitness to hold the i-land; and has a word of sympathy for every thing and every body she considers oppressed by them, except their slaves. Again, she is taxing our credulity too far in informing us that negroes are only a source of expense and trouble to the whites, instead of a profit; that they are very glad when their negroes run away, and only seek to "recover them from motives of duty and compassion;" that the negroes in Canada send begging-letters to their old masters, imploring to be received back again as slaves on their estates; and that the disinterested slave-holder seeks nothing else but how to confer the greatest happiness on the slave. It reminds us too forcibly of the equally disinterested conduct of Mr. Squeers, in his treatment and recovery of the unfortunate Smike in *Nicholas Nickelby*—the ungrateful boy who had run away from his best friend, and put him to so much expense and trouble in finding out what had become of him.

*Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore.* Vols. 7 and 8. Edited by Lord John Russell. (London, Longmans.) Monstrous is the length of this gossiping memorial. "It draweth out the thread of its verbosity finer than the staple of the argument." We have puzzled ourselves to find some tangible ground on which to recommend it: the following is the only one that presents itself. We have heard, on unquestionable authority, that (no doubt in consequence of the remarks of our correspondent Richard ap William) the Bishops lately assembled in London have deputed two priests, on whose severity and causticity they could depend, to watch over future editions of the *Catholic Directory*, and pitilessly to proscribe all catalogues of lords, ladies, and landed gentry, and whatever else might seem to be provided solely for such morbid appetites as can satisfy themselves with mastication of toads, or sucking of saliva. But as it might be dangerous to compel weakened constitutions to too sudden a change of diet; as the drunkard might be seriously injured by an unprepared and total abstinence from intoxicating draughts,—it is useful to be able to recommend some transition-fare, some diet which, though objectionable to healthy stomachs, is both sloppy enough for the invalid and stimulating enough

for the gradual convalescent from the *delirium tremens* of flunkeyism. Such a book is Moore's *Journal*, which we may call in this light "the invalid's own book." There are very few pages in it which are not stuffed full of lords and ladies; but these pebbles are imbedded in a concrete which, though not particularly wise or witty, may at least be said to afford more intellectual nourishment than the barren lists of the *Catholic Directory* or Hardwicke's *Shilling Peerage*. Take even the following: it actually affords more food for meditation than the same amount of type in either of the works just alluded to.

"May 23d, 1838. Dined at Lansdowne House; a grand dinner to the Duke of Sussex, and a very splendid thing it was in every respect. Company, besides the Duke of Sussex and Lady Cecilia, the Duke and Duchess of Cleveland, Duke and Duchess of Somerset, Lord and Lady Minto, Lord and Lady Breadalbane, Lord Camperdown, Lord John Russell, and plain *Mister* Moore. Sat next Lord John. The Duke of Sussex, on coming in, exclaimed as usual, 'Ah, Tommy!' and called me to account for not having been to see him; but I told him I *had*. In the course of dinner, taking wine with different people, and lumping three or four together at a time in order to diffuse the compliment, he cried out on proposing wine to some at *our* part of the table, 'Lord Minto, Lord John, and last, not least, Tommy!' On which Lord John said gravely, in an under-voice, 'Last and least;' thus putting in his claim, as I told him, for the small modicum of superiority he has over me in that respect; whereat he gave one of his very agreeable and playful laughs."

Such was the reward of the intellect of the Irish bard—to be called Tommy by the sublime sapience of a royal duke. But the moral is behind: to secure this reward, and to fit himself for such society, he had to give up St. Peter, to go and hear Bowles preach and another parson read prayers, to bring up his sons Protestants, to renounce all practice of his religion, and to die without the sacraments; not to mention the jokes, and the songs, and the conversation which he was expected to pay for each glass of champagne or slice of venison. But poor Moore was a spaniel who could not resist the whistle of a lord; when the magic sound pierced his ears, he would forthwith open his heart, even though he let his soul run out through the open sluice—for nothing! Even his intellectual gifts, and his beautiful *Melodies*, cannot redeem this radical abuse; he stands before us as an example—for warning, not for imitation.

*History of Richard Cromwell and the Restoration of Charles II.* By M. Guizot. 2 vols. (London, Bentley.) This history is not only by a French author, but from French sources, compiled and illustrated as it is from the letters of M. de Bourdeaux, the French minister to the Commonwealth, written to Cardinal Mazarin. The contemporary authorities and the modern historian take the same external comprehensive view; and the result is a temperate and impartial account of events which English party-spirit cannot yet allow to be fairly represented by an Englishman. The present volumes form the third part of M. Guizot's *History of the English Revolution*.

*Memoirs of the Court, Aristocracy, and Diplomacy of Austria.* By Dr. E. Vehse. Translated from the German by Franz Demmler. 2 vols. (London, Longmans.) Dr. Vehse has compiled a long series of memoirs of the various German courts: these two volumes are extracted from the series, and contain what relates to Austria. The author is a Prussian, a rationalist, a bitter hater of Jesuits, and a strong opponent

of Austria; but in the main he seems to be truthful in his facts, which generally run completely counter to his theories. We have marked several extracts for quotation, which we hope shortly to have an opportunity of printing.

*Kars and Erzeroum.* By Lieut.-Gen. Monteith. (London, Longman, 1856.) We have here a short history of the intrigues and conquests of Russia on the frontiers of Persia and Asiatic Turkey, from the first attempt of Peter the Great in the year 1722, on the invitation of the king of Persia to assist him against his rebellious subjects of Afghanistan, down to the last war against Persia (which ended in the treaty of Turkoman Chie, by which Russia extended its frontier to the Arras, the old Araxes), and the successful campaign of Prince Pa-kiewitch against the Turks in 1828, which ended in the conquest of Kars, Erzeroum, Bayazed, and Akbalzik, and of which the treaty of Adrianople was the result.

Gen. Monteith was an *attaché* of the Persian mission under Sir John Malcolm in 1810, which was sent by England for the purpose of counteracting the influence of, or, if possible, obtaining the expulsion of the French mission there, the power of Napoleon being then at its height; and was an eye-witness of all the events that took place in those regions up to the year 1829, when he quitted the country.

The greater part of this volume is a military history of Prince Pa-kiewitch's campaign; and as Gen. Monteith, who was a great friend of the Russian marshal, accompanied him through most of it, returning with him and the whole Russian army to Tiflis in Georgia at the end of it, no one could be more fitting for the task of writing it than he. He thus sums up his account of it:

“This was one of the most fortunate and glorious campaigns in the whole of the Russian annals. It only lasted four months; and though the distance marched over did not exceed 350 miles, it was through one of the strongest countries in the world, defended by an army of 80,000 men, with 200 pieces of cannon, who had at least a year to prepare their defence. The Russian army never mustered more than 25,000 men of all arms, and seldom had more than 12,000 men in action; their losses amounted to 4000 men,—a very small number, considering the plague had twice broken out. One seraskier and three pashas were taken prisoners; and, though little care was taken to secure prisoners of a lower rank, about 5000 remained in the hands of the Russians; double that number must have been slain; and four fortresses, till then considered impregnable, were captured.”

We cannot resist giving our readers the following story; it reminds us of the celebrated discovery by Mr. Pickwick of the old carved stone near Rochester, which puzzled so many learned societies, and the inscription on which some ignorant fellow deciphered as nothing more than “Bill Stumps his mark.” When Nadir Shah, the celebrated king of Persia, in the last century conquered Delhi in India, many Georgians and other inhabitants of the villages on the coast of the Black Sea accompanied him, and brought home with them a quantity of coins with a bull's head stamped on them,—a very common Indian type. General Monteith in one of these villages met a celebrated European *savan* engaged in collecting them, with the idea that they were Egyptian coins of the time of Sesostris (the bull being the god Apis), in order to use them as an argument in a book he was occupied in writing to prove that that doubtful conqueror had established a colony in Colchis.

*Tenby; a Seaside Holiday.* By F. H. Gosse, F.L.S. (London, J. Van Voorst.) In Mr. Gosse two characters are to be distinguished: the

able naturalist and beautiful draughtsman, in which light his works are deserving of much praise; and the spoony sentimental religionist, who balderdashes every microscopical discovery with a verse of the Psalms, and is moved by the sight of hedgerows and cock-sparrows to thoughts too deep for tears. We wish that, if not for his own sake, at least for that of his readers, he would remember that to enjoy nature it is not necessary to have the soul of a man who weeps over a periwinkle-flower.

*Travels in Persia, Georgia, and Koordistan.* From the German of Dr. Moritz Wagner. 3 vols. (London, Hurst and Blackett.) Dr. Wagner appears to be a Protestant, or at least he says things that the Catholic reader would wish unsaid; but he is an honest man, and seems to describe conscientiously scenes and objects which very few intelligent Europeans have had any opportunity of seeing. We extract his testimony to the religious character of the Russian rule in the Caucasus:

“Capuchins of the Romish Propaganda have settled in Georgia and Imeritia; but they have been strictly forbidden to make proselytes even among the Mahometans and heathens. Some Protestant missionaries who were sent out from Basle—men of cultivated minds and the noblest impulses—were driven out of the country by Baron Rosen in a manner which attaches an eternal disgrace to the name of this governor-general. I am acquainted with young Catholic Imeritians, who ardently wish to be educated as missionaries in the school of the Propaganda at Rome; but the permission of going to the capital of Catholic Christendom is always withheld from them. No Jew, Heathen, or Mahometan can become a Christian in Russia, if he do not determine to enter the Russo-Greek Church. In southern Russia it has happened more than once that Jews of education have been moved by the sublime and solemn service of the Catholic Church, or by the simple worship of Protestantism, often equally efficacious in rousing and touching the heart; whilst the comfortable formalities of the Greek ceremonies, and the uncultivated character of the Russian priests, deterred them. But they were not suffered to become either Catholics or Protestants; and as they would not accept the Russo-Greek faith, they were forced to remain Jews.”

It is to be hoped that such a law, if it exists, may be modified by the Concordat which is said to be in preparation.

*The Transcaucasian Campaign of the Turkish Army under Omer Pasha.* By Laurence Oliphant. (Blackwood and Son, Edinburgh and London, 1856.) In Mr. Oliphant we meet an old friend, the author of *Minnesota and the Far West*, giving in this volume a personal narrative of the expedition of Omer Pasha from Suchum Kaleh to the banks of the Skenisæl, a tributary of the Rion, the ancient Phasis. He intended to march to Kutais, the capital of Georgia, for the purpose of relieving Kars, or at least of creating a diversion in favour of the garrison there; but unfortunately the flooded state of the numerous rivers on his route compelled him to return without having accomplished the object of the expedition. Omer Pasha is a great hero in the eyes of Mr. Oliphant, who very much blames Marshal Pelissier and General Simpson for throwing cold water on the expedition in question, and refusing to spare the best Turkish troops from Kamara, before Sebastopol, where they were doing nothing. He attributes the fall of Kars to the supineness and stupidity of the French and English authorities in question, and defends Omer Pasha for making a diversion in rear of the Russians instead of making at once from Trebizond to Kars. Into this military dispute we feel ourselves unqualified to enter; though doubtless the allied generals must have had some reason for their decision. Mr. Oliphant being a civilian, his narrative of this campaign will not be found too professional for general readers; on the contrary,



this small volume contains a great deal of interesting information on the manners, customs, and religion of the tribes of the Transcaucasian provinces (Ackbasia and Mingrelia) through which the army passed, as well as other interesting matter. On the whole it is a very readable volume.

*History of the Ottoman Turks.* By E. S. Creasy, M.A. (Richard Bentley.) The second and concluding volume of this history has just made its appearance, the first having been published in 1854. Professor Creasy derives his information chiefly from Von Hammer and Ubicini. The only thing we have to allege against the author is, that he is a little too partial to the Turks as against the Christians, and apologises too much for the Servians and other schismatics in throwing every obstacle they could in the way of the Catholics, when fighting against the Mahometan power. We are, however, glad he does not praise the Protestant Queen Elizabeth, or the semi-Protestant Henry III. of France, for their infamous offers of alliance with the Sultan against the Catholic powers of Europe. In her appeal to the Sultan, the "virgin queen" styles herself "the unconquered and most puissant defender of the true faith against the idolaters who falsely profess the name of Christ;" and she implores him to send a fleet "against that idolater the king of Spain, who, relying on the help of the Pope and all idolatrous princes, designs to crush the Queen of England, and then to turn his whole power to the destruction of the Sultan and make himself universal monarch; so will God protect his own, and punish the idolaters of the earth by the arms of England and Turkey." Well might Sinan Pasha exclaim, "that there was nothing needed to make the English genuine Mussulmans save a lifting of the finger and a recital of the Eschdad." While England and France were thus endeavouring to turn the Turkish arms against Europe, the Catholic princes were doing all they could to save European civilisation from destruction by that barbarous power. The glorious defence of Malta by the Knights of St. John, and the victory over the Turkish fleet at Lepanto, marked the first turning of the scale in favour of the Christians. Thus the Ottoman power began to decline just as Protestantism was rising into the ascendant; perhaps in its turn to be superseded by Mormonism, or some other caricature of Christianity. We wish that Dr. Newman would enlarge his lectures on Turkey, so as to form a history of that empire. Up to this time, although capable of great improvement, Professor Creasy's is the best published in the English language.

*Lake Ngami, or Explorations and Discoveries during Four Years' Wanderings in the Wilds of South-western Africa.* By Charles John Andersson. (Hurst and Blackett.) Mr. Andersson is a Swede, whose performances have at least equalled, if they have not surpassed, those of Jules Gérard and Gordon Cumming. A large lake, twenty-five or thirty miles long and ten or fifteen broad,—for it has never been totally explored,—having been seen in 1849 by Messrs. Uswell, Livingstone, and Murray, in the interior of South Africa, further north than the white man had as yet penetrated, Mr. Andersson was determined to visit it; and succeeded in his second attempt,—his first, which was made in company with Mr. Gallon, having failed. It is a pity that these pioneers of civilisation, to whom the love of sport and travel is such a passion, do not learn a little natural history before they leave home; they would then, besides amusing us, bring back the most valuable additions to our geographical, ethnological, botanical, and zoological knowledge; though we must say Mr. Andersson vastly surpasses his rival travellers in that region in this respect. Two new antelopes, and an animal resembling the puma, are added to the South African fauna. A description of the fish of Lake Ngami would be particularly valuable.

Mr. Andersson says there are many species in it not at all resembling any he ever saw before, except one like a perch, and two something like a barbel; and we suspect, from what he says, there is more than one species of ganoid fishes there, a description of which would be very valuable to us. The work is well and expensively got up; and there are many beautiful plates of the various wild animals and races of men met with in the route, by Mr. Wolf. Of these races Mr. Andersson gives us many new and curious particulars; among them, he visited an old friend of ours, Nangoro, the fat king of Ovampo, whom if any of his subjects dares to equal in fatness, he is guilty of high treason. Travelling and shooting in these inhospitable wilds is attended with no ordinary dangers. Trodden on by elephants, ripped up by the horn of a rhinoceros, suffering hunger and thirst for three days without a particle of food or drop of water, twice struck by the sun, ill with fever and ophthalmia,—our author has survived all these dangers to write us a very interesting book. Few of the most ardent sportsmen would undergo such hardships, even for the sake of knocking over nine rhinoceroses (of which there are four species, all double-horned) in one day, besides elephants, giraffes, zebras, buffaloes, and ten or twelve sorts of antelopes; and among birds, besides the ostrich, many species of grouse, guinea-fowl, nineteen species of ducks and geese—one of the latter not larger than a teal, ten species of herons, and other wild-fowl innumerable. There are two or three large rivers running into this lake, one of which Mr. Andersson explored for a few miles, but was compelled to return. The large animals swarm there like sparrows in a stubble-field in autumn; but we are afraid, as the natives procure firearms, they will be extirpated in time. No rhinoceroses or elephants are even now found south of the River Orange. It is difficult to quote from a work like this—we could hardly decide what to select; we can only say, for ourselves, that we prefer it to Mr. Gordon Cumming's book, our author not only equalling him in his descriptions of sporting scenes, but much surpassing him as an ethnologist and natural historian.

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POSTSCRIPT TO THE LETTER OF R. P. S. (p. 28.)

Since the foregoing letter was in print, I have heard that the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has issued a commission to three theologians to examine the doctrines contained in my letter of May. If the notice had been given sooner, I should have asked you, Mr. Editor, to suppress the present letter; now, however, it is only left to me to declare for myself and for you that we trust that we have published nothing contrary to the faith of the Church; that we are ready to submit to the censures of the authorities if we have done so. I have only to add, that the whole responsibility, both of writing, and of begging you to publish my letters, rests with me exclusively; and that in the event of a decision adverse to me being made, I shall only request you to allow me to state my real name in your pages.—Yours very truly, R. P. S.

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Drath.

On the 21st ult., at the residence of Mr. John Hardman, in Hunter's Lane, aged forty-nine, the Very Rev. John Moore, D.D., Pastor of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Handsworth, and Canon of St. Chad's Cathedral, Bath Street.

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# THE RAMBLER.

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PART XXXII.

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## THE CHEVALIER BUNSEN ON "THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES."

IF we may infer principles from practice, we should say that all the teaching world is at the present moment convinced of the convenience, if not of the truth and necessity, of a claim to infallibility. Philosophers have at length found out that it is the weakness of philosophy to make men aware that they know nothing, and thus to lead them to open their mouths and draw in their breath when any real and substantial information is offered to them in a positive form. Philosophy while she thus acted was ancillary to revelation—was a kind of bell to call men to the Church. But it is now discovered to have been a sad blunder, and one that her professors are resolved at all hazards to correct. The idea that their schools should be merely porches to the Church, and they themselves only foragers and pioneers for the clergy, is more than they can endure. So they have determined to set up for themselves—to assert that philosophy is religion; that the lecture-room is just as secure as the pulpit; that when you understand infallibility aright, philosophy is in fact infallible, for it explains and justifies all the various and contradictory tenets of mankind; that she alone comprehends in her wide bosom all the partial truths that nature reveals, alone has a right to speak in the name of nature. Hence philosophers have dropped their tone of irony, of scepticism, of doubt. They no longer proclaim, with Hume, that "the most perfect philosophy of the natural kind only staves off our ignorance a little longer; as perhaps the most perfect philosophy of the moral or metaphysical kind serves only to discover larger portions of it. Thus the observation of human blindness and weakness is the result of all philosophy, and meets us at every turn, in spite of all our endeavours to avoid it." They no longer sneer at religion, draw a line between its domain and their own, or place themselves in open

opposition to it. But they fight against religion in the name of religion; oppose faith in terms of faith; destroy the Christian hope in the interests of hope, and undermine love under pretence of charity. A simple-minded old lady might read their lucubrations with the impression that she was perusing an ascetically-religious meditation; she might turn up her eyes and bless God that Voltaire's disciples had developed into such exceedingly moral and religious individuals. Take even the most atrocious red-republican, the worshipper of the stiletto and of the guillotine,—even he will not dare to vent his black venom against the Church except in the name of some sort of religion: your Achillis and Gavazzis will be fanatics for the Protestant cause; while your Ubcinis will perhaps find out that the Koran is, after all, better than the Bible. "Christianity," says the last luminary, "was founded on the principle of absolute equality, but soon departed from it by the establishment of a Church and of distinct temporal and spiritual authorities: 'Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's'—Islamism acknowledges no Cæsar!"

Unfortunately there are so many negative religions in the world, that it is now easy enough to invest negation with the garb of religion; to abuse Catholicity in defence of Protestantism or Islamism, even to pull God off His throne in the name of the sentimental and transcendental naturalism so much in vogue at the present day. "Let us enter a mosque," says the same Ubcini; "there we shall behold no vain ornaments worthless in the sight of the Divine Majesty, and tending to divert the attention of the faithful from their prayers; we shall see nothing but a few verses of the Koran inscribed on the walls, two pulpits, and mats and carpets scrupulously clean for the knees of the worshippers; no pews, no seats of honour, no reserved places,—only men engaged in prayer, abstracted and absorbed in their devotions. If the sultan accidentally enters the mosque, he takes the first vacant place; and the beggar by whom he stands does not even turn to regard him. There are no collections—no alms-boxes. The mosque is the house of prayer—the house of God; and no human interests—no thought of earth must penetrate within its walls." Amiable Ubcini! for a moment he can forget the interests of Marianne (or whatever other club he may frequent), and lose himself in absorbed contemplation of the "Divine Majesty," the beauty of prayer, the simplicity of holiness. He can put off the hirsute Brutus, and become mere white curd of asses' milk, soft enough for the squeamish swallow of a Clapham devotee! And yet we may say without breach of charity that this interesting enthusiast for the cause of religion only

"worships God for spite;" praises the Koran because he hates the Bible; has a good word for the sultan in hopes that his praises will be as a dagger to the Austrian Cæsar.

These remarks were first suggested to us by the perusal of *The Signs of the Times*; a work by the Chevalier Bunsen on "the dangers to religious liberty in the present state of the world:" a subject which affords great facilities for the foaming of the prophet, where the penetration of the politician is at fault; and Dr. Bunsen has made the most of his opportunities. We do not remember reading such paradoxical pedantry, such muddy mystification, as occur in this book; but doubtless it is the characteristic of an extraordinary talent to envelop the tritest truisms in the most foggy forms, to set up whole ranks of opaque words between the thought and the mind, to make the merest mud-bank loom through the mist as an island of the blessed, and to place a counterfeit halfpenny in the cabinet of the collector if its legend is sufficiently obscured by "patina" and rust.

For instance, we think we have seen somewhere the remark made that all human institutions are transient and evanescent. Bunsen improves on this old simplicity of diction by telling us not that they are transient, but "forfeit to fate as conditioned,"—and that they either die out naturally, or commit a kind of suicide, and "go to destruction when they try to become absolute;" as if a being which felt that its conditionality was the ground of its "forfeiture to fate" was not perfectly justified in trying to evade such a destiny by making itself absolute! However, Dr. Bunsen thinks otherwise, and traces to this cause all the present dangers of European society. "The instinctive striving after unconditional expansion has its source not in the God-appointed destiny of humanity in itself, but in the blindness of the selfish element in our nature, which desires to make the me into the centre of all things." There is, then, a kind of manichæan duality in man's nature; the good portion being loosely expressed as "the God-appointed destiny of humanity in itself," and the other as "the selfish element in our nature." Yet, in spite of this pretended contradiction of nature, in spite of the inherent corruption of at least part of our mass, Dr. Bunsen is unable to find any higher destination for man than the development of his whole nature: a natural expansion of "humanity in itself," of human life in the family, in society, and in national institutions, is assumed by him to be the highest thing in the whole range of being, visible or invisible, created or uncreated. This philosophic socialism is the golden image that he has set up in his own private oratory, and whose worship he wishes to propagate through the

world; identical in fundamental principles with the socialism of Ubicini or Mazzini, it is only in accidental points, such as what nationalities are to be preserved, what social institutions are to be developed or repressed, that he differs from these reformers. With them he acknowledges no religion, no destination of man, but that which Fichte dreamed before him—the social perfection of mankind. To this idol, with a plodding perseverance and arrogant assumption of infallibility, he applies the endearing terms that the worshippers of God apply to Him; he ransacks the Bible for popular phrases to decorate the periods of his liturgy; and with the coolest effrontery he assumes that whoever makes merry over his (Bunsen's) creed commits the unpardonable sin of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost. The spirit of humanity, in spite of its acknowledged instinctive blindness and selfishness, is the only Holy Spirit he recognises.

Thus, when Baron Ketteler, the Bishop of Mayence, in a pastoral issued on the festival of St. Boniface last year, reproached his German countrymen with several grave faults, which he traces to the great schism of the sixteenth century—such as the infidel philosophy which has spread over Europe from Germany; the decay of the old German loyalty and conscience; the disunion of the German race;—and when he adds that these things have rendered Germany responsible before God for the ills of other portions of the Catholic Church, which she has scandalised by her writings, her example, or her influence,—Dr. Bunsen feels moved to the centre at such daring ribaldry, and protests that “it reminds him but too strongly of those words of our Lord, exhorting His hearers to beware of the sin against the Holy Ghost, which could not be forgiven, for him to dwell on it without a shudder. He can only hope that the bishop did not know what he was saying.” And then he seeks to justify his assumption by the following attempt at argument: “He who denies all conscience to his own nation, to which he owes his birth and moral culture, excommunicates her from all participation in the Spirit of God, in so far as she does not think as he does on Church matters . . . . And just because no one can blaspheme the spirit in humanity without blaspheming or denying God himself, are we bound to speak of the children of our common mother (Germany) with affection, and of herself with reverence; and we repeat it, above all, of such a mother and such a people, and in such a conjuncture for our fatherland and the world.”

Very profound, no doubt; worthy of Heraclitus the obscure. But let us remind our readers that the profound is not necessarily the wise; that there is a bathos of stark folly quite

as deep and dark as the ocean of truth; and that the leaky buckets of the illogical cant of transcendentalists are much better adapted to hold the muddy slime of folly than the limpid waters of truth. That which is brought to us in a vessel with a hole in its bottom is but a suspicious beverage, after all.

Again, whether he proves that the spirit of humanity is the Spirit of God, or that St. Patrick was a Protestant, or that St. Boniface was not the apostle of Germany,—in what does this doctor differ from the vulgarest fanatic, except in the mists of circumlocution in which he wraps up his ideas? "Dio e popolo" was the motto of the Roman revolutionists; and Bunsen teaches that the people is the incarnation and manifestation of God. Itinerant mountebanks go about England teaching the same nonsense about the Protestantism of St. Patrick as this learned historian seriously assumes in his pages. Like them, he carries his aversion to Popery so far as to boast of the direct descent of his sect from Gnostics and Arians, Manichæans or devil-worshippers, rather than own any claims of Rome upon his hereditary respect.

And with all his pretence of religion, and cant about philanthropy, he is even a more insidious enemy of mankind than the more reckless revolutionists and red-republicans; for, after all, their assumption of religion is little more than a pleasantry, and is ridiculed by themselves and others when they are in their more honest moods. But Bunsen, with all the prestige of a veteran politician, an amiable and agreeable man, a man of letters, a philosopher, historian, and doctor of divinity, never once screws his mouth into the faintest smile, nor droops his eyelid into the remotest resemblance of a wink, which might be interpreted into an acknowledgment of conscious imposture. With the most earnest, and apparently most honest seriousness, he proceeds to lop away the real end of man, and to substitute for it an end which virtually denies the chief attributes of humanity. Dr. Bunsen has lived much in England, and in general he admires our life, and proposes it as a thing to be imitated by other nations. He never considers that our material prosperity, were it double what it is; our fleets and armies; our diplomacy, half-bullying, half-bamboozling; our mercantile overreaching and underselling; our perpetual excitement about transport and locomotion, about prices and produce; our exhaustion of life in the mere multiplication of the means and appendages of living,—is not only beneath the real destiny of man, but also utterly inadequate to give full employment to his rational powers. Man need not be so human, so rational as he is, if his destiny is only such as Bunsen would place before him. You might dock off several

of his intellectual faculties, and reduce him so many steps nearer to mere animality, without his finding the loss at all inconvenient,—without in the least disabling him from the attainment of the end proposed. So conscious are we English of this, that we glory in, while (*absit omen*) M. Montalembert envies, one of our most notorious deficiencies—namely, our want of precision of intellect, our want of logic, consistency, and coherence. “*Tout d’abord l’Angleterre, heureusement pour elle, ne pratique pas le culte de la logique. Elle s’est de tout temps réservé l’usage illimité de la plus éclatante inconséquence, avec le droit de ne pas sacrifier sa gloire, son bonheur, et sa sécurité à une logique plus ou moins irréprochable.*” But instead of eternally glorying in our floundering into fortune, blundering into luck, doing better without logic and reason than those who use both,—would it not be as well sometimes to ask ourselves whether, after all, that can be the highest aim of man for which the highest powers of his reason are not required? Whether, when we despise logic as useless, it is not because we have renounced a destiny which requires intellect to work out? Might not our routine of circumlocutions, our government, our state, our luxury, our commerce, our whole national activity, go on just as well if we had no faculties for aught above space and time—no powers of pure thought, of metaphysical abstraction, of mystical devotion? Generally, the more a man gives himself up to the cultivation of the higher faculties of his intellect, and the more profound he becomes in metaphysics or theology, the less fitted is he found to play an active part in the world, and to withstand the wily measures of animal cunning that form the staple of the drama of life. Hence practical men despise such culture, as unfitting man for life, and beside his practical end. They never think of asking themselves whether their aims are not rather beneath the evident intention of our faculties, which they render useless.

Yet, in spite of all this, men of such different characters and schools as Montalembert, Bunsen, and Remusat, are with one voice recommending the adoption of English theories and English institutions to the old societies of Europe—to those societies which still recognise the truth, that there is something higher in contemplation than in action, in intellect than in physical force, in thought than in prosperity and luxury. Not that these writers would deprive continental societies of their mental excellence; but that they would preserve the higher stage of humanity, and yet occupy it on an object that is inadequate to its aspirations. They would commit the historical and moral solecism of employing Greek acuteness on

Tyrian commerce, or Hebrew mysticism on the objects of Roman ambition. If you will have the mental and spiritual gifts of Greece and Judæa, you must be content to forego the wealth of Tyre and Carthage, and the empire of Rome. In order to succeed in these lower objects, you must cultivate those lower qualities of your nature which come nearest animality, and are best expressed by animal names—dogged perseverance, pig-headed obstinacy, vulpine craft, and lion-like courage. You must allow your higher and exclusively human faculties to lie more or less in abeyance, as being rather an impediment than an assistance to you in attaining the end you propose.

We must say, indeed, that we English are at least more logical in renouncing logic after we have deliberately chosen our object, than those people who wish to attain our object and keep their reason to boot. That men, fond above all things of the profundities of metaphysical research, should first cultivate to their utmost their understanding and their reason, only in order to employ them afterwards on a work that is not worthy of them, to subordinate the mind to the advancement of the material prosperity which either it mars or which mars it, or to the inspection and statistics of the material world, so manifestly its inferior and its drudge, is a solecism at least. For pigs to be pig-minded is good; but to retain the aim and object of the hog, and to cultivate a human intelligence for the pursuit of this object, is an absurdity that a solid pig would disdain, if you could but get him to comprehend its meaning.

And yet such seems to be the object of a great school of writers—namely, to render man content with a destiny inadequate to his faculties, to persuade him that, in spite of his faculties, in spite of the mystical longing which naturally exists in many minds for an object above nature, there is, in fact, no such object, but that he must be content with nature or with nothing. What, then, are we to do with our higher faculties? Why, employ them on nature, say they; no speculations are so silly or trivial but they can be enhanced by a grand twilight of verbiage, may be made to loom through a magnificent haze of dusky dimness, till their dimensions are exaggerated to gigantic proportions. These higher faculties have nothing to do with ideas, only with words; use them on words; there you may find an outlet for the hardest thinking and for the boldest pretension.

And if this will not satisfy your mystical aspirations, why should you not let them have their swing? May not a man be inspired by the spirit of humanity as well as by any other

spirit? "Look," says Bunsen, "at the immortal seer of Gortitz, the pious Jacob Böhme." Bunsen himself, too, hints at some claims of his own to a similar inspiration; else with what face could he invite us to rise with him to the full light of apostolic knowledge, unless he believed himself somehow in possession of that plenary illumination? This inspiration finds vent throughout the volume in excessively apocalyptic apothegms, which will doubtless be vaunted by his friends as the utterances of an exalted spirit, with a deep intuition of nature and of man.

Let us give a few specimens of these utterances before we go on to the gist of this article, which we promise shall appear either *in corpore* or in the postscript. First, let us produce a novel theory on what constituted the fall of man: Bunsen has discovered that it was a misdirected zeal for God. "It is *our* God whom we defend or avenge when we are filled with zeal against those of an opposite faith. But to appropriate what belongs to God is the very essence of all selfishness, the true fall of man." To suppose that the dogmas we believe are more true than those which any body else believes, is to appropriate God, to claim Him, or the knowledge of Him, as our exclusive possession; and this is the true fall of man. Original sin, then, consists in believing that, for instance, our God is any more the true God than Jupiter or Brahma!

Another utterance: after boasting of the wonderful privilege of the United Evangelical Prussian Church, which gives its members choice of any or all of three different formulas of faith, Bunsen goes on to speak of its thoroughly Lutheran liturgy: he wishes it to be delivered from its present crippled condition (it was compiled by the late king, and is an average specimen of a royal composition), and to be made thoroughly congregational. "Then," says he, "it would not only be brought nearer to the Reformed (Calvinist), but also to the Apostolic, and therefore truly Evangelical Church, and thereby to the fundamental idea of Luther." Take a Lutheran liturgy, says our doctor, make it more Calvinistic, and you thereby make it more Lutheran. The fact is, he rather gives up the concrete Luther, and betakes himself to an ideal, which he calls the spirit of Luther. He wants to see more of this spirit in Prussia, and less Lutheranism. Luther's own scholars and disciples have failed to develop their master's thought aright; his real spirit was forgotten, and a pretender occupied his place, till Bunsen came, and Luther's spirit was born from his brain. Will the Prussians really be sheepish enough to allow this astute doctor to conduct them into stark Calvinism, simply by the ruse of calling it the "spirit of Luther?"



Another utterance: "The opposition between Luther and Calvin vanishes in the Gospel, as that between Peter and Paul does in Christ." Rather, we should say, the Gospel vanishes between Luther and Calvin. But we ought to remember that Bunsen probably means *his* gospel, his hazy "common Christianity," which remains after abstracting all that the various Protestant sects debate or deny. In this loose negative Christianity certainly all opposition ceases: judged by its rules, a Jew or a Mussulman is as good a Christian as Bunsen or Böhme. But what is the meaning of the opposition between Peter and Paul vanishing in Christ, unless, as we suspect the Prussian theologian to mean, Christ is a mere term for humanity in general—for man? Take any number of different men, Peter and Paul among the number, strip off all individual characteristics, and there remains nothing but the generic idea, the universal humanity, or man; and this he calls Christ. We suspect that Bunsen in these words intends to deny the historical existence of our Lord in His personal manifestation as the Son of Mary.

This mystification is nothing but the old hypocrisy of heretics, which has now fallen to the inheritance of the philosophers. As the Arians, according to the complaint of St. Hilary, put on the mask of piety, and pretended to labour in preaching the Gospel, in order to deny Him whom they were supposed to preach; so do our modern hypocrites take the most sacred names in their mouths, while in their hearts they deny Him whom these names designate; substituting new meanings for old terms, introducing a new Christ, who is either nothing, or else Antichrist; and deceiving the people by a pretended adherence to old orthodox formulas. To persons who play this game, mystification is a necessity; pretence and imposture must be bolstered up with quibble and obscurity: thieves do not rob by daylight, nor do impostures walk abroad in intelligible and luminous forms. They rather affect the illogical obscurity of transcendentalism, contradictions, equivocations, well-calculated reticences, imperfect retractations, truncated formulas, as ambuscades wherein to conceal their batteries.

But, after all, there must be something more than mystification in a writer who possesses such unquestionable power as Bunsen. He could never have gained such wide popularity, and such a fame for depth, merely from being dark. Like other heretics, Bunsen has doubtless pursued some phase of truth, however he has exaggerated and distorted it. To understand a heresy, this distorted truth should be diligently inquired for; and when found, should be as far as possible

honestly acknowledged. For truth, even though distorted, has such a relation to man, such a hold on his heart and intellect, that if, in condemning a man's errors, you pull up the wheat with the cockle, you are sure to impress upon his soul an invincible opinion of your want, not of justice only, but of understanding also. He will be indignant, obstinate, and confirmed in his error; there will be something within him that tells him he is not wholly wrong; and on this slender foundation of conscious rectitude his pride and his anger will build a vast mass of falsity and mischief. Let us, then, in a spirit of fairness, turn from Bunsen the frothy prophet to Bunsen the keen observer and successful politician.

The object of the work we have been examining is to account, and to find a remedy, for the prevalent alienation of the people from the ecclesiastical institutions of Europe. The fact is unquestionable, that both in Catholic and Protestant countries the churches in general are ill attended, and the Sacraments scantily frequented, in proportion to the population. What is the reason of this general apathy of the laity? What is the remedy for it? Bunsen attributes its cause to the gradual lapse of the lay element of the congregation, and the consequent gathering up of all religious functions into clerical hands. But this is no reason—it is merely a new way of stating the question; he has still to account for the lapse of the lay element; how and when did the laity begin to lose their interest in Church matters? However, we will let Dr. Bunsen speak without interruption. All functions, he tells us, have fallen into the hands of representatives, instead of being the common act of the whole body. Worship has become an act of the clergy, at which the laity may assist or not as they please, instead of the service performed by the whole congregation; and even in sects where the clerical element has been most completely eliminated, the functions of the clergy, instead of returning to the congregation, have fallen into the hands of a kind of secular hierarchy, those, namely, of the civil power and the police. All is still done for the people; not now by bishops and clergy, but by ministers of state, by soldiers and policemen. The people is still nothing—representatives all in all: and this is the real cause of the low state of religion in Prussia. "The great mass of society in Germany close their minds against any kind of mystery, as mystification; and reject every means of exciting the religious feeling, because they regard them all but as so many attempts at galvanisation on the part of the police. Once for all, the people stay away from church out of sheer aversion to a police-church."

"Hitherto," continues our author, "the social contest, in Germany at least, has been between these police-churches and churches with the Catholic hierarchical system;" both are in his eyes the offspring of sheer absolutism and tyranny; though the latter, as more honest, is preferable. "Despotism against despotism, the secular power will always have the worst of it; and regarded simply as a contest between these two powers, it is just and right that it should be so." Here, then, comes in the second question of the book; where is Dr. Bunsen to find a more successful antagonist of clerical despotism than the Josephine or Napoleonic counter-despotisms have proved themselves to be?

To find such a champion, he scrutinises the social phenomena of Europe; and among them he distinguishes two great antagonist principles, which threaten to divide the world. These are, the spirit of association, almost peculiar, as he thinks, to Protestantism; and the hierarchical or ultramontane spirit, most rife among Catholics, but working also in the pseudo-sacerdotal puerilities of the Puseyites, and in the proceedings of the "retrograde" party of the Prussian Lutherans. He professes great fear and uncertainty about the present result of the contest of these principles; but he believes that at last the spirit of association, and the free action of the congregation, unbiased, or at least not controlled, by clerical influence, will overcome the hierarchical element, and establish a constitutional religious freedom, analogous to the civil liberty of the English.

At present, however, the hierarchical spirit pervades the world. Every where he discovers the pretensions of the clerical office to a Divine right over conscience, and, as far as may be, over the whole mental culture of the human race. But by its side he also every where perceives the ever-growing aspiration of the nations for freedom of conscience, and for the enfranchisement of education from clerical supervision. The latter is the Protestant, the former the Catholic element of society. The Catholic hierarchy has, indeed, made faint attempts to make use of the principle of association as an instrument; but such cases are strikingly distinguished from Protestant societies, by the limitation of lay activity to the raising of funds to be spent by the clergy; while the Protestant associations are founded, formed, governed, and administered by laymen.

"These associations," he says, "have deeply penetrated Protestant life; the annual collection of 30,000,000 dollars is a little thing compared to the intercourse they bring about between so many millions of men. Over the face of almost

the whole earth weekly missionary meetings are held, in which communications are made concerning the faith, the doings, the sufferings of the brethren; hymns are sung, and often a stirring address delivered. The original impulse towards the formation of these institutions came from the Protestants, and has sprung from the sentiment of the *oneness* of that Church, whose many members are scattered over the whole earth, but which speaks one language, *just because every nation speaks in her own tongue.*" Happy Church; the symbol and crown of whose unity is the curse of Babel! Let us, however, just hint that Protestant societies may have arisen out of the total absence of individual self-sacrifice; just because no one among them was found to sacrifice self, life, and fortune to the propagation of the faith, they have tried to substitute some trifling pecuniary sacrifice made by each. It is a very good thing in itself, but no real substitute for the self-consuming fire of Catholic charity. Next, we may be allowed to object that these weekly meetings for the purpose of hearing about the conversions of savages, of the faith of the neophytes, often lead both to a repulsive hypocrisy and lying exaggeration on one side, and to a morbid curiosity on the other; so absorbing, that an elect sister can hardly write a note to her lawyer without interrogating him in a postscript about "his house, his family, and his eternal hopes."

But to return to Bunsen: according to him, the hierarchy can only use this element of association as a tool for its own ends; the real establishment of the principle would be the annihilation of its power; for, failing to distinguish between the functions of the clergy as dispensers of the gifts of God to man, and as administrators of the property and rights of the church and congregation, he can see nothing in the priest but a functionary of the congregation, who has by the apathy of the people been allowed to get the power into his own hands: destroy, therefore, their apathy, and you undermine his power. The priest, he considers, has nothing which he does not originally derive from the congregation—(for we must remember that with him the spirit of humanity is the same as the Holy Ghost)—just as kings owe their prerogatives to the original and implied consent of their subjects: hence he thinks that a hierarchy has no other footing of right to govern than a bureaucracy, than a police-system, which in the name of the state extends its tutelage to the minutest details of life, and recognises no sphere of independent action whatever beside its own; and more particularly excludes all independent congregational action. Bureaucracy he considers to be the tyranny

of the usurping functionaries of the civil congregation,—hierarchy that of the functionaries of the religious congregation; both the tools of tyrants, and the instruments of the oppression of the people; both guilty of an unprincipled warfare against the spirit of humanity, the authority and majesty of the congregational will, and the supremacy of its legislative power. And though theoretically he allows hierarchy to be the more honest, yet he finds it more intolerable than bureaucracy in its inquisition into opinions and private morals, and in its spirit of persecution. He owns that religious persecution and proselytism at the point of the sword have in times past characterised all the noble races of men; while, on the other hand, national tolerance has been the sign of social degradation; yet now, seeing that men's minds have become unsettled—seeing that all our philosopher's acquaintance are "still seeking after objective truth,"—nothing can be said in defence of persecution beyond the admission that it was unquestionably the error of the grand races of mankind.

In spite of this uncertainty with regard to objective truth, Bunsen is so complacently certain of the divine right of the congregation, that he makes no scruple of approving of every case of persecution of the hierarchy in the name, not of the congregation only, but even of the bureaucracy. Napoleon and Joseph were despots, yet Bunsen condemns the Archbishop of Freiburg and the authors of the Austrian Concordat for violating their principles; and when he speaks about the Jesuits, he urges governments to insist on their exclusion, on the ground of the existing laws against them, which he yet owns emanated directly from the rankest bureaucracies. "Bishops," he says, "only demand freedom for themselves;"—how much more true is this of men like Bunsen, who have the bureaucratic spirit so interwoven with their fibre, that even in pretending to oppose it, they unconsciously assume its postulates.

After this juggling feat, first conceding the hierarchy to be more tolerable than bureaucracy, and then gradually twisting himself round on the pivot of his weathercock logic till he comes to defend each bureau in its actual battles with each bishop, Bunsen enters on a consideration of the particular claims of the clergy to a supervision of marriage, education, and Church-property. All these matters have evidently a mixed character, partly civil, partly religious; yet in all he affirms that the supreme and ultimate power belongs to the state. Concerning marriage, can the state grant a divorce? By the Christian law, he says, nothing can dissolve marriage but death; but then he argues that adultery *is* death! Thus

does he bring in the power of the state, by attributing to it the power of interpreting the Christian law. Then he affirms the power of the state to compel the priest to celebrate mixed marriages, even when there is no pledge about the education of the children. He demands that the Catholic priest shall by performing his function openly before the Church acknowledge the Christian character of that woman's conduct, who, professing to believe that no one can be saved outside the Church, yet, from considerations of money or love, promises to bring up the fruits of her own body in ignorance of the Catholic faith, and in the way of damnation. We do not wish to prevent apostasy by persecution; but do not attempt to compel us to approve publicly what may be, and logically ought to be, the first step of apostasy for the woman, and the sacrifice of her children to Moloch.

Next, concerning education, he owns the right of the pastors of the Church to see that their flocks are educated in their religion, and especially to educate candidates for the clerical office; but at the same time he affirms for the state the right of participating in their examinations, and satisfying itself that they come up to the standard of its university education. He says that a boy admitted early into a seminary is at twenty-one fit for nothing but to be a priest; and that he either is compelled to be one with or without vocation, or must for all his life repent an education which has cut him off from the world, and left him no opportunity to repair his deficiencies. The state, therefore, has a right to demand that his education shall be of a general kind, in order that it may be serviceable to him in the event of his being cast on the world. Moreover, he asserts that the bishops only set up their seminaries and colleges in order to destroy the governmental gymnasia and lyceums; he does not seem able to admit into his imagination the possibility of the bishops wishing to have a selection of subjects elsewhere than among the disciples of Kant, Hegel, and Schelling, or of their suspecting the bureaus of the charitable intention of giving all the Catholic young men a chance of becoming infidel before they decide on being priests. The interests of science may be very great; but it is better that a candidate for the priesthood should be ignorant of the laws of electricity, of comparative grammar, or of the solution of impossible roots, than that he should have a leaning to the opinion that there is no God, or if there is, that He is the spirit of humanity.

Concerning ecclesiastical property, the state, according to Bunsen, is both owner and administrator; for the clergy are but functionaries of one limited phase of social and civil life,

namely, the religious element; they are servants of the state or congregation, not its masters.

Of course we cannot help a Protestant's disbelieving the possibility of God's graces being ordinarily dispensed through the hands of the clergy; what we complain of is, that the so-called philosopher and historian cannot even rise to the conception of the possibility of the Catholic laity entertaining such an idea, and so assuming that we Catholic laymen are the natural and necessary enemies of the hierarchy, opposers of its pretensions, deniers of its powers;—that we, who seek absolution at their hands, look upon them as mere men, exercising a power delegated to them not by God but by ourselves, elected and designated by the votes of the congregation. Nothing can be more unworthy a man like Bunsen, or can bring more suspicion upon either his penetration or his honesty. The fact is, that, civilly and politically speaking, the power of the Catholic Church, like that of Protestantism, rests upon its congregations—their numbers, their union, their wealth. It is not bishops against congregations; but congregations who believe in bishops against congregations who pretend to believe in the Bible only, and who tolerate no intervention, not even that of the Blessed Virgin herself, "between their conscience and their God."

It is for this reason, because the people are the substance and the mass of the Church, that we quote Bunsen's arguments. In the first place, even his own principle of the supreme authority of the "spirit of humanity" ought to lead him to acknowledge some right in the hierarchy; as an autocrat who is supported by the enthusiastic and loudly-expressed loyalty of his subjects cannot be called a tyrant, but has right on his side, and is unassailable on the ground of usurpation of popular rights, so priests, bishops, and pope, while supported by the faith of the Catholic congregations, have, on Bunsen's own principles, a perfect right to all the influence they command. The "divine spirit of humanity" speaks just as much through Catholic as through Protestant congregations. Do we Catholic laymen count for nothing in his eyes? does he think that he will influence us by treating us as poor fools, blind followers of scheming clergy, not worthy to have our voices heard or our votes collected? especially, does he think that we are likely to receive the oily speech of a partisan pretending to speak in the name of human nature, but in reality assuming the truth of the narrowest sectarian principles, and talking about the conclusions of his own impalpable exegesis as demonstratively evident to all honest men, and treating all his opponents as arrogant prelates or ignorant monks? Does

he suppose that we shall trust him the more, if he keeps telling us that this is white because it is *so* black, that triangular because it is *so* round, or his religion one because its language is *so* various? No; here and there some few of us may have their own private quarrels with our clergy upon isolated cases of matrimony, education, or the disposal of property; but they certainly will not be led into an open war with them by the impertinent interference of a bookful blockhead arbitrarily assuming the office of arbitrator. Man and wife may quarrel very severely; but the interferer not only reconciles the combatants, but also brings their united wrath upon his own head.

We hope that Bunsen's impertinences may have this effect on those amongst us who are disposed to go to buffets with the clergy: this was our first reason for quoting his arguments; our second is more serious. Any thing that can rouse laymen from their apathy must do good; the principle of lay association and of lay action is a real and powerful one, and as such has struck eminent men. Rosmini exaggerated it, and was rebuked; but his argument remains, and the condemnation of an exaggeration is no condemnation of the principle. We lately heard a person complain, that now-a-days the laity knew too much. We answered, that the only remedy for that was that they should know more. It is not now as in the middle ages, that clerk or clergyman is synonymous with man of cultivated intellect, and that all outside that order are in the dark. Laymen every where do more than they did; Nicholas and Montalembert in France, Donoso Cortez in Spain, Brownson in America, we may add the professor of St. Edmund's College in England, are (or were) recognised teachers; societies like that of St. Vincent of Paul, —an essentially lay society,—or of the Holy Family, show the utility of associated action. If an eminent politician tells us that this action is the essential spirit of the present age, and points it out as the great weapon against Catholicity, it is useful both to know his opinion, and to turn over in our minds all methods that may be suggested for applying the spirit of the age to Catholic purposes.

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A PILGRIMAGE TO THE PROTO-MONASTERY OF  
SUBLIACO,

AND THE HOLY GROTTA OF ST. BENEDICT.

BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP ULLATHORNE, O.S.B.

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CHAPTER III.

THE HOLY VALLEY.

THE first feeling which arises in the soul on contemplating the holy valley of Subiaco is one of religious awe. The heights, the depths, and the mysterious shadows which commingle them; a grandeur in the long-drawn extent of the prospect, which seems to take its limits but from the sense of the beholder; combined with the reflection, that here, in this cathedral of nature, God conversed with His saints in ages long past;—all conspire to fill the heart with a sense of eternal things, of which the scene before us is a reflection, austere indeed, but yet sublime. But when, on another day, instead of being viewed beneath the influence of stormy sunset clouds, this same scene was searched through by the mid-day brightness of an Italian sun, and the eye grew more familiar with its features, the feeling of its beauty was almost equal to that of its magnificence.

Passing over the bridge on which we have been standing, and taking our position in a rude cave below it on the other side, we will endeavour to give such a description as may enable the reader in some degree to realise its character.

The right side of the ravine, on which we are standing, ascends through the greater part of its extent abruptly to the height of some two thousand feet. And about midway of its length, as seen from this point, a dark-looking prominence of greater height, on which a tall cross is conspicuous, projects its shadow towards the holy grotto on the other side. This range is bare of all wood except low thickets. The left of the ravine is much more varied in its lines. It winds more harmoniously with the bendings of the river at its base; it recedes in its ascending with more grace and freedom; it exhibits a more varied sky-line, and a more undulating surface, but is broken here and there with precipices or huge projections of rock.

On one of those projecting ledges, at half a mile's distance, stands the great monastery of St. Scholastica. The huge pile offers an irregular front towards the stream, and the mass of roofs exhibit an equal irregularity of plan. The monastic architecture of all periods, from the early round arch and the early pointed down to the most modern fashion of uniformity in style, combine together in this extensive front. The substructures, which were found needful for obtaining a broad enough level for the cloisters, are enormous. This is especially the case at the further end of the monastery, where the rock sinks down into a hollow. There three huge buttresses seem to start out of an abyss, and breaking in at regular intervals, they climb first up the face of the rock, then up the solid basement-walls, and run on between the small lancet openings until they shoulder the upper story. Beyond them, where the roofs are the most intricate, rises up the well-proportioned tower, which is of Byzantine architecture. Between the monastery and the stream the steep declivity is covered with an olive-garden. But so nearly do the gray and silvery-green leaves of these trees resemble in colour the general hue of these mountains, as they appear in this month of April, that it is difficult to distinguish them. Close beyond the foundations of the monastery the ground is broken down by a winter torrent, on the opposite point beyond which is a little chapel which marks the spot where St. Benedict met with St. Romanus. Thence a footpath is barely visible, ascending for half a mile along the rugged side of the mountain until it disappears through the arch of a tall portal, and is lost to the eye amidst a thick dark grove of ilex-trees. This grove is in the flank of the principal mountain on that side of the ravine, and about a thousand feet above the level of the valley. Immediately beyond it there starts up an immense precipice of reddish-coloured rock, which rises for several hundred feet perpendicularly, until it nearly reaches the top of the rounded hill into whose face it is inserted. In this precipice, but concealed from sight by the sacred grove, as well as by a cliff which projects at its further extremity, is the sanctuary of the Holy Grotto. Carrying the eye beyond this deeply interesting point as far again as it is from us, the mountains from both sides of the river close down upon its stream, and form a kind of second gorge; whilst the more distant mountains beyond wind across each other, and are darkened by the ilex and oak trees that cover them.

The Anio, now but a few miles from its source in the mountains near Trevi, comes seething and foaming deep below in the narrow valley, its white surface sparkling here and

there; whilst at other intervals of its course, owing to the depth, or the dark shadows, or the turnings of its bed, or the trees and the rank vegetation on its banks, its course is audible to the one sense, whilst it is invisible to the other.

This valley was a favourite resort of the Emperor Nero. He closed up the outlet of the waters where we are standing with a massive wall, and turned the valley into a lake. Below this first lake he constructed a second, which had a broader expanse. And a third lake, which reached to where now stands the city of Subiaco, received the waters from the two first. Pliny the elder describes these three lakes, and says they were famed for their pleasantness. But after his time we have not specific mention made of more than two lakes. Frontinus, writing in the reign of Trajan, says that the waters within the ravine stood twenty feet above the natural bed of the river. On its two sides Nero built baths and a magnificent villa, adorned with costly marbles, for his residence; and connected them by a marble bridge which crossed the ravine. Ruins of these structures still remain. They stand upon shelves of rock, which have been levelled for the purpose some way below, and at a little distance from, the present bridge. On the right of the stream, three vaulted chambers of reticulated work, with apsidal terminations, exhibit their ruined interiors imbedded in foliage. On the left, the ground-plan of the more extensive buildings is left complete, with some fragments of the superstructure. A considerable portion of the marble bridge remained at the end of the thirteenth century, and several beautiful columns taken from the villa may still be seen at the monastery of St. Scholastica.

The name of Sublacum, whence is derived the modern one of Subiaco, was given to this retreat by Nero from its proximity to the lake. And the same emperor constructed the road which gives access to it from the *Via Valeria*. And here it was that, whilst this first great persecutor of the Christians was feasting and revelling, the table at which he sat was overturned, and the cup struck from his hands by lightning. Tacitus has depicted the scene in his brief style.

Frontinus tells us that when Trajan restored their copiousness and quality to the other aqueducts which fed the fountains of Rome, in order to supply the failing springs of Curtius and Cerulius, which, at some five miles nearer to Rome, were the original feeders of the Claudian aqueduct, he left the running stream and sought a more abundant replenishment from the lake above the villa of Nero. For there, he observes, the waters not only purified themselves, owing to their great depth, but, under the opaque shade of the forest which grew

on the mountain sides, they were most cool and clear. Celsus has celebrated their medicinal qualities, as well as their remarkable coolness. And these were probably owing to minute proportions of lime and sulphur which they had absorbed. The distance from Rome is forty-five miles, but the course taken by the aqueduct was considerably longer. The catastrophe by which these lakes were destroyed is vividly described in the monastic chronicle of Mirtius.

On the 20th of February, in the year of our Lord 1305, says the chronologist, and whilst the abbatial chair was vacant, a tempest came down upon the Symbruine mountains more terrific than any which men remember or books record. The rain, hail, and snow fell like a second deluge. The winds, with conflicting currents, whirled across the mountains so furiously, that they swept the accumulated snows from off their summits, and the whole torrent rushed into the meadows of the holy valley. It swelled the river into one broad flood over its cultivated banks; the fields became pools, and the ways were lost from sight. The monks, hoping to prevent worse mischief, urged two of the most courageous of the brethren to precipitate some of the large stones from the top of the wall which sustained the upper lake, that the struggling waters might find a freer vent. But no sooner was this done than the whole wall went asunder; and the suddenly liberated floods, rushing with prodigious force and volume against the wall of the second lake, burst it away also. Hurrying onwards, the eager surges swept down the buildings which they met in their way, tore up the mills and bridges even with their foundations; and careering over the fields, they caught the peasants in their flight, destroying them together with their flocks and herds. Since that time the Anio has flowed on in its natural bed, and the famous lake is but a name. In early papal documents the side of the ravine on which the monasteries stand is called Mount Thaleius.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### SAINT BENEDICT.

WHEN, as the fifth century was closing, God raised up His servant Benedict to reinvigorate His Church, Christendom, as Baronius observes, was at a most critical moment of its history. In the East, Zeno with the strength of the empire was defending and helping on the Eutychnians. The orthodox bishops

were driven from their sees; and the Oriental monks, once so flourishing, had either become implicated in the dissensions of the time, and so lost their spirit, or had fallen into the prevailing heresies. Thus religious discipline suffered; and then disorders followed. France, Spain, and Italy were possessed by the Goths and Arian Vandals; whilst Africa, groaning under Genseric, had become one vast arena of blood and slaughter. England, overrun by the Picts and Scots, and invaded by the Saxons, had once more fallen a prey to idolatry. The whole West was sinking under its own corrupted civilisation, and seemed to be expiring beneath the vigorous blows of so many barbarous nations. And then it was that, amidst a darkness which threatened a universal night, St. Benedict shone forth as a light unto the world. God gave him a great spirit and a fertile grace. He trained him in solitude, tried him in the fire of tribulation, and still further tested his virtues in the furnace of contradictions. And thus thoroughly furnished as the man of God for every good work, by the Divine assistance he raised up a body of men imbued with his own spirit, which became the great instrument for the reinvigoration and extension both of the Church and of civilisation. The rule he gave them was as remarkable for its practical wisdom and clear good sense as for its spirit of interior freedom. Stability of life was its foundation, and obedience to rule its form; the love of God was its substance, and charity to man its fruit. Stability of life was sustained by the choral duty of the daily and nightly psalmody. The spirit of obedience was nurtured by the sense of God's presence, at all times inspecting the heart of man; and by the sense of our constant responsibility to our Creator and Redeemer. The love of God was to be nourished by interior contemplation, and by brief but pure aspirations repeated often from the heart of the disciple. Charity to man was to begin by hospitality to the stranger, in whose person Christ was to be considered, and more especially so if he was poor. But the charity which began in the hospitality of the monastery went on to the winning of souls to God. The law of silence, when duty or the relief of the mind called not for speech, was the guardian of recollection and of the entire spirit of the rule.

Thus formed to patience of soul, chastity of body, charity of heart, and poverty of life, the family of St. Benedict came forth with free hearts and joyful yet tranquil spirits to missionise the world. On every mountain they planted their religious colonies. They made the desert places fertile by their toil and skill; and by restoring agriculture they laid anew the basis of civilisation. They attracted populations

round them by their benefits, and gave them municipal government. They gathered up, preserved, and, by the labour of their pens, transmitted to posterity the monuments of ancient learning. They cultivated the arts which refine the soul of man, as well as those which supply his wants. They evangelised the idolatrous nations of the North, and our own England. Kings called them to their counsels, and gave to them the power of judgment, because of their wisdom and uprightness. They were selected for their learning and virtues to sit upon the episcopal chairs, and even on the throne of Peter. They contributed greatly to lay the foundations of modern civilisation, since so much shaken by far different men, in the solid ground of faith and of charity. And some of them cemented the work with their blood.

The author of such a work as this deserved a great historian. He found one in no less a person than St. Gregory the Great. This truly great Pope was almost his contemporary, and derived his information from four abbots of the order who had been the saint's immediate disciples. And one of them, St. Honoratus, was his successor in the government of this very monastery of St. Scholastica during many years whilst the saint yet lived. Hence St. Gregory's *Life of St. Benedict* is one of the most authentic, as it is one of the most beautiful, of those narratives in which saints have bequeathed to us the lives of saints. Nor could any thing have been more providential; for it is the life of the saint which gives animation to his rule: through its vivid descriptions he still lives before the eyes of his disciples, and confirms his precepts by example.

Descended from the noble Anician family by his father, and from the Claudian by his mother, St. Benedict was born at Norcia, in Umbria, about the year 481. Sent for his education to the Roman schools at the early age of fourteen, the pious youth was so horrified at the depravity which he saw in many of his companions, that, dreading their contagion, he fled from the city. His nurse, who was affectionately attached to him, followed his steps; and with her in his company, he took refuge in the mountains. They came to Affile, a few miles short of Subiaco; and with the simplicity of those times and of that place, they were allowed to dwell in the church. There, to console his faithful companion in a distress which had befallen her, the pious youth, through his prayers and tears, wrought a miracle. The miracle got spread abroad, and drew attention upon him; so he fled away from the praises of men, as he had before fled from contact with their vices. He left his nurse behind him, and sought for God in solitude. Pur-

suing his lonely way, with God alone for his reliance, he came upon the ravine of Subiaco. The lakes still filled the valleys with their fresh waters; but the villa of Nero was desolate and deserted. The whole of this wild tract was covered with wood, and solitary; but as he traversed with his own silent thoughts the rugged side of Mount Thaleius, he was met by a monk. The monk questioned the youth, ascertained that his desire was to live to God in solitude, kept his secret, and clothed him with the habit of a hermit. He then guided him to a lonely cave; and there for three years he lived, unknown to all the world except to the monk Romanus. During these three years, St. Romanus spared what he could from his own slender refecton, and secretly conveyed it to the young hermit. Now the monastery in which St. Romanus lived, under the abbot Theodatus, stood on the top of the mountain, over the face of the steep precipice described in the last chapter; and the cave lay concealed at a great depth below. So Romanus came from time to time to the verge above, and lowered down his provisions by a long cord, to the end of which he attached a bell. And at the sounding of this bell the man of God knew that Romanus was there, and came out to receive his food. But the enemy of man, who, as St. Gregory says, envied the charity of the one and the refecton of the other, hurled a stone and broke the bell. Yet Romanus failed not by other means to supply his wants at stated intervals.

But God resolved to set this candle on the candlestick, that he might shine before men in the house of his heavenly Master. So the Lord appeared in a vision to a certain priest, who dwelt not far off, on the Paschal festival. And He said to him: "Thou art preparing delicacies for thyself, and My servant there is tormented with hunger." Then the priest rose up with the viands he had prepared for the Paschal feast, and sought through the rugged mountains, and through the deep valleys, and in the caves, and found the man of God in his grotto. And when they had prayed and blessed the Almighty Lord, they sat down together. And after they had sweetly conversed on eternal life, the priest said: "Come, let us take food; for to-day is the Pasch." And the man of God said: "I know it is the Pasch, since to-day I have deserved to see thee." For, living apart from men, he did not know that it was the Paschal solemnity. But the venerable priest said: "Truly it is to-day our Lord's Resurrection. It is not fit thou shouldst abstain. And for this I am sent, that we should take the gifts of God together." So, blessing God, they eat their repast together. And after conversing again on Divine things, the priest returned to his church.

About the same time the shepherds discovered the hermit in his cave; but as he was clad in skins, they took him for a wild beast. Then, finding him to be a servant of God, they came to be changed from their own animal life to one of grace and piety. So the fame of the man of God spread abroad; and from that time men sought him, and whilst they brought him food for the body, they took back nourishment for the soul.

And on a certain day, when the man of God was alone, the tempter came in the shape of a bird, and he hovered round about him; but when he made the sign of the cross, the bird flew away. Then an unclean temptation so great arose within him that he was almost inclined to leave his solitude; but of a sudden the supernal grace shone in upon his soul, and he returned to himself; when, casting his eyes upon the thickets of thorns and briars mixed with nettles that grew near, he suddenly cast off his garments and rolled himself amongst them for so long a time that he was covered with wounds and blisters. Thus did he conquer sense by sense, and quelled the stimulus to unlawful pleasure with the keenest sense of pain. And from that day forward, as his disciples attested, he was never subject to temptations.

After this many left the world and came to be his disciples, for the fame of his sanctity spread far and wide. And it was then that the monks of St. Cosimato came and implored him to become their spiritual father. He went, and, as we have seen, they attempted his life; and he returned to his beloved solitude, where, says St. Gregory, he dwelt within himself beneath the eyes of God. And there, whilst he grew yet greater in holiness, and miracles increased at his hands, so many were there who gathered round him and sought for his guidance in serving God, that he built twelve monasteries, placed twelve monks in each of them, and gave to every monastery its own superior; whilst a few others, whom he thought best to keep under his own immediate guidance, he attached to his own place of retirement. Even the more devout noblemen of Rome began to have recourse to him, and to place their sons beneath his care: and amongst these, Euty chius and the senator Tertullus gave their sons into his keeping. Placidus, the son of Tertullus, was a child; but Maurus, the son of Euty chius, though still young, speedily became the saint's assistant. Trained by the man of God from their tender years, these two became his most distinguished disciples and most illustrious saints of his order, and St. Placid received the crown of martyrdom. Later on, the father of St. Placid gave his possessions around Subiaco to the holy patri-



arch; and thus was laid the first temporal foundation for the subsistence of the monasteries.

Of these twelve establishments only two at this day remain,—that of the Holy Grotto and that of St. Scholastica. But of most of the others there is some fragment of ruins or trace of foundations or chapel, which show the place where once they stood. They were all sacked and desolated in the beginning of the seventh century by the Lombards under Alboin, and the monks fled to Rome; those which were reconstructed were again sacked by the Saracens in 828.

On Mount Thaleius, above the Holy Grotto, was the monastery of St. Blaise, where St. Romanus lived. After the death of its abbot Theodatus, it came under St. Benedict's jurisdiction. St. Romanus founded a monastery in Gaul, and there died. After its desolation it was not rebuilt until 1180. Ruins of it still remain, and in the chapel built on the spot is preserved in rude Latinity the original inscription of the consecration of the church in that year by Manfred, Bishop of Tivoli. Mass is annually chanted here on the festival of St. Blaise. St. Michael's stood on a level space below the Holy Grotto and near the bank of the stream. St. Clement's was near the lake below St. Scholastica, most probably built on the ruins of Nero's baths; it was also called *Vinea Columbaria*,—the Vineyard of Doves. St. Benedict passed more of his time in that than in the other monasteries. Here, says the chronicle, was a garden for the recreation of Maurus and Placid, and here St. Benedict took his walks. Below it, on the border of the lake, was the scene of the miracle with the poor Goth's billhook; and not far off is the chapel marking the spot where, at the command of the saint, Maurus ran upon the water of the lake and drew out the drowning Placid. This monastery was rebuilt after the desolation of the Lombards; but destroyed again in 1223 by an earthquake which shook all Italy.

The monastery of St. Angelus was beyond the lake, perhaps half a mile east of the Holy Grotto. Nothing of it remains.

St. Mary di Marrebottas, after lying 620 years in desolation, was, owing to a vision of the Blessed Virgin, rebuilt by Blessed Lawrence of Apulia in 1226, and now bears his name. It was here that for thirty-four years Blessed Lawrence performed his terrible penances. It was situated on a much higher mountain beyond St. Blaise. Eastward of this, on the mountains, was situated St. John the Baptist's, or St. John at the Waters; for it was here that, to appease the discontent of the monks, St. Benedict caused water to flow miracu-

lously. Destroyed with the rest of the monasteries by the Lombards, it was rebuilt in 1114.

Looking further up the course of the river, beyond the upper gorge of the ravine, the well-built castle of Rocca di Boso stands; a fine and conspicuous object. Near it was the monastery of St. Jerome. In the same direction is Monte Præclaro; now, and not without some reason, called Monte Porcario, for numbers of hogs feed there upon its acorns. At its base stood the monastery of St. Victorinus: nothing remains of it. St. Andrew's of *Eternal Life* was on the bank of the stream. St. Angelus of Trevi was in the direction of Trevi: there are many remains of this monastery. It is much questioned whether St. Andrew's, now Rocca di Botte, was ever one of the original twelve; it is at a distance, and they were about the holy valley: and St. Donatus is considered with more probability to have been the twelfth. The structure subsists, and is now the grange of St. Scholastica. Truly, then, says the chronicler, was Mount Thaleius God's mountain, the rich mountain, the mountain in which it pleased God to dwell. And the vale of the Anio was the holy valley, through which the praises of God resounded day and night.

No great work for God endures unless founded in the midst of persecution. It is the test of the work and the proving of the workmen. Far and wide the twelve monasteries gave forth their fervour, says St. Gregory; and many were the persons who left the world, that they might bend the neck of their heart beneath the light yoke of their Redeemer. Then Florentius, who was priest of a neighbouring church, and, St. Gregory adds, the ancestor of his own subdeacon, became stirred with a most malicious envy against the man of God: he slandered his reputation; he prevented all the persons he could from going near him; and, under the guise of a blessing, he sent him a present of a loaf of bread which contained poison. But the man of God, whilst he discerned the poison, received the gift with thanks. Now, at the hour of repast, a raven was wont to come from the forest to take bread from his hands. And when that hour came, he said to the raven: "Take this bread, and cast it where no man can find it." But the raven, with outspread wings and open mouth, croaked how he was willing but knew not how to do the man of God's behest. Then, commanding the raven again, he said: "Take it, take it up safely; and cast it where no man can find it." So, after long delay, he inserted his beak into the loaf, and flew away with it; and after three hours the raven returned, and received from the man of God his wanted provision.

Failing to destroy the Saint in body, Florentius sought next to kill his disciples in their souls. He sent seven abandoned women to wanton and revel in the garden near his cell. But when the man of God beheld what was passing, he feared for the weaker brethren; and considering that all these persecutions were solely on his own account, he gave place to envy; and so, setting all things in order in the twelve monasteries, leaving them under constituted superiors, and taking with him a few only of his disciples, he departed from them. But no sooner had the man of God departed than God struck the priest with His terrible visitation: for, whilst he was rejoicing at the departure of the Saint, his house fell in, and crushed him to death beneath its ruins. The man of God had not gone more than ten miles on his journey when his disciple Maurus came and told him what had happened. Then he gave himself up to great lamentations, both because of the untimely death of his adversary, and because his disciple had rejoiced when he brought him intelligence of it; and on his disciple he imposed a penance for his rejoicing at the death of his enemy.

God, indeed, had other work for His servant; and his past tribulations were made the occasion to bring that work about. The Saint went on to Mount Cassino. There he converted the people from their habits of idolatry, destroyed their temple of Apollo, cut down the grove which was the scene of their superstitions, and built two oratories in place of them. In the year 529 he there founded his famous monastery, which he governed for fourteen years. At some distance from it he founded the sacred virgins of his order, and placed them under the guidance of his sister, St. Scholastica. His yearly interview with his sister is most touchingly described by St. Gregory. She died two years before him, and he saw her soul ascend to heaven in the form of a dove. And in the sixty-third year of his life, on the sixth day of his sickness, he was carried by his own desire into the church, where he received the sacraments, and leaning upon some of his disciples who stood round him, he calmly breathed out his soul to God in prayer.

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## CHAPTER V.

### THE PROTO-MONASTERY OF ST. SCHOLASTICA.

REPASSING the bridge from near which we have contemplated the holy valley—it was built by Gregory XVI.—and passing

round the circular chapel of St. Maurus, the footpath,—for there is no carriage-road in these mountains,—conducts us to St. Scholastica. Midway we pass the chapel called *Dell' Incontro*; and by the people, owing to one of its pictures, our Lady of Gold. It is said to mark the spot where St. Benedict first welcomed SS. Maurus and Placid. The old frescoes on the wall and ceiling are ruined by damp.

A large open court, closed in with walls and covered with grass, leads to the portal, where the gray-headed porter, a lay brother, introduced us to the apartments provided at the entrance for visitors. But no sooner were we announced, than, with that cordial hospitality which is so marked a feature of St. Benedict's rule, I and my companion were conducted into the interior of the abbey, and found ourselves at home amongst brethren. St. Benedict says, that when a stranger arrives at the monastery, God is to be thanked; he is to be received as Christ, and if he be poor, Christ is to be still more considered in his person. But the pilgrim was a monk, who, for five-and-thirty years, and in almost every latitude of the world, had thought of Subiaco as the cradle of his order, and now saw it for the first time. It was indeed a home for his spirit, made more so by the affectionate kindness of his brethren in St. Benedict. But the reader expects a description of this celebrated monastery.

The cloister that we enter from the second gate, which closes it from the eastern quarters, is far the most spacious of the three which form the ground-plan. It was constructed in its present form in 1689. Its lofty groined arches rest upon square Ionic columns, which support the dormitories and form the four sides of an open quadrangle. On the inside of these columns are full-length portraits, by Manente, of the Popes and sovereigns who at various epochs have visited the monastery; and amongst them are St. Gregory the Great, whose local descriptions in the life of St. Benedict clearly indicate his acquaintance with the place, together with ten other Popes, most if not all of whom conferred privileges on the monastery. There are also the Emperor Otho III. and the Empress Agnes, and one of the Stuarts. Two columns stand in the cloister, one of porphyry, the other of *giallo antico*, which were brought from Nero's baths. On the right side, looking towards the holy valley, is a handsome suite of apartments for the reception of benefactors and friends, who are admitted to the privilege of lodging within the enclosure. In the first apartment, under a marble bust of the reigning pontiff, is an inscription on a tablet which indicates that he founded the new province of Subiaco in the order, that he ordained the transfer of the

monastic college for foreign missions to this abbey, that he authorised the introduction of the primitive observance of the rule at the Holy Grotto, and that he approved the office of the patronage of St. Benedict. Twelve easel pictures, which adorn these apartments, represent saints and holy persons who have lived at Subiaco. St. Sylvia, the mother of St. Gregory the Great, holds in her hand the deed of donation by which she made over extensive possessions in the neighbourhood to the monasteries. She was the second great founder of the temporal possessions after the father of St. Placid. Visitors are placed under the especial care of the guest-master; and at present an English father fills this charitable office. Rules are inscribed at the entrance of these apartments for the guidance of the guests. On the opposite side of the monastery there is an hospice, at which numbers of poor are daily fed, and where apartments are provided for poor pilgrims to sleep in. They come in great numbers at the feast of St. Benedict. The first cloister opens into a second. We are here on the main site of the primitive monastery, and in the nucleus of the present extensive pile. This cloister is angular in shape, and of plain early pointed architecture. We must, however, except one arch of later insertion, which is a rich specimen of the flamboyant period: its deep mouldings are filled in with canopied statuettes, and on its apex it bears a finial sustaining a figure of the Blessed Virgin. On the entrance-side are the refectories for the students and the one for the domestics, whilst on another side are offices for the artisans of the establishment. The third side is full of interest; here is a fine Gothic door, moulded in marble, which leads into the church. In its tympanum is an ancient painting of the Blessed Virgin seated with the Child, St. Benedict and St. Scholastica are standing at their side. By the wall at the right hand of the door is the old judgment-seat of the abbots, used in the times when they exercised temporal sovereignty. The seat is a square block of marble with two steps, but without arms or back; it is ornamented round with that delicate Alexandrian mosaic in porphyry and gold which proves its antiquity. In the wall on the other side of the door is an old marble tablet of great historic interest. It records how Abbot Humbert raised the beautiful work of the tower in the fourth year of the pontificate of Leo IX. (1052); and gives a list of the towns, villages, and possessions, to the number of twenty-two, which at that time formed the dominion of the monastery.

On a broad column of those which sustain the cloister, opposite the church-door, is a yet more curious monument. It is engraved in Montfaucon as well as in Agincourt. A goat

and a stag are rudely sculptured, rearing up to drink from a cup resting on the stem of a tree. On the body of the goat an inscription records the building of the church under Benedict VII., and its dedication by the same Pope on the 4th of December 981. Above is another inscription, in most barbarous Latinity, recording how Cojutor constructed certain parts of the buildings around for the love of St. Benedict, who had there so great a conflict.

A considerable expansion in breadth of the cloister conducts through a Gothic doorway into a vaulted hall, which, groined upon four huge ribs, contains ancient frescoes, and conducts to the refectory of the community. This is a noble room of more modern date and of great height, and is capable of accommodating sixty monks seated in one line along its two sides and upper end. The reading pulpit is entered by a concealed staircase in the wall. The principal picture is a large subject by Minante, representing St. Gregory, who, whilst he serves twelve poor men at table, discovers an angel amongst them. Nothing strikes the visitors of this abbey who have the privilege of sitting at these tables so much as the silence, order, and monastic discipline observed in the refectory. As there is now a considerable number of English subjects in the community, a portion of the rule of St. Benedict is daily read at dinner in English.

We now pass to the third and most beautiful of the cloisters. It is of the same character as those attached to the basilicas of St. John Lateran and St. Paul's, and was built by Abbot Lando in 1235. There are the same solid round marble arches resting upon slender marble columns, which, grouped in pairs, reach altogether the number of eighty or more. The columns are of various kinds and colours, some twisted, others plain, and are surmounted by broad capitals in every variety of pattern; whilst on the exterior there runs above the arches a bold and fretted cornice. From a remark in the earlier chronicle, Abbot Lando appears to have got his marbles from Nero's villa and bridge. The old frescoes on the walls have been concealed with lime-wash. But one representing St. Benedict has been brought to light, which Overbeck has copied, and which has become familiarly known through the Dusseldorf prints. It represents the holy patriarch holding the finger of one hand on his lips in token of silence, and in the other the rod of discipline. A well in the centre of the quadrangle is interesting from the beautiful columns and other marbles, brought from the baths of Nero, with which it is ornamented. The chronicle records the enormous cost of labour and money at which these marbles were got up the rugged mountain. On

one side of this cloister is shown the room of the venerable Ippolito Pugnatello, the last of the Benedictines declared venerable for his sanctity. A beautiful fresco of the Blessed Virgin and Child has been discovered on the wall. This room has been recently made a chapel. On the other side a door conducts down into the crypts. A line of short stout columns which run along the middle of these crypts sustains their plain but solid vaultings. On the other hand, the same door conducts to the old abbatial prison; a monument of the departed temporal power of the abbots. This prison, which bears signs of having been left for ages without any use, consists of a single chamber lighted from the side of the valley, with a small ante-room. The door on the other side opens upon an immense flight of steps, at the bottom of which was a door by which prisoners were brought up from the valley.

The principal ascent to the dormitories is by a magnificent stone staircase, which is admirably lighted. Their two principal corridors stand at right angles with each other like the letter T, having a length of 450 feet with a breadth of 16. The ceiling, which is acutely but plainly vaulted, is lofty in proportion. A fine column of verde antique which stands on the staircase, and another of African marble at the termination of the corridor, were brought from Nero's villa. Here is a beautifully furnished chapel, with stalls in walnut, for the midnight office. Adjoining is the room for spiritual conferences, which are held once a week. Passing the infirmary, the dispensary, and the rest of the suite of offices, we come to the library. It is by no means so rich as it has been in ages gone by, though it has a fair collection of old editions. Its principal treasures consist in first editions of the earliest books printed in Italy. It was, indeed, through this monastery that the art of printing was first introduced into Italy. Sweynham and Pannartz printed *Lactantius* here in 1465, and in the following year they printed St. Augustine's great work *De Civitate Dei*. The first copies struck off, as also the first copy of the work they next printed in Rome, have the fact recorded in the type, and are preserved in this library. Another room contains some five hundred manuscripts. Of these perhaps the most important is the Chronicle of Cherubini Mirtius, completed on the basis of an earlier but less accurate one, which was published in the great collection of Muratori. The chronicle of Mirtius was completed in 1629. I shall make ample use of its contents. The archivium is rich in documents and deeds, which reach up to a high antiquity. I am told that between the archives of the two monasteries there are not less than 4500 of these parchments. They were copiously used by Mirtius

in writing his chronicle. Beyond the library is a suite of study-rooms. The cells of the religious are also comprised within these extensive corridors. The novitiate forms a separate part of the establishment, and with its common rooms, chapel, offices, and cells, occupies the upper story of Abbot Lando's quadrangle. The upper story over the entrance-front is set apart for the students.

The first place to which a guest is invited, and to which, if a good Catholic, his own feelings will attract him, when he arrives at a monastery, is the church. But I have reserved a description of it to the last. The only entrance from the exterior, and by which, therefore, women can pass, is by a narrow groined passage not unlike the entrance to a fortress. We may pass by the chapter-room, whose chief interest is that it was the small original church dedicated by St. Benedict to SS. Cosmas and Damian. After the saint's death, St. Honoratus dedicated it to St. Benedict and St. Scholastica; but since the sanctuary of the Holy Grotto was solemnly devoted to the holy patriarch this church has borne the exclusive name of St. Scholastica. Portraits of the first disciples of St. Benedict are hung on the walls, and above the stalls are inscribed the names of nineteen saints who either dwelt here or have honoured the place by their presence.

The old church, dedicated by Benedict VII., was greatly injured by an earthquake. A new one was constructed within the older church in 1769. The sectional plan given in Agincourt shows how curiously the structure in the modern Roman style has been thrust as it were into the old Gothic church. It consists of a nave with three recessed chapels on each side, transepts, and choir. In the left transept is the altar of St. Chelidonia, which is placed over her remains. In the opposite transept a similar altar covers the relics of SS. Audax and Anatolia. A door from this transept opens into a beautiful little chapel constructed between the walls of the new and the old church, and it is said to be the position of the cell which was used by St. Benedict. The names of the twelve great religious congregations which have sprung from the primitive Benedictine order are inscribed round the altar-piece. All the altars of the church are adorned with large pictures; the best is one of St. Gregory, which is attributed to Guido. The stalls in the choir behind the high altar are massive and well ornamented. In the centre of the apse is the abbatial chair, in which each commendatory abbot is installed after his appointment. The commendatory abbot exercises quasi-episcopal jurisdiction over the ancient territory which belonged to the abbey, and this is his quasi-episcopal church. But since the middle of the



fifteenth century, the monastery has been governed by its own immediate superiors as in former times. In 1674, the commendatory abbot Charles held a synod in this church, which he promulgated throughout his jurisdiction. A frontispiece to the Decrees of the Synod represents the interior of the ancient church. Attached to the church is a fine sacristy of lofty proportions, adorned with good frescoes of the life of the Blessed Virgin by Zucchari. I ought not to forget to remark that the church is a perfect model of cleanliness and order.

In the sacristy are silver busts containing a portion of the hand of St. Benedict and of the arm of St. Scholastica. There are also important relics of SS. Maurus and Placid. But one of the most curious and authentic relics here preserved is the capouche or hood of St. Basil. It is beautifully and curiously woven of black camel's hair, and is in a perfect condition. Its history is thus recorded in the chronicle. It was brought to Italy by St. Gregory Nazianzen, the bosom friend of St. Basil. On the first day of the year 378, this saint presented it, together with a brass cross containing one of the holy thorns, to John the abbot of the Basilian monks of Grotto Ferrata, near Frascati. In 1165, during a war between the Romans and the Albanians and Tusculans combined, the country round Grotto Ferrata was delivered up to fire and sword, and the Greek monks fled for refuge to Subiaco. The Holy Grotto was assigned for their residence. There most of them died; but those who survived to return to Grotto Ferrata concealed these treasures in a wall ere their departure, as they did not yet feel secure of tranquillity in their own monastery. There they remained concealed for more than 200 years, until, *nutu Dei*, they were discovered. The elder chronologist of Subiaco confirms this account by a letter from Adlannasius Tibur, the abbot of Grotto Ferrata. And I may add that I met a Basilian bishop of Grotto Ferrata in the chambers of the Vatican, who assured me of its authenticity, and expressed the lasting regret of the Basilian monks that this relic of their holy founder had been lost to them. In the sacristy are also preserved a set of illuminated choral books on parchment.

Crossing the transept from the sacristy, in the passage leading to the crypts, is a sarcophagus containing the remains of the blessed Palumbo, which is surmounted by his bust.

[To be continued.]

## Preston Hall,

AND

## OUR NEW DIGNITARIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STUMPINGFORD."

## CHAPTER VII.

## YE TOWERS OF JULIUS.

THE Tower of London—London's lasting shame—whether truly or not truly described as the towers of Julius, received Father Preston for the last time.

It contains, as many of our readers know, two chapels; one Norman, in the great building which gives name to all the rest. This was the chapel of the ancient kings of England. It is now a muniment-room, and seldom shown,—far happier in being closed thus than if applied to any but a Catholic use. The other, of the time of Edward III., the chapel of St. Peter *ad vincula*, is within the precinct of the Tower, and is known, we suppose, to most visitors of that important fortress. In this chapel lie decapitated queens, dukes, and nobles; and in this chapel Catholic prisoners, during their confinement in the Tower, were sometimes dragged by force in order that they might be present at the newly-invented Protestant service. It was intimated to Father Preston during his confinement after his trial, that if he would consent to go to this place and hear the Protestant service and sermon, he should receive a free pardon from the queen. The lieutenant of the Tower himself conveyed the information, and spoke it out plainly.

"And pray, what do you think I should gain, Mr. Lieutenant, by going to your service?"

"Why, Preston, truly you would gain your life."

"Where?" said the Father.

"Here in England; and, like enough, a good benefice too."

"And what then?"

"What then, Mr. Preston? why, a pleasant life of it surely, in the country, or mayhap here at court; and who knows but a man of your mark may even have a bishopric?"

"Truly," said Father Preston; "and what then?"

"Marry, now," said the lieutenant; "you would not be his grace of Canterbury, would you?"

"Well," said Father Preston, "conceive me, good Mr. Lieutenant, to be so ambitious."

The lieutenant was warming with the conversation. He began to think that he, simple martial man as he was, might actually be confuting this famous Father; and might have the glory of taking him to court as the captive of his own Protestant zeal and persuasion. "Why, good Father Preston," said he, "in the changes of this mortal life, who knoweth? But, nevertheless, let us make the beginning. Come you wisely to our good new Protestant service and godly sermon; and then no more death."

"No more death?" said Father Preston.

"Nay, good Father, but you are pleasant this morning. One day, of course, you and I must die, come what will."

"And what then?" said Father Preston.

"Oh, heaven, of course," said the lieutenant.

"Easily told off," said the Father; "would you promise it to me if I went to your service?"

"Oh, certainly, Father Preston. A worthy man like you, of a gentle house, purged of all treasons, frequenting her highness's religion, and preaching the word yourself: I should like to know who should have a better prospect of heaven."

"I cannot see it, good Mr. Lieutenant."

The lieutenant became a little uneasy. He thought the fish was leaving his hook. His worst fears were confirmed by Father Preston's saying: "Suffer me to ask, good Mr. Lieutenant, what are your own hopes of heaven? You were a Catholic once."

"A Papist," said the lieutenant.

"You obeyed the Pope, as I do now. Did you rebel against your sovereign lady?"

"Of a surety, no," said the lieutenant with great energy.

"Did Queen Mary or King Philip rebel against themselves?"

"Oh, Preston," said the lieutenant, getting quite awake, "you are jesting."

"Never less," said Father Preston. "I am going to die a violent death; and I tell you, Mr. Lieutenant, that sooner than go of my own accord to hear your pretended service and horrible preaching, I would, with God's assistance and protection, bear any worse violence, in the act of death, or before it, than you will do me. You can kill my body; but I will not kill my soul."

"Well, Preston," said the lieutenant, "it would have been better for you if you could have gone along with the tide like so many others. Here is many an honest man heard Mass and all the rest of it in King Philip and Queen Mary's days,

and has heard the queen's service ever since, and done very well upon it. As for the next world"—Here the lieutenant, who had been shambling backward in that direction, retreated through the door, and closed it after him. *Clausula est janua*; and, as in the sacred parable, the foolish remained outside; the bridegroom was within.

It was not unusual, during the long century of persecution which the Catholics underwent, for them to be confined in the same room. And Father Preston had with him for chamber-fellows two other priests,—seminary priests, as they were called,—from Douai. They too suffered some time afterwards; but the course of our history does not follow them, so we shall give no names. The happy union of these three in their miserable room gave to them all the consolations of religion; and one in particular, as to which, if not vouched for by the indisputable evidence of Bishop Challoner in other cases, and quite recently by the additional evidence given by M. Rio in his *Quatre Martyrs*, Catholics at this day might be disposed to doubt. By some means, the particulars of which have not reached us, they certainly contrived to say Mass. Their friends were allowed to visit them; and this circumstance must have given facilities for the wonderful celebration of Mass in a situation so much beyond hope. These friends, no doubt, both brought and carried away the sacred vessels of the altar. But of their little altar, of their vestments, and of those sacred vessels, we can give no account. We can only remain astonished that the very act in their lives most hateful to their persecutors should have been continued by them in their prison up to their day of death.

The conversation between Father Preston and the lieutenant of the Tower took place on Saturday evening, in the presence of the other two captive priests. Next morning, Sunday, some of the lieutenant's men entered Father Preston's room, and told all three to come with them at once to St. Peter's chapel to hear the service and sermon.

"Does any priest say Mass there this morning?" said Father Preston.

"Not so," said the pursuivant who led the guard. "We have no *sumpsimus* nor *mumpsimus* neither now; but a good honest English service, whereunto all may resort and be edified. Come, Preston, and you two others, it is time you should hear it. Come along."

"These feet," said Father Preston, "shall never of my free will carry me to your conventicle."

"Nor mine," said each of the others.

"Nay, but, good fathers," said the pursuivant, "there is

no time for delay, for our minister is just going to begin. By your leave." So saying, with the help of his assistants, he slipped a cord round Father Preston's waist, and dragged him out upon the green, and so to the chapel; Father Preston resisting with all his might the whole way, and exclaiming aloud to all the bystanders against the force put upon him. His two friends were dragged after him, exclaiming and resisting as he did; but of course without avail. Then they were taken up the chapel, and placed close under the reading-pew of the minister, from which that functionary immediately began to read the service, turning his face to the congregation in spite of the decision of the Protestant convocation a few years before. Father Preston exclaimed with a loud voice, "We are here against our wills, and utterly refuse to hear your service. We desire to be removed."

One of the assistants sitting by him struck him on the face and threatened to gag him. Father Preston took no notice either of the act or the threat. They all three sat down, and refused to be in any other position during the whole performance, and stopped their ears close with their hands.

Our minister, ascending the pulpit, when he had done reading, preached a very copious anti-Babylonish sermon, with great allusions to the deaf adder; and in it alternately discoursed of the identity of Christian Rome, the chosen seat of the chief Pastor of Jesus Christ, with the mystical Babylon of the Apocalypse, and of his own loyalty to the queen's highness and her religion, and of the horrible treason and disloyalties of all bloodthirsty Papists, and especially that arch traitor and stiff-necked recusant and Jesuit whom they had now got before them, and whom, no doubt, they should soon have to another place for the just punishment of his enormities. This done, Father Preston was conducted back to his prison, needing no assistance from the rope. And in the afternoon the lieutenant of the Tower came to him, and informed him that he must die next morning.

"You are welcome," said Father Preston; "and I am ready. At what hour should I prepare myself to go?"

"You shall be," said the lieutenant, "at the gallows-tree at Tybourne at eleven of the clock, where sundry of the queen's highness's privy-council will await you, and see justice done upon you; unless at the last you shall think better of it and accept the queen's pardon, which no doubt they will offer to you." Father Preston turned to his two friends and smiled, and made no answer.

And what were Benedict Preston and the fair Apollonia doing all this time?

The blow struck by Parson Wyggins and his brother had been very successful in bringing Father Preston within sight of death. But the Protestant Alliance of that day was not to be satisfied with death only. There were most useful statutes then, in the full vigour of their youth, and not at all mouldy and dusty upon shelves, which gave great power to the state over all who, like Mr. Preston, had harboured a priest, and had been guilty of the crime, as old as the catacombs, of hearing Mass.

John Wyggins, therefore, in his character of parson of the parish, as soon as Father Preston had been carried off, presented the squire as a harbourer of a Popish priest, and of having had Mass in his house. Then Lord Soupington, with fewer or more qualms, had another search made in the house for massing furniture, as they called it. None was found. It was carefully hid away, as we know. The search was conducted by the sheriff in person—not Lord Soupington this time. Great civility was shown to Mr. Preston; and, by one of those miracles of Providence which undoubtedly occurred in numbers during the persecution, he escaped with a warning. The sheriff himself, who was no puritan, and shared in the general love for Mr. Preston's character, lingered behind his men when going away, and pressing the squire's hand very cordially, said:

“For the sake of Mistress Preston and these little children, take care of yourself, Master Preston. Another day you may have an enemy to deal with. Above all, beware of your parson here.”

Mr. Preston only replied by returning cordially the pressure of the sheriff's hand, and bending his head in token of gratitude.

This great danger being passed, the squire and Apollonia were free to quit Preston Hall and go to London; indeed, it was the best thing they could do. So, with all the speed that they could muster, the squire and his wife went up to London, leaving Stibbs, whose sentiments in favour of toleration were not enlarged by the recent proceedings, in charge of the whole place, and governor and guardian in particular of the two children. We need not say that Oreb was seen no more on the premises. They got to London in time to be present at the trial. They attended upon Father Preston in the Tower, and brought to him and his friends such small personal comforts as they could contrive to convey

without observation, and such as the prisoners themselves would accept.

Here, too, wonderful to say, and no doubt partly by means of facilities given by themselves, they heard Mass; each of the three priests saying Mass, and serving in turn. At court, too, they were not idle. Not that they dared to appear in person; but by distant interest they tried what could be done to get the sentence remitted, or at least changed to banishment. But Cecil, and Walsingham, and Elizabeth too, liked men of mark, and did not choose that such a one as Preston should get out of their clutches. So the days wore on very heavily with the squire and Apollonia; but not at all heavily with Father Preston and his friends, if they were to be believed at the daily visit which was paid to them.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### DULCE LIGNUM.

THE benevolent and serious Protestant who allows himself in the relaxation of a walk in the Park—now that music has been again banished from Kensington Gardens—on the day which he denominates the Sabbath, frequently enters by that great pride of modern architecture, the goal skimmed by the fervid wheels of the Royal Oak omnibus—THE MARBLE ARCH. Accompanied by his serious, poky, and sabbattising wife and their sabbattising little ones,—quite a little private band of hope,—he takes his walk near a spot which would be more dear to him if he was, as he very likely is not, aware of some of the transactions which once made that place notorious. The humanising influences of Exeter Hall might be still further propagated in his soul, and he might return to his evening sabbatical exercises with freshened appetite for “the domestic altar and Protestant chaplain” in blue morocco, if he knew that just about that spot Campian and other martyrs of the faith, for a century, breathed their last in the agonies of throttling and ripping up. But the writer of this history would think he had not written in vain, if the mention of this place should attract the attention of Catholics to it, and fill with the sad, solemn, but most glorious thoughts which belong to it, any who have not yet identified the spot. Nearly opposite the place where a small pillar now records that TYBURN GATE stood in 1829, is CONNAUGHT PLACE. Here, or a little further

back, on the site of 49 CONNAUGHT SQUARE, stood "THE ELMS," the place of death. Mr. Cunningham gives his own opinion, in his Handbook of London, that Connaught Place is the spot. The last plate in Hogarth's *Idle and Industrious Apprentices* gives a picture, with shocking truth, of the appearance of the place in his day. Hither criminals used to be brought from London; and here the course of our history leads us to see Father Alfred Preston brought.

On the Monday morning, very early, Father Alfred Preston made his last confession to one of his friends and brothers in priesthood and captivity. Then he said Mass for the last time.

We wish it was in our power to describe the appearance of that little altar, fitted up with so much speed and so much secrecy; making positively and without metaphor a Church in the wilderness in the paganised recesses of the Tower. But we have no materials. We only know the astonishing fact that Mass was said in those prisons. Both priests served him; neither would miss the blessing of serving him in this his last Mass.

We may perhaps imagine, even we who have outlived those days, something of what that little assembly felt. Two, the servers, were dissolved in tears; one, the martyr-elect, had no tears to shed: he was all joy, *tanquam sponsus procedens de thalamo suo*—"as a bridegroom coming out of his bride-chamber"—in such imitation as man may make of the one Divine pattern. The *Confiteor*, which his friends could scarcely pronounce in answer to him, was said by him with the utmost firmness as well as fervour. He almost seemed to delay a moment, as if for additional recollection, when he came to pronounce the great words in virtue of which our Divine Master condescends to inhabit our altars. Both his friends had made their confessions to him; both received from his hands the last holy communion which he was to give. The Mass was soon over, and the prison-room regained its usual desolate look. They then said their office together; and when that was done, sat down to talk, with the utmost consolation, in spite of tears, of what was coming.

Very soon the time went away. The shadow on the dial moves very fast on mornings such as this. At nine came the lieutenant of the Tower and his assistants and two pursuivants, our friend John Foxe, purged of sack for the day, and living cleanly, unlike a pursuivant, accompanied by another. The distance from the Tower to Connaught Place, or, as it then was, Tybourne, is very considerable. With the aid of the best line of omnibuses from the Marble Arch, our sight-seeing friends from Stumpingford always observe that to get to the



Tower is quite a morning's journey. That journey, beginning at the other end, and performed by the traveller upon a hurdle, through streets filled with faces of hatred, must be quite another thing.

The hurdle was outside the Tower-gate. The pursuivants handed Father Preston to it, and laying him down upon it, manacled him heavily. Thames Street, the Poultry, Cheapside, Newgate, Oldbourne (now Holborn), St. Giles's,—this was the line of Father Preston and his hurdle. And then he went on through green fields where Oxford Street now stands, till he reached the place. He found a distinguished company awaiting him.

There was the hangman, with his knife, fire, and sawdust. The gallows stood up against the horizon of the Hampstead hills crowned with woods; its cord dangling and quite ready, and a cart underneath it. Close by the hangman stood Walsingham and others of the privy-council. On his coming before them, Walsingham, seeing that Father Preston could not rise on account of his fetters, signed that they should be instantly removed. Stepping out from the rest, he came close up to Father Preston, and said, with the easy air of court-favourite and queen's adviser,

“Master Preston, I grieve to see you in this condition, and am come here partly in the hope that you will unsay what you have said of the queen's majesty, and acknowledge her to be supreme in all matters; and thereupon accept her most gracious pardon, which she has committed into my hands to offer to you.”

“Sir,” said Father Preston, “I esteem myself too near my desired haven to waste words with you on such matters. I am of that mind that I ever was. The queen never was, is not, and never can be supreme in the Church of Christ in this realm.”

Walsingham was bitterly angry.

“Take him away!” said he to the executioner; “do your work.”

Then some others of the soft praters of the privy-council called out, “Do you acknowledge her majesty to be lawful queen?”

“Certainly,” said Father Preston, “and will pray for her.”

Then, at a sign from one of them, and just as the executioner was laying hold of Father Preston to put him into the cart, a couple of ministers of the new religion stepped forward, and began to exhort him to die penitent of his treasons and in a better faith.

He moved, almost as if he were going to fling himself into

the executioner's arms ; but turned suddenly, and confronted them with a look of great commiseration.

" Miserable men," he said ; " I am going before the Judge of all. You and I are separated at least for this world. I die, because I detest and abjure you and your false religion. Go, be reconciled to God while you have time, and leave me in peace for my last few moments."

They retired, as much abashed as was possible for those who had the countenance of Walsingham and the court.

Father Preston then turned to Walsingham, and asked leave to say a few words to the crowd, which was very great and eager. Walsingham nodded assent. " But mind, no treason, Preston," he said.

" My good people," said Father Preston, " most willingly am I come here to die. Had I twenty lives, I would give them all in the same cause. I desire the prayers of all Catholics who are in this crowd."

" There are none," shouted a voice from behind Walsingham.

" We are all Catholics"—certainly there is nothing new under the sun—" we are all Catholics," shouted one of the Protestant ministers.

" I am understood by those who hear me," said Father Preston. " I desire your prayers while I make mine."

Then, putting off his cap, he said aloud his *Pater, Ave*, and *Credo*, remained a few moments afterwards perfectly silent, and then, with a clear strong voice exclaiming *In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum*, gave himself up into the hands of the expecting and toying butcher, who had never quitted his sleeve.

He got into the cart with a springiness and alacrity that would have reminded his dear old friend Stibbs of the days when he jumped into his boy's saddle at Preston Hall. In a moment more the figure, long so familiar to that place, of a priest slowly vibrating under the cross-arm of the gallows, was seen far and near: But a strange thing happened. Father Preston, hanging, immediately after he was flung off the cart raised his right hand—for his arms were not confined. People, even Catholics, wondered. There was a great silence, only broken by the crackling of the wood fire, where Father Preston's heart and entrails were to be burned. The hand went up slowly ; and amidst the tears and prayers of the faithful, and the execrations of the court and miserable mob, made the sign of the cross from the forehead to the breast. Victorious in death !

Benedict Preston was in the crowd. Apollonia was at

her lodging in the city. Her husband would not let her come to witness this last scene. It was almost more than he could bear; but he resolved to see it out, and leave it with the same firmness which animated the friends of those who suffered under similar circumstances in the amphitheatres of pagan Rome.

But, although death would have been secure by the simple and elementary process which we have just described, Elizabeth and her council were not satisfied without completing the punishment with all the additional circumstances of barbarity which were indulged to them on the plea of treason.

So, in a few minutes, while life was still not only unextinguished but strong in Father Preston's frame, the executioner, with the aid of the pursuivants, going up two ladders, one placed on each side, cut the rope, and let Father Preston down again into the cart. Then they landed him on his back by the side of the fire burning fiercely on the greensward.

But here the unwilling Burgess of Stumpingford asks himself how he can find words to tell the whole of the unprecedented, brutal, and indecent barbarity which, in the presence of an English privy-council, was then committed on the body of a priest? He cannot write it. Enough to say, that the executioner, with that long bright knife of his, cuts open the region of the heart; while Father Preston, with eyes open, breathes, and twice pronounces the Holy Name of JESUS; tears that heart out, cuts open and tears out the entrails, and flings all into the fire. Then, and not till then, he seizes his victim by the hair, and with jagged cuts severs the head from the shoulders.

He lifted up the head to the crowd, and said, "This is the head of a traitor!"

"You lie!" said several loud voices.

Walsingham and the privy-councillors turned and looked fiercely. But they could not pursue the air. The voices which had spoken so stoutly could not be found. Father Preston's head and quarters, having been first duly boiled, were distributed—the head to the centre tower on London Bridge, the arms and legs to sundry telling points about Stumpingford. And so terminated Father Alfred Preston's glorious career. The prayers of those few—few, that is, compared with the vast raging multitude among whom they stood—the prayers of those few who attended the last agonies of their friends and spiritual fathers at Tyburn-tree, no doubt accompanied them as they went, and were associated with the consolations of the guardian angels who had never deserted them. If there is a spot in England on which the saints in

celestial glory may be supposed to look with more than ordinary complacency, as the scene of the grand end of many spiritual combats, it must be TYBURN.

We said that a picture existed at Preston Hall, the companion of the one which we have already described as representing Father Alfred Preston's capture. You will see this also during the well-behaved visit, which we know that you, excellent reader, have now promised to yourself. We need not describe this picture; it represents the scene which we have so feebly put upon paper. And perhaps, when you next see the turn from the Edgeware Road into Oxford Street, and the Marble Arch, you will recollect the destinies which so often received their fulfilment close to you.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### IS WITHOUT PREJUDICE.

THIS passage in the history of the Prestons, which they are apt to consider the most memorable of their house, has been often told to the Burgess of Stumpingford by his friend Mr. Preston. And the reader here has the fruits of the family tradition and the documents upon which it is built. No more of their blood was shed. They remained unchanged, and yet were brought lightly through the terrible century and a quarter that followed. We are not going to be biographers of the house of Preston, although a great quarto volume, filled with arms, epitaphs, pictures of monuments, a well-tracked pedigree, and history and anecdotes for every generation since, must tempt the antiquarian mind to such an undertaking. But we leave that to its right owner and times still more favourable.

For ourselves, we are anxious to return to Stumpingford, and disclose to the public the extraordinary events which have occurred in regard to some of our friends in that borough since the last page of our former history; and to afford an example of the reward which occasionally reaches modest merit.

But this morning,—the reader shall imagine it to be a crisp, bright, frosty morning,—we have a walk to take with our friend Mr. Preston of 1856. He is going to take us, and our readers by the aid of our pen, to visit a house the fortunes of which have been much more chequered than those of his own.

Early in the reign of Elizabeth, before the date of the events which we have just been relating, the Stumpyngfords

had quitted Stumpyngford Castle, and retired to a pleasant house, Woolscote Hall, which lay two miles further on the road beyond Preston Hall. Stumpyngford Castle gradually fell to decay, and passed into other hands. And its last remains were removed, as we all recollect, to make room for the great station of the Stumpingford and Thimblethwayte Railway;—whose chairman, we understand, is in the receipt of five thousand a year; directors and officers enjoying salaries to correspond; preference and guaranteed shares at par; and original shareholders in Stumpingford and Thimblethwayte stock,—a hundred pounds all paid up,—of the present value of sixteen; no dividend having, most unaccountably, been paid for the last two years, in spite of the obviously magnificent and prosperous state of the undertaking.

Woolscote Hall, which still remains, would have been Mr. Preston's earlier, but for an instance of curious generosity on the part of its last owner. This last owner, the last of the Stumpyngfords in the main line, had only one relation that he knew of in the world—Mr. Preston; and he was a good many cousinships off. He was a good deal older than Mr. Preston, more than old enough to be his father. He had always told him that he should be his heir, that he had never forgotten that he was a Stumpyngford in the female line, and that he wished Woolscote Hall and Preston Hall to be at last united. He was a remarkably active man, full of life and health to the last, and, like all his house, a very good Catholic. He had married early in life, had no children, and had lost his wife early. He had the not uncommon peculiarity of disliking business. But latterly this grew upon him to such an extent, that he shifted the burden of managing his property, which was considerable, upon a clever and, as it was supposed, honest attorney in Stumpingford—in fact, an uncle of our friend Snooks—Mr. Job Wyggins, a descendant of Parson Wyggins, of whom some mention has been made. This Job Wyggins had a character of great shrewdness, tempered, as we have said, by a parallel, though not, perhaps, exactly equal character for honesty. Mr. Stumpyngford never asked about his religion; he only knew that he was not a Catholic; and, in the course of the latter years of his life, trusted himself and his concerns to Job Wyggins as unsuspectingly as he would if he had had surer grounds for thinking well of him. There is no profession in which men of honour are more useful, and rogues more calamitous, than this. We shall leave our readers to judge what Mr. Job Wyggins was.

One day, some twenty-five years ago, Mr. Stumpyngford, for some reason or other, possibly because he was a good deal

turned sixty, thought he should like to make his will. So, after night prayers in his little chapel, he took pen and paper, and stoutly sat down to do what somehow or other every body finds a very pleasant thing. We suppose the philosophy of it is, that it is an act of absolute legislation, which, we believe, is always a pleasurable circumstance to the legislator at least. So he sat down, and on half-a-sheet of foolscap legislated for the future of Woolscote Hall. He made verbatim, as he intended it to stand, such a pious offering of himself to God as is common among Catholics and did not go out of fashion with others, in a sort, until a comparatively recent period; and then, having made sundry special bequests to friends and servants, and, among other persons, of five hundred pounds to Mr. Job Wyggins over and above any outstanding bill, he bequeathed the whole of what he had to Mr. Preston, burdened with one condition, which he knew would be a welcome one, namely, that the chapel should be perpetually kept open for the use of all Catholics upon the estate, and that a priest should be maintained permanently resident.

These were conditions which would have been no hardship to Mr. Preston.

Having finished his draft, he put it in his pocket; and the next day took a ride to Stumpington, and, calling at the office of Mr. Job Wyggins, put the draft into his hands, and desired him to prepare the will from it.

It was a critical moment in Mr. Job Wyggins's life. The peculiar tempter who watches over the dictation and management of the wills of Soupers dying and dictating—who holds the pious husband's hand, and tells him which interval will be the safe one when he may produce a document to suit his own purposes, and defeat all others, for the signature of his dying wife—this peculiar tempter must certainly have taken an interest in Mr. Job Wyggins this morning. He looked profoundly grave, with that gravity which certainly conceals from ordinary eyes such a multitude of levities. Surely his valued old friend was not ill, he hoped not. "But yet we are all mortal; and it certainly is the duty of a Christian—Mr. Stumpington would forgive him for saying so—it was the duty of a Christian to provide in this, as in all other things, for the inevitable moment of separation."

Mr. Stumpington said, "Oh, yes, of course." He was very fond of Wyggins; but as to his being a Christian, it had never struck him, and he did not quite know how to take it.

"I will bring it up to you to-morrow, Mr. Stumpington, if you will give me leave."

"Oh, certainly, certainly, the sooner the thing is done the

better. And as soon as it is done, you shall take it away and put it in your strong box; and never let me see it any more.”

“With pleasure,” said Wyggins, looking graver than ever. “You see,” said he, brightening into a smile of trustworthiness and probity, and addressing himself to Jared Snooks, a promising young gentleman at that period,—“you see that Mr. Stumpynford is determined that I shall keep his will for him.”

Mr. Snooks had not arrived at the time of life when voice was required of him; and, wrenching his back a half-turn round upon his stool, only smiled smally, in a manner that intimated that he thought it all right.

“Good bye, Wyggins,” said Mr. Stumpynford; “tomorrow, at twelve, if you please.”

“You may rely upon me, sir,” said Wyggins.

The next day, true to his appointment, Wyggins was at Woolscote Hall. He was shown into the room where Mr. Stumpynford was sitting.

“Have you got the will?” said Mr. Stumpynford.

“I have it here,” said Wyggins, tapping his pockets. “And now, my good sir, will you summon three of your servants or tenants to witness it?”

Mr. Stumpynford rang the bell. His servant appeared.

“Call the cook and housemaid, and farmer Clark and farmer Weston.” These were Mr. Stumpynford’s two tenants, who had been summoned to be witnesses, and brought with them, as the third, farmer Clark’s son, who had married farmer Weston’s daughter. The servant disappeared. Mr. Wyggins did not produce the will; but observed that it was a very fine day; but that, nevertheless, life was very uncertain,—propositions which Mr. Stumpynford did not controvert. By the time that Mr. Wyggins had rubbed his hands, walked to the window, and peeped into his breastcoat-pocket, the three servants and the two farmers had come in. Mr. Wyggins’s peep into his pocket was not absolutely because he had nothing better to do. The fact must be revealed, that there were at that moment in that breast-pocket no less than two wills; one prepared exactly in conformity with Mr. Stumpynford’s instructions, the other according to instructions received from Mr. Wyggins himself.

These instructions appeared by the will to be to the effect that, without any reservation at all as to priest or Mass, and with only a few bequests to servants, Mr. Stumpynford proposed to leave the whole of his property, real and personal, whatsoever and wheresoever, whether in possession or expectancy, to his friend Job Wyggins, gentleman, one &c., to have

and to hold, to him, his executors, administrators, and assigns, for his and their own proper use and benefit for ever. One quite lingers over the tautology. One is tempted to forget, in the monotonous flow of those words, how many infamies they have covered, how many wretches they have conducted through our constitutional Slough of Despond—the High Court of Chancery, Master's Offices, and issues to be tried before a jury at common law,—and thence, by the easy, most gradual, and most natural transition, to poverty, beggary, the work-house, and the grave. There they were, however, once more, as they are every day, for good or evil, and now safe in Mr. Wyggins's breast-pocket, ready to be produced according to circumstances.

For, you see, Mr. Wyggins's idea was this: if he could get Mr. Stumpyngford to sign without reading, very well,—then number 2 was the card, and all was his; for he would suggest to Mr. Stumpyngford that he should himself read the will aloud. The first part of the wrong will was the same as the first part of the true one; and Mr. Wyggins was ready to say from memory the whole of the rest of the true one, keeping the wrong one before him. But if Mr. Stumpyngford should show signs of intending to read the will, either before or after signature, number 1 was ready to take its place; and if number 2 should have been already signed, Mr. Wyggins had no doubt that, with such a hand as Mr. Stumpyngford's only opposed to his, the explanation that a wrong document had been signed by mistake would be at once accepted, and he would only have to put it in the fire on the spot. It was certainly a bold game; but Wyggins knew his man, and determined to win, if possible, with the happy security that he could but be where he was, at all events.

“Shall I have the pleasure,” said he, when the servants and witnesses were all in, “of reading your will aloud to you, Mr. Stumpyngford?”

“Well,” said that gentleman, “is it necessary?”

“Better, I think,” said Mr. Wyggins. “These gentlemen and these ladies”—turning to the servants and farmers, upon which the housemaid and cook sniffed very much—“would,” continued Mr. Wyggins unabashed, and looking smilingly towards them,—“would be also better satisfied, probably, if I read the will aloud to you.”

“Not in the least, sir,” said Mr. Stumpyngford's servant, bowing to his master; “not in the least,” bowing to Mr. Wyggins.

“I am sure, not in the least,” whimpered the housemaid and cook.



“Oh, fie,” said Mr. Wyggins, quite confidentially. “So, if you please, sir, we will make a beginning.”

Mr. Stumpyngford had written the introduction to his will in Latin; so Mr. Wyggins, having produced the will which conveyed the property to him, which was headed and for several lines went on exactly like the true one, began to read, with his preternatural gravity once more, “In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.” Mr. Stumpyngford bowed his head, and said Amen very quietly. His man, and the housemaid and cook, said Amen very loud. Mr. Wyggins, removing his spectacles from his nose, made a gentle wave with them in a horizontal direction towards every body’s eyes like a broad-sword cut, dropping his own eyes at the same time. Replacing the spectacles on his nose, he went on:

“I, Rodolph Stumpyngford, being of sound mind and body at this present moment, but recollecting the uncertainty of life, and that at my age I cannot hope to see many more years”—the housemaid and cook here became unmanageable, and asseverated, through their tears and aprons, that they did not believe any such thing, and hoped it was not true.

Mr. Wyggins, sincerely impatient at the interruption, raised his left hand and went on—“do hereby make this my last will and testament, cancelling and revoking all other wills and testaments by me at any time heretofore made. Imprimis, I commend my soul to God.” Our readers will forgive us, we hope, for not, under present circumstances, dwelling upon the religious expressions of the transaction. We are citizens of the world, and are not unacquainted with it; but we feel this to be a little too much. “Item, I give and bequeath to my excellent and faithful friend and servant, John Forrester, for his life”—Mr. Stumpyngford looked up and nodded to John—“the sum of fifty pounds per annum, to be paid out of a sum of six thousand pounds now standing in my name in the three per cent consolidated annuities. Item, I give and bequeath to my cook, Hannah Jones, for her life, the sum of forty pounds per annum, to be paid out of the said sum of six thousand pounds now standing in my name as before.” Here Hannah Jones went off uncontrollably. The next item gave the same sum to Mary Smith, the housemaid. At the conclusion of which reading the uproar of the grief of the two women was very noticeable. They both sobbed out that they hated money; and, bless their honest hearts, they at least were sincere for the moment. Mr. Wyggins looked up imploringly. John Forrester was not quite in a condition to be severe with them; but nudged the

cook a little to be rather quieter. Wyggins was winning the day.

“That will do, Wyggins,” said Mr. Stumpyngford; “for goodness sake, stop. I’ve had enough.” So had Wyggins.

“But you know, sir, they must sign,” said he to Mr. Stumpyngford.

“To be sure; give me the pen. Where’s the will?”

The critical moment had now come. Wyggins, folding back the will, which was on a single piece of parchment, so as to double out of sight the greatest part of it, now trusted to what he would have called his good luck, and the great illegibility of the hand in which he had engrossed the will; and, above all, to Mr. Stumpyngford’s utter impatience of business,—for the success of his plot, so long brooded over in secret. Mr. Stumpyngford signed without looking at any thing. The three stout yeomen, who might have looked till the present moment without reading a word, signed their names duly to the assurance that they had witnessed the will at Mr. Stumpyngford’s request, in his presence and in the presence of each other.

“Now, Wyggins,” said Mr. Stumpyngford, “shut that up.” How willingly Wyggins complied with the injunction! “Put it in your pocket, and never let me see it again.” The tenants, John Forrester, and the maids retired, still looking as if injured. “Stay and dine, Wyggins.”

“Thank you, my dear sir, not to-day. I have business which calls me home this morning; but, some day soon, if you will honour me with another call to your house, I shall be most happy.” So he went his way.

[To be continued.]

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## DOCTOR ANGELICUS.

### I.

Cross this aisle,—within yon chapel  
 Kneel amid the chequered shade,  
 Through the long and floating curtains,  
 By the sun of Naples made:  
 Kneel, and let the bygone ages  
 Through your fancy drift and fade.

### II.

Underneath this very archway,  
 On the stone you kneel on now,  
 Once the king of thought was kneeling,  
 Bending low that noble brow  
 Born to sound the Spirit’s ocean  
 And the eternal Why and How.

## III.

Pale that cheek from early boyhood,  
Pale that dome of kingly mind,  
But the hidden heart a furnace  
Scarce the throbbing frame could bind,—  
Furnace fanned by angel-pinions  
And the Paraclete's swift wind.

## IV.

Wider range of proud dominion,  
Farther vision, loftier flight,  
Ne'er hath human genius conquered  
In the glory of its might :  
Summed in him old rival wisdoms,  
Plato and the Stagirite.

## V.

Love and meekness, high revealings  
More to prayer than toil made known,  
Light called down in tears and penance,  
Nothing deemed of as his own ;  
Thus had swept his being upwards  
To the angels' starry zone.

## VI.

In the blush of earliest morning  
Daily did those hands uphold  
High the sweet and blessed Victim  
For the Father to behold :  
Then the cell, the massy volume  
And the antique parchment rolled.

## VII.

God the Triune,—Mary, Angels,—  
Truths half-shown in twilight gloom,—  
Nature, Grace, Free-will, Fore-knowledge,  
Worship's joy, rebellion's doom,  
Christ in eucharistic wonder,  
Christ and bliss beyond the tomb,—

## VIII.

Such his themes : the high brow laboured,  
Swift the eager fingers wrote,  
Down from God on that lone student  
Light unutterable smote ;  
There he bathed, as doth the morning  
Vapour-gem in glory float.

## IX.

Prayer and labour!—lettered pages  
 Grew beneath the ceaseless hand,  
 At this day the stately volumes  
 Wayward Europe's wonder stand ;  
 Round him still Priest, Bishop, Pontiff  
 Hang, a humble student-band.

## X.

Not the iron nerve of Reason  
 Only unto him was lent,  
 Poesy in torrent music  
 Through those parted lips was sent,  
 And he sang at Rome's high bidding  
 JESUS in the SACRAMENT.

## XI.

It was here one day, when kneeling  
 Rapt in hidden strife of prayer,  
 Low grave tones of tender accent  
 Glided through the quiet air :  
 From yon cross, slow bending o'er him,  
 Bowed the thorn-crowned brow so fair.

## XII.

And from far through yon dim arches'  
 Seen it was by wondering men,  
 O'er the ground the Saint, still kneeling,  
 Gently borne : the clear voice then,—  
 "Well concerning Me, O Thomas,  
 Thou hast written ;" and again—

## XIII.

"What reward wouldst thou, my servant?"  
 Weeping, weeping while the sword  
 Of a life's long love went through him,  
 And with voice of broken chord,  
 Thomas answered, "O my Master,—  
 Nothing save Thyself, O Lord!"

## XIV.

And the vision closed. Though o'er him  
 Manhood's bloom still lingered fair,  
 Brief that lofty soul's detention,  
 Brief his angel's term of care ;  
 Then away to hold in heaven  
 The reward awaiting there.

xv.

“*Tantum ergo Sacramentum  
Veneremur cernui*”—

Still those words the Church is sounding,  
Still will sound while time shall be :—  
Thou that sang them first, plead for us  
Unto Him that spake to thee !

R. M.

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## Reviews.

### SECRET HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC RELIEF BILL.

*Memoirs of the Court of England during the Regency, 1811-1820.* By the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos. London, Hurst and Blackett, 1856.

*Memoirs by the Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel.* Published by the Trustees of his Papers,—Lord Mahon (now Earl Stanhope) and the Right Hon. Edward Cardwell. Part I. *The Roman Catholic Question, 1828-9.* London, John Murray, 1856.

IN our review of Mr. Langdale's *Memoirs of Mrs. Fitzherbert* we presented our readers with a sketch of the royal Crispin of England,—

*Monstrum nullâ virtute redemptum,  
A vitiiis, æger, solâque libidine fortis,—*

in his private character as a husband and lover ; we will now bring him before their notice in his public character as a ruler and statesman : and certainly, whether as regards his meanness and duplicity towards all those he acted with, his inconsistency in keeping to one line of political conduct, or his sacrifice of the dearest interests of the country to his own love of ease and self-indulgence, his public morality will be found scarcely more edifying than that which he practised in private.

The first work we must notice is the *Memoirs of the Duke of Buckingham*, in which we have many private letters of different members of his family, now published for the first time. They are much too long and prosy for general readers ; but they contain invaluable information for the compiler of history. They begin with an account of the intrigues of Mr. Perceval to retain his post as prime minister on the first appointment of the Prince of Wales as regent. We must give our readers a short *résumé* of them by way of introduction. Knowing, as he did, that the prince had no principles what-

ever, that he was influenced only by interest, a love of ease, and the gratification of his passions, Mr. Perceval "appealed to those ladies who were known to exercise most influence over the prince; and they proved most zealous advocates." Not content with this, and knowing that since the death of Fox, Sheridan of all his old friends had most influence over him, he gained over that fallen star by bribes; nor was the prince himself proof against the offer of any amount of civilist and regal establishment he might require. In short, Mr. Perceval left no stone unturned to gain his object. He excited the bigotry of the queen, by telling her a Whig ministry would concede the Catholic claims; and he bribed the king's chief physician to tell the regent that his majesty would in all probability be so exasperated, when he found his ministers changed, that it would cause his death. We may remark, by the way, that Mr. Wilberforce in his Diary says, "Mrs. Fitzherbert and Lady Hertford both advised him (the prince) to retain Mr. Perceval." There is no doubt that the latter lady did so; but Mr. Langdale informs us that Mrs. Fitzherbert, on the contrary, strongly recommended him not to desert his old friends. The result, however, of all this intrigue was, that the weak-minded and inconstant prince, having first commanded Lords Grenville and Grey to draw up an answer to the address, disapproved of it when so drawn up, and sent another, nominally of his own, but really of Sheridan's concocting, which was, of course, declined. And this was the last piece of political dishonesty Sheridan was enabled to practise; "soon after, this once-brilliant meteor sunk into the horizon, never to rise again."

As the subject of the Catholic claims was the great question of the day during the whole time of the regency and subsequent reign of George IV., towards the latter period of which it was finally settled, we will consider the conduct of this shuffling prince more especially in reference to them; and in doing so we shall be enabled to lay before our readers many new and interesting details from the two works we are reviewing.

The prince, when he first became regent, was pledged to the removal of the Catholic disabilities. Mr. W. H. Freemantle writes to the Marquis of Buckingham, 25th Oct. 1811: "The question of Ireland is parried judiciously enough for a short time; and I know, as I dare say you do equally, that the prince is pledged as strongly as man can be (even of a very late date) to support the Catholics." But it was manifest that he was now engaged in a new amour, and that he would be directed in his political conduct by Lady Hertford,

his new mistress, who was opposed to the Catholics. This new intrigue was ushered in by a repetition of the feigned illness and pretended suicide, that made him so ridiculous in Mrs. Fitzherbert's case. The only difference is, that poison was substituted for the dagger. He confined himself to his bed, and took a hundred drops of laudanum every three hours. To those who came to consult him, he gave out that he had sprained his ankle, and was too ill to transact business, as an excuse for his breach of faith. He pretended to be annoyed that the Catholic Bishops and people of Ireland *would* claim their rights inopportunately, and so give him and his ministers additional trouble and anxiety in a particularly anxious time; though still professing to be their friend. Accordingly Mr. Tierney writes, Nov. 14, "The Catholics of Ireland have unwisely commenced a movement which their friends in England have found it impossible to forward;" and in a letter addressed to the Marquis of Buckingham, dated Dec. 2, 1811, we are told, "The language of those most intimate with the prince now is, that he considers the conduct of the Catholics as personally hostile to him; inasmuch as it shows an utter distrust of his intentions, when he should be his own master, and in the interim agitates his government to the centre; and that so long as they assumed this menacing attitude, he would give way to no change which would distinctly favour their objects."

We suspect that at this time the influence of Mrs. Fitzherbert over her husband had not quite become extinct, and that Lady Hertford had not yet acquired that ascendancy over his mind which she afterwards had. This would partly account for the indecision of the prince and the ministry; for while Mr. Perceval and a majority of the cabinet were determined to oppose the Catholic claims, Lord Wellesley and the minority had equally made up their minds to support them, and that openly. We have a letter of the poet Moore to Lady Donegal, written in the beginning of January 1812, and published in his *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 266, which says, "There is no guessing what the prince means to do. One can as little anticipate his measures as those of Bonaparte; but for a *very different reason*. I am sure the powder in his royal highness's hair is much more settled than any thing in his head, or indeed heart, and would stand a puff of Mr. Perceval's much more stoutly."

In the mean time the prince became really ill, having brought on an attack of paralysis in the arm from the immense quantity of laudanum he had taken. He put off his decision on the Catholic claims from day to day. Even his intimates could not guess what would be his final determination.

He was frightened to death, and was very angry with the Opposition for pressing the question on so as to add to his distress. The pretence was put forward that it would be *indelicat*e to do any thing for the Catholics during the illness or life of the king. This might be for another fifteen or twenty years. "Will the rest of the world stand still for him," writes Lord Grenville to the Marquis of Buckingham; "and will Ireland be as easy to be settled then as it would even now, when it is about ten times more difficult than it was ten or twelve years ago?"

Even now the prince had not entirely thrown off the mask. We have a letter to the marquis, dated January 21, 1812; the name of the writer is not given; but he is evidently a cabinet minister; for he tells him he was in council the day before. It is too long to quote; but the following is a *résumé* of its contents. The writer thinks a separation must take place on the question of the Catholic claims. The prince said the Catholics had treated him badly, but he still wished to serve them. Lord Wellesley said he thought the existing disabilities evils in themselves, which must sooner or later endanger the state, if persisted in; whereas Mr. Perceval considered them beneficial, and necessary to be maintained, as so many safeguards to its well-being and existence: but the mode of getting rid of a system which had obtained for such a length of time was acknowledged by all to be a difficulty of no common weight and magnitude. The prince then had a private interview with Lord Wellesley, which lasted six hours, in which the latter stated his views at length; and the former repeatedly cried out during its continuance, "Admirable! this will do, my dear lord; my own sentiments exactly;" and it ended very satisfactorily. Lord Wellesley thought he should be supported by Lords Camden, Westmoreland, Mulgrave, and Melville, and perhaps the Chancellor, who was not a little fluctuating; while Perceval was immovable, and warmly supported by Lords Liverpool and Bathurst, Yorke, and Ryder. The writer goes on to ask, will the Catholics take emancipation piecemeal, or will they accept it only entire? Will they concede a negative power to the crown in the making of bishops, and not meddle with the chancellorship or lord-keeper? Supposing the law, army, and revenue open to them, would they defer a provision for their clergy, and seats in parliament, to another opportunity? From all this the writer makes the following three deductions: first, the prince has made up his mind to the amelioration of the Catholics, in a very material degree, if not totally, as the first act of his government; secondly, that



the government will come to an irreparably wide breach on the occasion; and thirdly, that the prince must choose between Lord Wellesley and the Opposition. We shall presently see how far removed the event was from the prediction.

We would remark, in passing, that we have yet got but an instalment of what was even in George III.'s time acknowledged to be our due. The chancellorship has not been thrown open to us; nor has any provision been yet made for the Irish clergy out of the revenues of the Protestant Establishment; though, thank God, we have steered clear of the negative influence of the crown in the election of bishops. Perhaps it is as well that matters are still in abeyance; for Catholics themselves are divided as to what ought to be done in Ireland. Some think that the revenues of the Protestant Establishment ought to be devoted to secular purposes, or doled out to all religions in proportion to their number. We confess we are not of that opinion. We would rather things went on as they are till the Church becomes strong enough to claim all ecclesiastical property, of which she had unjustly been deprived, as belonging exclusively to her; and that as a matter of right, and not as a gift of the state. In other words, that the Catholic Church and Protestant Establishment should change places; with this difference, that whereas the Establishment has made itself a creature of the state, by receiving property from her which was not hers to give, we should merely receive it as our right, in the light of a restoration of stolen goods; and should consider it only as the gift of the pious individuals who originally bestowed it on the Church. But the most irritating of all the penal laws is the one which compels the sovereign to be Protestant. We are often accused of disloyalty to the crown. It is false; but if we were to use an *argumentum ad hominem*, and answer, that at all events we are not more disloyal to a Protestant sovereign than their ancestors were to a Catholic one, and that surely they could not blame us for following the "glorious" example they set us in our behaviour to a monarch of a different religion to ourselves, we don't see what they could say in reply. Besides, there is something peculiarly offensive in compelling us to be loyal to a king as long as he differs from us in religion; but if he does what we think the most glorious thing he can do, and that which entitles him to our highest praise, namely, become a Catholic, in expecting us to reward his good action with the basest ingratitude and disloyalty. If we are to be disloyal to a king of the same religion as ourselves, what feelings do our opponents think we should have towards one who differs from us?

The perfect understanding that appeared to exist between the Marquis Wellesley and the Prince Regent, the desire of the prince for the accession of Lord Grenville to the cabinet, and the presumed inclination of his royal highness towards the Catholics, were so many fallacies. The Wellesley preference had "set in with too strong a tide to be lasting; and that brilliant but somewhat imprudent minister was never so insecure of his anticipated leadership, as when his royal master poured into his ear his confidence and commendation."

As soon as Lord Wellesley thought every thing ripe for his attaining the post of prime minister, he made the following declaration to the Prince Regent: that the royal household, and those circumstances connected with it, being in a fair way of arrangement, he (Lord Wellesley) "thought it due to the prince to state, that many personal considerations rendered it impossible for him to serve under Mr. Perceval any longer than it suited the prince's wishes;" that he therefore proposed to withdraw from the government at a reasonable period; but would regulate the time by the prince's convenience and wishes. The prince expressed himself perfectly satisfied with Lord Wellesley's reasons (his opposition to Mr. Perceval on the Catholic question) and conduct. Lord Wellesley then wrote to Mr. Perceval tendering his resignation; who, in reply, expressed himself deeply grieved at his determination; at the same time acknowledging the fairness of his conduct towards him individually: but using no argument whatever to dissuade him from his resolution. Mr. Perceval then went to the prince; and stating the substance of Lord Wellesley's note, said, "it was utterly impossible for the government to go on without giving him an immediate successor." The prince expressed himself surprised, and said, "that the resignation of Lord Wellesley was only one *in petto*; not an immediate, but a postponed, resignation; and that it would put him (the prince) into great difficulty, and produce him much uneasiness of mind, to disturb the government as it was at present composed." Mr. Perceval, however, pertinaciously maintaining his opinion, the prince acquiesced, and named Lord Castlereagh to fill the vacant seat. He, however, declined the honour; and Mr. Perceval, very much mortified, again sought an interview with the prince, and proposed to bring in Lord Sidmouth and his friends.

The prince, very angry with Mr. Perceval for making this proposition,—for he had a great dislike of Lord Sidmouth,—replied, "I never will have confidence in that person, or in any one who forces him upon me. If after this you choose to employ him, be it so; but I warn you that you must undertake

all the responsibility of the measure yourself.\* Mr. Perceval hereupon took alarm, and after returning to the charge on two other occasions with the same success, at length made the following modest proposition: "That, as the measure of Lord Wellesley's immediate resignation could not be carried into effect, and as Lord Wellesley's determination was known to the cabinet, in order to go on at all with propriety it would be necessary that his royal highness should empower him to state that he possessed his (the prince's) entire and exclusive confidence, in whatever quarter he might have occasion to use the assertion of such authority." The prince positively and repeatedly refused to do this, and in such a tone of sarcasm and distrust, that Mr. Perceval must have remarked it. He afterwards informed Lord Wellesley of all that passed, "with the severest comments on Perceval's craft, impudence, and folly."

The next step of the Prince Regent was an attempt to disunite Lords Grey and Grenville; for he felt that it would not be quite politic to throw off the mask as regarded Lord Wellesley, without first separating the Opposition leaders. To effect this purpose, he wrote a letter to the Duke of York (which, with Lords Grenville and Grey's answer, appears in the *Annual Register* of 1812), dated Feb. 13, in which, after saying, "I cannot conclude without expressing the gratification I should feel if some of those persons with whom the early habits of my public life were formed would strengthen my hands and constitute a part of my government," he authorises him to communicate his letter to Lord Grey; but he failed in his attempt. Lord Grenville, in the most indignant terms, speaks of this attempt, "which trick," he adds, "will entirely fail as to creating any jealousy between Grey and me." That the prince did not intend a successful issue to this negotiation is clear from his choice of the person to conduct it, as he could not have selected any one more decidedly hostile to the settlement of the Catholic question than the Duke of York. Besides, if the regent was withheld, as he says, "from expressing his sentiments at an earlier period of the session, by his earnest desire that the expected motion on the affairs of Ireland might undergo the deliberate discussion of parliament unmixed with any other consideration," why did he send down "Tyrwhitt, M'Mahon, &c. in the House of Commons, and Lord Lake, &c. in the House of Lords, to vote against it?" This letter, in short, is a specimen of falsehood and low cunning too superficial to deceive any body. "There has not been," writes

\* He very soon afterwards accepted him, though.

Lord Grenville, "indeed there could not be, one moment's difference of opinion between Grey and myself in this business. He is still more incensed than I am at the unworthy trick of attempting to separate us; indeed he has more reason to be so, because it could succeed only by his acting in an unworthy manner."

Lords Grey and Grenville returned a dignified though not very courtly answer, nominally to the Duke of York, but in reality to the low trickster, whom it was impossible to treat as a gentleman, ruler of the country however he might be. In it they remind him that he had deceived them twice already, in 1809 and 1811; and they insinuate that they do not mean to be entrapped a third time. They then state the policy they should feel themselves called on to adopt, and in it the immediate repeal of the civil disabilities that press on the Catholics has a prominent position.

It seems that all through this affair the prince's intention was to turn out Lord Wellesley and form a pure Tory and anti-Catholic ministry; but through fear that Canning, and Lords Wellesley, Grey, and Grenville, would act together against it, he attempted in the above-mentioned manner to separate the two latter. This failing, the old farce of No Popery was resorted to, as in more recent times, in the hour of distress.

The Duke of Norfolk and Lord Moira were offered the Garter to separate them from the Opposition, but they declined it, though Lord Grenville was afraid the former would have accepted it; for, says he, "all flesh is grass, and the duke is very fleshy." The end of it all was, that Lord Castlereagh was at last induced to accept Lord Wellesley's seat. "The prince," says Sir Samuel Romilly in his memoirs, "does not pass a day without visiting Lady Hertford. It seems that a total sacrifice of honour and character is a necessary qualification for entering into his service."

We have nice little edifying episodes of Lord Wellesley and Mr. Perceval outbidding each other in the amount of civil-list they would respectively give the prince, who, after all, was obliged to abate three-fourths of his demand. And when he had finally appointed Perceval to be prime minister, he assured Lord Wellesley, on his honour, that it was only a temporary appointment for two or three days longer. Perceval, the prince, and Lady Hertford, were now the triumvirate to whom the destinies of England were committed; and Lord Wellesley expressed to Lord Eldon the great pleasure he felt in escaping further contamination by serving under them. We must quote his last words on delivering up the seals to the Prince Regent,

which would be equally applicable to certain persons at the present day :

“The wretched set of people, sir, who refuse to listen to the claims, the wishes, or even the prejudices of such a portion of your subjects as the Irish Catholics, ought as statesmen to be driven into the ranks of private life, and, as men governed by selfish motives alone, should be hooted out of society.”

The following amusing anecdote is preserved by Moore : “When Lord Moira told the prince that in a very short time he should make his bow and quit the country, this precious gentleman began to blubber (as he did when he was told that Brummel did not like the cut of his coat), and said, ‘You’ll desert me, then, Moira.’ ‘No, sir,’ said he; ‘when the friends and counsels you have chosen shall have brought your throne to totter beneath you, you will then see me by your side under its ruins with you.’”

Mr. Grattan, on the 23d of April, moved for a committee to inquire into the state of the penal laws as they affected the Catholics of Ireland. Against which the regent engaged in an active and personal canvass; so much so, that his brothers of Kent and Clarence yielded to his arguments. Perceval set up Nicholls to raise the No-Popery cry; but it was a failure. The minister only got a majority of 94 (the *Annual Register* says 300 against 215, majority 85), and more than half of these declared their opposition was but temporary. The prince was outrageous at the majority, which he expected to be much greater; and his anger was increased by the people not even noticing him as he passed through the streets: when he went to see *Henry V.* performed all the allusions to the Prince of Wales’s breach of faith were vehemently cheered.

On the 11th of May Perceval was assassinated, and the other ministers expressed great doubts as to being able to conduct the government without some proposition either to Grey and Greville on the one side, or Wellesley and Canning on the other. Lord Liverpool accordingly made a proposition to Mr. Canning and Lord Wellesley: a long correspondence followed, not contained in these memoirs, but which our curious readers will find in the *Annual Register* for 1812, where it occupies sixteen pages. The upshot of it was, that Wellesley and Canning’s opinions on the Catholic question prevented their cooperation with the present ministry. On the 21st a motion was carried in the House of Commons, praying the prince to form an efficient administration. Ministers in consequence resigned, and Lord Wellesley was sent for.

Mr. Grenville gives us the following bit of gossip. He says that Lord Wellesley, whose licentiousness was as notorious

as the regent's, but who had the sense not to allow his vices to become public calamities, told the prince, when he complained of the "grossness of *female connections* being adverted to in *political controversies*," that "he had female connections enough, and did not care who knew of them; but that he took ample care that no woman whatever should ever have any thing to say to him on the subject of politics."

New negotiations commenced on the 23d with a communication from Mr. Canning to Lord Liverpool; but both he and Melville declined to take any part in a Wellesley administration. Lord Wellesley then had a long correspondence with Lords Moira, Grenville, and Grey: this perfectly succeeded; but the prince was only using Wellesley as a tool. This great *omnium rerum simulator ac dissimulator*, as Sallust calls Catiline, was in daily intercourse with Lady Hertford; and that clever woman exercised her influence in behalf of Lord Liverpool. The prince declared he would never employ the Opposition, for daring to turn this "pestilent secret-influence" into ridicule; his object, therefore, was to "collect as many difficulties as he could from all public men, and to plead those difficulties as necessarily leading him to patch up with the old government." Every body of course was outrageous at his conduct. "Never was such a state of things seen," writes Lord Grenville. "The violence and the contempt expressed of the Prince Regent are beyond all imagination, and are truly shocking to think of." The scheme concocted between the prince and his mistress perfectly succeeded, and the Tory administration was retained, with a pretence thrown out that the Catholics would be allowed a committee, which it was well understood would go no further.

It seems the prince well knew the corrupt and venal state of the House of Commons at this time. The majority of the members kept out of the way till they knew what the new ministry would be. Lord Grenville writes to his brother: "I am completely disgusted and scandalised to see that, after such an outrageous insult offered to the House of Commons, and the unprecedented contempt shown to their address by the appointment of the same Lords Liverpool, Castlereagh, &c., in the very teeth of the promise of the Prince Regent,—after all this, to see that neither Ponsonby nor Tierney, nor any one member of parliament, thought fit to call the attention of the house to what had just happened. All this does, I confess, look to me like the consummation of the insignificance and degradation of the House of Commons." He afterwards congratulates himself that he did not endeavour to join a ministry from which he and his friends were to be ejected on the first

pretence, or the first raising of a No-Popery cry. "From all this we were saved, not by any want of courage on our side, but by the triumph of inveterate duplicity and the low arts of a palace over an inflexible and proud integrity."

The following incident shows how great an influence the Prince Regent and ministry had gained over this corrupt parliament. At the end of the session in 1813 Mr. Abbot, afterwards Lord Colchester, the speaker of the House of Commons, excited by his bigotry, most unconstitutionally alluded, in his address to the throne, to a Catholic emancipation-bill brought in but not passed. This was most decidedly an infringement of the privileges of debate, one of which is, that nothing which transpires in the House is to be brought under the notice of the crown without the leave of the House in which it takes place. Will it be believed that ministers, although they could say nothing in defence of the speaker, yet approved of his conduct, and obtained a majority of 168 in his favour—274 against 106; and Canning voted with ministers! Well might Lord Grenville exclaim that every thing was sacrificed to party. What chance had the poor Catholics from a majority who could acquiesce in an opinion unconstitutionally given "that the adherents of a foreign power ought not to enjoy any place of trust in England."

The Catholic question might now be considered shelved: no concession was any longer to be expected. We must pass over the weary time that elapsed between this period of the regency to the latter part of the reign of George IV.—the year 1828—and to Sir Robert Peel's own memoir of the circumstances and correspondence connected with the passing of the Catholic relief bill. After perusing this volume, we may truly say that the bill was wrung from enemies as a political necessity, and not granted by friends or lukewarm supporters as an act of grace, or even of justice. Sir Robert Peel apologises for his conduct as if he had committed a crime against society, instead of defending it as an act of necessary statesmanship; and makes protestations of his innocence and good faith, as if the silly fanatics who barked against him were not completely beneath his notice. His character is lowered rather than increased in our estimation by the publication of these memoirs; for although his foresight of the consequences of refusing these just claims was certainly in advance of the bigoted Tory party, he was as sorry as they that the necessity for granting them should exist.

Sir Robert had certainly been always opposed to concession. In 1812 he voted against Mr. Canning's motion to that effect. His chief reason was, that the Established Church of Ireland

would be endangered by the repeal of the penal laws—a melancholy proof that when it is determined to entail on a country one injustice, it is necessary to prop it up by other crimes as bad as the first. We cannot oppress a country in one particular without oppressing it in all. Sir Robert was quite right in disbelieving that the passing of the bill would put an end to all religious animosity between Great Britain and Ireland. The doing away with one cause of complaint only concentrates attention on the others. He is quite right, too, in saying that the establishment of the theoretical equality of civil privileges appears to imply an equal claim for the practical enjoyment of the confidence and favour of the crown—a doctrine which we are sorry to say has not even yet been fully carried out in Ireland, but which should be tried, in spite of Sir Robert's opinion that Catholics and Protestants would not pull well together in office.

The question of concession had been negatived in the House of Commons in 1827 by a majority of only four votes—276 against 272. The schism among the late members of Lord Liverpool's administration prevented their return to office. The king therefore sent for the Duke of Wellington on the break-up of the Goderich ministry in January 1828, and commissioned him to form a new administration, giving him a *carte blanche* excepting only Lord Grey. Catholic emancipation was to be an open question; but the king insisted that the two chancellors and the lord-lieutenant of Ireland should be Protestant. It was evident, as Peel says, that the attempt to form an anti-Catholic administration would be perfectly hopeless; so, at the request of the Duke of Wellington, he joined the new ministry. Lord Anglesea was the new lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and Mr. Lamb, afterwards Lord Melbourne, chief secretary.

The first thing the new ministry had to consider was, the propriety of continuing the act for the suppression of unlawful societies in Ireland. Lord Anglesea and Mr. Lamb were both opposed to its renewal, as only tending to keep alive a feeling of exasperation, the manifestations of which it would be difficult to suppress. Peel thought that although "the position of the government in abandoning the law without having made a trial of it was very embarrassing, yet, as Mr. Joy, the attorney-general for Ireland, considered the act very defective, and easy to be evaded," it was better not to seek from parliament a continuance of it; and the cabinet decided according to his opinion. At the same time, he considered that the common law ought to be rigorously put in force, even with risk of failure. "The truth is," he adds, "that



without the absolute suppression of all liberty of speech, it was no easy matter to frame enactments which should preclude evasion; and such absolute suppression it was impossible to obtain from parliament."

The repeal of the Test-act, carried against ministers by a majority of forty-four, was not without its effect on the new administration. All wise men saw that a sacramental test was little short of a blasphemy: it was the degradation of a sacred thing to be a stepping-stone to some paltry municipal office; but the bishops, whom Peel consulted, insisted on a declaration of conformity instead. They declared that equality of civil privilege was incompatible with the idea of an Established Church; but Peel told them he should be very sorry to rest the defence of the Establishment on that line of argument.

It was evident that the discussion of this question was in some sort a preparation for that of the Catholic claims. On the 8th of May 1828 Sir Francis Burdett brought forward his motion for their consideration, which was carried by 272 against 266. All the argument and all the chief speakers were on his side. He was supported by all the rising talent of the House. This, added to the split in the cabinet, owing to the bill for the disfranchisement of East Redford, made Peel think he should be obliged to retire.

Then came the great Clare election, which ended in the return of O'Connell against Vesey Fitzgerald. This was regarded by Peel as the turning-point of the Catholic question. It is described in a series of letters between Peel, Lord Anglesea, Vesey Fitzgerald, and Lord Francis Gower. It is really amusing to read the whining, canting, and abusive tone of some of these letters. Because the Catholic people began to understand their power, and would not vote for those opposed to them, the "degradation of the country was completed," according to these gentlemen. Peel was really as violent and bigoted as the most bitter Orangeman. The only difference we see between the two is, that Peel could sacrifice his bigotry and feelings to his reason, as soon as he saw the people would no longer remain serfs, and that the old game was up; while the stupid Orangemen would have rushed blindly and madly on to revolution and destruction. Mr. Fitzgerald writes, "All the great interests of the country broke down, and the desertion has been universal. Such a scene as we have had! such a tremendous prospect open to us!" "The Clare election," says Peel, "supplied the manifest proof of an abnormal and unhealthy condition of the public mind in Ireland,—the manifest proof that the sense of

a common grievance, and the sympathies of a common interest, were beginning to loosen the ties which connect different classes of men in friendly relations with each other." Really we are indignant when we read such stuff: he might as well talk of a common interest between wolves and sheep, or between the negro and the slave-driver, as between the Protestant landlords and Catholic tenants of Ireland at that time. He gravely tells us that there is real danger to a country when tenants refuse to be driven to the poll by their landlords: "The real danger was in the peaceable and legitimate exercise of a franchise according to the will and conscience of the holder." There is no doubt that, if Peel could have seen any way of uniting the Protestantism of England against the Catholics, he would have reconquered Ireland instead of granting emancipation. The serf of Clare was now inspired with the resolution and energy of a freeman. Peel saw that he must be either reconquered or emancipated: he chose the latter course; but it was a very bitter pill to him. Ireland was in a "fearful state," according to him, "because all considerations of personal gratitude, ancient family connection, local preferences, the fear of worldly injury, the hope of worldly advantage, was subordinate to the one absorbing sense of religious obligation and public duty." We, on the contrary, should have considered these as very hopeful symptoms. He also feared, or professed to fear, the spread of disaffection among the Catholic soldiers.

The session of 1828 ended on the 28th of July. Before its close, Lord Lansdowne brought forward the Catholic question in the House of Lords; but his motion was lost by a majority of forty-four. Although the general tenor of the debate was in its favour, Peel wished to resign; but expressed an earnest hope that the Duke of Wellington, who was less deeply committed on the question than himself, would remain and settle the whole matter. He, however, drew up a plan of concession, which he sent to the duke. The king was decidedly opposed to it; and as there was still a majority in the House of Lords against it, the final settlement might still be obstructed for a time; but at what a risk!—a risk Peel, as a statesman, could not make up his mind to run. Besides, Lord Anglesea was most anxious that a settlement should take place; he writes, "Few, very few even of reputed Orangemen now dispute the fact, that it must at not a distant period be adjusted. Every hour increases the difficulty." In truth the Orangemen really began to be frightened. Mr. Leslie Forster writes, they would have no objection to Catholic lawyers being admitted to the bench, provided the forty-shilling

franchise was abolished, and a strong Protestant government established in Ireland. They were thus, though seeming to yield a little, still determined to keep their ascendancy. Lord Anglesea was subsequently recalled; and Lord Bathurst was offered the lord-lieutenancy, but refused it.

At the close of the year Peel began to see the necessity for doing something towards the settlement of these claims. The chief difficulty was with the king. In the beginning of 1829 he "manifested much uneasiness and irritation, and had hitherto shown no disposition to relax the opposition he had manifested towards the Catholics." In the life of Lord Eldon, the conversations between him and the king in March and April 1829 are reported. The king said, "He was miserable and wretched, and that his situation was dreadful;" "that if he gave his assent to the Roman Catholic relief-bill, he would go to the baths abroad, and from thence to Hanover; that he would never return to England; and that his subjects might get a Catholic king in the Duke of Clarence." He told Lord Eldon on the 28th of March, that "Mr. Canning would never,—and that he engaged he would never,—allow him to be troubled about the Catholic question. He blamed all the ministers who had retired upon Canning's appointment, representing in substance that their retirement and not he had made Canning minister." This infamous falsehood of the king Peel softens down as a *misapprehension*. "I am very confident," says he, "that Mr. Canning would not have accepted office, having entered into any engagement, or given any assurances, which would have the effect of placing his government and himself in that relation to George IV. with respect to the Catholic question in which preceding ministers stood to George III."

It was, however, generally believed that the king, when Canning became minister, had given personal assurances to the Archbishop of Canterbury and other bishops that his opinions on the Catholic question were the same as those of his father, and that he would never consent to the repeal of the disabilities. Sir Robert gives us an extract of the king's letter to him on the subject, in which he says as much.

The Duke of Wellington, finding the king so difficult to deal with, tried what he could do with the bishops; but they would not lend their sanction to a settlement. He began almost to despair of success, fearing that the king would make a public declaration of his *conscientious scruples* and *religious obligations* to maintain the disabilities, backed as he was by the Protestant Church and the House of Lords.

At length, on the 12th of January 1829, Peel, "convinced

that the Catholic question must be settled without delay," "resolved that no act of his should obstruct or retard its settlement; and, impressed with the strongest feelings of attachment to the Duke of Wellington," was determined not to insist on retirement from office, should the duke feel his co-operation indispensable; though stating how glad he should be were he allowed to do so, as he must otherwise conduct through the House of Commons a measure to which he had been uniformly opposed: and he gives us a most masterly statement of his views,—the reasons why he considered no other course possible. The duke told him his co-operation was indispensable, and he remained in office at his earnest entreaty.

All the ministers being now agreed, their opinion was communicated to the king, who gave his consent that his cabinet should consider the whole state of Ireland, and submit their views to his majesty; he still reserving his consent to the measure. Every body seemed to think Peel's statement a most argumentative one except the king, who gave a very reluctant consent to the speech from the throne.

Then came Peel's resignation of his seat, and subsequent defeat at Oxford, and his election for Westbury. Peel resumed his seat on the 3d of March, and gave notice that he would on the 5th call the attention of the House to that part of the royal speech which referred to the Catholic claims. On the same evening the king commanded the attendance of the duke, Sir Robert, and the lord chancellor, at an early hour on the following morning. They found him "grave, and apparently labouring under some anxiety and uneasiness." He said "he could not possibly consent to any alteration of the ancient oath of supremacy." Ministers said that "if they did not propose a substitute for it as regards the Catholics, it would be an effectual bar to their enjoyment of civil privileges." The king replied that, "be that as it might, he never would consent to any alteration," and was sorry ministers had *misapprehended* him. They said they were sorry they had done so. Nobody is safe with a liar. The king was always *misapprehending* his ministers, or they *misapprehending* him. The king said he must withdraw his consent, which was given under an erroneous impression, but now disapproved of by his deliberate and conscientious judgment. He then asked them what they should do: one and all said they should resign. The king expressed his regret; and so the matter ended.

Thus the ministers actually resigned office. Lord Eldon says that the king, in speaking of this interview, told him that he had never seen the bill, never given his consent; but

merely said "Go on," after a five hours' conversation, when he was so tired he did not know what he said. Sir Robert says dryly, that Lord Eldon must have *misunderstood* his majesty. The king did not say, "Go on;" but actually dismissed the ministry.

"A sudden change, however, took place in the king's intentions. At a late hour in the evening on the 4th of March, the king wrote a letter to the Duke of Wellington, informing him that his majesty anticipated so much difficulty in the attempt to form another administration, that he could not dispense with our services; that he must therefore desire us to withdraw our resignation; and that we were at liberty to proceed with the measures of which notice had been given in Parliament."

Thus was the measure carried, together with two other acts: one for the suppression of the forty-shilling freeholders, and the other of the Association. We should be curious to learn what made the king so pertinaciously object to any measure of Catholic relief, and only consent at last through fear of the consequences of refusal, affirming afterwards that he was taken by surprise. That conscience had any thing to do with it, *credat Judæus Apella, non ego*. We suspect that, in the "pestilent secret influence" of his mistress, combined with a detestation of any body who interfered with his selfish love of ease, will be found the true solution.

With regard to the leading statesmen of all parties during the regency, with the exception of Lords Wellesley and Castlereagh, there does not seem to have been one among them worthy of the name. They were all actuated by little party jealousies and intrigues towards each other, and utter subserviency towards the prince, rather than any regard to the interests of the country. Lord Wellington often wrote to his friends complaining of "his majesty's wretched advisers,"—men who considered it much more important to supply their employer with money for his debaucheries than to send it to the duke in the Peninsula.

And yet those times ended gloriously for England. There seem to us to be two reasons for this. The first, the splendid military talents of the Duke of Wellington, who carried on the war against France with success, not by the assistance of, but in spite of, the English ministry. The second, the unquestionable talents of Lady Hertford, whose influence, disgraceful though it was to all parties concerned and to the country, was yet, after her own whims and caprices were gratified, not wholly of a selfish character. We may also take into account the talents of Lord Castlereagh in the Foreign

Office, who put in practice the lessons he had learned from Pitt.

But what shall we say of the coryphæus of these would-be statesmen,—this *verna Canopi*—this tailors' ambulant advertising manikin—this barber's block, fit only for the exhibition of the effects of some patent pomatum—this *matutino sudans Crispinus amomo*? The Duke of Buckingham, indeed, endeavours to exalt his virtues. In the first place, he praises his choice of a mistress, and compares him, as he thinks advantageously, in that respect with one of his ancestors. "His great-great-grandfather, George I., is reported to have sought the apartments of a lady, a reputed favourite, and entertained himself the whole time of his stay by clipping with a pair of scissors paper into the shape of a well-known toy. His descendant, however, it may readily be believed did not amuse himself in a manner so puerile while enjoying the society of so clever a woman as the Marchioness of Hertford; but we have every reason to suppose that his employment was almost as *innocent*. He shaped politics instead of paper, and cut out cabinets instead of groups of ladies. Like Louis XIV., he may have sought the society of a *staid matron* as much for advice as amusement." We certainly never heard adultery defended before on the ground of the lady being a clever woman. Perhaps, though, the noble duke defends the prince on the principle of *quod turpe bonis Titio Seioque decebat Crispinum*,—that his immoral connection with Lady Hertford was a virtue rather than otherwise in comparison to the low and disgusting debaucheries to which he was addicted.

We are next informed that the prince was a liberal patron of artists of talent, and that "a large share of the pecuniary obligations he incurred went to form a gallery of paintings." We have no doubt of the fact; the duke might have also added, that he possessed a large assortment of jewelry. We have heard of other gentlemen of whom the same might be said, having received in exchange for their discounted bills one third pictures, one third jewels, and one third cash. We are also informed that his royal highness's taste for building encouraged architects, and effected a glorious architectural revolution in England. We have never seen the offspring of this taste. We only know of Regent Street and the Pavilion at Brighton; and we cannot perceive any remarkably good taste in those erections. We believe he did encourage some third-rate architect of the name of Wyatt, whose plebeian name, being too grating to royal ears, he changed to Wyatville.

The regent was also converted to true piety. "True piety superseded frivolous folly and glaring licentiousness.

The court participated largely in this improvement;—faultless character exacted the homage which for some time had too openly been given to mere personal attractions, and the admirable wife found a higher appreciation in society than had a few years previously been accorded to the fascinating favourite.” What the duke means by this passage we do not know. If only “truly pious” people think more highly of their wives than they do of their mistresses, what must the ungodly be? Besides, the court became so “truly pious,” that even Wilberforce condescended to dine there—on the understanding that nothing improper should be introduced till he went away. The fact is, this “true piety” means the support of a church-and-king administration, and shouting No Popery. The indulgence in little foibles is no impediment at all to it. Certainly, in this view of the case, George IV. was a “truly pious” king. Piety has a variety of meanings. When out shooting the other day, we heard a gamekeeper tell his master that some notorious poacher had “turned pious,” that is, he had not been caught poaching for some time.

His royal highness, according to the Duke of Buckingham, never forsook a friend! any claim upon him was always sure to be attended to! The duke gives us one, and but one, example of this; and we assure our readers we do not know whether he means what he says ironically or no. There was a lawyer, very fond of the pleasures of the table, a witty boon-companion of the prince, who became very poor and wanted a place. His royal highness asked Lord Eldon to make him a master in Chancery. The chancellor said he could not conscientiously do it; but the prince persisted with such pertinacity, that at length Eldon was forced to yield.

We must here conclude. With regard to the *Duke of Buckingham's Memoirs*, we would recommend a more judicious selection of the important letters they contain, and a thorough revision of the editorial comments thereon; and with regard to the *Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel* (we have only as yet one small volume), we hope that no unnecessary delay, false delicacy, or mistaken reserve, will prevent the publication of all the papers Sir Robert has left to his trustees. They are much too important for concealment; they belong to history, and not to individuals.

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## Short Notices.

### THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

*Questions of the Soul.* By the Rev. I. T. Hecker. (New York, D. Appleton.) We had written a notice of this important work some months ago, but unfortunately it was mislaid; we are happy, however, now to have the opportunity of repairing our omission, and at the same time of announcing a supplementary volume by the reverend father, of the same character, but even wider in its interest, which may be expected during the summer or autumn.

The testimony of competent critics in favour of the present volume has been so unanimous, and its reception by the American public so encouraging—(in England it is, we are afraid, still nearly unknown)—that commendation on our part would be superfluous; we shall therefore confine ourselves to giving a description of the book, and the class to whom it is addressed.

The title, *Questions of the Soul*, well expresses the character of the work: it is an answer, not to the logical doubts of the mind, not to intellectual difficulties, but to those aspirations, those wants and emptinesses of heart and soul, which almost all feel, but which so few can express; the successful expression of which, however, constitutes a man a poet, a mouthpiece of humanity. It is from these speakers that Father Hecker culls his questions. Emerson and Longfellow and Tennyson are, in his eyes, but the spokesmen of the present generation in all that relates to the generally mute aspirations of the soul. Hence his book seems at first a nosegay of scraps of poetry; it is only on attentive perusal that the scientific arrangement of the questions, and the philosophic system which is gradually evolved in answer to them, will make itself clear to the mind. The subject, being one rather of the feelings and emotions than of the intellect, is necessarily somewhat dim and misty; we are only surprised at the clearness of head which enables a man with such success to translate the language of the heart into terms of the brain.

In answer to the *Questions of the Soul*, of which he acknowledges the legitimacy and encourages the expression, Father Hecker shows that man has a destiny—that his end is God—that his life is divine—that Jesus Christ is the complement of man, the restorer of the race—that the Catholic Church is the manifestation of Jesus Christ, the organ by which He perpetuates His life on earth, the organ of man's restoration, which affords him the opportunity of becoming Christian without violating the laws of his reason, or stifling the dictates of his conscience; which alone can guide man to his destiny, is alone adequate to all the wants of his heart, and which alone in her religious orders opens a pathway to those nobler souls who seek a perfect life.

The defect of the book is inherent in its original conception, and consists in its being addressed to so limited a class. Poll the world, and how many souls do you find really pining with these mystic aspirations? The author has to pass by the "wide world," and "the busy marts where men think only of their gold and silver," and to speak to those souls alone which are so constituted that the common life and objects of men have no attractions for them—who look for nobler modes of being and a more spiritual life. But, perhaps, even after this limitation,



his audience need not be so few as we should at first sight suppose it to be ; perhaps all men, the most thoughtless votary of pleasure, the hardest man of business, have at some time of their lives felt this mystic call : while the influence is on them, while the grace works within them, they cannot do better than read Father Hecker's book.

But if this was all the Catholic missionary had to say, he might successfully talk to such people as Callista, who has within her beautiful soul the void, the great yawning gulf which only grace can fill up ; but what is he to do with such men as Jucundus, who never had an aspiration beyond nature, and are entirely contented with their pig-life ? Yet the Catholic Church ought to be able to speak to them as well as to the others.

In order to meet the wants of the more intellectual persons of this class, Father Hecker is preparing a work of even a wider interest than the *Questions of the Soul*, in which he intends to show that the dogmas of the Catholic faith are as needful to man's reason as the sacraments of the Church to his heart. Every reason must at some time be troubled by questions of religion ; certain convictions on the being of a God and on the responsibility of man will break in ; nature itself teaches that loyalty is due to these convictions, and nature has not lost its dignity, nor reason its value ; man is still substantially good, insomuch that still " whatsoever contradicts reason contradicts God."

But, after all, reason can here only ask questions which she cannot answer. Is this because of the weakness of reason ? " No ! the cry of reason for revelation is the title of her grandeur ! The great God alone is equal to satisfy her capacity !" This capacity for God is the highest of our faculties ; and as no capacity can be exercised without its own object ; " as the material world is necessary to the exercise and development of our physical nature ; as other human beings are necessary to the exercise of our human and social faculties,—so is contact with God necessary to the exercise of our god-like or religious nature." But nature cannot produce God, she can only receive Him ; hence the necessity of revelation ; and hence, finally, the nature and measure of God's revelation is the nature and measure of man's destiny. Thus revelation is not only a moral, but also a philosophical necessity.

Here will come in the Church as the organ of this revelation. The necessity of her infallibility, her catholicity, and of her other " notes." But first the counterfeit forms of Christianity will be examined, and will be interrogated on the value of reason and of human nature, on the power of man's will, and the like. The Protestant doctrine on the fall of man will be developed ; and it will appear, as Möhler has shown so clearly, that it results in the entire repudiation and destruction of man. Protestantism will be proved to be historically and scientifically impossible. The Catholic Church alone will remain ; and here the author will show in detail the analogy of the dogmas of faith and the dictates of reason.

We owe an apology to the reverend father for having made use of a private communication to describe his intentions with regard to an unpublished work ; but as we had unreservedly stated the limited applicability of his former work, we considered that we were bound to show that he knew the defect as well as ourselves, and that he is preparing a supplementary book, which we have no doubt will more than satisfy the high expectations which his former volume excites and justifies. The *Questions of the Soul*, in a word, is a book of such unquestionable superiority, that criticism is quite disarmed in its presence, and has nothing to do but to notify its existence, and to recommend persons to read it.

## MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

*The History of Sedgley Park School.* By F. C. Husenbeth, D.D., an old Parker. 12mo. (London, Richardson.) The provost of the chapter of Northampton has been long before the Catholic public, who are always ready to welcome a new work from his pen. The present volume, though of a lighter character than his other books, and appealing more to reminiscences of academical fellowship than to the interests of the general reader, has many elements of real worth. The author commences with a general review of Catholic education. "It would be a natural and desirable introduction to a history of the school of Sedgley Park, to give some account of such Catholic schools as existed in England previously to its establishment. For this, however, the materials are very scanty. It was a wonder how Catholics contrived, after the melancholy subversion of their religion in this country, to obtain any education at all; for they could neither learn nor teach without exposure to severe penalties. The Catholic parent was liable to a fine of ten pounds a month if he had his children taught by a Catholic; and the Catholic schoolmaster to pay two pounds a-day. And if parents sent their children to Catholic schools abroad, they must forfeit 100*l.*; and their children could possess no lands or goods, nor could they inherit legacies. Catholics, however, did obtain Catholic education in defiance of these inhuman laws, and in the face of formidable obstacles."

After an enumeration of the asylums they found in foreign countries, accessible only to persons of some fortune, Dr. Husenbeth proceeds to glean the scanty records of the few attempts which were made to provide education for other classes; these were comparatively insignificant, for "the state of Catholics was one of political degradation and exclusion, and their constant exposure to persecutions and penalties necessarily rendered their scholastic establishments small and secluded."

Bishop Challoner was the first who attempted to supply the deficiency on a larger scale; and it was not without some opposition. Nearly forty years ago, the writer of the present notice was acquainted with an old English Catholic, who had then lived more than eighty years, and had seen the days of persecution, and who related more than once that, when Bishop Challoner communicated his project to some members of the Catholic aristocracy, they received it with great coldness and disapprobation; urged the imprudence of the step, predicted its certain failure, and refused their co-operation. The bishop replied, that they might afford or withhold their co-operation as they pleased, but that the attempt should assuredly be made, and that it would as assuredly succeed. The attempt was made, and did succeed. The "park" was rented from Lord Dudley, who had to defend himself in parliament for the crime of having "let his house for a Popish school." "Providence watched over the infant establishment with singular care and protection;"—it succeeded marvellously, and now has a new success in having an annalist like Dr. Husenbeth,—happier in this than our foreign colleges, the memory of which has in great measure perished,

"*caerent quia vate sacro.*"

Our historian is in the best sense of the word an enthusiast. He has collected, from all sources that have fallen in his way, various incidents in the fortunes of the school and the lives of its alumni,—all of which will to the "Parker" be full of interest. "Few, indeed, who have had their

education there have left it without retaining a strong affection for the old place." This is a strong recommendation for any school; an Alma Mater that retains its hold of the heart must have very solid merits. Such scholars will no doubt feel great interest in details which to indifferent readers may appear trivial:—how at first the establishment was confined to the "high house,"—gradually extended to the east,—augmented by the chapel above and the play-room below,—enlarged in its play-ground by the exchange of the "platts" for the "famous 'park-bounds,' the dimensions of which have continued since unchanged." The mention of these bounds excites the enthusiasm of the annalist. "How many pleasurable recollections arise to the mind of a 'Parker' when he thinks of the old 'bounds,' the scene of so many sports and joys and light-hearted pursuits in the golden morning of life! He can, perhaps, as the writer would undertake to do for himself, recall some incident of every square yard of that beloved and well-remembered space of ground. His old companions, his favourite games, his playthings, his adventures in the little-chequered day of youth,—all come back when he treads again, though but in fancy, the park-bounds."

The school seems to have been generally fortunate in its excellent presidents. It is, indeed, remarked of Mr. Blount, that though "a pious priest and zealous missionary, he laboured under the disadvantage of not being educated at the school." It is certainly a disadvantage, when a good traditional spirit has been acquired, to risk its continuance by introducing a preponderating extraneous influence; it was doubtless some such consideration as this, not a way of looking at a diocese as a close corporation, which influenced Pope St. Celestine I., who took care *ne in creandis Episcopis, extranei emeritis in sua ecclesia clericis preponerentur*.

The distinguishing excellence of Catholic schools is the careful moral and spiritual training, which is usually superintended by a priest specially appointed for the purpose. Sedgley Park was particularly happy in these directors; of one of them, Mr. Walsh, the present writer can speak from long personal experience, as being truly a man of God, singly devoted to the promotion of His honour and the extension of His kingdom. "His arrival," says Dr. Husenbeth, "soon produced a marked improvement in the religious department, and created quite a new spirit of piety among the boys. His aspect gave at once the impression of his character as a holy man, and his preaching and catechetical instruction were full of zeal and unction, which could not fail of producing fruit." He taught the boys to meditate, lent them spiritual books, of which he had a selection to lend out in play-time, improved their behaviour in chapel, and caused them to frequent the sacraments. Mr. Bowden, another of the directors, is praised in similar terms, and his death affectingly described.

The present writer can testify, that during a residence of something more than four years among more than 160 boys of different ages, and from every part of England, as well as from Wales, Ireland, and the colonies, he heard only one equivocal expression that savoured of immorality. Except this, he never heard one word, or witnessed one action, of an immoral character. "Every encouragement," writes Dr. H., "was given to devotion and piety at that spot, which has been ever so remarkable for the sound religious instruction, and the singular innocence and purity of morals, of the youth trained up within its happy precincts."

Dr. Husenbeth gives a list of some of the spiritual books formerly used at the school, and laments that many of them, as well as "our good old prayer-books," have been suffered to go out of print. He regrets

them, as the books which nourished the piety of his predecessors and contemporaries, and which contributed to that mental discipline which maintained the credit of the school.

Dr. Husenbeth seems to have forgotten another source of information which the boys enjoyed,—that of secular works, which were lent to them at their own selection, and with which they occupied so many spare moments of their time, and laid up a store of information suited to their own taste.

Among the students enumerated by the author are the present Bishop of Beverley, whose arrival increased the number of boys to 160, —since raised to 212. His Latin class was formed February 10, 1802, and consisted of about twelve boys, two of whom are now bishops, and three priests.

In a modest preface, Dr. Husenbeth needlessly deprecates criticism, which, we assure him, would never think of attacking a work like this. We have been amused with his reminiscences of the cant terms used in the little world of the school, which might even afford exercise to the brains of a philologist, and which force into the memory the “cruelly sweet” recollection of days of innocence—“sweet and mournful to the soul.”

No “Parker,” we suppose, will allow himself to be without this book. To all those who value the scanty records of the struggles of the Church in this country towards the close of the age of persecution none of its details will be uninteresting. “It gives,” writes a Protestant clergyman, “a most admirable account of people and times of which we know nothing, and an account so interesting, that when once commenced, it cannot be left off. The style of the book is most attractive, and the manner in which it is got up is quite admirable.” With this testimony we conclude.

*Catechism, Doctrinal, Moral, Historical, and Liturgical.* Compiled by the Rev. P. Power. (Dublin, Richardson and Son.) Mr. Power has here commenced a work which we have long wished to see accomplished. His catechism is compiled from some of the best French works, and is a really theological and philosophical work. We recommend it to all schoolmasters and teachers, in the expectation that it will be completed as satisfactorily as it is begun. It is, indeed, on so satisfactory a plan, that we must suggest one or two amendments, which would hardly be worth mentioning in a less important undertaking. One of these is, the substitution of the second person *singular* for the second person *plural* in the prayers which are occasionally introduced; the former being the form of respect in English, while it is the language of familiarity in French. The other is, the revision of such little statements as we find at p. 88 about doctors and materialism, which may have been once true in France, but certainly are not so now in England and Ireland. Materialists are found pretty equally in all classes.

*Ailey Moore; a Tale of the Times.* By Father Baptist. (Dolman.) The zealous and active ecclesiastic who writes under the *nom-de-guerre* of F. Baptist has made a successful inroad into the domain of Carleton, Banim, and Mrs. S. C. Hall. *Ailey Moore* is a story of proselytism, love, abduction, assassination, and repentance, showing in many respects a very manifest genius for fiction. We cannot say much for Father Baptist's young ladies and gentlemen, nor has he caught the precise character of the slang of the Reformation-Society people; but the bulk of his story is occupied with other and more interesting personages. He is at home among the poor; and he knows well the character of the

thorough-paced Irish scoundrel. These he has painted so cleverly, that we think he will be encouraged to make a second essay in the same direction.

*The History of Jean Paul Choppart, or the Surprising Adventures of a Runaway.* (The Entertaining Library. Lambert and Co.) The young vagabond whose disasters and reformation are described in this cleverly-illustrated translation is just the sort of scapegrace to be interesting to children. The humour is *bona fide*, and of that practical kind which suits boys and girls. It has been very popular in France; and being perfectly harmless, may be safely recommended to the juvenility of England.

*The Lion-killer.* (Condensed edition. Lambert and Co.) A new and cheaper issue of M. Gérard's marvellous lion-killing adventures.

*Sonnets, chiefly Astronomical, and other Poems.* By the Rev. J. A. Stothert. (Edinb., Marsh and Beattie.) The idea of an astronomical sonnet will to many persons appear scarcely more attractive than a "Euclid done into blank verse." The reader, however, who can get beyond the title of Mr. Stothert's little volume will find in these pleasingly-written sonnets the marks of a refined and meditative mind, and a great deal of feeling for the poetic aspect of the discoveries of science. We may take as a fair specimen of his powers the second sonnet on "Frost;" though the *eighth* line is feeble and misplaced, as far as the meaning is concerned :

"Low in his last repose my friend is laid,  
His face all-tranquil as the frozen lake  
When suns are veiled, nor faintest motions break  
Its stony calm; dear lines of meaning fade  
Where sweetest thought would cast a fleeting shade,  
The ingenuous crimson kindle as he spake,  
And round his eye the dawning smile awake,  
Where, late, expression's signs the soul obeyed.  
Beauty is here, but under strange eclipse,  
Blank as the icy river in its bed;  
The bloodless cheek, veiled eye, and sealed lips,  
Proclaim dark winter's empire o'er the dead.  
Of brighter life to come, immortal seeds  
Await their spring beneath these funeral weeds."

*Cardinals Wolsey and Fisher.* (London, Shean.) This is the substance of Mr. Gauthorn's lecture at the Metropolitan Catholic Institute. The chief facts in the lives of the two cardinals are neatly put together.

*Eva O'Beirne; O'Hara Blake; Clare Costelloe, &c.* By Brother James. (Dublin, Duffy.) Twelve little stories for children and the poor, especially adapted to the present condition of Ireland. They are genuine, and not "got up." We have not read them all; but they seem a very useful kind of thing for their purpose, and are particularly well printed and illustrated, considering what Catholic books too often look like.

*A Summer in Northern Europe.* By Selina Bunbury. 2 vols. (Hurst and Blackett.) A lady-like, scented, drawing-room kind of book, full of anecdotes and legends of Sweden, Finland, and the Baltic; interesting and agreeable, but not of much value to the serious reader, who reads in order to learn. Miss Bunbury is never disagreeable, and that is much for a Catholic to say of Protestant writers.

*The Holy Places, a Narrative of Two Years' Residence in Jerusalem and Palestine.* By Hanmer Z. Dupuis. 2 vols. (London, Hurst and

Blackett.) *The Holy Places*, by Dupuis, is a tempting title, suggesting a French view of that most interesting question which was the first occasion of the late war. But let not our readers be deceived: Mr. Dupuis is an Englishman, he dedicates his book to Dr. Gobat, the Anglican bishop at Jerusalem; his language is so difficult, that it is a labour to read it; and the kernel is fusty after you have cracked the nut. Here are his reflections on the opening of the mosques of Omar and of St. Sophia to Franks:

“Thus the flood-gates which were hitherto closed against Christians in matters of interest, at least to the learned, are being unbarred, happily it is thought by many, doubtfully it is felt by some, and if a thing desirable either for Christian or Moslem, then let us add hopefully for all—all who understand the spirit of the two faiths; but particularly that of the Koran, and the commentaries upon it.”

As a general rule, we suppose that a man who cannot say what he has to tell intelligibly has nothing to tell worth attending to.

*California: its Gold and its Inhabitants.* In 2 vols. (Newby.) A light and amusing work, by the agent of one of the speculating companies got up in London for working the Californian gold-mines. The concentrated essence of American scoundrelism that may be witnessed in that region is well described by our author. Such deliberate murders, such unscrupulous executions, especially of poor Indians, without any evidence, and such heartless descriptions of the villanies in the local newspapers, never distinguished any nation before. Indian arrows stuck into the bodies of murdered men, and the poor Indians hunted and hanged by the murderers, to screen their own guilt; assassinations in courts of justice, gambling-houses, and every conceivable place; doctors squabbling for the bodies of executed men before they are quite dead,—these are but ordinary events. California is a place for rogues to get money, and honest men to lose it;—if, indeed, honest men are to be found where the exaggerated respect paid to women is enforced by those of the vilest reputation, and where no conversation is heard not interlarded with the most fearful species of obscene blasphemy.

*Revelations of Prison Life.* By G. L. Chesterton. 2 vols. (Hurst and Blackett.) Mr. Chesterton was for twenty-five years the governor of Cold-Bath-Fields prison; and during that time he appears to have raised it from one of the worst to one of the best prisons in the country. His book, in spite of sundry defects of style, contains a very interesting account of the reformation of penitentiary discipline, and is enlivened with several curious anecdotes of convict-life. It is just such a book as Mr. Digby would have been delighted to quote in his *Lover's Seat*, and is well worth reading by any one who desires to know how our “dangerous classes” live.

*Memorials of his Time.* By Henry Cockburn. (Edinburgh, A. and C. Black.) When Scot lauds Scot, the oil-flask is in requisition, and the butter is spread with no sparing hand. With this drawback, the book before us is excessively amusing, and contains a greater store of anecdotes than most books of the kind. Edinburgh was certainly a brilliant place when it was illuminated by the youthful wit of Walter Scott, Jeffrey, Brougham, Sidney Smith, and the rest; and we may well pardon the memorial-writer for the rose-colour of his reminiscences of that era.

*Wanderings in North Africa.* By James Hamilton. (London, J. Murray.) This is a very interesting book of travels in the territory of the ancient Pentapolis, or Cyrenaica, a tract in the north of Africa

where nature is as beautiful as she can be, where the remains of ancient civilisation are imposing and numerous, but where the modern population realises the Mahometan fanaticism which travellers of two centuries ago describe to us. The author, we presume, is the unfortunate Abbé Hamilton, who was well known to English visitors in Rome some eight or ten years ago, and who since then has been engaged in travelling in the East, till he was arrested and put on his trial for sedition at Tripoli, and condemned to death; though his punishment, at the urgent request of the European consuls, has been commuted to perpetual imprisonment in a Turkish jail,—a fate worse than death itself, unless it is buoyed up by the hope of a successful intercession of the European governments with the Sultan in his behalf. As Mr. Hamilton has strong claims on the scientific societies of England, we hope that they will represent his case to the government.

*Letters on Turkey: an Account of the Religious, Political, Social, and Commercial Condition of the Ottoman Empire.* Translated from the French of M. A. Ubcini, by Lady Easthope. 2 vols. (London, Murray.) Ubcini is, we believe, the great authority for the statistics of Turkey. As to the theories which he builds on his facts, they are simply abominable. Doubtless Turkey is (relatively) an agreeable place to fugitive Italians and Hungarians, who have incurred the penalties of treason in their own country, and are able to gain the highest places in their adopted land by a mere change of a religion which was no more a portion of their souls than their paletots were part of their bodies—which, in fact, it cost them no more to change than to assume the fez instead of the hat. We do not mean to imply that Mr. Ubcini is one of these renegades, but only that he speaks as one; he has the same notion that “liberty, equality, and fraternity,” is the one symbol of true religion; that this is to be found in Turkey, not in Austria; therefore that Turkish religion is better than Austrian, Mahometanism than Christianity, the Koran than the Bible. Therefore, again, that the raïahs are very well off in Turkey, not oppressed, not in continual fear of spies, but living in as great liberty as their poor natures can possibly enjoy. Turkey, in fact (*teste* Ubcini), seems the best-governed, most prosperous, and most progressive state in the world; those who say the contrary being mere bigots, blinded by prejudice.

*The Island of Cuba.* By Alexander von Humboldt. Translated from the Spanish, with Notes, and a preliminary Essay, by T. S. Thrasher. (London, Sampson Low and Son; New York, Derby and Jackson, 1856.) The translator of Baron von Humboldt’s work on Cuba, feeling that a good account of the island was wanted in the English language, has given us this, as being in his opinion the best work on the subject. Mr. Thrasher is an American citizen, and has written a long preliminary essay on the Cuban question, which in the present state of feeling between England and America we think should be noticed, if only to show the hostile feeling of a large class of Americans towards us.

Cuba is the key of the commerce of the New World. The power that holds it can block up the Gulf of Mexico, shut up the navigation of 20,000 miles of rivers, and compel all intercourse between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of North America to be carried on round Cape Horn. Its position renders it the natural depository of the productions of a great part of the New World, as well as the stepping-stone for its invaders. This naturally makes the Americans uneasy, as it may not always be held by such a weak power as Spain.

The interests of the colony and the mother-country never can be

identical. England has been for a long time endeavouring to raise the condition of the slave population by means of a convention with Spain. This the Spanish government, knowing the ruin caused in Jamaica, most wisely resisted. Lord Palmerston even tried to dictate the laws they were to make for the government of their colonies—not, we may be sure, from any love to the slaves, but to render them turbulent and dissatisfied, and a thorn in the side of the Americans should they get possession of the island. The revolutionary government, however, lately established in Spain submitted to the dictation of England. They sent out the Marquis de Pezuela as captain-general, who attempted to carry out some of the measures pronounced satisfactory by the British government; but he only excited the black population, and disgusted the white. The Cubans were so hostile to any sort of emancipation, that the government, afraid of a revolution, recalled the marquis, and appointed General Concha in his place. The inhabitants said the scheme of introducing the mad ideas of English philanthropy must end in an exterminating war of races. If this should happen, the Americans would certainly assist the whites. Thus England, according to this writer, does not hesitate to promote the social ruin of Cuba, in order to prevent the advance of the American confederacy in that direction. If the slave states gain Cuba, Lord Palmerston, they say, has spitefully determined that they shall only gain a loss. England must not suppose this is only a question of the southern states. The annexation of Cuba is a necessity to both north and south—it is a question of national defence, and the safety of domestic intercourse. The attempt to emancipate the slaves of Cuba is a declaration of war against the United States, for its effect would be to impoverish and threaten America. The great contest between democracy and constitutional monarchy must soon come, and should be no longer deferred. Such are Mr. Thrasher's representations of American feeling.

Baron Humboldt's history will be found as valuable as the other works of that accurate and observant writer.

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#### FOREIGN LITERATURE.

*Du Suicide, et de la Folie suicide,—On Suicide and Suicidal Insanity.* By A. Brierre de Boismont. (Paris, Ballière.) We notice this curious and valuable addition to vital statistics only to transcribe the conclusion of the preliminary essay, which bears a memorable testimony to the power of the Catholic religion :

“ Having now considered suicide in ancient times, the middle ages, and the present period, we are warranted in asserting the following conclusions:—1. the ages of paganism, by their religious and philosophical doctrines, which were essentially pantheistical, were particularly favourable to the development of suicide; 2. during the middle ages, on the contrary, the establishment of the Christian religion, and the predominance of religious sentiments and spiritual philosophy, had a great effect in arresting the progress of suicide; 3. but in modern times, the increase of infidelity, scepticism, and indifference, has given a new impulse to the crime of self-destruction.”



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# The Rambler.

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## NOTICE.

The writer of the letters signed R. P. S., feeling with regret that there are certain statements which appear to require revision, withdraws from the discussion of the question.

This being the case, his Eminence does not consider it necessary to proceed with the examination.

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### To Correspondents.

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

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

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# THE RAMBLER.

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## THE SESSION OF 1856.

MR. CARLYLE somewhere tells us of a paradoxical philosopher who developed Montesquieu's aphorism, "Happy the people whose annals are tiresome," into the far more startling proposition, "Happy the people whose annals are vacant:" for not only is there silence in heaven, but on earth also there is a silence which is better than any speech. There is no record to be kept of immutable bliss. "Lazy ages," says the poet, "no action leave to busy chronicles;" their "supine felicity" makes chasms in story. Change, disruption, and dislocation, are necessary for the journalist; still perseverance, when one day is as another, is his abomination; he enjoys himself, like the petrel, only in the storm; he feeds on the sight of foundering ships, and of treasures floating on the yeasty waves. The wind, that blows no one else any good, favours him. He babbles not of what is well done, but of what is misdone or undone. Crimes, catastrophes, mistakes—"not work, but hindrance of work"—these are his funds; order and quiet he finds as profitless and insipid as the model heroine of a moral romance.

The case is the same with the legislator: whenever he speaks, the silence of perseverance is broken; either he is called into being by a restless agitation, or he throws the apple of discord into the midst of a peaceful people. Either unrest makes him, or he makes unrest. "The rage for legislation," says Mr. Digby,\* "the characteristic of late times, is a disease from which the ancient governments of Christendom were in a great measure free. Since the year 1789 the philosophers have given to France eight constitutions, about seven thousand legislators, and thirty thousand laws, dictated more or less by the spirit of destruction, injustice, spoliation, im-

\* Godefridus, p. 267.

piety, proscription, inconsistency, and barbarism. This multiplication of laws and of legislators must be ascribed wholly to the increase of light and march of knowledge; for before the sublime age of the Reformation, which first produced this desire of perfectibility, the world could only boast of having possessed about fifteen legislators. In the dark ages, our Christian governments seem to have acted upon the principle extolled by Dion Cassius, where he says, 'Custom is like a king; law is like a tyrant.'

May we not, therefore, congratulate the country, not exactly on the silence—that is a boon not yet granted by kind Providence—but on the idleness and ineffectuality of the talk of our legislators during the past session? May we not exclaim, "Happy the parliament whose doings are nothing!" It is a saying of the wise man, that "in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom;" there is positive wisdom, where there is one dominant despotic intellect, to whom all offer their suggestions, and whose own mind furnishes the clue of the labyrinth; and there is negative wisdom, the wisdom of letting well alone, when the multitude of counsellors acknowledges no master, and is besides so great as scarcely to give each time to speak, much less to give the whole leisure to deliberate and decide. Then King Custom has his way, without being troubled by the interference of tiresome precepts to warn him off his well-known haunts.

It does not require much imagination to picture to ourselves a state of society in which the present state of parties in the House of Commons is a real gain. That utter discord and disorganisation which has broken down all the old limits of traditional discipline, and reduced the House to an unbridled and ungovernable mob, may under circumstances be a blessing. Perhaps we do not want legislation—except of a negative character, to wipe out the superfluous law-making of other days. Our laws already may be too many, instead of too few; and a wholesale repeal may be more wanted than the partial tinkering which are proposed and withdrawn so often. Laws are a curse upon any country when they extravagate beyond the model of the ten commandments. That short code presupposes that every thing is allowed which is not forbidden, and goes on to draw up under ten heads, or classes, a list of the prohibitions. Whatever is more is the pædagogic tyranny of administrative tutelage, and ought to be strenuously opposed in a nation of men. The present Archbishop of Sydney told the writer of this article, that when he was about to lay the first stone of (we think) St. Patrick's Cathedral in that city, he gave notice that a procession would

walk through the town on the occasion. The governor, who fancied that the judaical ordinances of puritanical England were valid also for the colony, put forth a proclamation forbidding the proceeding as illegal. The archbishop, knowing that no such law existed there, and thinking himself obliged to protest against the assumption that all the laws of the old country were binding in the new society, sent round to all Catholics within reach to beg them to be present; and on the appointed day he walked through the town, with bells and banners and crosses and all the insignia of popery, at the end of a long line of men, women, and children, numerous enough to be counted by tens of thousands: opposition was disarmed by so imposing a demonstration, and a right was established which it would almost require a revolution to destroy. The archbishop acted on the fundamental principle of freedom, that all unnecessary precepts, sumptuary laws, and petty prohibitions—"touch not, taste not, handle not"—though, perhaps, inevitable in a country long civilised, and long under the guidance of legislators wise in their own eyes, are against the spirit of liberty, and are noxious in a young and vigorous society.

But is ours a young and vigorous society? Opinions are divided on that point: M. Ledru Rollin thinks we are on the point of death; M. Montalembert sets us up on the pinnacle of the temple, to be the cynosure of the eyes of storm-tossed Europe. We incline to the belief that there is plenty of life in us still. But this life does not come from the fostering incubation of parliaments; nor is the red tape which circumlocutionists bind round our limbs in such intricate patterns the system of veins, arteries, and nerves on which our vital forces depend; rather they seem to us like Dalila's cords, wherewith she affected to bind the strong man. All the great measures which the mighty mob have insisted upon during our lifetimes have been burstings of such cords, and obliterations of such systems of red tape;—the repeal of Catholic disabilities, the repeal of the privileges of effete boroughs, the repeal of the corn-laws. Truly, if O'Connell had cried out for repeal in general, he would have been more philosophical, and more likely to carry the country with him, than by defining his demands, and requiring only repeal of the union. What, too, are all the measures towards which public opinion is tending? all of them repeals, all of them loosening of the cords, none of them the tying of fresh knots. Repeal of the musty privileges of the classes that hold the administration of the nation in their hands; repeal of the privileges of corporations like that of Liverpool; abolition of church-rates; aboli-

tion of the Irish establishment; the codification of our laws—that is, reducing them from the foggy, blurred, inflated, unintelligible forms to which time, with its continual changes, has brought them, to a concentrated, intelligible, and more or less brief state, scouring off all the rust and moss and dirt that has grown round them in the lapse of ages. For the true principle of codification is, that each new act on any subject should recite all former acts or parts of acts which relate to the same matter; and after repealing them all, should go on to enact a simple law embodying all that is worth preserving of the repealed enactments, but simplifying the language, and, above all, condensing the whole law into a single document, instead of leaving it sown broadcast in the “Statutes at Large” *passim*. Hence the essence of codification is repeal, and is really consonant with the current of popular reason.

Now this disposition of the people we take on the whole to be a healthy one. We do not conceal from ourselves its analogy to the political antinomianism of the Continent, and its possible development into a democratic cry for “no nothing;” but as it manifests itself here, it is certainly a symptom of strong health that the tendency of popular thought and feeling is to strengthen custom and diminish law; not like the socialists of France and Italy, who have no more respect for custom and for the ingrained character of races and nations than they have for law—who wish to substitute their own charlatan speculations for the ancient national spirit, their own paper constitutions for the customs of ages, their own rules for time-honoured laws. The real imitators of these quacks are not our radicals and abolitionists (though we do not consider them altogether trustworthy), but our philosophical legislators, like Lord John Russell, who this session attempted to reinstate himself in the position from which he has been surely sliding ever since his memorable Durham epistle by a meddling and hateful scheme of education, after the model, perhaps, of the system bequeathed to Prussia and France by the philosophers, but utterly opposed to the freedom and independence of our national character.

We confess we are heartily glad of a state of parties which renders legislation of this kind impossible. Other jobs, which their authors have tried to render palatable by assimilating them as much as possible to repeal or abolition measures, have failed in the same satisfactory manner. Among them we may mention the Ecclesiastical Courts Bill, which, under plea of repealing some antiquated abuses, erects a new law-court with enormous patronage, disturbs the course of testamentary jurisdiction, and saddles the public with the payment of 160,000*l.*

a-year for the abolition of a monopoly of which none but needy and greedy attorneys have ever complained. Another job of the chancellor's was the Church Discipline Act, which also erected a new court, with four judges receiving 3000*l.* a-year each, to judge the four or five annual clerical delinquents of the Establishment whose cases the prudence of bishops allows to come before the public. Another failure belongs to the same category; the operation of the Encumbered Estates Court of Ireland virtually repeals all the intricacies of the laws affecting real property, gives it a parliamentary title, and renders it a marketable commodity, by making its transfer possible without a dozen skins of parchment, and without that terrible uncertainty which prevents a purchaser knowing whether or not an estate is really his own till he has held it some quarter of a century. The abolition of this court, instead of being a "repeal" in the O'Connellite sense, would be a mere reimposition of hateful legal intricacies and quibbles; and we cannot but rejoice at the failure of any attempt to weaken the independence of its action: the real policy, which in process of time we suppose the nation will demand, is the erection of some such court for England, in which, by a mere sale, titles may be simplified and secured, and land rendered as easily transferable as ships, shares in a railway, or sums of money in the funds. Another measure which failed this session, but which we are afraid will sooner or later be carried, is the Divorce Act. We cannot conceal from ourselves that this is a piece of legislation that comes within the category of "repeal;" we cannot deny the validity of the logic that, after abolishing Christianity, goes on to abolish the by-laws and prohibitions of Christianity. If a nation throws off allegiance to the Catholic Church, it is too much to expect it to continue to eat fish on Fridays and to fast the Lents. Can we any more reasonably expect it to continue other prohibitions, which are still more difficult to be observed by persons deprived of sacramental grace? In marriage, as Dr. Newman says,\* "the mind instinctively desires that either the bond should be dissoluble, or that the subjects of it should be sacramentally strengthened to observe it." It is a calamity, we grant; but, we ask, is England a Christian country in such a sense that we can expect it to remain satisfied with the Christian law of marriage? The abolition of this law will, we are quite aware, often plunge our priests into the most frightful difficulties, especially with regard to converts; but still, for all this, in the present state of England, is not the Catholic and Christian law which enacts the absolute indissolubility of the marriage-bond an anachronism

\* Callista, p. 96.

and anomaly? A similar measure, of which also the failure is probably only temporary, is the repeal of the Maynooth grant. We cannot say that we should very much lament the success of Mr. Spooner's crew in this matter. The bill only lays a poor and somewhat irritating plaster on a deep and rankling wound. It is a pigmy palliative for a giant wrong. The providing of this remedy is doubtless annoying to the Protestant feeling of England; but the true policy,—the policy which must sooner or later follow its withdrawal,—is the abolition of the wrong that requires it. The repeal of the Maynooth grant would be acceptable even to us Catholics, as the preliminary to the inevitable abolition of the Irish establishment.

The two great bills of the session, that for a general police and the Joint-stock Companies Bill, both belong to the category of repeal; they are acts for the removal of the obstructions which an exploded system had left, or a partial and quacking legislature had placed in the way of common sense and the rights of property. Why the Limited Liabilities Bill did not follow the Joint-stock Companies Act, or the Reform of the Corporation of London the Police Act, is wonderful, if looked at from the stand-point of reason and logic; but very intelligible if we consider the present disorganised state of the House of Commons, which cannot be expected to respond to any thing but an unmistakable manifestation of the popular will. There was a sufficient out-door demand to ensure the success of the two bills carried; there was not interest felt in the other two to command the attention of the House.

During this half-century, the motive power of our government has been in the people; they are the team that draws the coach; the Houses of Parliament are the snuffy old coachman, in bag-wig, pig-tail, powder, and cocked-hat, who curbs the runaway young bloods. Our legislators represent the "vested interests," the stale feudal rights of the freemen of corporations, the class-privileges of the lawyer and the clergyman; they are the "buffers" which moderate the shock of conflicting powers, the regulators which prevent the action of the repeal-movement acquiring a dangerous speed, the obstructionists who prevent a reform being carried out in the first vindictive spirit, and who interpose time for reflection and moderation. This is a useful part to play; and rather than blame it too severely, we must accept the defeat of the Local Shipping Dues Bill in the Commons, and the anger of the Lords at the invasion of their supposed prerogatives by the creation of a peerage for life. We are bound, on the other hand, to say for the Parliament of this day, that it shows no unworthy flexibility to court influence. The Appellate Jurisdiction Bill, which was

the compromise between the court, the ministry, and the opposition leaders, was, perhaps on that sole account, rejected; while ministers had to sustain a most humiliating defeat on Prince Albert's pet plan for removing the national pictures from Trafalgar Square to Kensington Gore. Our legislators defend their "vested rights" with equal pugnacity whether against the people or against the court.

There is another good sign, for which the House of Commons, in its present disorganised state, deserves the greatest credit; this is, its determination to maintain a government, even while trampling under foot the legislative experiments of the ministry. It will almost with the same breath reject their measures, and give them an overwhelming vote of confidence. It seems to proclaim that its true vocation is to watch over the government, and to protect its own rights and those of the people; not to legislate. In this spirit, it quietly snuffs out all attempts to foist in new principles of law, new precepts or prohibitions. No one need hope that it will ever seriously entertain the question of tenant-right. This is a subject which it will leave to custom, without seeking to determine by law. We may also praise the reserved and moderate attitude which it maintained during the negotiations for peace.

Except for these characteristics, we can give the individual members of our legislature no credit for the useful part it plays in its corporate capacity. It does no mischief simply because it has not time to do any. Government has barely time allowed it to pass its accounts and obtain the supplies; the flower of the session is cropped by importunate theorists ventilating their views, or grievance-mongers urging stale claims, or party-drudges speaking against time, or contriving counts-out to abolish a nuisance. In this strenuous idleness it exhausts its powers, leaving no time for legislation that is not forced upon it from without.

This we consider, as we said before, a real good; but we do not thank the members of our legislature for it. The good seems to us to result from the want of goodness of the component parts of the body. It is because they have no convictions—because they feel incapable of serious exertion, and dislike to incur any responsibility, that they no longer care that a ministry should stand or fall by its own programme. They will not allow themselves to be without a leader; but neither will they permit their leader to "move on." Their minister must conquer them, as Bacon teaches us to conquer nature, by yielding to their inertia, which, in this case, amounts to a real *acedia*, a positive sloth, that seems to have numbed their

moral faculties. They know this, and have not the hypocrisy to hide it. They have no virtuous indignation at other people's failings; they are not, like the accusers of the adulterous woman, clamorous for the punishment of crimes like their own. With infinite satisfaction they consent to whitewash the laziness and incapacity of the authors of our Crimean misfortunes; they apologise for the most cruel evictions of Irish tenantry; they show a reluctance to expel even James Sadleir from the House; they think no worse of a ministry that uses, perhaps, the most profligate clique that ever pretended to represent Irish interests; they are amused rather than disgusted at the wordy war of Sir Charles Napier and Sir James Graham. In expectation of a speedy dissolution, they vote against their convictions both of justice and policy in favour of Spooner's motions about Maynooth. They will listen to arguments and "facts" on one side only of the Italian question. They thoughtlessly answer Mr. Heywood's question as to whether the particular Bible, on which the English people "have been standing till they are tired," is or is not a forgery, by a crack of Mr. Hayter's whip. They allow themselves to be fed and carried at the public expense, and have their chickens and champagne charged to "civil contingencies;" and they wind up the session by a measure characteristic at once of the state of their own consciences, and of the amount of morality and good faith which they look for in "them which have the charge over them,"—their beloved clergy. We allude to the Bishops Retiring Bill, or, more properly, the bill for the legalisation of supposed simony: we use the word 'supposed,' because we hold that real simony is materially impossible in the Church of England; yet it is incontestable that the persons who traffic in Anglican emoluments believe the "cures of souls" which they buy and sell to be real spiritualities! and they will entrench their consciences behind an act of parliament against obedience to a known Christian law. This and the Divorce Bill are melancholy proofs that England is beginning to acquiesce in the opinion of its being a country not really Christian. "Consensere jura peccatis, et cœpit esse licitum quod publicum est."\*

\* St. Cyprian. ad Donat. "Law has conformed to crime, and vicious custom has begun to be legal."

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A PILGRIMAGE TO THE PROTO-MONASTERY OF  
SUBIACO,

AND THE HOLY GROTTO OF ST. BENEDICT.

BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP ULLATHORNE, O.S.B.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE CRYPT OF THE HOLY ANGELS AND THE RELICS OF ST. BEDE.

THE most interesting of the ecclesiastical structures belonging to the monastery of St. Scholastica are the old crypts. Their interest, however, arises not so much from their extent as from their singular structure and the magnificent frescoes of the principal chapel. These crypts are built between the tufa rock and the massive outer wall which faces the valley, and transmits abundant light through its lancet windows. Thirty-six steps, cut in the solid rock, conduct down to the pavement; and, arrived there, we find ourselves in the beautiful chapel, more remarkable for height than extent, which was dedicated to the Holy Angels by Pope Benedict VII. When, three years ago, the Abbot Casaretto was appointed—he is now General of the order as well as superior of the monastery—it was a neglected receptacle of bones and refuse. But, through the pious zeal of the abbot, it has been thoroughly purified, and put into excellent order. Its ceiling, and the upper half of its walls, are covered with those admirable frescoes to which I have alluded. And certainly Rome itself contains nothing of the mystic school of art more original in invention, more devout or graceful in execution, than these designs. They all conspire to illustrate the grand theme of the ministry which angels render to God and to man. Owing in part to their having been recently retouched by Bianchini, the painter to the Vatican, they are surprisingly fresh. Their author is unknown; most probably they are of about the close of the fifteenth century; but they have none of the meagreness or distortion so often seen in that period.

Within a circle in the centre of the ceiling is a majestic half-length figure, of venerable aspect, with long beard, which represents the eternal Son of God as the Ancient of Days; for I cannot agree with Bianchini, who has written a short

account of the frescoes, that this figure represents the Eternal Father. The legend on the circle reads: *Ego sum via, veritas, et vita. Ego sum bonus Pater.* But the word *Pater* is a restoration; and Dr. Clifford, on examining it closely, detected signs beneath of the original word *Pastor*. Thus it reads, in the words of Christ: *I am the way, the truth, and the life. I am the Good Shepherd.* Moreover, there is a cross in the nimbus. Around this fine figure nine concentric circles expand one beyond another to the farthest corners of the vaulted roof. Each circle presents a sphere of heaven, differently coloured from the rest, which is filled with one of the choirs of angels, who take their tone of colour from their sphere. The whole angelic hierarchy, in countless numbers, attentively direct their eyes towards Him who is their centre and their life.

There are three pictures on the wall over the altar, one in the lunette or spandril left by the groining of the roof, and two on the breadth of the wall beneath. Three pictures similarly arranged occupy each of the two side-walls. In the lunette over the altar is a vivid representation of the combat between the good and bad angels. The good angels wield their swords in the blue heavens above; whilst, shrinking from their vigorous strokes, the bad angels are being changed into demon forms, and are sinking into a gloomy abyss of clouds. Their writhing forms and features express their pride, wrath, and obdurate rebellion. Above all the combat, mystic circles of intense colour symbol the invisible presence of the Divinity. The pictures beneath represent—one, the baptism of our Lord; the other the flight into Egypt: both accompanied by angels.

In the lunette of the inner wall is represented the apparition of the archangel Michael on Mount Gargano. The ox appears at the mouth of the cave, and a group of warriors are shooting arrows at it from their cross-bows. This is the only picture which is much faded. Below is a most sweet Nativity: the Divine Child is lying in a golden radiance of glory, and exquisitely sweet and tender is the Blessed Virgin kneeling and bending over him; whilst St. Joseph, more retired, sits on the ground and leans against the rocky cavern with his head upon his hand, absorbed in meditation of the mystery. Angels hover above the Divine Child, whilst others more distant declare the good tidings to the shepherds. Over the arch which spans the descent from the upper church and sustains its wall is the Annunciation. The angel and the Blessed Virgin, both in white robes, are kneeling; and these beautiful figures are thrown out by a richly-coloured tapestry at the back.

In the first of the lower pictures on the window side of the chapel our Lord is beginning His agony, and an angel points to the bitter cup set before Him. The next picture represents the agony of our Lord in its progress; the angel of comfort is descending, and the devil watches the scene astride on the top of a distant rock. In the lunette above is the most original and striking of this fine series of paintings, whether we consider the subject itself or the form in which it is treated. The picture represents the death of Antichrist; a tall majestic personage, robed to the feet in an amber-coloured garment, like to Christ, but without any glory round the head, is bending forward. Above, in the heavens, is the archangel Michael, like a flame of fire; and he has just brandished his sword. The significance of the gesture of Antichrist is not at first apparent; but, drawing nearer, you see that his head is cut off, and is on the point of falling. Before him a crowd of his disciples are weeping over his destruction; whilst behind him, the two witnesses, Enoch and Elias, lie dead upon the ground.

The whole depth of the wall confronting the altar is occupied by a most magnificent painting of the crucifixion. It is impossible for description to do justice to this noble picture; it must be seen to be rightly appreciated. The mystic feeling and devout expression of the purest Christian school are injured neither by want of naturalness in the forms, nor of grace and spirit in the execution. It has been pronounced by competent judges equal to any thing in the earlier manner of Raphael, and is in a state of perfect preservation. Around our crucified Lord are six majestic angels, of whom three are receiving into chalices the sacred blood which is welling out from His wounded hands and feet. The expression of deep yet devout and tranquil grief in these angels is of a most touching character. By the side of the noble figures of the Blessed Virgin and St. John stand St. Benedict and St. Scholastica. A broad ornamental border encloses this large picture, and is filled in with beautiful angels. Angels are also depicted on the soffit of the arch that spans the stairs; and on the pilaster supporting one side of the arch, as if to guard the entrance, is St. Benedict holding his rule.

The altar, though recently erected, is of antique form, and constructed of old Alexandrian mosaics with twisted columns at the angles. It was consecrated in 1854 by the Bishop of Newport. Beneath a canopy beyond the table of the altar stands a white marble sarcophagus about two feet in length; on its front is inscribed the well-known legend: *Hac sunt in fossa Bedæ Venerabilis ossa.* But I shall have more to say on this subject immediately. An aperture on the left of the

altar reveals a grotto, in which is a good marble statue of St. Peter, the third abbot of the monastery who bore this name. Passing through a door at the other side of the altar, we enter other crypts, which, except the wall facing the valley, are rude caves or grottoes in the rock. The first of these is the chapel of St. Peter, whose statue, a work of merit, we saw from the first chapel. An inscription indicates that, in defence of the possessions of the monastery, he suffered cruel tortures; and that, having had his eyes barbarously torn out, he died, and is designated the martyr of Subiaco. His body is at Monte Coeli, near Tivoli. A passage from this along the rude rock leads to the loftier grotto of St. Honoratus, the successor of St. Benedict. An inscription records, amongst other things respecting him, that he lived above a hundred years, and that his relics repose here. Another inscription states that the altar was consecrated by the Archbishop of Dublin in 1855. Two lower caves run off from this grotto-chapel of St. Honoratus, in one of which are his relics; in the other he is represented in coloured marble, reposing and contemplating a skull. The light from a lamp falls on the head of this statue.

Since the translation of the relics of St. Bede from Genoa, three years ago, the chapel of the Holy Angels has had its designation changed, and it is now called the chapel of Venerable Bede; and it is asserted that the marble shrine over the altar contains the remains of the great doctor of the English nation: and it is added that they were brought over to Genoa in this very shrine by monks of Durham, who fled with it, after their suppression, at the period of the Reformation. But, after carefully investigating the whole subject, I am prepared to prove, even with additional arguments to those alleged by the Bollandists and by Mabillon, that the relics of Venerable Bede never left England; and that the relics formerly at Genoa, and now at Subiaco, are those of St. Bede the younger.

The Bollandists record on the festival of St. Bede the younger, which occurs on the 10th of April, and again on the festival of Venerable Bede, on the 26th of May, that in 1662, on their visit to the church of St. Benignus, at Genoa, they were kindly received by the monks, but were displeased at the credulity they manifested in believing that they had the body of Venerable Bede. They asked for the proofs; and all the monuments the community could produce were a few lines recording the translation of the body from the Abbey of Gavello, near Rovigo, in 1233, and two papal bulls granting indulgences to those who visited the body during the festival and its octave. At last the Bollandists found light in Arnoldus

Wion, who gives an epitome of the life of the Genoese saint on the 10th of April; and who says that he was born in England, was brought to the court of Charlemagne, and survived that emperor five years. And Brantius, Bishop of Sesina, in his poetical martyrology, following Wion, says, that, against the wish of Charlemagne, the saint sought the humility of the cloister; that miracles ceased at the tomb of the saint after it was neglected, but that after his translation to a better place they were renewed. The Bollandists then entreated the monks of St. Benignus to search their archives for further monuments, and a manuscript was there found with this title: *Here begins the Life of St. Bede, priest, confessor, and doctor, whose sacred body and head repose honourably in the present church of St. Benignus.* From the words *præsente ecclesia* in the title, Bollandus concludes that the author was a monk of that abbey; and from a miracle recorded at the end of the volume, which happened after the death of Blessed Martin the Solitary in 1342, it appears to have been written after the middle of the fourteenth century. The author mixes up the life of Venerable Bede with that of St. Bede the younger, which last he seems to have derived from earlier records. He states that St. Bede was one of the class of accomplished youths whom Charlemagne selected out of the nations he conquered, that they might be trained in letters for the ecclesiastical state. And this at once explains the later supposition, that he was born in England, and the confusion by which he became identified with Venerable Bede; for it was Anglia or Angeln in Schleswick, a province of Denmark, and not the Anglia of the British Isles, that Charlemagne conquered. St. Bede remained in the imperial palace for forty-five years, and was distinguished for learning as well as for piety. After that he went to Italy, and entered the monastery of Gavello, where he died in the year 883, on the 10th of April, the day on which his feast was always celebrated. His death occurred, not five years after that of Carolus Magnus, but after that of his nephew Carolus Calvus, a hundred and forty-eight years after that of Venerable Bede. His tomb was honoured by miracles.

A certain Genoese monk, John Bevilaqua, coming to Gavello in 1233, and finding the relics of St. Bede, once so honoured, now neglected, contrived to convey them secretly away to the church of St. Benignus in Genoa, where they were again celebrated for miracles.

Soon after the translation, an indulgence of forty days was obtained from Innocent IV. for all who visited the body on the festival or within its octave. The bull says: "In your church the body of blessed Bede, priest, reposes, as you

assert." Gregory XIII., in 1583, granted a plenary indulgence to those who visited "the altar of blessed Bede" during the festival of Easter. Sixtus V., by a bull in 1586, authorised the translation of the body to the high altar. In the bull the pope says: "We are told (*accepimus*) that the bones of Venerable Bede, formerly priest of the order of St. Benedict, are in your church of St. Benignus."

Forty-seven years after this bull, the translation to the high altar had not been accomplished; and the two abbots who then made the visitation complain in their decree that the chapel of St. Bede is in a neglected condition, and the saint unhonoured. And they decide that the translation shall be solemnly made as the papal bull decrees. The translation was accordingly accomplished between 1643 and 1650. The head, say the Bollandists, yielded a wonderful fragrance, and is kept in a silver reliquary. The body was in a marble shrine, and was seen through an aperture in the wall. It is most probably the identical marble in which the body is now preserved at Subiaco. But Bollandus takes no notice of any inscription upon the shrine when seen by him.

We will now take the evidence of the learned Mabillon. In his *Iter Italicum*, written in 1686, he notices the tradition which once affirmed that Venerable Bede was interred at the basilica of St. Peter's in Rome; and he quotes a passage from a description of St. Peter's, written five hundred years before his time, by Romanus, a canon of the church, who says: "Under the circle of porphyry which is before the silver gate reposes Venerable Bede, who wrote the Homilies, as we have received from our ancestors; and out of reverence for him our old men would neither walk over it nor allow us to do so."\* Mabillon also found very old litanies in the archives of St. Peter's, in which *Saint* Bede is invoked after St. Jerome and before St. Antony; and this seems to indicate that there had once been a special *cultus* of St. Bede in that basilica. But the Bollandists observe that this tradition had died out. Neither Onuphrius nor Hugo, nor any of the writers on the relics of St. Peter's, take notice of those of St. Bede or of Venerable Bede; nor is there any mention of him in the *ordo* of the Divine offices, in which the veneration of those saints is prescribed whose bodies or notable relics are preserved in St. Peter's. Mabillon next observes, that in some calendars two Bedes are mentioned—the English Bede on the 26th of May, and the Italian Bede, or Bede the younger, on the 10th of April. It is not necessary to conclude, as Mabillon

\* I have been told that this circle of porphyry is the one which now lies in the pavement in front of St. Peter's.

has done, in his *Annals of the Benedictine Order*, that the relics of St. Bede were not at Rome. For as Benedict XIV. shows from decrees, in his work on the *Canonisation of Saints*, it is sufficient even to establish an office and mass in a church for a saint, if either the head, or an arm, or thigh-bone, or a considerable quantity of the ashes, have been deposited there. But he also makes the important remark, that by granting the office the Holy See does not thereby intend to decide any fact respecting the relics themselves. A portion of the body of Venerable Bede may have been obtained for St. Peter's, though there is no direct proof that it was. A portion may also have been obtained for Glastonbury, where, as John of Glastonbury says, and Dugdale repeats, the body of St. Bede was supposed to exist. But we must quote the concluding passage from the 21st book of Mabillon's *Annals*: "Our Bede died in his monastery, and was there buried; nor were his relics ever carried out of Britain. Bede the younger was a different person, an Italian, a monk of the monastery of Gavello, near Rovigo, who is honoured on the 10th of April in the city of Genoa, whither his relics were translated."

In further confirmation of this statement, the proper offices and calendar for Genoa, published by authority in 1640, give for the 10th of April: "The feast of St. Bede, confessor, in the monastery of St. Benignus, where his sacred body reposes." Raphael Maffei of Volterra, who died in 1521, before the shrine of Venerable Bede was demolished at Durham, affirms, as cited by Ware, that St. Bede's sepulchre was at Genoa. And Hector Boetius, who published his *History of Scotland* in 1574, records the dispute between Britain and Italy for the birth of St. Bede as being at his time an historical fact. The Italians, he says, asserted he was born and died in Genoa; and they pointed for proof to his sepulchre in that city, which was venerated by all men. The Basle edition of Venerable Bede's works of 1563 rejects the authority of those writers who maintain that he was entombed at Genoa, and not in England. All this is evidence that there could not have been a recent translation from England at the period of these writers, for they treat the question as one of long standing.

It now remains to trace the true history of the relics of Venerable Bede, the great doctor of the English nation. It is quite unnecessary to prove that whilst living the saint never quitted England; on this point all authors are agreed. His death at his monastery of Jarrow is most touchingly described by his disciple Cuthbert. And in that monastery he was buried, and there his body remained until the beginning of the eleventh century; when, as Simeon of Durham, an almost contemporary

historian, relates, a certain priest of Durham, named Elfred, who was in the habit of going to pray at the tomb of Venerable Bede at Jarrow, contrived to convey his holy relics from Jarrow to Durham, where he deposited them in the shrine of St. Cuthbert. The fact is further mentioned in an Anglo-Saxon poem in praise of Durham Abbey. The union of the two saints in one shrine is also celebrated in a poem of Alexander Necham's, who died in 1227.

When, in the year 1104, the relics of St. Cuthbert were removed, those of Venerable Bede were found in the same depository, enfolded in a linen bag; and were then placed by themselves in a wooden coffer. When Hugh Pudsey, Bishop of Durham, had completed that part of Durham Abbey called the Galilee, he constructed a beautiful shrine of gold and silver, richly adorned with jewels, and in 1154 he enclosed in it the relics of Venerable Bede, and deposited it in the Galilee; and there it remained until the year 1541, when, by order of Henry VIII., it was demolished.

An interesting description of this shrine is given in the *Ancient Rites and Monuments of Durham*. "There was on the south side (of the Galilee) a goodly monument, all of blew marble, the height of a yard from the ground, supported by five pillars at every corner, and under the midst one; and above the said through of marble pillars stood a second shrine of St. Cuthbert's, wherein the bones of the holy man St. Bede were enshrined, being accustomed to be taken down every festival-day, when there was any solemn procession, and carried by four monks in time of procession and divine service. Which being ended, they conveyed it into the Galilee again, having a fair cover of wainscot, very curiously gilt, and appointed to draw up and down over the shrine when they pleased to show the sumptuousness thereof." Then follows the inscription, placed by Hugh Pudsey in front of the shrine, as given in the ancient historian of Durham:

"Continet hæc theca Bedæ Venerabilis ossa,  
Sensum Factori Christus dedit æsque Datori;  
Petrus opus fecit, præsul dedit hoc Hugo donum;  
Sic in utroque suum veneratus utrumque patronum."

The marble shrine at Subiaco is said to be the one which came from Durham; but that in Durham was of gold, silver, and precious stones. The inscription on it, *Hæc sunt in fossa Bedæ Venerabilis ossa*, is said to be the original; but it is in Italian letters, whilst those of the English shrine would be in Gothic characters, for no others were used in England before the Reformation. That inscription never was on the English shrine. It is applicable to a grave; but not to an elevated



feretry. It may have been on the original grave at Yarrow, though there is no proof that it ever was. On the contrary, William of Malmesbury has given the inscription at Yarrow, which begins, *Presbyter hic Beda requiescit carne sepultus*. The English shrine was demolished by Henry VIII., and so could not have been carried to Genoa.

The only question which remains is, what became of the relics of Venerable Bede after the destruction of his shrine? In the *Rites and Antiquities of Durham*, which we have already quoted,—a work of great authority, and written, according to Anthony à Wood, “by one that had belonged to the choir of Durham at the dissolution of abbeys,”—it is expressly stated, that “on the south side of the said Galilee was the altar of St. Bede, before which his bones and relics be interred, under the same place where before his shrine was exalted.” Alban Butler, in a note on the life of Venerable Bede, remarks that in the north the direction to burn the bodies of the saints was not often carried out, but they were reinterred. Evidently he was of opinion that the relics of our saint were so treated. He quotes Speed, who, writing in 1600, says that there was a tomb of marble in the western part of Durham Church which bore the name of Venerable Bede, of which a portion remained in his time. He also mentions the remarkable fact, that Sir George Wheeler, a prebend of Durham, who was a great admirer of Venerable Bede, was buried, as it had been directed by his will, near the foot of Bede’s tomb. Wheeler, according to Anthony à Wood, was made a prebend of Durham in 1684. The Bollandists quote the authority of A. Wood to the effect that the remains of Venerable Bede were taken out of the church by Dean Whyttingham and scattered abroad. But after searching both the works of A. Wood, all I can find is, that this *unworthy Dean* of Durham, for so A. Wood always calls him, amongst his other works of impiety, plucked up some of the coffins of stone and of marble in which the priors of Durham had been buried, and caused them to be used as troughs for horses to drink and hogs to feed in, and broke others up to pave his house with.

The historical fact of the much earlier existence of the Italian St. Bede’s relics at Genoa completely destroys the theory of their being those of Venerable Bede, brought there after the suppression by the monks of Durham. But I will add one important remark more in reply to that supposition,—a supposition which seems to be of a quite recent date.

The surrender of Durham Abbey by Prior Whitehead took place in 1539, according to Wharton. And secular

canons were substituted, of whom the same Whitehead was made dean, in the year 1540. But the shrine of Venerable Bede was not demolished till 1541, two years after the dispersion of the monks. If the monks at their suppression could have taken off any of the sacred bodies, and were disposed to do so, it is evident that they would first have thought of their great patron St. Cuthbert. But it is a well-known fact that he was reinterred. And how is it that the English Benedictines, who have so carefully kept and handed down the tradition of the sepulture of St. Cuthbert, should have no tradition of the carrying off to Genoa of Venerable Bede?

Let us hope, then, in justice to St. Bede the younger, who ought not to be deprived of his rights over his own body, as well as for the sake of historic truth, that his shrine may no longer be called that of Venerable Bede of England. The saintly glories of Subiaco are very great, and the presence of the relics of St. Bede the younger is another addition to the sanctities of that most venerable monastery. The head of this saint is most probably the portion of his relics which still remains at Genoa.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### THE HOLY GROTTO OF ST. BENEDICT.

ROUNDING beneath the shadows of the higher mountains until we reach the back of the monastic pile of St. Scholastica, we cross the channel of a torrent which has graded and sunk a deep bed for itself in the craggy rock, on which stand the oldest and most picturesque portions of the monastery. And we come almost at once upon a projecting point, which we noticed in a former chapter, and on which stand two small chapels covered by one roof. One of them marks the spot where the youthful Benedict was met by Romanus, and where he received from that holy monk the hermit's rude garb of skins. A short marble column standing within this chapel is said to have been there even at that period, and that St. Benedict threw his secular dress upon it. And when we reflect that this was a conspicuous point from the villa of Nero, who was so profuse in the expenditure of marbles for the decoration of his retreat, this tradition does not appear to be improbable. The other chapel was originally set apart for the devotions of women, and so continued during those ages when it was not lawful for them to enter the monastic church. And as the sovereign pontiffs had granted special indulgences to this chapel, it is still frequented, especially by a pious confraternity

of Subiaco, who come from their city processionally from time to time to offer their devotions before its altar; though the old pictures which once inspired piety are almost utterly effaced from its walls and ceiling.

The path from this point to the Holy Grotto—a different one from that originally made by Abbot John V.—was cut through the rocks along the mountain side with great labour and cost in the year 1688. A walk along this path for half a mile brings us to the tall portal through which we enter the grove of ilex-trees, which is popularly called the sacred grove. Anciently women could not pass this portal, except that they had an entrance to the church on great festivals. The ilex-trees which form this venerable grove are very old, but their old age is vigorous and healthy. Their great gray roots expose themselves to view with all manner of curling lines and wrinkles on them, and the rough stems bend and twine about with the vigour and ease of gigantic pythons; whilst the deep green of the thick foliage affords a grateful shade from the summer-heats, and the sombre tone of the place disposes the mind for recollection. The distant sound as of many waters coming up from the depth of the valley tends rather to help than to dissipate the concentration of the soul. Of how many holy solitaries have these trees witnessed the meditations! And then they have seen beneath their quiet boughs the irruption of mailed men tormented by the thirst of plunder and the passion for blood, which even a sanctuary held so sacred could not stay. And then they have witnessed, for twelve centuries and more, the greatest of the popes,—the Gregories, the Leos, the Innocents, and the Piuses,—coming one after another to refresh themselves from their labours in a solitude which is steeped with the inspirations and redolent with the holiness of St. Benedict.

The sacred grove is not so extensive but that he who is not detained by his meditations will soon pass through its shades, and then the path seems to stop; but turning to the face of the hill, a flight of marble steps leads upwards and lands us on a narrow esplanade, and the monastery, of which we have seen nothing until this moment, lies in great part beneath our feet. The top story of one of the two lines of the building now shows itself, ranging close upon the face of the stupendous precipice; and looking over the protecting wall of the esplanade, you see that the second range of the building is under your feet, and that it is joined to the first at a right angle. Nothing has been left undone which ingenuity could devise to gain a footing for these singular constructions. The two sides of the monastery are built upon arches: there are

nine of them, and their piers go down to a less or greater depth as the rocks rise or sink on which they stand. The sustaining arches on the side of the precipice are of enormous height and solidity. A garden has been gained within the angle formed by the main buildings by terracing the rocks. On the steeply descending crags lower down, a gateway leads through the offices into the small enclosure. Its almost pendulous position, and its flat and terraced roofs, combine to remind us of the monasteries of the Levant.

All that we see before us on the esplanade is a Gothic door with an old painting of St. Benedict on its tympanum. He is writing his rule, which an angel dictates. The door was approached, until quite recently, across a drawbridge; and near this door, which terminates the line of the upper story of the highest portion of the monastery, there rises a tall, thin, circular, and rudely-constructed tower, which ascends along the face of the precipice. Defence and a good look-out were the original objects of this tower and bridge. For there was a time when these establishments were never safe from a certain class of barons, as their chronicles sufficiently attest.

It will be difficult to give the reader a clear notion of the unique construction of the churches and chapels which form this holy sanctuary. Descending one into another, they are so devised as to cover, and at the same time to conduct to, the two caves or grottoes, one of which was used by St. Benedict for his hermitage, and the other for instructing the shepherds who flocked to him from the neighbouring valleys. The industrious Agincourt has given sections and ground-plans of them in the volume of *Architectural Illustrations* to his great work on the *History of Christian Art*; and a series of coloured lithographs published in Paris gives a good idea of the principal interiors. The chronicle says that the pointed arch was especially selected in the construction for its great strength.

Entering from the esplanade through the Gothic door, a narrow groined passage of some length conducts us into one of ampler dimensions, which in older times was the chapter-room. Its walls are covered with good paintings by Menghi. An old statue of St. Benedict presents the rule with one hand, and blesses him who enters with the other. Having passed through the old chapter-room, not without observing some ancient pictures of saints on the roof, a door on one side conducts us into the first church. It is a simple nave in the early pointed style. The ceiling of one half its length rises more than twice the height of the other, which is devoted to the sanctuary. This arrangement leaves a large space of wall

above the massive chancel-arch, which rests on huge brackets springing from the side-walls; and on the wall above this broad arch is a great painting of the crucifixion, with innumerable figures. All the walls and groinings are covered with old frescoes; and the only piece of stone visible, except the rich and beautiful mosaic pavement, is a fine circular ambo, projecting overhead from the side-wall. It is boldly and richly sculptured, and surmounted with a stone eagle. Passing through one of the two doors which stand at the sides of the altar, a descent of five steps conducts to the floor of the second church, which runs at right angles with the first, like a transept. In this church there are four recessed chapels, three on the side opposite the door by which we have entered, and one at the end. At the opposite end an ornamented door in marble leads into a small enclosure formed of broken ground; another door leads into a large sacristy, with stone vaulting sustained by a central column. The whole interior of this church is covered with old frescoes.

Between the two small flights of steps which conduct from the first into the second church, another flight of twelve steps goes down in the opposite direction into a third church, which stands beneath the first; and at half its extent from the entrance, the floor breaks down by a flight of thirteen steps to twice the depth of the first part of this sanctuary. Thus, as the church above it has half its length more than twice the height of the other half by the rising of the roof, so the corresponding half in the church below gives a similar proportion of greater height by the sinking of the floor. Yet this church can scarcely be called a crypt; for, though on one side it is built on the face of the precipice, on the other the walls are still a great height above the ground; and we have yet other descents to make into other sanctuaries, of which a wide arch and a broad staircase at the further corner from the entrance give us notice.

In this third church the ceiling, groined in compartments, is more depressed, and the round arch is mixed with the pointed. The whole is covered with frescoes. A series of open arches in the upper part of the wall on the right, like a triforium, reveals a well-lighted passage running along the face of the rude original rock. Beneath this line of arches there are on the lower floor two other arches, the first of which leads to the grotto of St. Benedict; the second is that to which we have alluded as leading down to other sanctuaries. But we will pass for a moment through the first of the upper line of arches, which is entered from the level of the upper floor, and here is the chapel where are kept the most sacred

of the relics. Going along from this chapel between the open arches and the rude rock, the gallery we are treading terminates in a broader space, lighted by a single window, and supported by a column, and thence a short passage at right angles takes us into the chapel of St. Gregory. Leaving details for the present, let us return into the church, and, descending the second flight of steps to its lower floor, pass through the first arch into the Holy Grotto of St. Benedict. It is left in its rude primitive state. A detached altar, resting on four open columns, is at the mouth of the cave; whilst a statue of the youthful saint absorbed in meditation occupies the centre of the rude and rocky floor within the recess of the cavern.

Here, then, it was that in his youth St. Benedict dwelt in solitude with God; here, clad in skins like the Baptist, and unknown to all men save one poor monk, on whom he depended for a share of his pittance of food, he passed the sweet time of youth; here he was compensated for the sacrifice of human learning, and became the disciple of inspired wisdom; here his Creator and Redeemer grew whilst the creature diminished in his soul; here he interchanged the delights and trials of contemplation with the study of the Holy Scriptures, as his rule so abundantly demonstrates; here, by the operation of the Holy Spirit and the continuous oblation of his will, he grew, by the purity of his prayer, to that unity, peace, and lightsomeness of soul, so to behold the greatness of his Creator as to be able to comprehend that the whole world with all its creatures was, in comparison, but as a mote which plays in one beam of the sun; and here, through his fidelity to that Divine inspiration which radiated within his heart, he received that great grace of charity to men with which he came forth the patriarch of religious life to the western world.

The pilgrim came hither to revive in him the spirit of his order, after an exile for a long quarter of a century from his own cloister; and none but a true monk can understand what that means, what sacrifices such an exile implies, or what yearnings it supposes. A monk thrown into the conflicts of the world, even for the holiest of causes, is like a land-bird blown abroad upon the wide sea, and thirsting for its quiet nest in the woods.

Returning into the church, and descending the long flight of broad steps through the second arch, we come upon a landing which enters by a broad open archway into the chapel of Blessed Lorenzo Loricato. This is the most beautiful and the most exquisitely painted of all these sanctuaries; and looking

from the chapel itself through the arch by which we have entered, the artistic combination from this point, including arching, vaulting, and flights of stairs; the glimpse into the church above; the frescoes which cover the whole structure, except the marble stairs and floors; and the intricate lights and shadows, rendered more rich by the colours from the frescoed walls, combine to present an architectural picture at once the most mystical and unique, heightened as it is to the mind by the recollection of the higher sanctuaries no longer in our view, as well as by the glimpse of a further descent, which tells that we have not yet explored all the depths of this wonderful structure. It is not any vastness of extent in these churches, taken separately, which imposes on the mind of the beholder; for the largest of them is perhaps not more than sixty feet in length. But it is the singular juxtaposition of one with another, and of depth below depth, the order of arrangement which finally results out of the combination of so many intricate elements; the pure and simple beauty of the details; and finally, the triumph of artistic ingenuity over so many difficulties, only fully appreciated after much observation and reflection, which, independent of its associations, renders this sanctuary so great and sublime a work.

Proceeding from this beautiful chapel down another long flight of steps, we come to a scene of a totally different description. The descent from the upper grotto by these fifty steps has brought us to the second grotto. It is somewhat larger than the first; and it was to this rude cave, after his fame had got abroad, that St. Benedict descended at certain times to instruct the poor shepherds of the country, and whoever came to receive his holy counsels. Thus the first cave which we visited was the origin of the contemplative, whilst this was the origin of the missionary spirit of the order. And in this missionary cave a monument remains, which shows that St. Benedict was the first of his order who applied the fine arts to the service of religion. A portion of the rock on one side of the cave is plastered, and on the plaster a painting is executed of exactly the same description as the later pictures in the catacombs. Internal evidence confirms the tradition that this painting was here in the days of St. Benedict. There are the same rigid perpendicular forms, the same thick black lines, and the same open, almond-shaped eyes, as in the paintings of the time of Pope St. Damasus. The Blessed Virgin is seated, and the Divine Child, clothed in a tunic, and with a red cross in the nimbus round his mature head, is upon her knee. An apostle stands on the left side, and the letters down the side of his head are S LV, for St. Luke. The figure

on the right is that of a female, but the name has fallen away with the plaster. This grotto was dedicated to St. Sylvester.

A door opens from the grotto upon a small terrace, on the edge of a precipice, from the dangers of which a wall protects the visitor. The terrace is a flourishing garden of roses. Here was the thicket of thorns and briars in which, to quell a temptation, St. Benedict rolled his troubled frame, and tamed it down by sharp sufferings. It is often said that, by miracle, St. Francis changed these thorns to roses. But Mirtius, in the chronicle, gives a different account. He says: "About the year 1222 or 3, St. Francis of Assisi came to visit his brethren near Mount Casali, where he converted three brigands. And attracted by his love of St. Benedict, he visited the Holy Grotto; where, out of devotion for the holy patriarch, he, with his own hands, engrafted double roses on the thorns in which the saint had quenched the fire of temptation. Sanctified thus by the chaste body of the one and the holy touch of the other, no wonder is it that from that day to this they have been famed for healing powers."

Up above, on the exterior wall of the churches, is one of the oldest extant pictures of St. Benedict. It is treated in the Greek manner. The figure of the saint is tall and erect, the features regular and somewhat long, the chin tapering, and the beard short. The habit, coloured in yellow with brown shadings, falls in minute folds to the feet, and a high peaked hood covers the head. A plain pastoral crook is in one hand. A seated figure exactly similar in form and costume is given by Montfaucon in his *Diarium Italicum*, from a manuscript of the eleventh century preserved at Mount Cassino. Our Lord with angels, painted in the cornice above this figure, is of the same period. The picture of more recent date on the lower wall is so revolting that for very decency it ought to be effaced. I find it to be an exaggerated copy of one of the engravings in the poetical Life of St. Benedict, by Abbot Sanguinus, published in 1587.

It remains to give a brief history of the construction of these remarkable sanctuaries. St. Honoratus seems to have built a small chapel over the lower grotto, dedicated to St. Sylvester. Two hundred and fifty years after the Lombard desolation, Peter, sixth abbot after St. Benedict, built over this grotto the two chapels which were dedicated in 853 by Pope Leo IV. It thus continued a dependency on St. Scholastica, and without any monastery attached, as a place of devout pilgrimage, for some two hundred years. Abbot Humbert, aided by the munificence of Pope Leo IX., then built the whole of the structures which cover the two grottoes, in-



cluding the third or lowest of the three churches. This work was completed in 1053. And it is most probable that the ancient picture of St. Benedict is of that date.

But, in the year 1062, the famous John V. was elected to be the twenty-sixth abbot of St. Scholastica. And among the great works which he achieved during the sixty-six years of his government, he completed the churches, and raised the monastery of the Holy Grotto, as they now stand. When he first unfolded his plans, the work seemed, from the nature of the position, so vast, so arduous, so expensive, even so insurmountable, that it struck terror into the hearts of the senior brethren. But the magnanimous prelate confided in God and the intercession of St. Benedict in all his undertakings. Wherefore, in 1095, he made great preparations, and called skilful workmen from Rome. The first difficulty, one of immense labour, was to construct a road to the scene of operations. Rocks had to be cut away, and almost mountains of stone to be levelled. At last, the foundations were laid, and vast substructures raised upon them. And on the level thus gained, the monastery was built in two lines placed at right angles, the one on the face of the great precipice, the other on that of a lesser one which projected from it. He carried a solid wall from the offices which he constructed further down, right up to the lower grotto, which includes the garden of roses; and on this wall he built the upper church on a level with the dormitory, so that the monks could pass straight through a covered cloister to the choir. Its pavement he laid in whitish marble, with exquisite mosaics in colours and gold. The doors he also fashioned in marble, with moulded shafts and circles in their heads. And as the two old altars in the grottoes had become injured by droppings from the face of the precipice, the abbot built altars in better positions. Two years later, he placed the high altar in the upper church, whither he translated the relics of St. Anatolia with great joy and solemnity.

Abbot John VI. constructed the easier road, which now conducts from St. Scholastica. He also raised piers over the chapel of St. Sylvester, on which he built the groined passage joining the old chapter-room, by which we entered the upper sanctuary.

It was in the year 1090, whilst the buildings were yet incomplete, that Blessed Palumbo obtained permission to pass a solitary life at the Holy Grotto. And for twenty-five years he led an austere existence of contemplation in a narrow cell. But it was not until the beginning of the thirteenth century that a community under a prior was established there. Till then, the only inmates of the Holy Grotto had been two or

three monks at a time, of those who desired a more perfect life, and who obtained leave to retire thither, receiving whatever they needed from St. Scholastica. Yet the older chronicle remarks, that it was not unusual for the monks of St. Scholastica to be carried to the Holy Grotto when they felt their end approaching, that they might there breathe their last.

Meanwhile the fame of the Holy Grotto, already so celebrated, became yet more glorious. All men spoke of the new sanctuaries, and of the magnificence of Abbot John, now a cardinal of the holy Roman Church. The sacred Grotto was frequented by pilgrims from every part of the Christian world; and amongst them came the Empress Agnes, wife of the Emperor Henry II., who offered to St. Benedict a magnificent altar-front, embroidered with figures, and adorned with great pearls.

[To be continued.]

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## Preston Hall,

AND

### OUR NEW DIGNITARIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STUMPINGFORD."

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#### CHAPTER X.

##### THE RESULT.

PEOPLE certainly do not die of making their wills. And Mr. Stumpyngford certainly did not die of making his. But, within the year, a seizure, such as not unfrequently overtakes those who are going about amid the exclamations of "How well he looks!" fastened upon him, and he died. Mr. Preston, taking it for granted that he was, as he knew that his friend had intended him to be, his executor and legatee, made all arrangements for the funeral of his friend without any interruption, and buried him before the altar of his own little chapel at Woolscote.

Mr. Job Wyggins, accompanied by the rising ornament of Stumpingford, Mr. Jared Snooks, then, as we have said, very young, and probably about the age of Mr. Preston, attended

the funeral at Mr. Preston's request, and heard the office of the dead and Mass in company with the household.

When all this had been done, Mr. Preston walked into the sitting-room usually occupied by his friend, called in the servants and the tenants, and turning to Mr. Job Wyggins, who had accompanied him, said :

"I suppose, Mr. Wyggins, you have Mr. Stumpyngford's will? He told me one day, not long before his seizure, that you had made it, and kept it for him."

"I have it here," said Mr. Job Wyggins.

"Be so good as to read it aloud to us."

Upon which Mr. Job Wyggins produced a little tin case, from which he very deliberately brought out the document which we saw signed in the last chapter, and, with an air of modesty, turning to young Snooks, requested that he would read it. Snooks obeyed. And it is only fair to that gentleman, who still lives, as we all know, in happiness and prosperity at Stumpingford, to say, that his surprise during his own reading of the will was quite as great as that of any other person present. The first part was got through without creating any remark. The servants successively acknowledged the bequests, and their sorrow, which was no sham, that the time was come. But there was only one person in the room who felt no astonishment when the will proceeded, after leaving a bequest of one thousand pounds as a mark of affection to Mr. Preston, in these words: "All the rest, residue, and remainder of my estate and effects, whatsoever and wheresoever, whether real or personal, whether in possession or expectancy, I give and bequeath to my worthy friend Mr. Job Wyggins, attorney-at-law, of Stumpingford, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, to have and to hold for his and their own proper use and benefit for ever. And I hereby nominate and appoint the said Mr. Job Wyggins sole executor of this my last will and testament. And I desire him to accept this legacy and executorship as a mark of my gratitude to him for his long and faithful services to me as a legal adviser and friend. In witness whereof," &c. And then came the signature and the witnesses. Mr. Preston, young as he was, for he was only just of age, heard the document read without stopping Snooks. When it was finished, he looked up steadily at Wyggins and said, "Is this the only will that Mr. Stumpyngford ever made?"

"I know no other," said Wyggins, in a deprecatory manner, as if he was quite sorry that this had ever been made as it was.

"Give me leave to look at the will," said Mr. Preston.

It was handed to him.

“These are your signatures, gentlemen?” said he, turning to the witnesses.

They looked and said, “Certainly they were.”

“And,” said Farmer Clarke, “Mr. Wyggins here was reading the will out to Squire Stumpyngford; but when he got as far as what the squire left to the servants, the squire stopped him, and said he would hear no more. That was it, wasn’t it, neighbour?”

Both the other witnesses said the same. The servants also said the same.

“It is very strange,” said Mr. Preston. “I suppose I must congratulate you, Mr. Wyggins; I wish you a very good morning.”

Whereupon the young squire rode home.

Mr. Job Wyggins entered in, and took possession. The servants luckily were provided for. The old tenants were allowed to remain. But Mr. Preston was advised by his lawyer, one of those high-minded and honourable men whose advice in periods of difficulty is worth more than gold can pay, that the case was one full of the gravest suspicion. He did not think it likely, with so practised a hand against them as Wyggins, and when every thing had been done with such great skill, that they should be able to overthrow the will with the means then in their hands. And, considering the expenses of such a trial, he could scarcely recommend going into court. Nevertheless, if his suspicions were right, and enormous rascality had been practised, the ventilation of the matter might bring something to light, if Mr. Preston was disposed to risk his money.

The truth was, that this worthy friend of Mr. Preston’s had no doubt whatever that Wyggins had forged the will, and by some extraordinary address obtained the signatures. But he would not advise his young client to embark in a suit where the chances of success seemed so small. However Mr. Preston, impressed with the same conviction as his lawyer, and encouraged by knowing that a man so honourable and so skilful was of his own opinion, resolved to make a stroke for the right, instructed his lawyer to enter a caveat against the will, and was soon in the delightful arena of Doctors’ Commons.

It was of no use as far as the law was concerned. There was no getting over the fact that Wyggins was actually reading the will aloud, and was stopped by the testator; so Wyggins sat fast and held, not his own, but another man’s.

All the neighbourhood believed that he had cheated, and, although Mr. Preston was a Catholic, were sorry to see an ancient property, which ought to have come to him, go away

into Protestant hands. Mr. Preston lost his suit, and had costs to pay; but his consolation was in the universal good opinion of all who knew both parties.

Very well. Mr. Wyggins, as we said, took possession. The suit had given him a thoroughly good title—"perfectly marketable," as he would have said. And as the property was really very considerable, he now retired from his professional labours and became Mr. Wyggins of Woolscote. He had no family, and Mrs. Wyggins alone accompanied him there. Jared Snooks, who—whatever he may have thought of his uncle—never was in the secret, was left to conduct the business in Stumpingford, in the pursuit of which we have had the pleasure of seeing him a prosperous gentleman.

But it is one thing to forge, and another to enjoy.

It was not for nothing that the Greeks talked of Nemesis, and that Horace described PÆNA with the lame foot making it her business never to give up the rogue who has gone on before her. These gentlemen of old time, without the knowledge of Christianity, saw that there was an awkwardness about proceedings like those of Wyggins. Probably people who have the misfortune to act as Wyggins did, are sorry enough themselves long before the play is played out. But there is PÆNA hobbling behind them, never resting day nor night, never sleeping, always on the track, never deceived. And the chance very seldom comes of going back, meeting PÆNA half-way, effecting a compromise, and getting rid of the perpetual clatter of that lame foot. This, merely on the view of this world, without the least reference to another; though, in a country which was once entirely Christian, it is still a matter of some difficulty for a person of Mr. Wyggins's position to reach his years without some moderate suspicion that PÆNA, whether eluded here or not, may continue the pursuit with more complete success when every thing for which she was braved has escaped the possessor for ever.

So Mr. Wyggins heard PÆNA's lame foot very soon indeed. She walked straight into Woolscote Hall as he sat by the fireside of the Stumpyngfords, and said very loud, though only Wyggins heard her, "Why, you dog, you rogue, you forger, what are you doing here? Aint you afraid to be here? Where is the Mass that the Stumpyngfords intended to have had here? where is the priest? where are the poor who used to be fed here?" This was an unpleasant monologue. But PÆNA came again and again. Wyggins had stopped the Mass, turned off the priest, discontinued the charities, and shut up the chapel. Then PÆNA, not the least in the character of a Pagan goddess, but showing herself what she is,

the Divine vengeance, made herself felt in terrible ways palpably in the house; so that Wyggins and his wife and all the servants knew her. When every body was gone to bed, and deep sleep fell upon the eyes of men, voices would be heard about the house, loud steps, slamming of doors. And there seemed to be at nights a great throng passing towards the little passage that led to the chapel. And one moonlight evening, as Wyggins and his wife and young Snooks were looking out of the drawing-room window on to the terrace below, which lay bathed in clear bright moonlight of a December sky, they saw, walking along the terrace, a lady and gentleman dressed in a way that they might at any other time have called masquerading. But, somehow, they knew it was no such thing. Wyggins did first. And by degrees the other two felt it also—that there was something strange, and stern, and unearthly in their looks. Up and down the two figures paced for two or three turns, neither of the three daring to speak to them. But at last the two figures turned their faces straight up to where Wyggins was standing at the drawing-room window, so that all three saw them. Then they walked rapidly out of sight, and were seen no more. A few moments passed before any body spoke, and then young Snooks said, “Why, uncle, that man and woman, whoever they are, are as like as possible the pictures of Sir Baldwyn de Stumpyngford and his lady as they can look,—those two old pictures that hang by the little passage going to the chapel.”

Wyggins said nothing. We really begin to feel for him. How much he wished, no doubt, that he had never forged! How much he wished that he was back in Stumpingford! PÆNA walked in immediately, with a monologue addressed to him only. “You rascal, you cheat; you know you ought to be hanged. Thousands have been hanged for things not worth mentioning compared to what you have done. You saw Sir Baldwyn and his wife, and knew them. Didn’t you see how they looked at you? The only thing in the world that you can do to save yourself is to go to Mr. Preston, and tell him what I have called you; and that it is true that you are all this; and that you will give up every thing that you have got, and be very much obliged to him if he will let you go and live quietly somewhere. If you don’t, I will be the death of you.”

Poor Wyggins. He had not the heart to accept PÆNA’s friendly offer. So she dogged him to the last. But no flesh and blood, not even of the Wyggins kind, could go on living at Woolscote after this.

Wyggins shut it up, chapel and all; put in one of the old Catholic tenants to take care of it, who was never troubled a

all by PÆNA; and went and took a house for himself at Boulogne, where he died.

All the neighbourhood talked,—as all neighbourhoods do upon all occasions,—after Wyggins went away. Every body said that the house was haunted, and that the wicked attorney had been driven out. But, before he died, Wyggins at length effected a reconciliation, in this world at least, with PÆNA. By his last will, he bequeathed the whole of the Woolscote property to Mr. Preston. And in a sealed packet, which he left to be forwarded to Mr. Preston after his death, he informed him of the particulars of the transaction by which he had procured himself the property. He said that he now, at his death, made Mr. Preston the only reparation in his power, and entreated his forgiveness. He added, with great emphasis, that neither his wife, nor Mr. Snooks, nor any other person, had ever known that there had been any false-dealing on his part. And that, when he was dead, he was not anxious that there should be any concealment of what he had done. Certainly PÆNA does not often obtain such full reparation.

Mr. Preston received the will, in which he was declared executor, with great surprise. All Wyggins's own private property, which was not much, was left to his wife. Mr. Preston, on putting that lady in possession of her husband's property, added to it a very handsome annuity, which she enjoyed to her death, a few years since. Such was the strange history of Woolscote Hall.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### THE AMMER FALLS.

BUT, we regret to say, that there were some things as to which it was out of the power of Mr. Wyggins to make reparation. Not very long before he quitted Woolscote Hall, he had made up his mind to get rid of some of the goods of the house, specially those in the disturbed quarter of it. Accordingly, Mr. Tottylot, of Stumpingford, our well-known and most respectable auctioneer, was instructed to produce a catalogue from an inventory made by his own hand of sundries at Woolscote Hall. And the *Stumpingford Banner* gave to the eyes of the town and neighbourhood the following advertisement:

“WOOLSCOTE HALL.—Mr. Tottylot is privileged to announce to the nobility, clergy, and gentry of Stumpingford and the vicinity, that on the — day of — 18— he will have the honour of submitting to public competition a small and

*recherché* collection of some of the choicest effects ever brought to the hammer in this neighbourhood. WOOLSCOTE HALL, so long the residence of an ancient and distinguished Roman Catholic family *intimately connected in name and associations with this borough*, holds out to the connoisseur an opportunity of enriching his collection seldom, if ever again, to be met with. At the time above mentioned, Mr. Tottlyot will produce *for unreserved sale*, by order of the present proprietor, all the furniture of the private chapel, deeply interesting to antiquarians of the Roman Catholic period; a small choice library of books, mostly Roman Catholic; besides furniture and valuable sundries. The whole without reserve. Sale to commence precisely at eleven. Catalogues to be obtained of the auctioneer, Gold Street, Stumpingford."

People were not surprised; and as every body finds something pleasant, if the French duke is to be believed, in the misfortunes of his friends, perhaps the people of Stumpingford, and the nobility, clergy, and gentry of the neighbourhood, were not sorry to get a peep inside Woolscote Hall, and see every thing turned inside out, instead of its being kept snug and quiet under the dominion of Preston Hall. When the day came, nearly every body went. Our friend the used-up lieutenant, — Lieutenant Salt, R.N.; our mayor and Mr. Walker, both then in the bloom of youth, and their respective ladies, also blooming; there were also several county families present, and Mr. Preston. Punctual to his time, Mr. Tottlyot ascended his auctioneer's pulpit, really a very respectable one, — so good as quite to excite the ministerial jealousy of the Rev. Peabody who was present, — and, having prefaced his exertions by a little salute to the assembly, effected by approaching his round, red, and indeed, as some people thought, glaring face, very closely to his large folio book which lay before him, he fixed himself firmly on the concealed stool within the pulpit, which enabled him to combine the ease of sitting with the appearance of standing, and delivered, with an air at once confidential and apologetic, the following harangue, which may remind the reader familiar with Thucydides of some passages in the famous oration of Pericles. It is of the essence of an auctioneer that he should be allusive, and should be perpetually living in the light of other days brought around him by memory and departed chattels. He thus approaches the genuine temper of the poet: and being by obvious circumstances shut out from verse, flings his mind into nervous and impassioned rhetoric. Mr. Tottlyot rose to the occasion.

"Ladies and gentlemen, — perhaps I should say, my lords, ladies, and gentlemen, — we have come here this morning, sub-



ject to the directions of our esteemed friend and neighbour Job Wyggins, Esq., to disperse a valuable collection of property, accumulated, I think I am right in saying, during centuries by the late owners of this charming property, the Stumpynghfords. Speaking, as I ham, in the presence of so many competent gentlemen, I need not to enlarge upon the ancient connexion between our borough and this family. And I feel that I ham approaching a subject of great delicacy when I allude to their persuasion. We are all, or I should say most of us—(young Preston's fine figure having become visible suddenly to Mr. Tottylo)—members of that pure and apostolic branch hestablished in these realms, and ave therefore no sort of sympathies nor fellow-feelings with the religious doings of this ouse. But, in an antiquarian way, we can all take a pleasure in seeing things which are curosities. And it is in the solemn conviction that you will bid fairly and himpartially for every lot, that I now proceed to offer them to your notice. And if there should be any gentleman present who does not share our Protestant and liberally Bible-Christian feelings and sentiments and antipythies, I ave only to entreat hof im, for the sake of all now ere assembled, and in a spercet of love, to bear with me while I engage, not indeed in prayer—though I do not see why auctions should not be hopened with prayer, and I see respected and esteemed ministerial faces in this present company—but in the performance of my necessary, though possibly to im, mallincauly dooty." The hammer—instrument of fate, pounder of ancient houses, dissipator of heir-looms—soared in the air. The room suffered an eclipse from the burying of the broad disc of face once more in the entry-book. *Nox nulla secuta est*—an instant recovery—and Mr. Tottylo threw off with—"Now, ladies and gentlemen, lot one, in the all, pair of all-chairs," which were speedily knocked down. And in such matter for an hour Mr. Tottylo found plenty of occupation for the prudent housewives, who attended to make their bargains, and enrich their dwellings out of the spoils of Wooscote. Then came the books. They were not many. But the Stumpynghfords had bought a book every now and then, ever since Caxton set up his press in Westminster; and had contrived to get some of those famous Ms. books of devotion which are still described by many Protestant authorities as missals. You cannot break up an old house without coming upon some rarities. Sir Walter Scott assures us that Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone read Guillim,—no doubt out of a fair small folio in good vellum. The most inveterate fox-hunter that ever lived must, if able, occasionally read. Our Stumpynghfords were quite before their day in literature, as com-

pared with surrounding squires. Mr. Tottylot, therefore, had quite an opening when he came to Books in the catalogue.

“Superstition, ladies and gentlemen, was the horder of the day in this ouse in times gone by, if I may say so without detriment. So here you will find plenty of Missals and such like, Hours, Gardens of Souls, Paradisusses, Breviariums, very interesting to hall antiquaries. Now here is a vol. of Hours, beautifuly written with the pen and painted with the brush hall through: not a doubt but what so done by the ands, ladies, of some fair young lady who decayed er unappy life in these sedentary harts. Will you obleege me with a bidding?” A bidding was soon made; but Mr. Preston had quite made up his mind. Accordingly the enterprising London bookseller, who had walked in with his hands in his pockets and a royal Coburg fly at the door, in the full intention of reaching London again next day with the whole library, found to his dismay, that bid as he would, one other bidder always overtook him. Great was his chagrin. He had to go back with a full purse and empty fly-seats. Mr. Preston carried off all the books. Then Mr. Tottylot, very hot and quite excited, wiping his face with a handkerchief of immense size, and thereby again producing the sensation of a solar eclipse visible every where, paused and said, “We now approach the most hinteresting part of this sale—the Popish furniture, ladies and gentlemen, of this chapel.”

The room in which the sale took place was the dining-room—a very large and handsome room; but it was quite crowded. And at this announcement, which had been long looked for during the day, people trod on each other’s toes in the excitement, and begged each other’s pardons. Every body looked towards Mr. Tottylot.

“Here,” said he, producing the articles mentioned, “is a lot of what they call hantipenduns. They are in the manner of slides. One day in the year they push in one, another day they push in another; and so they change and change about all the year round; and incommon pretty things they are. Hold ’em up, John. Show ’em to the company. That lady at the end of the room wants to see ’em—same lady as bought the all-chairs. Beautiful screen, ma’am, they’d make all put together—beautiful screen. Pleasant winter evenings coming on;”—and Mr. Tottylot affected to shiver, as if *he* could ever feel cold; but nobody believed that. “And now what shall I say for these half-dozen beautiful hantipenduns, all in one lot? A guinea to begin with? Ten shillings?” Somebody bawled “Five.” “Well, then, five; for a beginning, five. Five, six, eight, nine; thank you, ma’am, ten, eleven, *and* twelve. Any advance on twelve? Oblieged to you,

sir; thirteen—fifteen—eighteen; even money for you, ma'm—twenty. Any further advance? Ladies should recollect that these chances don't come heviry day in the year. It would be a great gratification for them and their children to see such harticles as these as screens in their ouses. Without an advance the ammer falls. Going at twenty—at twenty. Positively the last time. Going—yours, madam," said Mr. Tottyot to the successful competitress who had bought the hall-chairs. "Lady who bought the all-chairs, John." Then the old *renaissance* candlesticks; then the tabernacle; then a small choice painting which hung at the back of the crucifix; then the crucifix itself.

The vestments attracted great notice. They were not really very remarkable in themselves. They were of the French pattern, but made of that grand old brocade which still lingers in the old-maidish treasures of old country-houses, and is still to be found and bought in curiosity-shops; and in Catholic houses was made up, generations ago, into chasubles, stoles, maniples, and burses. The material told well on the knowing ladies of Stumpingford and the neighbourhood. Jews from London contemplated the cross for once with satisfaction. They were ready to kiss the cross on the chasubles, as Pope long ago said of Belinda's cross, if they could only carry off the stuff at a moderate rate. Family ideas, too, passed, if we are to believe what was overheard among some of the prudent housewives, who thought that very *very* nice quilts could be made out of those droll things—quilts that would be a great pride to the family, and look well when the Marquis d'Umpling came cursorily, and expressed his wish to see all over the house; or an ottoman, now. And the scraps would make such lovely little pincushions. Jews and Protestants, however, were not to give a second performance of this part of Henry VIII. and Cranmer's play—that play so jolly, so rollicking, so fresh and new. But Catholics, the few who were there, and all the Protestants, who viewed the public competition, were attracted to great attention when the auction-John brought in, with some puffing of lungs and extradition of tongue, a small piscina, dislodged from its place in the chapel-wall. It had been spared by the Stumpyngfords' special order, when Signor Zephirino Tantecose, in the last century, refitted the chapel entirely in the most admirable Italian manner, with wooden fluted pilasters; and gave to the small apartment that perfectly correct air which the critics of that day would have so much applauded. It was now brought out; and Signor Zephirino Tantecose was avenged in taste.

"This," said Mr. Tottyot, averting his face a little, and

purpling it with the manly tint of honest and quite British indignation, "this is the oley-water basin, out of which they used to anoint them when they brought them hup out of their dungeons."

There was a great sensation in the room. "An-noited 'em," said the auctioneer, with face still half-averted.

Mr. Preston burst out laughing, and became an object of horror at once to all the ladies of Stumpingford. The auctioneer did not give any explanation as to anointing with water, nor as to the persons said to be anointed, nor their destiny. He reiterated the Protestant tradition with great energy, and put up the piscina well. Mr. Preston contented himself with securing all; and he was sorry not to have secured the antependiums; but he had gone out to breathe a few mouthfuls of fresh air, and had got back a minute too late. Mr. Totty-lot was quite afraid that he was going to lose his best bidder. Mr. Preston soon undeceived him. "Now," said Mr. Totty-lot, after all these had been bought by Mr. Preston, "here, ladies and gentlemen, is the prettiest thing in this collection; by far the prettiest, in my opinion. What they called their chalice and paten—similar to the cup and plate used in the Protestant Church."

John, the familiar of the hammer-king, produced a very beautiful small medieval chalice and paten.

"Hold 'em up, John. Ladies and gentlemen will observe the pretty carving upon the stem, and that fine large knop. Any body having any conscientious objections, ladies and gentlemen, to the little image carved in the foot, can ave it punched out easy. And *I* should think that 'twould be very pretty if there was a sort of a little mottar cut round instead, suitable to purchaser's feelings. What will you give me leave to say for this heligant little article? Ten pounds? Any thing, now, to make a beginning. Five? Why, really, ladies and gentlemen, consider the price of the silver. Shall we say, then, one? One pound. Thank you, ma'am; one pound one. Suit the chairs, very well, ma'am, I assure you. A beautiful little cup for something warm at night."

But Baltassar and his wife were not going to be permitted by Mr. Preston to carry off this. So it went, with the other things, to Preston Hall. After what they had gone through, they were no longer chalice and paten. The first opportunity that Mr. Preston had of so doing, he put them into the hands of the vicar-apostolic, that they might receive consecration again. They are now in use in the old chapel once more. Such was the selling-up at Woolscote Hall. As we have intimated, Mr. Job Wiggins did not sell all that he might

have sold. The old pictures of the Stumpynghfords still adorned the walls; and the greatest part of the old furniture in the house was left untouched. Poor Wyggins felt chiefly against the chapel and its approaches.

As soon as Mr. Preston found that he was actually the possessor of Woolscote Hall, he went there at once, on the crisp morning on which we have invited our reader to share the walk. He took with him Father Austin. On arriving, he was welcomed at the door by the two farmers who had signed Mr. Stumpynghford's will, and the son-in-law. The congratulations on both sides were very sincere and hearty.

"Bless your honour," said Farmer Clarke, "that poor man who is dead and gone now,—I have most a mind to say, 'rest his soul,'—he certainly came over us and the squire that's gone—rest *his* soul anyhow. 'Twas the cleverest thing, sir, you ever saw. That conjuror that we saw in Stumpynghford the other day was nothing to him."

"Never mind," said Mr. Preston; "it's all right at last. He has not hurt the house, and we will put the chapel in order, and have Mass again. Let us go and see it directly. Father Austin has come with me on purpose."

"Why," said Farmer Clarke, "Father Austin and you, sir, will never be able to get in this morning. Didn't you never hear how old Wyggins went and made it all up fast with lath and plaster, just after that sale of the things?"

"No," said Mr. Preston, "I never heard that."

"He did, then," said the farmer; "and people said, as most likely you've heard—we all did—that there was such ugly sounds, and, for the matter of that, sights too, that old Job was ready to curl himself up in the corner here, close by in the parlour. However, he put me in here; and I've lived here ever since, and never saw nor heard any thing, never but once, and that was the night of that sale, Mr. Preston."

"Well, that was a black day, I recollect."

"That night," said the farmer, "we certainly did hear something very odd in that passage going to the chapel; but never before nor since."

"Nor ever will again, I believe," said Mr. Preston. "Let us all go and see."

The bright December sun looked cheerfully on the escheon of the Stumpynghford arms, as the little party,—our dear friend Father Austin, the squire, the still stalwart farmers and their sons, and the present unworthy annalist,—stood before the doorway. Poets say, and are believed when they say, that nature smiles. If stones ever smiled, the piece of oolite rock which had received the carving of the Stumpyngh-

ford coat centuries before, smiled then. The sun danced prettily and cheerfully upon the little heraldic waves in the base of the shield, and quite covered the great ragged stump that rose out of them with a gilding of its own. Mr. Preston, who was by no means insensible to these matters, pointed to it with a smile, as they all stepped forward to enter the house.

"You have never been here," he said to Father Austin; "so you must let me show you the way."

Did Sir Baldwyn de Stumpyngford look out of his canvas with more pleasant eyes than usual as the last representative of his race went before him in the little passage? Let poets say.

When we came to the end of the passage, we found, as Farmer Clarke had told us, no exit. There was a white-washed wall, which did not even betray that there had ever been an opening.

"Let me send for a mason," said the farmer.

"No," said Mr. Preston; "we won't have those fellows here yet. Our own arms are quite strong enough for this."

Farmer Clarke certainly could not deny that.

"Let us have a pick, now," said the squire.

One was soon brought; and Mr. Preston, taking it in his own hands, struck hard at the wall. The pick went quite through. "Very good," said he. "Once again; and again." A few more strokes enabled Mr. Preston to make such a hole as gave him room to beat away space enough for a man to enter. The inside of the chapel showed itself quite plain without any further obstacle. The aperture being made at the west end, they looked directly up the chapel towards the altar. "Now, Father Austin, the way is clear for you." So the priest stepped in, then the squire, and we all found ourselves in a moment within this modern reproduction of the spectacles of the glorious Reformation.

Cobwebs, of course, were every where; they even dimmed the light that came through the stained glass windows on the south side. Dust, as usual, which comes nobody knows how,—the dust from the wheels of time crashing through the lives of men,—lay thick upon the floor, and upon every thing that could receive it. Following Father Austin, we all walked up the little chapel. It is barely thirty feet long. It had been fitted up at a period when the taste which has since given to London her Protestant building named after St. Pancras was maturing itself with the aid of Italian artists. Signor Tanticose pronounced the chapel an anachronism and a barbarism, not such as the faith of England should hide in. So he went to work. Fluted pilasters of *giallo antico*, in wood,

soon adorned the walls. A sweet bulging sweep was added in front of the doors in the altar-rails, and the doors bulged to match. But the piscina and the windows were saved. Signor Tantecose, however, left on record his sincere disapproval of stained glass. *Mi dispiace molto*, was his implacable sentence, as he walked up and down, and twisted his fingers, as only Italians can, against the figures of the saints, whom he honoured with all his heart.

Father Austin advanced, and opened the little doors which stood on the projection which the sweep made on each side to the centre of the last step. The dust rose in clouds as he pushed them open. He stooped after he had entered, and picked up from the epistle side of the altar a small hand-bell—the server's bell, which had remained there untouched. He turned round, and placed it in Mr. Preston's hands. The altar itself remained unviolated. Even the little stone remained, sunk into its socket, in the middle of the altar-slab. And, most strange of all, close by the stone lay two mundatories and an amice, flung there, no doubt, when the chapel was dismantled for the sale. These also Father Austin took. "And," said he, turning to Mr. Preston, "I will take this stone away too, and keep it till you have had all done here that you intend to do." "Of course," said Mr. Preston. So the little stone was lifted out by Father Austin, and taken away. Behind the altar is a small additional piece of building, which contains a priest's room and a sacristy. Here nothing was found; so our search ended.

We dusted the windows as well as we could, to let in the gay sun to the chapel once more on a day so joyful. And every body felt how pleasant a sight it was to see the figures of St. Edward the Confessor, St. Thomas of Canterbury, St. Thomas of Hereford, St. Cuthbert, and St. Wolstan, looking as bright as ever, and casting their mighty shadows upon the floor which had been so often covered by persons who venerated them, and desired their prayers. When we got out again, and sat down to spend an hour with the worthy tenant, Mr. Preston told him his plan for speedy and complete restoration.

"We have people at hand who can do this very well, now," said Mr. Preston. "It isn't the kind of interior which I like; and it doesn't at all match with the fine old windows which remain; so we will restore it as near as we can to that we may think it was before the beginning of the last century, when they made it as it is now. Only, Father Austin," said he, "I think we should all like to keep the present altar."

Father Austin said that he should like it very much—much better than any new one.

“We can easily decorate it,” said Mr. Preston, “and bring it into harmony with what is to be done.”

In making your visit of inquiry and inspection, excellent reader and friend, you will no doubt, after having seen Preston Hall, proceed, with the same exemplary conduct which has distinguished you there, to see Woolscote also. You are, I need not say, a lady or a gentleman of most unblemished taste, admirably informed upon subjects of architecture and decoration. Give me leave to say, that to a person of your discrimination the visit to Woolscote will be eminently satisfactory. There you will see those grand old saints in the windows, the old altar encased in a front and sides of fine stone, carved in deep niches, all holding imagery; the ancient piscina restored to its place exactly as before Mr. Totty-lot's day; a tabernacle of corresponding style and beauty carrying a crucifix—the very crucifix which Mr. Wyggins sold; the walls hung with choice paintings; the flooring all restored in solid oak; the altar-rails very different in shape to the old ones; in a word, you will find that the reformation, effected in closest and most admirable imitation of the original blessed reformation of Thomas Cranmer, by one of his latest disciples, Mr. Job Wyggins, has been succeeded by a restoration as great as could be wished. And this, you will remember with pleasure, by means of a restitution such as Thomas Cranmer did not make. But you will also choose to see Woolscote Church. Here the Woolscote aisle—the north aisle of the church—belonged to Woolscote Hall, just as at Preston the same aisle belongs to the Prestons. And usually since the Stumpyngfords left Stumpingford Castle, this aisle has been their cemetery. In it, in later times, was the chantry of St. George. The site of the altar has been respected by the inhabitants of Woolscote Hall, in spite of the usual brutal desecration of the church. There are one or two fine brasses to the Wools-cotes, through whom the Stumpyngfords inherited this property. They have been rubbed frequently of late years by young ladies and gentlemen who are engaged in this and similar pursuits, with a view to finding out that Anglicans are Catholics. They are consequently to be seen figured in the excellent book of Ancient Brassés recently published by the Anglo-Catholic Brass, Tomb, and Surplice Society. There are also some later tombs, during the time of James I. and since, which, as matters of taste, are certainly not good, and are held in just contempt, of course, by the society which has published the brasses. They are, however, really quite as



much to the purpose as those fine brasses. They recommend to your prayers the souls of those whose bodies they cover. So you will no doubt make all proper allowance for them. The church is very prettily placed. It is divided from the hall by a low stone-fence. From the north side of the house goes a little passage, through a beautiful late perpendicular doorway, which leads you immediately into the churchyard. A narrow path separates the nearest buttress of the church from the wall of the chapel of the hall:—a narrow path; but it stands between two eternities.

[To be continued.]

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HYMN FOR THE FEAST OF B. JAMES OF MEVANIA,  
CONFESSOR OF THE ORDER OF ST. DOMINIC.\*

[His virgin purity, the fame of his learning, his innocence of life, his miracles, and the admiration and esteem of the people, instead of alleviating his fear of hell, only increased his anxiety almost to despair, till one day the crucifix before which he was praying rained blood upon him from the wound in its side, and a voice from heaven assured him, "This is a sign of thy salvation." The following hymn is supposed to be the first outpouring of his love and gratitude as he feels the miraculous blood dropping upon him, and hears the words that banish his long agony of despair.]

I.

Now Thy golden bands shall bind me,  
Love divine, first, only fair!  
Now my yearning heart doth find Thee!  
Now Thy fadeless bloom shall share!

II.

Now since night's dark storms have left me,  
Now that hope unveils her throne,  
Now Thy splendour hath bereft me  
Of the heart I deemed my own.

III.

Now nor time nor grief shall sever  
Me from Thy serene embrace;  
Loving, burning, suffering ever,  
Lost in blissful waves of grace.

IV.

Unto earth's faint glories dying,  
Spurning all that time can give,  
From all rest, all pleasure flying,  
Thus my future years I'll live.

\* August 23.

## V.

O victorious consummation,  
 Pure, sublime, aspiring, free!  
 O divine annihilation  
 Of all self, my God, in Thee!

## VI.

Tell me with what songs to bless Thee,  
 O my Jesus crucified!  
 Strange that I should thus possess Thee,  
 Thus should view Thy wounded side!

## VII.

I, who dreamt Thy blood redeeming  
 Ne'er would bathe such sins as mine!  
 Though its glorious fountains streaming  
 O'er the world methought did shine:

## VIII.

With those fiery ardours beaming,  
 Swift its rivers seemed to roll  
 Every where in bright waves turning  
 Save upon my mourning soul.

## IX.

Lo, those hours of sharpest anguish  
 Now on wings of night have fled,  
 And my wearied soul is nestling  
 Deep within those wounds so red!

## X.

Wondrously yet softly glowing,  
 Fresh as when on Calvary poured,  
 I have felt Thy blood-drops flowing  
 O'er my heart, Thou suffering Lord.

## XI.

Ne'er again that heart shall fear Thee;  
 But in mystic union blest,  
 Languish to be ever near Thee—  
 Thee its joy, its heaven, its rest.

J. B.

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## Reviews.

## CATHOLICITY AND NATIONALITY.

*The Moral and Intellectual Diversity of Races.* From the French of Count A. de Gobineau; translated by H. Hotz. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

WHEN a statesman is determined to treat, and to find an apology for treating, a whole race of men in the same way that he uses his cattle, as things rather than persons, of course his line must be to prove that in some sense they *are* cattle,—animals incapable of civilisation, though perhaps capable of a very high degree of domestication, when taken in hand by a civilised master. Such a line we instinctively surmise must be taken in a book published under government patronage in America, and contemplating the races of men “from the point of view of the statesman and historian rather than of the naturalist.”

The original author of this very clever work is a Frenchman and a Catholic, and therefore carefully eschews the open blasphemy of the infidel, who, without a thought of the revelation which teaches the unity of mankind, argues on scientific grounds that the various races of men cannot possibly have sprung from one pair; but he does not seem absolutely to repudiate the infidel conclusion, provided a man strives to reconcile it with Scripture, on the ground that we may be children of Adam, as we are sons of Abraham, by adoption, not by descent; and that original sin may be communicated, not, as the Council of Trent defines, by propagation, but by some mysterious imputation.

Such an opinion we need not say is perfectly at variance with the decrees of the Church; not so, however, several views which the progress of scientific research may compel Christians to adopt. We may possibly be obliged to allow a much longer period between Adam and our own time, which persons acquainted with the notorious uncertainty of scriptural numbers will have no difficulty in granting. We may have to assume that the human race, though sprung from the same pair, has branched into permanent varieties, not specifically different in the eyes of the naturalist, but physically, morally, and intellectually distinct in the view of the political philosopher. We may perhaps have to admit that a newly-created race of beings is more plastic, more unsettled in type, more capable of variation, than an old species; that a species, like an individual, hardens with age, and becomes unalterable.

The human race had certainly branched off into its present varieties before the earliest historical period; we find them as clearly distinguished on the most ancient monuments of Egypt as in the plates of the latest book on ethnology. No new races have arisen since the time of Menes and of Cheops, and none are likely to arise. If a pair of the white, yellow, or black race, were placed on a desert island, in any climate, we should expect to find their descendants after a few generations retaining the exact type of their parents—Negro, Tatar, or Caucasian, as the case may be; in other words, we tacitly assume that the races of men, as at present distinguished, are permanent. But, then, if the races are permanent physically, their organisation is also permanently distinct, and there will be an indelible difference between them in those powers which depend on the organisation: if the agencies which originally established the varieties have, as is probable, long ago ceased to operate, there are no extant means of bringing back the human race to mental and physical unity. No argument can be drawn, on this hypothesis, from their original unity in Adam, in favour of their capability of again becoming equal. It is easily conceivable that of two brothers, one may have the organisation of a dunce, and the other that of a genius; and that this difference may be transmitted by propagation, till they branch off into two races, one of permanent dunces, the other of permanent geniuses; just as among dogs, the specific unity of all whose varieties is generally admitted, the various breeds with their various faculties and instincts seem now to be quite unchangeable when kept unmixed.

There is nothing essentially hostile to Christianity in all this. Man, to be human, must have a soul and an intellect capable of being saved, but need not in this life have an organisation capable of giving a satisfactory external manifestation to his spiritual nature: the infant and the idiot can be Christians; the illiterate savage, instructed by the "black-robe" beneath the tree where the Catholic altar is erected, may be meriting a higher place in heaven than the learned prelate or ingenious expositor of the faith, who preaches in a basilica adorned with the utmost refinement of art. The object of the Catholic religion is, not to remove the mental inequality of the races of men, but to bring them all within one kingdom of grace, and to raise them all to one supernatural state.

But more than this: the notion of the intellectual equality of our race has branched out into the theory of the infinite perfectibility of man; it logically leads to a condemnation of the conduct of the Church, which tolerates while it discourages slavery; and it encourages those socialist dreams of uni-

versal political federalism which are a characteristic of the present day. It may be good to counteract these tendencies by insisting that every individual, every nation, and every race of men has a goal, has limits to the capability of its organisation, beyond which no external means can push it. Few persons or races attain these limits; but if attained, the goal would be found different for each individual, nation, and race. Our modern philosophers preach of nothing but of laying the foundations or of adding to the walls of the vast edifice of an equal and universal civilisation; this is the Tower of Babel of this generation, whose top they expect will reach to their new heaven—

“A heaven so far distant from the sky!”\*

To affirm that different races of men have different intellectual capacities does not imply that one is necessarily inferior to another; each may excel in its own line,—for each has a different line, and does not merely occupy a different place and degree on the same. This must always be borne in mind when we are considering the differences of the civilisation of various nations. If we placed them all in one line, it would follow that the most educated Chinese or Hindu was behind the least educated Englishman or Frenchman: but this is not the case; the variation is evidently not one of mere degree, but of kind. We call the Chinese a semi- or half-civilisation; if it is really half our civilisation, we must have passed through the stage at some period in our national life; and yet, in some directions, the Chinese have advanced further than we have yet gone, especially in the universal diffusion of their culture (such as it is) throughout all classes. Again, the Hindu cultivation is no part of ours, nor is that of the Persians or Turks: they differ from that of Europe, not in degree, but in kind. Ours may be the best, and in the nature of things we cannot but think it to be so; but it certainly is not the only one.

This is apparently a very easy truth to master, but it is one which in practice is scarcely ever admitted. If it were understood, there would be an end of all offensive nationalism. The Chinese would cease to call us Western devils, and we should give up our brag about Anglo-Saxon superiority. But this boasting has existed since the first records of history; Egyptian, Greek, Roman, and Semitic monuments always assume that persons of different language and manners are barbarians. The national institutions have grown out of the organisation of the race, and they alone are intelligible to it.

\* Dryden.

Manners and customs that are not conformable to the national mind must always appear to it despicable and incongruous, till a very liberal education has demonstrated that its scope is not *the* ideal of humanity, and does not exhaust all the powers and capabilities of our nature—till it has learned to give a thoroughly philosophical answer to the very difficult question, What is civilisation?

Yes, indeed, what is civilisation? Is it success in cultivating the fine arts? Is it to be measured by the number and ability of poets and painters, sculptors and architects, literary men and musicians? Is it to be tested by the useful arts, and is the gold medal to be awarded to the people who show the greatest mechanical genius? Is it the diffusion of knowledge by popular education, and the universality of primary instruction?—judged by this test, Europe would have to give place to China, Japan, and Thibet. Is it to be measured by political institutions? But who shall decide on their comparative excellence? Different nations may be equally well governed and equally happy under different régimes. No particular form of government has any abstract superiority to others; each is best for the national temper or character which produces it; for all these systems are the offspring, not the foundation, of the character of the race where they are found. Monarchy autocratic or constitutional, aristocracy, federalism, republicanism, are all expressions of the varieties of civilisation, but do not give birth to it. They are constituent elements of civilisation in the concrete, but scarcely serve to define it. We will collect a few of the definitions which late writers have given. According to M. de Gobineau, it is “a state of comparative stability, in which a large collection of individuals strive by peaceful means to satisfy their wants and refine their intelligence and manners.” “Civilisation,” says A. von Humboldt, “is the humanisation of nations in their outward institutions, in their manners and inward feelings, upon which these depend.” According to M. Guizot, “a nation can only be called civilised when it enjoys institutions happily blending popular liberty and the requisite strength of authority for maintaining order; when its progress in material well-being and its moral development are co-ordinate; when religion as well as government is confined within strict limits which it never transgresses; where each individual possesses clearly determinate and inalienable rights.” Civilisation seems to be the collective humanisation of man; the social development of those characteristics which distinguish him from the brute: we say humanisation, not divinisation; for its end is natural, not supernatural, and in this it is distinguished from religion. It implies first

of all, a certain stability of society and strength of government, in which the rights of the individual are respected and protected. Next, a development of society in that direction which is felt to be the most human. Some persons have defined man to be a tool-using animal; these would measure civilisation by the perfection and completeness of the instruments used by society to abridge labour, and to provide food, shelter, locomotion, and the other necessities of life. In this view, the grade of a people would be determined by its engineering and manufactures. Others have defined man to be a "risible biped." To such a man civilisation consists in a social sharpness of wit, an exquisite sense of the ridiculous diffused throughout all the mass, such as an Athenian mob would exhibit when listening to a comedy of Aristophanes. Whatever is in the judgment of any race the characteristic quality of humanity, must be to that race the foundation of its civilisation. That civilisation would be most complete wherein most of the human faculties received a large development; but the social development of any one of them would constitute a civilisation of some kind. It may, perhaps, be defined as a state of human society, rendered stable by law and order, in which the human power, reason, and will, are developed into a social taste for, and actualisation of, the useful, the rational, and the beautiful. The variations in these elements constitute the permanent varieties of civilisation. M. Guizot's definition is neither more nor less than the argument of a political pamphleteer. He calls civilisation a *fact*, a solid thing set before the eyes for imitation. The English constitution is to him this fact. It is civilisation; the happy man's shirt, which would render any body else happy who put it on. It is the model, the exemplar, to whose form he thinks all statesmen bound to mould the materials under their hands. M. Guizot's theory failed ridiculously in its application to France. But the lesson has not had the effect it was calculated to produce. It has taught neither M. de Montalembert nor M. de Cavour that the greatest political blunder is to force one nation to imitate the régime of another, as if national institutions could be changed at word of command, like a suit of clothes.

A similar error is perhaps committed by persons who, out of hatred to Gallicanism, or zeal for the central authority of the Church, seek, in matters of pure national taste, to substitute a foreign for the indigenous standard. Nationality is certainly one of the greatest impediments that the Church can encounter, and one that it is most important to master; but we must be permitted to doubt whether the way to shake any one nationality is by a bigoted attempt to enforce an alien and

adopted system. We are not talking of matters relating to Catholic faith and worship, which are doubtless better understood in a country where religion is the business and study of life, and where they are developed under the eye of the Vicar of Christ, than in our isolated congregations; we only allude to matters of pure national taste and feeling. Persons should, we think, beware of raising the suspicion, that in preaching the Catholic religion, they are at the same time scheming the introduction of Italian civilisation, taste, and customs. Of all religions, the Church alone is Catholic. Other systems belong to single nationalities, or enforce a peculiar civilisation. The Brahmin, the Buddhist, the Mahometan, the Jew, the Socinian, the Calvinist, the Anglican,—all have their own marked characteristics far beyond the boundary of religion. They have a national, or political, or sectarian spirit of their own. No form of religion, except the Catholic, has ever taken root beyond the group of nations wherein it arose. Protestantism is the Teutonic form of heresy, the schism of Constantinople is Greek, that of Russia is Slavonic. The Church, on the other hand, is compatible with all forms of civilisation; she fosters and purifies each, but changes it not. But any Christianity cut off from her soon becomes exclusively national. In Pagan times each nation had its own peculiar theology as the basis of its laws; the national deity was the embodiment of the national spirit. But the Church patronises no particular nationality, prescribes no peculiar form of civil government or of social system; does not busy herself about the national taste for architecture, for colours, fashions, or materials of dress. Faith and obedience to canonical authority in matters of moral discipline are all she requires, without asking about our daily occupations, our government, our liberty, the power of our rulers, our police, or our commercial regulations. She never becomes a national partisan by introducing a foreign nationality. The very suspicion of such a thing would raise a barrier of jealousy against her, which it would perhaps cost blood to remove. The history of the papal exile at Avignon, and its consequences, is replete with lessons of warning against allowing a tangible ground for the calumny that the Catholic Church is the instrument for the propagation of French, or Austrian, or Spanish, or English, or Italian ideas and institutions. For she is above all place; she is Catholic, not national. No mode of existence can attract her exclusive preference; none, however humble, provoke her disdain. She attacks no form of government, no social institutions that are not repugnant to the law of God, and prescribes none, because she has adopted none. She professes not the art of promoting worldly comforts; she teaches



the abnegation which can dispense with them. Human religions cannot transcend the limits of the people that created them; the productions of human intellect, they vary with it, and perish with its decay: while the Church is immutable and universal, like the intelligence of which she is the organ.

Not that Christianity has no civilising influence. Her precepts elevate and purify the soul, and expand its powers. She enlarges the basis of civilisation by promoting intercourse between man and man, by mitigating violence, and weaning from corrosive vices. But she only expands the mind in the direction of its capacity; exalts existing powers, but gives no new faculties, and thus increases but does not change a civilisation. If China were Catholic, it might become peaceable and powerful and rich, but would probably retain all its present characteristics intrinsically unchanged. No powerful nation of pure race has ever adopted European civilisation in accepting European religion.

Another reason against seeking to identify Catholicity with any form of civilisation is, that some day this form must die. Nations, with their civilisations, schools of art, and languages, like individuals, have the germs of decay within them, and sooner or later must perish. To unite the Church to such a perishing form, is to join the mortal to the immortal, like the horse of Achilles,

*ὅς περ θνητὸς ἔων μίγην ἵπποις ἀθανάτοισι·*

or rather, it is to imitate Mezentius, who yoked the living to the dead,

—“*mortua jungebat corpora vivis.*”

The time may come when European civilisation will be a matter of history; but the Church will still be living: she has already survived one Roman civilisation and one Roman people; the Roman Church may just as easily survive the Romanic population which now occupies the pontifical city.

But what is the cause of national decay? According to M. de Gobineau, it is not bad government, enervation of manners, luxury, corruption of morals, or fanaticism; these always accompany the decay of a civilised power, but are rather symptoms and effects than causes. To attribute national degradation to such a root is a useful commonplace for the moralist or preacher, but will scarcely endure the scrutiny of the philosopher, and may be used as readily against as in favour of morality. Voltaire plausibly proves all religion to be fanaticism, law to be as baneful as tyranny, industry as luxury. The foundation of Mahometanism is fanaticism; Buddhist and Brahmin empires have perished with the decay of their zeal.

What, then, is the cause of national decay? Nations seem to grow old like individuals; their decay is material: when the blood of their founders no longer runs in their veins, the organisation changes, new habits, new ways of thinking arise from the mere variety of a perfected civilisation; men are attracted to new centres, and swell the ranks of new associations, composed of new constituent elements, collected from old societies that have no longer strength to assimilate them. We see this principle at work in the formation of the American and Australian states. Civilisation is worked in with the blood, not imposed by conquest or law. India remains the same in spite of our government, because the Anglo-Indian population is as nothing. The Normans modified the Anglo-Saxons by mixing the race, as the influx of Asiatics and Africans destroyed in parts the Roman civilisation by altering the ethnical basis of the people.

The Catholic Church is beyond and above all civilisation, the distinctive characteristics of which do not depend upon her. It may or may not be true that the civilisation of Protestant nations is superior in kind to that of Catholics; but if it be, it does not thence follow that Protestantism is the best religion. The different races have different characters, and develop different cultures; you may use the civilisation as the test of the race, but not as the test of its religion,—unless, indeed, this religion professes to have merely a material aim, as Protestantism virtually does; but the aim of Catholicity is spiritual, and its value cannot be determined by any material standard. As well might the civilisation of the great Roman empire have been compared with that of a few poor fishermen and peasants in Judea in proof of the truth of their respective religions, as Popery condemned now because England is richer than Ireland or Spain. The mission of the Church is to raise man to a state above nature, not to tie him more strongly to nature by surrounding him with luxury and ease. To her civilisation is sometimes a means, often a difficulty, but never an end.

The Church, and she alone, has the ultimate mission of reversing the curse of Babel, and reducing all men to unity. But this unity will not be one of language, manners, or government; it will only be one of faith and charity. The office of amalgamating races, and forming new and enlarged unions of nations, must be left to the progress of civilisation; whose bonds are the visible chains of flesh and blood, of commerce, common interests, and national language and tradition, not the invisible and impalpable ties of Christian virtues and feelings. We must confess that civilisation has a great effect in removing the anti-

pathy of races—the innate natural antagonism which is seen in the hostile suspiciousness of the savage, in the isolation of the Chinese, in the distinctions of castes, orders, classes, and privileges of birth in more civilised communities. Not even a common religion can extinguish the hereditary aversion of the Arab to the Turk, of the Kûrd to the Syrian, of the Magyar to the Slave, though, without intermingling, they have inhabited the same country for centuries.

In the present Italian question, the phenomena of the attractions and antipathies of race have a curious field for their manifestation. At present every consideration of mere politics would lead us to side with Frenchman, Magyar, and Italian, against the Austrian. Yet when it comes to action, it is a question whether we shall not be found on the Austrian side. In spite of the extreme red-republicanism of Mr. Bayle St. John, his instinctive sympathy for the Teutonic blood modifies his views of Italian politics. “Italy,” he says, “will not be entitled to much sympathy if it be merely moved by an anti-German feeling. The Austrians are a nuisance in Italy, it is true; but it is mere foolish prejudice to say they are a greater nuisance than would be any other foreigners whose government was based on similar principles. Evidently it is much less humiliating for Italy to receive orders from Vienna than from Paris.” This “evidently,” we suspect, appeals rather to the feelings of a Teutonic race than to the dry light of abstract reason. History would supply numberless cases of the partisanship of race triumphing over political and even religious antagonism; as when Niebuhr, then Prussian consul at Rome, offered the whole credit of his nation to the Austrian general who was stopped on his march to quell an insurrection at Naples by want of funds; and again, when our common origin has led us to submit to insults from the American people which we should have resented in a Romanic or a Slave race.

The weakness of civilisation is, that even in uniting it divides. It amalgamates races and nations, not for the interest of the whole human race, but for the interests of some imperial power or government. It puts down the petty warfares of clans, the hereditary *vendetta* of families, the feuds of burghers and barons, not so much for the love of peace in the abstract, as in order to make a united people, that can present a solid compact front to any possible attack. Where this amalgamation is not yet accomplished, a common religion is often powerless to prevent the outbreak of hostilities. The peasants of Galicia rise and murder the nobles; the oppressed Irish testify their hatred of alien landlords, even when Ca-

tholics, by agrarian outrages. M. de Gobineau traces the great French revolution to the same cause. The population of that country, he tells us, consists of Teutonic, Celtic, and Romanic elements; no race greatly predominating, so as to be able to keep the others in check. The Teutonic element, or the feudal nobility, had usurped all the power of the Church, as well as of the State. Hence the Church had lost her sway over the masses, who rebelled against their oppressors,—against the Teutonic nobility rather than against nobility itself, against the Teutonic clergy rather than against the Church. The three races are now being amalgamated under a just rule; a new nobility may now be instituted without opposition, because no one race would predominate. And the opposition to the Church will vanish when the people instinctively feel that she is not used as the instrument for the exaltation of one race over another. Such an example should not be forgotten by statesmen who have the mission of governing countries made up of distinct races. The difficulties of Austria, and those of England in its relations with Ireland, all arise from this same source.

We have always thought that it is in forming these vast amalgamations of distinct races and nations that civilisation prepares the way for the Church—for it does prepare for it; as grace presupposes nature, so the ecclesiastical polity presupposes the civil: you may easily convert individual savages, but you cannot make a Church of Timbuctoo or Kaffirland, with its own native clergy and its own seminaries, till society is sufficiently advanced to form a State. Civilisation unites men into vast bodies, assuages intestine discord within the society, eradicates the brutal ferocity which makes each man the natural enemy of his neighbour, and discourages war by making it a much more vast and expensive undertaking, at the same time that it removes it from the region of personal passion and individual revenge. Great empires, like the Roman, are essentially peace-making powers, though they are founded on conquest, and though war is the condition of their existence; for it is war at the frontier, with a continually increasing oasis of peace in the centre. Thus, though the union may be originally no more moral than that of two bands of robbers, yet union itself necessitates law; there must be honour even among thieves; and the first foundation of civilisation is laid even in the rogues' asylum of Romulus. It is under the shade of such civilisation that the Christian missionary finds "all the earth inhabited and at rest," ready to receive the seed of the Catholic faith.

It is as much for the interests of civilisation and of the

Church that mankind should be united into vast associations, as it is good for agriculture that small holdings should be thrown together into large farms. Nevertheless, accidentally, it may be sometimes for the interest of the Church to oppose the growth of a power, or the aggregation of fresh elements to an already overwhelming empire. At the period of the Reformation, the key to the policy of the Popes is their desire by all means to prevent the growth of a universal sovereignty. The same policy which made Pope Paul III. take the side of the Protestant Maurice against Charles V., made Urban VIII. ally himself with France and Bavaria against Ferdinand II. and his Ghibelline general Wallenstein, hammer of the Protestants though he had proved himself to be. A similar reason would lead the Church, while the present national elements preside at her helm, to oppose strenuously the dream of Italian unity. We do not mean simply the socialist speculations of Mazzini and his crew, but of all Italians who "want to be delivered from foreign armies and foreign influence, and left as free to deal with the Papacy as the Americans, for example, are to deal with the question of slavery." They forget that Catholic Europe has as much interest in preventing the Papacy from becoming a mere Italian institution, as it has in keeping Constantinople out of the hands of the Russians, as we have in hindering the citizens of Windsor from taking exclusive possession of the Queen, or as Frenchmen in preventing the Parisians from overthrowing the government of France at their pleasure. A strong fortress which commands the territories of powerful neighbours is, for the interests of peace, often left in the hands of a weak power guarded by treaties and guarantees. If this weak power become strong, the custody of the fortress is committed to other hands. So with the Papacy; the Catholic nations of Europe have left it in the hands of the Italians, because they feel that Italy has no political game to play with the rest of the Continent—because the Italians have as yet no nationality, no party-politics which could tempt them to make it an engine of statecraft. An Austrian or French Pope, with an Austrian or French conclave, would be suspected of favouring his own nation, and schisms might arise like those which disgraced Christendom during the Babylonish captivity at Avignon.

But were united Italy once to become a first-rate power, the same objections would be valid against an Italian as against an Austrian conclave. Rome, in becoming the capital of Italy, would jeopardise the present prerogative of the Roman people. The ecclesiastical and civil government might have to be divided, and measures taken to prevent any nation or race

obtaining a preponderance in the councils of the Church. That the Pope and the majority of cardinals are at present Italians is only an external accident, which may cease at any moment, and of the expediency of which even now good Catholics take different views. Even as things are, it may possibly become advisable to modify the present system, and to exclude from her central government every thing which to the most jaundiced eye can appear like nationalism. A letter that lately appeared in the *Bilancia*, in answer to "expressions of regret repeated more than once, and particularly in Germany, by men of piety and learning, that the sacred college was so exclusively Italian," states that this feeling can no longer have any foundation, since there are now twenty-one *foreigners* to forty-five Italian cardinals. The word 'foreigner' is certainly unfortunate, as implying that in the mind of the writer the Church is an Italian institution, to which people of other races are admitted only by favour. Once allow the justice of the distinction between Italians and "foreigners," and there is a ground of complaint against even the present proportion. No race, no nationality enjoys the monopoly of the see of Peter: if it has been left to one whose weakness could excite no political jealousy, no statute of limitations can be pleaded against the resumption of the ancient open election on the first appearance of strength.

It will be found that in almost all the religious quarrels of Europe the antipathy of race has introduced an element which sharpened the sword of persecution, and gave virulence to the strife. Simon de Montfort and the Albigenses, the Spaniards and the Moors and Jews, the Guelphs and Ghibellines, all more or less represented antagonist races. Mr. Macaulay looks upon the Reformation as the great outbreak of the Teutonic against the Romanic races, under the mere pretext of religion. It is not that there is any peculiarly Protestant element in the Teutonic mind; rather, this race was once the right hand of the Church; none ever showed a more child-like attachment to the Holy Father than Germans, Normans, Franks, and Anglo-Saxons. But when the Church was artfully represented to them as a mere instrument for Italian aggrandisement; when they were persuaded that the election of Popes depended on Italian politics and the squabbles of the princely houses of the Peninsula; when they were made to think that the peace of the Church was continually being sacrificed for some petty national quarrel, into which they could not enter; when they were told that all laws, ideas, and arts which originated north of the Alps were to be ridiculed as barbarous, and every thing classical or Romanic glorified as

perfect,—then the old lurking antipathies of race blazed out, and the loyalty to the Pope was forgotten in hatred to the people who occupied the city where St. Peter had fixed his chair. Then, when some friars, men of an order which had been opposed and maligned by the secular clergy and learned laity, and had been made ridiculous to the people, perambulated the country to raise money for the fabric of St. Peter's by a process which gave rise to the calumny of the "sale of indulgences," the pretext was given, and the mine was fired. The Teutonic populations never had any very great respect for places as such; their loyalty was ever personal rather than local; they never, like the Romanic races, expended their energies in building magnificent palaces and adorning cities for their rulers. A Teuton race does not usually connect attachment to an individual with any particular regard for his residence. We are not blaming what has been done: we only point out how the study of ethnography, by making us acquainted with the intuitive ideas and prejudices of different races, may explain conduct otherwise inexplicable, and may lead to a more careful consideration for their scruples.

It is certain, that now the acceptance or rejection of the Catholic Church is treated almost as much as a question of nationality and of race as of religion and conscience. The Englishman assumes that it is a conspiracy to bring nations into subjection to Italian ecclesiastics; he derides the Austrian concordat as the submission of a powerful German emperor to "a petty Italian potentate." He is too firmly convinced of the grandeur of his own nationality, and of the barbarism of all foreigners, to bear easily with a religion which, rightly or wrongly, appears to him to be a substitution of an alien nationality for his own. As our lower classes say of a convert that he has "turned Irishman," so do the educated classes consider him as a traitor to his race and country. If we could root out the suspicion of foreign influences and manners, and argue the question of religion on its own merits, the English mind would be more open to conviction: it might be more willing to give up its own national prejudices, if it were not filled with the idea that the prejudices of other races and another national spirit were to be imposed upon it instead. We do not for a moment imply that the wise and far-sighted Italians who sit near the helm of the bark of Peter have any such designs; some of the most liberal-minded men we have ever met have been from that country. But when we see that on one hand the government of the Church is committed almost entirely to their hands, and on the other that enthusiastic young men, who go to reside at Rome for a few years,

come back such red-hot italianisers that they are convinced that the great mission of Christianity is to substitute Roman preaching, Roman swagger, Roman punctuality, Roman music, and Roman art for the corresponding institutions of our fallen country, then sensible people become disgusted, the antipathies of races are excited, and a new and needless element of discord is introduced. It is not the Italians, but their indiscreet and importunate imitators, who do the mischief. Italians are too good diplomatists to introduce needless complications; besides, they know that one characteristic of Gallicanism is the attaching a religious importance to national distinctions. Of course, every man is free to use and recommend that style of art which he likes best; we only protest against making any a matter of conscience. And we cannot but think, that if such obligation is to be attributed to either side, it would be wiser to attribute it to that on which the national opinion is already enlisted.

To show the existence of the feeling we have described, we will quote a sentence from a late number of the *Edinburgh Review*: "Pius IX. is realising the loftiest conceptions of the Papacy as the head of the Universal Church, by raising it far above that feeble conclave of Italian priests who monopolise its honours and extinguish its power." The word "feeble" is neither polite nor just; but in the face of the antipathies of race a national conclave must be feeble in influence, though each man had the policy of a Machiavelli, and the sanctity of a Pius V. Its feebleness does not result from want of personal vigour, but from its distance, its isolation, and the opinion which other races have of its exclusiveness.

Finally, we must declare, that, for ourselves, we feel as great loyalty to our Italian rulers as we could possibly feel to our own compatriots. In the present condition of Italy, the actual constitution of the conclave seems the best. We only put the case hypothetically; *if* Italy becomes a nation, with its own well-marked nationality, and with its own independent and therefore selfish line of politics, it may then be necessary, for the good of the Church, to prevent all suspicion of her being a mere Italian institution. And here we must conclude our attempt to apply the views contained in M. de Gobineau's book to the ecclesiastical questions of the present day.

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## WHO WROTE THE WAVERLEY NOVELS?

1. *Who wrote the Waverley Novels? being an Investigation into certain mysterious Circumstances attending their Production.* Effingham Wilson: London, 1856.
2. *Parallel Passages from two Tales elucidating the Origin of the Plot of Guy Mannering.* Edited by Gilbert J. French, and printed for presentation. Manchester: Charles Simms and Co. 1855.
3. *An Inquiry into the Origin of the Authorship of some of the earlier Waverley Novels.* By Gilbert J. French. Printed for presentation. Bolton, 1856.

“OBADIAH! art thou in the shop below, at thy proper business?” cried a puritanical grocer to his apprentice, in the days of Oliver Cromwell; to which early inquiry from the top of the stairs there arose the answer, “Here I am, master, through the help of the Almighty.” So unctuous a reply produced the immediate injunction, that Obadiah “should water the tobacco, mix a certain amount of sand with the sugars, and then *come up to prayers.*” When, by such artificial contrivances, these commodities had been augmented in weight, so as to sell for more than their genuine value, old Holyfear and his satellite knelt down together for their spiritual exercises, extending over the better part of an hour; during which many an oily petition was offered for the conversion of the children of Belial, their godless customers, with some of whom they might have to deal that day. We much fear that similar features of craftiness and hypocrisy are still rife amongst us. They have even passed from commercial transactions over the surface of the national intellect, unconsecrated as that unhappily is by sacramental graces. Literary roguery, in a thousand forms, pervades our newspapers,—our weekly, monthly, and quarterly periodicals,—our historical and biographical publications. This reflection strikes heavily upon our minds as we read over the title of the pamphlet before us, *Who wrote the Waverley Novels?*

The Ballantyne controversy years ago is supposed by some to have grievously impaired the character of Sir Walter Scott as to his pecuniary transactions; but the very bays upon his brow, or rather the laurels planted around his grave, now threaten more or less to wither away before a storm of post-humous and indignant inquiry. That his genius was trans-

cedent can never be denied; but that it was base enough to blaze and strut in borrowed plumage, or at least assume marvellous and almost magical dimensions and features, to which it was by no means entitled, has long been by certain parties suspected, and is now openly asserted. It is said that an anecdote mentioned of his early life, in his own account of himself, might suggest to an accurate observer how the boy would possibly develop into the future man. He had a competitor in his class who managed always to keep just above him; until Scott perceived that, in repeating his lessons, or answering questions in examination, his rival had a habit of playing with a button on his waistcoat. The crisis was at hand which was to determine their relative position in the school; when Walter Scott contrived, as he tells us, to cut off the button from the breast of his antagonist before they were called up for the final intellectual trial. Scott always attributed his subsequent triumph in the contest to this piece of clever trickery; accompanied, as it no doubt was, by a display of genuine abilities. But the absence of honesty and fairness in the matter might well have pained, as it is thought, any parent or preceptor, watchful for the ingenuousness of youth rather than that cunning and chicanery which seem only suitable for an anticipated swindler.

As to the authorship of the *Waverley Novels*, it is well known that Sir Walter Scott for many years, and on various occasions, both indirectly and openly, disclaimed it. He did so once to the Prince Regent, in the presence of several persons, *upon his honour*; and at another time did the same to Sheridan before Samuel Rogers. Thomas Moore, in his conversation with the latter on this subject, had to listen to some quotations from Paley about the expediency of occasional lying; but although all these worthies never scrupled as to very broad equivocation being lawful with regard to literature, they appear to have agreed, that simple, absolute, and solemn assertions, such as those which Scott had made, or even volunteered, rendered his being really the author of *Waverley* and its successors out of the question. It is curious to see what Protestantism will tolerate, so long as there is no saint to insult, or infallible Church to sneer at. When pecuniary ruin at last tore the mask from Sir Walter, the current of his entire professions and policy completely turned. There were public sympathies, or even the prospect of subscriptions, to be carefully nursed and promoted; and it would seem that as the wolves of want began to howl about his gates, he wished to soothe the paroxysms of agony by playing the lion for fame, as he had hitherto in secret acted the merchant for money.

Just as he had appropriated an unfair share of profit in dealing with his publishers and printers, so now in managing with the comparatively obscure partners of his labour in composing the most popular fictions of the age, he quietly assumed the merits and glory of being in reality the "*sole, unaided, and unassisted author of them all.*" Such assumptions answered their purpose to perfection, according to the statements put forth by his assailants. The throat of the British public possesses a power of enlargement in full proportion to the impudence of pretension, or the demands of imposture. It will at times, indeed, strain at the minutest gnat; but then more frequently it swallows the most colossal camels. The claims of Sir Walter Scott met for the moment with the smallest amount possible of either suspicion or opposition; whilst every whisper died away of an inconvenient brother in Canada, or some imaginary White Lady on the other side the Atlantic.

At length, after the lapse of a generation since the fearful panic of 1825, a literary bubble bursts, which had so long borne aloft into the clouds of public applause the gay, reflected, and variegated honours of the Abbotsford magician. People do not actually say that he is brought down to the level of a common conjuror or a modern astrologer,—far from it; but the destiny which awaits his literary character seems undoubtedly analogous, according to the pamphlet before us, to that of the impertinent bird which had dared to deck itself out in the borrowed plumes of the peacock. The hitherto dazzling tail of the baronet, if we believe what is here written, must now suffer terribly under the plucks and pulls of one Thomas Scott, a somewhat tipsy paymaster in the 70th regiment, for a long interval quartered on the banks of the St. Lawrence; and his wonderfully clever wife, an interesting little woman, full of wit and anecdote, the fair cynosure of colonial red-coats, and ever ready with her recollections of Dumfriess. The fact of the matter would appear to be, that this brother and sister-in-law, located in a land afar off, rather overshadowed by misfortune, and about whose incessant correspondence with Sir Walter his biographer remains almost always discreetly silent, in reality have a right to no inconsiderable share of the adulation which their more illustrious relative has down to the present moment monopolised. All we have to say is, let them have just that proportion to which they are fairly entitled, and no more; in other words, *fiat justitia, ruat cælum*. The clamour of those who are horrified at so mighty a reputation as that of the late Sir Walter Scott being made amenable to posterity, only express their mortification for having worshipped in a wrong direction, and found

it out too late. They remind us of the followers of Johanna Southcote, whose bitter wrath we are able to remember, when, the supposed pregnancy of their prophetess having turned out to be a tympany, the public presumed to criticise the extravagance of a cradle which had been prepared for the expected Shiloh. Should the charges in the pamphlet before us prove true, Sir Walter Scott simply appropriated to himself alone a vast amount of merit due to two other persons, at least in coparcenary. These charges rest on the following grounds.

First, there is what appears to be the *positive impossibility* of his ever having accomplished that which he pretended to have done. The composition of seventy-five volumes of novels and romances, in addition to all his other well-known works, amounting in themselves to a library, alone seems sufficiently startling; more especially when the former issued into the world at the rate of twelve volumes per annum, and his entire days had to be spent either in rural occupations out-of-doors, or the enjoyment and entertainment of the highest intellectual society, at Edinburgh, Abbotsford, or elsewhere. His private correspondence was meanwhile upon a scale which Lockhart believes to have never before been exemplified by any other person except Voltaire. But when we come to statements that eight hundred pages of such a fiction as *Guy Mannering* were composed, written, transcribed, and printed in *sixteen days*, parties can only say, *Credat Judæus Apella!* There is a mass of evidence, in the way of undesigned information, as it is said, afforded both by Scott and his biographer, to show that the extent of about five printed pages daily may be regarded as the average of his literary labour. On the testimony of Wilkie, corroborated by numerous little incidents which it would require space to set out in all their aggregate force, the publication of *Rob Roy* must enormously have imposed upon the gullibility of those gaping admirers who merged their homage to the real genius of that charming narrative in their wonder at the rapidity with which it was apparently written. Other instances might be easily adduced: and when we survey the controversy from this stand-point, to use a German expression, even admitting that the whole affair is *adhuc sub judice lis*, our own general scepticism grows gigantic. Horses, dogs, plantations, domestic affairs, society, the accumulation of wealth, the purchase of property to augment his favourite estate, the realisation of his ambition to found a family, his harassing transactions with the Constables and Ballantynes, his official duties as a magistrate, his habit of transcribing the manuscripts of other people, whoever or whatever they might be, and then destroying the

originals, as if to put inconvenient evidence out of the way,—could have left Sir Walter but scanty time for genuine composition; more especially when, being off his guard, he once admitted the necessity for a series of consecutive and uninterrupted hours to produce such results as were at all satisfactory to himself or others.

Secondly, there are the *incidental admissions and assertions* of all parties; as distinct from those broad and elaborate asseverations, which might have been adduced merely to serve particular purposes. The elder Scott lets out several of these from time to time; such as when he tells “dear brother Tom in Canada, what a happy moment it will be, on this side Jordan, as Aunt Tabitha says, to talk over *old stories, and lay new plans.*” Brother Tom, however, was rather a gay companion, liable to become a little elevated over his cups; and on several such occasions claimed his rightful share in these “old stories and new plans.” Once he was so imprudent as to warn his brother-officers, that some day or other “they would find themselves in print;” which perilous statement seems marvellously borne out by more than *one hundred names of officers* in the different regiments then quartered in Canada occurring in the Waverley Novels; particularly in such cases as Dalgetty and Dominic Sampson, with the favouritism of the former for his horse, as well as the unmistakable peculiarities of the latter. Truly may we say, that *in vino veritas*. But, in fact, Thomas Scott was really celebrated for his extraordinary tact and talent in story-telling. The most indifferent materials under his hands developed into witchery and fascination. His wife meanwhile wielded the pen for him, and was fully suspected, with her husband, as contributing an unknown and mysterious share towards the celebrated romances. She was always occupied at her desk, surrounded with piles of papers, busy as literary ladies alone know how to be busy. Enormous packages of manuscript perpetually travelled to England; whence returned in lieu of them some moderate remittances, evidently just such as the sorcerer might well send from Abbotsford to the subordinate agents and architects of such unrivalled glory. Meanwhile the romances were producing from 10,000*l.* to 15,000*l.* per annum. What most of all threw dust in the eyes of the public was, the marvellous rapidity of their appearance, one after the other, like successive meteors from the regions of enchantment. Thomas Scott, in the opinion of such witnesses as Colonel Kelsall and an eminent physician then on the spot, furnished all that military sketch-work and technicality of phrase which were referred at one time to Captain

Adam Ferguson even indirectly by Sir Walter himself. As to *Guy Mannering*, there appears conclusive proof, not only that the story is borrowed from a couple of old tales in the last century, but that the gifted lady of the paymaster supplied the local scenery, with which she was accurately acquainted; her brother-in-law, the reputed composer, having never seen it in his life. The *Quebec Herald*, in 1820, had a correspondent who could depose to the fact that his friend Thomas Scott avowed himself in secret the real author of the *Antiquary*, of which he produced the manuscript; besides being able to show that his wife wrote Flora M'Ivor, the character of Meg Merrilies, the descriptions of the old tower of Barnholm, the cave of Kirkclaugh, and the bay of Wigton. The surnames of her own family, moreover, appear in so singular a juxtaposition with several of the fictitious personages connected in the novels with her native neighbourhood; such as that of Corsand, for example, the magistrate who examines Dirk Hatteraick, with other instances that might be readily given. *Old Mortality*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, and how many more no mortal can say, but probably some of the most exquisitely-drawn female portraits throughout the entire series, may be all traced back in greater or lesser degrees to the talismanic powers of Sir Walter's humble and retiring coadjutrix. Of course, it is utterly beyond the limits of any single review to expose or classify the testimony in detail. We are only drawing attention to the controversy.

Thirdly, there is much made of the *mendacious tendencies* which seem so miserably to have pervaded the whole mind of Sir Walter Scott; absorbed too, as he evidently was, in grasping at fortune and fame. It was first one, and then the other; but at times both. No one who has ever revelled in the sunshine of his genius, or refreshed the tedium of life in the recreation of delicious hours passed in perusing the *Waverley Novels*, will fail to sigh at so sad a recollection. But there is no denying the general accusation. Take such an instance as the painful one of the *Border Antiquities*; where his proved conduct towards their genuine author, Mr. Mudford, were there space in these pages to narrate it, forms an exact counterpart of what Sir Walter is now charged with in reference to his relatives in Canada. Whenever or wherever he could appropriate praise or adulation, as a monopolist, with any thing like a fair chance of safety, there and then, according to his accusers, he pocketed something more than a handful of scruples. In a literary sense, it is averred that his tobacco was watered, and his sugar sanded; whilst all the while, on the evidence of a late well-known marchioness, as well as his bio-

grapher, no one could have been more particular about family prayers and Sunday services in the true style of Scotland. Various are the occasions, as his accusers tell us, when it is far from a difficult matter to convict him of saying one thing and meaning another, his own interests being either way at stake; and when, had he been placed in the temple of Truth, upon Protestant principles, he must have condemned himself in the declaration, *forte mendacium est in dexterâ meâ*. Such a fact, supposing it to be proved, is surely pregnant with significance in so bitter and rancorous an antagonist of the Church of God. It is melancholy, upon such a supposition, to contemplate the vast firmament of his fame, as, after all, little more than an expansion from the centre of his own selfishness; sparkling, indeed, with the coruscations of wit, intellect, imagination, and poetry; but, alas, unilluminated by those stars of virtue, justice, and truthfulness, which can alone roll on in their orbits unquenched for ever and ever.

Without at present going further into the matter, and still keeping the windows of our minds *fairly open to whatever may be yet adduced upon the other side*, it strikes us, nevertheless, that the *London Magazine*, six-and-thirty years ago, expressed what will turn out to be the right verdict upon this remarkable controversy. That journal ventured to decide that the *Waverley Novels* were not written by Sir Walter, in the sense, we suppose, of Fielding having written *Tom Jones*, or Richardson *Sir Charles Grandison*. Its editors confidently declared that these works were composed for the most part by a near relative to the Abbotsford baronet; and that *they were severally sent to him, in an unfinished state, for revision, correction, and completion*. "Through his agency, the arrangements for disposing of the copyright, and the time and manner of publication, were made; and notwithstanding the continued mystery in which the whole affair remains enveloped, it is firmly believed by the parties with whom he has been obliged to be immediately connected, that they are solely the productions of his own pen. These facts were communicated *by the real authors* of the novels to a colonel in the army"—probably Sir Louis Grant; who subsequently repented, it would appear, of having been so communicative to the London journal, through the operation of causes that could be easily conjectured. The editors, however, informed their readers, before the end of the year, that the lady of the paymaster had immense claims to the disputed honours—the Minerva of the 70th regiment, whose maiden-name was M'Culloch; and with regard to whom certain remarks had been made in the previous July, which we now transcribe: "The reasons for

throwing, and for continuing to throw, the garb of anonymity over these novels must be obvious to every inquiring mind. Since their commencement they have been universally attributed to Sir Walter Scott; hence any advantage that might accrue from a name so prominently popular and successful they inherit in the fullest degree; and, in addition, possess that peculiar air of mystery, which, by continuing to excite the attention and elicit the inquiries of literary men, will press the novels themselves continually upon the public eye. We much doubt, notwithstanding their intrinsic excellence, whether the letters of Junius would have been half so much read, if, instead of preserving such a mysterious silence respecting the author, his curtain had been withdrawn and his visor unlocked." In fact, the whole life of Sir Walter Scott, when he began to live in cloud-land, would almost seem to have been a series of mystifications. His genius ceased to be simple and natural, with all its powers, its varieties, and its immensity. Ambition joined in alliance with it; and Satan sealed the contract. *Ascendam super altitudinem nubium*, thenceforward became his motto; forgetful as he was, from its exciting influences, of the claims of others, as well as of that noble stern old Persian proverb, that "falsehood rides upon the back of pecuniary obligation." He heaped up scheme upon scheme, whilst adding at Abbotsford field to field, and, as he imagined, laurel to laurel with regard to his ultimate reputation. Meanwhile debt and difficulty had marked him out for their helpless prey. His grandeur dug his grave. Retribution loomed upon the horizon, armed with the reminiscences of the past, and fearful as the serpents of Medusa; but not, like the head of the Gorgon, transforming the gazer into the petrification of unsuffering stone. When we remember that Sir Walter pretended to review his own works in the *Quarterly*, only to conceal for a special purpose the authorship of the *Tales of my Landlord*, we can but agree with his biographer, that "secret breeds secret; and that mystery is perhaps of all practices the one most likely to grow into a fatal habit." From this, and all similar delinquencies, *libera nos, Domine!* Honesty and openness are the best policy, after all.

Since writing the above, the second and third pamphlets mentioned at the head of our article have been transmitted to us through the politeness of their author. The last of them has interested us more particularly, as appearing to demonstrate that the Canadian Scotts were the real authors of *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, the *Antiquary*, *Rob Roy*, the greatest part of the *Heart of Midlothian*, and the inimitable character



of Captain Dalgetty in the *Legend of Montrose*—in all about sixteen volumes. To this portion of the series Sir Walter merely acted the part of general editor, or literary man-midwife; fulfilling the somewhat important office of bringing them cleverly into the world. Mr. G. French further conceives that the Abbotsford magician may enjoy the unchallenged fame of having really written the remaining fifty-seven volumes; forming altogether what he justly calls an “unrivalled galaxy of modern imaginative literature.” He furthermore seems to clear the character of Sir Walter Scott from having absolutely *lied* to the Prince Regent in March 1815; the rejoinder to his royal highness only having reference to *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering*, which he could with perfect truth allude to as the genuine productions of other parties. With rather less success, in our humble opinion, he also attempts to annihilate altogether the culpability of the deceptions subsequently practised by the gifted baronet in relation to the earlier novels; conceiving that the embarrassed affairs of Thomas Scott warranted him in doing what he did to rescue his unfortunate brother from the fangs of creditors; and even with regard to what passed at the Theatrical-Fund Dinner in February 1827, —its circumstances of enthusiasm, amounting almost to madness, merely “induced him to make use of expressions which, had he spoken under less excitement, would *doubtless have been qualified with a prudent caution* which he could not at that moment be expected to command. His unpremeditated speech was immediately printed in every newspaper in Europe; so that *after-qualification or explanation would have been as unpleasant as fruitless*; nor was it attempted: influenced by the *necessities of his position*, he adopted the same course in the introduction to the *opus magnum*, which was then preparing for publication; and from that time the general public has accepted his explanation as in all respects a correct one” (pp. 60-1).

It must, however, be remembered, that the oration of Sir Walter Scott, on the occasion alluded to, could by no possibility have been really “*unpremeditated*,” as also, that large masses of documentary correspondence on the subject have been studiously suppressed by the persons principally concerned, and his successors. Some of the latter are very indignant that the question should have been ever raised; and at this moment deny, with the great magician whom they profess to represent, that Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott had the slightest participation in even the earlier honours of the *Waverley* authorship.

Although we have thus somewhat strongly expressed our-

selves, we wish it again and again to be understood, that the controversy, in our humble judgment, is by no means ripe for an ultimate decision. The present pamphlets, whatever may be their merits or demerits, can be considered in no other light than ex-parte statements. There may remain a vast deal to be said upon the other side; and our remarks must therefore be received in connection with that contingency. Our abhorrence of fraud and falsehood, or even of literary larceny in any shape, is very great; but we desire, as already intimated, to be just as well as stern. Let none but the guilty be condemned; whilst at the same time, even at this stage of the discussion, it would have scarcely become a Catholic periodical to have left its readers under the impression that we failed to feel the profoundest interest in every thing connected with the *Waverley Novels*.

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SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCE: THE TRIALS OF PALMER,  
DOVE, &c.

*Illustrated and unabridged Edition of the "Times" Report of the Trial of William Palmer for poisoning John Parsons Cooke at Rugeley.* London: Ward and Lock.

THE daughters of Eve have but a divided interest in the legacy of lively curiosity. Is there a man among us who does not quicken his steps the moment he sees the first gathering of a crowd in the streets, as the inevitable desire arises to know what is going on? A chimney on fire, a woman in hysterics, a drunken sot in the grasp of A 20, a child run over by a cart, a "mill" between a precocious Harry Broome and a butcher's assistant of tender years,—all in turn supply excitement, amusement, instruction, or a pleasing horror. What a fund of enjoyment slippery pavements, stone and wood, afford to the busy walkers on London Bridge, Snow Hill, Fleet Street, and a host of other crowded thoroughfares! Horses down on their noses, sides, backs, in every variety of equine summersault possible, or rather, until seen, impossible to imagine. And in each such case you may find a gaping earnest mass of people, in which all classes are represented, from the pickpocket, who finds his harvest ripe and ready, to the peeress, who utters a ladylike scream, but looks on notwithstanding. So much for open-air pleasures. In-doors, those who read the newspapers,—and who does not?—find

immeasurable stores wherewith to gratify the same insatiable appetite,—a very surfeit of accidents, offences, and crimes of a hundred shades of guilt. We breakfast on railway-collisions, dine on wife-beating, and sup, may be, on a murder. Now, all this ought to be very shocking, and beyond a doubt there is a presumption of disease where the appetite is depraved ; but the evil is not always absolute, for the over-dose of horror not unfrequently produces the effect of unlimited figs upon a grocer's boy. It is well, too, that we should know the truth ; and as a matter of fact, it is only constant repetition in the daily journals that forces at last the acknowledgment of wholesale crime from the public conscience and voice, and so brings a pressure to bear on legislation, without which now-a-days no statesman dares to act. Neither should it be forgotten, in a country where trial by jury is an essential mode of administering the law, that newspaper reports form the sole intellectual training, in all probability, of ten out of every twelve men who pronounce the guilt or innocence of the prisoner at the bar ; so far, that is, as any notion of the principles of justice is concerned.

Our present object, however, is not to moralise upon the universality of the taste for excitement by terror, or the love of criminal literature ; though the "Thunderer" both bewails the appetite, and gratifies it in all cases of superlative infamy by a couple of leaders, one in anticipation of the hangman, and another to embalm his handiwork. Nor is it our intention to analyse the evidence which doomed a wretched poisoner to the gallows ; though the temptation is strong to contrast the foreign system, which would have condemned Palmer by his antecedents, with our own, which, in consequence of its rigid formality, scarcely allowed the chain of circumstance to close around him. As to the man himself, there is nothing in his crime, or the mode of its committal, to distinguish him materially from the miserable convicts who from time to time yield carrion to the scalpel of the moral demonstrative anatomist. But we desire to call attention to the mode in which evidence called "professional or scientific" is usually given in courts of justice ; and in so doing, to use such illustrations as are afforded by this *cause célèbre*, which for twelve weary days taxed all the powers of three judges, of nine counsel, and of an army of lawyers and witnesses.

It has become a common practice in modern jurisprudence to invoke the aid of scientific men wherever a fact supposed to lie more properly within the domain of their special knowledge is an element in arriving at a decision. Surgeons, chemists, physicians, *experts* of every description, figure continu-

ally in our law-reports ; and no day passes during the sitting of assizes on which the momentous 'guilty' or 'not guilty' does not depend on the mode in which some country apothecary states, colours, or distorts the conclusions of his knowledge, or possibly his ignorance. Now, precisely in proportion to his increased dealing with scientific evidence does the contempt of the lawyer, whose business it is to procure it, grow stronger and stronger, both in respect of the intrinsic value of the article, and the vehicle of its supply. He uses it and abuses it in due legal form. His experience shows him that in every conceivable circumstance, whether the question be the sanity or insanity of a testator, the authenticity of a signature, the guilt of a poisoner, or the performance of a contract, whether he be for plaintiff or defendant, prosecution or defence, the material he wants is in the market. He has only to watch the tactics of his opponents,—if they bring one, he must bring one with a bigger name, or *two* ; if they examine six, he must examine eight, and so on. Now, we do not for a moment suggest that scientific men are in general to be bought by money ; far from it. The shrewd practitioner baits his hook with no lure so obnoxious to a well-conducted fish. But he looks about for ill-digested theories, published, and therefore to be supported, and of these there is no lack ; for intense professional jealousies, and here the market is glutted ; for popular empiricism, and this he surely does not seek in vain, when the interests of those who have no natural leaning thereto almost require that they shall hide their sober knowledge in a flashy cloak of words. The fact is, that the men of science, as a class, are sadly deficient in self-respect. We admit that, in the case of medical practitioners, it is almost indispensable to success that they should live in an atmosphere of delusion, that they should dispense their elixirs from a mysterious cloud, impenetrable by all but the initiated. It is quite true, that in the numberless ailments of a high and in some sense effete civilisation, a foolish exposition of the very simple mode of cure adopted by the learned graduate in medicine, who in the dead languages prescribes a dose of rhubarb for my lord, and a farthing's worth of sesqui-carbonate of soda for my lady, would be fatal to the reputation of the unfortunate M.D. who should so traitorously deal with the arcana of pathology. But the fashionable physician in the boudoir, and the parish doctor in the witness-box, are very different avatars of Hippocrates. In the first the disguise of truth, the mask, and the domino, may be innocent and prudent ; in the second, to offer any thing but the naked truth, the truth and nothing but the truth, is a crime.

There is no use in blinking the miserable fact, that child-murder in our portion of the United Kingdom (Catholic Ireland is excepted, thank God!) is a frequent and increasing offence. Judges and juries alike refuse to carry out the law. The charge is for acquittal, and the jury follow suit, preferring the risk of incurring the guilt of perjury to becoming instrumental to the infliction of the penalty still attached to the wilful shedding of blood. By an absurd confusion, they look upon a verdict founded on evidence as in some sort conferring on them the responsibility of inflicting the punishment. Without the aid of one among the witnesses, this outrage on justice can scarcely be perpetrated; and this one, this strong living mouthpiece of the little innocent soul ruthlessly dashed from the threshold of a cruel world, is—the doctor. It has become a formula. The usual shocking details are given, the medical evidence called, and the ghastly proofs afforded that the light of life, shining clear and bright in its early morning, has been quenched in blood by the hand that should have cherished and nourished its precious flame. So far the course of justice is unimpeded. The case is proved; and what remains but judgment and the vengeance of the law? But no, men's hearts fail them—it was an infant, and the life of a woman is in the balance; shall it not outweigh the feeble wail of a baby? The doctor is recalled, he is plied with suggestions and difficulties, he is tortured by theories invented on the spur of the moment by the ready wit of the unscrupulous advocate, the weight of responsibility is thrown on his individual strength, he is puzzled by forensic sophistry, and yields in a kind of despair; “it might be so—it is possible—I cannot undertake to say;” and yet in his conscience he knows that it was *not*. And thus for the hundredth time the earth closes over a little victim that has cried to man in vain. But assuredly it shall not so cry to God; no wail, however faint, has passed those pallid lips, no writhe of pain has stirred those tender limbs, no wound or bruise has marked that delicate flesh unheeded or unrecorded.

Who can think without a shudder of the abysses of sin and misery, of the gulfs of rottenness thus shut out from sight and cleansing by a veil of cloudy dubious sentiment? No doubt there is a sliding-scale of guilt in murder: at one end, simple culpable homicide; at the other end, the murder of mere hellish malice; and it is just and right that the punishment should be as far as possible proportionate to the dye of the offence. But this is no question for a jury, who are sworn to give a verdict according to evidence in terms defined by law; neither in any sense is it a question for the medical

expert, who is simply called to support facts within the sphere of his professional experience; and who, in our opinion, becomes a traitor to science, a contemptible tool in the hands of a too crafty workman, when through fear, false sensibility, or any other motive, he is entrapped into perversions and distortions; when he suffers himself to endorse theories that would be scouted with derision at hospital-schools; when, in short, he loses self-respect, and forgets the unswerving allegiance that he owes to truth. In the trial of Palmer the medical evidence was made so prominent a feature as to absorb much of the attention that would have been more profitably devoted to the investigation of other portions of the case. It was a complete battle of the doctors. For the prosecution some twenty-five physicians, surgeons, and chemists were put into the witness-box; for the defence, about fifteen. A glance at the names will suffice to show that all the branches of medical science were most amply and ably represented. On the one side such men as Brodie, Todd, Taylor, Christison; on the other, Wrightson, Partridge, Letheby, Herapath. The question before this unprecedented array of experts was the cause of death of an unhappy gambler, whose career of vice and folly had been suddenly closed by the agonies of a terrible death; every symptom of which, from the first suspicious sickness to the last fearful convulsion, was detailed before them. About these there could be no dispute. A subtle deadly poison was traced to the possession of the prisoner, himself a surgeon, and in attendance as friend and doctor on the man alleged to have been foully murdered. Was the death the result of any one among the host of diseases known to the wide, and even, so to speak, universal experience of these learned gentlemen; or was it attributable to other than natural causes? Was it the result of the poison indicated, and was it consistent with the known symptoms of the operation of that poison on the human frame? Surely the matter was in a sufficiently narrow compass, and a clear straightforward statement might be looked for from men called upon simply to state medical and chemical facts. With the attention of an eagerly-excited public fixed upon them; with the dignity and respectability of professional "standing" in their keeping; above all, with the knowledge that the acquittal or conviction, the life or death of a human being hung mainly on their words, —one might fairly assume that a calm, deliberate, unbiased tone would pervade the whole of their testimony; that the discoveries of science and her shortcomings would be set forth with rigorous precision; and that no extravagant hypothesis, no crude wild theory would be permitted to mar the light of

truth about to be turned by their philosophic hands on the mysterious darkness submitted to their profound investigations. We say such a statement *might* be looked for, such a calm precision *might* be assumed. That either was so looked for or assumed is a totally different matter, unless perhaps by a section, not the wisest, of that eager public we have just mentioned—a section characterised as “pensive” by the ingenious authors of *Rejected Addresses*, and connected most improperly with the name of an unfortunate animal whose admitted infirmities of temper have led to his being intellectually libelled. Not a man with a particle of the power of observation but knew what was coming, that the Central Criminal Court was to be the tilt-yard of a philosophic tournament; that Professor This was to be annihilated by Professor That; the reputation of Doctor X to be torn from his helm; his ribbon from his button-hole, by the pitiless forceps of Doctor Z; in a word, that the unbecoming vagaries and antics, the paltry animosities and littlenesses of learned men were once more to be exhibited on a largely extended stage and to an overwhelming audience, under the cruel management of unsympathetic lawyers. A long time had elapsed between the holding of the inquest and the trial; and most successfully had this interval been used in collecting materials for the impending spectacle. As to the courage and goodwill of the gladiators none could doubt, seeing that it found vent for its excess in various skirmishes, feints, retreats, and advances in anticipation of the decisive battle-field. For the present we must leave the combatants, for our space is exhausted. We will only add, that the future historian of the nineteenth century—the coming Macaulay,—let us hope he may have all the ability, without the want of candour, of his predecessor,—will find the materials for manners, customs, state of society, very incomplete unless he turns to the proceedings in the case we are discussing.

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## Short Notices.

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### THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

*Calvinism in its relation to Scripture and Reason; or an Examination into the Nature and Consequences of Calvinistic Principles as they are laid down in the Presbyterian Standards.* By the Rev. Alex. Munro, Professor in the Scotch College of Valladolid. (Glasgow, Hugh Mar-

gey.) We honestly consider this to be the most important work of controversial theology that has been published in our language since we have taken on ourselves the function of reviewers. Mr. Munro has inflicted on Scotch Protestantism precisely the same incurable wound which Möhler, in his celebrated *Symbolic*, gave to the sects of Germany. Indeed, this book is conceived very much in the same spirit as that of the theologian of Munich; it is an examination of the standards or symbols of Presbyterian doctrine, which are argued out to some of their legitimate consequences. Three great questions pass under review: first, the doctrine on the Scriptures—their nature, authority, and use. Under the author's hand this becomes one of the most elaborate and convincing refutations of the Protestant theory of private judgment which we have ever seen. Secondly, Mr. Munro considers the doctrine concerning God in His relations to man, whether justified or in the state of sin. Thirdly, the doctrine on man; what he is by nature, and what he becomes by grace. Our readers will remember that Möhler's great work commences with this third point. The author has not always followed up the principles to their ultimate results; but he sufficiently shows the tendency of the ideas introduced at the Reformation towards revolution and anarchy in the state, to endless divisions in religion, and finally, in logical sequence, to infidelity and scepticism.

Mr. Munro does not take the defensive, but the offensive line. His book is a direct assault upon Protestantism, not one of those interpretative aggressions to which alone they have hitherto been accustomed, in the shape of apologies and defences of Catholicity. We admire this departure from the old tactics of defence, this carrying of fire and sword into the midst of the enemy's camp. And we no less admire the stalwart hand that wields the sword. We understand that his fellow-townsmen call Mr. Munro the "Brownson of Aberdeen;" he has certainly several of the characteristics of the American reviewer; there is the same pitiless logic, the same weighty pestle or rather sledge-hammer of argument, which brays and grinds to powder the unlucky wight on whom it falls. English readers perhaps also will find his style to be more agreeable to their taste than that of the Transatlantic writer, and will be better able to appreciate his irony and satire.

It is very difficult to select from a book so closely reasoned any short passages to quote—they will be simply episodes of the argument; we will, however, try to choose a few, to give a specimen of the flavour of Mr. Munro's English.

Inviting the Presbyterian to follow out the doctrine of private judgment, and to judge of the claims of the Church for himself, he says:

"Let him take up her belief as she herself defines it, not as it is distorted and mutilated in the writings of interested adversaries. Let him weigh her reasons as they are in her own writers, not as they are retailed, clipped up, and adulterated by those whose object is to read for the people, to judge for them, and to save them from the fatal temptation of exercising what they with such withering irony call the right and duty of private judgment."

Again, protesting against the *Handbook of Popery*, by the Rev. J. Begg, D.D., Mr. Munro says, among other sharp sayings:

"That the book is not a regular treatise on any subject, we have no right to complain; nor do we find much fault with it because it is but a farrago of scraps from anonymous letters, books, pamphlets, and newspapers, strung together by the drawling reflections and sapient platitudes which were to be expected from the author of the reasonings and 'facts' we have been examining. But against books of religious controversy



being made cesspools for the very sediments of newspaper obscenity and anonymous slander, we think that society as well as religion has the right to protest."

Again: "The seamless garment of Christ is rent by clamorous combatants, who, bending the knee, call Him their king, whom they are hurrying off to execution as a teacher of contradictions, and a deceiver of the people."

He has a delightful way of putting his adversaries into an argumentative "fix." Thus, after insisting on the Protestant doctrine of the text of the Bible being the ultimate appeal, he says:

"Those who deny the doctrine of the real presence, must even go so far as to hold, that a man may assert a doctrine in the very words of inspiration which shall nevertheless be erroneous, while he may maintain a real Scripture doctrine which can be correctly expressed only by the contradiction of the text!"

But it is scarcely fair to pick out these bricks as specimens of the building: its strength is in its design, its consistency, and its consequence of argument. To give a proper idea of it, we should have to quote several consecutive pages. At present we have only room for one more remark. We think that, like Brownson, he is apt to give men the idea of a want of *ἐπιείκεια*, or the faculty of making allowance for other men's difficulties. He is so "hard-headed," that he will appear to those whom he attacks "hard-hearted" into the bargain. Protestants will object that he proves too much; they will hardly bring themselves to acknowledge themselves such imbecile idiots and designing knaves as he demonstrates them to be. They will feel it too much when it is proved to them that men have the same certainty of the falsity of the Presbyterian system as they have of the truth of their own existence. It is a fact, that all heresies are founded on some perverted truth; and he will be reckoned the more chivalrous foe who makes all possible allowance for this truth. Mr. Munro gives no quarter, and so perhaps will drive the enemy to desperation. They will say to themselves that this is too strong. They will beware of the author, as of a word-conjurer, a chopper of logic, a man who could demonstrate that black is white, and *vice versa*:

"On either which he would dispute,  
Confute, change hands, and still confute."

We know by experience that Protestants always object to an argument that appears to them to be too strong. Like transcendentalists and old ladies, they curse logic by their gods. But this consideration by no means lessens the value of the book as a magnificent onslaught on Presbyterianism, and a rich magazine of arguments for the preacher or the private controversialist. We hope to return to this volume in an early Number; and in the meantime we hope, for the interests of Catholic literature, that none of our readers will refuse to expend a few shillings on the purchase of a copy.

*Books for Children, for Spiritual Reading, First Communions, Retreats, and Missions.* Book I. Almighty God and His Perfections. By the Rev. J. Furniss, C.S.S.R. (Dublin, James Duffy.) Father Furniss has for years devoted himself to the lambs of the flock; and he has learned to speak to their hearts. This little book appears to contain the results of his experience, and is full of beauties, admirably adapted for those for whom it is intended, "the dear children of Ireland." The only misgiving we have about it is, whether by its simplicity, so charming to the child of the Church, it does not lay itself open to the scoffs of the Protestant, and of the "philosophical" Catholic. We heartily wish

that we could think our country ripe for the indiscriminate distribution of such a beautiful book.

*An Outline of the Life of the Very Rev. Antonio Rosmini, Founder of the Institute of Charity.* Edited by the Rev. F. Lockhart. (London, Richardson and Son.) Rosmini has a double claim on our notice: first, as the founder of an order which the names of Pagani and Gentili first rendered celebrated in England, and of a sisterhood whose powers as educators are now being appreciated; and secondly, as a priest whose studies and writings have procured him a name in the world of letters, and have renewed the spectacle of the solid labours of the old schoolmen, of the Jesuits and the Benedictines. As to the merits of the system of philosophy which he advocated, there may be two opinions; but there can only be one estimate of his great talents, the extent of his erudition, his wonderful industry, and the excellence of the motive for which he devoted so much of his life to philosophy. We hope that the present little book will make his virtues and his institute more extensively known in England, and will cause some curiosity to be felt on the subject of his writings.

Messrs. Richardson have published in a very cheap form Father Lancicius' *Method of making Thanksgiving after Communion*, extracted from F. Faber's *All for Jesus*, and recommended by the Bishop of Southwark.

We have received four pamphlets of his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman: a sermon on the perpetuity of the Church, preached at the opening of Romford church; another preached on the opening of the beautiful church of the Marist Fathers, Spitalfields; a panegyric of St. Philip Neri, introduced by a gratifying dedication to FF. Newman and Faber; and the lecture *On the Influence of Words on Thought and Civilisation*; all of which are too well recommended by the name and the known powers of the writer to require our praises.

*The Garden of the Soul.* A new edition, with additions. (Burns and Lambert.) The publishers call this edition "The Miniature Golden Manual." It is certainly the best edition of the *Garden of the Soul* that we know of, containing, besides the whole of the old edition, the Way of the Cross, Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and other devotions and hymns, in Latin as well as English, continually wanted, but not always found in our other cheap manuals. Its price, too, is only the old sixpence.

*Letter to the Editor of the Rambler concerning Original Sin.* By John Walker, Catholic Priest at Kenilworth. (London, Richardson.) Mr. Walker's pamphlet was originally designed by him for publication as a letter in the *Rambler*; but circumstances having prevented this, he has issued it in the present form. We may, however, venture to recommend it to all who take an interest in the subject, and assure them that Mr. Walker is a most able disputant.

As an instance of the literary frauds to which we have referred in another place, we may mention, that the article in Chambers' Magazine for August, entitled "To stand Godfather," though purporting to be original, is only a bad translation of a chapter, "Le Parrain," in the French work *l'Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*, by M. de Jouy, with two or three Protestant interpolations.

*Critical Notes on the Authorised English Version of the New Testament: being a Companion to the Author's New Testament, translated from Griesbach's text.* By Samuel Sharpe. (London, Thos. Hodgson.)

The author of these notes is somewhat severe on the translators of King James's Bible for their unfair versions of all texts which are either manifestly Catholic, or else anti-Calvinistic in their meaning; but he does not exhibit any remarkable honesty in his translation of the passages which refer to the deity and eternity of the Son and Holy Ghost, to which he gives a Unitarian tendency. There can be no doubt that the passages which prove the Trinity *can* be explained away as easily as those which prove any other Catholic dogma; and we think that this fact should be urged in controversy in spite of the reclamations of Protestants. When we assert that the doctrine of the Trinity and that of Transubstantiation rest on the same scriptural grounds, and that one is as easily proved or controverted as the other, Protestants cry out that we are anti-Christian; they feel that our arguments are dangerous to *their* Christianity, simply because it is a deep-rooted determination in their will, *that they would rather cease to be Christians than believe Transubstantiation*. Thus Trapp, *Popery truly stated*, part ii., says, "When, therefore, the Papists urge us with the doctrine of the Trinity, putting that and Transubstantiation on the same foot, they do what they are on all occasions much addicted to, *i. e.* undermine Christianity in order to support Popery; as the anti-Trinitarians, on the other hand, by the same sort of arguing, support Popery in order to undermine Christianity."

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#### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

*Memoirs of Frederick Perthes; or, Literary, Religious, and Political Life in Germany from 1789 to 1843.* From the German of C. T. Perthes. 2 vols. (Edinburgh, Thos. Constable.) These two volumes, though somewhat tedious, contain much valuable matter, and afford a good insight into the private life and opinions of many of the literary celebrities with whom the celebrated publisher was brought into contact. Though a Protestant, Perthes talks about religious matters with a fairness seldom found in England. We make an extract from a letter of his to the notorious Merle d'Aubigné:

"Where in the Protestant Church, as such, is the power to evolve and maintain the truth contained in the words of Scripture? The laity, it is said, are to learn of the clergy: be it so; but who is to teach the clergy? Who believes that truth is imparted with ordination, or that the Protestant confessions, framed under the pressure of the period as a defence against contemporaneous errors and assaults, contain not only truth, but nothing besides truth, and the whole truth? Does not every minister make a system for himself out of the scientific instruction he receives at the university? *Each begins afresh*; and the result depends on the natural disposition, the poetical faculty, the philosophical acuteness, and the believing heart of each. If it were not for the dread of incurring disgrace and shame in the eyes of the Catholic Church, how loud and despairing would be the cry of believing Protestants for the help and authority of a Church!"

*Songs of early Summer.* By the Rev. Archer Gurney. (London, Longmans.) Mr. Digby says that Mr. Gurney has already earned an immortality. Be it so; but we must own that it is an immortality that has no attractions for us. Like the child who declined to be a cherub,

on the ground that he would not like to sit on a damp cloud for ever blowing a trumpet, we should decline an eternal acquaintance with Mr. Gurney in his capacity of poet. But there is no accounting for tastes, especially for the tastes of persons of cultivated imaginations: the criticism of critics is the most bewildering in the world. Only the other day we were encountered by a clever man's unmeasured praise of a book of poems which we had been just reading aloud to our friends as a specimen of the last stage of imbecility. We place much of Mr. Gurney's poetry in the same category. Perhaps the season does not fit. Perhaps early autumn has influences which blunt the points of June songs. But we have failed to discover any peculiar odour of early summer, any smell of fresh hay, any scent of bean-fields or linden-groves, in the volume. We will extract the only piece in it which has much reference to us, that our readers may judge for themselves. It is an "entreaty addressed to the children of the Roman schism in our isles;" and as a specimen of unmusical, almost unreadable cacophony, we think it beats any unpleasant combination of consonants we ever met with. It is more like the barking of dogs, the calling of guinea-fowls, or the spluttering, clicking, guttural languages of South Africa, than like English poetry. Let the reader pronounce it aloud, taking care of his consonants, and he will easily see what we mean.

" O brethren, erring brethren,  
 Who have pledged your faith to Rome,  
 Come back, come back, we call ye  
 To your home, to your home ;  
 To the Church which reared your fathers,  
 Whose lightest ills they mourned,  
 Which holy Paul hath planted,  
 And blessed Saints adorned.  
 Come back, come back !"

"The Church of England is built on Paul, and his doctrine of justification by faith only; the Church of Rome is built on Peter, and justification by works. But we read that Paul rebuked Peter. *Ergo, &c.*" From a sermon preached by a country divine before the University of Oxford, anno 1841. But to proceed :

" Your sacred mother is she,  
 She claims your duty's troth ;  
 Her sons ye are, not freedmen,  
 O, be both, O, be both !  
 Claim, claim your ancient birthright,  
 The ancient bond restore ;  
 Serve not her foreign rival,  
 But own your Church once more.  
 Come back, come back !"

Sons have the right of inheritance; freedmen are merely liberated slaves, who have no such claim: to ask us to be both sons and freedmen of the Church of England is to ask us on the one hand to claim her inheritance, and on the other to repudiate it. We shall be happy to claim her tithes, her glebes, her churches and parsonages, her cathedrals and her colleges; while we repudiate her communion, her doctrines, and her destiny. In this sense, if Mr. Gurney will show us the way, we are quite ready to "claim our ancient birthright," and at the same time to remain freedmen from her authority. But while hard necessity forbids us at once to hold her livings, and to be free from her sorceries and abominations, we must respectfully decline Mr. Gurney's well-meant but ill-sounding invitation, "O, be both, O, be both!" or

must answer it with an additional syllable, "O, be bother'd, O, be bother'd!"

"She hath mourned your loss in sorrow,  
 She hath Rachel's bearing kept.  
 Awake, arise, my brethren,  
 Long ye slept, long ye slept!  
 O, when once the bond of concord  
 Shall unite ye to our train,  
 Shall the Church in bridal gladness  
 Be a joyous Church again.  
 Come back, come back!"

We have several remarks to make on this stanza. First, we are incredulous about her having much mourned our loss, unless, like Falstaff's, her sighing and grief be that which has blown her up like a bladder. "She break her heart? she'd sooner break your head!" Secondly, we are afraid she has not kept Rachel's bearing; Rachel, we are told, *ob difficultatem partus periclitari cepit*, and finished by dying outright. We are not aware that the Church of England is at all more dead now than she was long before we left her. We can only say that we sincerely hope she may be. Thirdly, Mr. Gurney says (musically), "Long ye slept, long ye slept!" We own we did, while we dozed in the arms of Mr. Gurney's "mother." But we did awake and arise, years ago, when we recovered from the effects of her opiate cup. It is quite an anachronism to ask us to awake and arise again; we assure our poet that we consider ourselves wide awake now. The prophecy in the latter half of the stanza is innocent and simple, but we fancy not destined to be fulfilled. We cannot picture to ourselves the present Church of England "joyous in bridal gladness," except erroneously, in her cups.

"By every British martyr  
 That baffled pagan powers,  
 By Laud, by Charles the Faithful,  
 Come be ours, come be ours!  
 Yea, kneel ye at your fathers' shrine,  
 Above your fathers' sod;  
 Be your prayers once more your brethren's,  
 Be our God once more your God!  
 Come back, come back!"

Charles the Faithful, indeed, who never kept his word! rather Charles the Tartar, as the rhyme requires. We were just about to say to you, "By Canterbury's martyr, who baffled Henry's powers, by Thomas More, by Fisher, come be ours, come be ours! Yea, kneel ye at your fathers' shrine!" But what hypocrisy to ask us to kneel there, when you have destroyed most of them, and desecrated the remainder! Let any Catholic enter Westminster Abbey on St. Edward's day (if the place is open), and try to kneel once at St. Edward's shrine, "above his father's sod." Lynx eyes are watching to prevent so unseemly a proceeding; he is requested to "move on;" he may pray, if he likes, at the shrine of Queen Elizabeth, or before the relics of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, but to kneel at our father's shrine is what the officials of Westminster will by no means permit. The last line we accept as a confession of a fact which Protestants will seldom admit, that our God is not their God; that we worship a Being whom they do not honour; that a deep gulf is fixed between our religions, and that a change involves a radical alteration even of our ideas of God. This being the case, does Mr. Gurney suppose that his voice is so like that of the siren that we shall follow its tones in spite of ourselves?—that his melody will enter our

ears, and set our feet advancing, and carry us headlong down the steep and wide road that leads to his place? Is he an Orpheus reversed, that can fiddle our souls not up from, but down to—the Church of England? Did any Orpheus, indeed, ever chant such a strain as “Come back, come back?” Is it not rather the voice of the gallini, or guinea-fowl, a bird of about the weight of a goose, with several of the characteristics of the Turkey-cock? It is but fair to own that this “entreaty” is scarcely a fair specimen of the poetical talents of our author. To judge by the number of his productions, he must exude rhyme plentifully at all pores, as a plum-tree drops gum. Perhaps, if he would take a little more care, he might manage to correct its insipidity by the addition of a fruity flavour,—to turn out, in fact, a box of poetical jujubes neatly squared, instead of the present somewhat shapeless specimens of raw material. But if a man will set his barrel abroach, we must expect it to run to the lees.

*The History of Gustavus Adolphus, and of the Thirty Years' War up to the King's Death.* By B. Chapman, M.A., Vicar of Letherhead. This volume is written carefully and calmly; and although the author does not allow us to forget that he is an Anglican clergyman, there is no more party feeling than is perhaps unavoidable in historians. The fact is, that it is very difficult to extract any Protestant capital from the Thirty Years' War. The two contending parties were only in name Catholic and Protestant; while the ends for which they fought were so independent of religion, that the Popes themselves were often forced to take the Protestant side, in opposition to the more formidable Ghibellinism of the so-called Catholic party. As a literary work we must strongly commend this history; while from the Catholic point of view it seems as fair as could have been expected.

*The Beleaguered Hearth.* A Novel. (Dolman.) We do not recognise any well-known hand in the *Beleaguered Hearth*; the writer is, however, an undoubtedly clever and observant person. The scene of the story lies in Italy, but a large proportion of the characters are English people. It may be recommended as decidedly above the average of controversial novels.

*Bothwell: a Poem in Six Parts.* By W. Edmondstoune Aytoun, D.C.L., author of “Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers,” &c. (Edinburgh, Blackwood.) Bothwell, the third husband of Mary Queen of Scots, confined in the fortress of Malmoe, relates in form of a monologue the most striking events in the history of his wife, down to the period of their parting at Carberry Hill. The author has been careful of historical truth, and defends his more doubtful positions in notes of great ability and research. He has a real veneration for the character of the martyred queen, the odour of whose virtues increases with each new investigation. Not like the fetid Sicilian lake, of which the Greek proverb said, “Move not Camarina, for she is better unmoved;” not like her rival Queen Elizabeth, of whom Dr. Lingard and Miss Strickland have demonstrated that the more she is stirred the more offensive she becomes,—Queen Mary is one of those things which “in motion sooner catch the eye than what not stirs”—the more her memoirs are ventilated, the better for her memory.

Dr. Aytoun established his poetical reputation by his *Lays of the Cavaliers*. The present poem, in spite of the difficulty of the form, maintains its interest to the end, is full of touching and spirited passages, and is a worthy addition to our national literature. There is nothing which need offend any Catholic who has learned to make due allowances

for the convictions of others ; on the other hand, there are numberless indications of a spirit and purpose with which he, in common with all honest men, must sympathise. We quote Bothwell's indignant description of the Regent Murray, illegitimate brother of the queen, the apostate prior of St. Andrew's, the head that directed the conspiracies of that miserable time :

“ Why stand'st thou ever at my head ?  
 False devil, hence, I say !  
 And seek for traitors black as hell  
 'Mongst those who preach and pray !  
 Get thee across the howling seas,  
 And bend o'er Murray's bed,  
 For there the falsest villain lies  
 That ever Scotland bred.  
 False to his faith, a wedded priest ;  
 Still falser to the crown ;  
 False to the blood that in his veins  
 Made bastardy renown ;  
 False to his sister, whom he swore  
 To guard and shield from harm ;  
*The head of many a felon plot,*  
*But never once the arm !*  
 What tie so holy that his hand  
 Hath snapped it not in twain ?  
 What oath so sacred but he broke  
 For selfish end or gain ?  
 A verier knave ne'er stepped the earth  
 Since this wide world began ;  
 And yet—he bandies texts with Knox,  
 And walks a pious man !”

Even the tenderer reminiscences of Bothwell are tinged with the bitter spirit of this invective ; the whole poem is permeated with the infectious enthusiasm, and in times of discord would infallibly supply a goodly collection of powerful party-ballads. It is a most meritorious production, and one which we can honestly recommend to readers of poetry.

*First Footsteps in East Africa, or an Exploration of Harar.* By R. F. Burton, author of “ A Pilgrimage to El-Medinah and Meccah.” (London, Longmans.) Common sense, a power of entering into Oriental life without losing the European point of view, a love of adventure, and hardiness in endurance, a mind well stored with all illustrative learning, and a clear and colloquial style, render Mr. Burton one of the most useful as well as amusing of travellers. The present book will not appeal to curiosity so much as his *Pilgrimage* ; but it is a record of almost as dangerous an exploit, and a description of a city as little known as El-Medinah itself.

We extract the following, not as of much importance in itself, but as modifying Ubicini's rose-coloured description of mosque-devotion, quoted in our last Number. The place is the mosque in Zayla.

“ There is a queer kind of family-likeness between this scene and that of a village church in some quiet nook of rural England. Old Sharmarkay, the squire, attended by his son, takes his place close to the pulpit ; and although the *honoratiores* have no padded and cushioned pews, they comport themselves very much as if they had. Recognitions of the most distant description are allowed before the service commences ; looking round is strictly forbidden during prayers ; but all do not regard the prohibition, especially when a new moustache enters. Leaving the

church, the men shake hands, stand for a moment to exchange friendly gossip, or address a few words to the preacher, and then walk home to dinner. There are many salient points of difference. No bonnets appear in public; the squire after prayers gives alms to the poor, and departs escorted by two dozen matchlock men, who perseveringly fire their shotted guns."

We suspect that the only place in Europe where the ideal abstraction which Ubcini describes is realised is a church in Rome during the Quarant' Ore.

*Flemish Interiors.* By the writer of "A Glance behind the Grilles." (London, Longmans.) An interesting account of what Catholics are doing in Belgium, a country which is at present the earthly paradise of the Church. Beyond the utility of the mass of statistical information which the writer supplies, there is a picturesqueness in the descriptions, and a novelty (to our literature) in the objects described, which have already rendered this work known beyond the limits of the Catholic body, and which remove it from the category of sectarian works, such as our position in this country generally causes our books to be. We can heartily recommend it.

*Speeches at the Bar and in the Senate, by Lord Plunket; with a Memoir.* By J. C. Hoey. (Dublin, James Duffy.) We had intended to notice at length this important book; important not only as a kind of restoration of the speeches of one of the greatest orators, not of Ireland merely, but of Europe, but also for its excellent and spirited memoir of the orator himself. Mr. Hoey, we must say, has fulfilled our ideal of a biographer in this short production. Plunket is entitled to the gratitude of us Catholics for a great share in our liberation. Sir Robert Peel says of him, that he was the most powerful and able advocate we ever had; he, more than any other man, contributed to the success of the Roman Catholic question. He effected on the floor of Parliament what O'Connell accomplished on the arena of popular agitation.

*The Four Martyrs.* By A. F. Rio. Translated from the French, by authority of the Author. (Burns and Lambert.) The only fault we have to find with this book is its title. Of the four remarkable personages whose career is here sketched, only one was strictly speaking a martyr, though Philip Howard's confessorship verged on martyrdom. The "four martyrs" are, Philip Howard, an ancestor of the Duke of Norfolk; Ansaldo Ceba; Helena Cornaro, the Italian lady who was almost made a doctor of theology; and Marco Antonio Bragadino. The histories of all four are unusually interesting, and to most readers entirely new. M. Rio tells their story with his characteristic fervour and good feeling, and we have to thank him for a very agreeable addition to our knowledge of the heroes and heroines of the faith.



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# THE RAMBLER.

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OCTOBER 1856.

PART XXXIV.

## A PREACHER OF REFORM: THE DORSETSHIRE LUTHER.

IT is hard to conceive a more startling mode of announcing a proposition than that suggested by Dives—by a messenger from the dead, in all the horrors of shroud and skeleton. But we may gather from Hooker\* that, in the times just succeeding the Reformation, there was a class of functionaries that was even more a desideratum than ghosts, goblins, or witches—namely, preachers. For a long time the monarchs, taking advantage of the imperfect education of the clergy, and using every possible pretext for their interference, had established a right to inhibit priests from instructing their flocks. That wretched panderer to Henry VIII.'s adulteries, Thomas Cranmer, had inaugurated his archiepiscopal rule by forbidding all preaching throughout his diocese, and by warning the rest of the English bishops to follow his example.† This was not, as some feared, because he was no friend to the “new learning,” but because he dreaded that all sermons would turn on the sentence he had recently pronounced against Queen Katherine; so he issued his proclamation as a temporary expedient to stop the mouths of the indignant clergy, whose discourses would consist mainly “in tossing about the king’s marriage with Lady Anne.” From this time there was throughout the land a continually-increasing famine of Christian doctrine: curiosity was excited; men knew that the authorities in Church

\* The sentence of Hooker to which we refer is such a refreshingly weak dilution of a well-known text of Scripture, that we must present it to our readers, if only as a study of style. “Our Lord and Saviour,” he says, “was of opinion (!) that they which would not be drawn to amendment of life by the testimony which Moses and the prophets have given concerning the miseries which follow sinners after death, were not likely to be persuaded by other means, although God from the dead should have raised them up *preachers.*”

† Strype, *Memorials of Cranmer*, book i. cap. v.

and State were wrangling about the very fundamentals of religion; proclamations of new articles would occasionally be published; but there was no teaching,—the mouths of the clergy were shut and padlocked, and the magistrates had the keys in their keeping. Men's minds were unsettled; and the clergy, who were almost as unsteady themselves, were forbidden to attempt composing matters. Nearly twenty years after this wholesale inhibition matters had come to such a pass that scarcely a clergyman could be found any where who could preach a sermon. The king's chaplains—King Edward had succeeded his father—were sent round like the judges on circuit: laymen, like Robert Taverner, were licensed to perform the function, and held forth to the court in all the splendour of "velvet-bonnet, damask-gown, and gold-chain." Yet, in spite of the scanty supply, preaching was the great demand of the people of those times. We are quite aware that the market afterwards became glutted, that there came to be more preachers than listeners, and that the whole island brayed again with sermocinations of cobblers and costermongers, and such-like inspired ignorants. Still there was a considerable interval in which the article bore a high price; when the preacher was the *rara avis*, the thaumaturgus, who was expected to flash light and heat into the heads and hearts of the torpid people. Even in 1606 there was not a single minister capable of preaching in all Cornwall.

Poor England! what a miserable time the ignorant people must have had of it! There was no teaching allowed; but instead they were inundated with books which not one in a hundred could read; the speaking books out of which they had hitherto learned—the holy pictures and images—were burned and profaned. The churches which they had been taught to reverence were used for cock-pits and theatres; where the preacher had been pulled from the pulpit, actors found a stage for their shows. Bishop Bonner, of London, had in 1542 to prohibit all manner of common plays, games, and interludes from being played within the churches or chapels: in 1558 the Protestant corporation of Lyme contributed 4s. 5d. towards the expenses of a play acted by the queen's players in their church. Under the year 1548 Strype tells us that "in many churches, cathedral as well as other, and especially in London, many frays, quarrels, riots, blood-sheddings, were committed. They used also commonly to bring horses and mules into and through churches, and shooting [*sic*] off hand-guns; 'making the same, which were properly appointed to God's service and common prayer, like a stable or common inn, or rather a den or sink of all unchris-

tianness,'” as Edward VI. proclaims, threatening at the same time his infantine “indignation and imprisonment” to all contraveners.

What a damper for religious thought! What a state of stagnation must the people have been in! a weary, listless state, impossible to last here, where there is nothing permanent but change, nothing changeless but death; a calm such as is the unfailing precursor of the tempest! The people had absolutely nothing to think about after this gagging of pulpits. The salt had lost its saltness; for, as the heathen philosopher says that the soul of a hog is given it instead of salt to keep its carcass from stinking, so may we say that thought is given to man to preserve his human soul from degenerating into mere animality. The objects which the government still allowed for the exercise of thought were certainly not much calculated to raise it above animal passions. A gallows, with a baker's (or rather a butcher's) dozen of dangling examples of Tudor justice; a gibbet in a narrow street, infecting the whole neighbourhood with the putrefying quarters of some honoured abbot, who had been hanged as a traitor for having spent all his revenues on the poor, leaving a beggarly account of empty boxes for the royal robber; a tumbrill, rolling along with some disgraced miller, who pilfered flour like Symekyn of Trompyngtoun, or some shrill wife, who had been presented as “*unam communem scold,*” a “wrangler from house to house,” a “misuser of her tunge,” a “saucy scolding quean,” and was to be trotted out and whipped for the consolation of persons who had been defrauded of their meal, or lamed in their reputation. Then there was the cucking or ducking stool,—a chair, generally perched at the extremity of a beam, which was deftly balanced over the parish horse-pond, wherein some too-free dame, or suspected witch, would be forced to sit while the cruel see-saw was worked by the male population, who ducked the wretched victim over head and ears at each descent of the beam, and laughed to hear her curses terminate every time in a damp gurgle as the water closed over her mouth, like the young rook's caw suffocated by the effort of swallowing the worm; or there was the pillory, with its usual complement of human ears nailed up like trapped vermin to the sides of its post, while at the top grinned ghastly the head of some unhappy “traitor,” who had been hanged and quartered for misliking some profound remark of the king's highness. Or they might study the stocks, sobering hose for the unsteady legs of sots; or contemplate that still more practical engine of correction, the “drunkard's cloak,” which was neither more nor less than a barrel with bottom broached out, a hole at

the top through which the bearer's head protruded, and another on each side to put his hands through, while his legs were left free to carry him whithersoever they could. Such were the silent sermons—almost the only moral discourses—which were licensed for many a weary year in England, and through which the people were brought to such a pitch of brutality and ignorance, that it is difficult to blame them for listening to the mountebanks who were at length let loose to preach to them. The fortunes of one of these we shall endeavour, by the joint help of old Strype, Anthony à Wood, and Mr. George Roberts, author of *The Social History of the People of the Southern Counties of England in past Centuries*, to trace in the present article.

Christchurch Twinham, in the county of Southampton, —a town which in those days doubtless contained a certain quantity of houses and a certain number of inhabitants,—had the honour of being the birthplace of Thomas Hancock; a man who, having taken a bachelor's degree at Oxford in January 1532, first appears on the stage of the world as one who, by some dirty work unrecorded by history, attained the favour and grace of Thomas Cranmer; through whom he was appointed by King Henry VIII., in the last year of his reign, to the perpetual curacy of Poole in Dorsetshire. At this time he made himself "a useful man" in his native county by being "a very diligent preacher of the gospel, and declaimer against papal abuses." But his mouth having been stopped by a strict inhibition from Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, he would preach in the diocese of Sarum (in which Poole was situated); where he went on circuit from church to church, till he was suddenly brought up by a suspension à *celebratione divinorum* by Salcot, the bishop of that diocese. But just then Henry died, and his puny son came to the throne. Scarcely was he seated, when many "zealous preachers of the gospel, without staying for orders from above, earnestly set forth the evangelical doctrine in confutation of the sacrifice of the Mass, and the corporal presence in the Sacrament, and such-like." These gentry were all countenanced and encouraged by the archbishop, who, in spite of the existing suspension by two diocesans, sent Hancock a license to proceed in his preaching.

No sooner was this obtained than he renewed his former circuits. The first place where we find him is in his native town, Christchurch. It seems to have been a solemn day: a curate was saying Mass at the altar; Mr. Smith, the vicar, —a person who very likely had no license to preach, and who was obliged to put up with whatever materials presented



themselves; for in those days (or at least shortly after) the ordinary minister, beneficed or not, was not allowed to preach without a license declaring him to be a "sufficient and convenient preacher;" but if beneficed, and if his living allowed it, he had to procure once a month the services of a licensed minister,—Mr. Smith was sitting in his chair in the face of the pulpit, where Hancock, during the Mass, was preaching quietly enough till the celebrant came to the Elevation, when the preacher roared out to the people "that that the priest held over his head they did see with their bodily eyes; but our Saviour Christ doth say plainly that we shall see Him no more. Then you," saith he, "that so kneel unto it, pray unto it, and honour it as God, do make an idol of it, and yourselves do commit most horrible idolatry." Whereupon the vicar cried out to him: "Mr. Hancock, you have done well until now; and now have you played the ill cow's part, which, when she hath given a good mess of milk, overthroweth all with her foot, and so all is lost." This is all, according to Hancock's own narration (who is not, however, necessarily more veracious than his successor Dr. Cumming), that poor Smith had to say; evidently he was not one of the sufficient and convenient preachers; so he did all that in him lay, and walked out of church.

Emboldened by this first success, Hancock next, in the same year (1547), re-enacted the same part on a more public occasion, in a sermon preached at a church in Salisbury, before the chancellors of Sarum and Winchester (who had been the instruments of his suspension) and divers others of the clergy and laity. His text was, "Every plant which My heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted out;" whence, says Strype, he inveighed against the superstitious ceremonies, holy bread, holy water, images, copes, vestments, &c., all which he seems to have considered *plants* to be eradicated; as a worthy mayor of Weymouth, temp. George III., ordained that stones, wheelbarrows, and other *vegetables*, were to be removed from the streets in anticipation of his majesty's arrival. From external things the preacher soon went on to the Holy of Holies, or, as Strype calls it, "the idol of the altar, proving it to be an idol and no God by the 1st of St. John's gospel, *No man hath seen God at any time*, with other places of the Old Testament. But that the priest held over his head they did see, kneeled before it, honoured it, and so made an idol of it, and therefore they were most horrible idolaters;" then he went on with his fanatical blasphemy to call It, in the very presence of the tabernacle, by such infamous names as "Jack-in-the-box and Round Robin," so that

the chancellors and certain of the clergy went out of the church in disgust. Hancock, seeing them go, cursed them as they went, and bawled out after them that they were not of God, because they refused to hear the word of God. This affair threatened to end more seriously for the preacher; after the sermon, Thomas Chaffen, the mayor, came to him, and charged him with a breach of the proclamation of the lord protector, forbidding "nicknames like Jack-in-the-box or Round Robin to be given to the Sacrament." Whereupon he replied that it was no Sacrament, but an idol, as they used it: nevertheless he was committed to jail; but bailed by six substantial men, who were answerable for his appearance at the next assizes.

At the assizes, the prisoner, confident of the support of the protector and the archbishop, behaved with sufficient impertinence. When Chief-justice Lyster ordered him to find securities for his good behaviour, perceiving the Bishop of Salisbury, a zealous Catholic, on the bench, he suggested that, as his trouble arose from his preaching the word of God, the bishop and his chaplain should be bound for him. The judge rebuked his insolence, and said that he would not accept the surety of the bishop in such a case. Upon which one Dymoke, a draper, asked the judge what the bond was to be. "A hundred pounds," was the reply. "A hundred will be bound for him," answered Dymoke. "Ay, a thousand," replied some one else. Then the judge interposed to Hancock: "See what an uproar you make among the people;" and for quiet's sake he entered into a parley with Dymoke, who owned that Hancock had no command over himself in the pulpit, and would probably forfeit his bond; but, he added, it would never grieve them to lose 20*l.* a-piece in such a quarrel. Finally ten sureties were bound in 10*l.* each, and Hancock himself in 90*l.*

Having signed the bond, Hancock at once rode off to the protector Somerset at Sion, and got him to make Cecil, afterwards the famous lord treasurer Burghley, write to Chief-justice Lyster to have the bond discharged.

Hancock carried this letter to Lyster, then at Southampton. It chanced that as he was presenting it the bell rang for sermon. The chief-justice was astonished to hear that he intended to preach, and quietly remonstrated with him, bidding him remember that Southampton was a haven-town, and that such a sermon as that preached at Salisbury would divide the inhabitants into factions, and leave them defenceless against an attack of a foreign force. Hancock appears to have been obstinate; so, after a long and angry discussion, the chief-justice forbade him to preach, telling him that there

was one in the Tower, Bishop Gardiner, whom he would believe before four hundred such as he. Then the mayor and aldermen were sent for, and told to provide another preacher: they soon found a Mr. Gryffeth.

The chief-justice attended; but found that Gryffeth was as bad as Hancock. The Welsh mar-text openly "challenged him with suffering images in the church, the idol hanging in a string over the altar, and the people honouring the idol contrary to law," with much other "good doctrine," to Hancock's delight, who was one of the hearers. His bond and sureties were then discharged, according to the tenor of Cecil's letter. He was now a man of mark. He returned to Poole in triumph, but found the town in a backsliding state; many of the inhabitants had begun to tire of the blasphemy of their incumbent, and had returned to the old faith. Divisions had already appeared among them, and Mass had been restored.

But on the 1st of July in the same year (1597), Hancock once more mounted his own pulpit, to preach against idolatry and covetousness from 1 Tim. vi., and *against the Mass which the priest was then offering*. During the Elevation he spoke, as was his abominable practice, against the real presence. A wealthy old merchant, Thomas Whyte, the head of the Catholic party of the town, thereupon rose from his seat and left the church, saying, "Come from him, good people: he came from the devil, and teacheth unto you devilish doctrine." Another merchant, John Nothrel, or Spicer, followed his example, crying out to Hancock, "It shall be God when thou shalt be but a knave;" and thus the dispute ended for the present. But on All Saints Day following, Whyte, Nothrel, and Haviland, another influential merchant of Poole, came into church to ask the priest to say the usual dirge for all souls. Hancock forbade the thing altogether; the merchants insisted, and the incumbent replied that it should never be done while he lived. They thereupon, according to the Protestant account, called him knave, and his wife strumpet; and threatened to make him draw his *viscera* (they used a curter and more Saxon word) after him at the gallows.

Thereupon followed an uproar. At this juncture Morgan Reed, the mayor, rushed in, pushed Hancock into the choir, and bolted the door; then, with much ado, he managed to quiet the hurly-burly, and to get most of the people out of the church; not however without being called knave for his pains. Hancock once more betook himself to Somerset, who again referred him to Cecil; from whom he procured a letter, the talismanic power of which enabled him to preach undisturbed in Poole till the death of Edward in 1553.

During this time Hancock was in great glory, enacting the "Luther of the southwest," and doubtless carrying out well the spiritual commands of the king and council. These pharisees in 1551 issued a proclamation against covetousness! The bishops and licensed preachers were to assail this vice, which, it seems, was leading men to monopolise corn, to promote enclosures, to tear away the substance of the Church, the universities, and even the hospitals. This document reminds us of the sermon of the Cornish parson, who, when there was a cry of "wreck" while he was discoursing, kept the people back by preaching on the enormity of stripping the poor mariners; during which time he gradually wriggled himself to the church-porch, where he threw off his gown, and set off with the cry, "Now, let us all start fair!" The gentry and churchwardens were now too wide awake to allow king and council to enrich themselves alone by ecclesiastical speculation: squires also and farmers drank healths in chalices; and copes became quilts under the scissors of ministers' ladies.

About this time a curious case occurred in Poole. A certain Mrs. Woocock gave out that she was continually haunted by a voice that cried in her ears, "He whom the king trusts best shall deceive him, and work treason against him." The words were ominous to Hancock's friend Somerset. The Poole people therefore sent the woman to London to the council. She came back with her purse full of money, but without having communicated with the protector, and was more active than ever in spreading the report. Hancock, at the entreaty of some of his people, went to Sion to inform his patron. "Ah, sirrah, this is strange," said the duke. But whether it put him on his guard or no, he was arrested in three weeks, and executed in January 1552.

When Queen Mary ascended the throne, the Protestant party had become dominant at Poole. Hancock read her proclamation, and *interpreted* it to his parishioners. On the strength of it Whyte and his party erected an altar in the church, and procured a French chaplain to say Mass; but the altar was pulled down, and the rood "brent." Thereupon Whyte put up an altar in his house, and summoned the faithful to the sacrifice by ringing a bell out of window; for which the Protestants threatened to shoot him. On the other hand, the Catholics used to go to the church to try and catch Hancock in some treasonable speech. At last the buzzing blue-bottle was fairly caught in the cobweb of the law; but broke loose, and fled to Normandy, where he remained two years.

At his return he was received with the honours of a confessor of the faith. His fame was dilated, and he was in much

request as preacher of occasional sermons in the neighbouring towns. The corporation of Lyme was mighty at procuring the services of able-winded holders-forth. These functionaries generally received a shilling or sixteenpence for their trouble, and a dinner at the expense of the town. On great occasions Mr. Hancock was sent for; as, for instance, in 1558, when he "improved" a horrible fratricide, and received no less than eight shillings for his sermon. On this occasion the preacher was more thirsty than usual, and was treated by the town to "a pottle of wine and a quart of sack" supplementary. Hancock, in spite of his successful Cornish way of preaching against covetousness, seems to have gradually advanced the price of his sermons; for in 1582 the same corporation (of Lyme) paid him no less than thirteen shillings and fourpence for an article that a few years before had been valued at a shilling.

This is all that we have learned of the successful career of a bold blasphemer, who doubtless died full of years and honours, and had a grand funeral sermon preached over his body to celebrate him as the first to introduce the pure Protestant religion into these parts, and as a fresh apostle of the gospel of Christ, at the very time when perhaps he was being initiated into the secrets of Dante's sixth circle. And after the sermon probably came a corporation-dinner, with further pottles of wine and quarts of sack,—the drinkers little thinking about the drop of water for which the departed was perhaps even then fainting with fiery and unquenchable thirst.

But when we consider the details of this sickening history, what food for reflection is there! That such a mountebank, with such arguments, should so prevail! For we must remember that this man was none of your petty performers, but one of the gods of Ephraim, one of the golden calves of Israel. His gaping contemporaries have written down his words, and preserved his arguments and answers. "No man hath seen God: but we see the Host; *ergo*." So the Jews might have said to our Lord, "No man hath seen God: we see Thee; therefore Thou art not God." As if Catholics ever taught that the figure and colour which we see in the Blessed Sacrament were the species of the invisible Deity! And then, the unblushing impudence with which the itinerant charlatan thrust his empty demonstrations into the ears of the unwilling clergy,—those poor unpreaching pastors whose mouths the king had shut, and whom the people called in derision "asse-heads, dodipots, lacklatins, service-slubberers;" and who meekly bore the insufferable assumption of the holders-forth, only sometimes testifying a faint protest by a quiet departure out of church, leaving their poor flocks to be edified by hearing

their clergy ridiculed as deaf adders, who could not endure to hear the word of God. But this cowardice and fear of committing themselves by decided measures was not confined to the half-educated inferiors: chancellors of dioceses, doctors of divinity, and bishops, all showed the same passive obedience; gave up all they possibly could for the sake of peace; yielded in all to the king; allowed themselves to be first severed from Rome, then to be glued on to the State, then to receive all proclamations as articles of faith, and only to exercise the functions which Christ had committed to them so far as they had permission from the grim Nero who straddled across the English throne. The only men who showed fight were laymen like Whyte. Talk of Catholics persecuting indeed! such men as Hancock knew better; he knew that he was safe enough in the hands of Catholic bishops, chancellors, and chief-justices. With Somerset behind him, he marched straight into the den of lions, and bearded them; for he knew they had no teeth. Doubtless this weak, trimming, pusillanimous passivity approved itself to its practisers as Christian meekness; it was supposed to be the giving the cloak also to him that would strip us of our coat, and the going two miles with him who forced us to carry his luggage one. But the curse of God was upon it, and branded it as treason; the poor ignorant people lost all confidence in their cowed clergy, and at last followed any donkey who arrayed himself, however clumsily, in the lion's skin. Even hares grew bold when they found they had only to fight with frogs; and the impudence of a Hancock appeared true courage in comparison with the cringing of the vicar of Christchurch or of the chancellor of Winton. So England divorced herself from her former masters; she forsook Thomas of Canterbury and Thomas More for Thomas Cranmer and Thomas Hancock. The bewitched Titania gave up Oberon in favour of the vulgar Bottom; and the spell is still upon her. She still retains her taste for the same kind of paramours, "whose flesh is as the flesh of asses;" she remains faithful to the Cummings, the Armstrongs, the Sumners, and the other dark-lanterns of Exeter Hall. Well may we apply the reproach of Æneas when he saw the degradation of his country-woman—

"Hectoris Andromache, Pyrrhin' connubia servas?"

O that England could but see in their true colours the leaders whom she followed in her reform, and recognise at last that *they* are but calves, of whom she has so long asserted, "These are thy gods, O Israel, that have brought thee out of the land of Egypt!"

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE PROTO-MONASTERY OF  
 SUBLIACO,  
 AND THE HOLY GROTTO OF ST. BENEDICT.

BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP ULLATHORNE, O.S.B.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE FRESCOES OF THE HOLY GROTTO.

IF we except the two grottoes, the whole of the sanctuaries described in the last chapter, their walls, arches, and roofs, are covered with ancient paintings. Yet, remarkable as they are, as well for their character as for the subjects which they represent, it is surprising how little they have been referred to by the historians of Christian art. Vasari says not a word about them. Lanzi gives but a passing mention to Conxiolus, the artist of a portion of them. Kugler passes them over unnoticed. Agincourt alone, in his great work on Christian art, has done them justice. This industrious writer concludes his observations with the remark, that the frescoes of the Holy Grotto bear the same relation to Roman art that those of the Campo Santo and of Assisi do to the Florentine school.

It is not, of course, for fine animal proportions, or for any thing approaching to an ideal of the physical man, that we look at those truly devout and Christian pictures. Their excellence lies in the more recondite achievement of spiritual expression; in the conveying to us a sense of that transfiguration which the human features undergo when the grace of God is the reigning power in the soul. On this principle the old mystical pictures were composed, and by this principle they are to be estimated. They may fail in drawing, and may want anatomy; and yet, in despite of these defects, they will often have a spiritual charm and power of affecting the soul which the most renowned artists of later times, with all their science and skill, cannot succeed in giving.

The older painters followed the monastic illuminators, and developed the art in the same spirit. They had to paint in a church a sermon which should preach to souls; and their great serial works were most commonly executed in some monastic church or cloister, in a spirit analogous to that which

breathed in the community. Hence they approached to their work as to a solemn religious action. Overbeck, their modern representative, once told the pilgrim that he considered his work as resembling that of a religious mission. This was, in fact, their secret. The walls of the church were not to preach sensuous attractions, but spiritual truths. Sacred and saintly histories were made the medium of inculcating the triumph of the spirit over the flesh. And as doctrines, whose very essence is spiritual, had to be addressed to the soul by the sense of sight, and through a language so limited as that of visible forms, the old artists had recourse to symbolical methods, just as our Lord used parables; and it was this which gave to their works such a remarkable fulness of idea. A picture represented not merely what the eye could take naturally into its vision at any given moment, but all the results of a long meditation. Thus, to take examples from the frescoes we are contemplating, here a venerable figure of St. Peter stands erect and alone; but before him is the starry sphere of heaven, into which he inserts the key he holds in his right hand, whilst he grasps his second key in his left. By this simple action the whole doctrine of his place and power stands revealed. Here, again, is a picture of St. Chelidonia, the patroness of the Benedictine nuns of Subiaco. She is seated in her mountain cave, its entrance is overshadowed by a vine, and ravens are bringing her legumes and a vessel of water; whilst two figures of nuns, much smaller than that by which the saint is represented, are kneeling outside and looking towards their patroness. One picture thus tells the story of her recluse life, of God's protection over His servant, and of His special providence in providing for her subsistence; whilst it brings vividly before the mind how she is the patroness of these consecrated virgins, who founded their house upon her cave, and took her for their model and protectress.

It was both a consistent and an essential characteristic of the mystical artists, that they *unsensualised* the human form in their paintings. Let it be at once admitted that they not only did not, but that they could not represent sensuous beauty, put forth models of burly strength, or exhibit the human passions in their vigorous play. But let the fact be also understood, that it was no part of their plan, it entered not into their system, to cultivate these qualities. A true mystic artist would have been as much shocked at the obtruded anatomies of Michael Angelo as at the unctuous sensualities of Rubens. Neither the tempting delicacies of Correggio nor the animal glow of some other artists would have done aught but mar and utterly destroy the spirit in which they painted; for they



concentrated their whole efforts upon the expression of spiritual force, which is bland and sweet, pure and devout, serene and full of an ethereal grace better felt than described. Yes, if it be possible for mortals to paint that heavenly gift, the mystic artists painted grace, and even the predominance of habitual grace; which could only be visibly represented as reigning in mortified bodies. This was the high art of the mystical painters. And they who best succeeded on this method, best satisfied the tastes of spiritual men. Saints were sought after, not for their full limbs, but for their fine spirit; and they draped their persons not in such manner as to reveal, but as most effectually to conceal, the form of their frail humanity. Those bodies of theirs they treated neglectfully; but out of this neglect there arose another order of beauty based on higher fitnesses and loftier harmonies. And the mystical artist enhanced both this spirit—this grace of the soul, and this neglect—this mortification of the body, that he might more completely bring out the force of his ideal. They made us to feel that the spiritual man can only be perfected at the cost of the natural man; and the sanctity and power which breathe through those meagre and unsensuous forms convey to us, from the walls of many a sanctuary which God has hallowed through His saints, the undying lesson that—*It is the spirit which giveth life, the flesh profiteth nothing.*

The natural artist has his natural merits: he searches the secrets of nature, works on nature's models, and paints ideals of nature. We admire this fine nature; but we look into these productions in vain for any thing highly or profoundly spiritual: and the reason is obvious to every spiritual mind. Sensuous and spiritual qualities cannot simultaneously predominate in one subject; nor can a mind habituated to the investigation and meditation of sensuous beauties have a clear and high-toned spiritual vision. The sense of a man, like the dyer's hand, is imbued with what it works in. And so St. Paul has laid down that great axiom, that—*The animal man cannot see those things which are of the Spirit of God.*

What, then, was the preparation of those old mystical artists?—of those successors of the monastic illuminators? They neither laid bare the bodies of the living nor the muscles and bones of the dead in quest of materials for their spiritual art. They meditated their subjects as spiritual exercises, exchanged ideas and emotions with the holy men of the sanctuaries where they painted, invoked the divine mystery or the saint they wished to represent, took their hints of the human figure from those christianly-clothed persons at hand who best responded to their type, and poured the devout

spirit they had conceived in their heart through their hand, as the preacher poured his spirit through his tongue. A true notion of the mystic painter is suggested by the inscription which Bartholomew of Subiaco has left in the sanctuary of St. Eustace under his picture of the Blessed Virgin: *I painted in good faith. O Lady, help! It is the reward which I ask.* It does not follow that all old pictures of the mystic period are true pictures wrought in this spirit. There were daubers then, as there have always been; and the daubers daubed their quantities of dead paint after the then style and fashion of their betters as they best could.

But if the mystic artists had especial laws for their guidance which belong not to other schools, it is, I repeat, by their own laws they are to be judged and appreciated. And a man must have something of their spirit before he can appreciate them duly. And let this further be considered, that, as no man can combine in his own life the perfect development of the natural man together with the perfect development of the spiritual man, neither can he combine them in art. Either the natural man or the spiritual man must suffer loss: for somehow, whilst intent on perfecting the natural man, the spiritual element escapes. It is for the same reason that we look in vain for that literary polish and human finish in the works of the Christian fathers and of the great mystical writers, which distinguish the compositions of the classics. The divines and the humanists—language has marked their distinctions in their designations. The prophet is not as the polished man of the world. The one is engaged with the interior, the other with the exterior of things. And St. Paul touches the principle by which they are discriminated, when he says that *his speech was not in the persuasive words of human wisdom, but in the showing forth of spirit and power.*

Let, then, the famous artists of more recent times receive the praises which are their due for great success in the natural order, and for as much of the spiritual order as they can succeed in setting forth: but when I want to feel the power and joy of the interior life, give me one of those old mystical pictures, which tell me of the triumph of grace over nature, though they speak as in a parable.

But whilst the subject in hand has suggested these reflections, I would not have it supposed that I am apologising for what has been delicately called *archaical* drawing, as if it were a characteristic of the frescoes of the Holy Grotto. Most of them are superior to their age in respect of drawing, and some of them are beautiful examples of the period which immediately succeeded that of Giotto, and felt his influence.

Space, and consideration for the reader, will only allow of a brief description of these frescoes.

Commencing, then, with the upper church: what first strikes us is the great picture of the Crucifixion, which covers the large surface over the chancel-arch. It is similar in general style and grouping to the one at Assisi. Around the suspended figure of our Lord angels receive the blood from His wounds into chalices, whilst others contemplate the cruel scene and weep. An angel guards the penitent thief, whilst a demon is busy with the impenitent. The whole space beneath the tall crosses is occupied by horsemen. On the right foreground devout women are supporting the Blessed Virgin; an error both against history and theology, which has often been followed. On the left foreground the executioners are casting lots for the garments on the lap of a seated figure fantastically garbed. Down in the spandrels the crowds are moving away. In the four compartments of the groined roof overhead are four doctors in religious habits, most exquisite for design and beauty. They are seated in gothic chairs with rich mosaic backs and canopies. They have desks before them; whilst over each canopy is the bust of an evangelist, with one of the four living creatures of Ezekiel by his side. The grace, variety, and finish of these designs are complete to admiration. The stout ribs of the groining are illuminated with sharp foliage interspersed with medallions containing busts of saints.

On the right wall our Lord is entering Jerusalem with the multitude in triumph. Next, the three devout women stand listening at our Lord's empty tomb, whilst an angel in a brilliant starry garment is addressing them. Above these Magdalen is meeting our risen Lord in great rapture. And then there is the scene of St. Thomas's incredulity, with the other apostles present. In the lunette above our Lord ascends to heaven; and His disciples, with Mary, gaze after Him. The pictures on the left side are divided by the beautiful projecting ambo already described. The scourging is represented in a pillared hall; our Lord stands covered with wounds, with His hands tied before Him to the central pillar; two executioners are striking Him, and Pilate from a balcony directs their cruel deeds. Above is a great picture of the procession towards Calvary; and higher up, in the lunette formed by the groining, is the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the apostles, who are seated on a line of twelve seats.

In the chancel begins the life of St. Benedict; and the series illustrating this subject is continued on the walls of the other sanctuaries. The dark colour of the Benedictine habit

gives a sombre tone to the pictures, which the stains of time have tended to increase; but on examination they will be found full of force and invention. You may read the whole life of St. Benedict on these venerable walls. On the right we have the incident at St. Cosimato. The monks, in a goodly plight of body, to mark their self-indulgence, are seated at table; and, to show they were not the genuine disciples of St. Benedict, they are in white habits with black scapulars. The man of God has just blessed the poisoned cup which a youth has presented; the wine is spilt, and the youth lifts up his hands astonished. The old monks are glancing their eyes towards the face of the saint; but are not yet conscious of what has occurred. The next picture represents the indolent monk, whom the devil draws out of the church by his scapular. The saint is coming up with a companion; and further on he is correcting the idler on his knees with a rod. On the opposite wall, nearly effaced, St. Romanus sends down food to the saint, who on one side is meditating, whilst on the other he is causing the water to spring up miraculously at St. John's monastery. On the arch over the altar St. Benedict is seated mitred and coped on a glorious throne within a golden vesica; SS. Scholastica, Maurus, and Placid stand at his sides, and below in the spandrels the parents of the four saints are gazing on their children. On the ceiling are paintings of SS. Maurus and Placid, of St. Agatha, and a fourth saint unknown.

Descending the few steps into the second church, that of St. Scholastica, we may commence our observations at the external door. The effect of the weather from the door has much damaged the frescoes in the nearest chapel. The martyrdom of St. Paul alone remains traceable. The four saints in the vaulting are also much injured. In the second chapel are two considerable pictures on the side-walls, one of which represents the death of St. Scholastica. Surrounded by a number of religious, she breathes out her soul, which ascends in the form of a dove; high above, St. Benedict is contemplating a globe of light borne by angels, in which the same dove is repeated still ascending, and our Lord, in a larger quatrefoil of light, awaits its coming. The opposite picture is the death of St. Maurus, who expires on a couch surrounded by monks. Passing the other two chapels, which present nothing of much interest, we come to a recess near the fourth, in which two fine old figures of the hermit-saints Paul and Antony stand by the Blessed Virgin and Child. The face of the Blessed Virgin has been barbarously treated by some rough restorer. A St. Sebastian, pierced with arrows, bears the date of 1486.

Passing minor pictures, on the broad soffit of the arch, which separates the first from the second of the three compartments into which this church is divided, are two admirable pictures. The one on the right represents the annual interview between St. Benedict and his sister St. Scholastica. Seated at table, they are discoursing on divine things; a monk, who stands behind the man of God, is in raptures at the things he hears flowing from his lips. St. Scholastica, with folded hands, is wrapped in contemplation; and the nun behind her is in the attitude of listening. The expression in all these faces is most sweet and gracious; there is a blended mildness and dignity in the air and features of St. Benedict which quite reaches the ideal of his character. The picture on the left represents the death of St. Scholastica, only slightly varied in detail from that just now described. On the wall opposite the middle chapel is a spirited picture full of figures, representing the martyrdom of St. Placid and his companions. An executioner is wrenching out the teeth of the saint with pincers. One monk of noble figure is still preaching. Another executioner is striking off the head of a young female, behind whom a youth is kneeling. The picture adjoining represents SS. Peter and John at the gate of the Temple; two miserable mendicants, one of them crippled, are earnestly entreating the two apostles: their features are strikingly earnest and supplicatory. In medallions, which, with beautiful foliage, adorn the soffit of the next arch, there are most exquisite busts of SS. Agnes and Catherine, and above them two archangels; whilst our Lord's wounded hand appears on the groin of the arch. The paintings on the ceiling appear to be of later date. The compartment near the extern door is almost effaced; and on the next are figures of four apostles, of which that of St. Andrew alone remains perfect—a grandiose figure holding our Lord's cross, with a fish suspended on one of its arms. In the next compartment is the Divine Lamb, with four prophets.

The sacristy, into which we now enter, is spacious, and its ceiling is supported by a strong central column. It has two fine frescoes—a crucifixion, with figures of saints of the early school; and a *pieta*, with Magdalen and John weeping. This last is a superior picture by Manente, and is much admired. The rest of the walls are covered with old triptychs and framed pictures of smaller size. One of them, containing groups of saints painted behind an ivory crucifix, is particularly beautiful and delicate.

Portions of the iron mail worn by Blessed Lorenzo Loricate are preserved in this sacristy. Here also is the pectoral cross of Pope Sixtus II.; its material is silver, its form

Byzantine, and the four evangelists are embossed upon its arms. A much larger cross, of crystal, with metal ornaments, is shown as the one which was presented by the Empress Galla Placidia to the monastery of Ravenna. St. Benedict's measure for wine, holding about half a pint, and his weight for the daily allowance of bread, are also shown.

Passing out of the church of St. Scholastica into the open air, we find ourselves enclosed within a small court; from which, looking up at the stupendous precipice over our heads, our attention is directed to an object both wondrous and fearful. A mass of the solid rock some fifty or sixty feet high and eight or nine broad, weighing therefore some five or six hundred tons, has been cleft on all sides from the face of the precipice. There it stands on high, detached at the two sides, and according to all appearance at the back also; for we could plainly see the water, which was streaming down the cliff, running both into the fissure behind this mass and running out at its foot; and the monks affirm that the slanting rays of the sun, when he descends, shoot right through at parts of the back from one side to the other. I will not repeat all I heard said of great architects having examined it from above even as far back as Sixtus V. and Fontana, of their having found it quite detached, and of records of its having remained in its present position for the last seven hundred years. A large fragment is broken away from the lower end; and all that it visibly rests upon is a breadth of some six inches at one of its corners. The architects of Rome can suggest no safe means of rendering it more secure; and whilst it seems hourly to threaten the destruction of the monastery, with all its sanctuaries, its persistence where it stands suspended looks very much like a continuous miracle. In this enclosure is a statue of St. Benedict, who from his niche holds up his hand towards the peril; whilst an inscription says, "Remain, O rock; and injure not my children."

Descending into the third church, it is to be regretted that the window at the opposite end has been recently stained in dark colours, as it deprives this sanctuary of the light which it requires. A restoration of the ground of the ceiling in a bad dark blue adds to the gloom. On the right hand of the stairs is a recess with an ancient altar, over which is a Greek picture of the Blessed Virgin and Child with two angels. Whilst it retains the dignity, it evinces a considerable relaxation from the stiffness of the Byzantine traditions, and a certain originality of conception. An inscription tells that *Master Conxiolus painted this work*. On the opposite side of the door is an interesting portrait of Innocent III.

in a single-crowned tiara and pallium; it surmounts a large tablet, on which are inscribed in black letter the decree of his Pope for the establishment of the community of the Holy Grotto and the provisions for its maintenance. On the side of this document John Tagliacozzo, the first prior, is seated in a chair, and the Pope points to him. The date of this concession is 1213. This picture is most probably by Conxiolus, as also the three compartments of the ceiling, and perhaps some other works in this sanctuary. Lanzi observes that Conxiolus was painting at Subiaco in 1209. We may, then, consider the picture of the great Pope Innocent III. as a veritable contemporary portrait. The features are long, symmetrical, and full of dignity. The figures on the ceiling are grandiose, but formal and decidedly Greek. In the first compartment, our Lord, in a circle of rich foliage, with nimbus, holds an open book; and extending out like a cross, with feet to the circle, are the four figures of the apostles Peter and Paul, Andrew and John. And at the angles, in the intervals between the apostles, arranged like a St. Andrew's cross, are four tall angels in white albs with rich borderings, their wings expanded. In the central compartment, the circle contains an austere figure of St. Benedict. The four figures at right angles are SS. Maurus, Placid, Romanus, and Honoratus. The figures at the angles are the Popes SS. Sylvester and Gregory, in single-crowned tiaras, and St. Laurence and Peter the deacon in dalmatics. Peter was the deacon of St. Gregory, and the interlocutor in the dialogue in St. Gregory's life of St. Benedict. This is a curious instance of the introduction of an uncanonised person in a group of saints with a nimbus. But, if I recollect rightly, his nimbus is square; as a cardinal, the deacon wears a mitre. In the third compartment are the Lamb and the symbols of the evangelists; they are a curious example of the heads of the four animals with robed bodies and outspread wings. The walls are almost exclusively occupied with the life of St. Benedict. As to their date, Abbot Bini, in his brief *Historical Memoirs of the Holy Grotto*, is of opinion that they are of the period of Abbot John VI., the same John Tagliacozzo who was made first prior by Pope Innocent III. In confirmation of this opinion, the arms of that abbot—a bird on a mountain—are found painted on the wall by the second flight of steps; and a monastic figure in a gateway of the monastery, known to be of that epoch, which I did not see, is also appealed to. These frescoes are certainly of a ruder and more antique character than those of the first and second sanctuaries, supposed to be many of them the work, and certainly of the period, of

Stammatico, in the fifteenth century. Should this prove to be the case, some other artist must have painted here contemporaneously with Conxiolus, and one who had emancipated art from the Greek traditions before the rise of Cimabue. The question is deserving of further investigation. The main difficulty lies in the reconciliation of pictures like these with the character of what is known to be of that period. Yet investigation does sometimes bring to light extraordinary anticipations of artistic or scientific epochs which had for a long time been drifting into oblivion. The picture of St. Chelidonia, which we have already described, bears every trace of the hand of Conxiolus.

On the right wall is represented the rocky position of Affide, with its name written; and the youthful St. Benedict is flying in his secular dress to the church. On one side below, he is restoring the broken sieve in its perfect state to the nurse; on the other, he kneels and receives the habit from St. Romanus; and next, he sits in his cave, with closed book in hand, meditating. Entering the gallery leading to St. Gregory's chapel, there is written—the Holy of Holies. In this chapel is preserved the holy thorn, which is no doubt the one left by the Basilian monks together with the hood of St. Basil. There are also portions of the true cross and of the pillar, and half the corporal of Orvieto stained with blood. Passing along between the nude rock and the arches opening into the church below, at the intervals between the arches are, first, St. Romanus sending down the cord with food for St. Benedict; then, the priest arriving with sack and cup containing the paschal dinner—our Lord looks down upon him from a circle in the heavens; next, the picture of St. Chelidonia; then, a noble figure of St. Lucy, with a dish containing her eyes and a palm: and in the angle, which is lighted by two lancets, with the groined roof resting on a pillar, there is a rude doom, or last judgment, and St. Jerom meditating upon it in a corner. It differs in style from the rest, and has black-letter inscriptions, with the date 1466. Turning the angle, we enter St. Gregory's chapel, which is directly over, though high above, the second grotto; and the site has been obtained by excavation into the face of the rock. And here we have the famous picture of St. Francis of Assisi painted on the wall during his visit in 1223. Over the head is the inscription FR—FRĀCISCV—Brother Francis. As he was canonised so soon after his death, the inscription proves the picture to be contemporary. It has no nimbus. The face is meagre and somewhat long, like the waxen cast preserved at Assisi. The eyes look upon you with a certain soft and sweet



vivacity. The whole face is carefully drawn and pleasing. The habit, with sharp-pointed hood on the head, is of a dark iron gray, and the white cord is carefully painted. There is no scapular. Tears fall from his eyes, and he holds in his hand a scroll with his favourite salutation—*Peace be to this house*. Agincourt's engraving shows that in his time part of an arm and some of the lower portion of the habit had fallen away; it is restored without being apparent. When Pope Gregory IX. was asked to consecrate the chapel, he answered, "The ground on which you stand is holy;" and would only consecrate the altar to St. Gregory. Over the window, this Pope is represented in the act of consecrating; angels are above, and our Lord is represented bleeding on one side of the window, and above Him St. Michael holds a censer. Another picture, above the apse, which is exceedingly curious, represents St. Gregory, seated in pontifical vestments on a faldstool, contemplating the patriarch Job, who is seated on the ground—an allusion to his famous book of morals on Job. The ceiling is painted with seraphs of the same period. An inscription under the picture of Gregory IX. tells that this chapel was painted in the second year of his pontificate (1228). The drawing of one of the heads, with its peaked hood, so much resembles the old picture of St. Benedict described in the last chapter, that it may be safely concluded they are by the same hand. There is a good picture of St. Gregory by Sebastian Conca over the altar.

As we return through the gallery, we must not forget to notice a remarkable picture on wood representing the lake in its original state. The water is almost up to the level of the baths of Nero; which are painted just as they now appear; and it flows through the sustaining wall by two apertures. St. Benedict's grotto is depicted, and the saint is giving the habit to the child Placid, whilst Maurus is fishing in the lake. A noble choir of angels, singing or playing on their instruments, fills up the further end of the valley. This picture was executed in 1426, at the cost of Louis Bishop of Majorca, who paid the artist seventeen ducats.

Two pictures on the exterior wall of the gallery, that is to say on the wall within the church, represent, the one the patriarch Job in his adversity; the other, the same patriarch in his prosperity. Descending the second flight of steps to the lower floor of the third church, in three circles over the window are our Lord, St. Benedict, and St. Scholastica. On one side the same window, a woman at the entrance of the saint's cave presents the gift of poisoned bread; on the other side, St. Benedict, with Maurus and Placid, sit at a rude table,

and the raven is flying off with the loaf. On the lower part of the right wall is, first, St. Chelidonia, in a red habit with white veil; second, the miracle of the poor Goth's broken billhook; third, the death of St. Benedict. He is stretched out in the church where he has just expired, the monks are round him, angels are descending a stratum of clouds to receive his soul; and in a kind of rood-loft hung with lamps our Lord, attended by angels, awaits its coming with outstretched arms. Having been painted on the side of a flight of stairs, this picture is much injured. In the lunettes or consoles left on the wall by the groining-ribs are, first, the miracle of St. Maurus rescuing Placid from the lake at the command of St. Benedict; second, two archbishops seated one of whom is St. Nicholas, with St. Stephen standing.

Before passing into the Holy Grotto, a large marble inscription informs us that Clement XI. granted a plenary indulgence once a year to pilgrims visiting the Grotto; another informs us that Pius VII. extended this privilege to once a month. The ancient figure of St. Benedict which stood in the Grotto was removed in 1657, and one in marble, executed by Raggi, a disciple of Bernini, substituted in its place. It represents the youthful saint in contemplation; but, however much admired as a production of art, the features are effeminate; and instead of the rude goat-skins in which the young hermit was actually clad, he is represented as clothed in the habit in its most modern shape, with the hood pinched and curtailed of its old proportions. The broken bell used by St. Romanus is here shown; in the middle ages it was hoop-ended round with precious metal by way of ornament. A finger of St. Benedict, and a piece of his habit, are also preserved. The silver crucifix, shown as having belonged to St. Benedict, cannot be authentic, unless the metal has been melted and refashioned, as it is a mediæval crucifix, both in shape, figure, and details.

Let us now descend the holy stairs. On each side this final flight of steps is depicted the triumph of death. The subject and its treatment remind one of the Campo Santo of Pisa though executed on a smaller space. On the one side, a nobleman, with a lady by his side, and an attendant, carrying hawks in their hands, are standing at the head of three open coffins, in the first of which the body of a nobleman is lying in the second that of a lady, both richly clad, in the third a skeleton; a venerable hermit stoops over by the side of the coffins and appeals to the dead. Behind him is a monastery on the verge of a forest. On the opposite wall the skeleton of Death, on horseback, rides furiously on, mowing down with

the scythe in his left hand a crop of men upon the ground, and with the sword in his right striking two persons of consideration who stand in his way; whilst amongst the indiscriminate crowd behind his path are some who invoke him in vain to come to their release. Over the arch before us is the baptism of our Lord, with attendant angels. If we turn our eyes to the vaulting, we shall be rewarded by four of the most beautiful figures in the whole sanctuary: St. Benedict, in black habit and mitre, looks towards St. Bernard, in his white cowl; while St. Dominic looks towards St. Francis. Each of these founders holds his rule. It is impossible to describe the spiritual beauty of their countenances. On the soffit of the arch are St. John Baptist and St. Onuphrius, each clad in camel's hair and under a canopy. On the jamb of the arch is a Magdalen, more recent, and inclining to the natural school, but still retaining a mystic character.

We reach the end of this series of frescoes in the most beautiful chapel of Blessed Lorenzo Loricato, now called the chapel of the Blessed Virgin. The body of that holy hermit reposes beneath the altar. The chapel is well lighted, and covered with pictures illustrating the life and glory of the Blessed Virgin, which for grace and sweetness would not be unworthy the pencil of Fra Angelico. But there is in them a freedom and a largeness of conception to which that saintly artist did not attain. Beneath a cross the artist has left his name, and the date of his work, in the words, "*Stammatico Greco pictor perfecit, A.D. 1489.*" Whether Greco be the designation of the artist or of his country, he certainly exhibits the best characteristics of the school of Giotto, combined with the sweetness of the angelic Dominican. It was thirty-four years after the death of the latter artist that Stammatico painted this chapel.

In the coving of the apse of the altar the Blessed Virgin is seated under a canopy, crowned, and holding a lily. Our Lord stands upon her knees, with His hand on her shoulder, richly costumed. Angels press near the chair; and on each side stands a Pope, in cope and fanon, wearing a low tiara with a single crown. On the arch above the apse two groups of saints are rising from their tombs. On one side the altar is St. Benedict; on the other, SS. Maurus and Placid. These two figures have a very sweet and serene expression. On the wall opposite the entrance are the two subjects of the Nativity and the Adoration of the Magi. A great picture, full of figures, covering the lower wall opposite the altar, represents the death of the Blessed Virgin. The twelve apostles assist round the couch, and a crowd of disciples are entering through

the door. Above is an exquisite picture of the Assumption; it is the one reproduced by Overbeck, and so well known by multiplied engravings. Our Lord is seated with His Mother on a Gothic throne, and His hand reposes on her shoulder. But there is a purity of feeling in the original which has not been so successfully realised in the adapted copy; nor are the beautiful accessories of this picture to be found in Overbeck; angels in floating white garments, crowned with green wreaths studded with white roses sparkling like jewels, are playing on instruments, and with their happy faces make the blue sky radiant of the joys of heaven.

The four angular compartments of the groined ceiling contain four fine pictures of the Annunciation, the Presentation, the Crowning, and the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin. In the last, the Mother of God is represented expanding her starry cloak over two kneeling groups; monks kneel on one side, and nuns on the other. On the arches of the two staircases, which meet upon the landing in front of this chapel, are depicted the Slaughter of the Innocents, and the Flight into Egypt. The last is a sweet picture; angels precede and follow the holy family; and solitary palms make the broad desert look more lonely.

Besides the pictures already noticed in the garden of roses, there is a very curious one, painted on the face of the precipice, representing the dead body of our Lord upon the knees of His weeping Mother, with the prophet Jeremias in the background; it has the date of 1489. The refectory is also covered with frescoes, which are equal in merit to any of those in the sanctuaries.

Thus the Holy Grotto is one of the most interesting and comprehensive schools of early Christian art which can any where be found. Beginning with St. Benedict's time in the lower grotto, taking up Greek art at the opening of the thirteenth century, already showing the first signs of freedom in Conxiolus, gaining both freedom of design and copiousness in the fourteenth century, and reaching the perfection of mystical grace and sweetness in the works of Stammatico in the fifteenth century, and in the Evangelists and Holy Family in the old chapter-room exhibiting, long after Raphael's date, the mystical spirit still lingering, ere it takes its farewell of one of its most favourite spots. I must say I tremble for the results of that spirit of trimming up and restoring which is now at work. None but the very first Christian artists ought to touch even the ground-work of those walls, and then with a sense of extreme caution and reluctance.

It is much to be regretted that a manuscript account of

these frescoes, written in 1544 by Fathers Beccari and Bellen-tani, has been lost, no one seems to know how. Outline engravings of them, from good designs by M. Renier, of Ver-viere, have recently been published at the Roman Stamperia, in sixty-one folio sheets.

Why have the Benedictines never published a life of our holy patriarch, illustrated from the frescoes of the Holy Grotto? They are incomparably superior to those often-repeated designs which illustrate the poetical life by Sangrinus; and their antiquity, spirit, and association with the Holy Grotto would make the work invaluable, especially if accompanied with good landscapes, and views of the actual scenes. They would become the starting-point for all future art connected with our Saint. I have heard that a great French writer is preparing a life of St. Benedict. Let us hope he will follow the precedent he has himself given in the beautiful illustrations to his exquisite *Life of St. Elizabeth*.

[To be continued.]

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## Preston Hall,

AND

## OUR NEW DIGNITARIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STUMPINGFORD."

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### CHAPTER XII.

TAKES US TO OXFORD.

We feel a difficulty, such as Mr. Macaulay no doubt has felt in approaching the character of his divine hero, now that we, in our small history, have to approach the culminating point, as far as history yet reaches, of the progress of the great, the renowned, and, as we may now say with a conviction equalling Mr. Macaulay's, the immortal Walker. Be it ours to imitate the impartial historian. What we want in power, colour, and vivacity, let us at least redeem by truth—truth, in this case so ample, so happy, so obvious, so consoling. But the thread of life does not run singly. It is twisted of all manner of strands. Supposing that you are blue, it is quite certain that you will find other colours, from which orange is never absent,

close by your side. So, the mention of the great Walker, which at once recalls the thread of our history to the true Williamite colours of blue and orange, will nevertheless offer to the eye of our reader a thread of gold and silver, in virtue of the presence of other characters, of more or less interest and distinction according to his taste. The mother of Mr. Walker, if she had ever had the happiness to peruse the *Æneid* of that author whom her son never described but as "The bard of Mantua," might have paused over that wonderful passage, so affecting to his audience when read aloud by the poet. She would have felt that the day of the Stumpingford Marcellus had arrived. *Tu Marcellus eris.* And she would have had no fears as to the power of her Orlando in breaking through those rough fates which Virgil mentions as the opponents of *his* Marcellus. She would have desired no sprinkling of lilies from full hands, nor purple flowers, nor any premature attention to Orlando's soul. In fact, entirely reversing all the ominous statements of Virgil, the gifts which she bestowed on her Orlando were of a very different and substantial character; and her motherly attentions were by no means empty or vain. *Tu Marcellus eris.* But that good lady has not, alas! survived to see the completion of her hopes; though enough had taken place in this world, before her departure from it, to satisfy the ambition of most of the mothers of Stumpingford.

But you are impatient. We share your impatience, and go on. In the spring of the year 1855 Mr. Preston and Father Austin determined to make a visit to Oxford. Mr. Preston had never seen that place except in passing through it on a journey. But the events of now many years past have given to that most historic and beautiful city an interest in his mind, and the minds of all Catholics, such as has not existed since the days of James II. So, one fine spring day, Father Austin and Mr. Preston found themselves at the railway-station at the end of Botley Causeway. Which station has, to the great grief and reluctance, as Anthony à Wood would have said, of all lovers of antiquity, put the final stroke of destruction to the last remains of the Great Abbey of Rewley—Royal Lieu; which used to be so difficult of access to the curious within the memory of man, that most of them were obliged to content themselves with the account of it given in the appendix to the life of Mr. Thomas Hearne, published at Oxford in the year 1772. However, Rewley Abbey is safe enough from inquiry now. And Father Austin and Mr. Preston were landed upon its site.

If you have been at Oxford with any intention of thinking

of what you were seeing there, you have carried away with you an impression which, in the opinion of many competent judges, you would receive from no other city in the world. The features in that still majestic face are Catholic;—worn indeed, and wrinkled; for they have not been refreshed from that fountain of perpetual youth and health to which she once had access. The whole external design of the Catholic University, such a University as out of England the world never saw before, nor contemporaneously, nor can ever see again, still remains. The very additions of later years are so much on the ancient model as to harmonise with what had preceded them; and even those which were made in the bad tastes of the last two centuries, and previous to the present revival, are so absorbed and toned down by the indelible outlines of the whole, that they scarcely distract the attention from the first and lasting impression of grandeur. But in the midst of all this beauty the Catholic sees death. Death of faith, hope, and charity. Death of thoughts and intentions which are the true sources of all beauty in art. Death of religion. Death of the soul.

Such a spectacle as Oxford is should be seen by every Catholic; and every one, Catholic or Protestant, who is interested in seeing the beginning of the end of a great phenomenon, should go and see it at once, before the just and necessary measures which have been lately adopted for the admission of sects of all sorts have altered its character in buildings and every thing else. Anglican Protestantism is at last going to meet its just retribution for its felonious tenure of this University for three centuries. But the right owners are not going to be restored. And by and by, in place of the men whom Adam de Brom, and Wykeham, and Waynflete, and Wolsey, intended to fill their glorious halls, there will be the same motley crowd with which England is now overspread. And that the tone and high gentlemanlike character of the University will suffer when this is effected is quite certain; the just and long-delayed vengeance of God against one of the most nefarious robberies ever committed under the sham of Christianity. However, things as they are are the proper business of the historian: we too must see a little of Oxford in company with our friends.

They established themselves comfortably at the Angel, one of the best inns in England. Who that has ever enjoyed its capacious hospitalities can forget its Turkey carpets, its triptychs in the coffee-room, its bedrooms bearing the names of the colleges, so as to indulge even a bagman in sleeping a night in one of them? Or, how the doors of the rooms have

little notices fixed upon them, by which succeeding ages and freshmen may learn how the rooms were respectively occupied by her Majesty Queen Adelaide and her suite, on the occasion when the Angel received the agnomen of "the Queen's Hotel"? It is scarcely compatible with the dignity of history to present the details of the kitchen; but can the way-worn traveller ever forget the geniality of an Angel breakfast, if it was his pleasure to have that meal with splendour?

In the morning Father Austin and Mr. Preston rose early, and went down to the little Catholic church in St. Clement's, the outside of which has been known to so many generations of Oxford men. There is no power now to keep them from the inside. This, at least, is great gain. Father Austin said Mass here; and Mr. Preston, having heard the parish Mass, then waited to hear Father Austin's. He also waited in the church till Father Austin was ready to leave the sacristy and go back to the inn with him. They were leaving the little church together, when the eyes of both of them at once fell upon a gentleman who was still kneeling. They exchanged a look, and said nothing. As they passed, the gentleman rose from his knees. He had very much the appearance of an Anglican curate; and wore the fatal waistcoat, which Mr. Conybeare, in his most amusing pamphlet on *Church Parties*, informs us is known to the trade as the M. B., or mark-of-the-Beast waistcoat. They had just got outside the door, and were getting into the road, when the gentleman, following them rapidly, came behind, and addressed Mr. Preston by name.

"Is it possible," said Mr. Preston, "that I see Mr. Broadwood?"

"Quite true," said Mr. Broadwood; "there is no mistake in it, I assure you. I have heard Mass this morning behind you, and hope to hear Mass for the rest of my life; in fact, I was received last week."

Mr. Preston took his hand, and shook it most warmly.

"Here, then, is a new friend for you," said he, turning to Father Austin.

Father Austin and Mr. Broadwood exchanged greetings cordially.

"How has it all come about?" said Mr. Preston; "we have heard nothing of this."

"No," said Mr. Broadwood, "I sent in my resignation the day before I came away. I staid as long as I could; but at last I found that there was no peace because there was no truth, and I burst the chain by one snap."

"Well done, any how!" said Mr. Preston. "Will you come and breakfast with us at the Angel?"



“By all means,” said Mr. Broadwood; “and I think I may have a little budget of news to tell you which may interest you. I assure you I am not the only notability of Stumpingford at present. While they are groaning over me, they are in a state of great rejoicing about some other people. You recollect Mr. Small, curate of Soupington, and Mr. Orlando Walker?”

“The last, at least,” said Mr. Preston, “is of such universal fame, that really not to know him argues oneself unknown.”

“Well,” said Mr. Broadwood, “I won’t forestall good things. I have the *Stumpingford Banner* of Saturday in my pocket, and you shall see it at breakfast.”

They were just passing Magdalene Tower. They all three involuntarily looked up at that structure, whose quite unrivalled proportions have daily, during nearly four centuries, fixed the admiration of beholders as they have crossed the Cherwell.

“You don’t think now, I suppose,” said Mr. Preston, “that such a thing as that was built for the daily use of ‘Dearly beloved brethren,’ and the Communion-service once a year? or that Waynflete, who, if I recollect, was the founder of it, would acknowledge its present possessors as children of his?”

“No, no,” said Mr. Broadwood; “you will think better things of me now. I began to doubt about it a year ago. How could I have gone on so long!”

So they went on to the Angel. There they had a snug little room to themselves, and a breakfast of frugal geniality: something between the coffee-room tea and toast—very good those of their kind—and the splendour to which we have alluded.

“And here,” said Mr. Broadwood, “is the *Stumpingford Banner*.”

We shall present to our readers what was read from the *Stumpingford Banner*, and, to use the favourite classical phrase of that admirable paper, *in extenso*; a phrase in which, if our recollection serves us, it has the advantage of Cicero.

“STUMPINGFORD.—It is with sincere pleasure that we this week announce to our readers, as an accomplished fact, the nomination of our respected neighbour, the Rev. Thomas Small, B.A., curate of Soupington-cum-d’Umpling, to the newly-erected bishopric of Zimzam in Central Africa. We entirely agree with our bi-weekly London contemporary in considering this appointment one of the most auspicious which

could possibly have occurred. Surely we may give thanks and take courage. The excellent spiritualisation of the foolish *Melodies* of Moore, published a few years since, gives us a line which is the key to all:

‘ John, Bishop of Chester, is Archbishop now !’

Mr. Small has long been known to an extensive circle of private friends as an eminently fearless, faithful, and uncompromising exponent of Evangelical views; and the good which he has been enabled to effectuate in the comparatively limited sphere in which his lot has been hitherto cast is an earnest of much good, which may be hoped for now that so great an opening has offered to him. We understand that the rev. gentleman, who is a member of St. Bede’s Hall, Oxford, proposes (D.V.) to accumulate his degrees, and to obtain the degree of doctor of divinity at once, in order that he may be consecrated with as much speed as possible, and proceed to his distant destination. The bishop designate of Zimzam has not, we believe, yet past the limit of youth; and, may we be permitted suggestively to add, has not yet entered into the bonds of holy matrimony.

“ Parallel with this event, and in closest connection with it, is another, which has caused yet greater surprise, and certainly not less pleasure. Our universally known and beloved fellow-townsmen Orlando Walker, Esq., Alderman, was long known among his friends to have entertained the ardent desire of separating himself from the world. It is not for us, as journalists, to pry into the sacred seclusion of the social circle and the domestic altar; but we hope we shall be forgiven, even by the distinguished person of whom we are speaking, for saying, that we have the best reason for believing that, amid the hospitalities, and even gaities, for which no municipal house among us was more pleasantly known than Mr. Walker’s, he nevertheless was contemplating greater things, and preparing himself for retirement from those around him. His soul, as a great poet has said, was like a star, and dwelt alone. Our readers, therefore, though surprised, have no doubt heard with satisfaction that the bishop designate, being fully aware of Mr. Walker’s private views, did, immediately upon his own nomination, offer to our fellow-townsmen the responsible and onerous post of the first archdeacon of Zimzam. Mr. Walker, fully countenanced in his good intention by his amiable consort, at once consented; and we understand that the same day which sees the bishop designate invested with the justly honourable distinction of Doctor of Divinity will also see the venerable Orlando Walker

endowed with the distinction of a complimentary degree of Master of Arts. Mr. Walker, we believe, was ordained privately within the last fortnight by the Bishop of Ribchester, and immediately after received his nomination from the bishop designate. Such events as these will gladden the hearts of true Protestant Englishmen far and wide; and we ourselves hail with great joy the establishment of an infant Church in Zimzam on perfectly Broad-Church principles. There will be no sham Popery in Zimzam. The new archdeacon preaches, we are informed, morning and evening to-morrow at the parish church of St. Birinus. We need scarcely assure our readers that the gospel will be heard there again: we had almost said, *perhaps* for the first time.

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“In the foregoing paragraph we have chronicled events of the most pleasing character. Startling indeed it is, but to all true lovers of our pure Protestant Catholic Apostolical Reformed Church established within these realms scarcely less a subject of congratulation, that the sham Popery at St. Birinus, which has so long disgusted the immense majority of the citizens of Stumpingford, seems at last likely to have an end by the secession of its minister. It is known with certainty that the Reverend Leopold Adolphus Broadwood, M.A., of Oriel College, Oxford—the college of poor benighted Newman—Rector of St. Birinus, Stumpingford—(by the by, who *was* St. Birinus?)—has been received into the Popish Church by some member of the institute known as the *Oratorians* in London. There is no doubt whatever of the fact, and it is our privilege to proclaim it. We hope that with a new rector of St. Birinus the vagaries which have hitherto given it an unfortunate notoriety may cease; and that peace may be restored by a proper and necessary inattention to rubrics and canons, which, if they ever were obeyed, certainly cannot be obeyed now without exasperating the people, to the great risk of the ultimate stability of the Establishment.”

Mr. Preston had been the reader of these delightful paragraphs. They excited a great deal of merriment as they went on, and some surprise.

“So Walker,” said Mr. Preston, “is actually Protestant archdeacon, and Small bishop?”

“Yes,” said Mr. Broadwood; “and to-morrow they are both to have their degrees. They are up here now, both staying with the Principal of St. Bede’s, who goes into the matter in the most paternal manner; assures Walker, who is about his own age—though certainly it is bold to pronounce

what Walker's age is—that he regards him as a son, and looks forward to his incorporation in St. Bede's Hall as a matter of great comfort and honour."

"We know nothing about Oxford," said Mr. Preston; "will you let us benefit by your knowledge of it, and put us in the way of seeing things? Could we contrive, do you think, to see these events come off?"

"O, certainly, with all ease," said Mr. Broadwood. "We will all go to the convocation-house to-morrow, and see our new graduates."

"I should really like it," said Mr. Preston. "They keep up, I think, something of the old Catholic formalities, don't they?"

"Yes," said Mr. Broadwood; "it is a very pretty sight. But I doubt whether you will understand the Oxford way of pronouncing Latin. Did Father Austin ever hear it?"

"I think not," said the priest. "That will add something to the circumstance."

"But in the mean time, Father Austin," said Mr. Broadwood, "I have something for this evening, if Mr. Preston and yourself will come to see it, quite as extraordinary as what we hope to see to-morrow, and a good deal more interesting. What do you think of a set of men here, in St. Isidore's College, meeting together to sing office out of the Breviary in their rooms? Would you like to be present at it?"

"Do you mean," said Father Austin, "that they sing the real thing?"

"Well, very nearly so," said Mr. Broadwood. "They don't sing the Roman rite; but they sing the Salisbury one straight out."

"I won't come," said Father Austin; "but there is no reason, I should think, why Mr. Preston and yourself should not go. You will, of course, not be associating yourselves with their performance, but will be merely spectators."

"Be it so," said Mr. Preston. "We will leave Father Austin here to say his office, and I am at your service for St. Isidore's. But we must ramble about a little this morning."

"We want to see all we can," said Father Austin; "and to make a beginning, take us to the college where Father Campanian was when he was a Protestant."

So they went out; and passing by All Souls, through the Radcliffe Square, the Schools Quad, and by the theatre and the Ashmolean, got out into Broad Street, and opposite Balliol.

"Father Parsons was chaplain-fellow there," said Mr. Broadwood, pointing to Balliol—"before he was reconciled to the Church."

They turned round the corner, and passing between the east end of St. Mary Magdalene parish church and Balliol, stopped a minute or two before the pretty absurdity called "The Martyrs' Memorial."

"If they would only pull those lumping figures out," said Mr. Preston, "and put in the figures of real saints, it really would be a very nice thing. As it is, those three poor men look so awkward and muffish and unbelieving in themselves, that they quite spoil a good bit of architecture."

"And really," said Mr. Broadwood, "it is very pleasant, and almost a joke, that this church here, which they fitted up at the same time in a most abominable way, as what they called 'a memorial church,' has since furnished one or two Catholic priests out of its ministers."

"Depend upon it," said Mr. Preston, "those three stone gentlemen have done it. It is quite impossible to have any faith in *them*. They are quite antidotes to heresy."

They went on, and stood before the gate of St. John's.

"Cistercians," said Father Austin. "There stands St. Bernard, does he not, still?" pointing to the niche high up.

"Yes," said Mr. Broadwood. "That statue has stood through strange changes. Cistercians—sacrilege—ruin—desolation; the rebuilding, as a college, of a new Catholic foundation; more sacrilege; and three hundred years of Protestantism since. From this gateway Father Campian\* fled to Ireland on his way to be received."

\* The present historian has seen a book written by a well-known explainer of the Christian religion, Mr. Kingsley, called *Westward, Ho!* As Mr. Kingsley, no doubt, reads the *Rambler*, perhaps in his next edition he will give some authority for his using (p. 123, vol. i. *Westward, Ho!*) the expression "poor prurient Campian;" also some authority for his conversations of Jesuits; and, above all, some authority for his account of a Christian going to confession (pp. 122 et seqq.). The present historian having travelled over the same ground which, to have written at all of Elizabeth's reign, Mr. Kingsley might be supposed also to have travelled over, has no doubt that historically Mr. Kingsley is entirely mistaken—he will be glad to think mistaken without malice. And he can assure the writer of *Yeast*, that the manner of confession detailed in *Westward, Ho!* is not a part of the Christian religion, and is quite unknown to any of those myriads who are in the constant habit of fulfilling that part of Christian duty.

Mr. Kingsley also seems to think, from his expressions in the same work, that to look at a beautiful young woman, and to recollect at the same moment that, with not many years' interval, she will have suffered the lot of all, and have become dust and ashes, is quite absurd; and that it is, in fact, not to be credited that any one is sincere in expressing such sentiments. At least the present writer believes Mr. Kingsley's sincerity here. But come; let even the writer of *Yeast* think of great-grandmothers. They were, no doubt, exceedingly beautiful. To them we owe, very likely, those eyes, that complexion, that nose, that mouth, those fine feet and hands—all these. *Expende Annibalem*. How many pounds do they weigh? How many pounds will the author of *Yeast* and this writer weigh in 1956? And yet, problematical as it may seem to the intruded and extremely unreal Canon of Middleham, there is no doubt in the mind of any Catholic

“He was, Mr. Broadwood, well known to my collateral ancestor, Father Alfred Preston, who suffered at Tyburn not long after him. Father Austin shall tell you his history some day. Let us go in.”

They asked to be shown the chapel, so dear, with good reason, to Anglicans of the Puseyite party; for here lie the remains of Laud and Juxon. But those good gentlemen do not always recollect how much dearer that chapel of St. John's, which is supposed to be substantially the same as it was in the Cistercians' day, must be to Catholics. So the three friends saw and admired its dimensions, and pleased themselves with recollecting the Cistercians' use of it, and Campian's escape from it. They saw also the part of the college built long after Campian's time, the matchless garden-front—matchless, that is, in its own peculiar style—and the bronze statue of the Catholic queen Henrietta Maria in the quadrangle, the only statue of her ever placed within a Protestant college. Perhaps she had hope that it might have been restored to its proper owners.

But we are not going to write a guide-book. You know, excellent male Protestant reader, what you did when you conveyed your excellent lady and the Iulus of your house to Oxford, on a visit of recollection and prospective hope. How you carried the lady and the future Archbishop of Canterbury to see every thing that you had yourself seen, and some things that you had not seen, during your own pleasant residence. Under the able guidance of Mr. Broadwood, our friends, like you, saw every thing. They had, indeed, no future Archbishop of Canterbury among them; though they had one competent to become archbishop of another see which will probably exist quite as long as the name of the see of Canterbury, to speak modestly and within bounds. And their tour through the wonders of Oxford was therefore not made quite in the jubilant spirit suggested by the presence and talk of Iulus Cantuar., and had a good share of painful emotion. Nevertheless, on the whole, it was accomplished to the satisfaction of all concerned. And we shall not accompany them any further in their antiquarian wanderings. We must follow the thread of our history.

that the condition of the soul which has left its dust and ashes for a time, until their Creator unites them for ever, is, if it died in a state of grace, a good deal to be preferred to the state which exhibited the most radiant loveliness, and was blessed with every possible tenderness of this life.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## SECUNDUM USUM SARUM.

THE venerable Rite of Sarum, so dear to every English Catholic, has long fallen into disuse by desuetude; and has been replaced by the Roman, from which it drew its original. Only to recollect that our forefathers, through a very large part of this island, for many centuries knew no other rite, must now make it an object to us of the greatest affection. But what are we to think of its revival among those separated from the Catholic Church?

After a hard day's work in touring about the colleges, the evening brought the three friends together at the Angel; and after dinner, a little before eight o'clock, Mr. Broadwood started with Mr. Preston for St. Isidore's.

"My friend in this college," said he, "is one of the most advanced men in the University. About half a dozen more, whom you will see here, share his views. Not that these are all; but there will be no more to-night."

The two went up-stairs; and, on what would be called in a private house the drawing-room floor, came to a set of rooms, the oak of which stood wide open. Perhaps we ought to say, for the sake of those who have not yet visited Oxford, that at the entrance to each set of rooms there are two doors, the outer one of which is called the oak; to close which, in University language, is to "sport it." On this occasion it was not yet sported.

On entering, one man came forward and shook Broadwood warmly by the hand; upon which he turned round, and introduced Mr. Preston to his host and the rest of the party. All proper greetings being ended, they had coffee.

"So," said the host, "you've done it at last, Broadwood?"

"He doesn't look very unhappy," said Mr. Preston.

"I don't think he does," said the host; "but really we were sorry to lose him. You old Romanists,—I beg your pardon—Roman Catholics,—can have no idea what our hopes are. We expect such a glorious revival."

Mr. Broadwood looked at Mr. Preston and smiled, as much as to say, "Don't laugh too much; but bear with them."

"And what," said Mr. Preston, "may I ask, is the nature of the revival which you expect?"

All the six Oxford men turned all their six pairs of eyes towards Mr. Preston, and quite leaned forward over the table

to hear what a real living Roman Catholic country gentleman could say about such things.

One of them very quietly said, "We really wish to be as like you, Mr. Preston, as we possibly can, without forfeiting our allegiance to our own Church."

"Is this the revival, then, that you expect?" said Mr. Preston. "But, after all, what is it to consist in? Are you going to be like us in saying Office and Mass, having Benediction, hearing confessions, honouring the Blessed Virgin as we do, and so forth?"

"Certainly, certainly," burst from the whole party.

"I think," said Mr. Preston, "if I am not mistaken, Oxford is one of your bishoprics, isn't it? And a very accomplished and amiable gentleman, bearing a name of great honour, is your bishop?"

"Yes," said his host, "quite true."

"Have you any idea of Dr. Wilberforce's opinions on these matters?"

"I should think," said the same Oxford man who had spoken before, "that he was *scarcely* sound; scarcely,—if I may venture so to say, with all possible respect for his episcopal character,—upon *all* these points."

"Bless me!" said Mr. Preston, "are you going to revive against your bishop? Why, you are as bad on your side as Mr. Gorham on his."

"Ah, well," said his host, "there the things are: they are only evil-spoken of by fanatics and heretics; and we can but hope that *all* our bishops will see their way in good time to countenance their open revival."

"Fanatics and heretics!" said Mr. Preston. "Since you have used those words, I won't pretend to say that I am not aware that these sacred things may be debated by fanatics and heretics; but have I not seen sundry charges of your bishops,—say, for example, the bishop of Ribchester,—which said as unpleasant things as any mere half-educated vulgar Scotch-Kirk preacher could have said?"

"In spite of all difficulties, and not to dwell upon details," said the host, with a pleasant smile, and a grand effort to disengage himself from being put into these awkward corners, "we *do* hope for a revival. We are trying to make it ourselves, which is the first step. Perhaps you will join us in singing Vespers. I see," said he, "looking at the time-piece on the wall, that the hour is just come for us to begin. We use the ancient Sarum rite, for the revival of which we are extremely anxious."

"It is extremely obliging of you," said Mr. Preston, "to



wish to associate me with yourselves in what you consider to be a good work. But you must excuse us"—turning to Broadwood—"from taking any part in your recitation of this office, either by word of mouth or in intention. But, speaking for myself, I shall be very glad if it is possible for me to witness it at some little distance without interrupting you."

"Quite possible," said the host. "But wont *you* join us, Broadwood?"

"No, no," said he, "never. *Laqueus contritus est, et nos liberati sumus.*"

A kind of little sigh undulated among the six Oxford friends.

The host disappeared through a door on the opposite side of the room to the entrance; and the other Oxford men, going to a set of drawers that stood in a corner of the room, each took out a surplice and put it on. And one of them, producing a thurible, raked into it a few live cinders out of the small fire in the grate,—a bad substitute for charcoal, as Mr. Preston told them afterwards. In a few minutes the host threw open the inner door, through which he had disappeared, and the other Oxford men all filed in, leaving the door wide open. We ought to have said, that before the host left the room in which they were all sitting, he had gone to the outer door and sported the oak. Mr. Preston and Mr. Broadwood now looked in through the door of the inner room; Broadwood without any interest of novelty, and only interested in seeing what his companion would feel. Mr. Preston looked in certainly with great curiosity; and really what he saw justified his curiosity. There was, in fact, before him a very pretty oratory, got up to look like an oratory or chapel in a Catholic house. There was an altar, which the Ecclesiological late Cambridge Camden Society, as well as people who know more of such things than they do, would certainly have described as "correctly vested." There were beautiful candlesticks of the Pugin pattern, a tabernacle, and on the tabernacle a large and finely-wrought metal crucifix.

Well might Mr. Preston be astounded. He turned, and whispered to Broadwood, "This goes beyond you at St. Birinus."

Mr. Broadwood only shook his head in a very abashed manner. But now the half-dozen Oxford friends had divided and arranged themselves on each side of the little room, and began to chant in a low voice the Sarum Vespers of the day. Mr. Preston and Broadwood looked on for a short time, and then retired further into the sitting-room; where Mr. Preston suggested that they should say the Rosary together, which they did. They could not help discovering that the manage-

ment of the thurible was very unsuccessful. In fact, the Oxford men, in using live coal-cinders, quite spoiled their fine incense. When the singing of the Office was over in the oratory, the Oxford men all came out, put up their surplices, and sat down for a little talk before they parted for the night. Two of them were out-college men.

“So this,” said Mr. Preston very kindly to the host,—“so this is your revival.”

“It is our beginning,” replied he; “and you must not be too hard upon us.”

“Nay,” said Mr. Preston, “far be it from me to be hard upon you. It is much better that you should do this than believe the unquenchable lying of the lower kinds of Protestants, the circulators of *Maria Monk* and *Maria Nun*, and other such infamies. With you, at all events, it is possible to talk. But you must forgive me for saying, nevertheless, that it is you who are hard upon me, in asking me to consider that what I have now seen, and such-like proceedings, are, or can be, a revival in your Establishment. You must also forgive me for saying, that there is a dreadful consistency in the paganism of the Scotch Kirk, for instance, in its solemn league and covenant, where it openly to this day announces our extirpation to be a duty, which, from a worldly point of view, contrasts favourably with such doings as these among you, who, after all, are only Protestants.”

“My dear sir,” said the host, “you show us no mercy.”

“What would you have me do?” said Mr. Preston; “could I, an old Catholic, come of a stock who never were any thing else, who have suffered for the faith, whose blood has been shed by your predecessors for it,—could I come here, do you think, and allow your most friendly courtesy to seal my lips, so as to aid you in believing that you were getting nearer the Catholic Church by putting up an altar, and singing some of the Divine Office?”

There was a visible elongation of countenance among the Oxford friends. Broadwood was looking supremely cheerful.

“I am afraid,” said Mr. Preston, looking round at the open, gentlemanlike, and educated countenances by which he was surrounded,—“I am afraid you are thinking that I have spoken very plainly—too plainly perhaps. But, you know, neither of us say, *Pugna est de paupere regno*; the *regnum* about which we are at war is the *regnum cœlorum*.”

“Surely, surely,” said the host; and every one nodded assent.

“You have not spoken the least bit too plainly, Mr. Preston. Of course, we don’t yet see our way to agree with you.

But, depend upon it, if ever we do, I think I may say for all of us here, we shall not hesitate to do as our friend Broadwood has done."

No one said *No*.

"I am speaking," said Mr. Preston, "where there is no want of learning. You know the case as far as learning can make you know it. You haven't the plea of that ignorance and snobbishness—if such a plea is worth much—which exhibits itself at Exeter Hall and the incredibly absurd meetings of the Protestant Alliance. You only lack one thing; and *that* no learning on earth can give to you."

"Whatever we want," said one of the others, "we hope we may have given to us in good time."

"Amen," said Mr. Preston. "And I really think I have said so much, that I had better say no more, or you will begin to think my visit a troublesome one, and your first old Catholic friend a bore."

He received a general assurance that he need have no fears of that kind.

"Well," said Mr. Preston, turning to Mr. Broadwood, "if it is to be so, and your old friend and you are both determined that I shall have all the talk on my first visit to this learned place, I will give you an anecdote before I go as to the spirit which, till very recently, openly animated the Established Church. I think it does still; only chained up by popular sentiment. You have all heard, I suppose, of the trial of Bishop Talbot in the last century for his life?"

It appeared from the reply that that was perfectly well known.

"Much in the same way too did good Mr. Bolton, who was also tried at York in the latter half of the last century for his life, escape the clutches of the law. But till within a few months, if any of you had visited the west of England, as I occasionally did myself, you might have seen in a temporary cathedral a venerable gentleman conducted to his seat at High Mass and performing his devotion with an attention not exceeded by that of those in the prime of life. That gentleman was one of the last, if not the very last, living persons who had seen one of those wretches called priest-catchers. When he was a boy at school at Hammersmith, the priest in the house was vesting himself for Mass. The priest-catcher made his way into the house. The alarm was given; and the priest, escaping out of the window, made his way across the fields and got off. This gentleman, as I have said, you might have seen yourselves. I don't think such a spirit is very likely to cause the submission on your part which alone can

unite us. And, you may rely upon it, that the fellows who tour on the Continent, and come home and publish pilgrimages of lying, and those who stay at home and fill the newspapers with anti-Catholic slang, and preach the gospel of calumny from the platforms of Protestant meetings,—with all which proceedings I am quite aware that you, gentlemen, have no sympathy,—you may rely upon it those people only want the power to go a good deal beyond words against us.”

“But,” said the host, “we don’t think that they really represent the feeling of our Church.”

“Quite as much as you do,” said Mr. Preston, “to say the least. I think a great deal more. Tyburn and bowel-ripping flourished in the early days of your Reformation. It was hanselled in our blood. And long before the fires of Smithfield of Queen Mary’s reign, of which Exeter Hall makes so much, the dance of death had been led off by Cranmer, Henry VIII., and Edward VI. Bishop Fisher, Sir Thomas More, Abbot Whiting, the Carthusians, and plenty more, all suffered death under Henry VIII. for denying his pagan doctrine of supremacy—a denial now openly maintained by Presbyterianism and every form of Protestant dissent. And that miserable old apostate Latimer actually preached one of his sermons to Friar Forrest as he was being burnt in Smithfield. It added something to the execrable character of Latimer’s barbarity that the fire was made with the wood of an image of our Blessed Lord. So your antecedents don’t look amiable.”

“I believe,” said one of the party, “that there is a very strong feeling, not only among us, but even among those who behave so scandalously to Catholics now, against such proceedings as these. They say that the Protestant churches in this country, as they call them, have repented of these things. Don’t you think there is some truth in this?”

“As much truth,” said Mr. Preston, “as in the repentance of the man who has knocked you down and begun to cut your throat, when you turn him over and bring him to bay. They have repented of nothing. We, that is to say, the spirit of the age,—we have drawn their teeth. But I am doing them a great injustice if I give them credit for relaxing one particle of hatred. They certainly show no symptom of such a state of mind. All that they can do in insolence and malignity they do. They are now demanding fresh outrages against our convents and Maynooth. We bide our time. But be assured, gentlemen, your plan is simply a new delusion, and will receive no countenance whatever from any Catholic. But it is time for me to go.”

The out-college men got up, and said that it was time for

them to go also. Tom had begun his hundred and one strokes just as they had come out of their oratory. So, after very kind expressions all round, Mr. Preston and Mr. Broadwood and the two out-college men left St. Isidore's, and after a short walk found themselves in High Street, where they parted. Mr. Broadwood and Mr. Preston stood for a moment as they walked before University College. The moon shone upon All Souls, showing with great light and shade the sculpture over the gateway of the rising out of their purgatory of some of those souls for whose benefit the college had been founded. Both paused almost at a moment. Broadwood had seen the sculpture under the same light often before. The effect was new and quite startling to Mr. Preston. "*Pro salute omnium animarum quæ in prælio ceciderunt*," said he: "For the health of the souls of all who fell in the fight. This was a good memorial of Agincourt indeed. But what is that sculpture now? Like a crest on stolen plate. It tells its right owners."

"True," said Broadwood, "most true. Often have I looked at that strange wonderful remain of better times. But never till now have I felt its real meaning, or the horrible injustice to which it bears its silent witness."

"Well," said Mr. Preston, "let us do as Chicheley their founder would have us do, if any of those souls still need, as I hope they do not need, our prayers. Let us say a *Pater, Ave*, and *De profundis*."

So, under the walls of University, where Mass was last said in the reign of James II., once more the air carried the gentle sounds which a true Archbishop of Canterbury desired for the souls of those who fell in that great fight, of which Protestant Englishmen still talk boastfully, as if it had been won by Orange and Cameronian regiments. The polite society of All Souls meantime pockets Chicheley's money, and omits the prayers.

"*Quousque, Domine, quousque?*" said Mr. Preston, as they walked away.

[To be continued.]

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#### DR. JOHN BIRD SUMNER AT BATH.

IN that great fountain of English truth, the *Times*, on the 13th of August 1856, and in the ninth year of the Canterbury pontificate of Dr. Sumner, we find that a court met and sat in the Guildhall at Bath on the 12th for the purpose of

trying the charge preferred against the Venerable Archdeacon Denison. It is a very serious matter; a good deal beyond the powers of Scripture readers, faithful governesses, and devoted ministers; though we have no doubt that the rising generation in many serious families in Warwickshire and elsewhere will derive from these teachers the most positive and indelible impressions on the subject.

The Established Church has from its very beginning been in a state of war against the Sacraments. Henry VIII. got rid of the Pope, but wanted to keep the Sacraments. The direct onslaught could not be made till he was dead. Then Cranmer and his set swept off four. They left Baptism, what they still called the Mass, with a "commonly called" prefixed to it, and Extreme Unction. Two years after they thought they could do without Extreme Unction; so in their second Prayer-book that also was expunged. They went on with some species of belief, allowed, though not enforced, in Baptism and the Lord's Supper, as they called it, till our own days. Then came Gorham—six years ago; and it was for the first time pronounced by the authority of the Queen, the head of the Establishment, that regeneration in Baptism was no necessary part of Anglican belief.

Strange and wonderful it is to see how, about a subject of unspeakable sanctity, traduced, vilified, outraged by lampoon, epigram, treatise, tract, preachment, and manual violence, for three centuries, there still hangs unsubdued an awe and veneration in the minds of men smarting under the system the origin of all these evils. The immense majority of Protestant people in England never receive the Protestant bread and wine. Of these a very large number constantly go to the Protestant churches. Why do they not receive the bread and wine? Those who have heard Protestant villagers talk on the subject well know the secret veneration which, unembodied in any fixed or definite idea, lies at the bottom of this abstinence from doing what they might as well do as leave undone, if the popular Protestant notions were true. But the words of the Protestant Catechism are so extremely strong, having been added by a Protestant bishop long after Cranmer's day, that the English population into whose ears they have been dinned when children never get over their effect. And we certainly cannot wonder at this result. And when we rise from villagers to men of education and archdeacons and other dignitaries, the effect is still the same in kind, intensified in degree by thought and erudition. But yet they will not adopt the only honest phraseology—the only phraseology that is perfectly logical and philosophical—the Catholic; but they shield

themselves under a phraseology of their own, by which they attempt to create a shade of difference which shall not only externally separate them from popular Protestantism, but also save them from the charge of Popery, that is to say, Christianity.

Now Archdeacon Denison, whose courage we admire, and whose good qualities are so well known as to need no praise from us, is just in this position.

We are not going to enter upon any part of a discussion of the sacred subject, upon their apprehensions of which the archdeacon and the archbishop have joined issue. It is a matter of no interest whatever to any Catholic to consider the shades of difference which may exist between Protestants as to the views which may be held within their own establishments, except so far as the holding of any view seems to lead the holder towards submission to the Church. But it seems to us an infinite degradation to introduce as an antagonist in this din and fray the one true doctrine. We stand entirely apart, and look at the gladiators without taking a side; reserving only that amount of interest of which we have spoken, which in the present case seems certainly to attach itself to Archdeacon Denison.

We have before us, then, the remarkable judgment, or whatever else it may be called, that was delivered by Doctor Lushington, in the presence and with the jurisdiction of Dr. Sumner, at Bath, Aug. 12, reported in the *Times* of Aug. 13, 1856. The proceeding has all the authority which any Protestant proceeding ever can have. All the Gorham-case subtleties, qualifications, and reservations; all the declarations that the Church was not bound by what was done, that the court was only a state or civil court,—all these things are totally inapplicable here. Now, at last, O Anglicans, you have had your own true Archbishop of Canterbury, the successor of Parker and Bancroft, of Laud and Tillotson, of Hering and Howley, you have had him actually sitting,—and we hope in wig,—sanctioning and directing a spiritual sentence in a spiritual matter in his own most spiritual court. Dr. Lushington was his mouthpiece and assessor, who opened the decision with saying, “His grace the archbishop desires me to read the following declaration.” We presume that this establishes the competency of the court for Protestant purposes beyond all cavil.

There must have been a moment when the trembling Anglicans must have looked from the pronouncing assessor to the archbishop, and even to Mr. Thomas (not Aquinas), with an impulse of hope. The learned assessor said:

“I have now only to state that this investigation, although based, as far as relates to procedure, upon the Clergy Discipline Act, is yet instituted—”

What a moment this must have been. What agitation must have been concealed beneath those glossy M. B. waistcoats. How strong may have been the hope that there might yet have been a reference to something supernatural, some even third-hand acknowledgment of a Divine authority. Alas—

“under the provisions of the 13th of Elizabeth, chap. 12.”

This was dreadful. But how could the tenants of those waistcoats, with the recollection that Dr. Phillimore had actually quoted St. Thomas Aquinas as an authority,—how could they hear such a statement as this?

“The authority of Parliament has established that the Thirty-nine Articles must be taken to be the true expression of Scripture on every subject to which they advert. I state this in order that it may be made known to all why and wherefore the ven. archdeacon was not permitted to go into an examination of the Scriptures with a view to justify his doctrines. The reason was this: There could not be a more inconvenient proceeding, or one more opposed to the law, than that, when the legislature of the country has authoritatively pronounced in the given form of the Thirty-nine Articles what are the doctrines of the Church of England, an individual sermon should be compared—not with that standard which is the only standard of the Church, but—with a number of disputed texts of Scripture. What might be the possible consequence of the adoption of such a course? One or more judges might be found who would conceive that certain doctrines were conformable with Scripture; but should they hold that those doctrines (conformable in their opinion with Scripture) were not equally conformable with the Thirty-nine Articles, in what position would they then be placed? That anomaly is excluded by the law applicable to this case. It is excluded from all our courts of judicature. The only question which his grace has tried, or could try, having regard to the law, is, whether these sermons do or do not contain doctrines which are directly opposed and repugnant to the Articles of the Church of England?”

And the archbishop, through his assessor, sums up in these words:

“His grace, with the assistance of his assessors, has determined that the doctrines in the said passages are directly contrary and repugnant to the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth of the said articles of religion, mentioned in the aforesaid statute of Queen Elizabeth.”

This is the matter upon which we wish to fix the attention of Catholics and Protestants.



To Catholics it furnishes another weapon in argument with their separated and dissenting fellow-countrymen by which to convince them how utterly the slave of the State that institution is which they call their Church. And if Anglican Protestants will only give their attention to the matter, they will see how completely all ground is cut away from beneath their feet. It actually comes to this, that the State imposes the Thirty-nine Articles as the rule of faith—that is to say, those Thirty-nine Articles are to be believed by Anglicans *because an Act of Parliament says that they are to be believed*. It is no concern of ours. But, in the interest of a nation so long and so miserably deluded, let us ask what point of Christianity can be considered secure after this? or, upon what can faith be said by any Anglican to rest? For, to complete the pagan character of the decision, the Scriptures are absolutely eliminated from all authority whatever, actual and possible. We had thought—for it has been sufficiently shouted into our ears by Protestant mobs all over the country—that Scripture, and Scripture only, was their religion; that it was their final appeal, their judge in all controversies. They have been for ever going, or saying that they would go,—which, however, is quite another thing,—“to the law and to the testimony.” When Catholics have pointed out, as they always have done, the extreme folly of such language, and have claimed undoubting submission for the decisions of the Catholic Church; when they have shown, to use the assessor’s language, “that there could not be a more inconvenient proceeding” than the appeal to “a number of disputed texts of Scripture,”—they have not been received with much politeness of language or manner. At length we are vindicated in a quarter in which no reasonable Catholic or Protestant could have expected such a vindication. Our principle as to holy Scripture is completely affirmed and adopted. But the assurance of the proceeding passes all belief. And the application of the principle to a parliament instead of the Church of Jesus Christ is a full declaration of that open apostasy which took place at the Reformation.

By this decision, such as it is, the archbishop commits the Established Church authoritatively to the open denial of all approach to the sacred doctrine which, in a moment of terrible infatuation, when drunk with blood, luxury, and pillage, three hundred years ago, the sovereign and the magnates of this nation disavowed. Ever since that fatal time, the uprising of any yearnings towards the truth has been discountenanced and stifled, as marauders would discountenance and stifle those who were seeking to regain an inheritance of which

they had robbed them. But never till now has there been this formal, open, and bragging apostasy. It has been tolerated by this act-of-parliament religion, as Dr. Sumner himself describes it almost in words, that men should approach the belief of the Christian Church. Now they are peremptorily warned off,—by one presuming to sit in the place once occupied by St. Augustine, St. Dunstan, St. Anselm, and St. Thomas of Canterbury.

But if the power of parliament is such as this decision has now established it to be, will our separated friends give us leave to ask where they mean to draw the line? They will be so good as to recollect that the Thirty-nine Articles, though necessary for all people who hold benefices, and indeed for curates also, are confessedly not a divine institution. They may be partly true, partly false. They may be entirely false. The assessor puts the case that one or more judges might be found who would conceive that certain doctrines were conformable with Scripture, but yet were not equally conformable with the Thirty-nine Articles; in other words, that the Thirty-nine Articles might be actually teaching positive falsehood. But suppose these Articles to be, in consequence of this fallible character, once more subjected to revision and alteration. Suppose some eminent Archbishop of Canterbury, who believes a dissenting preacher to be all that he is himself, except the title, peerage, and money, should one day make the article say so plainly, instead of only intimating that view, as it now does. Suppose him to get this sanctioned by parliament. Suppose, further, an archbishop holding Socinian views as to our Blessed Lord. A thing not at all incredible; for Waterland, one of the "great divines," distinctly describes the views on Baptism which have lately met with so much approbation, as Socinian. Suppose the day ever to come when this Socinianism should be extended to our Blessed Lord Himself, and should be embodied in a new act-of-parliament sanction to an improved version of the Thirty-nine—what then? Are pleasant parsonages to be forsaken? Will the rector of Fudley-cum-Pipes retire from duty, abdicate his mansion and tithes, and preach the true original Thirty-nine in a convenient barn? Or, will those moderate men, in whom Protestantism so greatly glories, assure anxious people that every thing may yet be interpreted in a sound scriptural sense; that there is not the least occasion to move their hassocks out of the family pew, and that all will go well in the end? Of course they will: just as now they are blaming the Protestant archdeacon for want of discretion, for intemperate and hazardous language; and are intrrenching them-

selves once more, for the last time and for ever, in a new *via media* of their own.

But perhaps that motley body which calls itself evangelical may think itself at least safe from all harm. They will probably say, that such contingencies of change of doctrine as would affect that part of the Creed which they have not yet repudiated are not only impossible, but, what to the illogical English Protestant mind is a still greater difficulty, improbable also. They are just now in great plume; for their own archbishop has given them a victory of great value. But yet they too may come to grief. Such a thing might be as another Laud, and changes in a Laudian sense. These changes, according to their apprehension, would be against their conscience. For example, *per contra*, an article might be so mended as to exclude all Scotch Kirks, and all the absurdities in Horace Mann's list of "Protestant Churches," from the definition of a Church. Would the "painful ministers of the Word," who now teach Calvinism under the name of rectors and vicars, submit to the sacred authority of an act of parliament as the exponent and imponent of their faith? Or would they then, when the act of parliament turned against them, become open Kirkers, or Independents, or Bible-Christians, or something else out of Horace Mann?

Now these questions may serve all denominations of Anglicans to show exactly how they stand at present. Whether the recent decision pleases or displeases them, the great fact remains; not only evident to all mankind, but most ostentatiously put forward, with all the stupid formality of a Protestant English court, that the Act of Parliament is the final imponent and the efficient cause of FAITH. It is a terrible monument of the just anger of God against a sacrilegious apostasy.

But could any thing else have been expected? The hand of Almighty God points instantly, and for ever, against the violators of sacred things, the impugnors of faith, and the corruptors of the people. When Pontius Pilate and the Jews conspired to crucify the divine Redeemer of mankind, this conspiracy was not a token of favour to Tiberius or the Jews. The destruction of Christian churches and the massacre of Christians under Diocletian were not tokens of the predilection of God. And Henry VIII., who invaded the mysteries of religion by assuming to himself the blasphemous title of Supreme Head, is not recollected as a man signalled by Divine grace. Butchery of wives, impoverishment of the kingdom, after all the still untold spoils of the religious houses, murders of nobles, and the judicial death by the exe-

cutioners' hands of seventy thousand of his subjects, mark him, even to Protestant minds, as an object of the deepest aversion. Yet with him began that frightful series of events still called, quite ironically one would think, the Reformation. A country steeped in crime of an enormity and to an amount quite unknown in any other country calling itself Christian—crime, the evidence of which is unhappily placed beyond dispute by the daily pages of the *Times*—is the melancholy and most logical evidence of the truth of all that has ever been said against the Reformation. To this add the exhibition of Dr. Sumner at Bath. And then, with the unfortunate criminals Palmer, Dove, poisoners every where, and the daily outrages on women and children recorded in the police-reports, take the pagan decision read by Dr. Sumner's assessor, and you have in one terrible picture a view of the cause and the effect of the ruin of faith and the overthrow of morals.

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## Reviews.

### THE ANTECEDENTS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

*On the State of Society in France before the Revolution of 1789, and the Causes which led to that Event.* By Alexis de Tocqueville; translated by Henry Reeve. London: Murray.

FOR twenty years M. de Tocqueville's book on *Democracy in America* has been a standard work on political science. We cannot help thinking that the present volume is destined to enjoy a still greater share of authority.

The task which the writer proposes to himself is, to investigate the germs of the revolution; to trace the internal development of a new society, gradually growing beneath the forms of feudalism, till at last it ripened, and burst the old husk which enclosed it with a violence which must needs have appeared to the parasites who fed on that husk nothing less than the ruin of a world. The idea is, therefore, that the revolution was not the creation, but simply the inauguration, of a new state of society; the death of the old *régime*, and the proclamation of a legitimate successor, who had long been growing to maturity under the fostering roof of his parent. For, in truth, the system of the later Bourbon kings was neither more

nor less than the system of the revolution concealed beneath the moth-eaten and useless trappings of feudalism.

M. de Tocqueville has succeeded in giving a very high degree of piquancy to his philosophy by the satirical way in which he adapts it to the present state of things in France. In this view it will perhaps be more striking to those who have been able to come to any positive conclusion regarding the iniquity of the system of Napoleon; but to those who hold themselves aloof from party squabbles, the historical and philosophical character of the volume will be the great attraction. It is history generalised into epigrams, muddy masses of obscure events clarified into transparent crystals.

In modern European society there has always been a struggle between two elements: that of the semibarbarous freedom of the Teutonic and Celtic races, where individual liberty was preserved at the expense of splitting up society into an indefinite number of petty and hostile hordes; and that of the ancient classical civilisation, which had commenced with the theory of the divine right of the nobles, the "children of the gods," and had developed it into the principle of the omnipotence of the legislator to cut, carve, mould, and harden society into the form he liked best—wherein, without regard to the inherent dignity and liberty of each soul, the individual, the family, and the rights of property were subjected to the most arbitrary quackeries of the ruler. This system, somewhat improved, but fundamentally unchanged, was embalmed in the Roman civil law; and this in turn is the principle which has gradually triumphed over the ancient liberties of European society. It has been the Bible of tyrants—the venerated authority, to which they have always appealed when usurping the rights of the Church, of the nobility, and of the people.

The French Revolution is but a grand episode in this struggle, which has resulted in a further advance of the second of these two elements. We proceed to give a short analysis of M. de Tocqueville's mode of viewing it.

The revolution did not create, but only brought to light, a multitude of ideas and habits which, so far from having originated in 1789, are found in full force under the old monarchy, and not in France only, but over almost the whole of Europe. Thus it sprang spontaneously from the society which it was about to destroy. For centuries the monarchs had been engaged in weakening the independence of the Church, aristocracy, and municipalities, and in reducing all their subjects to one dead level of equality, without the safeguards of a powerful Church and nobility to defend them against the uncontrolled rule of a central government. Never were events longer

in ripening, more fully prepared, or less foreseen, than those of the close of the eighteenth century. Even in 1791 men feared the increase of the power of the clergy and noblesse, and the violent suppression of the States-General and National Assembly. They perceived the universal tendency to centralisation; but they did not foresee that crown, castes, church, and civil rights, were all to be struck down, in order that the personified state might become all in all, to be seized and held by the iron hand of a military despot.

Though hostility to the Church was one of the earliest characteristics of the revolutionary spirit, as well as the last to be got rid of, it was by no means the mainspring of the movement. The philosophy of the eighteenth century had two aspects: it was, indeed, blasphemously irreligious; but its chief study was political science. It taught the natural equality of all men: it proclaimed the abolition of privileges of class, caste, or profession; the sovereignty of the people; the omnipotence of the society; and the uniformity of laws. Here was its real strength: its followers hated the Church, not as a religious teacher, but as a political institution; not because her priests claimed authority in affairs of the next world, but because they were landlords, tithe-owners, and administrators in this; not because she had no place in the new society, but because she filled the highest place in the old.

The great reason for the antichristian aspect of the revolution is the quasi-religious character of the outbreak. It was a crusade for the rights of man, not a local insurrection to secure the independence of the French citizen. It inspired a spirit of proselytism, and created a propaganda; it became a sort of religion, without a God or a worship, but able to pour its soldiers and apostles over the earth. Yet in its central idea it did not come into competition with Christianity. Its essential purpose was only to abolish the effete forms of feudalism, and to establish a new society based on social equality and administrative centralisation.

The seeds of this revolution were sown throughout Europe (indeed the feudal system was much more oppressive in Germany and Italy than in France); but it broke out, and manifested its most salient characteristics in France, because there society was in a riper condition. The French peasant had long ceased to be a serf; he was also a petty owner of land (for the minute subdivision of property dates from long before the revolution—that event only threw open the lands of the Church and nobility); he had moreover been emancipated by a jealous monarchy from all dependence on the lords, who had lost all real power, and only retained their rank and their

manorial fines and dues. These they jealously preserved, even when they sold their property. They took no interest in their estates, and looked on their tenantry simply as a source of profit. Absenteeism was universal, and the nobles dangled about court to grasp whatever they could. Their position had become quite anomalous; possessors of rights without corresponding duties, the seigneurs had become strangers to the people, and were only known to them as exactors of dues—dues which the peasantry incurred at every turn. Fines on occasion of buying or selling their lands; quit-rents, rent-charges; dues for the lord's mill, winepress, and oven, for the lord's bull, for permission to sell their harvest at market, for leave to buy seed, for crossing the river, for using the roads; besides the tithes, which were often alienated from the parish priest to some distant convent, which collected them with scrupulous exactness.

These two facts, the minute subdivision of the soil among peasant proprietors, and their independence of the aristocracy, were the chief reasons for the universal hatred against the Church and nobility as owners of tithes and dues. In England the nobles and landed gentry continue to have duties as well as rights; they sit in parliament, act as magistrates, undertake parochial offices, and form part of the governing body without remuneration; their privileges, therefore, may be viewed in the light of a government tax. They moreover live on their estates, relieve the poor, encourage agriculture, and take the lead in parish politics; while they bear the weight of taxation. Imagine what the case would be if their estates consisted not of land, but of a variety of small feudal dues on an infinite subdivision of petty copyhold properties; if a jealous government had deprived them of independence and influence; if they were all absentees, taking no interest in their manors, and only striving to wring a few extra pence from the starving peasantry, by whom, and not by the nobles, all the queen's taxes, all parochial rates, and all tithes, had to be paid;—in such a case the English nobility would soon follow the French aristocracy, who were swept away as the possessors of privileges which must always be odious when there are no corresponding duties. Such a state of things, with regard to the clergy, may arise in England if the land-societies create a great body of small dissenting freeholders, who have all to pay some annual charge for the support of an establishment which they detest.

Like the subdivision of the soil, administrative centralisation, so far from being an invention of the revolutionists, was the established mode of government under the old monarchy.

The king had become despotic, and his council had monopolised all law and all justice. The country was absolutely ruled by thirty intendants, appointed and dismissed at pleasure by the crown. As the policy was to deprive the nobles of all substantial power, these intendants were always young men of humble extraction, strangers to their provinces, and, having their fortune to make, submissive to their superior. They were subject to a controller-general, who was at once minister of finance, of the interior, of public works, and of trade. The intendant was both administrator and judge, and exercised a sway in his own province that was defined by no known limits. He descended to the minutest details; he superintended the repairs of roads and bridges, dictated to artisans the way in which they were to work, and to shepherds the mode in which they were to mark their flocks. He superseded the clergy in the education of the people, and (as far as it was thought of) in the maintenance of the poor—though this occupied but little of his thought; and the nobles were discouraged from taking it on themselves, as being a step to power; so the poor were left unprovided for. In spite of all this power, the office of an intendant was reckoned so despicable, that a gentleman would have felt insulted at the offer of the post.

The municipal liberties held out against the influence of centralisation longer than the power of the nobles; but they in turn fell; partly through jealousy of every thing that was independent of the central power, and partly in consequence of the greediness of the needy government, which was perpetually confiscating and selling the municipal offices to the highest bidder. Thus, in 1694, the king, being in want of money, seized the offices of Angers, and resold them to the town for 22,000 livres. In 1723, wanting more money, he created several superfluous offices, and sold them to the town for 120,000 livres. In 1728 another new place was created, and sold for 50,000 livres. But in 1751 the insolvent government found a flaw in the deeds, confiscated all the offices for the second time, and resold them for 170,000 livres. This is a fair specimen of the administrative honesty of the great monarchy.

But, it may be asked, what was the value of the offices, to make the people lay out their money in such unsafe investments? This is a question very easy to answer. Besides appealing to the hereditary love of place inherent in the Frenchman, these offices were also advantageous investments of capital. Though the government had taken care to strip them of all real power and all duties, it had, with an eye to their market-value, left them all the emoluments and privileges that had belonged to them in their palmy days; they



enjoyed a perfect freedom from taxation : thus it happened that the whole burden fell upon the unprivileged classes of the town ; in other words, on those who were not rich enough to purchase exemption. The corporation was therefore nothing but a cormorant feeding on the vitals of the town. Besides these officials, the general assembly of the townsmen was, in the fifteenth century, a governing body, to which the elective corporation was responsible. The monarchical policy, which hated any thing that savoured of democracy, had gradually made this second body representative also, with ample provision against freedom of election. It had come to be composed of "notables," who had a seat by virtue of a privilege, and the representatives of guilds, chapters, and other close communities ; the citizens, not imposed upon by this sham, had long ceased to interest themselves in municipal affairs, and lived like strangers within their own walls.

But even the municipal oligarchy had only privileges, without duties or power. It could not establish an octroi, levy a rate, mortgage, sell, farm, or administer its property, sue defaulters, or employ its surplus revenues, without an order in council founded on the report of the intendant. It was obliged to employ the state architects and engineers ; not it, but the intendant, regulated fêtes, ordained public rejoicings, caused salutes to be fired and houses to be illuminated. The villages were under even stricter discipline ; so that in the eighteenth century there was no city, borough, village, or hamlet, no hospital, church, religious house, or college, that could freely administer its own property. The administration held the people in tutelage ; the forms of the middle ages existed, and were even multiplied for money. An administrative engine was thus gradually built up, so vast, so complicated, so clumsy, and so unproductive, that it came at last to be left swinging on in space, while a more simple and handy instrument was framed beside it, which really performed the duties that the innumerable titular officials were supposed to be doing.

But this was not the whole of the intendant's duties ; besides being administrator, he was also judge. He was encouraged to interfere with the old courts of justice ; in defiance of all law, he held courts of his own, judged causes, and condemned prisoners. The government gradually withdrew all causes in which any official was interested from the ordinary tribunals, and referred them to the intendant's court. The revolution legalised this abuse, and now no agent of the administration can be prosecuted in the ordinary courts without the assent of government previously obtained. The central

authority thus renders its agents irresponsible before the law, and makes revolution the only cure for injustice.

Thus it came to pass that the intendant of 1780 was in all respects identical with the modern prefect of a department. There was in reality a greater dissimilarity between the intendants and controller-general of 1740 and those of 1780 than between the latter and the minister of the interior and prefects of modern France. The present system is the legitimate and logical development of that which was pursued under the later reigns of the ancient monarchy.

There are plenty of records to prove the petty tutelage and intrusive interference of government in the eighteenth century. Not a charitable workshop could be established till the controller-general had fixed the cost, chosen the site, and drawn up the scheme. Not a refuge for mendicants could be opened, without the minister being furnished with all the names of the inmates, and the hours of their arrival and departure. A year's correspondence was necessary before a parish might repair its steeple, or prop up the falling chimney of the parsonage. The government knew how troublesome were these formalities, but retained them as very necessary. It received cartloads of documents from each village, reporting on the nature of the soil, the method of cultivation, the quantity and quality of the produce, the number of cattle, and the occupation and manners of the inhabitants. These reports were sometimes drawn up in the sentimental style of Rousseau and Diderot. The immense staff of *employés* who conducted these inquiries formed a caste apart, characterised by its violent and indiscriminate hatred against all strangers who attempted to meddle in public affairs, and by its alarm at the least independent association, for any object, nothing of the kind being suffered to exist except under its tutelage and presidency. It was an antichristian clique, which would not tolerate any attack on any member of its own body, nor the vaguest hints of the imperfection of its system of government; but which permitted the freest discussion of abstract theories of religion, philosophy, or politics, in which the fundamental principles on which society rested were attacked, and the existence of God Himself controverted.\* The vilest books were

\* This is still the character of the European bureaucracies. Dr. Thiersch, in a work we have noticed elsewhere, says, "It is known to us as a fact, that towards the year 1840, in a capital city of North Germany, the royal commissioner who presided at the matriculation of students received the young men with a speech in which, instead of giving them a fatherly warning against the real dangers which were lying in their course, he informed them that the government allowed them every pleasure which the city could offer, 'only,' said he, 'do not interfere with politics.' In a capital city in South Germany we saw in

freely circulated; but only one newspaper was permitted, and in that nothing was published but what the functionaries of the provinces chose to communicate.

During this period Tacitus's apophthegm was abundantly verified—*corruptissimâ republicâ plurimæ leges*. Edicts and laws were multiplied beyond measure. The functionaries themselves knew not what was in force; sometimes edicts were published which were never intended to be acted on. In 1757 a royal declaration condemned to death any one that printed or sold writings against religion or public order; this was to be enforced by men who acknowledged the literary supremacy of Voltaire! Hence law became despicable: no man thought of trying to mend it; every man would petition for exemption from its provisions. The nobleman would pray for exemption from a new tax on the plea of poverty, and would write to the intendant, with whom he would not allow his daughter to dance—"Your feeling heart will never consent to see a father of a family of my rank strictly taxed by twentieths like a father of the lower classes." The nobles became the most cringing beggars of a society where all classes were dependent on the government, to which they looked as to a providence; the people expected it to tell them how to rear and fatten their cattle, when to send their produce to market, and to indemnify them for its loss. It was reproached, as now in Russia, for the inclemency of the seasons. Men of property looked to it to teach them how to render their estates productive, to take in hand their manufactures, and to lend them money when in difficulties.

The system of centralisation always favours the overgrowth of the metropolis. Before the revolution Paris had already overwhelmed France. In the sixteenth century it was only the chief French town. In 1740 Montesquieu wrote, "Nothing is left in France but Paris and the distant provinces—because Paris has not had time to swallow them." From that period the process of deglutition went on in spite of several royal edicts which ordered new houses to be demolished, and subjected new comers to new taxes; but the royal system neutralised the royal edicts, and in 1789 the seat of the central government had monopolised the whole power of the country, and the capital was able to overthrow the monarchy which had pampered it, and to subject all France to its ty-

1848 whither this abominable policy is leading, which favours the excitement of the passions by pleasure, and indulges every vice, under the idea that men will be therewith content, and will not interfere with affairs of state." It is well known that this engrained character of the Austrian officials is the real obstacle to the success of the salutary intentions of the emperor embodied in the Concordat.

ranny. Since that period it has lost but little of its dangerous pre-eminence.

The people were not divided into *orders*, as in healthy societies, but into castes, as exclusive as those of India. The poorer the nobles became, the greater was their proud isolation. In spite of the protection given them by law, they were continually obliged to sell portions of their property to wealthy members of the middle classes; but they would never ally themselves in marriage with them. It was not a landed aristocracy,—it was a caste of nobility, dependent on birth, subdivided into coteries of families of sixteen, eight, or four quarterings, who stood aloof and refused to intermarry with each other. The townspeople were as much split up into factions as the nobility: bakers and wig-makers went to law about having the *pas* in processions; tailors and notaries contended which should be first sprinkled with holy-water. But there was no other difference among Frenchmen than this of caste; never had a nation been beaten down to such perfect homogeneity. Yet caste was a more powerful divider than any more essential distinction had ever been. The nobles and the middle classes no longer united to protect themselves against a common enemy; the two classes had ceased to come in contact in private or public life. Yet the middle classes had in their measure the same characteristics as the old nobility. When a man of the people bought a title of nobility, he was just as exclusive as the old members of the aristocracy. Since 1693 upwards of 40,000 offices had been created to satisfy the place-hunters of the middle classes, who bought them up with the greatest eagerness, and even sometimes petitioned that new places might be created for them. Thus the middle classes became as widely separated from the peasantry as from the nobles; and their exemption from taxation became quite as odious to the unprivileged classes as that of the old aristocracy had ever been.

In the fourteenth century the maxim, "No tax without the consent of the taxed," was as well known in France as an axiom of national law, as it is in England now. It was only after the exhaustion of the nation by the protracted disturbances consequent on the captivity of King John and the madness of Charles VI., that the crown succeeded in its pretence of levying a general tax without the consent of the people. The nobility had the incredible baseness to consent to this tax on condition of its own exemption; by this conduct Charles VII., as Philippe de Commines prophetically said, gave a wound to his kingdom which would not soon be closed. Whatever exemption the nobles had previously enjoyed was

only in recompense of onerous military services; but from this time they would never consent to share any burden. Cardinal Mazarin was unable to levy a house-tax on their chateaus. And the morality of the crown was as faulty as that of the nobles. Every page of the French annals tells of crown-lands and titles of nobility sold, and then resumed as unsaleable, and then sold again; of contracts violated, and vested rights trampled upon; of sacrifices wrung at every crisis from the public creditor; and of incessant repudiations of public engagements. All men wished to substitute a communal tax for repairs of the road for the forced labour of the miserable peasantry; but it could not be carried out because all men knew that, when any money was collected, the government would certainly misappropriate it. In short, a private person who managed his estate as Louis XIV. did the fortune of the nation would probably have ended his life in the galleys. His arbitrary expedients were both ruinous and ridiculous. Thus, when he wished to raise the market-value of titles of nobility, he laid a tax on all non-noble possessors of manors. But this measure both rendered the estates of the impoverished nobles unsaleable, and confiscated part of the property which the non-noble purchasers had bought in good faith. From the time of Henry III. to that of Louis XVI. (who abolished the evil), the right to labour in a particular vocation was considered a privilege, and sold by the crown; and thus the mediæval guilds and trading companies were perverted to be mere instruments of royal rapacity. Louis XII. systematised the venality of public offices; Henry IV. extended the sale of them to reversions; Richelieu saw the evil, and suppressed 100,000 of them—which act enabled his successor to re-establish them under new names, to his no small profit.

It was the desire of preventing all resistance to their extortion that made the French monarchs so particularly anxious to separate Frenchmen, and to divide society into castes. A united people would demand some safeguard of freedom as the price of each subsidy; a divided people cannot resist a master. So well had the government succeeded in dividing, that when restraint was removed, the different castes hated one another like poison, and fought together with unexampled fury. France soon proved herself incapable of liberty, and fell into the hands of a new master, who at once riveted the chains which the old monarchy had been forging, and eliminated all the old safeguards of popular freedom. A fear of this consummation seems to have actuated one of the monarchs of the old *régime*; but he found that it was more difficult to reunite than to divide. One king there was who felt that liberty was

only possible to a united people, and who sincerely desired and attempted to unite them; this prince—such are the inscrutable judgments of Providence—was Louis XVI.

Hitherto M. de Tocqueville has only considered the disintegrating forces of the revolution; in the latter part of his volume he describes the positive forces which gave its terrible strength to that great convulsion. As we shall not have space to conclude our analysis with sufficient fulness at present, we leave off at this point, adding only three observations, which have been suggested to us in the perusal of the volume we have been reviewing.

1. From a study of the causes which produced the hatred of the unprivileged classes to the French aristocracy, the enemies of the English Establishment may learn a lesson in party tactics. It is quite clear that the Church of England, instead of being weakened by the loss of any pecuniary right, gains thereby a new lease of life; thus, in that master-stroke, the commutation of tithes, by a little sacrifice she satisfied the demands of enemies who endangered her existence. In the same way, she will not be weakened, but rather fortified, by the abolition of church-rates. Her true weakness is to be obliged to send round her officers to the petty householders that despise her ministrations, collecting more curses than coins, and sowing a crop of unpopularity that, properly preserved, may one day produce a hundred-fold. It is no grievance to farmers to pay tithes, for they subtract them from the rent. It is no grievance to the landlords as a class, for they are enthusiasts for Church and State, have the privilege of presenting their sons to rectories, and of marrying their daughters to bishops. But it is a grievance to cottagers and peasants and artisans to pay their shillings and sixpences as tithes or rates to a Church which they detest—a grievance which, judiciously nursed, may one day blaze out in a fearful conflagration.

2. No one can read M. de Tocqueville's book without feeling convinced that centralisation is the destiny of the present age of the world. All things tend that way; the torrent is far too strong for any sensible man to dream of stopping it: those who dread its consequences can only study the remedies and palliatives that may be used to prevent the godless bureaus from monopolising all power over soul as well as body. M. de Tocqueville's favourite remedy is the maintenance of a powerful independent aristocracy. But there are numerous others; one of which is, the preservation of the fundamental distinction and total separation of the judicial and administrative functions. To prevent despotism of prince or people, the lawless dictation of the Tudors, or the arbitrary demands of a revolutionary

mob, the stream of justice must be kept independent of the administration, so that the agents of government may be still subject to the law. The abuses of trial by jury, and the inconveniences of the immobility of judges, are great and patent, and especially felt by Catholics in periods of popular prejudice, as during the agitation consequent upon the "Papal Aggression." But, after all, these abuses are as nothing compared with the possible evils of the opposite system, when administered by unscrupulous enemies. Nothing would delight our quacking centralisers more than the introduction of a custom of substituting the judge for the jury, which would be a step towards merging the judicial in the administrative function of government.

3. When we examine carefully the extent of the tutelage which government exercised, and still exercises, over Frenchmen, we are tempted to believe that there is something in the Romano-Celtic race which requires this fostering care and paternal supervision. Our Anglo-Saxon maxim is, to let abuses right themselves, without the interference of sumptuary laws; the Frenchman expects the state to provide a remedy. This is an attitude of mind which we cannot understand, and which we are therefore tempted to ignore; but which, well considered, may lead us to think differently of the expediency of a bill for the protection of tenants' rights in Ireland. In this country it is a matter which would be left to custom, and would never be determined by law; and our English legislature will probably continue to take this view of it. Yet it seems to us likely that a philosophical examination into national peculiarities, and an unbiased comparison between the Irish and French characters and popular requirements, might induce a notable change in the views of our legislators on this matter.

We hope to be able to conclude our review of M. de Tocqueville's very important work in our next Number.

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#### PROTESTANTISM IN THE EAST.

*Syria and the Syrians.* By Gregory M. Wortabet. London: James Madden, 1856.

*Ecce iterum Crispinus.* We wish that we could give our readers a sight of the portrait prefixed to these two volumes, and they would have no difficulty in recognising Mr. Wortabet as a second manifestation of the "intelligent young Greek," concerning whom a rather piquant story used to be current in

the halls of Oxford. It was related that a certain Anglican deacon, celebrated for his zeal in planning the union of the Greek and English Churches, once asked all the heads of the Puseyite party then resident at the University to meet at his rooms an intelligent young Greek, and with him to discuss the preliminaries of a reconciliation of the communions. Thither accordingly, so says fame, proceeded Dr. Pusey and other celebrities. They seated themselves to breakfast; and at length the anxious host succeeded in giving a theological turn to the conversation, which, as usual, had commenced with merely secular generalities. After much pressing, the Greek was at length induced to deliver himself of his opinion. "For my part," said he, "I am always of the religion of the country where I am: so, when I am in Russia, I drink brandy and get drunk, and then I am of the religion of the country; when I am in Constantinople, I drink no wine, but I have one, two, three, four wives, and then I am of the religion of the country; but when I am in England, I drink port wine, and say G——d——, and then I am of the religion of the country."

Doubtless,

"Curses are a kind of prayers,  
As discord makes the sweetest airs;"

but still the young Epicurus was not fortunate in the selection he made of the characteristic devotion of Englishmen, and his reputation at Oxford was utterly blasted: he accordingly made a precipitate retreat, and has not since been heard of at that seat of learning.

Juvenal tells us that a hungry Greek can do any thing,—

"Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,  
Augur, schœnobates, medicus, magus, omnia novit  
Græculus esuriens, ad cœlum, jusseris, ibit."\*

Nevertheless it requires a precious great rogue, as a great living satirist observes, to act the respectable man; though it is a very good game indeed when well acted. We are afraid we cannot pay Mr. Wortabet even this rather questionable compliment—he has not acted the part of a pious Presbyterian disciple of the American missionaries to any thing near perfection. We have a strong idea it will end in his second disappearance, and preparation for a third manifestation.

Mr. Wortabet has written a book which he calls, *Syria and the Syrians*. We consider it very unfair to criticise a

\* Grammarian, rhetorician, geometrician, painter, boxing-master, soothsayer, rope-dancer, doctor, magician,—a hungry Greek is skilled in every thing; tell him even to go to heaven, and he will go.



stranger on a want of knowledge of the English language and grammar, so we shall say nothing on that subject; but it is quite clear that he has learnt what he does know of that language from a perusal of third-class novels, joined with the study of the Protestant version of the Bible. Such a strange jumble of the language of inferior romances with trite Biblical phrases,—accustomed as we are to the phraseology of Exeter Hall,—we certainly never saw before. Thus, the description of the enjoyments of a good dinner, which one might fancy was written by an Apicius, is interlarded with mistakenly quoted texts out of the Bible about “Christ having freed us from the slavery of fasting,” and ridicule of the “poor Popish slaves” who were looking on munching figs and olives. More nauseous still is his mixture of scriptural phrases with amatory language bordering on licentiousness in his description of Syrian young ladies, and the pic-nics and parties he frequented in their society.

In the year of our Lord 1818, the New-England Presbyterian body, being suddenly seized with the double desire of selling their “drills” and “spreading the knowledge of the Word of God” in Syria, “set apart Messrs. Levi Parsons and Pliny Fisk for the work.” This mission not succeeding, they took refuge in Malta, where Mr. Parsons died. Dr. Jonas King and Messrs. Goodell and Bird were then sent to join the survivor. They all arrived at Bayroot the 16th November 1825, and “commenced operations by dispensing, together with unguents, electuaries, and pills, the Word of God to the natives.”

Bayroot is a town on the Syrian coast, under the shadow of Mount Lebanon, and, according to Mr. Wortabet, one of the most lovely spots in existence. “How divine! would a stranger say, as his eyes surveyed the scene from the towering heights of Mount Lebanon. How majestic! as he gazed on the promontory of the Dog river.”

Before the missionaries came, there were in Bayroot no New-England drills and Bibles, no Manchester grays, Scotch zebras, French silks, or Swiss handkerchiefs, no “bills of exchange at one and two months,” no “free Word of God,” no real Christian schools or real Christian natives, no lighthouse, in short, no nothing. The inhabitants were a plain and simple people. The boys knew nothing but a “corrupted liturgy” (which liturgy we are more than once informed is nothing else but the Psalms of David), and how to write their names; the girls only how to please their husbands and cook their dinners for them. But times have changed—

“Times much more fitting for the night  
Of Popery than Gospel-light.”

The Gospel "has begun to dawn on the priest-ridden inhabitants;" the boys have forgotten their prayers, but know that the earth is round and goes round the sun, and have learnt to be nearly as sharp as the Yankees themselves. The Christians are now "less worthy of trust than the Mahometans, having learnt duplicity and deceit from their intercourse with foreigners." The girls are emancipated from their "tyrant husband lords," and are above such menial occupations as cooking, having, we suppose, been inoculated with the American Bloomer doctrines of the "dignity of woman's station;" but they have learnt to play the piano and to flirt. Where one person had 9*l.*, now ten have 1000*l.* There are couches and all manner of luxury in the houses; and, to crown all, there are thirty native converts, "who have learnt from the west, and the far west, the pure and undefiled religion of the Word of God."

But we must inform our readers how American missionaries "commence operations." The first thing is to establish a printing-press, print Bibles, hire a room, and preach the Gospel. The first difficulty to be surmounted is to persuade the natives to read the Bibles and hear the Gospel. This is done in the following manner: in any town where the missionaries are established, one of the number is always a medical man; they thus entice the poor people, among whom medical science is at a very low ebb, by physicking gratis all who come to the preaching. In Damascus, for instance, which is a very successful mission, numbering sixteen "real Gospel Christians" among a population of 110,000 Mahometans and 14,000 "so-called Christians, but who are not," there are five Presbyterian missionaries, one of whom is a doctor. "There is no such powerful medium to show to Orientals our beautiful religion, which is to love one another, as the presence of a pious medical man." "Our Saviour was the first medical missionary; wherever He went He healed the sick." These two "powerful mediums, Gospel influence and medical influence," are "great agencies in spreading the knowledge of true Christianity;" they are "helpmates," and are "necessary to each other:" "one to win the confidence of the people; and the other to dispense the Word to such people as are won." These two, however, only operate on adults; the powerful "medium" for the young is education, "which, if rightly handled, will regenerate Syria" by means of schools; not such as are established by the "various sects" (by which name he designates the different "rites" united to the Latin Church, and not the Greek and Armenian schismatics, who receive the American brethren with the right hand of Christian fellowship), where nothing but a "corrupted liturgy" is taught, but "Christian schools,"

where the "Bible, the inheritance of the whole world," is read, and where the "youthful mind can drink deep in its pure waters," and grow up in the "admonition and nurture of the Lord"—schools like those of Scotland and New England, "the model for the whole world;" where boys are so morally educated in uprightness and fair dealing—schools whose scholars leave far behind them the benighted boys of the Lazarists, who do not even know to what pagan gods the ruined temples of Baalbec were dedicated, or how stones 64 feet long, 14 broad, and 12 thick, were placed in position in them.

With the assistance of all these powerful mediums combined, the Americans have not been as yet very successful in Syria. In Damascus, there are 16 native converts; in Bayroot, 30; in Tripoli, 1, namely, Signor Yanni, "an intelligent young man of an inquiring cast of mind," who, we are inadvertently told, was made American consul directly afterwards. In other towns they have made no converts as yet; but, "by God's blessing, they have broken the power of priestcraft, and convinced some of the errors of their Church," though they have not yet "made them desirous of a purer worship;" in other words, they have made infidels of a few native Christians. Now and then, however, they get a lucky windfall: "about ten years ago some Hasbayians went to Bayroot, and had an interview with the missionaries of the American board, and declared themselves Protestants. It was soon perceived that their real design was to obtain British protection. The missionaries took advantage of this new way of access to them, and freely instructed them in the true nature of religion." In the whole of Syria and the Holy Land the converts do not number 1000, according to Mr. Wortabet's own confession.

But we must return to Bayroot. The Rev. Eli Smith arrived there in 1827, when, as there were "prospects of war between England and Turkey," "the plague was again approaching," the transmission of funds difficult and uncertain, and "commerce had ceased," (New-England drills, we suppose, being a drug in the market) the school was totally broken up; and the missionaries departed for Malta, accompanied by two out of the three converts they had made, one of whom was Mr. Wortabet's father. These were all accused by an English clergyman, Mr. Williams, "a Puseyite, an arrant fool, with a bigotry of mind and shallowness of comprehension scarcely to be looked for among British divines," of having left the Church to which they belonged and its high offices in order to get married, and of having seen the truth of the Bible and the errors of their own Church through the medium of missionary

gold. This, of course, is all fable. Mr. Wortabet's father was "not a pensioner of the American missionaries save during the time he was in great distress on account of the persecutions of his patriarch." The missionaries did not give him gold; but as they had a stock of New-England drills and Scotch zebras (we mean the fabric, not the animal) on hand, which they wished to dispose of to advantage, they assisted him in opening a small retail shop, which prospered vastly; the shop had to be changed into a store, and the retail merchant became a wholesale one. "In his prosperity," said the missionary records, "he never lost sight of the *Giver of all good things*; and up to the time of his death never failed to direct the attention of his customers," not only to the quality and texture of the aforesaid drills and zebras, but "to the only Intercessor between God and man." We are afraid it is not always to such innocent articles as Manchester goods the missionaries confine their dealings. Mr. Wortabet was once travelling in company with a pious American Presbyterian named Mitchell, when they met a party of Bashi-Bazooks. "Conspicuous among them was an elderly man who, with the proceeds of his toil, had bought two black negresses of unexceptionable form and feature. He had bought them for something less than 1000 francs; each of them would have fetched nearly double the amount of dollars in any of the southern markets of the United States. Mitchell offered to purchase them: a handsome margin above the price he paid was offered him; and on his refusal, Mitchell bade higher till he nearly doubled the price the man had paid for them; but all in vain, as the old fellow swore by the beard of the prophet that he would not dispose of them for much or for little."

Another of the first three native converts was the "martyred Assaad esk Shidiak." The account of his martyrdom thus begins:

"Not far from the snow-capped heights of Sunnin, in the district of Resrawan, among peaks of mountains, isolated by itself, is the direful convent of Cannobin, where the martyred Assaad esk Shidiak suffered for the truth as it is in Jesus." Hither, it seems, he was brought by the wiles of the patriarch and his own nearest and dearest relations: his uncle told him "that if the patriarch would not kill him, he would, and thus sweep away the stain of heresy from the family;" and his mother, "that rather than it should be known that she bore a heretic, she would poison him herself;" and on being told by the patriarch to "worship the Virgin Mary," he replied that he would only "tender his prayers to his divine Redeemer." He was then imprisoned, and taken before the patriarch; and

this is the last that was heard of him, although the event took place thirty years ago; yet, in spite of his never having been heard of since, and in spite of the soldiers of Ibrahim Pasha, at the instigation of a Scotch gentleman, having bullied the monks, searched the convent, and found nothing, Mr. Wortabet nevertheless discovers, by some inward light, that he has been strangled, buried alive, and starved to death—(he must have had something of the tenacity of life of a cat, which, we are informed, is capable of surviving eight deaths)—in the cellar of the convent. In spite of the cruel conduct of the monks, Mr. Wortabet, although a “Bible-man” and their bitter enemy, is not, it appears, afraid to frequent the “isolated convents dire as black night” in his travels. He, at all events, did not seem to be afraid of being locked up in the cellar. We are not surprised. “You find,” says he, “the comforts of the Astor House at New York, or the Queen’s Hotel at Glasgow,” provided by the hospitality of these poor monks; which he takes advantage of, while all the time he is engaged in libelling them and their religion.

In 1830 the missionaries returned, bringing with them many more; and established missions at Damascus, Tripoli, Sidon, and Aleppo, all in the neighbourhood of Mount Lebanon, to which refreshing region they betook themselves in summer, to avoid the too great heat of the cities of the plain during that season, the souls of the Protestants being, we presume, of no value in hot weather. We could not help wondering why so very many of the missionaries were stationed at Tripoli, where only one convert had been made; whither, we are told, they were attracted “by a desire of spreading the knowledge of the Bible and the truth as it is in Jesus;” but when we discovered that “the greatest attraction of Tripoli is the beauty of its females,” and that they “take the palm for good features, graceful forms, and light figures, over all the other portions of Syria,” for which we need only “refer to the Bible, where we shall see a number of charming female portraits,” all wonder ceased. Nearly as delightful must have been the little supper-parties of the regent Duke of Orleans and Louis XV., as the missionary picnics in the gardens of Tripoli. “Time may pass,” says Mr. Wortabet; “but long shall I remember the picnics we used to have in those gardens, when the graceful ladies of Tripoli presided over boards spread under the canopy of a shadowing apricot, whose ripe luscious fruit fell upon us as the slightest breezes shook its boughs, on the banks of a small tiny stream, whose ripples conjure imaginations of fancy and of hope, by hedges whose fragrant breezes spoke of the rose, the jessamine, and myrtle, in fami-

liar intercourse with dear friends, whose jocund laugh and joyful countenances still linger on the ear and dwell on the memory." Sidon, too, is another place where, "thank God, beauty is free;" and therefore missionaries congregate. Delightful life! the only drawback to which arose from the conduct of those bigoted and deluded Maronites, who, excited by their priests, pelted the poor missionaries in their cool retreats at Eden, just as a benighted Irish mob would have done.

We can therefore easily fathom the views of this writer and his friends when they tell English ladies that "their Christian sisters' condition is not a little degraded." "It calls loudly for sympathy at the hands of their more elevated sisters of the West. Let the Gospel be preached to all, and let those be protected who receive its truths;" which means that the fathers and husbands of these Syrian ladies do not approve of their wives and daughters flirting with Mr. Wortabet and his American friends; and that they are tyrannically kept at home, instead of entering into American gaiety.

Of course, if that view is correct, the "immuring young ladies in convents," or "confining them to the woman's apartments at home," is not so much in accordance with "the liberty with which Christ hath made us free," as their flirting with missionaries is. The ladies of England, according to Mr. Wortabet, are the only persons in the world capable of introducing this liberty into Syria, and of influencing Turkey. "To the United States, she can refer to her slave states and the intolerance of any abolition preacher there. To France, Italy, Austria, and Russia, she can point to their intolerance of the Bible; but what can she say to England? Nothing. If this task is worth undertaking, it must be by England's influence; it is to Englishwomen, therefore, that I appeal." What a delightful contrast to all this slavery does the freedom of some native Protestant women present, "real mothers in Israel," who come to call confidentially on Mr. Wortabet, to speak of the "dealing of the Lord with their souls." "I was struck with their simple and earnest faith; and was no less pleased with their entire reliance on the Saviour, who is able to save unto the uttermost."

Mr. Wortabet trumps up a story against one of the Maronite convents of nuns on Mount Lebanon, which happened eighty years ago,—just so long ago that nobody can be alive to contradict it,—in order to introduce a tirade against English convents, against which he advises our Parliament to pass an inspection bill. The following is a short specimen of it:

"The fact is, there must be something wrong in a system which cannot bear the light of day. Speak of its being the light of the

world, it cannot bear the light of the world to bear upon it. It is all dark within, and like a Mahometan harem, who knows what occurs there? I do not speak to ignorant Maronites now, but to Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen, who pretend to intelligence and freedom; and then I ask, what mean these iron-bars? What wrong have these poor deluded girls done, that they should be immured in these cold prisons? Do you ask what prisons? I say such a one as Miss Talbot was so fortunate as to escape from; such a one as the holy Hindeea presided over! O, say not that this thing can never occur in this land; the system does; and believe me, the process follows exactly the same" (*sic*).

We think the result would not be so barren, as in the above case it certainly would be, if the Turkish authorities were to "inspect" the doings of Mr. Wortabet and his American friends. We wish this Syrian young gentleman, as he is so fond of American society, had crossed over the Atlantic and written his book there. Quite enough filth from the religious slums of London flows into and defiles the Thames already, without diverting the Syrian Orontes into it, to make the former river ten times more foul:

"Jam pridem Syrus in *Thamesin* defluxit Orontes,  
Et vitia, et mores, et cum tibicine chordas  
Obliquas, nec non gentilia tympana secum  
Vexit."\*

Mr. Wortabet's account of the religious manners and customs of his co-religionists in their native homes is worth preserving:

"We were deeply pained, when in Scotland, to see the people when the minister approaches the end of his prayer sit down before he had concluded, and drown his Amen—an Amen to which they ought to have responded—in the opening of books and adjusting their seats. O, I thought that was a barbarous custom! Methinks a draft is worth nothing without the signature of the drawer; and what is the use of a prayer when the people will not wait to see it concluded, and heartily join in the Amen to it? It looked like a solemn mockery; hence it was both pleasing and refreshing to turn from this unedifying state of things to the very reverential manner of the Protestant congregation of Syria, where if they don't take off their hats as in the West, they nevertheless pull off their shoes, as Moses did when he approached holy ground, and sit with the utmost reverence, and listen with the deepest attention. This seemed a pleasing contrast to the Protestant Church in America, where I have seen ladies enter in as if they entered a theatre, leaning on the arm of a young man; while their silks and satins vibrated 'whisk, whisk, whisk,' till they reached their silk-cushioned pew; and there

\* Some while since the Syrian Orontes has flowed into the *Thames*, and has brought down with it its vices and its habits, its effeminate music and its drums.

they lounged and fanned themselves, and eat sugar-plums or ginger-cakes; and if the minister was a little long in his sermon, I have seen them puff and draw an impatient breath, which to a stranger's eye looked very much as if these worshippers came simply to oblige God."

We think we have now said enough about Mr. Wortabet; and we conclude with an earnest hope that his third manifestation will not be made in England. America takes a place much before us in religious curiosities, and we really think he will succeed much better there than here.

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SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCE: THE TRIALS OF PALMER,  
DOVE, &c.

*Illustrated and unabridged Edition of the "Times" Report of the Trial of William Palmer for poisoning John Parsons Cooke at Rugeley.* London: Ward and Lock.

WE left our combatants with weapons uplifted, shields advanced, and eyes flashing fire; but were forced to break off in a mode, we flatter ourselves, worthy of the Cid-Hamet-Benengeli. O beloved Cid, how shall we ever repay thee any portion of the delight with which, in days long past, we strove with the peg-top cord of our juvenile ability to fathom the depths of thy quaint philosophy; when, as we devoured some page of delicious humour, each corner of our mouth went in search of its respective ear, expanding until the grin exploded in a roar, as the humour developed into farce, a trifle coarse, it might be, but not the less irresistible! But we have little to do with farce; yet this reminiscence of the glorious Don may serve to refresh our reader with the Cervantic odour, and to give him strength to endure our leaf from the Newgate Calendar, like the nosegay, which some score or so of years since our fathers thrust under the nostrils of those about to grace the gallows-tree. We left our combatants, we repeat, with weapons uplifted, and, in the fashion of the Cid, commence a new chapter with the battle; but let us forget all about the barren plains of La Mancha and the enchantments of Toboso. Our ground is the floor of the Central Criminal Court, and we deal with realities of a most prosaic and solid kind.

We have mentioned some of the celebrities who were called upon to give evidence in Palmer's case, by way of



showing that all branches of medical science were most ably and amply represented, more than forty physicians, surgeons, and chemists being put into the witness-box. We do not charge any single one of the whole number with a deliberate intention to pervert the course of justice; and will add, that several gave their evidence in a manner becoming a high reputation both in the scientific world and in society generally. But does not the very circumstance of such armies being arrayed against one another itself lead to a strong presumption that many were actually and awkwardly committed to published theories as to a subject on which no sufficient information even now exists to justify any strong opinion; that popular empiricism and professional jealousy must therefore do the work of the lawyers, whatever the course of the trial might be; that facts must rather be toned down, turned, smoothed, and twisted, to fit foregone conclusions, than theories, assertions, and opinions be modified, changed, or yielded, to meet facts in evidence? A lawyer does not produce fifteen or twenty medical witnesses unless he knows pretty well beforehand what they are going to say.

Into minute details we shall not enter. That *on the whole* the mode in which the scientific evidence came out was utterly discreditable, we have not yet met with a member of the medical profession bold enough to deny. The manner in which the attorney-general conducted the prosecution deserves great praise; it might well serve as a model for all cases of a like character. His opening was straightforward, temperate, manly, and eloquent; his reply earnest, acute, and just. Let us therefore hear him as to the doctors: "I cannot help saying that it is a scandal upon a learned, distinguished, and liberal profession, that men should come forward with speculations and conjectures such as these; and that they should misinterpret facts, and extract from them sophistical and unwarrantable conclusions, with the view of deceiving a jury. I have the greatest respect for science. No man can have a greater. But I cannot repress my indignation and abhorrence when I see it perverted and prostituted to the prejudice of truth in a court of justice." Hard words these, and difficult of digestion; but no harder, we venture to assert, than the case warranted; as any one will be forced to admit who wades through the 184 pages of the "illustrated edition." We shall only so far soften them as to substitute, "with a view to support statements and assertions, and to justify personal attacks made antecedently to the trial," for "with the view of deceiving a jury." The result, however, is the same; and but for the constant watchfulness of the judges, the jury would

have been most effectually puzzled and deceived by the very extravagant, conflicting, and uncertain statements of the adepts.

We proceed to give a few examples in illustration.

One gentleman, and of great ability, states in his examination-in-chief: "Judging from those symptoms, I am of opinion that death was caused by some convulsive disease" (not the tetanus of strychnia). "*I found that opinion upon the symptoms described in the depositions, and the evidence before the court.*" In cross-examination this gentleman, Dr. Nunneley, replies to the attorney-general, "I was first concerned in this about the time of the death of the person at Leeds. I was applied to; *I was in correspondence with the attorney for the defence. The details of the Leeds case were forwarded to him by me, and I called his attention to them.*" Can any one doubt that "the attorney for the defence" had a shrewd anticipation of what Dr. Nunneley might say; although the evidence on which alone he could form a legal opinion was in the womb of the future? It is here also to be remarked, that Mr. Morley, who, conjointly with the doctor, had conducted an analysis in the Leeds case,—and a most admirable and satisfactory analysis it was,—appears as a witness *on the other side!* We are therefore not surprised to find that Lord Campbell, in summing up, after reading over the evidence referred to, thinks it necessary to address the jury thus: "This, gentlemen, is the evidence of Dr. Nunneley. You recollect the manner in which he gave it; and you must form your own opinion as to the weight to be attached to it. Certainly he seemed to display an interest not quite becoming a witness in a court of justice; but you will give every attention to the facts to which he refers, and the evidence which he gives."

Another gentleman, of extended and well-deserved reputation, after describing certain experiments, states, "I am of opinion, from the accounts given by Dr. Taylor and other witnesses, that if it (strychnia) had existed in the body of Cooke, it ought to have been discovered." So far well. This is a statement which Mr. Herapath had a perfect right to make. But in reply to the attorney-general's question, "Have you not said that you had no doubt strychnia had been taken, but that Dr. Taylor had not gone the right way to find it?" we have this answer: "I may have said so. *I had a strong opinion from reading various newspaper reports—among others the 'Illustrated Times'—that strychnia had been given. I have expressed that opinion no doubt freely. People have talked a great deal to me about the matter, and I can't recollect a very word I have said; but that was my general opinion.*"

On this evidence the chief-justice remarks: " Mr. Herapath is a very distinguished chemist, and no doubt says what he sincerely thinks. He is of opinion that where there is death by strychnine, strychnine ought to be discovered. But he seems to have intimated an opinion that the deceased in this very case died by strychnine, and Dr. Taylor did not use proper means to discover it." It would rather seem that, among the many thousand analyses this worthy professor has made, he has forgotten one, namely, the analysis of his own feelings in regard to his brother-lecturer, Dr. Taylor.

We must comment in like manner on the evidence of Dr. Letheby. Two eminent analytical chemists, Drs. Taylor and Rees, have failed, as they state in evidence, to detect the presence of strychnia in three out of four animals killed, for the purpose of experiment, with that poison. Nevertheless, we find Dr. Letheby roundly asserting, " I have no hesitation in saying, that strychnine is of all poisons, either vegetable or mineral, the most easy of detection." Why, Dr. L., you know a great deal better than we do that the science of organic chemistry is in its infancy, not out of leading-strings; and for a man to pledge himself to a positive statement one day, is to insure his being tripped up upon his nose the next. How long have we known *any thing* about the vegetable principles? But it is the fashion of the day, in popular science, to build an imposing edifice on a dozen or so of bricks as a foundation.

Dr. Macdonald, a Scotch gentleman, whose theory as to the cause of death appears to have met with but little favour in any quarter, thus supports his view of epilepsy with " tectanic complications." White spots are mentioned, which he states cannot exist in the stomach without inflammation.

*The Attorney-general.* But the gentlemen who made the *post-mortem* examination say that the stomach was not inflamed.—There were white spots, which cannot exist without inflammation. There must have been inflammation.

*The Attorney-general.* But these gentlemen say there was not.—I do not believe them (*a laugh*).

And further on we find the following mode of backing an assertion that congestion of the brain was a symptom in the case; Mr. Baron Alderson in this instance being the questioner.

*Baron Alderson.* But the gentlemen who examined the body say there was no congestion after death.—But Dr. Bamford says there was.

*Baron Alderson.* You stick to Dr. Bamford.—Yes, I do, because he was a man of experience, could judge much better than younger men, and was not likely to be mistaken.

*Baron Alderson.* But Dr. Bamford said that Cooke died of apoplexy; do you think this was apoplexy?—*No, it was not.*

*Baron Alderson.* What, then, do you think of Dr. Bamford, who *certified* that it was?—That was a matter of opinion; but the existence of congestion in the brain he saw.

*The Attorney-general.* The other medical men said there was none.

And so Dr. M. “sticks” to poor old Dr. Bamford, who saw the congestion through the same spectacles which he used in writing the certificate.

Dr. Taylor is not only an eminent chemist and toxicologist, but also a writer of authority on medical jurisprudence. In his anxiety, however, to defend himself and his reputation against newspaper attacks, made after the coroner’s inquest and before the trial, he is indiscreet enough to write to a medical journal, and to supply, directly or indirectly, the materials for articles and woodcuts in an illustrated publication, which has doubtless made no inconsiderable harvest thereby. Dr. T. is clearly sensitive on more points than his professional reputation and standing. Mr. Sergeant Shee asks him, “Did you allow pictures of yourself and Dr. Rees to be taken for publication?” “Be so good as to call them *caricatures*. No, I did not.” It is not to be wondered that all the doctor’s ability could not save him from the merciless cross-examination to which he had most fairly laid himself open; and the figure which science was made to cut in obedience to the lash of the showman, though it did not interfere with the merits of his evidence, was a much more ludicrous caricature than the one which he complained of; but which cruel Sergeant Shee affirmed to be “very like.”

We think we have quoted quite enough in proof of our assertion that the value of professional evidence is materially impaired by jealousy, empiricism, and crude theorising. We will only refer to one more example of the manner in which it may be given; and this time with a different object. Dr. Wrightson, a pupil of Liebig, is called for the defence, and thrice elicits the warm approbation of the lord-chief-justice, who says, “I cannot allow this witness to leave the box without expressing my high approbation of the manner in which he has given his evidence:” and again, “this witness, who, I have no doubt, is a most scientific and honourable man, gave his testimony with that caution which is never so proper and becoming as in treating on questions of science.” And what was it that drew forth this praise from the judicial lips? Simply that Dr. Wrightson had the courage to say what he knew, and to stop the moment he was pressed to go beyond it. He

was man enough to declare, "I do not know." "I cannot tell." "I cannot form an opinion."

And here we take our leave of this memorable trial. With the attorney-general, we repeat that we have the greatest respect for science; that we consider the medical to be a learned, distinguished, and liberal profession. If, however, such public exhibitions as we have seen of late,—not in this case only, but in others in which the question has been of mental capacity,—become much more frequent, we think that all confidence and respect will in the end be lost. A few weeks since it was gravely asserted by physicians cunning in lunacy, that when a "propensity" became too strong to be resisted, moral responsibility ceased; in other words, that "couldn't help it" was a good defence for any crime. Luckily the judge presiding had an irresistible propensity to do his duty, and in due time the hangman did his also; but this was no fault of the doctors, who positively affirmed that though a man might be sane enough to be elected to the office of beadle, overseer, nay even churchwarden, he was not sane enough to be condemned for a murder.

Why will not men of science of all kinds bear in mind the unswerving loyalty that they owe to truth? Here lies the root of the mischief. In the fear that his knowledge may be underrated, his claims postponed to another, his pet theory remain unknown, the popular philosopher, when he gets an opportunity of addressing the world whose plaudits he covets, according to the vulgar proverb, says more in a day than he will stand to in a month; he permits a paroxysm of vanity to overcome his self-respect; and though he knows that he is earning the contempt of his more calm and more able brethren, commits himself to a perfect flood of bombast, exaggeration, and pedantic folly.

The business of the true man of science in the witness-box is, to aid the ends of justice by his special acquirements. He has no right whatever to accept a retainer, so to speak, for prosecution or defence. He is called upon simply to bring the light of his experience, whether as pathologist, chemist, toxicologist, or physiologist, to bear upon *facts*, which, from the nature of the case, may be obscure to the uninitiated, but are such as form the proper subjects of his particular research. And in so doing, he is rigorously bound to keep within the limit of ascertained and settled scientific truth. The moment he launches into speculation he forgets his duty. When we listen to men of vast acquirements and profound knowledge bringing their abilities with grave modesty to the elucidation of such dark mysterious questions as too frequently occur in

the annals of crime, we yield our respect, admiration, and conviction; but when we find a court of justice made a field for the display of paltry vanity, personal animosity, and overweening self-esteem,—when we have empty boastings and ridiculous theories mixed up, possibly enough, with much knowledge and practical skill,—we confess that we find it difficult to separate the wheat from the chaff; the interests of science suffer, and the learned exhibitors must not blame us if we class them for the time being with their brother-professors, Holloway, and Morison the late lamented hygeist.

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## Short Notices.

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### THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

*Christian Family Life.* From the German of H. W. J. Thiersch, Phil. et Theol. Doct., by J. R. Gardiner. (London, Bosworth and Harrison.) Dr. Thiersch seems to be a member of the High Church party of German Lutherans: we see in him the same characteristics as we find in the corresponding school in England; an unwillingness to be brought to book, a dislike of definition, a tendency to abolish reason and substitute feeling, combined with a strong leaning to and predilection for the remains of truth which are still left to him. On the whole the present volume is a very good one, and a very seasonable contribution to the religious literature of modern Germany, where socialism is sapping the ancient traditional respect for the family. Dr. Thiersch successively considers the subjects of marriage, education, children, servants, and social intercourse; and on all makes very wise and proper remarks. He can sometimes even be shrewd, as in the following sentences, which we extract from his thoughts on marriage.

“To be active, clever, and religious, are noble qualities in a woman; but the energetic woman who holds down her husband in inactivity; the clever one who silences him, and by the brilliancy of her conversation makes a show of his dull insignificance; and lastly, the religious one, who allows others to remark that her husband is less enlightened or awakened than herself,—are three disgusting characters. Yet is the last, especially when in combination with the second, the most disgusting of all.”

His views of celibacy might put to shame many professing Catholics. The only thing which his peculiar system leads him to misunderstand utterly is the use of the moral-theological treatises on the sixth commandment: “The whole of this scandalous casuistry,” he says, “is a frightful sign of the absence of the spirit of Christ. It rests upon the supposition that there is no true sanctification of the inner man, from which may spring a behaviour pleasing to God in all particular actions. It denies in the priest, as well as in the layman, that anointing which alone can teach to distinguish the becoming from the unbecoming.”

This is a specimen of the hereditary hatred to definition which distinguishes the most respectable Protestants. There should be no subtle distinctions made with regard to sins, because there is a power within us to sanctify the whole man, and all his acts. Carried out, this principle would lead to antinomianism, and would quite supersede the necessity of all the good advice contained in this book. Catholics would find in the volume several interesting evidences of the tendency of German Protestantism to sap the very foundations of all Christian life in the family and in society.

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### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

*Brownson's Quarterly Review*. Third Series. Dr. Brownson, in the July number of his Review (only just published here in consequence of the miscarriage of several of the sheets) has honoured us with a notice which, though in many respects far beyond our merits, yet requires a few observations. He complains that he has received no civilities from us to reciprocate. If we have not alluded oftener to his Review, it is solely because contemporary periodicals do not usually notice one another except to bite. But we can assure Dr. Brownson that we have always tacitly assumed him to be the most able and scientific of all our philosophical writers, and his Review to be the deepest, most solid, and most consistent periodical in our language. We look up to his powers of mind with a sincere scholarly respect, not at all inconsistent with occasional amusement at his brawny muscularity, at the thought of his loud voice and broad shoulders making entrance into our finikin drawing-rooms, or at the somewhat too monotonous clang with which the great steam-hammer of his dialectics is eternally pounding into powder all the raw material of crude and ephemeral philosophies and new-found odd inventions of Protestant controversialists, which successively come under its ponderous and irresistible stroke. There is enough in one of his numbers to dilute into half a hundred ordinary reviews. We gladly own that we ourselves are under great obligations to him; and that if it depended on our voice, his Review should be found on the study-table of every educated Catholic in the kingdom.

Dr. Brownson, after saying that the *Dublin Review*, in spite of a certain lack of force, directness, and condensation, is still the first Catholic periodical in the English language, adds, "but the *Rambler* is more after own heart. It has a freedom and freshness about it, a boldness and independence, a force and earnestness, that we like, and from which we augur much good. It is not one of your quiet, safe, humdrum periodicals, that, while it never broaches an erroneous, never ventures a stirring thought,—that wraps its talent in a clean napkin and buries it in the earth, lest it should lose it if it put it out at usury.

"In a word, its editors seem to us to be more anxious to be living men than to be merely safe men, and more bent on quickening the thought and activity of the Catholic body than they are to obtain the negative merit of giving no offence, or of disturbing no one's tranquillity. Any man who comprehends at all the wants and movements of our times sees that we are no longer in the middle ages, and that it is idle to attempt to reproduce them. New social forms have come up, new modes of thought and activity prevail; and to meet them we must be no longer encumbered with the obsolete forms of the middle ages.

We cannot fight in the armour of the old schoolmen, any more than we can in that of the old mediæval knights." The life of Catholic science, he goes on to show, is not manifested in refusing to deal with modern forms of thought; but in using them, in inspiring them with its own vitality, and in adopting all their truth and reality. This is the demand of the age; and if Catholics do not meet it, the age will escape them.

"The writers in the *Rambler*," he continues, "do not see this as clearly and distinctly as we could wish, do not take as broad and as comprehensive views of it as we could desire; but they have an instinctive sense of it, they feel it, in some degree they see it, and are labouring with much earnestness and power in what we consider the right direction." Whatever is the fault of our published views, their lack of "breadth and comprehension" is rather a consequence of our want of ability to say what we mean in a masterly manner, and of the necessity that encompasses us to observe silence on many things, than of our want of perfect and intimate conviction of the truth which Dr. Brownson so well unfolds. England, and especially the little remnant of Catholic England, lives very much on tradition—lives by the past. We cannot criticise the past without breaking with that on which our editorial existence depends. We have to write for those who consider that a periodical appearing three times in the quarter has no business to enter into serious questions, which must be reserved for the more measured roll of the Quarterly. Our part, it seems, is to provide milk and water and sugar, insipid "amusement and instruction," from which all that might suggest and excite real thought has been carefully weeded. These are the conditions sometimes proposed to us as those on which our publication will be encouraged. We may, indeed, be as severe as we like in showing that there is not a jot or scrap of truth in any of the enemies of Catholics; that all who oppose us, or contend with us, are both morally reprobate and intellectually impotent. We have perfect liberty to make out, by a selection of garbled quotations, how all the sciences of the nineteenth century are ministering to their divine queen; how geologists and physical philosophers are proving the order of creation as related by Moses; physiologists the descent of mankind from one couple; philologists the original unity and subsequent disruption in human language; ethnographers in their progress are testifying more and more to that primeval division of mankind into three great races, as recorded by Moses; while any serious investigation of these sciences, made independently of the unauthoritative interpretations of Scripture by which they have hitherto been controlled and confined in the Catholic schools, would be discouraged as tending to infuse doubts into the mind of innocent Catholics, and to suggest speculation where faith now reigns. People, forsooth, to whom the pages of the *Times*, the *Athenæum*, and the *Weekly Dispatch*, with all their masterly infidelity, lie open, will be exposed to the danger of losing their faith if a Catholic writer speculates a little on questions of moral, intellectual, social, or physical philosophy—if he directs his mind to any thing above writing nice stories in illustration of the pleasantness and peace of the Catholic religion, and the naughty and disagreeable ends to which all non-Catholics arrive in this world and the next;—to any thing more honest than defending through thick and thin the governments of all tyrants that profess our religion, and proving by "geometric scale" that the interior of a Neapolitan prison is rather preferable to that of an English gaol. We only wish we saw our way clearly to be safe in speaking out in a manner still more after Dr. Brownson's heart.—To return, however, to his criticism, which we quote not out of vanity, but as a defence of our conduct, and as a proof



that we may raise disagreeable questions for a very different motive than mere wantonness :

"Their language," he continues, "is not always exact, and we now and then meet expressions that we regret; they give, now and then, offence to good souls, who cannot understand that there have been changes since the time of good King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table; but they have life, they have energy, and they are outspoken, and we say from the bottom of our heart 'God speed them.' The wants of their country and of our own are substantially the same; and while they are serving theirs, they are serving ours; and we, while serving ours, are also serving theirs. With *Le Correspondant* in France, the *Rambler* for the British empire, and some work to correspond for our own country, we need not despair, with the blessing of God, of reviving Catholic thought and Catholic faith in the modern world."

If we could but flatter ourselves that our periodical deserved in any tolerable degree this eulogy, we should be quite repaid for our labours and anxieties. We, however, feel very grateful to Dr. Brownson for his valuable encouragement, and assure him of our entire sympathy in the course which he has so boldly chosen and so successfully pursued.

*English Traits.* By R. W. Emerson, author of "Representative Men." (London, Routledge.) Mr. Emerson's literary works are supposed to belong to some of those new forms which are looming up on the horizon,—“new and gigantic thoughts, which cannot dress themselves out of any old wardrobe of the past.” But we take it that his popularity does not depend on the embryonic colossi of his phrenetic manifestations, but precisely on the scraps which he adroitly conveys from the ancestral wardrobe to patch his own rents withal. As a transcendental seer and a disciple of Carlyle, we find him dreary and dull; but as a clever observer, who manages to glorify America through England, and *vice versâ* to use us as the whipping-boy when he has a castigation to administer to refractory little Jonathan, he has amused us much. He is well read in our seventeenth-century literature, and admires it “hugely;” and has learned from it to express his meaning neatly, forcibly, epigrammatically, and clearly—whenever he has any meaning to express. Mr. Emerson made two visits to England, and is, on the whole, very complimentary to her, and will be graciously accepted so long as he speaks rose-water and pastile; but will be quietly extinguished whenever the smoke becomes pungent to our nostrils. Catholics, however, who have suffered from the ultra-nationality of our countrymen will be more ready to do justice to the truth of his satire as well as of his praise. We will extract a few of his observations.

“There is no country in which so absolute a homage is paid to wealth. . . . There is a mixture of religion in it. They are under the Jewish law, and read with sonorous emphasis that their days shall be long in the land, they shall have sons and daughters, flocks and herds, wine and oil. In exact proportion is the reproach of poverty. . . . The last term of insult is ‘a beggar.’ One of their recent writers speaks of ‘the grave moral deterioration which follows an empty exchequer.’ The two English disgraces are, first, disloyalty to Church and State; and second, to be born poor, or to come to poverty. A natural fruit of England is the brutal political economy. Malthus finds no cover laid at nature’s table for the labourer’s son.”

The chapter on the wealth of England concludes with a just thought: “Her prosperity, the splendour which so much manhood and talent and perseverance has thrown upon vulgar aims, is the very argument

of materialism. Her success strengthens the hands of base wealth. Who can propose to youth poverty and wisdom, when mean gain has arrived at the conquest of letters and arts; when English success has grown out of the very renunciation of principles, and the dedication to out-sides?"

It is an argument for the accuracy of the Catholic view of English religion when a man so diametrically opposed to all our modes of thought as Emerson, and only like us in preferring soul to body, inside to outside, speaks thus:

"The religion of England is part of good breeding. . . . Their religion is a quotation; their Church is a doll; and any examination is interdicted with screams of terror. . . . I suspect that there is in an Englishman's brain a valve that can be closed at pleasure, as an engineer shuts off steam. . . . They talk with courage and logic, and show you magnificent results; but the same men who have brought free trade or geology to their present standing, look grave and lofty and shut down their valve as soon as the conversation approaches the English Church. After that you talk with a box-turtle.

"The Anglican Church is marked by the grace and good sense of its forms, by the manly grace of its clergy. The gospel it preaches is 'by taste ye are saved.' It keeps the old structures in repair, spends a world of money in music and building, and in buying Pugin and architectural literature. It has a general good name for amenity and mildness. It is not in ordinary a persecuting Church; it is not inquisitorial, not even inquisitive; is perfectly well-bred, and can shut its eyes on all proper occasions. If you let it alone, it will let you alone.

"The doctrine of the Old Testament is the religion of England. The first leaf of the New Testament it does not open. It believes in a Providence which does not treat with levity a pound sterling. They are neither Transcendentalists nor Christians. They put up no Socratic prayer, much less any saintly prayer, for the queen's mind; ask neither for light nor right; but say bluntly, 'grant her in health and wealth long to live.' And one traces this Jewish prayer in all English private history, from the prayers of King Richard in Richard of Devizes' chronicle, to those in the diaries of Sir Samuel Romilly and of Haydon the painter. 'Abroad with my wife,' writes Pepys piously, 'the first time that ever I rode in my own coach; which do make my heart rejoice and praise God, and pray Him to bless it to me and continue it.'

"The curates are ill-paid, and the prelates are over-paid. This abuse draws into the Church the children of the nobility, and other unfit persons who have a taste for expense. Thus a bishop is only a surpliced merchant. Through his lawn I can see the bright buttons of the shopman's coat glitter. A wealth like that of Durham makes almost a premium on felony. . . . The modes of initiation are more damaging than custom-house oaths. The bishop is elected by the dean and prebends of the cathedral. The queen sends these gentlemen a *congé-d'élire*, or leave to elect; but also sends them the name of the person whom they are to elect. They go into the cathedral, chant and pray, and beseech the Holy Ghost to assist them in their choice; and after these invocations invariably find that the dictates of the Holy Ghost agree with the recommendation of the queen.

"The English Church, undermined by German criticism, had nothing left but tradition, and was led logically back to Romanism; but in view of the educated class generally that was not a fact to face the sun; and the alienation of such men from the Church became complete.

"The Church is much to be pitied. She has nothing left but pos-

session. If a bishop meets an intelligent gentleman, and reads fatal interrogations in his eyes, he has no resource but to take wine with him. False position introduces cant, perjury, simony, and even a lower class of mind and character into the clergy: and when the hierarchy is afraid of science and education, afraid of piety, afraid of tradition, and afraid of theology, there is nothing left but to quit a Church which is no longer one."

We have quoted enough to show that Mr. Emerson is a terse, vigorous writer, whenever he deigns to remain on this side the moon in his mother-sense. But when he journeys into the realms of Transcendentalism, we must leave him. Still, the present, like Emerson's other works, is a very suggestive book, and might furnish many mottoes, and many texts to dilate upon.

*Pictures of Travel.* Translated from the German of Henry Heine, by C. G. Leland. (Philadelphia, J. Weik.) There are some reprobates whom we are forced to like in spite of their wickedness, and in whose minds the materials of a beautiful religious character seem to exist; who, in spite of their satirical blasphemy and levity, are felt to be much less offensive than many a prim piece of puritanical piety and pride. Such a man was Dr. Johnson's facetious and immoral friend, to whom he once said, "Thy body is all vice, and thy mind all virtue;" such a one, according to Dr. Pusey, was Lord Byron, whom that learned pundit compares to St. Augustine. Henry Heine is another of these people. Not that his mind was all virtue—far from it. He was a Jew by birth, a Protestant by profession, an infidel and often a most licentious cynic in his writings. But he blasphemes as if he ought to have been a Catholic. We do not wish to be misunderstood: it appears to us that real scientific blasphemy, good concentrated cursing, can only exist in its perfection among Catholics; other people have not faith to present objects to their minds on which to vent their hatred—that supernatural theological hatred which is the real logical contrary to divine love. Heine's Hebrew mind was capable of this; and his natural instincts taught him to curse as scientifically as a reprobate Catholic can do it. Yet with all this there is something in him that charms us: an impudent familiarity with the highest things; a power of turning his mind at once from heaven to the cesspool; an indignant hatred of all shams; a bitter disgust at the empty forms of German rationalism; a mockery of the figment of pure reason, of Kant, and Hegel, and the other lights of German philosophy;—all these things cause us to take a certain interest in his writings in spite of their horrible blasphemy and filthy cynicism, and sometimes even make us feel that their author was not far from the kingdom of God—wanted but a little change to make him a good Catholic.

The *Pictures of Travel* consist of a series of Shandean sketches, in prose and verse, of the sights and fancies of a traveller. The following is not a bad specimen of the prose:

"My chamber commanded a fine view towards Rammelsberg. It was a lovely evening. Night was out hunting on her black steed, and the long cloud-mane fluttered on the wind. I stood at my window watching the moon. Is there really a man in the moon? The Slavonians assert that there is such a being, named Clotar, and he causes the moon to grow by watering it. When I was little they told me that the moon was a fruit; and that when it was ripe, it was picked and laid away amid a vast collection of old full moons in a great bureau, which stood at the end of the world, where it is nailed up with boards. As I grew older I

remarked that the world was not by any means so limited as I had supposed it to be, and that the human intelligence had broken up the wooden bureau, and with a terrible 'hand of glory' had opened all the seven heavens. Immortality—dazzling idea! who first imagined thee? Was it some jolly burgher of Nuremberg, who, with nightcap on his head and white clay pipe in mouth, sat on some pleasant summer evening before his door, and reflected, in all his comfort, that it would be right pleasant if, with unextinguishable pipe and endless breath, he could thus vegetate onwards for a blessed eternity? Or was it a lover,"—and so on, in a deepening stream of German sentimentality.

The *diablerie* and dreamland scenes are all admirable. The Germans seem to have taken out a patent for this kind of imaginative writing; no other land could have produced Chamisso and Fouqué. Heine's ghosts and goblins and dreams are more amusing because they all have a hit at some political grievance or philosophical fallacy. But in spite of all that can be said in its praise, it is our manifest duty to warn our readers off the book. A Catholic's familiarity with religion will allow him to bear with many playful allusions to the most sacred things, which would ruffle the buckram of the Sabbath-coat of Protestants; but Heine's allusions are too pointed and too poisonous to be playful. Even the American translator, though he says that it is a matter of supreme indifference to every impartial student of literature whether a writer's genius and influence have been exerted for good or for evil, is yet obliged to own that there are many passages which the majority of readers might wish omitted. In his politics, too, he is Red-republican and revolutionary, a hater of aristocracy, kings, and priests, and a flatterer of Russia and America; which latter peculiarity is perhaps the occasion of the present translation.

*General Comte de Rhadow, a Transparency.* Translated from the Ms. of Baron Frederic de Dachenhausen. (London, Richardson.) This is a strange story, wherein a young abbé and a ferocious vicomte turn out to be angel and devil respectively. In spite of the extremely supernatural character of these actors, there is a vast deal of stiff realism in the narrative; many excessively solid practical jokes are recorded; wives and properties are won and lost,—all in the compressed space of about a hundred pages, which most of our novel writers would have multiplied into the ordinary three volumes. There is some power in the story; and its quaint eccentricity gives it a flavour of originality rare in these productive days.

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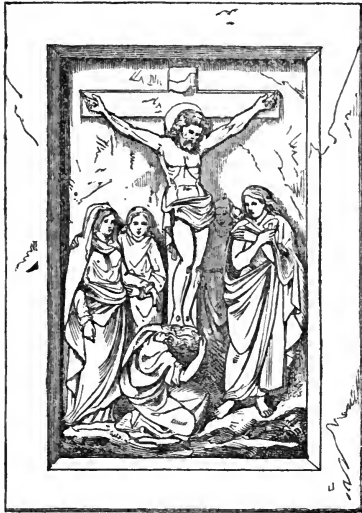
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AMONGST Catholics one finds two sorts of people. Some, when speaking about our present position in this country, can see in it nothing but what is cheering and delightful. Your *couleur-de-rose* man lives in a poetical atmosphere of his own. Openings of new missions, churches, and schools, functions, devotions, sermons, conversions,—these are his talk and his life. Were there ever, thinks he, such glorious times as these; such palmy days for the Church? In his excited fervour he can see nothing but progress, nothing that is not enchanting, hopeful, and glorious. On the other hand, there is a select little circle of croakers who make it their business to undeceive those who are under any such delusion. Our position is most unreal, say they; and nothing is to be expected from it but the most dire calamities. Every present success is with them but the precursor of debts, difficulties, and disasters. There is a flaw in every undertaking, a black spot in every character, which serves as a target for their grumblings. The whole of our present position is unsound and rotten; and if it does not end in a great smash, it is only because of God's Providence overruling His Church.

For ourselves, being of a philosophic turn of mind, we think that there is a good deal to be said on both sides. To the gentlemen of rose-coloured minds we urge, that there is an old-fashioned proverb about glittering gold which is still as applicable as ever; that the croakers and grumblers are, many of them, no visionaries, but clear-headed and thoughtful men, who not only really see the faults and failings they speak of, but also feel them most keenly: and if we do not take their view, it is not because it has no truth in it, but because it is only one side of the picture, and one, too, that leads to no results. Yes, gentlemen croakers and grumblers, you are

right; there *are* plenty of flaws and black spots; plenty that is unreal, unsound, rotten; but this is not peculiar to our age or country, nor to the present state of religion amongst us. It has always been so since Adam infected us with original sin; and if we are to wait till what is done is done perfectly, till men work only from the purest motives, and in the most excellent manner, we must look out for another basis of operations than any we can find in this world. Do you want to see the practical results of the grumbling system? *fiat experimentum in corpore vili*—try it on a small scale. Go to the next race with your friends, and pick out your favourite; stand by the side of the stream or the course, and tell him of all his faults; as he passes by, cheer him with all your might, and after your own fashion. Encourage him to greater efforts by making him fully sensible of his present deficiencies; tell him he is a long way behind, and making no progress, but losing ground every minute; that there is this imminent danger on one side, and that disaster impending on the other; that he is managing badly, and has not a chance. Try the effect of all this. The common voice of mankind, as well as the thoughtful sayings of philosophers, concur in teaching that if we would have progress, we must be tolerant of many faults, imperfections, and mistakes; that more progress will be made in the end by encouragement to go on than by stopping even to correct these mistakes, at the risk of losing heart to go on at all.

To look, then, upon our present condition in England as unsatisfactory, when compared with the past, is, we think, simply to be unthankful to God for all He has done for us. We are quite ready to allow, and indeed contend for, a considerable amount of mistakes and unrealities; but still, on the whole, we have made progress—glorious progress. Whoever will take the trouble to make a study of the position and prospects of Catholics in England forty or fifty years ago, will soon be as deeply convinced of this as they are who have had actual experience of those times. It is not, then, our past progress that can reasonably be doubted; but if we look not to the past, but to the present, and still more to the future, as arising out of the present, we must admit with the croakers that there is something unsatisfactory, a flaw, a black spot, the reality of which we inwardly feel as much as they do, and would express our feelings outwardly by croaking, yea, with the lungs of ten thousand frogs, if croaking would mend it.

Let us put it thus: we will suppose ourselves to go into one of our London churches on a Sunday, and see there some hundreds or thousands of Catholics at their devotions. The

question is suddenly put to us, Where did all these people learn their religion? We tell our inquirer, that we observe some foreigners; that besides there are doubtless many converts, and that many of the upper classes were educated in Catholic colleges and convents at home and abroad. But the great bulk of the people, all the poor, where were they brought up in the knowledge and practice of their religion? Our answer is: Not, with some exceptions, in this country at all, but in Ireland, from which they imported it here. Since, then, he replies, these Catholics are not native produce, so to speak, but of foreign growth, how will it be thirty or forty years hence, when these are most of them passed away? How will your churches be filled then? Of course, we answer, by their children; of which, with those of the converts and others, there is an abundant crop. Hold, says he; the question I ask is not, whether the present generation of Catholics are a fruitful race, but whether all these children you speak of will, when grown up, take the place of their parents in attending their religious duties; whether, in short, they will be practical Catholics—whether Catholics at all.

Why not? say we; the children are little Catholics already, why should they not grow up to be big ones? Because, says our matter-of-fact friend, though the children are, it is true, Catholics now, inasmuch as they had the gift of faith at baptism, yet this seed of faith requires for its development, and at last for its very existence, nurture and education. In short, of themselves they will *not* grow up Catholics. If they are to take the place of their parents, it must be by their being brought up, like them, under Catholic influences; in fact, by their learning their religion. Now the time of our poor children is divided between their homes, the streets, and the school, if they go to one. Their day is spent in one or more of these. If they learn their religion, it must be in one of these. Which is it?

Well, thought we, it is not the streets, any how; for here they see very little to remind them that there is such a thing as religion at all. Except in some shape in which it is marketable, it does not ordinarily come into the calculations of all those busy people the poor child meets in the streets. And as for the true religion, if he hears it referred to at all, it is only to be abused and ridiculed, as something too gross and childish to be fit for this enlightened country, however it may be practised in darker and less fortunate places. Certainly, whatever else he picks up, he will never pick up his religion, either faith or morals, in the streets of London. No; it must be at home, of course. But, putting aside exceptional cases,

what is the home of the poor man's child? We know what it is with the children of the upper classes; the place of our merriest days and dearest associations—a place where there was always a kind comfortable mamma to take care of us, and tell us what to do. There were such good sisters, who always did what was right, and were shocked at us when we didn't too. There was a good old governor, who used to be coaxed out of many a sixpence, and used to give us wine and fruit, though mamma shook her head. Was there ever such a place as our home? Were there ever any where such wise, good people as papa and mamma? How unlucky other children were not to have such a first-rate papa and mamma as we had! No wonder, with such associations, home is a place of overpowering influence for good or for evil.

But we say again, what sort of a place is the home of the poor man's child? First, it differs widely from the other in this, that the children see but little of their parents at all. Let the father be ever so good a man, yet if he is always out, the children do not profit by his example. And often, very often, this is the case with the mother too; so that, in fact, the children are left to their own influences, those of the neighbours, of their companions, or of the great world in the streets, during the greatest part of the day, and see comparatively little of their parents. Besides, how often would the influence of the parents be good, if there were more of it? How often are they not given to idleness and drink, to dishonest practices, to cursing and swearing? How often are they not found living in entire disregard of religion and its duties? There are, no doubt, a great many most edifying exceptions to all this; but even so, it must also be taken into account that the Irish immigrants, even when good themselves, have very little notion of the dangers which, in this country, their poor children need to be guarded against. Being brought up under different circumstances themselves, they have ordinarily no idea of having to be themselves the means through which their children are to imbibe their religion. Take all these circumstances into account, and then consider how much the influence of home can be depended on, as not *a* means, but *the* means by which our Catholic children are to learn their religion. In fact, it is only those that are unacquainted with the poor and their children who do not know that more frequently home, instead of being an influence for good, is itself the most deep and pernicious of the evil influences that have to be counteracted.

What, then, is our hope for the rising generation? They spend part of their day in the streets, where they learn nothing that they had not better unlearn; they spend another part at



home, with nineteen chances out of twenty of learning there, too, more harm than good. Our only hope is in the school which they do, or at least may, attend; and of the three places between which they divide their time, this is the only one we can influence. The streets we cannot improve; we must keep the children out of them. Their homes we cannot improve; we must often counteract their influence. The school is the only place where the thousands and ten-thousands of our Catholic children can learn their religion; and this providentially is within our control.

It will be said, perhaps, that though the influences of the streets and their homes are bad, yet these rather affect the children's morals than undermine their faith. But let it be recollected that these children have yet to learn their faith. We are not now speaking of what may injure the faith of the children after they have got it, but how they are to get it; to get it, not merely as a seed or latent power, but as an active principle felt and understood. All who are baptised have faith; but faith requires a suitable soil and culture: and however it might live without cultivation in a Catholic country, the climate and soil of a Protestant land is too cold and ungenial for it even to exist without care and cultivation. From this cause, here, if any where, our Lord's words are pre-eminently verified: "He that is not with Me is against Me." There is no neutral ground here; all found on what might be considered such are claimed by the prince of darkness; and the claim is sustained. If a Catholic does not practise his religion, it is only a question of time when he ceases to belong to it even in name. Except for the practical purpose of saving his soul, his religion is not worth keeping in this country; it is a drawback. Under other circumstances, he might continue to hold the truth in ungodliness; and if it were of no service to his own soul, yet his family and dependents might be benefited by it; but here those who cease to belong to us are forthwith found with the enemy.

If, then, our dear friends the croakers say that there is no hope for the great masses of our children except in our schools, they enunciate a great truth; and if they go on to say that our schools are for the most part utterly incapable of grappling with the evil, they enunciate another. We admit, we contend for, both these propositions. But put so, they lead to no other conclusion than that we should all sit down and be miserable together. It is certain that we may take so black, and yet so true a view of things, as to be thoroughly disheartened, and do nothing but, like the driver in the fable, sit down and complain to Hercules that our coach is in the mud.

No; while we admit the premises, it is more hopeful, and therefore more practical, to put them into a *couleur-de-rose* form. Instead of saying, there is no hope but in our schools, let us say, there *is* hope in them; and while we allow that they are very bad, let us add, that they *can* be made better. Nay, we are confident that if you want men to see the deficiencies of the schools they support, you will do it sooner by encouraging them to make them still better than they are—to add the last touches of perfection to them—than by telling that they are, what they are, miserably bad. But does not truth compel us to say so? Not exactly: it is impatience.

To proceed, however, with our argument. We must now take it as a thing proved, that our future existence in England depends on what we do in our schools: and also we take it for granted that at the present time they fall grievously short of what they ought to be, and what they must be, if they are to grapple with the gigantic evil that they have to contend with. We say this without meaning to detract in the least from all that is being, and has been, done during the last few years for our schools. We are fully aware that we have now not a few schools, in the northern counties more particularly, that might serve as very models;—schools which give the very perfection of education. But how many are these, compared with the entire number of schools?—how many in comparison with what we want, and must have in order to educate the masses of our children? Those who take most interest in the education of the poor, and who have exerted themselves most, are agreed on this point. It is a thing that *must* be attended to.

But what are the causes of our schools being inefficient, or what are the obstacles to our having good ones? They may be reduced to three heads: want of money, want of practical knowledge of schools, and want of energy or will.

Of these, we have no doubt many will pounce upon the first as being, after all, the great and main difficulty. For ourselves, we are persuaded it is the least. First, because it vanishes when once the other two are provided for; whereas, on the other hand, what will money do, when there is either a want of energy or of practical knowledge in those that have the chief management of a school? Of course there are numerous cases where many a hard-working priest is obliged, in order to keep his school going, to pinch himself, to have recourse to many extremely troublesome and unpleasant ways of raising money: still, in the end, by fair means or foul, it comes. We cannot bring to mind a single instance where an energetic, painstaking man had fairly to shut up his school for

want of means. There is, after all, a sympathy for men who make great efforts, *and who persevere in them*. The Poor-School Committee, the Committee of Council, school-pence, sermons, meetings, bazaars, tea-parties, excursions,—all come to the rescue, and the school goes on. This certainly is not the greatest impediment.

What, then, is the *greatest* obstacle? Shall we say, it is want of practical knowledge respecting school-matters? This is undoubtedly one of the chief causes of our schools being inefficient. School-managers often know nothing at all about schools, or what they ought to be. Knowledge comes by learning, skill by practice. Latin and Greek had to be learnt, as we found to our cost. Sciences and arts, trades and professions, all, without exception, have to be studied and worked at before we can make any hand of them. Whence comes it, then, that the art of teaching, the science of education, is to come of itself? Why is it that without any study or practice men take the management of schools, and expect them to get on? They think we live in those good old times when the squire's butler, now past active service, retired into private life as village-schoolmaster; or when a cook or lady's-maid, worn out with years and service, was by an economical arrangement installed in the office of schoolmistress; then, indeed, school-management needed not to be learnt, not because it came by intuition even then, but on a principle enunciated by a friend of ours, that it was easy to get through work that was not done. But now if our schools are to be places of solid instruction, of real education, those who have the management of them must take the trouble to make themselves somewhat acquainted with their practical working: the discipline and organisation of a school, the making it an attractive place,—without which, in the present day, it will not be filled,—requires skill and care as well as constant vigilance. But we do not exaggerate when we say that a very great many of our schools are under the control of those who have not any higher idea of them than as places where little boys and girls are taught to read and write and cipher, and where they may be advantageously made at the same time to learn their catechism. It is a grief and vexation to us to see how many working and zealous priests, whose heart is in the salvation of their flock, and who would be satisfied with nothing less than vigorous and efficient schools, are simply lost to this work because they have no practical knowledge of it. But they have never had the opportunity of gaining it; and as they are the chief or sole managers of the schools, these must needs suffer.

But there is another obstacle, which must, after all, be re-

garded as the greatest in the way of our having efficient schools; and this is, want of energy. Want of money is an evil; and, still more, want of practical knowledge in the management of schools. But these and greater difficulties far would soon be overcome, would we stir ourselves, and set our shoulder to the wheel. For proof of this, look to the excellent schools which, thank Heaven! in some places we have. How were these called into existence? Time was when there, as every where else, there was no money. The managers there, too, knew nothing of schools but their difficulties; but they set to work and overcame all obstacles, and have been blessed with a success beyond their utmost hopes. Are we Catholics made of different stuff from other people, that it should be pretended that we cannot do as much as they? It is all very well to say they have resources which we have not. First, money will not come without exertion; and when you have got it, even then personal exertion and vigilance is required for success. It is because, as we say, Protestants are *active* that they do harm and mischief to us; and we have only to bring forth the energy and activity which we have locked up in our breasts, and the money that is locked up in our coffers, in order to succeed. We can succeed if we set to work. We shall not succeed if we don't. Even grace will do nothing for us then. O for some means of awakening our dormant energies! *Hic labor, hoc opus est.*

In answer, then, to the question, What must we do for our schools? we must admit that we have no sovereign Holloway's ointment by which we are to be "cured in an instant." Many think that the remedy is to be sought in organisation. Were we not, says one, so thoroughly disorganised a body, we could do any thing. We want to be properly organised, says another. Very true; but, first, who is to do it? Once upon a time the mice came to the conclusion, that to escape from certain apprehensions which affected the nervous system, it was highly desirable that the cat should have a bell tied round her neck. Most excellent resolution! which nevertheless failed of its effect, because no one was found who would take Mrs. Puss in hand. And a similar difficulty attends the establishment of this same perfect organisation, which is to do such great things; who is to effect it? There is, too, another evil, as much to be feared as want of organisation, and one which all the organisation in the world will not set right,—want of motive-power, of mainspring, or whatever you like to call it, to keep your organisation going. We fear this more of the two. We would sooner have some parts of the machinery a little erratic or self-willed than the whole thing reduced to a

perfect system, in which every wheel, shaft, and spindle is exactly where it ought to be, with the risk of its energy and activity being impaired. And when you have got to make the different parts of your machine, not of cold iron, but of human will, with all its eccentricities and idiosyncrasies, you cannot restrain and adjust and organise very perfectly without losing by the way a deal of good useful energy, which, even in the raw state, is yet, in this lazy world of ours, too precious a material to be lightly thrown away.

No; the truth is, no machinery in the world will make or carry on good schools, any more than it will make men lead good lives; and for the same reason. And that reason is—original sin and its effects, weakness of will, dullness of intellect. To set up good schools, and keep them going, managers have to overcome these defects, first in themselves, next in the schoolmaster; and then they can set to work to do the same thing for the children. This must always be hard, uphill work, and such as requires unceasing vigilance and energy. Depend upon it, neither organisation, nor inspection, nor even “a couple of nuns,”—which was, we remember, some years ago the recipe for setting things right,—will do of itself. It is by exertion, by thoughtfulness and foresight, by careful attention to little things as well as great, by watchful vigilance, by continual struggling against the negligence and laziness which there must ever be continual temptations to in so toilsome a work as carrying on good schools; it is, in short, by all that proceeds from and belongs to personal care and individual energy,—that the difficulty must be, not once for all, but continually combated.

While, however, nothing that can be suggested will supply the place of this individual exertion in the establishment of good schools, yet there are one or two questions as to the best *means* for improving schools which it may be well to touch upon. One of these is, whether it is for the good of our schools that they should be under Government inspection? But into the discussion of this point we shall not enter, because it seems to us to be practically settled. For whatever may be urged abstractedly for or against it *was* argued some years ago, when the question was brought before the Bishops; and after long discussion, and upon the obtaining of certain concessions, it was settled by them in favour of Government inspection. Suppose, for argument's sake, that their lordships were mistaken in their view; yet even so, *mallet errare cum Platone*, &c. It is better to run the chance of a false step with authority on your side, than to act merely upon your own private convictions. What is the final end of Bishops?

Not merely *benedicere et consecrare*, but also *regere et gubernare*. How should such points be settled, except by the authority and wisdom of superiors? It is all very well for safe old coaches to come up from the country, and shake their heads, and say, *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*, and that sort of thing; but it is to be remembered that the Danaï in this case are already within our walls, and that, as things are going on, it may be in their power some day to come into our schools without any *dona* at all, and enforce inspection on us, as on all others. If, indeed, there were any condition of inspection which was in itself wrong, or against the faith or morals of our children, our duty would be to look to what was right, without thought or care of consequences, which are entirely in the hands of God. But this is just precisely what their lordships have settled, that there is *not* any thing wrong or bad in accepting inspection. It is, then, merely a question of prudence, what is safest and wisest for the future.

But, it is said, the Bishops have decided, not that we *must* accept inspection, but that we *may* do so. They have done more; they have decided that we may safely do so. This, then, is one side of the question. On the other side there are the aforesaid *dona*, a matter of certain £. s. d., which are of material and undeniable assistance, the sinews of schools as well as war. Suppose we make a free translation of Danaï, and call them Egyptians; why should we not spoil these Egyptians? *Nil obstat*. The Bishops say we may. Then there is one clear gain in the material assistance gained—the *dona*; and a second is, that we act together and uniformly as a body: and we contend that, even if there is danger, our generals will by this plan sooner discover and more readily avoid it than by the system of each private soldier acting on his own judgment, and keeping a private look-out for the interests of the Catholic Church. What, say we, is the use of Bishops, if we do not leave this to them?

However, we do not mean to do so great an injustice to the Committee of Council as to insinuate that the only good they do is to give us pecuniary aid. On the contrary, their system is a very vigorous and well-digested one, and shows that some very long-headed and thoughtful men have been at work in the study of education. Moreover, we are inclined to give them credit for a desire, not indeed to give a Catholic education, which is too much to expect of them, but to give Catholics, as well as others, fair play, and not to interfere with our religion. Nor certainly can it be denied that inspection has, as a matter of fact, been a means of improving our schools very considerably. Our most vigorous and successful schools

have been those under inspection, or others have been exceptions only. And what also deserves attention is, that, as a rule, those managers who take most interest in their schools seem to have no difficulty about accepting the Government grants; whereas the "safe" people very often display a manifest want of interest in the whole subject, when compared with other things. Let any one observe for himself whether this is not the case.

Another question is sometimes raised, as to who should have the management of our poor-schools? Cases occur in which private individuals have taken compassion on the wants of some destitute locality, and have established schools of themselves. In some of our oldest missions the school is not only supported by the chief Catholic family of the place, but entirely under their control. In other cases, benefactors have made their support conditional on the management of the schools being left in their own hands, or in those of a committee. Now what is most for the good of schools? Are they best left in the hands of the clergy, or does any other system promise more improvement? We are clearly of opinion that the local clergy are the fittest managers. There are, no doubt, cases that are exceptions. In some places the clergy are so overburdened with other work, that they cannot properly attend to them. In others the schools cannot be obtained for them. In others age or infirmity render the priests unable to do any thing. But these are exceptions, nothing more; and, as exceptions, should be made the subject of special treatment. As a rule, however, we affirm that nothing is so natural an arrangement, nor, in the long-run, so beneficial, as that the priest of the parish should be manager of the school; and for this reason. We have seen that the great difficulty about carrying on an efficient school is, to find that persevering energy which must be the mainspring of its life. Now where are we so likely to find this as in the priest? Others take up the care of schools as amateurs; but it is his profession. Others engage in the work as devotion or taste may lead them; but with him it is part of that sacred duty, to which he is bound by vows, of watching over the safety of the lambs as well as the sheep of his flock. Others are not responsible for a work they are not bound to undertake; but with him it is a matter that he cannot, in good conscience, neglect, and of which his superiors require from time to time an account. And however it is true that there are many cases in which the zeal of the laity in this matter is worthy of being imitated as well as encouraged, yet no good would, we believe, be attained by attempting therefore to remove the clergy from the office and

care of management. Those who are wise will take care not to despise or neglect to make use of any aid or interest in the schools which can be commanded. But in the long-run, those to whom we can look with most confidence for persevering interest in the school are the pastors of the flock.

But then here is another question: not only energy is wanted to carry on the school, though this is the most important point, but also some practical ability in its working. A man may be willing to make his school an efficient one, but may know nothing about the matter. This knowledge, as we have said, does not come by intuition, nor by special revelation, nor is it a grace or gift that is obtained at ordination; but it is a science, or rather an art, and, like every other art, to be learned by rules, by study, and by experience. Now the difficulty lies here, that those who can be most depended on for will and energy in carrying on our schools have often very little knowledge of their practical working. They would make their schools better if they knew how. Or, if there is any lack of care and energy, it is from this very cause, that they do not know how much their schools need setting to rights. We must remember, that it is only of late that any thing could be done in this country in establishing or improving Catholic schools. How could they have skill or experience in the working of schools, when they could not have schools at all? Yet still the evil remains; the main difficulty lies here. The management of our schools is mainly in the hands of men zealous indeed, and painstaking, but who are professedly ignorant of the working of schools; and yet it is very undesirable that they should be removed from under their care. How is this evil to be met?

For ourselves, we are convinced that nothing would do so much for our schools as to make the practical knowledge of a school part of an ecclesiastical education. If those who are and may be expected to be most zealous and earnest in the cause of education were also practically acquainted with its details, what more hopeful prospect could we have that our schools would turn out efficient? And even in cases where at present there may seem to be some lack of this zeal and earnestness, the cause is to be found, we think, in this, that men do not take to that which they are not skilful in; and if this is so, what would tend to excite more activity would be supplying such an amount of knowledge of schools as is almost invariably found to give an interest in them also. To enforce this acquaintance with school-work on men who have grown old in the service of religion under an entirely different state of things is, indeed, difficult. And yet we have been many times



edified at seeing how readily they took up what an altered state of affairs required of them, and what docility and largeness of mind they showed in adapting themselves to new arrangements. But at least—we speak with submission to authority—why should not this, so important a part of what a priest has to do, be taught him as part of his necessary training before he enters upon his missionary work? If there are not sufficient opportunities at college, for want of poor-schools large enough to serve as models, yet there are in London and our large towns multitudes of poor children who would be only too grateful for the care and instruction of newly-ordained priests; who, while they visited the schools day after day, would soon come to learn how they might most efficiently be carried on. And as they were removed to more responsible spheres of duty, they would carry away with them the idea of what a school ought to be, and by what means such an idea might best be realised.

There is yet one thing more indispensable to the success of our schools. We must utterly get rid of the idea that schools are to be means of supporting needy, broken-down men and women, or persons whom, from any motive, we desire to provide for. We are really, we believe, not deficient in kindly feeling and compassion for so many of these poor creatures, who have been thrown on the world and hardly treated; we would, indeed, gladly provide for them; but not at the expense of the poor children. Have *they* no claims on us? Have we no duties to them? Are we not as strictly bound, nay, much more so, to provide for their spiritual wants, as for the temporal necessities of the would-be masters and mistresses? Is it not a cruelty, nothing less, to the poor children, to put them or keep them under the care of a person incompetent to conduct the school, because, in short, we wish to make a place for a person for whom we feel compassion? What would be thought of a Bishop—a real one we mean, for this is, indeed, the very system of the Establishment—of a Catholic Bishop, who, in appointing to parishes, should look, not to the good of the souls contained therein, but to provide for a priest, and to make him comfortable, as his first point? And so managers of schools, not less than those of dioceses, have a duty to perform, and a responsibility attached to it: and that duty is, primarily and mainly, to see to the good of the children; and next to this—*longo sed proximo intervallo*—to look to the good of the teacher. The teacher is for the school, and the school is for the children. The children, then, are not to be last in consideration, but first. Not, indeed, that hardness or indifference to the wants or comforts

of teachers is desirable. On the contrary, it is the best policy, as well as the right thing, to take the greatest care and show the highest kindness to a good teacher, who is going through his or her arduous duties with zeal and ability. But this is not the case we are supposing, but one in which it is a question whether we shall do a kindness to an individual, or look to the good of the school. And we are fully convinced it is the best way to proclaim undisguisedly to the teachers themselves, that the one chief thing we look to in our office of manager is the efficiency of the school—the good of the children.

Could our old friends the croakers,—the destructive men,—come in here with hammer and axe and strike at the very root of this pernicious principle, it would be a shrewd blow to the arch enemy. When God gives us a Church, Satan would turn it into an Establishment. When the Church organises institutions, religious and social, the devil seeks to make places out of them.\*

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## A PILGRIMAGE TO THE PROTO-MONASTERY OF SUBIACO,

AND THE HOLY GROTTA OF ST. BENEDICT.

BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP ULLATHORNE, O.S.B.

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### CHAPTER IX.

#### THE CHRONICLE.

THOUGH Mount Cassino, where the relics of our glorious patriarch repose, is the chief monastery, yet Subiaco has always been the proto, or first, monastery of the order. For thirteen centuries and a half of human vicissitudes has this establishment continued, its members vowing the same rule of life, wearing the same habit, chanting the same divine office, and binding themselves to the same stability. If the world pressed so hard at times upon the monastery as to force its way within its walls, and so gave occasion to laxity, the remedy was well understood. A return to the letter of the rule brought back its spirit; and whenever the man needed for such a work could not be found, which occasionally happened, then the Popes

\* In order to give the above article its due weight, we feel bound to state that it is from the pen of a Priest who has had great experience and success in his schools. We hope that he may be induced to continue the discussion of the subject.

came in; and they never failed. There is something beyond nature sublime in this fixity of purpose in a world so unstable, in this perseverance from generation to generation in one definite law of spiritual life, in this keeping the ship of religious life afloat on one spot, and firmly anchored to eternity, from the early Christian ages up to this hour, despite of all the storms which the world and the devil have raised for her destruction.

The hour of calamity fixes itself more strongly on the memory than the peaceful day of prosperity; and so the records of this holy retreat will give us more of the troubles and afflictions with which God tries His servants than of the consolations with which He draws them to Himself. Then it is to be considered, that times of difficulty necessitate the recording of transactions, whilst devout men in happier days leave their good deeds for heaven to mark. If, then, wrong-doers have at times arisen within this monastery, or strangers have afflicted its inmates, deeper traces of these calamities, and of the earnest spirit that withstood them, will be found in these records than of the interior life of the saints.

With reflections like these, night after night I took up the manuscript of Cherubini Mirtius; and I have penned a few notes from it for the entertainment of the reader. The old brief Chronicle published by Muratori terminates in 1290; and Mirtius says it abounds with errors. Father Joseph McCarthy, an Irish monk of the Holy Grotto, wrote annotations on the older Chronicle, which I had not time to inspect. The Italian poem entitled *La Valle Santa*, composed by John Camillus Conestabile in the seventeenth century, also celebrates the local history of Subiaco.

Flourishing until the year 601, the twelve monasteries were then destroyed in the Lombard invasion, and the monks fled to Rome. They took refuge on the Cœlian Hill, as their brethren from Mount Cassino had done at the Lateran. The house which received them had been the residence of the senator Tertullius, who, after the martyrdom of his son St. Placid, had dedicated it to God as a monastery under the invocation of St. Erasmus. On the same Cœlian Hill stood the monastery of St. Andrew, which had been founded by St. Gregory the Great, and from which, a short time previous to the arrival of the monks from Subiaco, he had sent forth St. Augustine and his companions for the conversion of England. And it is highly probable that of the monks who had fled from Subiaco, some were sent among those who came to the aid of the first apostles of our country.

The monks of Subiaco continued at their house in Rome

for 104 years. But in 705, Pope John VII. restored the monastery of St. Scholastica, and appointed the monk Stephen to be their abbot. Devastated anew by the Saracens in 828, it was restored again by the labours of Peter, the sixth abbot, who died in 857. He also built a chapel over the Holy Grotto, and Pope Leo IV. consecrated the new altars. But in 938 it was again sacked by the Hungarians. In 963, the people who dwelt within the jurisdiction of the monastery grew turbulent against the abbot, and Pope John XII. came to Subiaco for the purpose of enforcing order and allegiance; but, through the earnest intercession of the abbot, the guilty were saved from punishment. A few years previous, the monastery had been honoured by a visit from St. Odo of Cluni.

Great was the magnificence with which Pope Benedict VII. consecrated the new church of St. Scholastica in 981; and on that occasion he gave solemn confirmation to the monks of all their territorial possessions. At the close of the century, the Emperor Otho came to visit the sanctuary. But with the dawn of the eleventh century arose great troubles and distress. Many of the barons of the mountain-fastnesses in the neighbourhood led the lives of brigands, and often disturbed the quiet of the monastery and seized its possessions. They took Peter, the twentieth abbot, prisoner, and cast him into a dungeon for his resistance to their spoliations; and there, after a long course of suffering, his eyes were torn out; and in 1002 he died a martyr in defence of the rights of his community.

Fifty years after this time the monastery was thrown into great confusion through the misdeeds of Abbot Otho. Pope Leo IX. hastened to the spot; and the conscience-stricken abbot fled away at his approach. The Pope appointed Abbot Humbert in his stead. It was this pontiff who, struck with the grandeur of all he saw around him, exclaimed to the crowd of prelates in attendance: "Wonderful is this place. Almighty God has deservedly made this monastery the first in Italy; and truly it is the first." It was through this Pope's munificence that Humbert was enabled, at a time so calamitous, to build the tower, as well as the lower sanctuary which covers the Holy Grotto. But though a devout religious man, Abbot Humbert had not the force of character which the times demanded. The marauding barons continued their work of plundering, and the poor monks were reduced to the last extremity of want. But in 1060 Cardinal Hugo, the papal legate, on his return from Lombardy, passed by Subiaco; he was grieved to the heart at the spectacle which the monastery presented, and summoned the principal barons to the church of St. Scholastica; and when they had assembled, first he addressed them

in bland and gentle words; but, gradually rising in tone, he ended by thundering out excommunication, *ipso facto*, upon whoever, in time to come, should assail or molest the possessions of the monastery.

Meanwhile the state of affairs had reached the ears of Pope Alexander II. He was deeply moved, and burst into tears; and he exclaimed: "Alas, alas, what times are ours! why has it fallen to us to see the sacred churches and monasteries made desolate? The places which that founder and father of monks made sacred to God's service are trodden down before our eyes." The Pope sent for his deacon Hildebrand, and said to him: "The saddest news has struck our ears. St. Benedict's venerable monastery at Subiaco, so famous throughout the world, is almost in ruins. So much did our predecessors take it to their care, so copiously did they help it from the apostolic treasury, so highly did they exalt it with favours so numerous, that its fame might be known in all Christian lands: and now with grief we hear, nay, we know it to be so far ruined, that but few monks remain in it; and they are so oppressed by the barons and certain depraved brethren, that they can scarcely get what life requires. Take, then, as quickly as possible, some of the clergy of the apostolic palace, and a military force, and do your utmost to raise up the fallen monastery. Armed with apostolic authority, go, and do your best to restore it to its former state."

Then Hildebrand took of the clergy of the sacred palace, and a strong force of soldiers; and Desiderius, the Abbot of Mount Cassino and Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, went with him. And when, in the month of June 1062, he arrived at the venerable monastery, he found all things in such a state of confusion and poverty that it was evident the half of it had not reached the ears of the Pope. He called the monks to chapter, and made them a noble and encouraging discourse, which is still preserved. And when he had ceased speaking, Abbot Humbert rose, and came forward; he laid his staff at Hildebrand's feet, and then prostrating before him, he asked pardon for his administration, and tendered his resignation. Upon which Hildebrand said: "God, who can do all things, forgive thee all thy offences; rise up and take thy seat."

Then the legate enjoined the monks to elect an abbot as the rule of St. Benedict prescribed. But as, after some discussion, they found no one amongst them who was fit to rule under circumstances so difficult, they asked the legate if he would deign to appoint them a suitable pastor; and they entreated him to give them John the son of Odo for their shepherd. This John was of a noble family, and a monk of Farfen,

who had come in the suite of Cardinal Hildebrand. He was conspicuous for religious life, wise, powerful, and learned in what it befits an ecclesiastic to know: and his head appeared in stature above all as they sat. When the legate heard John asked for in the name of the community, he judged him to be worthy of the abbatial mitre. And for ages, adds the Chronicle, had there not been an election conducted with greater concord, simplicity, and religion.

So, reluctant though he was, Hildebrand promoted John to be abbot with these words: "My dearest son, trusting in the help of God, of SS. Peter and Paul, and of our holy father St. Benedict, take upon thee the care of this monastery; and be severe in correcting, but mild and of a kindly heart in administering; that, with the flock committed to thy charge, thou mayest deserve the joys of eternal life." Then he received the abbatial staff, and the Lord Abbot John was greeted with universal acclamations and applause. And amidst prayers for a prosperous and happy government, he was conducted in solemn pomp to the choir; and as the chant of the *Te Deum* arose, he was honourably placed in the abbatial chair. And within a few hours nearly the whole of the people greeted him with great joy as their pastor, firmly believing that St. Benedict had raised him up to suppress the audacity of the neighbouring barons. Hildebrand then visited the Grotto of St. Benedict, and returned to Rome; whilst Humbert, more eager to obey than to command, and sighing for the peace of retirement, partook of dinner with the brethren, and then bidding them farewell, wended his way to a monastery in the Abruzzi.

John, fifth abbot of the name, and twenty-eighth of the monastery, did his utmost to recover the possessions which had been either plundered or alienated from the monastery—that patrimony which so many devout and noble souls had offered to St. Benedict. But his soul was in anguish for the reform of his community. It is one of St. Teresa's solid remarks, that when the temporalities of religion get into confusion, the spiritualities are sure to go wrong. Harassed incessantly, and reduced to the lowest depths of want, the monks had ceased from community-life; and the rule had been neglected in many of its most important provisions. Cautiously and gradually the abbot proceeded in the work of reform. He selected the fittest and most diligent monks for the offices; some to carry out the details of spiritual life, others to look closely to the temporalities. And he gave each monk a fixed measure of food until better times. Slowly he recovered one property after another. His life was several times in peril from

the barons; and for final security, as well for the people as the monks, he built the castle of Subiaco as it now stands. To the monastery he built new cloisters. For the pilgrims who came to the sanctuary he raised a hospital near the gate, with sleeping chambers for their use. Below these he erected another for the sick-poor; and he added a chapel, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. And for the support of these institutions he assigned lands. A little further on he built a magnificent hospice for guests: it was in the pointed style, with cloisters above and below; and he adorned its dining-hall with magnificent stained windows; and two years after it was completed it was occupied by the Empress Agnes. But of all the works of this generous prelate, that which he had most at heart was to raise a church and monastery at the Holy Grotto which should be worthy of its sanctity and renown. How he accomplished that glorious work we have seen in previous chapters.

To advance more efficaciously the reform of his monastery, Abbot John selected certain noble youths, who received the habit of St. Benedict from his hands, and were carefully formed to his rule. Amongst the pilgrims who crowded to the Holy Grotto, some also remained to embrace the religious state. Amongst these came the priest Palumbo. He offered to the abbot a church he had built, with its possessions; and, aspiring to the perfect life, he petitioned to retire to the Holy Grotto ere its monastery was complete; and there, in a narrow cell, he passed twenty-five years of most austere and mortified life, died in the odour of sanctity, and was pronounced blessed.

Abbot John had for some time been raised to the cardinalate, when, in 1116, Pope Pascal II. came to Subiaco, and with the help of a military force recovered Ponza and Affide, which had been seized upon by a certain Ildemondo, and confirmed them to the monastery. He also consecrated an altar at the Holy Grotto. In 1121, the fifty-ninth year of his administration, the great Abbot John departed this life, full of years and labours. We will pass over the reign of the next four abbots, one of whom was deposed by Eugenius IV.; whilst Simeon, the last of the number, during a government of thirty-two years, alienated many of the possessions of the monastery, so that it was again reduced to great poverty. It was during his time that the Greek monks fled from Grotto Ferrata to Subiaco.

In 1152, St. Chelidonia died. She had come on pilgrimage to the Holy Grotto in the time of Abbot John, and retired to a cave in the mountains which overlook the city of Subiaco. For fifty-nine years she there led a solitary life, re-

nowned for sanctity and miracles, which ceased not after her death. Pope Eugenius, then reigning, after due examination, enrolled her amongst the saints; and nine years after her death her body was brought back from Rovalia, where it had been interred, to the cave she had sanctified by her life; and a convent of Benedictine nuns was founded on the place. There it continued for 250 years; when, in obedience to the decree of the Council of Trent, which required that in those troublous times all convents of women should be placed for their protection within the walls of fortified cities, the sisterhood was transferred into the city of Subiaco, where they still flourish. They sent kind greetings through the pilgrim to their sisters in this country. The ruins of the old convent are still visible on the flank of the mountain.

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## CHAPTER X.

### THE CHRONICLE CONCLUDED.

THE great Pope Innocent III., hearing of the state to which the monastery was again reduced after many devastations, came to Subiaco in 1201 for the purpose of establishing a reform of discipline. After spending some days in carefully examining the condition of head and members, by a special Bull he established several important regulations; and, after visiting the Holy Grotto, he ordained that instead of being served by two or three monks only, it should have a community under a claustral prior, and he assigned for them a separate subsistence.

In 1209, Blessed Lorenzo of Apulia, after his pilgrimage to Compostello, came to visit the Holy Grotto. He dwelt in the cave of St. Mary de Marribottis, as his own record in his prayer-book bears witness. There he delivered himself up to a most austere way of life, and wore that shirt of iron-mail from which he derived the name of Loricato. Moved by a vision, he rebuilt near his cave the monastery which had been one of St. Benedict's twelve. Twelve years after the arrival of Blessed Lorenzo, St. Francis paid his visit to the Holy Grotto. In 1227, a great earthquake destroyed the monastery of St. Clement's, caused dreadful calamities all over Italy, and was followed by a pestilence. In the midst of all these tribulations, Pope Gregory IX., who was most devoted to the sons of St. Benedict, came to Subiaco, and passed two months at the Holy Grotto. It was then he consecrated the altar of St. Gregory, and by four diplomas confirmed all the ancient privileges of the monastery. Lando was then abbot, who



built the beautiful marble cloister, and reconstructed the choir of St. Scholastica.

Pope Alexander IV., who had been professed a monk of St. Scholastica, speaking of his old monastery, in one of his diplomas, says: "The other monasteries of the world, and places belonging to the order, are accustomed to lift up and bend their eyes towards that of Subiaco, that they may learn from it the form of living monastically." This Pope visited Subiaco at the invitation of the abbot, renewed the disciplinary decrees of Innocent III., and ordained that twelve monks should live at the Holy Grotto. Under Pope Urban IV. the disciples of Blessed Lorenzo, who had recently departed this life, were placed under St. Benedict's rule; and St. Mary in Marribottis, which took later the name of St. Lorenzo, became a priory.

After this came troublous times for the monastery, as well as for the Church herself. For after the death of the zealous Abbot Henry, who was a fervid promoter of discipline, there was a schism in the community, and the abbatial chair was a long time vacant. In 1297, a great earthquake threw down the dormitory of St. Scholastica; and in 1305 came the awful tempest which destroyed the lakes. At length, in 1319, Bartholomew II. was called by Pope John XXII. from Mount Cassino, and appointed abbot. For five-and-twenty years he governed with great wisdom, and conferred great benefits on the monastery. He was succeeded by John VII. The universal pestilence then raging took him off after five years; and he was succeeded by Peter V., the forty-second abbot. He was of most holy life; a rigid observer and a strict maintainer of the rule; and the whole monastery wept over his death. He was buried, at his own request, in front of the Holy Grotto, amidst the wailings of the monks. And when, 247 years after his death, the pavement had to be removed, his body was discovered to be entire; a hair-cloth was next his skin, and over it were the tunic and scapular as now worn, and a leathern girdle, to which was hanging a scabbard (the symbol of his temporal power), but without a sword. The body was left undisturbed. The next abbot spent large sums in redeeming his relations from captivity. But in his second year an earthquake, which destroyed the church and chapter-house of St. Scholastica, shook the abbatial castle of Subiaco to such a degree, that the abbot died of fright. These were the dark days of the Avignon captivity; and the troubles of the times found their way into the monastery. But after two abbots had successively resigned their offices, and a third had been deposed, there was again a great abbot at Subiaco. Bar-

tholomew III. was great in council, and of holy life. He brought learned monks from Germany and other countries to increase and re-invigorate the community. Urban V. translated him to Mount Cassino. Pope Urban VI. visited Subiaco, and decreed that the confirmation of the abbot when elected should be reserved to the Holy See. Pope Eugenius IV. united the famous abbey of St. Angelo supra Kympham and St. Mary of Marribottis to St. Scholastica; and conferred so many favours on the Benedictines, that he is still daily prayed for at Subiaco, and, on his anniversary, throughout the Italian congregation.

We now reach the period of the commendatory abbots. In 1456 Calixtus III. appointed his celebrated nephew Cardinal Turrecremata to hold the abbey of St. Scholastica; and not long afterwards the *commendam* of this great monastery became a sort of appanage of the Colonnas. We must not, however, overlook the visit of the illustrious Pope Pius II. to the Holy Grotto. It was a visit of devotion. He granted new indulgences to its sanctuary; and whereas up to this time women had only been allowed to enter the sanctuary on certain festivals, he allowed them to enter the churches on all days.

We will not enter into all the troubles which fell upon the monastery during its subjection to the Colonnas. In their wars with Pope Clement VII. in 1526, the castle of Subiaco was taken, stripped of its walls, and the town committed to the flames. Twice the monks were driven from their venerable home, and took refuge at Mount Cassino. Pope Julius III. received the report of their grievances, and sent a legate to Subiaco, and the monks were restored to their monastery. They now thought themselves in tranquil and safe possession; but in the month of February of the following year, a truculent assassin, who, for his monstrous deeds, had gained the name of *Drive the Devil*, broke into the monastery at early dawn with forty-four accomplices. They smashed the doors of the offices with axes, plundered and destroyed whatever they could lay their hands on, drove the monks before them like a flock of sheep, and sent them off with blows. The abbot they wounded cruelly in the arm as he lay in bed; and they then departed, leaving the monastery empty of its monks, and stripped of its valuables.

No sooner had these outrages reached the ears of the Pope than he sent for Cardinal Pole, the protector of the Cassinensian monks, and requested him to take information of the whole transaction. The monks themselves declared, whilst they supplicated the Pope, that they freely forgave the

commendatory all injuries, and felt grateful to the Colonnas for recovering them their monasteries. And the commendatory, fearing the indignation of Pope Julius, expressed his grief at what they had suffered, promised to repair their losses, and gave them an instrument by which he guaranteed their safety for the future. And to show he was in earnest, he executed forty of the brigands; and as to *Drive the Devil*, as he had fled, he condemned him to exile, and levelled his house to the ground, and so it was left for a mark of ignominy.

After the death of Francis Colonna, his brother Mark Antony succeeded him as seventh commendatory. The monks petitioned him for the restoration of their temporalities into their own possession; and, after an amicable reference, they recovered the management of their own affairs. This distinguished man took the interests of the monastery greatly to heart, and did much to repair past evils. But St. Scholastica had now and henceforth its own claustral abbot once more, whilst the commendatory continued to exercise jurisdiction over the ancient territory which had for so many ages been exempted from ordinary episcopal jurisdiction.

Cyril of Montefalco was therefore appointed claustral abbot in the general chapter of 1577. This distinguished man found St. Scholastica almost a ruin. But confiding in God and St. Benedict, he set about its restoration. In the first year he pulled down, rebuilt, and decorated with paintings the chapel of the Blessed Virgin. He also repaired and re-decorated the church in a costly manner, new-levelled the cloisters, and had large vellum books prepared for the choir. In the second year he pulled down the old chapel of St. Nicholas, in which he discovered the body of Blessed Palumbo. The same year he translated the body of St. Chelidonia to the monastery with great pomp; and left written a beautiful account of this translation. In the third year he brought up columns and marbles from the villa of Nero at a great cost, and employed them as embellishments. In the fourth year he built the great dormitory, and the magnificent staircase which leads to it. And, with all these expenses, he left the temporalities in better condition than he found them. Abbot Julius followed, and made improvements at the Holy Grotto. In short, from the time the monks recovered the management of their own affairs, they went on prospering, and maintained their discipline.

The Chronicle concludes in 1628. And I have given the reader this abridgment of it for the purpose of illustrating a great historic fact and a great religious principle. The fact which it so amply illustrates is, the unceasing vigilance and

vigour which the sovereign pontiffs of all ages have exercised in protecting the cradle of the Benedictine order, and the unwearied beneficence with which they have upheld it. And it is but an exemplification of their solicitude, as exhibited in the records of a thousand similar institutions. The principle which this and similar chronicles illustrates is, that *through many tribulations we must enter into the kingdom of God*. If there be another principle, of which this narrative presents a striking exemplification, it is this: that a wise and faithful administration of the temporalities of religion by careful self-denying men is followed by spiritual blessing; whilst carelessness or prodigality in administering the stewardship of God's temporal rights is followed by deterioration of spirit and the relaxation of holy counsels.

The Popes of recent times have emulated their predecessors in the care of these holy retirements. The little room and lowly monastic bed are shown at the Holy Grotto which has been successively occupied by Pius VI., Pius VII., Gregory XVI., and Pius IX. Pius VI., who was the commendatory during his cardinalate, erected the ample collegiate church at Subiaco, built the large seminary, endowed it, and furnished it with a good library; and he made extensive provision for the poor. And no pontiff ever showed a more singular solicitude for Subiaco than Pius IX.; and his generousities, the privileges he has granted, and the reforms he has approved, are recorded in enduring marbles.

Abbot Cassaretto, who presides over both houses, has established at the Holy Grotto a discipline which, after careful consideration and counsel, he considers to be the primitive spirit and exact letter of the rule. There reigns perpetual silence, strict enclosure, the midnight office, and a life given to contemplation and the exclusive study of divine things. The recitation of the divine office strikes one as low-toned, protracted, and monotonous; but the monks themselves say that they find it all the easier both for the voice and for liberty of mind in the exercise of contemplation.

At St. Scholastica the abbot has established the use of a more animated and strenuous chant, which, with its well-marked pauses, sounds to my ear as the perfection of monastical intonation. As this is a house of study, and has a school attached to it, the discipline, though very exact, is less severe. But here also the matins are chanted at midnight. How our meditative fathers loved the watchings of that tranquil hour! But they were neither excited by the stimulants, nor worn by the cares, nor distracted by the eddies and cross-currents of changeable opinion which mark our civilisation.

Ten monks and five novices formed the community of the Holy Grotto, whilst twenty-five monks and fifteen novices were at St. Scholastica, in February last. Sixteen youths, most of whom aspired to the religious state, were in the school. And of the total number of inmates, not less than eighteen were natives of England or Ireland.

The pilgrim said his last Mass at the monastery with a beautiful chalice which had belonged to St. Charles Borromeo; and bidding an affectionate farewell to the community, with reluctant steps he left that sacred solitude, and returned to the Holy City.

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## Preston Hall,

AND

### OUR NEW DIGNITARIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STUMPINGFORD."

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#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### WE TAKE OUR DEGREES.

THE real hero of this, and so many other histories of England, at length appears; and, as usual, with an increase of honour. On the morning of the day succeeding the revival of the "use of Sarum," at the proper and accustomed hour, the vice-chancellor, both the proctors, and a sufficient number of regent-masters, occupied the dignified room so well known to visitors, the Convocation House of Oxford. All visitors will recollect the approach to it from the vestibule of that matchless divinity school, where theses of heresy are now maintained in direct opposition to the Catholic theses for which it was built. But perhaps every visitor does not recollect, or was not told, that the open space which he traverses between that vestibule and the Convocation House, lying immediately opposite the great entrance to the Sheldonian Theatre, is still called the pig-market. That name gives the history of a period. To such a state of desolation and misery was the university reduced by the outrages of the Reformers under Edward VI., that that divinity school was becoming a ruin. Its windows, full of stained figures of the saints and doctors of the Church, were destroyed, and a pig-market was

actually held under them. The passage of our hero along this historical route—he himself the living representation of so much English history—has made us stop to tell the reader this fragment. We now give ourselves up entirely to the nineteenth century.

The Right Reverend Thomas Small, proceeding from the lodgings of St. Bede's, joined his friend Mr. Walker at the Mitre hotel. There, on the preceding evening, while our friends were engaged as we have seen them, Mr. Walker had gone to welcome his lady, who had arrived from Stumpingford in order to be present at the honours about to be conferred upon her venerable husband. Here, then, the right reverend bishop designate, the principal of St. Bede's, and the Venerable Orlando and Mrs. Walker, partook of a pleasant breakfast at the hotel, the name of which so singularly harmonised with the views of the party. And it is not to be concealed, that the fact of their breakfasting at the Mitre was the cause of a little Christian hilarity.

The moment of departure soon came; and, marshalled by the principal of St. Bede's, the party proceeded as we have described to the Convocation House.

But it is the duty of the historian to attempt to give some description of the individuals themselves; and here we at once confess our great sense of inability to do justice to the occasion. We recollect Mr. Walker in his grand natural state on the platform. But how can we paint the change that has come over this extraordinary man? There is no more white waistcoat; no more great display of cambric chitterlings. A close-fitting, moderately long, black clerical coat, almost Puseyite, encases his portly form. His white cravat is faultless. The redundancy of whisker has disappeared. But, most remarkable of all, we find that Mr. Walker is a scholar. He is familiar with Latin; is not the least averse to Greek; and appears to be on good terms with the names of some of the Fathers. He delivers his sentiments on theological subjects with the air and the ease of one who had begun at an early period of life with St. Thomas's *Summa*. He has already settled irrevocably several cases of conscience in Stumpingford. And the two sermons which he has preached in St. Birinus's, Stumpingford, since Mr. Broadwood left the town, are being printed and circulated as separate pamphlets.

And then, to go a step higher, if that may be said where Walker is the second, how has the bishop designate done it? A year or two ago he was, and looked, the curate. He had a thin voice, a faint smile, a moderately seedy coat, and gave way without a murmur to the bumptiousness of Sanders

Haddie. To see him now. In such an apron. So enlarged in size; with so dignified an appreciation of the Bishop of Zimzam; with such a copiousness of language; such illustration; such home truth; such paternal solicitude; such hopes for the future of Africa; such reminiscences of Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, whose unworthy successor he is; such affecting allusions to the long solitude of that country, and its loss of the episcopate. How has it all been done, in so short a time, and to such great effect? From what recess of the thoracic cavities comes that manly voice, so deep, full, sonorous? If all this is before consecration, what are we to expect when that crisis is passed, and Zimzam is no longer designate, but actual?

The right reverend and venerable are welcomed in the apodyterium by consenting and approving beadles. Certain necessary pecuniary questions are put and answered; and Mrs. Walker is left to behold from a distance the event of the morning. Here too it was witnessed by Mr. Preston and Mr. Broadwood and this historian. The principal of St. Bede's first presented, as in duty bound, his own bishop designate; who accordingly became D.D. The venerable archdeacon, who had attired himself in the apodyterium in a spacious cassock, and an ample preaching gown of an entirely undefinable character, being on the whole an inspiration of Mrs. Walker, was then led up before the vice-chancellor. Be it owned that Oxford, in the persons of those tutelary deities, the vice-chancellor and both the proctors and the regent-masters, a little smiled as she welcomed her new and full-blown son. But it was a smile of extreme good-humour, filled no doubt with complacency at the thought that she too had now secured her Walker.

"Præsento vobis," said the principal of St. Bede's, "venerabilem hunc virum, jam, religionis et fidei Anglicanæ ergo, in Africâ militaturum, sub tutelâ reverendissimi, quem modo doctoratu cumulâstis, episcopi." Must we translate for our lady friends in Stumpingford? Well: "I present to you this venerable man, now about to militate for the Anglican religion and faith in Africa, under the guidance of the most reverend bishop, upon whom you have just now cumulated the doctorate." At the close of each paragraph, delivered in that Latin for which Oxford has never lost her reputation, though she has lost the habit of speaking it, the venerable archdeacon made an acknowledgment by the inclination of his head to the majestic vice-chancellor, who listened with becoming attention. When the vice-chancellor had made his short and pithy reply, and in a very few words admitted the

presentee to the desired degree of master, the archdeacon, following his bishop, with a slow and satisfied tread reached the apodyterium and Mrs. Walker. There an attendant was ready, who placed upon his broad shoulders the master's gown, and carried off in a bag the domestic fabric, the pledge of Mrs. Walker's assiduity and skill: and the bishop elect of Zimzam having disrobed himself of the splendours of his doctor's degree, the little party—bishop, minister, and wife—stepped into the pig-market with the full consciousness of a mutual patronage existing between Oxford and themselves.

It was a very pleasant dinner, a snug, conversational dinner, in the dining-room at the lodgings at St. Bede's. You will be told when you visit Oxford, as we all have been told who have been there, that the houses of the heads of colleges and halls still retain the ancient name of **LODGINGS**. We propose to act the part of Aulus Gellius on the occasion, and to set down for posterity a little—not all, but a little—of the table-talk on this Attic night of sober festivity.

We arrive at the period when Mrs. Walker has withdrawn to sit with the lady of the principal of St. Bede's in the drawing-room, and to describe to her new friend how much she was shocked at seeing the late Puseyite minister of a church in Stumpingford, called by such an odd name that no one had ever heard of any where else—St. Birinus, actually in the Convocation House that morning, when the lord bishop and dear Mr. Archdeacon Walker were having their degrees given to them; and how Mr. Preston, a noted neighbouring Popish squire, and the only Popish gentleman in Stumpingford, one of the burgesses, was with him. It was awful, shocking, and so very impudent, and in such bad taste. Was it not? In the dining-room the three friends are seated round a very cosy fire, enjoying a very good glass (*cessantem Bibuli consulis amphoram*) of port bottled in the days of Principal Rumblesmore, and bequeathed by him to his successors.

“Believe me, my dear principal,” said the designate, “that nothing lies nearer to my heart, in going upon this distant mission, than the establishment of an independent society, to be called the Zimzam Church Society for Missions to the Roman Catholics. Judging by the effects produced in Ireland by similar exertions, which have in that misguided country been so obviously owned and blessed, I confess I look forward with good hope. I am a poor bishop, as you know.”

“Land and irrigation,” said the principal, “by the by, may do a good deal. I hope, my lord, by the time you are settled, and have Mrs. Small and a young family around you—”



"Now, really, really, really—" said the designate.

"I know you will forgive me, my lord; but by the time that those events occur, I hope that your see will have much increased in value, and that you will be able to assert and maintain the dignity of a Protestant episcopate."

"Well," said the elect, recovering from an inevitable and affable smile, "I am a poor bishop now, at all events, as I said. My revenue is but a thousand a-year. But you know how poor our dear brethren the Irish bishops are. Indeed, their incomes were always overstated—*now*, very grossly. They, you know, out of their deep poverty, have been able to give but little of the things of this world. Our missions, although within their dioceses, are mainly fed from England. We have been able to send them from this country about forty thousand a-year. And with that mere pittance, how many missions have we established, quite new ones—how many devoted catechists and ministers have we sent—how many Bibles and tracts we have distributed—and how immense a quantity of soup, flannel, and other such-like necessities has been awarded to our converts as the prize for steadfastness and faith and well-doing!"

The principal, who was quite of the elect's way of thinking, but knew a little more accurately how things really were, rather flinched at this homely statement.

"Your success, my dear lord," said he, "in Zimzam, will, with far less means, no doubt exceed our Irish successes. I am afraid that a good many in that unhappy country are not converts of the heart, but only of the mouth and the back."

"I trust not, Mr. Principal. But in any case, and under all discouragements, with *diverging* means, and *converging* ends, I propose to establish fundamentally, on the broadest basis, our Zimzam Church Missions to the Roman Catholics."

"Are there any Roman Catholics in your new diocese?"

"The extent of my diocese is so vast," said the elect, looking round at Walker—who, advancing his hand rapidly to his face, seemed as if he was going to touch his nose, but finally rubbed his chin very hard—"that it must contain a great many. I am not, indeed, entitled by my patent to Hippo, which is now in the possession of our illustrious ally the Emperor of the French. Politically, therefore, I have no jurisdiction in Hippo. But, considering that a bishop sent by the Pope presides over Algeria, and claims Hippo, and that my diocese certainly touches that, I may say that, spiritually, I have a great many Roman Catholics approximatively confided to my care. That I shall find them to the southward, and more nearly approaching the diocese of my brother of Cape Town,

I cannot doubt. Those in the south of central Africa, who are not under his jurisdiction, will be under mine. So, my dear friend and archdeacon and myself have been for some weeks past preparing a stock of tracts of a suitable character. Archdeacon, tell the principal a little of what we have been doing in this matter."

"Mr. Principal," said the archdeacon, "we have done a good deal, considering the time. For French soldiers now we have got several very choice little things. Here are a few of the titles." The archdeacon referred to a capacious Letts which he pulled from his pocket.

"The archdeacon is going to make a Letts into a sort of *speculum gregis* by and by, when we get out to Zimzam."

The archdeacon simpered, and read. "'*Prières de l'enfer.*' This, Mr. Principal, is a short account of the Litany of Loretto, as they call it. '*Le Bienheureux Jean Calvin, évêque de Genève.*' You see, Mr. Principal, we call him *évêque* although he did not in fact embrace episcopacy, in order to attract the attention of the French better. They believe in bishops, you know, quite as much as we do."

"Quite, quite," said the elect.

"Perhaps rather more," said the principal, quietly.

"Another has a sweetly-touching inquiry for title, '*Voulez-vous être Chrétien?*' It is very good, written by a dear young friend of ours, who is going out with us as catechist and candidate for the ministry, a Mr. Shadrach Krummacher, a youth of much promise, who has had large and fruitful experience in home-mission work and Scripture-reading in Stumpingford. He goes to the bottom of the whole thing, I assure you. He says that Popery is anti-Christian, and so makes a very sweet and tender answer to the inquiry. As for English tracts, we are fully supplied by the Documentary-Evidence and Exposure-of-Antichrist Society. Here are a few: 'Sabbath Afternoons with the Dominicans in Rome;' 'Tuesday Mornings with the Franciscans;' 'Proper disrespect for the Virgin Mary;' 'Documentary Evidence, showing that St. Patrick was a resident Irish private gentleman of the Protestant persuasion.' But I won't read you any more titles, Mr. Principal; you will guess the character of all from these. The 'Tuesday Mornings with the Franciscans in Rome' is a very wonderful book indeed. I would rather," said Mr. Walker, meditatively, "I think, possess that book than most of the folios in my library."

Folios in his library! Excellent, astonishing man.

"Yes," said the elect, "that book is wonderful. There you see how the foolish people in Rome go and kneel down, and,

without saying any thing at all, without even making their confession, of which they talk so much, get absolved from all their sins, and get a plenary indulgence too, to do whatever they like—whatever they like—by a tap on the head from a long fishing-rod in the hand of a man sitting in a box in the church.”

“Indeed!” said the principal; “well, can this really be true? Have you inquired into it?”

“No,” said the elect, “we haven’t made any inquiry. The writer is a very learned man; at least the *Biblical Observer* declares him to be so. And he assures us he saw it done himself. He mentioned it to one of the Franciscans afterwards, who betrayed marks of the most dreadful confusion on hearing it, went away instantly, and was picked up in the Tiber next morning jammed by the stream against the Ponte Rotto.”

“Very extraordinary,” said the principal, “very. But besides these tracts which you propose to disseminate, my lord, what is the general scheme of operations which you propose to adopt with regard to our erring brethren of the Roman Catholic faith?”

“Meetings, sermons, lectures, disputes, domiciliary visits—these are the mechanism of our system. And it is a fixed principle always to reward our converts well. Just as we have seen, in our own dear native country, the word preached, so we propose to preach it in Zinzam. Any Roman Catholics will be affectionately invited to attend. We shall then at once faithfully state the truth, that the Pope is Antichrist; Rome, Babylon; and that they ought to come out of her. Clothes, tracts, Bibles, and soup will be given freely.”

“We shall imitate, my dear sir,” added the archdeacon, summing up, “the boldness of Augustine against the Pelagians.”

The principal a little opened his eyes. He knew something of the writings of St. Augustine.

“Not, of course,” said the archdeacon, “that I entirely, and without reserve, mention Augustine with approval; for even he, great luminary of the western Church as he was, shared the delusion of his age, and has said some incautious things, which have given a handle to modern papists.”

“You see,” said elect Small, with chastened festivity of manner, and great rotatory chafing of his hands, “that I have not chosen an archdeacon who is unable to confute the adversary.”

“Pray go on, Mr. Archdeacon,” said the principal.

“Why,” said that dignitary, “in my reading within the last year, since my retirement from the world, I have been

much in Augustine, *quem semper*, I may say, with a great bishop of our church, *in deliciis habui*. And, you know, he actually gives a list of Popes—Popes, sir—down to his own time, beginning with Peter—actually with Peter.”

“Quite true,” said the principal, quietly as before.

“And, worse than this, he positively says that the souls of the departed are benefited by the sacrifice of the altar. This he says in his *Enchiridion* concerning Faith, Hope, and Charity. This is clearly Popery in its most unmitigated form.”

“So it is,” said the principal; “and therefore I, for one, am always shy of quoting the Fathers, Augustine among them. For, if we quote them for one thing when they are with us, the Puseyites—I need not tell you how much that name means in this place—quote them against us on their side; and the Papists quote them with still greater force against both parties. So, as a matter of prudence, I always advise our zealous young men to fight the battle without the Fathers; for they will find them like the elephants in a battle, as dangerous to us as they think they are to our foes. Nevertheless Augustine’s boldness against the Pelagians certainly was admirable. To conclude this pleasant evening,” said the principal, who was not only a man of learning, but also, as the reader will have seen, a man of discretion, “permit me, my dear friend, to fill my glass before we join the ladies, and drink to the health of the bishop elect of Zimzam, the archdeacon, and their future prospects.” So then they went to the drawing-room. After family prayers by the bishop elect, at the close of which he gave his benediction, the party separated. Mr. Archdeacon and Mrs. Walker retired to the Mitre; and the happy day closed.

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## CHAPTER XV.

MOST REVEREND FATHER IN GOD, WE PRESENT UNTO YOU THIS GODLY AND WELL-LEARNED MAN TO BE ORDAINED AND CONSECRATED BISHOP.

LAMBETH is a very fine place. It has a good many recollections by no means favourable to our Protestant institutions. Elects who get consecration there now, according to the modern ideas of consecration, which we understand Sanders Haddie holds in great contempt, are not consecrated so as to be at all like those who were consecrated before Cranmer’s times, except in the natural circumstance of possessing, as there is good

reason to believe, the same anatomical confirmation. Beyond the natural man, all resemblance in consecrators and consecrated has long and for ever ceased.

But these reflections,—so natural to Catholics, and so obvious on a sight of the place where the last true Archbishop of Canterbury expired, and with him the Catholic soul of England, as England once was,—probably never occurred to the minds of the little ministerial and family party who appeared at Lambeth one Sunday morning, shortly after our last chapter and breakfast, to witness the giving whatever amount of consecration the Bishop of Ribchester and two episcopal friends could contrive among them. But without, or with, these reflections, every thing was done in solemn Protestant order. The patent giving jurisdiction was read; and, towards one o'clock in the afternoon, the Lord Bishop of Zimzam, accompanied by the archdeacon and Mrs. Walker, issued from Lambeth Chapel, complete and perfect *secundum usum Cranmer*.

During the week following, the lord bishop sat for his portrait to Sir Giles Summerton. The portrait was the consequence of a subscription got up in Stumpingford and Soupington, headed by the duke, seconded by the marquis, thirdded by the Rev. Dr. Montfort Smith, and well filled-up by the town-council and inhabitants of Stumpingford. They desired to have the portrait of so distinguished a man among them. It was to be placed in the Townhall. We are glad to be able to say that it now hangs there, immediately between the pictures of the first Lord Soupington and the present duke, and is a very great ornament to the room. The beauty of it is, that it is not a mere portrait,—not a mere man, with a round table, an inkstand, an impossible pillar and curtain, and an open window. Sir Giles Summerton was above all this. When your turn comes, my dear Protestant friend and reader, and you go out as, let us say for example, first Protestant Bishop of Bickerstethtown, and have your picture taken as a consolation for your friends if you should be caught and immured in the dungeons of the Inquisition on your way, you will find that his genius will give an aptitude to his representation of all your circumstances. The Bishop of Zimzam is represented in a standing posture in the centre of the foreground. In the background, at a moderate distance, quite near enough to allow the introduction of architectural detail, stands what appears to be a cathedral church. We sincerely regret, for the sake of the Ecclesiological late Cambridge Camden Society, to say that, although the buttresses have received a most unaffected treatment, the character of the design is

clearly third pointed. Opposite to the left hand of the spectator, in the background, appears a village stretching some way back, with busy inhabitants of dusky complexions. The bishop, arrayed in what the newspapers always describe as "full canonicals," holds in his left hand, extended down his side, the Oxford square cup. The tassel hangs gracefully below the trencher. His right arm lifted up to the sky, but bending back in the direction of the village, holds, quite open, a pocket Bible of the authorised Protestant version, with gilt edges, and bound in limp calf. On his right, on the ground, lie a crucifix, a large rosary, and an image of our Blessed Lady. The attitude given to the legs intimates that his lordship is on the point of walking over these objects. His countenance, upon which the artist has thrown all the lustre of his skill, beams with animation, and seems to be divided between confidence in the excellent and authorised version which he holds in his hand, and the prospect of immediately setting his foot upon the cross, and the images of Jesus Christ and His Blessed Mother.

Before being put up in the Townhall of Stumpingford, the hanging committee of our provincial exhibition, without a moment's hesitation, accepted it; and accordingly the world may be said to be so well acquainted with it, that many of our readers will bear witness to the sincerity with which we have attempted to interpret the motive of the great artist in this important work.

The history of Zimzam has yet to be written. That a great future is open to that place, who now can doubt? In the short interval which has elapsed since the sailing of the Bishop of Zimzam and his lady—for he fulfilled the wish of the principal of St. Bede's, and married a young lady of independent fortune the week before sailing—accompanied by Mr. Archdeacon and Mrs. Walker, and Mr. and Mrs. Krummacher, we have only heard enough to assure us that every thing is going on in a fair way to reproduce the England of Mr. Horace Mann, and his census, and something more. In contracting the obligations of holy matrimony, the bishop assured his friends that he hoped to take with him an efficient, real, working sister of charity. The wives of ministers, he said—and his sentiment has since been copied by a distinguished Anglican writer—are the real sisters of charity. They have been so for three centuries. That was his view of a minister's wife. We fear, however, that in the charge of her flock Mrs. Small may be encountering external difficulties.

The bishop, soon after his arrival in Central Africa, found, on a journey up the country, that polygamy was still the prac-

tice among ladies and gentlemen of considerable social position in the native villages. In point of fact, the Duke of Mumbo introduced to the lord bishop, on the day when he entered the village of Mumbo pontifically, seven duchesses, who all vied with each other in preparing and setting before the new Obi man a great variety of oleaginous viands, considered of the highest range of culinary art within the diocese. This was startling. But, aided by his own sister of charity—who hated the six last duchesses immensely, but ate with smiles the mess of the chronologically first duchess; aided also by his grand archdeacon and the Krummachers—the bishop at once made an exposition to these inconvenient magnates on the social impropriety of their arrangements. His success was not equal to his zeal. Having taught them to read, they nevertheless obstinately maintained that there was no possible harm in polygamy; and said point blank, that unless their customs, which they had received from their fathers, were let alone by the new teacher, they not only would have nothing to do with him, but would drive him and his party out. To the bishop's immortal honour, he entertained and expressed his convictions. He saw nothing himself under those peculiar circumstances which should make polygamy a sin. They had been accustomed to that law for ages untold. He thought it would be unchristian, and contrary to the gospel, if he should rudely break it through. He accordingly admitted them to the Protestant sacrament; and the villages of Zimzam Proper are polygamical and tranquil. Writing home to the Documentary-Evidence and Exposure-of-Antichrist Society, he stated these facts. And, referring to the poet Milton, "May we not," said he, "almost call him the Divine poet! That great luminary of our country argues at length on the lawfulness of polygamy, not only in exceptional, but also in ordinary cases. Should we not, then, allow to our new converts that Christian liberty which the great poet of Christianity claims for all?"

The society read and acquiesced. Whether you will also acquiesce, excellent reader, is not a question for this historian. But the sentiments of Milton you may see and read for yourself at the price of three shillings and sixpence, or less, in one of the volumes of his works recently issued by Mr. Bohn, in which we have ourselves had the pleasure of perusing them.\*

\* The Bishop of Zimzam is not alone in the Protestant episcopacy in his sentiments on this point of theology. The Right Rev. J. W. Colenso, Protestant Bishop of Natal, published in 1855 his *Ten Weeks in Natal: a Journal of a first Tour of Visitation among the Colonists and Zulu-Kafirs of Natal*. In this work, speaking of Kafirs with several wives, he says: "I must confess that I feel very strongly on this point, that the usual practice of enforcing the separation of

We also learn that the Reverend Peabody, not long after the sailing of the Bishop of Zimzam, tested the strength of alliance principles by embarking himself and Mrs. Peabody, and half-a-dozen of his persuasion, for the same new sphere of labour. On arriving, he constituted what he described in his letter to the *Stumpingford Banner* as a Baptist Church. Now the Rev. Mr. Small, curate of Soupington-cum-d'Umping, was both hand and glove, as we have seen, with gentlemen of the views and position of the Rev. Peabody. But the Right Reverend Doctor Small, Lord Bishop of Zimzam, the successor of St. Augustine, with a diocese touching upon Hippo, was a very different person. And the Rev. Peabody, on approaching the episcopal presence in Zimzam with a confidence in the recollection of the Rev. Thomas Small, found he had reckoned entirely without his host; and that, in fact, the Bishop of Zimzam was no host at all to him, and refused him not only his hand, but even his glove. And went into it very seriously too. He assured Mr. Peabody that, however, under other and very different circumstances, he might have gone very great lengths in smoothing over certain fundamental difficulties, here in Zimzam, his diocese, where he was the representative of the pure and apostolic branch established in England, and, in short, a candlestick set in the sight of all men—here, with the most perfect feelings of brotherly love and toleration, he must nevertheless be held excused from giving countenance to the introduction of a schism in his flock.

Poor Peabody; a schism! He felt that these were different times to that when he stood on the platform at Stumpingford with notorieties, and was blatant against the Protestant bishop. Protestant episcopacy had him now. So he retired from the Protestant episcopal palace of Zimzam a wiser, if not a prouder man, than when he entered it. And the backsliding of Protestant episcopacy was duly bewailed in the next number of the *Particular-Baptist Gospel Herald*, in a letter from the Rev. Peabody to that publication: in which he further announced the consoling fact, that the Church having been duly constituted, he had succeeded in making one convert, in whose stability he had, he hoped, reasonable grounds of confidence.

wives from their husbands upon their conversion to Christianity is quite unwarrantable, and opposed to the plain teaching of our Lord. . . . And what is the use of our reading to them the Bible-stories of Abraham, Israel, and David, with their many wives?"

Really, we ask with the bishop, what is the use of his doing so? We beg our readers not to be satisfied with this small extract. We have only quoted enough to clear our friend Dr. Small from an appearance of singularity. Dr. Colenso goes into the question very fully.



Under these circumstances, our reader will not be surprised at hearing that Father Bonaventure, and three friars of his order, have arrived at Zimzam, and have actually gathered around them a congregation of the very sort of people for whom those charming *rouleaux* of tracts were provided by the bishop and archdeacon. This Father Bonaventure was also himself the very man to have appeared on that spot. He is a Franciscan, and is that very brother of the order whom the Rev. Terence Bangles, the author of the "Tuesday mornings with the Franciscans," had so well described as being drowned in the Tiber. The Archdeacon Walker alluded to this circumstance in preaching to his congregation of twelve souls, including the English ladies, in the Protestant cathedral of Zimzam: as we have all had the opportunity of seeing in the last annual report of the Documentary-Evidence and Exposure-of-Antichrist Society, in which copious extracts are given of this great performance. He described it as the last and crowning instance of the craft, hypocrisy, and deceit of the great apostasy, the name by which the archdeacon usually describes the Church of Christ; a convincing proof, to all who had hearts to believe, of the honesty and truthfulness of the Rev. Terence Bangles.

But in spite of the distribution of the tracts, French and English, the Franciscans, working under the blessing of the successor of St. Peter, have succeeded in collecting out of heathendom a true flock, who regularly, as often as they find them dropped at their doors, or otherwise foisted upon them, burn these documents with the utmost disregard to the feelings of the distributors. We are not surprised at reading in the reports of the Documentary-Evidence and Exposure-of-Antichrist Society that the work prospers; that their dear devoted brethren in England must strengthen their hands; that thousands of tracts have been given away, and that they want thousands more. On this and such points the nervous English of the colonial bishop has excited much remark. He is said to remind people of the great divines—those giants of the seventeenth century. Robust in faith, sound in judgment, faithful in driving away all erroneous doctrines, he is said to unite the sobriety of Hooker the judicious with the unction of Baxter. His sentences constantly begin with "whereas;" and end with "thereto," "thereof," and "the same." His style is quite a happy amalgam of the sonorous Saxon of the "authorised" version and a Chancery brief. The home authorities are therefore always taking courage; and fresh speeches at Exeter Hall, and fresh long and strong pulls in the provinces, concur in sending—"out of their deep poverty," of

course — fresh *rouleaux* of sovereigns and more Protestant “authorised” versions, and additional thousands of tracts, better and sweeter and more polygamic than before.

And here, after this hurried and imperfect sketch of the last phase of the career of a great Protestant colonial bishop, and the greatest of all Protestant archdeacons, at home or abroad, we quit them both, with a reluctance which we hope is not peculiar to ourselves.

Farewell, Small and Walker. Farewell, *Dii minorum gentium*,—divinities of the lesser nations,—as Mr. Conybeare calls his own colonial bishops, with a good deal deeper meaning than any translation can give. May you long live such. May Walker ever animate your councils, direct your missions, preach your sermons, and send home your reports. May he duly arrive at the episcopate. And when that great moment arrives in which Protestant episcopacy shall venture upon a new archbishopric, may Walker become HIS GRACE, in health and wealth long to live. Then, with the glorious pattern of the modern Jerusalem Chamber, and the “synodical action” of the Protestant convocation in England, under the enlightened presidency of Dr. Sumner, and with the wise precedent afforded by Dr. Sumner’s majestic appearance in the Guildhall at Bath to judge and to hear Mr. Denison, we may be certain that his deliberations and definitions and decrees will have the same effect and the same acceptance; and will bear abroad and at home the stamp of the power and the influence and the immortal name of WALKER.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### HOME.

THE poet who has declared in so sweet verses that, be it never so humble, there’s no place like home, had not visited, or, if he had ever visited, had forgot some places in London, Liverpool, Stumpingford, and elsewhere, which we could have pointed out to him. These places,—homes indeed, because inhabited without intermission till death by our fellow-creatures,—are not such as attract the attention of the poet when he speaks of the delightful associations with which men invest that which every body wishes to be his refuge.

Furniture, nothing. Food, nothing. Clothes, almost nothing. Money, nothing. Fire, nothing. These black items of nonentity, told off on the credit side of that book which is not balanced in Threadneedle Street, give the short and tremendous history of thousands of men and women who live under

the shadow of the great renowned constitution and government of England—actually under the Bill of Rights, Habeas Corpus, Established and Nonconformist “Churches,” Gospel Ministries of the most various and conflicting hues, Protestant-Alliance, Evangelical-Alliance, Scripture-Reader, and Home-Missionary, and Missions-to-the-Roman-Catholics Boards—all these; already known by their fruits. The ledger will be balanced some day. And, no doubt, angelic accountants will find a balance different from that which would be struck by the accountants practised in the courts of bankruptcy.

In the midst of these horrors the spirit of Christianity still survives. But it survives only among the poor Catholics. We make this little beginning, not very cheerful in its way as far as regards this world, because we are going to end as we began with a home, which is one in every sense of the word, at Preston Hall. There are many such; and we are not going to claim for that house any greater distinction than that it represents, and is, as far as human frailty permits, what the house of a Christian gentleman ought to be; and one which is, in affluence, what the homes of the poor Catholics, who have found an honest chronicler in Mr. Mayhew, are, in the midst of the wreck of every thing human and divine by which they are surrounded and harassed. When country houses generally were like Preston Hall, no Mayhew would have had such a tale to tell of London.

We find Mr. and Mrs. Preston at home, with Alfred and Mabel a little bigger than when we last saw them, and Mr. Broadwood. Mr. Preston is showing Mr. Broadwood the house. Mr. Broadwood is of course very anxious to see all those things and places in it which we have talked of in the former chapters of this present part of our history. They are walking up the great staircase out of the hall. Mr. Broadwood pauses before two large portraits that hang on the wall.

“I am sure, Mr. Preston,” said he, “you will let me ask you about these two portraits?”

He had already seen the two paintings representing the scenes in Father Alfred Preston’s life which we have before described.

“I think,” said Mr. Broadwood, “if I may say so, I never saw a grander face than that lady’s.”

“Well, she deserves your notice. She was all that she looks, and has come down to us quite as a great tradition. She is Apollonia Stumpyngford, the wife of my ancestor, Father Alfred Preston’s brother. She it is who appears in that painting down below. It was she who, with so much skill and firmness, brought up her children in those dreadful

days; so that, under all oppressions, they never lost their faith. We have a small quarto book of hers up-stairs, which you may see, in which she put down in very short notes things as they occurred—in a very crabbed hand, as we should call it now, like a bad imitation of Gothic types. She notes the death of Father Alfred, and of his brother my ancestor, in few, solemn, resigned words; and always seems to mention when she could get Masses said for them. She tells, too, whenever a priest could get here to say Mass and hear confessions; in what disguises they arrived, what dangers they met with in coming and going; how the common enemy, the wretched Elizabeth and her successive advisers and lovers, passed away; how hopes rose when James I. got the crown; how hopes were good for nothing; the powder-plot, and the continued persecution during James's reign; till at last the pen falls from that fair and vigorous hand: and an entry made by her son relates that the good and dear writer of that book died the week after her last date, in the year 1620. She lies buried in the aisle of Preston Church, which belongs to us."

"And the priest; who is he?" said Mr. Broadwood, looking at the other portrait. "I presume he was a Jesuit, from his habit?"

"That," said Mr. Preston, "is Father Alfred Preston himself."

So, then, having seen the martyr, and the sister who had protected him, they went on to the little old chapel up-stairs and the hiding-places. Mr. Broadwood, to whom all these things had the freshness of a romance found out to be no romance, but reality, looked at them with incredible delight. "Why, Mr. Preston," said he,— "why don't you old Catholics, to whom, humanly speaking, such as I am owe every thing,— why don't you edify us all by giving an account of those things which you have under your hands? Next to Bishop Challoner's missionary priests, I can scarcely think any thing would be more effectual in giving a picture of things as they really were than an account of all the old hiding-places in which those very priests were secreted. How much people think of the places where Charles II. was hidden in Staffordshire, after the battle of Worcester. And yet these very places were nothing but the hiding-places of priests."

"Very true," said Mr. Preston; "I quite agree with you. I wish it was done. Perhaps some day we may see it done."

"Do you know," said Mr. Broadwood, "that there are a great many people living in this country, who wear good coats, and are people of the strictest veracity and honour on all other subjects, who nevertheless will scarcely listen when

they are told of the long protracted butcheries of Elizabeth and her successors?"

"I know it very well," said Mr. Preston. "Montfort Smith is one; the Duke of Souppington another. Of course, you can expect nothing from the common herd, when those who ought to know better live in an atmosphere of falsehood. They have published a map lately, with little fires in different places upon it, to show where people were burned in Queen Mary's time. What a map *we* could make, with gallows and little fires, and human blood and bowels frying upon them.—But they would not believe it."

With this, and such-like talk, they wandered over the house; and met together in the drawing-room. There sat, there often sits—and long may she sit, till God gives her what is better—the Apollonia of that house in this century; quite ready, and quite equal, to take the same part which was taken by the Apollonia whose dust lies in the Preston aisle till a great day. Mr. Broadwood, in the midst of these new, but already kind and valued friends—in the midst of friendships which had already become associations—discussed with willing hearers and advisers his future plans of life. Difficulties lay before him, such as all converts to the Catholic faith in this country know. Was he to be a priest? Was he to remain a layman? All this was not in his own hands. Where should he live? what should he do? The first question was soon answered. Preston Hall was big enough for him as long as he chose to stay there. So here Alfred and Mabel took up the conversation with pleasant entreaties that he would not go away from them; for he had already taken Alfred some most charming rides, and was the most skilful of fishermen. Little Mabel, too, was exceedingly glad to have discovered a new friend, who was not at all tired with walking about the garden with her, and paying all possible attention to Exton's canaries, which still survive in fullest feather and song. Her little dog, too, of the most genuine Stuart's-dog lineage, had to be rolled about with, and in all ways made fun with. This little dog is promised a dog-hole of the future, in painted and gilded wood, with bells, adapted by Mr. Broadwood, who is a very clever modeller, from a plan of a kirche on the Rhine, designed for the United Evangelical Lemon-and-Kali Confession, by the Chevalier Ernst von Pobbelsen.

So here we shall make another parting; and we willingly, and without hesitation as to the result, stake Preston Hall against the Protestant episcopacy of Zimzam, for this world and the next. Adieu, then, Prestons. Adieu, Preston Hall—old, faithful, and true; mother and nurse of constancy and

martyrdom. May you flourish, if it is not too large a wish, till right has its own again. If this is too much, yet to be for ever a fortress against wrong.

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### A CANONISED CONTROVERSIALIST.

IF we were to see a person hold fire in his hand, swallow poison, or allow himself to be bitten by venomous serpents with impunity, we should treat him either as a conjuror, a devil, or a saint. Anyhow he would exercise a vast influence over our imaginations; and there is no saying to what his example might not lead us. A virtuous apostate, provided he has no hole in his head, is a similar portent; he is a "sign of life" to Puseyites, a subject of lectures in Zions and Ebenezers, and a crux to Catholics. Though ascetic works are not wanting in examples of reputed saints being real sinners, who practised horrible austerities in lieu of making confession or relinquishing a vice, yet when we see the fact spread before our eyes, the lessons which have been intrusted to the duller ears fade away from the mind, and we are inclined to say with the poet, "he can't be wrong whose life is in the right." Dr. John Donne is precisely one of these persons, whose splendid talents and exemplary morals, as painted in Isaak Walton's well-known biographical romance, might be a fruitful cause of scandal. But a very slight examination of facts will both convict the biographer of dishonesty, and strip the mask from a man who is probably but too favourable a sample of the "great Anglican divines" of the seventeenth century.

Donne, as Walton tells us, was born in London, in 1573, of "good and virtuous" Catholic parents; his mother was a descendant of the glorious Sir Thomas More. For ten years he was brought up in his father's house; but evidently not instructed in religion. Probably he was not told explicitly to what Church his parents belonged, nor allowed to know the places where the persecuted "recusants" assembled to assist at the Holy Sacrifice. Such perilous information was not imparted to children; from whom Topcliffe, and the other brutal priest-catchers of that melancholy period, knew too well how to wheedle their secrets. In his eleventh year he was sent to Oxford, where Protestantism practised no such reticence. But he left that university in his fourteenth year without a degree, in consequence of his friends' objections to the oaths. He then migrated to Cambridge; but took no degree there.

Most men of note of those times appear to have left the universities in the same incomplete condition, probably for the same reasons—their own, or their friends' scruples about the oaths. The only wonder is, not that the boys were thus removed, but that they were sent at all, to drink in the first undisguised lessons of religion from the sneers of vicious companions, or the lectures of proselytising tutors. But English Catholics have never sufficiently realised the dangers of a mixed education, either in those days of inexperience and trial, or in the present age, which ought to be so strongly illuminated with the dear-bought knowledge of the past. At the age of seventeen Donne came up to London, and studied law at Lincoln's Inn. His father now died, leaving him a portion of about 3000*l.*, in which his expensive tastes soon made a great gap; but his mother and guardians watched him narrowly, and provided him with the best tutors to complete his education in the liberal sciences, but more especially in the Catholic religion, which, says Walton, they professed, though in secret. "These persons," he adds, "had almost obliged him to their faith, having for their advantage, beside many opportunities, the example of his dear and pious parents; which was a most powerful persuasion, and did work much upon him." According to the same authority, at the age of eighteen he began to feel at sea with regard to religion, and to suspect that either schism was no sin, or that adherence to some visible Church was necessary; hence the next year he laid aside all other studies to give himself to theology, and by the time he was twenty he was a confirmed Protestant, with a most pious and plenary assurance of his own salvation. In 1610, and his thirty-seventh year, at the command of the king, he published a book entitled *Pseudo-Martyr*; intended to throw dirt on the glories of his own house; to prove that Sir Thomas More suffered not for the faith, but for a wrong-headed notion; and to remove the public sympathy from the hundreds of thousands of poor suffering victims of the infernal policy of the court,—who were daily being deprived of their estates, having their goods and chattels sold, and, under the pressure of impossible fines, being driven forth from house and home, to wander in the streets, to die under the hedges, to fill the gaols and bridewells, to be shipped off by hundreds to foreign shores, or to die the death of felons and traitors on the gallows,—by pretending that they were only the victims of a contemptible delusion. In the preface to this book he thus unctuously describes his own conversion:

"I used," he says, "an inordinate haste nor precipitation in binding my conscience to any local religion. I had a longer work

to do than many other men; for *I was first to blot out certain impressions of the Roman religion*, and to wrestle both against the examples and against the reasons by which some hold was taken, and some anticipations early laid, upon my conscience, both by persons who by nature had a power and superiority over my will, and others who, by their learning and good life, seemed to me justly to claim an interest for the guiding and rectifying of my understanding in these matters. And although I apprehended well enough that this irresolution not only retarded my fortune, but also bred some scandal, and endangered my spiritual reputation, by laying me open to many misinterpretations; yet all these respects did not transport me to any violent and sudden determination, till I had, to the measure of my poor wit and judgment, surveyed and digested the whole body of divinity controverted between ours and the Roman Church. In which search and disquisition that God which awakened me then, and hath never forsaken me in that industry, as He is the author of that purpose, so is He a witness of this protestation—that I behaved myself, and proceeded therein, with humility and diffidence in myself, and by that which by His grace I took to be the ordinary means, which is, frequent prayer, and *equal and indifferent affections.*”

We need not waste much time on the inconsistencies of this profession, which commences with the “work” of “blotting out Catholic impressions,” and of wrestling against the example and reasons “of his friends,” and ends with calling God to witness how he held himself all the time balanced “in equal and indifferent affections;” though he does not tell us that he spent a moment in blotting out the impressions of his university education, in wrestling against the example and reasons of his tavern friends, and in combating the temptations of ease and wealth held out to him by the dominant religion; for which he confesses that he had a sharp eye, when he scanned the retarding of his fortune, the scandal, and the danger to his spiritual reputation. It is a fatal mistake at any time to introduce the Cartesian doubt into religion, to say, *Cras credemus, hodie nihil*; to uproot faith even provisionally and hypothetically from our souls, in order to leave our judgments unbiassed for the selection of a theological system. What a comment on the Protestant doctrine, that the soul of man, without grace and faith, is capable of nothing but evil, when a man, immediately he strips himself of grace and faith, becomes a Protestant! Faith can only come by grace; but Donne will not have the faith that comes by grace; he uproots whatever his parents have planted, he destroys all that his tutors have built; he strips himself of the garment that was given him, and he steps out naked to the battle, to win or to weave a garment for himself. He will advance, not by addition, but by destruction; in order to increase his store, he



takes away from it. Instead of at least preserving what he had, and tending and developing it, he sought the truth by destroying that which he already possessed. And then the poor naked self-confident soul stood forth as a judge between the two religions: the new basking in the smiles of a brilliant and polished court, with all the prestige of fashion and gentlemanly bearing, and wealth and literature; and the old religion wandering about in sheepskins and goatskins, holding secret conventicles in cellars and garrets, proscribed by law, continually suffering whipping, fines, imprisonment, hanging, drawing, quartering; paying a hundred marks for hearing Mass (half to the informer), besides one year's imprisonment; paying twenty pounds a month for neglecting to attend any "usual place of common prayer," or forfeiting all its goods, and two-thirds of its estates, to the crown. Can there be a doubt to which of these all human motives would incline? And Donne will only judge by human motives: he has denied the faith once given him, he has banished it from his soul; and he promises himself the power of restoring it at will. Vain hope! He may build up in its place opinions, theories, and systems of philosophy, but not faith.

But, not to insist on this fundamental error, which, after his education, may have been a mistake rather than a fault, let us see whether the witness which he bears to his own humility, diffidence, and virtue is confirmed by independent testimony. It is rather a strong measure to believe that a young man of nineteen should in one year "survey and digest the whole body of divinity controverted between the Churches." But Donne was a precocious juvenile, as readers of his poems will easily allow. Young men of nineteen have souls to save; and we will never follow the example of Protestants in discouraging them, on account of their age, from applying themselves to the study of theology. We know the scowls of Oxford tutors when freshmen display an indiscreet curiosity about Dr. Pusey, or any other theological celebrity. We know how contemptuously they speak of the conversion of Ben Jonson at the age of nineteen. We know how they object to the body of late converts, whose average age was perhaps from four- to eight-and-twenty, that they were mere raw boys and girls, unfit to form any opinions about religion, much less to teach mature men and women. We declare, on the contrary, that the mind of the boy is often clear and logical about religious matters, which the mind of the man involves in a hopeless mist of nonsense and hypocrisy. Donne, if we trust Izaak Walton's impressions, was a child of this kind; a model of tender piety, if not of virgin purity. He can only find one mistake or crime

in his whole life; and that is, a marriage which he clandestinely contracted, in his twenty-ninth year, with a lady who was also old enough to judge for herself. This, says honest Izaak, was the *great error* of his life. Whatever there may be of dishonour in the private secretary of a lord chancellor using his opportunities to make love to his employer's niece, and marrying her against her father's consent, we can see no crime here; and, if we could, it would be little to our purpose, for Donne had long ago finished his religious inquiries.

But the next paragraph of the biographer will set us upon a surer and more productive scent. "The recreations of his youth were poetry;" the occasional pieces of which, "facetiously composed and carelessly scattered," were "most of them written *before the twentieth year of his age.*" So here we have Walton insinuating that Donne only gave himself to this amusement during his Catholic days; that his conversion to Protestantism was the signal for his relinquishing facetious and careless composition. "It is a truth," he proceeds, "that in his penitential years, viewing some of those pieces that had been loosely (God knows, too loosely!) scattered in his youth, he wished they had been abortive, or so short-lived, that his own eyes had witnessed their funerals." Izaak certainly would have us understand, not that Donne wished he had never written the verses in question, but that they had not been so successful, so long-lived, as to inconvenience the gravity of the learned doctor and the pious Dean of St. Paul's with the inconsistent evidences of his youthful facetiousness. A reader would scarcely suspect the real character of the poems from these modified and apologetic regrets of the author and the biographer. Those who have taken the trouble to read his wonderful medley of "facetious" and "divine" songs will be tempted to judge them somewhat more harshly. His "loose" poetry is certainly so loose, that we wonder why the "French-letter" shops of Holywell Street do not expose for sale a selection of it among the other obscene publications that defile their dirty windows.

But is honest Izaak to be trusted when he would make it appear that Donne put off Popery and phallic poetry at once? Ben Jonson, who is a better authority than Walton,—for he was one of Donne's companions in the convivialities of the Mermaid,—gives quite a different date for the culmination of his powers. The great dramatist told William Drummond of Hawthornden that Donne wrote all his best pieces before he was *twenty-five* years of age. And from the scrap of information that follows, it appears that even then, like most of his witty companions, he was no friend of the "new learning;"

for in his "Transformation, or *Μετεμψύχωσις*," a poem which he left unfinished, the following, says Jonson, was the conceit which he intended to follow: "He sought the soul of that apple which Eve pulled, and thereafter made it the soul of a (she-dog), then of a she-wolf, and so of a woman; his general purpose was to have brought it into all the bodies of the heretics from the soul of Cain, and at last left it in the body of Calvin. He only wrote one sheet of this; and *since he was made a doctor repented hugely*, and resolved to destroy all his poems." He was not doctor till his fortieth year; up to nearly that time we conceive that he, in common with the wits who met at the Mermaid, were divided between regrets for the old religion, and impatience at the intolerable annoyances which "recusancy" brought upon them; and that they conformed to the State Church, but with a bitter mocking spirit, and with a heart full of hatred. Depraved persons cannot expect the grace of stability during times of persecution. And Donne was not only a man of licentious morals, but bold enough in his irreverence to disgust even Ben Jonson, who reproved him for his poem of the "Anniversary," as being "profane, and full of blasphemies." He conformed *while* he was writing those sparkling pieces of loose poetry, to which Walton alludes with so mealy a mouth. The impure heart fashioned to itself a God like itself, and found a congenial religion in Protestantism.

But this is not all; about the year 1610 he was at court, and was talking with the king about the oaths of supremacy and allegiance, on which his majesty had written some supremely silly work. Donne argued with the king as the philosopher thought all men must argue with the master of a hundred legions. And James was so pleased with his delicate flattery, that he commanded him to reduce his views to writing. In six weeks the Ms. was brought to the king, and was published, in 1610, under the title of *Pseudo-Martyr*. From this time the king "descended to a persuasion, almost to a solicitation, of him to enter into sacred orders." For three years' time his spirit rebelled against the proffered potion; but at last, "inspired," as Walton says, "with an apprehension of God's particular mercy to him in the king's and others' solicitations of him," he complied, and was ordained deacon and priest by Dr. King, Bishop of London, in the summer of 1613. In the same month he was made one of the royal chaplains, and received a doctor's degree from the University of Cambridge.

"And now," says the enthusiastic Izaak, "all his earthly affections were changed into Divine love; and all the faculties

of his own soul were engaged in the conversion of others; in preaching the glad tidings of remission to repenting sinners, and peace to each troubled soul." Others, if they choose, may attempt to verify this panegyric from his six-score sermons, or from his "divine poems." We, on the other hand are satisfied with an evidence which we happened to find among his lighter productions. Among them there is an epithalamium, or ode on the marriage of Frederic, Count Palatine of the Rhine, with Elizabeth, James the First's only daughter, which took place on St. Valentine's Day 1613, the very year of Donne's ordination, and the fortieth of his age; and another eclogue, written on a similar occasion, as late as December 26 in the same year. We grieve to say, that even when he donned the preacher's band and ruff, he seems still to have retained under the sheep's clothing his old habit—the bad habit of writing phallic poetry. These productions of his mature and now reverend muse are congenial appendages to his other dirty works; their wit and fancy are far less sparkling; but, like the rest, they are offsprings of a mind that is not satisfied with skimming the surface of the ocean of Aphrodite, but must penetrate to its centre, and there fix the pivot of philosophy, the perfection of woman, and the whole duty of man. They are thoughtful and philosophical poems; but the philosophy is one that regards the world from the stand-point of Priapus, and smells it through the reek of sensuality; it is the philosophy of heathenism, of Luther, of the religion which "gave the cup to the laity, and wives to the clergy," not that of the Gospels, of St. Paul, and of the Church. It is expressed in the language of Ausonius, and is fit to be recited at the orgies of Bacchus, or at the mysteries of Isis. Perhaps, however, this was the religion to the propagation of which henceforth all the faculties of his soul were to be devoted.

It is the doctrine of Lutheranism alone (which reduces Christian faith to a firm assurance of salvation) that can cover a man's face with brass thick enough to enable him to step straight from the stews to the tub of the holder-forth, and to pass without intermediate process from singing sensuality to preaching godliness. Donne had this assurance, for which he thanks God in his last will and testament; and therefore he supposes that he may speak to us with all the weight and authority of a saint; though he varies the monotony of his theological and controversial labours by productions like a canto of Don Juan, or a page of Little's poems. Once a saint, always a saint; God's favour cannot be lost; sin boldly, and put a bold face on it when you have sinned. Such are the maxims of Lutheranism; and Donne apparently carried them out.

We do not wish to speak ill of the dead. It is only as a controversialist that we undermine the authority of Donne. As a man, apart from the parson, he must have been a delightful fellow, overflowing with kindness, good-nature, and wit. He had also a vast deal of religiosity, if not of religion. He respected the faith of his mother. "He was, even to her death, a most dutiful son, careful to provide for her supportation, of which she had been destitute, but that God raised him up to prevent her necessities; who, having sucked in the religion of the Roman Church with her mother's milk, spent her estate in foreign countries to enjoy a liberty in it,\* and died in his house but three months before him."

Donne, after he was made a doctor, and had "hugely" repented of his poems, was no doubt a good enough Protestant. But this very repentance provokes some remarks. It is usual for English people to claim for their religion all the credit of the literature of the Elizabethan age. We call this claim in question. We think it will be found that the great writers of that period had all, in proportion to their greatness, a yearning for the old religion. Shakespeare, as we have heretofore shown, and as his late most bigoted illustrator Mr. Thornbury† allows, in his religious sketches falls back to the ideal of an earlier age, and always mentions the old faith with a certain yearning fondness. Ben Jonson, for the best period of his life, was actually a Catholic. We claim also Donne the poet as our own, in the same sense as Satan belongs to the order of angels, not to that of man or beasts. Donne is, without controversy, the greatest of the metaphysical poets. He has a manliness and common sense that raise him far above the common level of those quibbling concocters of conceits; and his poetry belongs to us, it was written while he was more Catholic than any thing else, and displays a Catholic education. We lately observed of Henry Heine that he had a mind naturally Catholic: his infidel friends were of the same opinion; they were kept in a continual tremor of agitation by reports of his having submitted to the Church, and were sending frequent embassies to Paris to prevent the accomplishment of a step so compromising to themselves. Donne's was a similar mind. His views of life, even his blasphemies, bespeak

\* This expression requires explanation. It does not mean that she spent her fortune in purchasing indulgences and the like in France and Italy, as doubtless the Protestant would understand it; but that, to avoid the penalties of 20*l.* a month, or the forfeiture of all goods and chattels, and of two-thirds of all real estate, to the crown, which were rigidly enforced on all "recusants" who would not go to church, Mrs. Donne sent over all her money to France or elsewhere, to prevent its falling into the hands of the harpies of the Exchequer.

† *Shakespeare's England*, by G. W. Thornbury. 2 vols.

the fallen Catholic, and are unintelligible to the humdrum mind that is naturally Protestant :

“ His form had yet not lost  
All her original brightness, nor appeared  
Less than archangel ruined and the excess  
Of glory obscured.”

It is only when he passes to prose, and dons the cassock, that he assumes a real Protestant dullness, and substitutes for the burning words of his satire the now threadbare commonplaces of Exeter Hall—that jealously guarded preserve of blown forgeries, that treasury of “the lie so oft o’erthrown,” that paradise of obstinate pride, which, “having once been wrong, will be so still.” Then he will descend to ask Catholics to apostatise for such reasons as these: because Protestantism is tolerated by more Catholic princes than Catholicity by Protestant princes; because the Church of England, in the year 1610, had such good health, and so sound a constitution, that it was evidently in a growing state, and every day more advanced; because of the character of the persons who gave the first entrance and way to this reformation (!); because of the excellent “authours in the artes and divinitie it hath produced;” because it admits not unwholesome and putrefying traditions and postscripts to the Scriptures, and is not deformed with the leprosy and ulcer of the toleration of Jews or stews; because the *Taxa Camerae Apostolicae* puts a price on indulgence to commit any sin; and because, lastly, the State, which hitherto had shown nothing but “patience and moderation towards Catholics,” had some “better laws” (still more diabolical than the fines, imprisonment, deportation, hanging, drawing, and quartering, to which they had been subjected) in its pocket ready for occasions of necessity. Because all that had been done was only medicinal and preparatory, to lead Catholics to church sometimes; to astonish their weak nerves with “our incomparable liturgy;” to make it their physic, as they refused it for their diet; and so in time to “drain and deliver them from their errors.” All this, and much more to the same effect, may be seen at length in the preface to that precious *Pseudo-Martyr*, which Protestants praise only because they think that we shall never examine it.

Yes, this is the end of it,—the picked wit, the delicate literary dandy, has nothing more to say than “this is the strongest side; follow it.” In this Donne is a good type of his Church,—that genteel Church whose motto has always been: “Though zeal eat up the man, it should not eat up the gentleman;” and whose preaching, as Emerson facetiously says, is, “by taste ye are saved.” She has nothing

but the polish left; her zeal (for gentility) has eaten the bottom out of her. She is all outside, like the leg of a table hollowed out by the white ants. She is a toy castle; and her flimsy walls are built not of gingerbread, but of gentility. She has only the buckram, the crinoline, the starch, the lavender-water of piety. She grows sick at the smell of poor cottages, workhouses, hospitals, and prisons. She is euphuist, and minces her words. A misplaced "h" causes a pang to shoot across her brow. She writes pretty poetry, occasionally a trifle indelicate. She drinks sherry and champagne, and is convulsed at the odour of whisky-punch. To her the impersonation of Antichrist is one of those ugly hard-working peasant-priests with rough mechanic hands, on which she wonders that he does not spit when he manipulates the *Dominus vobiscum*, as his brother ploughman supples his hard palms with his saliva to give him a better grip of the plough-tail. And truly, in piping times of peace, this hard-handed man makes but a poor show beside his peacock-plumed rival. But place them in circumstances of trial and penal laws; then you will see gentility with roses in its shoes, making a cringing recantation in the hands of the "learnedst king in Christendom," writing lying books at his bidding, turning parson at his sacred word, and, at the same time, composing facetious but filthy odes on court ceremonials; while the peasant-priest walks quietly from his back-parlour and beer to the gallows, and suffers with joy, almost as the true end of his existence, those horrors which the court-preacher had denounced to him as the reasons for his "conformity." We do not deny the pluck of the Guards, and other dandy warriors; but there is a gentleman heresy, a mental and dilettante dandyism, so enamoured of courtly manners, of literary delicacy, of keenness of wit, that it at last follows vulgar success, any scamp-Jupiter that happens to be the mightiest, and becomes the parasite of power, the minister of a religion armed to the teeth, and surrounded with a choir of sequestrators and hangmen. Such is the inevitable, however illogical, end of brilliancy and taste, without grace to wear them; of taking care to be a gentleman, and forgetting to be first a Christian.

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## Reviews.

## THE CAUSES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

*On the State of Society in France before the Revolution of 1789.* By Alexis de Tocqueville. London: Murray.

(Second notice.)

IN our former article on this most valuable book, we reviewed M. de Tocqueville's account of the antecedents of the revolution,—the disposing causes, the evils that rendered such a step necessary. In the second part of his volume he explores the secret chambers, where the *powers* lay hid that actually brought about the appalling result. If the reader, he says, in commencing the eleventh chapter of his second book, were to read no further, he would have a very imperfect idea of the government of the old French monarchy, and would not understand the state of society produced by the revolution.

And first, he proves that an immense amount of individual liberty was left to the people, in spite of the absolutism and petty tutelage of the government: it was a strange liberty, a spirit of resistance, that preserved the independent outline of individual character. Centralisation, though aiming at its present growth, was more limited than now both in range and power. The rapacity of the government counteracted its ambition, by obliging it to act, not through men educated and chosen by itself, but through agents who, having bought their places, were in an independent position with regard to it. The administration also was paralysed in its hold on its refractory agents by an utter ignorance of the limits of its power. The nobility stood in an attitude of contemptuous hostility towards the civil functionaries, who, conscious of their low extraction, would hesitate and parley with it. Towards the king himself it was wonderfully free-spoken, and already demanded all the guarantees against the abuse of power which France possessed in the days of her representative government. The clergy—but here we must quote M. de Tocqueville's own words, which, however sarcastic, are full of wise warnings, only too much needed by persons who, having seen how the constitution of one friend of the Church, but greater friend of monarchy and family, Charles X., could be wrested by a hostile successor to be the instrument of the worst oppression of the clergy, yet go on to accumulate power and influence in the hands of a man whom the accident of an hour may remove, or change into a bitter foe:



“The clergy, who have since frequently shown themselves so servilely submissive to the temporal sovereign in civil matters, whosoever that temporal sovereign might be, and who became his most barefaced flatterers on the slightest indication of favour to the Church, formed at that time one of the most independent bodies in the nation, and the only body whose peculiar liberties would have enforced respect.”

We cannot sympathise with M. de Tocqueville when he mourns over the Gallican liberties of the clergy; but he shows well what different persons they were from the time-serving ecclesiastics who betrayed the English people in the time of Henry VIII. In the first place, they stood in an independent position with regard to their Bishops, who had no irresponsible powers over them, but only those strictly defined by canon-law; they were not prepared for passive obedience to the sovereign by the uncontrolled despotism of the superior. Next, they were men of high families, and brought their hereditary indocility into the ecclesiastical system. Thirdly, they were landlords, and apparently the wisest of all the owners of the soil.

“Bringing with me,” says our author, “the impressions of our own times, I have been surprised to find bishops and priests, many of whom were equally eminent for their piety and for their learning, drawing up reports on the construction of a road or a canal, discussing with great science and skill the best methods to augment the produce of agriculture, to insure the well-being of the inhabitants, and to encourage industry; these churchmen being always equal, and often superior, to all the laymen engaged with them in the transaction of the same affairs.”

Then follows a most important remark; one calculated, in some measure, to comfort and reassure persons who take too much to heart the Church-robberies of Spain and Piedmont:

“I maintain, in opposition to an opinion which is very generally and firmly established, that the nations which deprive the Roman Catholic clergy of all participation in landed property, and convert their incomes into salaries, do in fact only promote the interests of the papacy, and those of the temporal ruler, while they renounce an important element of freedom among themselves.

A man who, as far as the best portion of his nature is concerned, is the subject of a foreign authority, and who in the country where he dwells can have no family, will only be linked to the soil by one durable tie—namely, landed property. Break that bond, and he belongs to no place in particular. His conscience binds him to the Pope; his maintenance to the sovereign. His only country is the Church.”

M. de Tocqueville then shows that the advice of the clergy

at the States-general of 1789 was as hostile to despotism, and as favourable to civil liberty, as that of the middle classes, but more scientific and precise in its recommendations and plans to accomplish its purpose; and he concludes as follows:

“Upon the whole, and notwithstanding the notorious vices of some of its members, I question whether there ever existed in the world a clergy more remarkable than the Catholic clergy of France at the moment when it was overtaken by the Revolution—a clergy more enlightened, more national, less circumscribed within the bounds of private duty, and more alive to public obligations, and at the same time more zealous for the faith;—persecution proved it. I entered on the study of these forgotten institutions full of prejudice against the clergy of that day: I conclude that study full of respect for them. They had in truth no defects but those inherent in all corporate bodies, whether political or religious, when they are strongly constituted and knit together; such as a tendency to aggression, a certain intolerance of disposition, and an instinctive—sometimes a blind—attachment to particular rights of their order.”

The middle classes formed a kind of minor aristocracy, possessed of numberless purchased immunities, which they defended with a fierce party-spirit in their courts of justice. These were totally independent of the government, and neither subservient nor venal; but, even in cases which had been taken out of their hands by the intendant's courts, received and gave publicity to all the complaints of the people, and characterised the acts of the government with a freedom of speech quite mediæval. These courts had given the mode to the nation; all things were subject to discussion and appeal; not a royal edict could appear without assigning its motives and reasons. The lower orders alone had lost all power of resisting oppression, except by violence. In general, the French dependence was not servility, but loyalty; the relaxing passion for “comfort,” which is the mother of servitude, was yet unknown, and men had not learned to be lukewarm in good as well as in evil; they were fond of amusements and passionate excitement, but were strangers to the temperate and decorous sensualism of modern days; they sought to be illustrious rather than to be rich. Theirs was an ill-regulated and morbid liberty, but one fruitful in vigorous characters, the admiration and terror of succeeding generations; fit to uproot despotism, but totally unfit to establish in its place the free and peaceful empire of order and law.

The peasantry, the broad basis of society, had been gradually becoming degraded, till its condition was sometimes worse in the eighteenth century than it had been in the thirteenth. No longer serfs, they were in some respects less fortunate.

Every other class held aloof from them: the nobles had deserted the country, or only remained for retrenchment; the gentry had ceased to be their protectors, and acted more like rapacious middlemen than landed proprietors, grasping at all they could claim by law or custom, and administering the few relics of feudal law so as to make them more intolerable than the whole system had once been. The kings encouraged this separation of classes, and an intendant complained of the residence of the Breton nobles on their estates—those very nobles and peasantry who alone were united and loyal in the day of trial. The middle classes were as much strangers to the peasant as the nobles; no sooner had a countryman amassed a little money than he turned his back on his village, where neither magistrate nor syndic could read or write, and where the lord took no share in parish-matters, such as the assessment of the poll-tax, the enrolment of the militia, and the regulation of the forced labour. The peasant dreaded to be too well off, lest he should be ruined by increased taxation; where no taxes could be wrung from his poverty, he had to pay in forced labour; one province, too poor to pay in coin, contributed 700,000 livres' value a-year of this hateful tax. Thus had the people become slaves; without respect or dependence on any one, with all the hatreds and predilections of slaves, alike incapable of self-government, and hostile to any who would direct them.

The next power which M. de Tocqueville describes is that of the French literature of the eighteenth century; this was in the hands of men unconnected with the administration, and utterly unacquainted with its details, but who wrote and thought on no other subject than the abstract theory of society and government, their hypothesis being corrected by no experience and verified by no facts. In the chaos of their jarring systems one pervading principle may be found, namely, the expediency of substituting simple and elementary rules, deduced from reason and natural law, for the complicated traditional customs by which society was guided. The state of things we described in our former paper had produced a general horror of traditional forms, and a hatred of French history; the writers were predisposed by their position and by their genius to build mere theory on the ruins of fact—they had no idea of the perils they were preparing, of the abyss they were stirring up. The freedom of theorising was accepted as some compensation for the want of freedom of acting; and men, groaning under the inconvenience of oppressive forms, revenged themselves in thought by plans of reform repugnant to the very existence of society at all. The blindness of the

higher classes in patronising these anarchical philosophies is nothing less than judicial: king and aristocracy were engaged in resisting each other's encroachments, and both in undermining the Church—they both patronised any amount of scandalous argument which was calculated to bring an opponent into contempt; the lower classes received all these things with cynical satisfaction, for the French nation, then the most lettered and witty in the world, was fully prepared to appreciate the humour and smartness of the writers. No wonder, then, that they became the greatest power in the country, and that when the revolution in America brought conviction of the practicability of that which had hitherto been mere theory, they wielded an irresponsible might which we can now scarcely conceive. They thought they could make a great nation as they might write a great book, or invent a great theory—by attention to symmetry of laws, by contempt of facts, by love of the original and novel, and by the desire to reconstruct every thing at once by the rules of logic alone.\*

The institution on which all these writers poured out their bitterest venom was the Church; and they so well succeeded in exciting men's passions against her, that atheism became a fanaticism. They developed Lutheranism into infidelity, heresy into unbelief. Irreligion became a general passion, fervid, intolerant, and oppressive; for the Church was to be destroyed, as the chief obstacle to their ideas. She rested on tradition, they had no respect for the past; she recognised an authority above individual reason, they would have nothing but reason; she had a hierarchy, they wanted equality of ranks. The attack on the State was only possible to them through the Church, which the State was ready to sacrifice to shield itself; moreover, they were subject to daily annoyance by the clerical censorship of their books. Through the apathy of the kings, these writers were allowed to undermine the great religious support of the State without exciting the selfish jealousy of the government. The statesmen of the time made impiety the pastime of their vacant existence, and hatched the idea of the possibility of government without respect for religion, which has since been the characteristic of the despotic bureaux of Europe.

The writers who went beyond abstract theories of politics, and devoted themselves to questions of public administration,

\* From this time the graphic and picturesque names of the French language have been replaced by general terms; God has become the "Supreme Being," the parish priest "the minister of the altar," neighbours "citizens," and rulers "respectable magistrates:" the pretended genius of France for big words and general ideas only commenced at this period.

were called political economists. All these writers aim at reform, none at liberty. In their eyes private rights are nothing, public utility is every thing; the past is to them only a matter of endless contempt. They hated any checks to the administration, or, in other words, any guarantees of public liberty. Education was to be the sole political security against the despotism of the central authority. All that opposed itself to equality of condition and uniformity of rules was to be swept away, as inconvenient to administration and to reform. The State was not only to command, but to fashion the nation; to form it on a given model; to inspire it with fixed opinions and sentiments; to transform men—perhaps, if it chose, to create others! “The State can do with men what it pleases,” was a proposition that included all their theories. It was a new power, not derived from God, not resting on tradition, impersonal; not the inheritance of a family, but the product and representative of all. It is democratic despotism. Its principles are: no gradations in society, no distinctions of classes, no fixed ranks—a people composed of individuals nearly alike and entirely equal; this confused mass being recognised as the only legitimate sovereign, but carefully deprived of all the faculties which could enable it to direct, or even to superintend, its own government. Above this mass a single delegate, charged to do every thing in its name without consulting it. To control this delegate, public opinion, deprived of its organs; to arrest him, revolutions, but no laws. In principle a subordinate agent; in fact, a master. Not finding this ideal realised in Europe, they all eulogised the miserable government of China as the model for the world.

Among these writers *socialism* is found fully developed. Their principles are—community of goods, the right to labour, absolute equality of conditions, uniformity in all things, a mechanical regularity in all the movements of individuals, a tyranny to regulate every action of daily life, and the complete absorption of each member of the community into the whole social body.

The people under this guidance came to desire reform rather than rights. If they desired freedom, it was only that by self-government they might rid themselves from a few intolerable abuses: they did not love freedom for herself, but for what they thought they could get out of her.

Another of the forces of the revolution was the great prosperity of France. The reign of Louis XVI. was the most prosperous epoch of the old French monarchy; and this very prosperity accelerated the revolution. The corrupt form of administration was perfectly incompatible with a restless

and busy population ; it was only tolerable in the lull of stagnation. Now the intendants began to encourage commerce and agriculture ; great improvements were introduced in the collection of the taxes ; the peasants were treated with humanity, the population largely augmented ; while wealth increased more largely still in spite of the unequal taxation, the diversity of law, the internal custom-houses, feudal rights, guilds, and purchased offices. The king still used the language of arbitrary power, but was in reality controlled by public opinion ; nevertheless, with all this the community became more unsettled and uneasy, public discontent grew fierce, and the hatred against all established institutions increased, and most in those parts of the country which were most prosperous. La Vendée, which was the only province that had failed to profit by the improvement, was the only one where loyalty remained.

“ It is not always by going from bad to worse that a country falls into a revolution. It happens most frequently that a people, which had supported the most crushing laws without complaint, and apparently as if they were unfelt, throws them off with violence as soon as the burden begins to be diminished. The state of things destroyed by a revolution is almost always somewhat better than that which immediately preceded it ; and experience has shown that the most dangerous moment for a bad government is usually that when it enters upon the work of reform. Nothing short of a great political genius can save a sovereign who undertakes to relieve his subjects after a long period of oppression. The evils which were endured with patience as long as they were inevitable, seem intolerable as soon as a hope can be entertained of escaping from them. The abuses which are removed seem to lay bare those which remain, and to render the sense of them more acute ; the evil has decreased, it is true, but the perception of the evil is more keen.”

Considerations like these, we may remark in passing, explain and justify the irritation of governments like those of Austria and Naples at the exterior pressure which would hasten their reforms ; they must feel that we are pushing them over the cliff, instead of giving them time to make a road by which they can descend in safety. Self-preservation is a dearer right and more obvious duty than the cure of abuses : Lord Palmerston and the English people have no right to insist on any one's making a reform that will probably be fatal to himself.

Now began in France the theories of the indefinite perfectibility of man : twenty years before nothing was to be hoped of the future ; now nothing was to be feared. The fundholders, traders, and moneyed classes, instead of being,

as is usually the case, the most conservative, were the most revolutionary; they were continually irritated by the want of faith and the unpunctuality of the government; and the public and private fortunes had become so intermingled, that the mismanagement of the public finances, which had hitherto been only a public evil, became to a multitude of families a private calamity. Thus old abuses appeared new by the novel impression they caused.

The newly acquired humanity of the upper classes for the peasants was exhibited in a manner only calculated to exasperate them. Louis XVI., in his edicts for the amelioration of the people (which he had not power to carry out), employed all the resources of rhetoric in depicting the misery and injustice which they suffered. He seemed to forget that the people could understand French. In times of distress, king, nobles, and parliament would issue manifestoes, accusing each other of being the cause of scarcity. The people read, and reflected. In these documents the people were always spoken of as scarcely human; to be pitied indeed, but only with the pity of which our Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is prodigal. In their eagerness to know all abuses, the upper classes published in 1788 a list of all the privileged persons,—all who paid no taxes, but received dues,—all for whom the people were so heavily taxed, and for whom so many abuses were maintained. The people read, and learned accurately how few they were, and who they were, for whom they suffered. Thus the revolution was hurried on by the enthusiasm of the upper classes for improvement, manifested in a way that only exasperated the rest of the people.

During this time also the government was teaching lessons of revolution. When Louis XV. violently suppressed the parliaments, he showed how an institution contemporary with the monarchy might be destroyed. Louis XVI. was always talking of reforms to be accomplished, and suddenly changed many ancient usages; setting the dangerous example of violence exerted for a good purpose by honest and well-meaning men. Louis XIV. had publicly broached the theory, that all the land of France belonged to the State, and was held of it conditionally. The rights of private property were set at naught when they obstructed public utility. Orders-in-council had changed the intention of most of the charitable institutions. Compulsory requisitions, forced sales of provisions, and the maximum, were not without precedents. The exceptional tribunals administered justice in the most arbitrary manner as respects the form, though they were mild enough in their punishments. The revolution borrowed these forms,

and added to them the atrocity of its own spirit. Before this catastrophe, a great administrative revolution had already been accomplished, which had changed the relations of the people to each other, and produced a state of uncertainty, anarchy, and discontent. The order of the administration of justice was disturbed in all its parts. In 1787, the power of the intendants was destroyed, and a provincial assembly created to assume their functions. Legislation was simplified, it is true; but experience then showed how much easier it is to deal with obscure and complicated laws which have long been in use than with a totally new system, however simple. No one thought of making a distinction between the executive and directive functions of government; and the consequence was soon apparent when the power fell into the hands of an assembly of theorists. These assemblies were always quarrelling with the intendants, who were still allowed to retain the nominal direction. In the villages the assemblies were still more difficult to manage: they were to consist of the representatives of three classes—the nobles, who paid no taxes; peasants who had purchased certain exemptions; and the poor peasants, who had to pay all; the seigneur was chairman, but had no vote—he was reduced from lord to a mere servant of the people.

It was thus that all France experienced a tremendous perturbation in all her habits of life. In our English revolutions the laws and customs of the country have undergone no change. The pyramid was disturbed at its apex, but unshaken at the base. Louis XVI. thought to renovate the base without throwing down the apex. The revolutions that have taken place since 1789 have left the customs and laws unchanged; hence they have been only transient ebullitions, ending in a change of ruler or dynasty, without any other consequence. The daily course of affairs was neither interrupted nor disturbed: every man still remained submissive to the rules and usages with which he was already familiar; dependent on the same secondary powers, and referring to the same agents. But in 1789 every man had been shaken in his condition, disturbed in his habits, or put to inconvenience in his calling. Though the upper functions of the government were in order, yet in the lesser affairs of life no one knew whom to obey, to whom to apply, or how to proceed. The nation had lost its balance, and one blow served to upset it. All the threads of government that remained were gathered in a knot at Paris. Paris was the master of the kingdom; and a mob that could get possession of Paris by a riot had all the power in its own hands.



Such were the forces that agitated the French mind, and worked it up to its revolutionary heat. The passion of the upper classes for freedom, of the lower for equality; the mutual hatreds and jealousies; the fanaticism of irreligion; the inexperienced theorising;—all contributed their share; and working on the French character, produced that portentous political phenomenon, which, apart from the national character on the one hand, and the historical antecedents and forces which led up to it on the other, can never be duly appreciated by the historical student. What this French national character is, we will let M. de Tocqueville describe in his own masterly words :

“ When I consider this nation in itself, it strikes me as more extraordinary than any event in its own annals. Was there ever any nation on the face of the earth so full of contrasts, and so extreme in all its actions; more swayed by sensations, less by principles; led therefore always to do either worse or better than was expected of it, sometimes below the common level of humanity, sometimes greatly above it;—a people so unalterable in its leading instincts, that its likeness may still be recognised in descriptions written two or three thousand years ago; but at the same time so mutable in its daily thoughts, and in its tastes, as to become a spectacle and an amazement to itself, and to be as much surprised as the rest of the world at the sight of what it has done;—a people beyond all others the child of home and the slave of habit, when left to itself, but when once torn against its will from the native hearth and from its daily pursuits, ready to go to the end of the world and to dare all things; indocile by temperament, and yet accepting the arbitrary and even the violent rule of a sovereign more readily than the free and regular government of the chief citizen; to-day the declared enemy of all obedience, to-morrow serving with a sort of passion which the nations best fitted for servitude cannot attain; guided by a thread as long as no one resists, ungovernable when the example of resistance has once been given; always deceiving its masters, who fear it either too little or too much; never so free that it is hopeless to enslave it, or so enslaved that it may not break the yoke again; apt for all things, but excelling only in war; adoring chance, force, success, splendour and noise, more than true glory; more capable of heroism than of virtue, of genius than of good sense; ready to conceive immense designs rather than to consummate great undertakings; the most brilliant and the most dangerous of the nations of Europe, and that best fitted to become by turns an object of admiration, of hatred, of pity, of terror, but never of indifference.”

Our intention has been to let M. de Tocqueville speak for himself, without showing either assent or dissent. It is, however, but fair, in conclusion, to say, that though in the main we agree with him, we regard him as infected with the vice

that nearly all students of the past contract, namely, a depreciation of the present. We do not for a moment believe that the stability of a society is impossible without the aristocratical element of a feudal landed gentry. That whole system belongs to the past; its knell was sounded in the sixteenth century, and the French Revolution buried its corpse. A new phase of society has begun, and a new element has to be sought in the place of that corrupt aristocracy which so shamefully betrayed its trust at the Reformation and in the following centuries. The landed classes have ceased to be the natural suzerains of the common people; our minds have escaped from their tutelage. In seeking a new element of stability to replace them, they may rest assured that we shall not consider their claims. But there is an element as old as European aristocracy, and, at the same time, as young as the newly-found equality of revolutionary society; this element is the Church. For her, or for no one, a more glorious part is destined than that which she played in the middle ages. She may be that middle term between the centralised state and the individual, which shall guarantee its rights to each. Free with her freedom, equal with her equality, obedient to the laws which she administers in the name of God, there is no fear, while she is respected, that the individual will rebel, or that the State will usurp rights which do not belong to it. But we cannot carry out these considerations—they would lead us into too long a story.

In conclusion, we must add, that though, like M. de Tocqueville and the able writers of *Le Correspondant*, we are fully alive to the dangers of despotism, we can hardly go with them in their attacks on the actual government of France. The doctrine which *Le Correspondant* wishes to illustrate is, that the Church, though it can best succeed in an atmosphere of liberty, is yet compatible with any form of tolerable government. They may lament the loss of liberty in France; they may recall with satisfaction the advance which religion made under the hostile constitutionalism of Louis Philippe; but, in order to prove the whole of their thesis, they should not forget to show that the Church can survive even under the present régime. We must however pause, for it would be unseemly to attempt to criticise these admirable writers in three lines at the end of an article on another subject.

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## THE COMMUNION OF LABOUR.

*The Communion of Labour: a Second Lecture on the Social Employments of Women.* By Mrs. Jameson. London: Longmans.

WHEN the Reformation had transferred the patrimony of the poor from the trustees who, as their worst enemies admit, had administered it honestly, to the hands of the king and of a clique of profligate families, not only did the poor experience the evils of no longer having the same clergy to look to in distress, but the gentry, the farmers, and artificers soon found that this care must devolve upon them. At first, the public officers in the towns and parishes undertook to distribute whatever voluntary contributions were intrusted to them; but these were, from the first, notoriously deficient; and in 1572 the Lords and Commons, themselves gorged with the produce of the robberies, passed an act for a compulsory assessment of the people in general in behalf of the poor.

And now the farmers and townspeople began to comprehend that they might be taxed in a way never before heard of, and that to an unlimited extent. But they soon found that the remedy, in great measure, lay in their own hands; they discovered that they might regulate the numbers of those who resided and were employed in their borough or parish, so as to prevent any inconvenient burden of rates. Absolute in the exercise of this power, the provincial Dogberries unceremoniously turned out those whom they judged likely to become chargeable, and made orders and by-laws to effect this purpose.

It was thus that poverty became a crime in England; a crime not against the individual, but against the State; more like treason than felony, for it attacked not the private purse or the private orchard, but laid the whole parish under contribution, like a robber-chief of the middle ages.

The records of towns and boroughs are full of notices of the by-laws by means of which the warfare was kept up against this domestic enemy. All parties suspected of poverty were to be chased from the parish; no lodgers were to be taken in till the constable had assured himself that they were of sufficient ability to maintain themselves. Discreet persons were sent round to discover and unearth under-tenants, and to make presentments to the magistrates of all persons who had violated the regulations. Thus in Lyme, in 1592,

Andrew Ham was to remove his sister from his house, under penalty of forty shillings; in 1594, Henry Webb, the new tailor, was to depart the town by a certain day. In 1595, the jury present that one Clatty hath received a man and his wife into his house; that William Skorch harboureth his wife's sister, besides another girl; that Edward Borough keepeth a young child in his house; and William Crewe *keepeth his mother in his house, which is not to be harboured*; and that John Domett likewise harboureth his wife's sister. *Ideo quilibet eorum in misericordia.* So each is fined; and to make the mockery more bitter, it is in the very name of mercy that they are forbidden to show mercy; and children and girls and mothers are to be turned out to starve on the dunghills, in the name of that very compassion which had, in a better age, built them hospitals, and endowed them with a great proportion of the wealth of the nation.

And not only are the borough-registers full of such fines, inflicted upon persons for refusing to drive away to certain starvation their servants, their labourers, or the children on whom they had taken pity, but these same Christian regulations were framed effectually to prevent the poor outcasts escaping that dreadful end. Once out of place, they were not allowed to job as casual labourers. In the 14th year of Charles I., the jury of Seaford presented some of them for the offence of "living at their own hands." They were ordered to get into service within a fortnight; but then no one was to take them in unless he could insure their not becoming chargeable.

In those days the different counties and boroughs guarded their own boundaries, and kept themselves as jealously secluded from their neighbours as the Japanese and Loo-choo islanders of the present day. Woe be to the poor stranger, or foreigner as he was called, who entered the tabooed precincts! Unless he could give good security against his becoming chargeable, he was soon thrust out. There was a regularly organised persecution against the poor and those who harboured them; and paupers were in continual danger of being left to die in ditches and under hedges, their poor neighbours not daring to receive them into their cottages.

But those who expected to suppress the poor population by such means were disappointed. They did not make the poor to cease out of the land. England had sold its birthright, like Esau, and doubtless expected by the sale to be relieved not only from the burden of the Christian doctrines and sacraments, but also from that other more onerous treasure of the Church (as St. Lawrence called it), the poor of Christ. They found their mistake; they found that they had enriched a few

families, had strengthened the hands of a detestable oligarchy, and saddled themselves for ever with a new and unmanageable tax. The oligarchy was too strong to be forced to disgorge its prey; so those in whose behalf the tax was imposed became the victims, and were subjected to ever-growing acts of repression, tyranny, and insult. It was soon found that the starving system would not do. The poor multiplied in spite of their being turned out of house and home, and prevented from supporting themselves. The next step in the course of Antichrist, after (virtually) "commanding to abstain from meats," was to forbid marriage; and this soon came about. In 1625 an order was made at Yarmouth that no poor people should be married unless they should first procure the license of the alderman and chief constable of their ward. In Jersey, on the 26th of March 1647, the authorities decreed that persons of *basse condition* should not be allowed to marry. With marriage, courting and the other preliminaries thereof came under the inquisitorial inspection of the puritanical despots of the vestry. At Dorchester, in Sept. 1656, "Alice Hill uppon examination is found to keepe companie with Philipp Bartlett in vnseasonable time, and saith she vvill not forsak him unlesse hee vvill forsak her. Shee is ordered not to keepe him companie again vvithout leave."

But the poor are prolific in spite of all prohibitions of increase. So the baffled rate-payers have no further resource than revenge. First, then, they will try the effect of ticketing all vagrants and applicants for relief with a brand of infamy. The former (by act of parliament) were branded in the shoulder; the latter were dealt with at the good pleasure of the particular parishes. All recipients of relief were compelled by the vestry of Eastbourne, in 1674, to wear a badge upon the right side of their upper garment. The vestry of Birmingham, about 1775, passed an order that each person receiving relief should wear a badge. On the day of the order coming into force, the first applicant was an old woman, who received together with her pittance the mark of her disgrace, which she was required to pin to her dress without delay; so she pulled up her gown, and pinned it to her petticoat, and let her skirt fall over it again. The poor people in 1775 had advanced a full century since 1674.

But this vengeance of vestries was as nothing compared with the systematic severity of the law against helpless poverty. That which starvation, homelessness, and enforced celibacy could not effect, the law determined to attempt by the halter and by the pest-house;—we have no better name to call the prisons to which the poor were banished. Happier they per-

haps who found the briefer and less painful end of the gallows; so do not let us waste too much pity on the victim mentioned in the following entry from the Michaelmas Sessions, held at Bridport in 1635: "*Elizabetha Johnson, alias Stephens, pro vagrant. tanq. vagabund. incorrigibil. suspend. per collu. usque dm. mortua sit.*" That is to say, "Elizabeth Johnson, alias Stephens, for vagrancy. To be hanged by the neck till she is dead, as an incorrigible vagabond." Stringent, sharp, and decisive! Surely such a policy deserved to prosper! Yet it did not, for all that.

But not even the law of England under the Tudors and Stuarts could hang every body who could not afford to live in a cottage with four acres of ground,\* or drive a thriving trade or profitable craft in the boroughs. Some places of refuge must be provided for the poor outcasts; and these places were no other than the gaols. Or even when a separation was made in the buildings or in the classification of the inmates, it was still the penal system of the gaols that was applied to the poor. Thus there was in those days little distinction between work-houses and houses of correction. In the poor-law of 1601 (43 Eliz.), no provision but the gaols was made for paupers; in 1607, the building of "houses of correction" was authorised, in which implements were to be provided for all such as should be able to work. It was only after more than a century (in 1723) that an act was passed for the correction of these houses, to make them places of refuge instead of places of punishment.

The gaol of Dorchester may be taken as a specimen of these pandemoniums, in which felons, debtors, and paupers were indiscriminately associated. It was under a governor, who paid a certain sum for the place, and made his income out of the prisoners. Hence the unskilled pauper had very little chance beside the more educated felon or debtor. Of these, the men had at least fourpence, and the women threepence, for each day's work performed for the governor; while the pauper past labour had fourpence assigned him for his *week's* maintenance, which was, on complaint, raised to the munificent sum of sixpence. Add to this, starvation, the misery of the houses, the want of water, the bad ventilation and drainage, the utter absence of all moral restraint and of all sanitary precautions, and who can wonder at the tainted atmosphere that made them lazar-houses of every loathsome and infectious pestilence, which no medical man would attend; as we may gather from the surgeon of the infirmary at Exeter

\* Cottages with less were by law (20 Eliz.) ordered to be pulled down, for fear of encouraging a class of persons unable to maintain themselves.

excusing himself *by contract* in 1775 from attending any prisoner sick of the gaol-fever? Beds were never thought of; often there was no straw; when the window-tax was severely felt, the governors blocked up the windows, and broke holes in the roof and inner walls to admit the light. Nor was this all; the gaoler, or farmer of the gaol, directed the work, let the rooms, sold the food, was extortioner-general, and had the power of enforcing his claims by putting fetters or gyves on those set to labour, and by whipping them "moderately." After a prisoner was discharged by law, he might still be retained for his debts to this harpy, who used also to show noted felons for twopence a-head. For these "opportunities" he generally paid 40*l.* a-year rent to the under-sheriff of the county. Such was the Protestant substitute for the guest-master and infirmarian of the suppressed monasteries.

But all this is changed since the new act, persons will tell us. Well, this is just the point to which we wished to come. Is it changed? Are our workhouses morally much better now; or rather, are they improved in the proportion of our other ameliorations? Is not the pauper still considered the enemy of society at large? so that whereas the felon or misdemeanant is a man rescued by the executive from the hands of private vengeance, and locked up as *felo domini regis*,—a man for whose safe custody the executive is answerable to society,—the pauper is no one's, is left to the tender mercies of the very men who regard him as the public robber, and is rescued by no sufficient interference of the civil power. Let us answer this question in the words of a lecture lately published by Mrs. Jameson, and entitled *The Communion of Labour*. Her intention therein is to enforce the necessity of female intervention, similar to that of sisters of charity abroad, in our English hospitals and prisons. One of the institutions for which this influence is most imperatively required is the workhouse; the present condition of these places she describes from her own observations, approaching the subject "with a mingled feeling of shame and fear."

"I have seen many workhouses and of all grades. The regulation of details varies in different parishes. Some are admirably clean, and, as far as mere machinery can go, admirably managed; some are dirty and ill-ventilated; and one or two, as we learn from recent disclosures, quite in a disgraceful state: but whatever the arrangement and condition, in one thing I found all alike;—the want of a proper moral supervision. I do not say this in the grossest sense; though even in *that* sense, I have known of things I could hardly speak of. But surely I may say there is want of proper *moral* supervision where the most vulgar of human beings are set to

rule over the most vulgar ; where the pauper is set to manage the pauper ; where the ignorant govern the ignorant ; where the aged and infirm minister to the aged and infirm ; where every softening and elevating influence is absent, or of rare occurrence, and every hardening and depraving influence continuous and ever at hand. Never did I visit any dungeon, any abode of crime or misery, in any country, which left the same crushing sense of sorrow, indignation, and compassion—almost despair—as some of our English workhouses. Never did I see more clearly what must be the inevitable consequences, where the feminine and religious influences are ignored—where what we call charity is worked by a stern hard machinery—where what we mean for good is not bestowed but inflicted on others, in a spirit not pitiful nor merciful, but reluctant and adverse, if not cruel. . . .

The purpose of a workhouse is to be a refuge to the homeless, houseless, helpless poor ; to night-wanderers ; to orphan children ; to the lame and blind ; to the aged, who here lie down on their last bed to die.

The number of inmates varies in different parishes, at different seasons, from 400 to 1000. In the great London unions it is generally from 1500 to 2000.

These institutions are supported by a variable tax, paid so reluctantly, with so little sympathy in its purpose, that the wretched paupers seem to be regarded as a sort of parish locusts sent to devour the substance of the rate-payers,—as the natural enemies of those who are taxed for their subsistence,—almost as criminals ; and I have no hesitation in saying, that the convicts in some of our gaols have more charitable and more respectful treatment than the poor in our workhouses. Hence a notion prevails among the working classes that it is better to be a criminal than a pauper ; better to go to a gaol than a workhouse : and to all appearance it is so.

The administration of the parish funds for the purposes of charity is in the hands of a board of parish officers, wherein the *gentlemen*, that is, the well educated, intelligent, and compassionate are generally in a minority, and can do little or nothing against the passive resistance to all innovation, the most obdurate prejudices, the most vulgar jealousy. . . . Under these guardians are the officials, who are brought into immediate contact with the poor ; master and a matron, who keep the accounts, distribute food and clothing, and keep order. In one workhouse the master had been policeman ; in another, the keeper of a small public-house ; in another, he had served in the same workhouse as porter. The subordinates are not of a higher grade, except occasionally the schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, whom I have sometimes found struggling to perform their duties, sometimes quite unfitted for them, and sometimes resigned to routine and despair. In the wards for the old and sick, the intense vulgarity, the melancholy dullness mingled with a strange license and levity, are dreadful."

Mrs. Jameson attributes this to the want of the religious



and feminine element in the workhouses. She quite laughs at the idea of the chaplain representing the former :

“ The chaplain has seemed to me, in such places, rather a religious accident than a religious element : when most good and zealous, his can be no constant and pervading influence. When he visits a ward to read and pray once a week, perhaps there is decorum in his presence ; the oaths, the curses, the vile language cease, the vulgar strife is silenced—to recommence the moment his back is turned. I know one instance in which the chaplain had been ill for two months ; and no one had supplied his place, except for the Sunday-services, where the bedridden poor cannot attend. I remember an instance in which the chaplain had requested that the poor profligate women might be kept out of his way : they had indeed shown themselves somewhat obstreperous and irreverent. I saw, not long ago, a chaplain of a great workhouse so dirty and shabby, that I should have mistaken him for one of the paupers. In doing his duty, he would fling a surplice over his dirty torn coat, kneel down at the entrance of a ward, not even giving himself the trouble to advance to the middle of the room, hurry over two or three prayers, heard from the few beds nearest to him, and then, off to another ward. The salary of this priest for the sick and the poor was twenty pounds a year. This, then, is the religious element ;—as if religion were not the necessary, inseparable, ever-present, informing spirit of a Christian charitable institution, but rather something extraneous and occasional, to be taken in set doses at set times.”

The feminine element is described as being even more inefficient than the clerical. Nurses chosen from among such pauper women as are supposed to be the least immoral and drunken, their ages varying from sixty-five to eighty ; a decrepit old woman of seventy, lean, withered, and feeble, assisted by a girl with one eye and purblind with the other, set to nurse a whole ward of helpless bedridden old creatures ! Other nurses paralysed, or with wooden legs, with helpers who had lost the use of a hand—no cheerful faces among them ; melancholy or sullen or harsh, where not bloated with drunkenness, or debased by stupidity or ill-humour !—the best-conducted nurses being crabbed energetic old women, who are perhaps active and cleanly, and to be depended upon while they can be kept from drink, but who, like the rest, come back intoxicated whenever it is their turn to go out. The patients always in a state of hostility to their nurses, and unable to get any kindness but by the bribery of little presents of tea and sugar and halfpence, “ opportunities” of which some nurses make five shillings a-week. The matron unable to do more than to see that the beds are clean, the floor scoured, the food distributed, but having no means of knowing what

tyranny is exercised in her absence by the hags, her deputies; "for the wretched patients dare not complain, knowing how it would be visited upon them."

All this Mrs. Jameson saw with her own eyes; and she continues her melancholy tale:

"I will not now torture you by a description of what I know to have been inflicted and endured in these abodes of pauperism,—the perpetual scolding, squabbling, swearing. Neither peace, nor forbearance, nor mutual respect is there, nor reverence, nor gratitude. What perhaps has shocked me most was to discover, in the corner of one of these wards, a poor creature who had seen better days; to be startled when I went up to speak to one whose features or countenance had attracted me, by being answered in the unmistakable tone and language of the well-bred and the well-born: and this has happened to me, not once, but several times. I never can understand why some discrimination should not be shown, unless it be that not one of those employed is of a grade, mental or moral, to be intrusted with such a power of discrimination. In some workhouses many who can work will not, and there is no power to compel them. In others, the inmates are confined to such labour as is degrading and disgraceful—the sort of labour which is a punishment in prisons,—which excites no faculty of attention, or hope, or sympathy,—which contemplates neither utility nor improvement,—such as picking oakum, &c.; and this lest there should exist some kind of competition injurious to tradesmen. Besides the sick and the miserable, there are also to be found the vicious, the reckless, the utterly depraved; and I could not discover that there is any system of gentle religious discipline which aimed at the reforming of the bad, or the separation of the bad from the good, except in one of our great metropolitan workhouses. The depraved women bring contamination with them; the unwed mothers, who come to lie-in, go out laughing, with a promise to come again; and they do come again and again for the same purpose. The loudest tongues, the most violent tempers, the *she-bullies* as they are called, always are the best off; the gentler spirit sinks down, lies still, perhaps for six, or eight, or twelve years—I have seen such,—and so waits for death."

"It is," says a writer in the *Quarterly Review*,\* "the insolence of its officials, and the insubordination of its inmates, that make the poor-house (what we have heard respectable paupers call it) *a hell upon earth*." And what has made them so? It is, as Mrs. Jameson shows, the system;—the system which is the Protestant substitute for that destroyed in England by the Reformation; but which, in spite of Joseph II. and the King of Sardinia, still flourishes throughout Catholic Europe.

"It is the system of which I complain, which brings a vulgar and a brutal power to bear on vulgarity and brutality, the bad and de-

\* September 1855.

fective organisation to bear on one bad and defective ; so you increase, and multiply, and excite, as in a hot-bed, all the material of evil, instead of neutralising it with good : and thus leavened, you turn it out on society to contaminate all around. What has ground humanity out of them, but a system which ignores the force of the natural and domestic relations, and trusts to no influence but a mere machinery ?”

Such is the success of the English system with regard to the poor whom it pretends to succour. But its results are not more favourable to the tax-payers, in whose behalf it put on its most repulsive features. There is something mysterious about the poor-rate. Its gradual increase has always been the bugbear of the prophetic souls of political economists. In 1680 it amounted only to 665,390*l.* ; in 1764 it had advanced to 1,200,000*l.* ; in 1773 to 3,000,000*l.* In 1788 it was asserted in Parliament that it had increased by one-third in nine years, and men feared lest within half a century it would amount to 11,000,000*l.* It was hoped that the act of 1834 had put a period to this enormous development ; but even still there is something judicial about the advance of the rate. With a continual diminution of pauperism throughout the country, according to official reports, the relief afforded costs us more and more every year and every half-year. In 1834, the last year of the old system, the rate amounted to 8,338,000*l.* In 1855 it was 7,864,000*l.* For the present year it will probably reach the level of the enormous tax of 1834. The mysterious cancer, which was checked for a time, is still eating its way into our property, and is gradually reclaiming for the poor the full amount of the patrimony of which they were robbed by the Reformation. Thus is Providence vindicating the maxim of our law, that there is no prescription against the rights of the crown. When the poor were robbed, Henry and Elizabeth violated a higher crown than their own—a Crown which is apt to vindicate its own rights through far other means than the special pleadings of our law-courts.

Sooner or later we hope that Englishmen will begin to cast up their accounts, and find what they have paid for their immense commerce, and for their success in the manufacture of hardware, and of the inferior kinds of silks and cottons. We have improved buttons and knives ; but how infinitely have we degraded those who make them ! Let Protestantism boast only of what it has really done. In finance, it is clearly far astern of the Hebrew persuasion ; in its care of the poor, it is certainly immeasurably distanced by us. As it calls in the aid of the Rothschilds when it wants money, why does it not invite our orders of nuns and brothers to assist it in its pauper

difficulty? Does it doubt that our sisters of charity are better than its drunken nurses? or our nuns of the Good Shepherd more able to touch a criminal heart than its turnkeys? Let it read Mrs. Jameson's book, and make up its mind to give us one trial; let it commit to us one well-endowed hospital, one asylum for the poor, one prison, one workhouse; and honestly compare the results of our labour with its own. It is our proper work; for surely these poor English paupers, the victims of Protestantism, the descendants of those who as recusants were driven from their little properties and became vagabonds on the earth, should be cherished objects of Catholic charity.

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#### WHAT OF THE DENISON DECISION?

WE cannot imagine any more bitter disappointment, any occasion for keener self-reproach, than when a man finds, after a life of toil, that he has been labouring not for himself or for the cause which he loves, but that his work has resulted solely in strengthening the hands of a party whom he thoroughly detests and despises, and in furthering principles which from his heart he is convinced are altogether erroneous and abominable. Such, we imagine, must be the case with hundreds of earnest men, clergymen and laymen of the Establishment, who, having sorely bruised their brains against the rocks of Anglo-Catholic, patristic, scholastic, and German-Protestant theology, and completely unsettled all their religious convictions, were persuaded rather by the authority of the life and example than by that of the argumentative force of the leader of their party to stifle their doubts by work, by labouring in their parishes, visiting the sick, instructing the ignorant, superintending their schools, building churches, carrying out the rubrical directions of the Prayer-book, and rendering their parochial services as attractive (to a small minority of Anglicans) as they knew how. Into this vortex of labour and excitement they plunged expressly for the purpose of stifling the importunities of their consciences, and the terrible questionings of their reasonable souls; they plunged into it too desperately and too unreasoningly to allow us to suppose that they ever asked themselves for whom or for what they were thus about to labour, whose hands they were strengthening, or what principles they were furthering. But man is a rational being, and his reason cannot for ever be kept in abeyance. Every now and then there will be some deep commotion in the moral

world, some shock as of an earthquake, that will wake him up and make him think, in spite of himself. The recent decision of the highest spiritual authority of the Anglican Church ought to be such a shock, ought to stir to their very depths the slumbering minds of those who, in order to avoid the pain of thinking, have drowned their cares in the whirlpool of action. Such an event should make them ask themselves, For whom am I bringing my parish into order; who will administer the system which I am organising; who will profit by the religious feeling which I am attempting to excite; for whom am I rearing a congregation in my schools; and who will in a few years occupy the pulpit in the church which I am building? The answer is easy; but it is quite the reverse of that which was hoped for. You thought that you were laying the foundation of a new wing to the Establishment, or that you were erecting an independent mansion within her, wherein your spirit should be perpetuated, and whence it should radiate on all sides in kindly influence for ever. But, alas, after some fifteen years of industry, what have you done? How many of your churches have already fallen into the hands of the Philistines; who have taken away your daily services, dropped your weekly communions, mounted your pulpits, not with the well-intentioned and sober discourses for which you erected them, but with the glad tidings of almost universal damnation in which Calvinism delights! Alas, that it should be so! You have laboured in vain, you have spent yourselves for naught and in vain, and you have passed away, and your spirit with you; and the enemy has entered on to your labours, is reaping your harvest, is consuming the corn that you thought you had gathered into the barn for yourselves! Will you begin again the same fruitless round, the same barren cycle of busy idleness, the same strenuous exertion in doing nothing? Or will you behave like men, and use your noblest faculty to count the cost before you build your tower, and sit down and think before you lead forth your forces to the battle? You have once rushed blindly into the fight, you have laid about you like men; but, alas, you have been slaying your own friends, and you have been doing the work of your most deadly foes. They kept silence as long as they could; they made no sign for fear of opening your eyes to your true position; they held their breath while you worked for them; they stood with open mouth under the cherry-tree while you were gathering the fruit, and quietly swallowed all that you imagined you were dropping into your own baskets. Not till one of your own party, more curious, or, as they call him, more indiscreet than the rest of you, pried a little too closely into their doings,

and challenged them with your watchword, and so compelled them to declare themselves, did their leaders attempt to discourage the active service which you were performing for them. Gladly did they consecrate your churches, preside at the opening of your schools, and lock up the title-deeds in their bureaus. Gladly, too, did they receive your resignations, and appoint their own minions to the nests which you had so well feathered. Such a source of profit was not lightly to be stopped, especially when silence alone was the condition of its perennial flow. Never would they have spoken a word to make it cease, unless some overruling power had compelled them. But now they have spoken, it is the warning of Providence to you. No longer can you pretend that you are working for Catholic truth; you are working for the truth of the "forty stripes save one" (such as it is), and for nothing else in heaven or in earth.

In old days you had some reason for supposing that these Thirty-nine Articles had very little vitality—very little real hold on your reason or conscience. The popular voice, in which all your bishops had joined, and which seemed to be confirmed by the language of the Articles themselves, made the Bible, and the Bible only, the foundation of your Christianity—and the Bible, as interpreted by the conscience of each private individual. Your consciences were tender, and you had not the audacity to claim any special inspiration; you naturally thought that where each private conscience had an unlimited right to interpret according to its own crude speculations, you surely had a right to interpret according to the guidance of the fathers; your private judgment had as much right to submit itself to patristic influences as to the fumes of its own self-esteem. Where all had a right to private judgment, surely the private judgment which of its own accord submitted to the guidance of antiquity must be safe. This, then, was the wide and deep foundation of your religion—the Bible, as interpreted by minds enlightened by a study of Christian antiquity. And on this was raised the structure of your daily life, fed by the daily services of your liturgy. Your Prayer-book, it must be owned, in many places breathes a genuine Catholic spirit; and this was given into your hands by your bishops to be your daily bread, your meditation morning and evening. Surely, with your whole religious nature and faculty so totally preoccupied; with the Bible to satisfy your reason, and the Prayer-book to feed your love; it was excusable if you thought the Articles a mere accident, an old, inconsistent, but as yet unrepealed statute, at variance with the true life of your Church, and therefore dead, and

only awaiting burial. The Bible and Prayer-book were the living powers of your communion; the Articles came to you three or four times in your life, as an occasional diplomatic visitor, making his call to urge some exploded claim, or to demand some obsolete tax. He had, as you knew, the letter of the law on his side, but there were plenty of legal quibbles by which he might be shelved. His presence, however, was an anomaly; the vigorous development of your new life would be too strong for him, and he would gladly accept any compromise rather than fight out his claim. How gladly you received the interpretations put upon him by "number ninety"! It was quite a sport to find new quibbles to resist his absurd claims. The more ridiculous you could make him the more you were pleased, the nearer the *shave* the better did you reckon the sport. You had slang names for him; he was "the forty stripes save one," which the law allowed to be administered to the free Israelite. He was the "three yards of bad stuff," wherewith the Church of England had during some unaccountable hallucination patched the rents of her schism. You felt that the old fellow's mouth must be stopped somehow, whether by serious refutation, or by laughing him out of court with a jest.

But now this decision has, or ought to have, taught you, that however far between the visits of this tax-gatherer are, he comes to you with the whole power of the State to back him. He is no part of your daily life, but he is a higher power still. An Eastern emperor is no less absolute master because he secretes himself in his harem, and shows himself at rare intervals to his trembling subjects. The poor men may flatter themselves that they are labouring for some popular pasha, or laying up riches for themselves; but an edict comes forth from the seraglio, the poor pasha's head drops off, and the subject's wealth is transferred to the coffers of majesty. So it is in England. The little Calvinistic devil who sits on the throne of the Establishment knows how hateful is his bestial form; he knows he has asses' ears, goats' horns, and cloven feet; and he thinks justly enough that his policy is to conceal himself as well as he may. For this cause he has latterly made his rule so mild that he has allowed people to forget his presence; he was so seldom heard of, that at last a mouse bolder than the rest, who had his private opinion that the cat was dead, undertook to put the bell round his neck. Archdeacon Denison was this mouse; he denied the rights of the Calvinistic fiend, and proclaimed him to be defunct. There was no alternative; the little devil was very reluctant to show himself, but now appear he must, or for

ever relinquish his rights. And he has come forth, and has promulgated a decisive edict, too plain to be misunderstood, in which he asserts his own right over your consciences, to the total exclusion of the Bible, whose usurpation he had tolerated as long as it conduced to his own ends; to the total exclusion of the Prayer-book, on which he has coolly placed his heel; to the exclusion of every rag and remnant of Catholic faith or practice; and to the assertion of his own religion, of his own faith, which he defines to be the instrument of self-deception, the organ by which the mind sees in an object that which in truth and reality is not there.

This is the idol before whose shrine you have been bowing down, whose principles you have been propagating, whose work you have been doing. Will you any longer remain in Babylon, and retain the mark of the beast on your foreheads? Had you not better leave the city of confusion, where God hath confounded your speech, where no man now listens to the voice of his neighbour, and where it is at last roundly asserted that the foundation of your religion is not the Word of God, but the random assertions of an Elizabethan Parliament of Church-robbers, and panderers to the tyranny and vices of a shameless queen?

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## Short Notices.

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### THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

*On Truth and Error; Thoughts in Prose and Verse on the Principle of Truth, and the Causes and Effects of Error.* By J. Hamilton, of St Ernan's. (Cambridge, Macmillan.) The *Times* one day last month informed us that Protestantism is not mere blind unreasoning tradition but more or less the result of thought, examination, and reasoning on religious data. We only wish that there *was* any religious thought or examination in England; we should not fear for the result in the long run;—for we agree with the author of the book before us, that all we want, “to bring about a happy advance in goodness and happiness, is that the mass, the multitude of men and women, must learn to *think* not presumptuously, but fearlessly,” without a superstitious dread of coming to results contrary to the doctrines of English Christianity.

Mr. Hamilton, like all men who think, has repudiated the Protestant idea of redemption being a vast indulgence to men, allowing them to substitute faith for holiness; “I pressed on,” he says, “till *my* doctrine of salvation gave way to God's doctrine. The first was salvation from *punishment* hereafter; the latter was salvation from *sin*.”

“*My* doctrine of reconciliation,” he proceeds, “gave way to God's



doctrine. The first was reconciliation of God to man; the latter was that man, God's enemy, is reconciled to God by the death of His Son. My doctrine of atonement gave way to God's doctrine: the first was that God, being far from us, receives the atonement that brings Him near us; the latter is, that we, being far from God, are led to joy in Him through Christ, by whom *we* have received the atonement."

We must let the two latter statements pass; for whether we are brought near God, or God near us; whether we are reconciled to Him, or He to us,—the fact remains the same, that through our Lord He gives us graces, which without that intervention we could never receive. But the first doctrine makes the whole difference between a religion and a superstition. A religion is that by which we live, so as to deserve God's favour here and hereafter; a superstition is that by which, however we live here, we hope to cheat the devil in the next world, and to be as well off as those who have occupied themselves in working out their salvation in this. The Protestant notion of faith is a superstition of this kind; and if the modern onslaught on the doctrine of hell is founded on the feeling that a religion ought to deliver us from sin, and not to leave us in sin, and yet deliver us from hell, it has a very respectable basis. Of course it is a mistake to take such a one-sided view of any truth as to make it contradict any other; but surely it is less irreligious and immoral to deny hell, than to deny the possibility and necessity of virtue and holiness, as up to this time Protestantism has done.

Hence we feel sympathy with the writer when he says, "I deny that any thing can reconcile a holy or a good being to a real actual sinner; for if that being is good, he can never be satisfied by any amount of penalty for sin, nor can he be satisfied except by the bad man becoming good."

These words, indeed, he puts into the mouth of an infidel; but then, in his controversy he takes the right method of allowing all that is reasonable in his opponent's statement. So far as his infidel rests his objections on reason, he admits them all; and only takes care to show how Christianity, properly understood, does not contradict these principles.

We will quote one or two more of his sentences. "Each religious party stands intrenched in its own fortification, inaccessible to any argument. You will find those most inaccessible who make the greatest profession of liberty, who cry out against Roman Catholic usurpations loudest, and in words denounce every attempt to put down free inquiry, and the right of private judgment."

Again, "If a man can see that the sap and vital action of a grafted tree are of a good sort, he imputes to that tree 'goodness,' though as yet there be no fruit. So if God sees in a man that change of heart which arises from faith in God's real character, or even that first change which perhaps has existence in the form of faith, even before it produces any further effect in a change of mind or feeling, He imputes 'goodness' to that man simply because He knows that he is good, though the absence, as yet, of fruits, prevents less discriminating judges from imputing the same."

On the whole, this is the work of a thoughtful person; and though its one-sidedness and incompleteness give it an illiterate and boyish colour to the Catholic eye; though there are many things in it positively unsound; yet it is a symptom of health—and as such we commend it.

## MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

*Oxford Essays.* Contributed by Members of the University. 1856. (London, John W. Parker.) This second volume of *Essays* is scarcely equal to that published last year. The first article is written by a person thoroughly at home in the questions which he discusses, who draws a moderately complete picture of the state of civilisation to which the race from which Greeks and Romans, Germans, Celts, Slaves, Indians and Persians have sprung, had attained before the separation of these offshoots; his argument being drawn solely from the circumstantial evidence derived from the science of comparative philology. But with all his cleverness, we do not think that he proves the point of his essay, which is, that the strange mythology of antiquity was the necessary product of the poetical character of the first language of mankind.

The third essay, on the Raphael drawings in the University galleries, by Mr. George Butler, contains some extraordinary statements. We had thought that a visit to two or three successive exhibitions of the Royal Academy would convince any one that the true comic style, in which English painters are most invariably successful, is that which they are pleased, ironically, to term the religious school. We have never seen more grim pieces of burlesque than Hunt's "Scapegoat," or his "Behold I stand at the door and knock," and Etty's shaggy "St. John Baptist." If there is any one style of art in which Englishmen invariably fail, it is surely the religious school. Yet Mr. George Butler, following Mr. Ruskin, has discovered that if Raphael had only been fortunate enough to be a member of the Church of England, then, indeed, he *would* have been a painter!

"Raphael's rendering of Scripture subjects does not come up to the idea which Protestant England in the nineteenth century should entertain of religious art. But was any thing better to be expected from the Pope's painter in the sixteenth century? . . . Great allowances are to be made for those who have not the power, even if they have the will, of becoming intimately acquainted with scenes of the apostles' history. A thinking man, with a Bible in his hand, is more than a match for any one—be his powers great as they may—who only receives such fragments of divine truth as priests and cardinals vouchsafe to dole out to him. So long as revelation is obscured by the Bible being a sealed book, there can be no true religious art."—Be it so; what follows? there is no true religious art in England now; therefore, perhaps, the Bible is a sealed book to Englishmen. But what a perfect *spoon* a man must be, who seeks to assert the pre-eminence of Protestant art before that University which has just built a splendid museum for the exhibition of Catholic models, and where all the picture-shops display pious prints of Overbeck, Steinle, Raphael, and Fra Angelico, without even an attempt at Protestant competition! If your Protestant religious art is so superior, why not display it? Who is the artist? Ruskin, perhaps? Does Mr. Butler remember how Andrea da Monte Sansovino, when Baccio Bandinelli spoke ill of his work at Loretto, "like a wise man that he was, reproved him at first with gentle words, *remarking that works are executed with the hand, not with the tongue*, and that a good sculptor is shown, not by his sketches on paper, but by the success of his work completed in stone?"

Raphael's early death, quoth Spoon, philosophically, "has been used to point many a moral, generally harping upon the same string;" but

not to illustrate the great truth, which can never be too often impressed on men who use their brains, namely, that "the mind wears out the sheath, and that little ailments speedily bring down to the grave a constitution weakened by incessant mental activity." So, after all, Mr. Butler only mounts the rostrum of art in order to get an opportunity to preach caudle, homœopathy, and flannel-waistcoats! This is the point of his morality. And this, forsooth, is an "Oxford Essay!" Its title should be, "Raphael's testimony to the Church of England and to Morison's pills."

*The Social History of the People of the Southern Counties of England in past Centuries; illustrated in regard to their Habits, Municipal By-laws, Civil Progress, &c.* From the researches of George Roberts. (London, Longmans.) It was from this book that we got most of the materials for our article on Thomas Hancock, in our last Number; it contains an abundance of similar matter, without much arrangement, but invaluable to the historian or writer of tales *en costume*. We notice it now chiefly to introduce some corrections of errors into which Mr. George Roberts has led us in the article above mentioned. We have since examined the Harleian Ms. in the British Museum; and we find that the Protestant bigotry of Mr. Roberts has led him to misrepresent a very amusing scene which we described at p. 246. It appears from the Ms. that when Chief-Justice Lyster asked for bail in an hundred pounds, some one in court cried out, "An hundred will be bound for him in an hundred,"—"Ay, a thousand in a thousand," answered another. But when the chief-justice wished to make sure of these magnificent protestations, he found that the result was somewhat similar to that of the Satanic hog-shearing—much cry but little wool. "Then dyd my L. (says Hancock's Ms.) agayne enter talke wyth thabove named Harye Dymoke, & asked hym whether ten wold be bownde in on e<sup>h</sup> (100L.), for yf on hundereth shold be bownde in an hundred pownd, the names then wold occupy more inke and paper than the obligation. Hary Dimoke ansered that I had no rewle of my selfe in that place, and thatt they thoughtt that I wold breake the band, whych yf I sholld, hytt wolde greve them too fortytt x<sup>h</sup> apeice, butt in thatt quarell to forfeit xx<sup>s</sup> a pece, hytt wold never greve them." Out of this Mr. Roberts makes a speech for Dymoke, "It would never grieve them to forfeit 20L. apiece in such a quarrel." Either the learned gentleman was unable to read the Ms., or his Protestant prejudices have blinded him to the small performances of the great promises of the Salisbury reformers—"it would grieve them to forfeit ten pounds apiece, but in that quarrel to forfeit twenty shillings apiece it would never grieve them." The value they put on Hancock's doctrine was twenty shillings, not twenty pounds—even then twenty shillings too much. Mr. Roberts also passes over in few words an admission which does not say much for Hancock: "A change took place at Poole. Hancock offered a prayer for the town. Many fell from their professions, and divisions had ensued." This is a very inadequate copy of the picture which Hancock himself paints of the effects of his ministrations in Poole.

"I was called the first year of King Edward to be the minister of God's word at the town of Poole, which town was at that time wealthy; for they embraced God's word, they were in favour with the rulers and governors of the realm, they were the first that in that part of England were called Protestants, they did love one another, and every one glad of the company of the others, and so God poured His blessing plentifully upon them; but now, I am sorry to set my pen to write it, they are become poor, they have no love to God's word, they lack the favour

and friendship of the godly rulers and governors to defend them, they fall from their professions, they hate one another, one cannot abide the company of the other, but they are divided amongst themselves:—but O Lord God, &c.”—here followeth the prayer alluded to by Mr. Roberts. In spite of which, and in spite of, or rather in consequence of, the continued ministrations of the man of prayer, Poole became worse and worse, till its wickedness made it a proverb,—

“ If Poole is a fish-pool, and the men of Poole fish,  
There’s a pool for the devil, and fish for his dish.”

As a proof of this, and as an illustration of Hancock’s power of destroying men’s faith, as well as their morals, we are able to state, that not a single recusant from the towns of Poole and Lyme appears to have been convicted during the last twenty years of Elizabeth, during the whole reign of James I. and the early part of that of Charles, and perhaps not afterwards,—for our researches stop there.

*A Residence in Tasmania; with a Descriptive Tour through the Island.* By Capt. H. Butler Stoney, 99th Regiment. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.) Capt. Stoney’s tour was undertaken for the purpose of finding a suitable situation for a projected military colony of the discharged soldiers of his regiment, then about to return to England. His book receives its colour from the business-like purpose of the writer. The colonisation-scheme does not seem to have answered as yet; indeed it is far too patriarchal, paternal, and pastoral, for the nineteenth century. Fancy a lot of old soldiers settling down quietly under the guidance of a pious officer, and under the protection of the Anglican Lord Bishop of Tasmania and his vicar-general!

If Captain Stoney had written in England, he would doubtless have written as a bigot, under exclusively Anglican influences. The better tone of colonial society has so softened him, that though he makes no secret of his preference for his sect, he can yet speak with gentleness and fairness of those opposed to him. We extract his statistical account of Catholic matters on the island, with which he was “favoured by the courtesy of the vicar-general.”

“In May 1844 there were but three churches,—Hobarton, Launceston, and Richmond. In May 1854 there were seven, and several others about to be erected. Stations for periodical services at eleven other places, and for occasional missions at ten more. In 1844 there were only three priests; in 1854 there were one bishop and three clergymen paid by government, and two paid by the people for their colonial duty, and ten attached to the convict department in Van Diemen’s Land and Norfolk Island.

“In 1844 the Catholic children were very much scattered about, and many received no education. In 1854 there were two large schoolrooms in Hobarton, and three others in other places, erected at the sole expense of the Catholic community. A large number of children attend the government schools, but without any interference with their religious principles or practice. In 1848 a boarding-school for young ladies was established in Hobarton, where there are thirty-two boarders and twelve day-boarders. In 1854 a seminary for boys was established, where there are sixty boarders and twenty-three day-scholars. There is a small community of Sisters of Charity established in 1847, who devote their time to educating the poor children of Hobarton, and visiting the sick in the hospitals and private houses, and the imprisoned in the gaol and houses of correction.”

# The Rambler Advertiser.

DECEMBER 1856.

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## SŒURS DE LA MISERICORDE, SÉES, NORMANDY.

IT is well known to every one that St. Vincent de Paul was the founder of an Institution which has become the admiration of the world,—the SISTERS OF CHARITY for the service of the sick in the public hospitals. Since that time, in order to meet the different wants of society, Catholic charity has established a great number of other Institutions, formed upon a similar idea; and among these the SŒURS DE LA MISÉRICORDIE stand preeminent.

The distinctive character of this Institution is, that the Sisters devote themselves gratuitously to the care of the sick *at their own homes*; watching by their bed-sides both night and day, and never leaving them as long as their illness lasts. Establishments of this kind have already been formed in sixteen cities and towns of France; but this rapid development has in great part caused the distress under which the Mother-House at Sées suffers.

The Community was founded in 1823, at Sées, in Normandy, by the Rev. Père de la Croix on his return from his exile in England. His resources were small; and the establishment, consisting of several small houses, has been found utterly insufficient for the number of Novices, which is yearly on the increase. From being shut up in unhealthy rooms, the Religious have been attacked every year, for the last ten years, by an epidemic; which has carried off considerable numbers, and which, during the last year, was fatal to thirty members of the Community; the survivors being obliged to return to their families for the restoration of their health. To meet this emergency, the Bishops of France, with the Bishop of Sées at their head, have resolved on making an appeal to the charity of the public, and have deputed the Rev. F. Roullin to solicit a Subscription in England, which it is hoped will be liberal.

It may not be amiss to insert the testimony of General Bosquet to the great merits of this Order. He remarks: "We cannot too strongly recommend the Institution of the Sisters of Mercy, whose services and devotedness to the sick were unequalled. In the field of battle and in the military hospitals, they excited the admiration of our soldiers of the East, which was shared in by our English allies." A similar testimony is given by Marshal Pelissier.

The following extracts are from letters addressed very recently by two of the Bishops of France to his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman:

"For the relief of the spiritual and corporal wants of the sick poor, we most devoutly invoke the blessing of God, and appeal to the charity of the faithful, in the name of the Sœurs de la Miséricorde.

*"Sées, 4th October 1856."*

✠ CHARLES FREDERICK, Bishop of Sées

"I most cordially unite with his Lordship the Bishop of Sées in recommending the Sœurs de la Miséricorde to the generosity of the English people.

*"Argentan, 6th November 1856."*

✠ FREDERICK, Bishop of Argentan

All the other Bishops of France have recommended this institution; and the Emperor's almoner of the Emperor's household (the Abbé Mullois) never affixed the imperial seal as he himself says, to a subscription-list with greater pleasure than he did to the Sisters whose services he has so well described in his works.

We hope, therefore, that the generous English people, who have become our friends and allies, will help us in this work, so interesting to the cause of humanity; and in return, our French Sisters propose, with the sanction of the Bishops in England, a House of their Order in London, that England may share in the advantage enjoyed by France.

The faithful are requested to send their offerings,—the smallest of which will be fully accepted,—to Messrs. BURNS and LAMBERT, 17 Portman Street, Portman Square, London, at which address the Subscription is opened for England.

London, 20th November 1856.

F. ROULLIN,

# The Rambler.

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## PART XXXVI.

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### To Correspondents.

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

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

All communications must be addressed *postpaid* to the publishers, Messrs. BURNS and LAMBERT, 17 Portman Street, Portman Square, London.



# THE RAMBLER.

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VOL. VI. *New Series.* DECEMBER 1856. PART XXXVI.

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## A GLIMPSE OF THE WORKING OF THE PENAL LAWS UNDER JAMES I.

FROM UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS.

WHEN James I. came to the throne of England, those who were in the secret of the shameful and hypocritical advances he had made to the Pope and the Spanish monarch to adopt their religion, on condition of the receipt of a large pension and of the excommunication of all who should question his title to the English succession, naturally expected that the penal laws against "Popish recusants," which had been administered with a continually-increasing severity during the latter years of Elizabeth, would be allowed to rest and to be forgotten. The publication of a general pardon upon his accession (not, however, to be obtained without considerable fees) seemed to inaugurate this new policy. But the Catholics were doomed to a speedy and bitter disappointment. After a year the old fine of 20*l.* monthly was again demanded, with all the arrears that had accumulated during the suspension. James had found that he was safe enough in England without the Catholics; and his fears, the only motive that had any permanent influence on his conduct, were not strong enough to make him relinquish so convenient and abundant a source of income as was provided by the penal laws. By the sums thus extorted he was enabled to relieve himself from the claims and clamours of the needy Scotsmen who had pursued him from their own country, and now importuned him for a share in the good things of the land of promise. These adventurers appropriated a considerable share of the recusants' fines; the beggars of the north were enriched, and the gentlemen of the south reduced to beggary. No complaint was able to touch the king. "The exaction of the penalties," says Lingard, "was too profitable to James and his minions

to admit of redress by him; and among the magistrates in every locality were found persons eager to prove their orthodoxy by tormenting the idolatrous Papist, or to benefit their dependents and officials by delivering him up to the tender mercies of men who were careful to charge the highest price for the most trifling indulgence."

The records of the grants thus made still exist in the State-Paper Office, and have been examined and partially published by Mr. Tierney.\* But this was not the only pretext on which the recusants were fleeced in favour of the king's countrymen. The statute of 1606 had added to their monthly fines other enormous penalties for refusing to take the oath of allegiance, for sending their children for education to foreign parts, for not having their infants baptised in the parish-church, or for marrying in any other place. All through his reign James was continually quartering some of his needy retainers on each of these departments. So that as each animal has its own special vermin, each part of the body its own characteristic disease, so had each function of Catholicity its own particular parasite to feed. One feasted on the refusal of the oath; another on baptisms; others were maintained by informations about saying or hearing Mass; others lived by seizures of books of devotion and "superstitious" church-stuff.

The following original letters and documents, illustrative of this portion of history, are from a volume of official papers relating to "Popish recusants," issued or received by Sir Julius Cæsar, chancellor of the exchequer to James I., and preserved among the Lansdowne Mss. in the British Museum.

These documents contain much valuable information; among other things they hand down to perpetual infamy the names of some of the harpies for whose needs the Catholics were fleeced, and thereby show not only the tyrannous measures that were used by the government to put a few hundreds or thousands of pounds into these gentlemen's pockets, but still more the swindling dishonesty of the persons themselves to whom the grants were made. To pass over a long "project" of Mr. Spiller, a secretary of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in which he suggests means to raise an overplus from the revenues of recusants, "as well for satisfaction of 2000*l.* granted to Mr. *Auchtmountie*, as to be reserved for reward to any other his majesty's servants, at his highness's good pleasure,"†—we will at once give extracts from other documents which show how, in May 1609, a Mr. Chambers, having received a grant

\* Dodd, vol. iv. app. ix.

† 5 April 1608. Lansdowne Mss., no. 153, fol. 117.

of 3000*l.* from the king, was allowed to raise the sum from the fines and goods of recusants in the counties of Derbyshire, Staffordshire, Monmouthshire, and Herefordshire, on condition of his paying one-third of the money to the king, and keeping the remaining two parts to his own use; and how, two years afterwards, the officers of the Exchequer, impatient at the slow progress, demanded an account. Whereupon Mr. G. Chambers, brother of the grantee, rendered in a statement on oath, by which it appeared that as yet only 676*l.* in fines, and 2220*l.* in goods, had been collected, at an expense of 1192*l.*; leaving still a large balance due to the grantee. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, hardly crediting the truth of this assertion, even on the oath of a Calvinistic devourer of recusants' houses, ordered his clerk, Mr. Spiller, to make a report on the case. This is done in a businesslike manner; the official, "finding Mr. Chambers not well conceiving what he hath alleged," and that "he only affirmeth the receipt of so much money," without any denial of having obtained more, at once concludes that "he hath not cleared the general report to have received a far greater sum."

To show how much greater the amount really received was than that acknowledged upon oath, Mr. Spiller proceeds to give the following astonishing instance: "By the inquiries, I find as well the yearly values of lands as prices of goods certified at very low rates"—(our readers are aware that two-thirds of the lands of recusants convict were forfeit to the crown during recusancy; these lands had been granted to Mr. Chambers);—"and where by the said account he acknowledgeth to have received compositions for lands of several recusants leased unto him at 300*l.* rent, *if it shall appear that for thirty shillings yearly rent Mr. Chambers hath received to his own purse 100*l.**, your honour may thereby judge what in the gross Mr. Chambers hath or might have made." Mr. Spiller suspects that the same fraud was employed with regard to the recusants' goods seized. "Moreover, by the said account is testified the receipt of 280*l.* for recusants' goods, according to the values by inquisition. But a further profit was raised in respect of the undervalues, for which Mr. Chambers received private composition. Thereof he omitted to yield any account. Yet of all the goods so disposed by Mr. Chambers to his own use, his majesty hath not received any portion of the third part due for the same."

One would think that this gentleman would have been contented with returning his profits at only one-and-a-half per cent of their true value. But no, he appears to have adopted the same system of false returns with regard to his expenses:

“Touching Mr. Chambers’s charges expended in the prosecution of this service, which is cast up to 1192*l.*, I am not acquainted with any such disbursements, or ever received one penny thereof in lieu of my labours and friendly offices done him. Yet am I confident the values which Mr. Chambers hath raised might be doubled to his majesty’s coffers in one year, under half Mr. Chambers’s expenses, if the general grants were not impediments to a legal and orderly proceeding.”

And these private persecutors were much harder men in dealing with the unfortunate recusants than the officials of the government when left to themselves. The poor fleeced Catholics are always glad to get out of their lists; Mr. Spiller contrasts their sharp practice with the slower and more cumbersome advance of the government causes.

“Mr. Chambers complaineth of slackness in officers; therein I will only answer for myself, that he hath had more assistance, sharper process, and speedier proceedings in his particular suit for recovering these debts (whereof some were charged upon men being no recusants) than hath been awarded or executed at the suit of his majesty or the late queen in levying any debts of this nature.”\*

We next meet with a brace of the vermin who fed on the more special functions of Catholics. By Act of Parliament,† a penalty of 100*l.* was inflicted on Popish recusants not baptising their children in the parish-church. This source of revenue was too tempting to be resisted by certain unjust stewards, unable to dig and ashamed to beg, but resolved somehow to live at other people’s expense. Accordingly, at p. 139 of the same Ms. book, we find a petition, dated July 12, 1611, from Claud Hamilton and Walter Allison, “his majesty’s faithful servants,” to the Archbishop of Canterbury, reciting the king’s grant to them of the fines upon baptism, and the archbishop’s warrant to search; asserting that they had discovered instances of the infringement of the law, and therefore praying his grace to write letters to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for a certificate and warrant of execution.

Annexed to this document is the paper therein referred to, containing the “information” about the persons thus illicitly baptising their children. It is a certificate from John Morres, vicar of Blackbourn, Lancashire, dated June 17, 1611, which we give at length as a specimen of the kind of information on which these fines were levied. It is the only

\* Lansdowne Mss., no. 153, fol. 63.

† 3 Jac. I. cap. v. § 10.

one contained in the Ms. volume on which we are at present engaged.

The names\* of the parents who have had children born within these six years not baptised in the parish-church, nor elsewhere known by me to be baptised, which I verily think were baptised by Popish priests, who do swarm in these parts at this day.

*Imprimis.* Mr. Symponn, Esq., a northern man resyding at Dynkeley Hall, the inheritance of John Talbot of Saleburye, Esq.

It. Mr. Thos. Houldenn of Wyttonn, gent., that hath three children, *ut supra*.

It. John Tallbott of the Carr, gent., all his children for any thing I know, *ut supra*.

It. John Sharpless of Balderston, all his children for any thing I know, *ut supra*.

It. John Bradeley of Osbaldeston, all his, *ut supra*; and these be all noted and notorious recusants.

It. Within the parish of Samesbury, a chapelry belonging to Blackbourne, where they marry, bury, and baptise, there have not been twenty baptised within these seven years at the church.

Ita testor ego Johes. Morres,  
vicarius de Blackeborne predict.  
non sine summo animi dolore.

I also hope to find out many more within these two months, and to certify my hon. patron of the estate of our parish and country more fully. I mean my L. of Canterbury his grace.

JNO. MORRES.

It. John Sothworth of Samsbury, son and heir of Thos. Sothworth, Esq. of Samsbury aforesaid. J. M.

Doubtless Catholic priests have been always moderately plentiful in Lancashire; but the vicar's expression, "who do swarm in these parts," is probably partly attributable to the same feeling which made the Irish Protestant lady refuse to pay a second visit to the Dublin Exhibition, because the first time she went "the place was literally crawling with priests."

But Auchtmountie and Chambers, Hamilton and Allison, were leeches of small capacity in comparison with the other thirsty and titled bloodsuckers whom James fed in this (to himself) inexpensive way. One of the chief of these was the Duke of Lennox, who, not satisfied with a goodly list of recusants who had been committed to his tender mercies from an early year of James's reign, petitions in June 1613 for "the benefit of all such debts and sums of money as are taken up, refrained, or suspended, of, from, or for recusants, and are due unto and leviabie by his majesty's seizures"—including all

\* Lansdowne Mss. 153, fol. 140. Junii 17, 1611. Blackeborne, Com. Lanc.

arrears from the fortieth year of Elizabeth to the tenth of James I. The king gave the duke a warrant to make any profit he could of these arrears, either by legal course or by composition, on condition of his paying a certain part (left blank) into the Exchequer. Sir Julius Cæsar does not seem to have been pleased either with the proceeding, or the manner in which it was announced; the first he heard of it was from the duke's secretary, who asked him "to peruse the enclosed, and with his first leisure to repair unto the duke, to confer about it." The chancellor professed himself at a complete loss to understand what debts they were to which his grace referred, and remitted the matter to the Solicitor-general to determine "what debts are desired, what is the meaning of their having been taken up of recusants, refrained from recusants, or suspended for recusants; and also how it may appear that such debts are either due or payable by seizures, and ought to be satisfied to his majesty." It seems, however, that the accommodating lawyers decided in the duke's favour, and contented him; for not long after we find him writing (this time with his own gracious hand) to Sir Julius, to urge some one else's suit for a share in the same booty. We will transcribe a sentence or two from this precious epistle:

"Sr, the berair heirof hes gottin a gratious reference of a certane petition w<sup>r</sup>with he maid you acquent of befoir. It will pleais you thawfoir the rather for my request to give way thairto, as for my own particularis I have gevin informatioun w<sup>t</sup> credeit to y<sup>e</sup> berair, I sall godvilling w<sup>t</sup> tyme have ane cair to requet your kindnes towardis me, &c. &c."

What an aggravation to the oppressed Catholics, to be thus made the prey of poor and proud barbarians, who could neither speak or write the language of the country! "Have I lived," says Falstaff, "to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English?"

Another of these noble rascals was the Lord Viscount Haddington. The king had made a grant to him out of these funds; but as the exchequer was empty, he could not be paid. A message was therefore sent to Sir Julius to make haste and feed the cormorant. Sir Julius writes the following letter to the king, which sufficiently explains itself.

#### No. I.

*Sir Julius to King James I. 1612.\**

MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,—Whereas your majesty hath lately directed me by signification from Sir Thomas Lake, that I should use all care and expedition in supplying my Lord Haddington his

\* Lansdowne Mss. 153, fol. 45.

wants out of such moneys as may be raised from recusants refusing the oath of allegiance, or by some of them who shall be admitted to composition. Herein I beseech your majesty to conceive that I have not neglected by mine uttermost endeavour to put in execution the charge which your majesty gave me in that particular at Tibault's, and my lords can witness that I have several times conferred with them about the manner of proceeding therein, without making mention of my lord viscount's name. Whereupon it is resolved, that a certain number of the principal recusants dwelling in the counties near adjoining to London shall be sent for to appear before my lords at the council-board. Nevertheless, because the justices of assize and of the peace have authority by the law to tender the oath unto all under the degree of nobility,\* it is thought fit first to examine their certificates, by which will appear what service in that kind hath been performed by the judges in their several circuits; and so may we with the more justice and judgment be informed against whom to proceed, as may best stand both with your majesty's honour and profit. Herein I beseech your majesty to license me to deliver my private opinion to your highness what I conceive will be the end of this proceeding by the course which I find the recusants hold in the beginning. And first, touching those of whom the law hath taken hold by a legal conviction, namely, the Lord Vaux, his mother, Sir Henry James, and William Vavasour of Yorkshire, of whose estates commissions are awarded to inquire; so many questions usually arise either before the commissioners, or upon the finding of offices, or before the barons of the exchequer, in point of pleading such evidence, as either by them or their ancestors have formerly been made to prevent the penalty of the law, that I doubt much that in these and the like will be found only a state for term of life. So it would be considered, whether the issues of their lands, which can be paid but half-yearly, or the fines which they may be drawn presently to pay your majesty (especially to redeem their liberty) may be of better value.

I find likewise that some of the recusants of name and quality, as Middleton of Yorkshire, Towneley of Lancashire, Edwardes of Flintshire, and others, being by special warrant commanded to appear at the council-table, finding that neither Vavasour nor the rest are admitted to composition, have lately withdrawn themselves, and secretly keep in obscure places, where neither messengers nor other officers can yet discover them. And by their precedent (as I am informed) many other recusants, as well in the north parts as elsewhere, either out of the fear of justice, or despair of being admitted to composition, have lately forsaken their dwelling-houses, and lurk in secret places not to be found.

It is therefore to be presumed that the meaner sort of recusants within this your majesty's kingdom who keep within their confine-

\* Art. 7, Jac. I. c. vi. § 3, A.D. 1609. Privy council may tender the oath to peers, and justices of the peace to all other subjects above the age of eighteen.

ments, will either take the oath of allegiance, or that, they refusing the same, little or no benefit will arise to your majesty by their forfeitures. And for such who be of better ability, if they may not be assured of composition before they deliver themselves into the hands of justice, they will for the most part remain as fugitives within your majesty's dominions, and not appear when they shall be summoned. This I fear may prove disadvauntable to your majesty in point of profit, and dangerous in the precedent; both which I know your majesty will timely foresee, in reason of state.

Lastly, if by a moderate and fit course of composition your majesty may receive from such recusants good sums of money, and consequently weaken their estates, and yet oblige them unto you by your mercy, so far supereminent above the extremity of your justice, there will yet arise a further benefit to your majesty and the state thereby, in that you may truly understand the persons, their degrees and condition, who affect not the oath of allegiance; whereas now they are either not known, or being suspected, cannot be adjudged but good subjects if they shall readily take the oath (albeit they do it to save their goods and lands, and be it never so much against their mind). Your majesty may therefore please to take into your gracious consideration what in my particular duty and service I have herein remembered to your majesty, which I learned out of your sacred mouth at your first conference with my lords concerning this course.

At the present, my Lord Vaux his tenants offer, for the discharge of him and his mother and their forfeitures and imprisonments, 2000*l.*, Vavasour 700*l.*, Middleton and Towneley, to be released of the oath, 1000*l.*

Of these what your majesty shall please to accept, the same may be disposed to your own necessities, which are extreme and pressing, or otherwise, as to your highness shall be thought fit. And so, hoping that I have fully or in some reasonable measure given an answer to the points of Sir Thomas Lake's letter, written unto me by your majesty's commandment, and most humbly craving pardon of all my faults and errors, I beseech the Almighty to grant unto your majesty a long and prosperous reign over us.

Your majesty's most humble subject and servant,

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Strand, 14th Aug. 1612.

In answer to this long letter, Sir Julius perhaps received a fresh command to make haste, and to pay Lord Haddington 500*l.* at once; for the next day he writes again to the king to acknowledge the receipt of the order, but at the same time to say that he had no money in hand. He repeats, that if the law takes its course, no fines will be returnable till Michaelmas; but that if money is wanted immediately, it can be had from those who offered composition to be excused from taking the oath. This, however, he cannot take upon himself



to accept, as it is contrary to orders given at a council lately held at Theobalds. Therefore he sends a schedule of names; suggesting that they should be at once summoned to London, and made to take the oath, or else fleeced of their property.

No. II.

*A Copy of my Letter to the King touching Forfeitures of some Recusants begged by my Lord Haddington, &c.\**

MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,—I received of late a letter from Sir Thomas Lake signifying your majesty's pleasure concerning 500*l.* to be paid to my Lord Viscount Haddington; of those moneys whereout that payment should have been made, no penny hath been received since that time. The process gone out against the lands and goods of the Lord Vaux and his mother, Sir Henry James and William Vavasour, will not be returnable till Michaelmas term next; but the Lord Vaux and his mother, by their tenants, offer 2000*l.* in money, and William Vavasour 700*l.*, if it may be accepted, for their pardons of all their forfeitures and imprisonment. Others not yet convented have been sent for, but cannot yet be found; only two of them, namely, William Middleton, Esq., of Yorkshire, and Richard Towneley, Esq., of Lancashire, offer 500*l.* a-piece not to be put to their oaths. Wherein, as in all others of that kind, I dare not meddle, it being contrary to your majesty's resolution when you spake last with your council at Theobalds. And therefore my lords have sent both for them and divers others contained in this enclosed schedule, and mean to send for all the rest in that schedule, and to proceed with them according to the law. Whereof I hope your majesty shall receive satisfaction at your coming to Windsor. And so, most humbly craving pardon of my faults and errors, I beseech the Almighty to grant unto your majesty a long and prosperous reign over us.

Your majesty's most humble subject and servant,

J. C. †

Strand, 15th August 1612.

This list contains † many names still (or lately) well known to Catholics. Middleton, Gascoine, Cholmeley, Dolman, Preston, Townley, Wiseman, Plowden, Gifford, Biddulph, Throckmorton, Gage, Digby, Arundel, Tregewan, Tichbourne, Carew, Mennell, Catterick, Ingleby, Witham, and many others. Letters from several of them to Mr. Spiller, through whom they make their offers, and for whose good offices with the lords of the council they ask, are bound up in this very interesting volume. Sir Julius seems to have had them summoned on speculation; for their letters are mostly dated in the June and July of this same year, whereas the schedule bears

\* Lansdowne Mss. 153, fol. 43.

† Ib. fol. 51.

date July 18, 1612. The earliest of the letters is dated in May, and is from Mr. Edward Morgan.

## No. III.

*Mr. Edward Morgan of Monmouthshire, 22d May 1612.\**

I.H.S.

Having now almost five weeks attended his majesty's pleasure and my lords of his highness's privy council touching the new oath of allegiance, and being to resolve as well upon that as upon the other payment of xxli. a month which I have long continued; and where, at my first coming, I found myself one of those which were contained in my lord of Lennox's list, and now as I hear it pleaseth his highness to restore these penalties to his highness's own use: duty therefore bindeth me to be more willing to strain myself to give satisfaction to his majesty than any other. I therefore, conceiving that by your attendance on the lords you may understand in these cases more than any other, entreat you that I may learn what will be his majesty's and their honours' pleasure touching me. My age and infirmities of body are many, whereby I account myself half-dead in my grave: mine estate was once indifferent, but now very mean: my four sons by my first wife having above five hundred pounds yearly assured them out of my poor living above ten years since, and all the rest, lands and leases, assured, after my life, to mine eldest son. His majesty, as you know, hath 260*l.* yearly, besides I pay in rent to the college of Eaton and others 300*l.* yearly: my charge is great, having by my now wife six small children unprovided for: and my true debts are 2000*l.*: nevertheless, if his majesty would please to be so gracious unto me as to accept 1000*l.*, and to give me discharge for this oath as it lieth, I shall willingly take an oath to the effect herein contained, which I dutifully offer to express mine allegiance to his majesty, and will most willingly undergo my former monthly payment of 20*l.*; if this may redeem his majesty's grace and mercy towards me, I shall submit myself thereunto. Otherwise, before I shall ruinate my house and children's fortunes, I must refer the scruples of my conscience to the gracious directions of God his Holy Spirit. Howsoever, if his majesty so please, he may in these cases make unto his exchequer a good increase of the revenue, and I assure myself a great increase of that dutiful affection which his poor Catholic subjects owe and bear both to his highness and his hopeful and happy issue; for whose life, health, and reign amongst us I shall daily pray, with that true devotion as any who have most tasted of his majesty's bounty or favour. And so I bid you farewell, and do rest,

Your loving friend,

EDWARD MORGAN.

To my worthy and good friend, Henry Spyller, Esq., be these.

It will be seen that not only Morgan, but most of the other

\* Lansdowne Mss. 153, fol. 78.

gentlemen whose letters we shall transcribe, threatened, in case their offers were not accepted, to consider whether they would not take the oath. This was, no doubt, with most of them a mere empty threat; for they knew well enough that the crown wanted not their oaths, but their money;—it was only the bereaved milch cows threatening to live a life of celibacy unless their milk was accepted in lieu of their calves. But even if they were serious, it was no question of apostasy from the Church. Pope Paul V., indeed, had condemned the oath, as containing matter contrary to faith and salvation; but, on the other hand, a large body of secular priests, with Blackwell at their head, taught that it might be taken; and many of the laity, acting under their advice as their immediate superiors, took it when it was tendered, and thus freed themselves from the penalties of a *præmunire*. In the midst of such a wearing persecution we must not be too hard on those who cast away every thing but the bare plank of faith; the outlying opinions of orthodoxy were as difficult to preserve as the ornaments of worship.

The oath is well known. Its substance is a disclaimer of the deposing power of the Popes; its sting is in a declaration that this doctrine is impious, heretical, and damnable, and that the swearer, from his heart, abhors, detests, and abjures it. Many persons might have very fairly abjured a theological opinion, which, however respectable, had never been declared *de fide*; but to tax all the honoured ecclesiastics and theologians who held it with heretical and damnable impiety was too strong a demand. The very introduction of this clause proves that it was never sincerely meant as a test of a man's true allegiance, but only as a snare for his conscience, and as a kind of burglar's tool for robbing him of his property.

However, poor Mr. Morgan was not put to the test—his offer was accepted; and on the 15th of June he writes to Mr. Spiller the following grateful acknowledgment of his services:

No. IV.

*From the same to the same. 15th June 1612.\**

I.H.S.

If I cannot express the contentment mine heart conceiveth of the gracious favour it pleaseth his majesty to extend towards me in accepting the thousand pounds I have offered for the discharge of the oath, which I protest I give with as hearty goodwill as ever I did any thing in my life: and the rather much for that I am satisfied by yourself it goeth to his majesty's own coffers and use: wishing it were many a thousandfold more: and for proof of my

\* Iansdowne Mss. fol. 84.

humble thankfulness, I shall both daily and ever pray Almighty God heartily for the long life in health and prosperity both of his highness and all his hopeful issues ; and provide with all my possible power the means to satisfy mine offer ; which I trust will be by the time it shall please his majesty that my discharge be put in a readiness ; the manner and form whereof I willingly and humbly refer unto his highness's gracious and favourable order ; nothing doubting but that his highness will please, of his own royal inclination, to afford me more than becoming me to demand ; which I look not to have until I make full and entire payment of what I have undertaken : for the speedy despatch of all which, I do only attend the course it shall please his majesty to set down ; and so do rest,

Your loving friend,

EDWARD MORGAN.

From my lodging in Howlboorne, this 15th of June.

With all his gratitude, it is amusing to see that the poor gentleman knew the manners and customs of the court too well to pay a penny of his composition before the discharge was ready to be delivered to him in due form. The royal pickpocket would probably have forsworn the receipt of the money, if the payer had trusted but a day to his honour or his memory.

The next letter is written by Edward Gage, Esq., of Sussex, from Liege, in Belgium, whither he had retired for the benefit of his health.

No. V.\*

MR. SPILLER, my very good friend,—Whereas I understand by divers, that at this present the late oath of allegiance is required of divers in England. And whereas, by license from his majesty, I am permitted to live in these parts for the benefit of my health, and may happen at my return home to be pressed likewise with the taking of the same, wherein it may be I may have some scruple of conscience to take the said oath literally according to every word thereof, being an old unlearned man, and seeing learned men make some question thereof. Yet am I ready, and ever will be, to testify my faith and allegiance to his majesty as far forth as any other shall do, be it by oath or otherwise. If you, by such means as you know best, can procure that I may not be pressed with the said oath to the trouble of my conscience now in my old age, being threescore and ten years old, sickly, and ready to step into my grave, you shall do me such a friendship as I shall never forget, nor leave unrequited towards you. And moreover, according to my small power, I will yield up to his majesty a thankful gratuity for so great mercy and compassion extended towards me. You know, Mr. Spiller, that my livelihood was never but mean ; and, upon the death of my son, I sold away two parts of three of my lands, not

\* Lansdowne Mss. 153, fol. 82.

looking to live longer now. With the money thereof I paid my debts and advanced my children and grandchildren. The rest which is left serveth me but barely to maintain myself, my wife, and family: the same, after my decease, is already assured unto my next heir by good conveyance in law. All which notwithstanding, to show my grateful heart unto his majesty for such his princely favour to be shown me, I will yield into his coffers three hundred pounds in money, being more than my poor estate will well afford. I thank God, in all my lifetime I have lived without suspicion of disloyalty or undutifulness; whereof her late majesty was so well persuaded, as, by the benefit of her favour, I lived untroubled; neither would I wish longer to live than to carry a faithful and true heart to his majesty that now is. I pray let me know whether I may be freed from the scruple of my conscience in this point by such offer as I have herein made; otherwise I stand doubtful whether I shall do as others of my sort have done, rather than to see my wife, children, and family to be brought to extreme necessity and beggary. Thus, hoping to hear from you as soon as you can, I end with my very loving commendations.

Your very assured friend,

EDWARD GAGE.

From Leige, near unto the Spawe, the 10th of June 1612.

The next is from a poor oppressed recusant, who for his refusal of the oath had long lain in the pestilential dungeons of Newgate.

No. VI.\*

SIR,—Being convicted in the præmunire, and committed to Newgate, where I have continued long in great misery, and with no small peril of my health. And being sincerely desirous to give his most excellent majesty all humble satisfaction of my obedience to his highness's laws; yet enforced by the imminent danger of sickness, if I should continue much longer in so pestilent a place, to sue in all humility for the king's most gracious mercy. And conceiving by your often attendance upon the lords of his most honourable privy council in the course of these affairs, that you may much further my humble desires, I do most earnestly entreat you to present unto his most royal majesty my voluntary offer of seven hundred pounds, to be disposed at his pleasure out of my poor estate. The which sum of money, as it is the uttermost I can possibly pay or perform, in regard of the small portion of lands left me for my life by my lately deceased ancestor, who was not my father, but my uncle; also in respect of my great debts and extraordinary charge of children: so may it please his most princely bounty to accept thereof, and release my imprisonment, and vouchsafe me his gracious pardon, I shall daily pray in the sincerity of my soul for the continuance of his highness's happiest days, and his royal issue ever to reign over us. Thus, in assurance of your friendly and charitable

\* Lausdowne Mss. 153, fol. 87.

endeavours in this behalf, I commit you to the protection of Almighty God. From Newgate, this 19th of June 1612.

Your assured poor friend,  
WILLIAM VAVASOUR.

To the worshipful, my approved good friend,  
Mr. Henry Spyller, Esq.

The following letter is interesting as showing the professions of humility and ignorance with which the Catholics were obliged to approach the throne of the crowned theologian. How revolting it must have been to them to have to qualify his heartless oppression with the name of mercy, and to shelter their rejection of his crazy divinity behind the profession of a weak understanding and a want of learning! What chance had Catholics against the assumptions of the parsons, when it was necessary to use such apologetic language as this for the staple of their appeals, and for the preface to every statement of their claims, unless they wished to be kicked out of court unheard?

No. VI.

*Wm. Middleton's Letter about the Oath. 24th July 1612.\**

HONOURED SIR,—Whereas I have received a letter from some of his highness's most honourable privy council willing and requiring me to make my personal appearance before their honours, to answer to such matters as should be objected against me; and being informed that the occasion of my sending for was to the end to have the new oath of allegiance tendered unto me, which, with all dutiful respect I am most willing and ready, for all matters of temporal allegiance, sincerely and faithfully to acknowledge, but because there be some matters contained in the said oath which to my weak understanding (being altogether unlearned) seem something obscure. And, for that I do hear that his highness's pleasure is forth of his gracious clemency to admit such persons whose consciences are not well settled for the taking of the aforesaid oath as it lieth to their fine for the same. Therefore my earnest desire unto you is, that in my behalf you will be pleased to make offer of four hundred pounds to his highness, which with all dutiful submission I will freely give unto his majesty, and think myself most happy if thereby I may redeem his majesty's grace and mercy towards me; otherwise, if this large offer (my weak estate considered) may not be accepted, I will endeavour not to be singular in my own opinion, but seek to satisfy the scruples of my conscience rather than to hazard to utter overthrow of me and mine. For, first, it is well known that, by reason of my great debt, I was forced to let long leases of a good part of my estate, reserving the old and ancient rent. Secondly, that my lands are charged with divers great annuities to several persons for lives, and a yearly fee-rent to his majesty. Thirdly,

\* Lansdowne Mss. 153, fol. 80.

my eldest son upon his marriage had a good part of my estate allotted unto him in presente, and the reversion of all the rest then also settled upon him and his heirs; so I have no means to relieve myself now by leasing of any of my lands but for my life only. Fourthly, the payment of five hundred pounds which I made to Mr. Nathsmith, his majesty's servant, by the direction and appointment of the last lord-treasurer. And lastly, two parts of my lands are seized into his majesty's hands. All which being considered, I hope his majesty will be graciously pleased to commiserate my distressed estate, and accept of the aforesaid fine; for which gracious goodness I and mine shall ever, according to our bounden duties, have good cause daily to pray to Almighty God that his majesty and his royal issue may for ever both healthfully and happily reign over us. And so, making bold to commend the care of this my business unto you, for which, God willing, I shall ever rest

Your much obliged,

WILL. MIDDELTON.

To the worshipful, my very loving friend,  
Henry Spiller, Esq., these.

The last letter which we shall transcribe is from Sir Henry James, of Kent, who appears to have been imprisoned in May for refusing the oath, and in November writes the following appeal to Sir Julius Cæsar himself.

No. VII.

*Sir Henry James, Knight, condemned for the refusing the Oath of Supremacy, to Sir Julius Cæsar. 2d Nov. 1612.\**

RIGHT HONOURABLE,—I humbly beseech your honour to vouchsafe the reading of these few lines, and to pity my distressed estate. I am here a prisoner, and so have remained by the space of these six months past, without means to relieve myself, and without friends to petition or entreat for me. His majesty's indignation towards me is more heavy and grievous than all other miseries that could be heaped upon me in this world. This only comfort is left me, that as Almighty God hath established his highness king of so many kingdoms and people, so hath the divine grace given him a heart endued with mercy and clemency, which I should never despair to taste of in such measure as other his subjects have done, if his majesty did but certainly know the loyalty and faithful heart I do and ever shall bear unto him; and likewise, that his highness were truly informed of my poor estate. For the first, I do here protest that, touching all manner of temporal obedience, duty, faith, and loyalty to his majesty, I ever shall and will, not only acknowledge the same, but will be ever ready to justify it with the loss of my life. And for that poor estate and revenue I have of inheritance, that is settled and entailed by my ancestors to descend and come to my sons after my decease. I am old in years, diseased, and without relief; my wife and nine children living in great want and

\* Lansdowne Mss. 153, fol. 94.

misery. May it therefore please your honour to take some opportunity to move his majesty to have commiseration of me and my poor children. Humbly beseeching his highness of his princely clemency to pardon my offence, and to impose such fine upon me as my estate may bear, so as myself and my children may be able to live, and be preserved from ruin and overthrow. And we shall ever be bound to pray for his majesty's prosperity. And so I humbly commend myself and these my troubles to your honourable commiseration.

Your honour's, in all duty ever to be commanded,

HENRY JAMES.

This gentleman's property lay chiefly in the Romney Marshes, Kent. From a paper of Mr. Spiller's, written in March 1607 (fol. 125), he appears at some time before that date to have conformed to the state religion; but in 1612 he was evidently acting as a true and zealous Catholic. It is noticeable that he makes no threat about taking the oath: he had once tasted the bitterness of apostasy, and was careful not even to name such a thing in future, though it should be only in jest, or as an empty threat.

This little episode is a fair specimen of the commotion and distress which thrilled through the whole English Catholic body whenever it pleased one of James's minions to lose more than he could afford at the gaming-table, to run up a larger bill with his tailor than he could conveniently pay, or even to conceive a desire to lay up a little more money in his chest than he as yet possessed. *Quidquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi*; whatever mad measure these gay Scotchmen chose to dance, the poor Romans had to pay the piper. Such was the origin of the wealth of some of the most respectable Protestant families;—a grant of other people's property, wheedled out of a weak and unprincipled monarch, and farmed with the most reckless and profligate dishonesty; while, at the same time, these matchless hypocrites would talk and write about religious matters in the most unctuous way, taking it for granted, as a fundamental principle of morals and theology, that the most acceptable service that could be performed for God, and the most meritorious action for the State, was to hunt down Papists, to root out recusants and their families from the land, and to plant themselves in their places.

It may be supposed that all these grants to his courtiers and needy countrymen, coupled with their outrageous dishonesty in collecting the money, reduced to a very small sum the yearly revenues which the king obtained from recusants. This, however, was not the case. According to his own account, he received from them a net income of thirty-six thou-



sand pounds per annum. (*Hardwicke Papers*, i. 446.) But it is clear that James either undervalued his revenue from this source as grossly as such persons as Mr. Chambers undervalued theirs, or else that the officers of the exchequer purloined very handsome perquisites during the passage of the money through their hands. The following memoranda, which are evidently notes given by Mr. Spiller to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and therefore doubtless perfectly authentic, may be found at fols. 107 and 324 of the same volume of Mss. :

No. 1. *Indorsed, Recusants, 10 Julii 1612.*

Curia Sccij (Saccarii).

The forfeitures of recusants which have been escheated into this court from the beginning of Michaelmas term, in the ninth year of the king's majesty's reign, to the end of Trinity term, in the tenth year of his said majesty's reign, do in the whole amount unto, as by the estreats thereof remaining in the custody of the clerk of the estreats of this court, and by him cast up, particularly appeareth :	}	cccLxx <sup>m</sup> Dcxl <sup>ii</sup> et ccccxx <sup>ii</sup> in toto cccLxxi <sup>m</sup> Lx <sup>ii</sup> <i>i. e.</i> three hundred and seventy-one thousand and sixty pounds.
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The second memorandum for the next year shows a falling off :

The forfeitures of recusants which have been escheated into this court from the beginning of Michaelmas term, anno 10 Jacobi I., to the end of Trinity term, anno 11, do in the whole amount to 93,100*l.*, as by the estreat thereof remaining in the custody of the clerk of the estreats of this court particularly appeareth.

So that in one year, besides all the private peculations of the Aughtmouties, the Chambers's, the Lennox's, the Haddingtons, and their dependents—besides all the extortions of pursuivants, messengers, magistrates, clerks, and higher officers—besides all the fees and expenses of prosecutions, summons, and other costs—the English Catholics paid into the exchequer the sum of *three hundred and seventy thousand pounds*, and the next year ninety-three thousand pounds! At this rate, considering the then value of money, the annual sufferings of the Catholic body must have been about ten times greater than those of all the depositors and shareholders, and other victims of the speculations and frauds of Strahan and Paul, of John Sadleir, and the Royal British Bank. Let us suppose some thirty similar great swindles to take place regularly once a year for upwards of half a century, on each occasion bringing distress, ruin, and beggary to a fresh batch of victims, the pelf going to enrich quite as great scoundrels as any of the parties just named—the then population of England being

merely a fractional part of its present numbers, and the ruin being distributed among only one class, forming one fractional part of this diminished population ;—and we shall get an approximate idea of the action of the penal laws, so far as the fines they inflicted were concerned. Add the chances of having your house broken into at the pleasure of every drunken constable or puritanical magistrate, and your liability to be dragged, with wife and children, to imprisonment, torture, and death ; and from these separate members you may gather a faint conception of the means taken to establish the reformed religion in England. But we need go no further than the pecuniary question, in order to appreciate the virtues and the morality of those who established Protestantism in England, if we are to judge them by the Anglo-Saxon standard propounded in the *Times*, in a leading article on the suicide of John Sadleir : “ He who carries disaster, if not absolute ruin, into a hundred families, is stained with deeper guilt than the mere ruffian who attacks life.”

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#### CATHOLICITY AND DESPOTISM.

WHEN a strong man is crossing the top of a mountain, with a high north-wind driving the sleet into his face, and searching through all his wrappings to his very skin, it is not easy for him to realise the fact that he is more healthily occupied than if he were seated in a pleasant garden, fanned by the warm and gentle south, and breathing only the odours of roses. So, too, with the keen gales of Protestant calumny blowing fiercely in the eyes of us Catholics, harassing and irritating us at every step we take, and drenching us with pitiless pelting showers, it requires some little philosophy and far-sightedness to avoid turning a wistful gaze to those continental resting-places where the wind blows in another direction, and where, if there is political bondage for the citizen, there is, or is supposed to be, religious peace for the Catholic. A Catholic may therefore hope to be pardoned by the severest critics, if he now and then contrasts the condition of his fellow-Christians in what are called “ Catholic countries” with his own in a nation where Protestantism is dominant. Nor ought he to be very severely judged, if he now and then indulges in recriminations which needlessly irritate the self-love of John Bull, and induce the supposition that Catholics are lovers of despotism simply because they are Catholics, and not from any peculiarity of indi-

vidual opinion; that they are utterly insensible to the advantages which accrue to their religion from the freedom of their own country, and have no eye for any thing save its incidental evils. On this point, if we were writing for Protestant readers, we might and should insist with all our energy; and no reasonable man would deny the justice of our plea. But at present we are addressing our fellow-Catholics; and our object is not so much to enumerate the aggravating attacks and calumnies of which we are daily made the object by our boasting fellow-countrymen, as to call attention to the real state of the case, as regards facts in their completeness, and apart from the provocations which we ourselves may personally receive.

It is obvious that our first step towards making our way in our own country, and for gaining the position which as citizens we have a right to hold, is to master the real nature of the difficulties that stand in our way. It will avail us precisely nothing to get up the loudest cry about grievances, be they ever so real, if we thereby suffer our attention to be distracted from our actual condition as Englishmen, when compared with that of other Catholics in despotic countries. The work before us is constructive, and not destructive, except incidentally, and as a result of the success of our constructive labours. Nothing, therefore, can be more injudicious than the creation of needless difficulties, or the fostering of groundless prejudices in the minds of our Protestant fellow-subjects. Their dislike of Catholicism in itself, and apart from every accidental accompaniment, is so deep, so active, and so enduring, that it is madness to add to this dislike by associating our creed with political or social practices with which it has nothing on earth to do, but which happen to be singularly annoying to the British mind, whether in its infirmities or in its strength. Granting that John Bull shows himself simply a fool for objecting so blindly to sundry ways or notions of foreigners, and for hating Catholicism because he fancies these things to be a part of "Popery"—granting all this, our object is to overlook these follies for our own sake, as well as for his. Our work is not so much to expose the absurdities of our fellow-countrymen, as to convince them that we are not what they take us to be, and that our religion is not that monstrous compound of tyranny, priestcraft, superstition, ignorance, and immorality, which they have been brought up to consider it.

And as it happens that there is scarcely any thing on which your thorough Englishman is so sensitive as the freedom of speech and action in religion and politics which he himself enjoys, it would be clearly unwise on our part unnecessarily to run counter to his feelings on these points; and especially so,

when the fact is, that very many of us Catholics actually share the prevailing national sentiment in all its intensity. Every body who knows the English and Irish Catholic body, whether its "old Catholic" or "convert" portions, is aware that it is deeply leavened with a love of political and religious freedom; and that when we seem to cry out against it, it is only because we are so stung with the cruelty and falsehood of the accusations made against us, that for a moment we forget our general principles, and seem to adhere to notions which really have no root in our convictions, and which we should be the first to repudiate in our cooler moments. When we speak or write in extenuation or justification of the arbitrary proceedings of continental governments, and the Protestant looker-on takes us to be advocating the system of arbitrary restriction as a matter of principle, the fact is, that we are merely provoked by the extravagance and unfairness of the accusations of Protestantism; and in defending the accused in what we know they are innocent of, we appear to be upholding principles which we should be the first to disown if applied to ourselves. If a Catholic asserts that Louis Napoleon, *on the whole*, deserves well of his country, and rejoices that religion is advancing in France, he is supposed to desire to see the imperial rule applied in all its rigour to England, and to every other free nation. If he hints that the King of Naples is no worse a man, personally, than nine-tenths of monarchs, and that probably he is just as conscientious in his severities as Queen Victoria in her proprieties, he is thought to uphold every abuse, whether real or imaginary, that can thrive under an Italian police. The truth in these instances is, that we have a profound suspicion of the sources from whence these attacks on foreign Catholic powers emanate. We know from certain experience that half the stories which make the Englishman's hair rise perpendicularly from his head are pure fabrications; and we perceive that these fictions are swallowed with a double measure of credulity for no other reason than because they are told of persons who are Catholics in their religion, and therefore supposed to be capable of at least double the amount of iniquity of which a sound Protestant can possibly be guilty. Accordingly, we throw such doubt on the tales we hear, until they are fully confirmed, that the headlong Protestant mind, which itself is fully made up on the matter, sets us down as actually justifying the worst of evils; or, where it is a mere question of expediency, of advocating identically the same line of action for Englishmen which we maintain may be good and necessary for Spaniards or Italians.

Considering, then, with what a network of prejudices and

stupidities we are surrounded, it surely is well to abstain from multiplying its meshes by needlessly identifying ourselves with ideas and practices which we actually condemn, or which, at least, we should deeply lament to see applied to countries like our own. We must, at times, spare ourselves the pleasure of pushing overboard the nonsensical fictions and baseless reasonings of our excited fellow-countrymen, lest in so doing we tempt them to fancy that we ourselves uphold ideas which we strenuously reject, and justify certain alleged enormities or blunders, when we are really only doubting the fact of their existence.

Moreover, we ourselves are not so overstocked with enthusiasm, patience, perseverance, wisdom, acuteness, unity of spirit, and charitableness towards one another, that we can afford to forget our own infirmities, and safely enjoy the pleasant sport of watching our neighbours' iniquities, and thinking ourselves the most injured and meritorious creatures on the face of the earth. As long as we suppose that the great source of our troubles is the fact that we live in a country in which Protestantism is dominant, we shall never really master those difficulties which cause us such endless lamentations in private, even while our published lucubrations teem with exultation. Few things are more hurtful and paralyzing, as there is nothing more untrue, than the notion that in "Catholic countries" every thing goes on with a sort of millennial faultlessness; that all sovereigns are pious, all bishops wise, learned, immaculate, paternal, and admirable men of business; all nuns up to the ideal standard of the cloister; all monks models of asceticism; all priests first-rate preachers and spiritual directors; church-ceremonies very numerous and splendidly conducted; church-music exquisite and appropriate; and all schools for the poor in admirable order; in short, that nothing is easier than to go to heaven without the smallest hindrance, if only a man has the will for it!

The "continental mania," in fact, is a parallel to the mediæval mania which for a time afflicted us; but which is happily fast vanishing before the increase of knowledge and common sense. Men were smitten with the splendour of Gothic architecture—and no wonder; for what have the last three hundred years done in another line of art? They mourned over the desecrated shrines of York and Westminster, and concluded that when these glorious buildings were in Catholic hands all was perfect, and *therefore*—O, the wonderful syllogism!—*therefore* the revival of Gothic art was the right way to introduce mediævalism, and thus to catholicise mankind in general, and Great Britain and Ireland in particular. For-

tunately we have opened our eyes to the certainty, that though Gothic architecture is an excellent thing, and worthy of revival, mediævalism in the lump is simply an extinct phase of human life; and that it can be no more recalled and made a reality than the Scotch people can be made to leave off trowsers and take to kilts, in imitation of the days when Wallace fought and Bruce was king.

But the same spirit of unreality and discontent still survives. If we have left off lamenting that we do not live in the thirteenth century, there are persons sufficiently prone to believe that England is a terrible place for a Catholic to live in, and that the Continent abounds with countries where kings, clergy, and people are united in one vast happy family, alike unhampered by heresies and unaffected by scandals. One man has the Belgian mania, another the Roman; another has the Gallomania, and thinks what a blessed thing it must be to live under Napoleon III.; and a fourth actually prefers Naples and its despotism, and fancies that as a Catholic he would be more free to save his soul unembarrassed by snares under the Neapolitan police than in the great godless Babylon of Middlesex. Because the Protestant newspapers abuse King Bomba, it is supposed that the said king must be the most injured of innocent men, whose whole soul is imbued with reverence for the Pope, and affectionate love for the Society of Jesus. Alas, what a delusion! Who are in the best condition, as far as freedom and every thing else is concerned, the Jesuits in Farm Street, London, or the Jesuits in Naples? Only conceive the Home Secretary sending Colonel Somebody or other down to Farm Street some fine morning, with a document drawn up about the Divine right of Parliaments, and forcing the clergy to sign it, under peril of being "kicked out" of the kingdom in the space of four-and-twenty hours!

Considering, then, the obvious evils which result from a want of due appreciation of the real nature of the difficulties which beset us as Catholics, it will not be a profitless speculation if we attempt to compare our advantages and disadvantages as subjects of Great Britain with those which are the lot of continental Catholics in general. In doing this, we must except one Catholic country from the list, viz. Belgium; in which, though the people are nationally Catholic, the political constitution much resembles our own; where, in fact, the people are, as in our case, the practically ruling power, and where consequently the *system* of the social state is unlike that of the other Catholic countries of Europe.

The one grand distinction, then, between our life as Eng-

lishmen and Irishmen, and that of the inhabitants of the continental kingdoms, is, we take it, our personal liberty of speech and action in things political and religious as well as in things social. Foreigners are often as free socially as we are; in some cases even more so. But there is not one large continental state in which the executive government will tolerate for an hour that liberty of speech and act, in matters which touch itself, which we all of us, Catholic and Protestant alike, habitually indulge in, and without which we should hold ourselves the most infamously used of mortals. The result, in our personal case as Catholics, is, no doubt, often extremely annoying and perplexing. It is not a little irritating to our tempers to find ourselves denied the commonest privileges which are accorded to every body but ourselves; to see our words doubted, our good actions kept out of sight or misrepresented, our motives perverted, our clergy treated with contempt, our sacred things mocked at, our very nuns made the object of coarse insult and threatened violence. It is sufficiently galling to read the tirades of the newspaper-press against all we hold dear; to see ourselves regarded as aliens, as false citizens, as habitual deceivers, as the votaries of ignorance and the slaves of priestcraft; to watch the careful and almost habitual suppression of every little anecdote which may tell in our favour, and the magnifying of every little event which may be wrested to our dishonour. It makes one's blood boil to witness the exclusion of our poor from domestic service, or other places of honest labour, solely on the ground that they are "Papists;" to reflect that a considerable portion of English society cannot sit in comfort at a dinner-table with us, or associate with us in any social amusement or undertaking, through hatred of our creed. It provokes the most patient to see the same ridiculous old absurdities about our faith and morals, which have been refuted thousands of times, still budding and vigorous as ever, and made to do duty in exasperating our fellow-countrymen against us. All these matters stir up our feelings against the state of things in which we live, and tempt us to look with wistful eyes to countries in which the State holds a strong hand over the manifestations of religious opinions among its subjects. We feel as if we could gladly exchange our own freedom to act and talk as we like on politics and religion for a condition of things in which at any rate all should go on quietly, and we should be left to pass through life and save our souls without being daily insulted by the newspapers, preached at in the churches and cathedrals built by our own ancestors, and snubbed by the queen and aristocracy. We

think how pleasant it would be to see the tables turned—to observe Cardinal Wiseman taking precedence of an English duke at a royal or imperial court, and to feel ourselves uppermost, while Protestants were snubbed in the same unceremonious way that we are handled here.

As people of good sense and wisdom, however, let us look at the whole facts of the case. Let us consider them as good Christians, and not as flunkeys; as men, and not as cowards. The question is, what is best for our religion, and not what is most agreeable to us as members of the social body. As far as pleasantness is concerned, it is unquestionably more delightful to the feelings to kick than to be kicked. It is more soothing to the spirits of a Catholic to hear of the iniquities of Martin Luther than to have the history of Alexander Borgia thrown in his teeth. But this is not the point. The question is simply this—Are we in as good a position, as Catholics, in the England of this present day, as we should be if we lived under Louis Napoleon, the Emperor of Austria, the Queen of Spain, or Ferdinand of Naples?

Granting, then, to the full the extent of the injury to religion which results from the parliamentary and social prejudices and tyranny of Englishmen, should we really be willing to exchange them for the patronage of any Catholic despot on earth? And is it not the fact, that not only are many of our peculiar grievances paralleled by the very same abuses in Catholic countries, but that we are wholly free from sundry others, which tend to eat out the very life of religion, and are only held in check by the indestructible energy of Catholicism itself?

To go, however, a little into details. And to begin with our hierarchy and clergy. In what possible way would they be the better for the favour of the State, or for their general recognition as high ecclesiastical dignitaries by the gentry and aristocracy of the nation? We mean, of course, how would they be better off *as Bishops*? What hinderances have they now in the performance of their duties which the favour of the world would destroy? They have difficulties enough to satisfy the most determined lover of obstacles; but those difficulties are almost entirely of Catholic origin; Protestants have nothing to do with them. The *Times* newspaper and the rest of the press may bark and shout at Dr. Cullen and Cardinal Wiseman, but they do them no harm. The episcopacy of France, Austria, Spain, and Naples is infinitely more afraid of the *bite* of the Catholic sovereigns of those countries than our Bishops are of the wrath of Queen Victoria, or the Germanism and intrigues of Prince Albert.



Why, the very sentence we have this instant penned is a proof of the advantages of freedom to us as Catholics! What Catholic periodical-writer in France or Naples could dare to talk of the sovereign and his household as we are now speaking of Queen Victoria and her husband? What French or Austrian Bishop could attack government godless institutions as the Archbishop of Dublin and others have attacked the Irish godless colleges? In Belgium, indeed, the Bishops can publish what pastorals they like; but then Belgium, like England, has a free tongue. In France, on the contrary, only the other day, because the Bishop of Arras warned his clergy against a certain line of conduct in a matter connected with religion, he himself forthwith received a warning from the imperial government to take care what he was about for the future.

Then, as to our inferior clergy and religious men and women. Can we forget that practically they are less hindered in the performance of their duties than in nearly all the chief countries of the Continent? Spooner and his tribe keep up an endless irritation against convents, and nuns are sometimes insulted in the streets; the Spoonerites may even succeed in carrying some measure for legalising annoyances to convents; but, with the exception of the Papal States and Belgium, we do not believe there is one of the European states in which, *on the whole*, the religious orders are as free to do as they like as they are in England. Does any man who knows the continental system suppose that any where but in England the Jesuits would have ventured to place themselves literally next door to the sovereign's own house without first asking leave? Granting all the harm that is done by popular prejudice against priests, monks, and friars, who would exchange this freedom for all the "favours" of the most "Catholic" monarch in the world? Look at these two facts, we say, and form your judgment: in heretical England the Jesuits buy a fine estate actually joining on to the Queen's Park at Windsor, and nobody interferes with them; in Catholic Naples the Jesuits issue a magazine very like this *Rambler* of ours, and in it they venture to hint that kings are not exactly divinely-appointed lords of men's souls and bodies, and down comes the minister of police, and forces them, under penalty of instant contumelious exile, to sign a paper which throws the whole Society of Jesus into dismay, and is formally disowned in the public newspapers of Europe by the general himself. Surely it is better to be abused by the newspapers, and made the subject of weekly insulting sermons, and yet to be left practically to go our own ways, than to be "protected" from the abuse of heresy by a secular power, which reserves for itself a rigid

practical control over all our actions. A man can read the *Morning Herald*, the *Advertiser*, and the *Times*, order his breakfast, and eat his hot rolls and drink his coffee, without the slightest diminution of appetite, under a perfect storm of anti-Catholic leading-articles; but we take it that the most stoical of foreign Catholics, whether lay or cleric, would hardly enjoy his morning repast, if the post had just brought him a delicate insinuation from the minister of police to the effect that the government had an eye on his proceedings.

Nor let it be supposed that where Catholicism is dominant the land is always free from those special grievances which particularly affect us as English and Irish Catholics; we mean not merely such fanciful grievances as the black looks of ladies and gentlemen, and the tirades of twenty thousand pulpits echoing with our enormities;—in the army and navy, in the workhouse and the gaol, are our real injuries to be found. Here, indeed, we suffer; not we who are comfortably circumstanced in this world's goods, but the poor of Christ, who cannot help themselves, and who writhe under that which is the only curse of poverty—a separation from all spiritual helps, and a social tyranny directed to the undermining all that is best in their hearts and lives. But it is a grievous error to suppose that these identical evils are confined to Protestant England. Many of them exist in Catholic countries, and even in quarters which would amaze the devout Catholic who has been hugging himself in the conviction that wherever Catholic persons have the means of doing right, they have also the will to do it. In the name of all that is sacred, let us not rest till every abuse of this kind is rooted out of the land; but in the name of all prudence, let us not hinder our own success by attributing the scandals we deplore to the circumstance that we are living among Protestant Englishmen, and asserting that Catholic continental countries are invariably models for our imitation. If any man wishes to know what a gaol or a regiment may become under a Catholic government, not in the way of mere abuse of a good method, but in precisely the way that our poor and our criminals suffer at home, let him get at the opinions of his present Holiness, Pius IX., and ascertain the means which even he has been compelled to resort to in order to remedy the evils. These things do not often get into the newspapers, it is true; but still those who know what is behind the curtain are well aware that Catholic countries are *never* in a state of millennial perfection; and that to attack the abuses of England, as if they were exclusively confined to Protestantism, is not only a rhetorical blunder, but a logical misstatement.

Here, too, we cannot forbear remarking on a circumstance which must often have struck many of our readers, when reflecting on the results of the free system of this country, as compared with the restrictive system of the Continent. It is a most singular fact, that with all its appetite for anti-Catholic news, the British public hardly ever gets hold of those passing events or habitual faults which really reflect discredit upon us as Catholics and upon our cause. Judging *à priori*, one would have supposed that every little *faux-pas* that we committed would be inevitably held up to the light of day, and made the text of a thousand bitter and crushing invectives against us. We should have expected that when the Catholic sees his picture painted by the Protestant, he would have recognised at any rate his real shortcomings, however mixed up with the inventions of ignorance or malignity. But no; so different is the working of this free system from what might have been looked for, that when by chance a priest or layman goes wrong, and is an actual scandal to his fellow-Catholics, the Protestant world hardly ever find it out, unless the unhappy person forces himself on their attention, and constitutes himself an apostle of heresy. Observe, too, the general defects of our internal system in this country, and the infirmities with which we may sometimes be fairly chargeable; evidently Protestants know hardly any thing about them. We live in the midst of a people who more or less dislike us, are jealous of us, and suspicious to the last degree; we have ill-conditioned and disloyal members in our own community, both able and willing to show us up in any thing but heroic postures: yet, strangely, nothing comes of it. Our peccadilloes remain the subjects of the private lamentations of Catholic society, even when those lamentations extend through our whole body; and Protestantism remains as much in the dark as to our defects as it is to our virtues.

A little thought, indeed, shows us how this comes to pass, and brings to light the real advantages of freedom of speech. Abroad, where the hushing-up and restrictive method prevails, every body is suspicious of every body, and especially of the clergy. The multitudes of men and women who are nominally Catholic, but in their hearts semi-Protestant, are far more ready to believe insinuations against the characters of ecclesiastics and of people in office than are the *bonâ-fide* Protestants of this country. They writhe and groan under what they think a vile tyranny; and nothing being professedly open and public, their morbid fancies and irritated passions are for ever conjuring up evils which either have no existence at all, or are grossly exaggerated. Here, on the contrary, there

prevails so great a confidence in the efficacy of publicity for the detection of abuses, that people are confident that when abuses are not known they do not exist. Exeter Hall may rant, and foolish writers may write about the enormities of "Romish casuistry;" but nevertheless the *mass* of the English people are convinced that, as a rule, the lives of our clergy and laity are quite as pure and honourable as those of similar classes among Protestants. Supposing that such a thing as the exposure of the scandalous conduct of any distinguished ecclesiastic were to burst upon the world, we are convinced that the English public would be *more* astonished than would the Italian or Austrian public at such an event among themselves. And this is mainly attributable to the confidence which we place in publicity, and to the habitual suspiciousness engendered by the opposite and despotic method.

Again, granting that the attacks of Protestantism, and the social persecution to which we are subjected, do produce some serious evils, and are a positive hinderance to the well-being of Catholicism and the spiritual progress of individual Catholics—which we do not for a moment deny—it is clear as the day that the continental system does not practically succeed in such a manner as to make us wish for its adoption. Look at Italy, for instance, at this moment. How could the Church hold her own in that country by mere force of moral and intellectual strength? Was there ever a Pontiff whose personal character was more calculated to disarm the ferocity of the enemies of the faith than that of the present Pope? Was there ever a Pontiff whose steady, intelligent, and quiet work of reform within the Church was more real, hearty, and practical, and more calculated to reassure the minds of those who fancy that ecclesiastical abuses can never be remedied except by violence? Yet the exclusive system has so utterly failed in retaining the allegiance of the middle and upper classes of Italy, taken as a body, and of many of the lower classes also, that no one would be surprised to see a storm of ignorant brutal fury burst upon the rulers and priesthood of the Church, even more savage and wicked than that which constituted what they call the "Reformation" of the sixteenth century. The school of Italian "patriots," of whom Mazzini is the popular representative, actually comes nearer to the scriptural description of Antichrist than any monster which the world has yet seen. But it is the same every where. France, under the restrictive system of Louis XIV., gave birth to its first revolution; Spain, under the same, brought up its nobles and people to defy the Pope, plunder the Church, and banish the religious orders; in Portugal, history has the same story to

tell: in fact, every where we have seen proofs that the Church is better off with its disloyal children outside its doors than inside them, and that open enmity is less deadly than false friendship.

One special instance in which our condition is contrasted to our disadvantage with that of Catholic countries is, the paucity of our clergy, and the want of sufficient means for clerical education. It is notorious that we have not priests enough for our actual wants, and that our young divines are sometimes not able to devote as much leisure as they could wish to the preparatory studies of the priesthood. We envy our continental fellow-Catholics the splendours of their ancient universities and the attractions of the great names that adorn their lists of professors, and sigh to think that Protestantism is in possession of the glorious old seats of learning which once were ours, and now are turned into weapons against us. All this, then, we do not for a moment overlook; on the contrary, our losses in this respect cannot be too urgently insisted on. But at the same time, there are two sides to the picture; and nothing can be more unjust to our own clergy, or more foolish as respects our creed, than to imagine that the character of the English priesthood has not its own peculiar and striking claims to our respect and admiration.

And first as to the paucity in numbers of our clergy. This is a serious evil; but it is doubtful whether it is not a less evil than a superabundance. The happiest state of things is when there are just enough for the work to be done, and no more. But how rarely, in the course of human affairs, is this happy medium practically attainable! Perhaps there is only one Catholic country in the world where the clergy are just sufficiently numerous, and not too numerous—we mean France. Even in Belgium there are so many, that in parts religion suffers from the presence of ecclesiastics who have no fixed or proper employment, and who consequently do more harm than good. In some other countries the land abounds with persons in holy orders, who by no possibility can find professional occupation for their whole time; and many of whom have not, and cannot have, the means of living in any thing like the station in which a secular priest ought to be able to live. The presence of such a class, we have just said, does more harm than good: and it does so in various ways. First of all, it fosters the idea, so common among disloyal Catholics, that the clergy are an idle bloated race, battenning upon the hard-earned means of the laity, and eating out the industry and resources of the land. This notion is not modified by the fact that many of the clergy we speak of, so far from being

too rich, are often so poor that they can scarcely support themselves. No matter; the criticising world looks on, and sees that they are idle men, with nothing to do except say a Mass daily, which they will do for *one-sixth of the sum* considered the lowest amount which in this country can enable a priest to keep a decent though threadbare coat upon his back. In the next place, considering what human nature is, it inevitably follows from this state of things, that those unoccupied clergy are not always models of asceticism and spirituality, for the edification of their brethren and of the laity. Serious scandals we truly believe to be comparatively rare among them; but still their habitual conduct is too often of that average standard, which may pass muster very well in the crowd of the laity, but which is not altogether worthy of the high vocation of the priesthood. There is no great harm *in* them, and if they were laymen there would be no great harm done *by* them; but being what they are, the religion of the laity would decidedly gain by their absence. The life of every priest must have *some* decided effect on those around him. If it is not positively edifying, it is rarely only negatively disedifying. It may be said that the truth of Christianity and the efficacy of the Sacraments are not to be judged by the daily talk and habits of the clergy. Logically this is true enough; but as a fact, men are influenced by the personal character of the priesthood to an extraordinary extent.

In this country, accordingly, we hold that it is a decided gain to religion that the moral character of our clergy as a body stands so high. Why, indeed, should we hesitate to say that it will bear comparison with that of any body of clergy in Christendom; while it is much higher than that of some others? Look, again, at the difficulties that many of them have to contend with—some through youth, some through age or illness, some through solitude, some through overwork, and many through poverty—and recall the rarity of any serious scandals among them. Who would exchange this state of things for one in which the clergy were ten times as numerous, but not so universally respected?

Once more, if the strong arm of "order" and surveillance silences the outbreaks of foreign anti-Catholicism, it does not prevent divisions and quarrels among Catholics themselves, sometimes of a very disastrous tendency, but which are without any parallel amongst ourselves. We have our little difficulties, it is too true; our heart-burnings, our newspaper and conversational squabbles; our disagreements about Gothicism, plain-chant, politics, and other such topics; but these are nothing to the deep-seated wounds produced by such contests as

occasionally shake the foundations of clerical and lay Catholic society abroad. What have we ever had here at all like the affair of Gioberti and the Jesuits in Italy; or like the discussions of which the soil of France is so rife, where even the warfare of two periodicals is of so serious a nature, that the highest dignitaries of the Church become involved in it? And are we wrong in attributing this tendency of our English Catholic disputes to die away peaceably to the circumstance that we live in a land where discussion is the order of the day; where every body says what he likes, and there is such a surfeit of plain-speaking, that a really furious contest cannot be got up among Catholics, for the simple reason that people will not have their ears stunned by the disputants, who accordingly speedily subside into silence for sheer want of backing? Whereas, if we were held in by a restrictive system, whether political or theological, which forbade us to read, write, and say just what we chose, the result would be, that wherever we *could* quarrel we should do it with a vengeance, and make up for our want of liberty in things in general by an outrageous license in things in particular.

Lastly, we say, long may the freedom of speech remain, which allows the Protestant press to attack the Protestant Church-Establishment in that highly edifying manner of which the *Times* and the *Examiner* are such brilliant examples! The English newspapers are like the despotic governments of Spain and other "Catholic countries," who alternately administer a blow to the Pope and a blow to English Protestantism. We really cannot tell how the bishops and clergy of the Anglican Church feel under the bitter satires with which these periodicals frequently entertain their readers; but certainly, if any thing could tend to shake every remnant of hold which the Church of England has on the people as an apostolic body, it is the witty and truth-telling "leaders" of the newspaper-press. For ourselves, we can truly say that their ill-informed onslaughts on us do us far less harm than their well-informed onslaughts on the Anglican clergy do to Protestantism. If the *Times* newspaper were paid by the Pope—which would be a rather difficult matter, considering the relative states of the exchequers of the Vatican and of Printing-house Yard—if the *Times* were paid by the Pope to convince the English people that the Establishment abdicates all claims to be the depository of the doctrines of the Gospel, it could not do its work more efficaciously than it does under the inspiration of its own intensely anti-Catholic management.

We conclude, then, taking a practical view of human affairs, and remembering that the Church never was and never

will be in those happy circumstances for which the idealist sighs, that we Catholics in England are nearly as well placed for the advancement of our religion as we can reasonably hope to be. And further, that our truest wisdom consists in mastering, as they say, "the situation," by comprehending it; accepting it for what it is worth, and striving without delay to make the best of it. The work which now lies before us all is, to take our place in our country as Englishmen and Catholics; to use the advantages placed in our hands by Divine Providence; and to regard the disadvantages attending them as in harmony with that universal rule which prevails in all ages, and which brings us good and evil together; so that no good is without its own incidental evil, and no evil is incapable of being converted into the source of some good. We have suffered ourselves to be shut out of the social and political life of our country quite long enough. We have submitted with quite sufficient endurance to be quietly dislodged from our places, as men who, by the very nature of their creed, were aliens to English ideas, English habits, and English liberty. We have spent time and labour in refuting by words the absurd prepossessions of our neighbours, when we might sometimes have far more easily convinced them of their folly by simply disregarding their extravagances, and acting as if no such things existed. As they so habitually assume that a Catholic *cannot* take his place as a member of a nation, so it will be our policy habitually to assume that he can; to anticipate no opposition, and when we meet it, simply, if possible, to disregard it; to act, in a word, just as we should if there existed no religious differences whatsoever between us.

That this method will always succeed in disarming hostility and softening ill-will, we do not for a moment pretend; but it will often succeed; and if it only succeeds sometimes, it is well worth the effort, for the sake of all classes in the Catholic body. That it will succeed far better than the system of anticipating opposition and ill-will, and of attempting to conciliate our adversaries by knocking them down, we have not the smallest doubt. Go where you will, in every rank and in all matters, the surest way to make a man your friend is to presuppose that he is so, and to act in all respects as if it were an understood thing that you were on the best of terms. In times past it was perhaps very difficult, sometimes impossible, for Catholics to take their places in national public life; partly because they were so few in number, and partly because the whole national mind of Protestantism was so intensely embittered against them. But bad as things still are, they are better than they used to be. We are far more numerous, at



least in the upper and middle classes, than we were twenty years ago. At that time the great majority of the families of the English aristocracy and gentry had never seen such a being as an actual live Catholic. He was an unknown monster. The world hardly knew whether his eyes, hands, and legs were like those of other people. But now there is scarcely a family which does not number a Catholic among its own connections; and thousands have learnt to their astonishment that not only do Catholics look like other men and women, but they positively eat, drink, sleep, and talk like them, and, more marvellous still, think and feel without violating the elementary laws of human nature. It is even shrewdly surmised by some soaring intellects that we are not quite such fools as they have thought, after all. They rub their eyes, and begin to believe that a man may be a Catholic, and a good Catholic too—nay, a thorough-bred ultramontane Papist—and at the same time a scholar, a mathematician, a man of genius, a sound politician, a practical man of business, a trusty friend, a keen sportsman, or a capital good fellow in all things except a “capital good fellow’s” vices.

We repeat, then, what some months ago we ventured to urge on our readers, that, from the peer down to the mechanic, it is time for us to show ourselves among our fellow-countrymen. Scattered throughout the country there are very many Catholics,—nobles, gentry, and men of the trading and working classes,—who are perfectly capable of playing, if not a distinguished, yet a very creditable part in the drama of social and national life. The work of every one of these is to be done in his own sphere; not by thrusting controversy into the face of every body he meets, nor yet by concealing his religion and making himself as like a Protestant as he can. His object ought to be to let the world *see* that he is a devoted Catholic, who would die rather than compromise one iota of his faith or morals; and at the same time a man both ready and able to fulfil the duties of a citizen and neighbour in all matters for which his rank, his wealth, or his capacity fits him.

Many of our gentry and aristocracy are, no doubt, too far advanced in life to be able to change their habits of honourable retirement for an equally honourable activity. They did their duty in their day; and we who live in a different era owe no small debt of gratitude to those who held fast to the faith when the storms raged so wildly against it. But we make bold to submit to the younger members of our old families, to the cultivated and sincere members of the learned professions, and to every man who has brains, energy, and a tolerable education, that this is not the time for us to slink

into corners like naughty boys, or to lie down on the ground and let bigotry ride roughshod over our heads. We must make ourselves felt and recognised as an existing *part* of the nation; and this can only be done by sharing in its life, fulfilling our portion of its duties, and contributing to its instruction and enjoyment. The result will be, not only a diminution of the difficulties which beset those who are disposed to become Catholics, and an enlightening of the minds of thousands as to our real creed, but it will be a better protection to our clergy, to our nuns, and to our poor, than all the assaults we can make upon the doctrines of Protestantism, and all the satires with which we can show up the inconsistencies of its adherents.

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#### INSTRUCTION *v.* EDUCATION.

A MODERN spiritual writer says in one of his works that he supposes we all do as little as we can help. This is not a truth at first sight very apparent; but as a man goes on in life and experience, he finds how very common, not to say universal, is this laziness. And in education, the special subject of our present reflections, we think it cannot be doubted that laziness—a general leaning to the side of doing nothing, as Lord Melbourne defined it—is the great evil that has to be met. In America the “Know-Nothing” movement is the greatest antagonist of the Catholic Church. Here we groan under the Do-nothing movement, if it be not an absurdity to call it a movement at all.

But of laziness there are two kinds; which we may distinguish into doing nothing, and having nothing to do. The first may be defined as a general tendency, irrespective of subjects or circumstances, to leave every thing as it is; a backwardness to expend breath, or exert brain or muscle; a feeling about the individual similar to that which is so often expressed by Anglicans respecting their Church, that what she needs most is rest. Whereas the second, and more respectable sort of laziness, may be described as the doing nothing from having nothing to do; because nothing, that is, comes before us as a definite duty that may and ought to be done. And people afflicted with this are not exactly inactive from sheer indolence, but stand idle all the day long because, like those in the parable, no man has hired them. And while the first are pretty nearly past cure, and nothing will move them but the application of absolute force, the latter

may often be roused into sufficient activity by having a clear view of their work adequately brought before them. It is with the view of assisting those whose laziness is of this kind, that we propose to continue the remarks we were led to make in our last Number on the subject of education.

For we are confident that there are many amongst us, having the management of schools, who are far too good and too zealous to be unwilling to exert themselves to make them efficient, if they had any clear ideas on the subject. But they have no definite view of what is to be done. They have a general wish to do good; and education being evidently an important means of doing good, they have a general wish to use their best efforts to promote education in general: but, as a friend of ours said that certain learned works on the faith of other ages always left on his mind a very magnificent idea of nothing particular, so it is with these worthy men: they have a vast desire to do general good by means of education; but not having any particular idea of what education is, or how it is to be made effective, they do nothing. They are like men in a fog; they know in general the point they wish to arrive at, but have at best very indistinct ideas which way to turn to get to it. And some of the most hopeful of them seem to expect, like the drunkard in the story, that as the world is going round, they have only to stick fast to their present position, and in time their own door is sure to come to them. Yet these are well-meaning and zealous-hearted men. Can we be of any service to them? We will try.

A well-known book of cookery, when giving the recipe for making a dish of hashed hare, begins by saying, First catch your hare. So we must say here. First get your school; not always the least difficulty, as in aforesaid recipe. But as it is not that which it is our present business to deal with, we will suppose the hare already caught, and the school in existence; we will picture to ourselves the children collected, and standing neatly dressed in their ranks before the manager. He has on his right a liberal friend ready to supply every necessary expense, and on his left an obsequious teacher anxious to carry out his instructions. Every thing, in fact, is prepared for immediate operation. And he, as chief operator, is to direct the work. What is he going to do, what does he aim at doing with the children before him? Aim at doing? What can he aim at but making them good? Making them good! Rather an indefinite intention, like that of our friend in the fog. However, Mr. Manager, we will not quarrel with your expression: only explain and define it. What do you mean by "good?" and next, how are we to make them so?

First, what do you mean by good? Why, making them turn out well. Foggy again. What is turning out well, applied to children? A crop of cabbage-plants turns out well. A greyhound-puppy turns out well. We must have something more accurate than this. What do we mean precisely by children turning out well? Good is a relative term; what do we understand by human beings, by these children before us, being made good? The children have, like the cabbage-plants and greyhounds, physical capacities. Is our education in order to improve and develop these? Is it to give them skill and practice in different arts, to enable them to fill some useful situation in the world? Is it to render them serviceable housemaids, skilful cooks, diligent shoemakers, or obsequious tailors? This, you will say, is something; but certainly we should not give ourselves so much trouble about education merely for the sake of supplying the world with better servants or tradespeople. Children are reasonable creatures; and while we would not exclude physical training, yet certainly we aim at something more than training their bodily faculties as we might do those of a horse or a pointer.

Here, no doubt, the master or mistress will come to the rescue, and remind us what a much higher view of education they take. That they wish to improve the minds of the children by a superior kind of learning; and are ready to make them acquainted with the intricacies of grammar or geography, or even algebra and mathematics, that the children may go out into the world with cultivated minds, and able to speak clearly and write elegantly, and mix with their fellows with credit to themselves and their school. And then, as if to enforce their view, they set off the whole school of poor little monkeys marching round the room, and singing as they go, to the tune of "Here's a health to all good lasses," the well-known infants' song which begins:

"What is moral education?  
Universal information."

What do you say to that, Mr. Manager? Do you call that nothing? And next tell us what you think, Mr. Manager. Give us your views on the subject. Is this the end that you have in bringing these children together, and making such efforts about your school? Is it to help forward the march of intellect? Is it that shoemakers and tailors may be intellectual members of society; that ploughboys may have a correct and cultivated taste; that cooks may no longer be under the reproach of writing inelegant and ungrammatical epistles; and that housemaids may be as well acquainted with

the mountain-ranges and water-courses of the earth as they are with the geography of the well-furnished drawing-room? No, you will say to yourself; all this is very well in its way, but I have other fish to fry besides attending to this sort of thing. In short, we see that there is a greater thing to be aimed at than the cultivation of either the physical or the intellectual part of our nature, viz. our moral well-being.

And here perhaps we may be called upon to define what we mean by good, morally good: so we will lay down, that what we aim at with regard to these children is, *the formation of character*. It is plain that our physical capacities and intellectual faculties admit of being strengthened, without necessarily any influence on the character. Good servants may be bad men; skilful artisans may be scandalous livers; obsequious and clever tradesmen may be dishonest and hard-hearted. Nay, further, people may be clever, active, diligent, and even honest and trustworthy in their worldly callings, and yet be on the way to perdition. What, then, a true system of education aims at is, the formation of character; that the children may turn out not merely active and diligent, skilful and trustworthy, clever and thoughtful, but may be all this and something more—conscientious and religious. That they may have all these qualifications, not merely because it is necessary to have them in order to be respectable and to succeed in life, but because God has commanded it; because, in short, they have souls to save, and mean, whatever inconvenience may come of it, to save them. Yet to define precisely what good we aim at by education, we should say it is not simply preparing for a future life, still less is it simply fitting oneself for the present; but the latter, with reference to the former; being armed and equipped to engage in the battle of this life because of and in order to the other, which is to follow.

This, then, is what we aim at. Next comes the question, what means we are to use for the purpose; in other words, how we are to make the children good. We are to teach them; but how? What is the way in which we are to teach them? It will be said, All you can do is to show them what they ought to do; to give them a knowledge of their duty, and leave them to do it or not as they will. You cannot, in the true sense of the word, *make* them good. Is it so, then, that all we have got to do, because all that we can do, is to teach the children the Commandments, to tell them what to do, and how to conduct themselves, and then say, Now go out into the world: I have told you what to do; be good; be religious; do what is right.

And yet no one thinks of giving physical or intellectual

education in this way. Who could teach cooking, or even making a loaf of bread, by simple instructions how to do it? Who ever made, or could make, a coat or a pair of shoes by directions given as to how it was to be done? Or take a simpler thing. Try to teach a child to walk by instruction only. Wait till it is old enough fully to comprehend your language, and then frame a code of directions stating how and in what manner one leg is to be advanced before the other; how the body is next to be carefully poised, and then the remaining one first to be drawn up, and then in its turn advanced in front; how the equilibrium is to be preserved, &c. What poor mortal would ever learn to walk? Or take intellectual matters. Could reading, for instance, or writing, be taught by instruction only? Could words be sounded, or letters be formed, without practical illustration and example? Is not this the main difference between arts and science, that the latter, concerning knowledge only, can be taught by instruction, by books, or word of mouth; the former, on the other hand, being concerned with practice, can only be learned under ordinary circumstances by example and imitation? Man, especially while yet in the monkey state, is most providentially, like the monkey, an imitative animal. He can learn to do any thing he sees others doing; but is very stupid at being taught by instruction; or perhaps we may say he is imitative here too, in *not* doing what he does *not* see done. Now, then, what is moral goodness, an art or a science? Unfortunately, it is both. Men may know, and that most perfectly, what goodness is, and how to be good,—in short, goodness as a science,—without being at all acquainted with it as an art. But it is an art as well as a science; and it is with it as an art that we have to do in our schools. As an art, then, it must be taught, if it is to be taught at all; not by instruction, but by practice.

And this is meant by the distinction that is made between education, properly so called, and instruction. Rodriguez, in his treatise on humility, gives several chapters on the excellence of humility, its advantages, the different kinds of it, and the methods of practising it; but afterwards, to remind us that though his office in writing was and could only be to instruct on humility, yet that it could never really be attained by instruction, he has a chapter with this quaint heading: "Another more efficacious way to acquire humility is to practise it." And so about virtue and goodness in general: if we would have the children to possess them, it is not enough to teach them their advantages, and the methods and ways of practising them; we must make them begin at once, we must

let them be under an apprenticeship to goodness, so as not merely to learn what it consists of in the abstract, but see in the practice of daily life how it is to be exercised. We must let them, that is, learn it by example and imitation, and act upon it themselves until a habit of it is formed within them.

It may seem a strong thing to say, but it may, we think, be doubted how far it is a good to give instruction at all, except as part of education strictly so called. Instruction only operates on the mind; it teaches us, it gives correct notions of a subject: informs us, for instance, what are the laws of God; what are our duties to Him and our neighbour; it tells us of the excellence and rewards of goodness and virtue, of the methods of practising it, and so forth. But to what does this knowledge tend, unless practical goodness is built upon it; unless, that is, the theory is put then and there into practice? "Going over the theory of virtue in one's thoughts," says the philosopher, "talking well and drawing fine pictures of it; this is so far from necessarily or certainly conducing to form a habit of it in him who thus employs himself, that it may harden the mind in a contrary course."\* What, then, instruction, as distinct from education, tends to produce and does produce is, that the child learns "to hold the truth in iniquity." He is made well acquainted with the excellence and obligations of virtue; he learns its great beauty and vast importance; he is taught to have clear and correct notions of duty and obedience to God's laws. If he is at all thoughtful or clever, he admires the marvellous structure and beauty of virtue, as he does the wonders of astronomy or botany. But as he does not see the theory of virtue acted upon by others, or enforced upon himself whenever occasion offers, he comes to know that it is but a science like geology, or a beautiful theory, like music, to be taken up and followed out as each one's taste and inclination leads him. At present his taste does not lead him precisely in that direction; he has more important and pressing objects.

But it may be said, What, after all, can you do more than instruct the children? Can you make them good? Can you make them practise virtue? Can you undertake that their practice shall keep pace with their knowledge? Have they not, children though they are, freewill; and does not experience prove that there is no *making* even children good against their will? We admit it: but we can try. We can aim at making them good by leading them to practise goodness as well as instructing them in it; we can let them see that even in school virtue is more than a theory; and this is what is meant by

\* Butler, Anal. ch. v.

education as distinguished from instruction, by what is called moral education.

And here we can fancy that some of our old friends will be ready to step in and say, "Fiddle-de-dee with your moral education: I hate all your new fancies. Cultivation of the physical and intellectual and moral faculties of poor ragged Irish children—stuff! Why can't we go on in the good old way? Our forefathers were as good, or perhaps better, than we are. They managed to go through the world well, and to lead good lives. Why can't we do the same? Why can't we teach our children to read and write, and say their Catechism, as they did? I am for a plain simple education. I hate this modern movement, teaching all sorts of things to our poor children instead of giving them an education suitable to their station. It makes them proud and conceited, and unfit for their work; and the end of it will be, they will rise up and rebel, and we shall have a revolution. That will be the end of it all."

This objection is so common, if not so good a one, that it must be answered. And first, if it is asked, Why should we not do as our forefathers did? the answer, if we let out the whole truth, is, because we are not our forefathers. If, as we believe, our forefathers were sensible and practical men, they did what was best for their own times and circumstances; and if we wish to be like them, it will be by doing what is best for our times and circumstances, and not servilely copying other times. We see an example of this same narrowness of mind in regard to architecture. Men admire, and most justly, the architects of the middle ages, and the splendid structures of our medieval forefathers; and in their desire to be like them, they go and build churches and houses the very models of what were built five or six hundred years ago; the same medieval windows, that let in wind as well as light; noisy and unmanageable doors, made either to open *or* shut, but not both; smoky, uncomfortable fireplaces, very pretty and gothic in summer, but an intolerable nuisance when it is cold enough to want a fire. And in churches just that disposition of windows, of altar-arrangements, and of general size and shape, which does *not* suit the present wants of the present day, but those of the days when men's whole life and habits were different. Now our forefathers and their architects were large-minded and practical men, and they not only looked to what was most natural and convenient, but were ready to adopt any improvement or new invention. Look at their buildings, and we find that the last thing they did was to copy or follow another age. They went great



lengths in adopting any thing newly invented, even though it did not match or agree with the former work. In every thing they looked to the present, its wants and capabilities. And so in education,—if we want to be sensible practical men like our forefathers, we shall, like them, not copy former ages, but set ourselves to meet the circumstances and exigencies of the times we live in.

Secondly ; even suppose the education which was given in the time of our forefathers were, abstractedly speaking, the best for our times, it does not therefore follow that it is the best possible under present circumstances. We would have it well considered, taken to heart, and reflected upon, by all old fellows, files, and fogies, that they have to take into account the whims, weaknesses, and wickednesses of all parents, guardians, and governors who have not such true, correct, and enlightened views as themselves. A successful physician not only considers what is best for his patient, but also what the said patient is ready to stand. Now it so happens that at the present time there are a considerable sprinkling of parents who take very low views on the subject of education, and look upon it simply as a means of getting on their children in life. Whether or no the children turn out good Christians they care little. We have ourselves known an Irishman (and it was a strong thing for an Irishman) to answer a priest who expostulated with him for sending his children to a Protestant school when there was a Catholic one at hand, that his children should go to the school where there was the best *larning*. It is a lesson we have never forgotten. For, in fact, even if the old system is in itself the best, yet there are multitudes of the poor who take the unsound view, if you please, of looking a great deal to the intellectual progress of their children, and who will not for a continuance send them to an old-fashioned school. This may be a bad state of things ; but we cannot help it ; and if we are wise we shall take it into account. If our schools are not equal to others in secular things, they will not be frequented so well. We formerly visited a secular college in Belgium, conducted by priests ; and were surprised at the extent of knowledge of all sorts of things, curious and profane, that the young gentlemen had to learn ; and upon asking the superior whether he was of opinion that learning all these sort of things was the most desirable sort of education, he admitted that he thought not ; but, said he, it would never do for us to let our school be, or be thought to be, inferior to those of the government in secular knowledge : a great many of the children would be taken out of our hands. And so in our own case ; it is of no use to

set out with any theory which cannot be carried out in practice. The hare, we must remember, must be caught; or, what is the same thing, not let go when in our hands. The best system of school-teaching in the world cannot produce any good results, if in matter of fact it empties the school-benches.

But we go a step further than this. The old-fashioned system not only will not do at present, because, if adopted, a large number of children will leave the school and go elsewhere, but also we are strongly of opinion that it is *not* in itself the best for us, but that a more ample and enlarged education is really required to meet the dangers of the present time. It will scarcely be denied that one of the most successful dodges of Satan in the present day is to persuade people that the Catholic religion is unscientific and antiquated; that it will not bear the light of modern knowledge. It is, indeed, acknowledged that the Church *was* the great leader of science and civilisation; that her most devoted children were also the greatest lights of the world and of secular knowledge; but this, they say, was because those were the dark ages. Now things are changed; the world has advanced; she has grown out of those times, and can no longer be kept in bondage. The Church, which was once before the world, is now behind it. She cannot bear the intellectual enlightenment of these days; and so she opposes the progress of knowledge, and would give only such a meagre and scanty education as consists with her teaching.

Now, how shall we most effectually disarm this foul calumny? Words and arguments will not do it. It is to no purpose to show that in the present, as well as in past times, a large majority of the most eminent men of the world—men who have been most distinguished for success in science and the arts—are devout Catholics. This will not do. The calumny spreads faster and gets farther than the answer, and is the cause of thousands making shipwreck of the faith. You must not merely answer the calumny, but destroy it; you must, by the means of education, make men feel the consistency of science with religion. Are we to do this by withholding from them the knowledge—useless or superficial though it be—which their fellows possess, by subjecting them to the consciousness of inferiority in secular knowledge to the heretics or infidels around them?—No; we must make them and the world see that they are not a whit behind the rest even in these things. We must strengthen them against this temptation by the thought that their knowledge of secular things comes from the same source as the knowledge of their reli-

gion; that the same persons who taught them to love and fear God, and to obey all that His Church commands, are those who gave them all the knowledge they possess of this world, its nature, its history, and its sciences, and left them too, even in these points, not a whit behind the boastful scholars of the age.

Our schools, then, to meet the dangers of the present day, must not only be superior to other schools in the religious knowledge which they impart, but they must not be at all inferior to them in point of secular teaching. It is the only way open to us. It might be just as well, indeed, that secular education were not carried so far, or valued so much. But this is beyond our control. People do value a high secular education; and as they can get it, they will. Nor is there any danger in the thing itself, carried ever so far; only a good deal of trouble. For if secular education is carried high, religious education, moral training, must be also. The danger lies in the secular education outstripping the moral and religious; in the disproportion of the one to the other. If intellectual knowledge is skilfully imparted, so must religious be. If it is wide in extent and deep in character, the religious teaching must not be either narrow or superficial. If a great point is made of habits of cleanliness, order, punctuality, and other worldly virtues, still more must be made of those of purity and truthfulness, of charity and devotion. Being kind, obliging, humane, and benevolent, with all the other duties and counsels of philanthropy, must never be allowed to hold a higher place in heretical and infidel schools than the love of God holds in ours.

But, after all, what Catholic can really object to moral education? He may not like the term. We do not ourselves particularly admire it; because it does not seem necessarily to include religion. But it is useless to take fright at the sound of a word. What is the thing meant? Man's faculties being threefold—physical, intellectual, and moral—moral education means the education of the moral faculties; the highest in kind that we naturally possess, and those upon the right exercise of which our future destiny depends. If it is in any way right, or our duty to educate at all, what more important part of education than this? For ourselves, we do not see how it can conscientiously be overlooked. A man may think that it is sufficiently provided for by the care of parents; but of the thing itself he cannot make a question; and if, as in this country it cannot, or at least is not, in matter of fact provided for by the parents, it ought to be, and must be, in the school.

Education, then—real, true education—is not, in its es-

sence, imparting knowledge, but it is the formation of character. And as character, so far as it is acquired, is made up of habits and principles, education is the formation of habits and principles. Its aim is to teach the child how to use rightly the freewill which God has made its inalienable possession, and upon the right exercise of which its temporal and eternal welfare depends. And the means which education uses to this end is, not merely to teach, but to exercise it in the present use of freewill, while it is yet tender, and under, not indeed compulsion, but control and direction. It is to form and establish in the very soul of the child certain fixed principles and rules of conduct; rails, not indeed of iron, but of a material as unbending, laid down in the road of life, and which are to guide and support him as he is hurried along with precipitate speed, but with unerring course, until he arrives safely and surely at the appointed terminus. It is to form not merely principles for the guidance of his conduct, but habits likewise, to revolve smoothly and steadily upon them; and which, when once set in motion, shall continue to carry on the machine, apparently without effort, to its final destination.

This, we say, is what true education is to effect. But to implant these principles, to form these habits, is not a simple process, the same in all cases. Regard must be had, if we would succeed, to the special circumstances of each individual case. We must consider what is the probable future of those in our hands, and what particular difficulties and temptations they will chiefly have to contend against; what particular parts of their character need to be most strengthened; what habits must be most thoroughly acquired, that they may pass safely through the world. We must also take into consideration what are the materials we have to deal with; what is their character and present circumstances; what, that is to say, the nature of the case admits of being done, as well as what we might wish to be done; that we may not mar our work by attempting impossibilities. All this, and much more, must be thought of and provided for, if we would succeed in education. But we must leave the more particular consideration of the best method of education for a future occasion.

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## THE MORALS AND POLITICS OF MATERIALISM.

No naturalist, however great an infidel he may be, provided he has a grain or two of reason, can go into a geological museum, and examine the exuviæ of the worlds of life which have bloomed and faded—the fossils of animals and plants that, after flourishing for ages, at last became extinct—without first fearing, and then feeling, that man's time must at length come; the day when our race will be reckoned with the mammoth and mastodon, when we also shall have disappeared from the scene, and when the only evidences of our existence will be concealed within the rock and the gravel-beds. So also no humanist, be he socialist, rationalist, or the firmest believer in human perfectibility, can stand on one of the Pyramids, or amid the ruins of Babylonia, without feeling sure that each great nation has its day, and then dies; and if he is rational, he will also know that a thing whose parts are finite must itself be finite; that the human race, which in some of its branches is always coming to an end, will at length come to an end altogether, and vanish from the face of the earth. The geologist and the historian alike may ask themselves, Why have these now extinct races and nations lived; to what end has their existence conduced? Was it the final end of the mammoth to leave his huge bones in a deserted cavern, or of the Egyptian to pile up a few conical masses of mouldering stone, and of the Babylonian to throw together a certain number of hillocks of decomposing brick? What did they live for? What influence have they now-a-days?

Such, only on a larger scale, and in darker colours, would be the questionings of the last man, supposing him to be a modern philosopher. “What now has been the use of the human race? What signify the few scars it has left on the face of mother earth? Has it lived only to erect a few buildings, which earthquakes and storms shall throw down; a few ships, already rotten; a few machines, which shall soon rust to shapeless masses; a few books, which no rational eye shall ever scan? Here is a precious finish to all our hopes and fears, our loves and hatreds, our ambitions and our philosophies. In a day or two no trace whatever will remain of all our labour; no fruit will be gathered from such a seed-time of toil.” With this desponding soliloquy, the last man goes and hangs himself, and the human race is extinct.

These remarks were suggested by the perusal of a paper in

the *Westminster Review* for July, on the "Principle and practice of Christian missions;" a paper which denies that saving souls from hell, or preparing them for heaven, *is* the end of the missionary; and affirms that his only rational object must be to raise savages in the scale of civilisation. The intention of the writer of the article in question is simply to contrast the two distinct aims of the Christian and the philosophical missionary; that of the former being "to rescue by baptism the greatest possible number of human beings from eternal torment;" while that of the latter is "to raise savages into civilisation." It is needless to say, that the latter end alone is considered to be worth pursuing; while the former appears to the reviewer to be not only fruitless, but even, in Protestant hands, in the highest degree mischievous to the people subjected to its operation. In Catholic hands the principle is only a few degrees less noxious: it may be amiable, but it is useless. Speaking of the Paraguay missions, the writer says:

"No trace whatever remains of this great missionary work. If the question of success is stirred, the reply of Catholics is that a hundred thousand souls were rescued from hell, and that the crowns of the apostles and martyrs of the work are brightened accordingly. Historical students and moralists say that, judged by any radical principle, the work has come to nothing. We see that among a people saved by their teachers from the trouble of thinking, and from the pressure of worldly anxieties, the lash in the school, and bribes or terrors out of it, must be needed for stimulus; but we think ill of such a state of society, and are not surprised to hear that its subjects were delicate in frame, scrupulous in conscience, indolent at their work, and dull at their play. . . . That such a demure, superficial, dependent, and artificial state of society should fall to pieces at once when its keepers are withdrawn, is just what might have been looked for; and as all traces of it have vanished, it can be pronounced, in a historical and moral sense, nothing but a failure. Whether one hundred thousand souls have been saved from the pit of hell it is not our present business to inquire. But we doubt whether the one hundred thousand people were healthier, wiser, or happier than their fathers; and as they have been unable to perpetuate the supposed benefits they received, we are compelled to conclude that there was some fatal error in the management of their case."

We do not remember ever reading a page of more shallow materialism. No trace remains of the work, therefore none was done worth speaking of. What dreamy school-girl sentimentality! Take a child over the field of Waterloo; and he cannot believe that among that waving corn, which now looks so peaceful, one of the decisive battles of the world was no long time ago decided. He looks over the sea rippling under the morning sun, and cannot believe that only last night the

monster was lashing the shore in fury, breaking the ships against the rocks, and dancing the drowned mariners to the moon. Enter a church, where the sacristan is just putting out the lights, and the last fumes of the incense are vanishing against the groined roof; all looks so blank and dull, that you cannot persuade yourself that but now the awful sacrifice was being offered; and that angels were veiling their faces, and men annihilating themselves in spirit before the Divine Presence. How must the Apostles have felt, when they trod over the deserted Calvary, and watched the spot where the three crosses had been buried! How could they realise that there the God of nature had suffered; that there the world had been redeemed? All actions that are worth any thing quickly pass: it is the handiwork of the bricklayer, the blacksmith, the tinker, the cobbler, the tailor, that remains. The good deed, the intellectual act, the ecstasy of pleasure—these all pass away, and leave no traces behind; unless you have faith in the spiritual world to count it as something that each of them does its part in moulding and fashioning the soul, that each is written in heaven for reward, or elsewhere for punishment.

“Historical students and moralists,” it seems, count it for nothing that one hundred thousand souls were educated for heaven. In their eyes the fact that these people were unable to perpetuate their felicity upon earth destroys all idea of its having been felicity at all. This is a strange principle to introduce into eudæmonology, or the science of happiness. People in general are no more affected by the destinies of their posterity than by the pleasures and pains of their ancestors. Yet here we are told that a felicity which is not able to perpetuate itself in future generations is no happiness. For how many generations must it last to be worthy of the name? And what are we to say of that happiness which has no perpetuation? The happiness of the child cut off in tender years; of the pale student, wasting the flame of life in his greedy passion for knowledge; the happiness of the unmarried or childless, much more of the parent whose children are destined for ruin? Why should the “historical student or moralist” refuse to reckon up each individual element of happiness? Surely the true philosopher will esteem that nation to have lived not in vain which ended in giving a few thousands of souls to heaven, even though it has utterly perished, and left not a trace behind. To say that such a work has “come to nothing,” is to deny that spirit is better than body, that the soul survives after death, that man has any real work but to make shoes and grow bread-corn; it is to weigh worth by *avoirdupois* pounds, to measure humanity by the imperial quart, and

to reduce all virtue to statistical tabulation and numerical values. It is, after all, only a genteel way of denying the existence of heaven and of any future life. Why, how many nations have come to nothing, or have only bequeathed a few poor sounds to language, a few names to rivers or mountains, and a slab or two of unintelligible hieroglyphic to some museum? What is this for the sum, the total product, of the life of a nation? Does the historian say of it, with our superficial sophist, that "as all traces of it have vanished, it must be pronounced, in a historical and moral sense, nothing but a failure?" God knows that, judged by such a standard as this, not a people has ever existed that has not been a failure; not a nation has been extinguished that has bequeathed to posterity any legacy that can be considered an adequate representation of the value of the sweat, the tears, the blood, and the lives that have been spent in attaining it.

But the writer even goes so far as to doubt, from the one fact of the inability to perpetuate their state, whether the one hundred thousand Christians of Paraguay were "healthier, wiser, or happier, than their fathers." That is, he doubts whether it was not better for them to be mere animals, with a certain rude strength and longevity, a certain barbarian instinct of good nature, than, by being Christians, to be raised in the scale of humanity, to live in innocence and purity, and so to burn out like incense in the presence of the holy of holies. He forgets that, however healthy they might have been kept by withholding all knowledge from them, and leaving them in their old barbarism; however much longer the race might have been preserved by sparing to break its feeble brains with exercises of thought to which for ages it had been disused,—yet at last it must have gone. It might have been spared for a century or two, to have been improved off the face of creation by the pioneers of Yankee civilisation; it might have offered some five hundred thousand animals to Mumbo-Jumbo, instead of one hundred thousand souls to God; but end it must at some time. And when it has ended, and the philosopher or the moralist looks over the stubble of the reaped field, is it in accordance with common sense to lament that one hundred thousand ears of corn have been gathered instead of five hundred thousand thistle-flowers and nettle-stalks? Unless we believe that each soul is treasured up in the world of spirits, eternally to live in that state for which it prepared itself here, we must own that the whole world in retrospect has been a failure, that "there has been some fatal error in the management of the case." Here is the difference between ourselves and the Westminster reviewer;



we look for the result of the harvest in the barn ; he insists on finding it in the reaped field. He finds nothing there now, therefore he concludes that nothing was ever there, and that the whole concern has been a failure.

This materialism of the Westminster reviewer is but a specimen of that which we find throughout almost the whole range of the so-called philosophic literature of the day. Every object that is not precisely that which the philosophers lay down as the end of man is a "sham ;" and all those people who have not spent their lives in forwarding that which they have chosen, each for himself, as the great pursuit of humanity, is to be put down as a busybody, who laboured all his life in doing nothing. They are almost as hard upon soldiers and statesmen as they are upon missionaries and priests. With a pride of office, compared to which all imaginable sacerdotal superciliousness is as nothing, they exalt themselves as the gods of humanity, the only true teachers of the way of happiness. If one of them were to go into a church and hear a sermon on the dignity of the priesthood, he would be horribly indignant at the pride, as he would call it, that could assume such honours, and bear such incredible testimony to its own powers. But set him to write a memoir on a member of his own order, then you will soon see how blind he is to the ridicule of self-glorification. You will then find that though he uses his reason to drive from the world the supreme Reason that created it ; though he appears so disgusted with intellect, that he cannot even bear the name when it is a question about the government of the universe ; yet he is proud of his own, he makes a parade of it, he boasts continually of its power, and he lashes himself into a fury when any of its rights are disputed. Yet he refuses to admit an intellect of which his own is but a feeble image, which presides over the marvellous order of the universe, over that sublime harmony whose majesty and power move his soul so deeply. And in the place of the banished God he endeavours to set up a hero-worship, and adroitly essays to smuggle himself and his friends into the vacant throne. These men of the pen, these journalists and scientific persons, who at present have the ear of the reading public, and can easily make their voices heard through the world, would fain persuade it, that of all heroes the literary and philosophic chieftain is the only true one. Soldiers and statesmen, orators and judges, may be the marvel of the day, and the theme of all tongues, but they leave nothing to posterity, generally not even a name ; mankind, when they are dead, does not find itself better off than before ; they have not led the way to any marked progress ; bread is not cheaper for

them, nor locomotion easier, nor have men inherited from them a single useful idea the more. But the artist, the author, and the philosopher, we are told, live in their works, or in their inventions, and enjoy a real immortality. They are the gods who have brought us from starvation in Egypt to the fatness of the land of promise. This is the great thesis which the literary men of the present day are conspiring to prove; and great is their wrath against any unlucky brother in the craft who is pushed by the necessities of his stomach, or by an indiscreet genius, to lift the curtain which they would fain drop over the private vices and the petty follies which generally are found to distinguish the "great thinkers." Every now and then we are edified by a volume or two of worthless letters of deceased celebrities, set in a frame of anecdotes equally ill-chosen, which evidently do no small injury to the cause of letters; which cause, or conspiracy, or solemn league and covenant, has for its objects,—first, the recognition of journalists and philosophers as the *élite* of humankind, and the ministers of its happiness, peace, prosperity, and progress; and secondly, the enjoyment by such persons of all the honours and emoluments which grateful but misguided humanity now lavishes on other classes of supposed benefactors, on "priests and kings," on religious and civil governors.

"The peerage," says Arago, in his brilliant memoir of James Watt, "is in England the first of dignities and rewards; you would naturally suppose that this honour was conferred on James Watt? They never even thought of it! . . . When I asked the reason, they told me, 'These dignities are reserved for officers of the army and navy, for the influential speakers in Parliament, and for members of high families. It is not the fashion to give them to savants, to literary men, to artists, and engineers.' I knew it was not the fashion under Queen Anne, for Newton was not made a peer. But after a century and a half of progress in science, when each one of us in his short life has seen so many kings exiled, deserted, proscribed; their thrones occupied by men with no title but their swords,—might we not hope that the system of classifying mankind had ceased? That men would no longer dare to tell us, 'Whatever be your services, your virtues, your knowledge, none of you shall pass the limits of his caste.' . . . But let us count on the future. A time will come when the science of destruction will bend before the arts of peace; when the genius which multiplies our powers, which creates new products, which disseminates plenty among the masses, will occupy in the general estimation of men the place which reason and good sense assign to it now."

It seems, then, that "reason and good sense" assign a peerage at least to a mechanic who makes a notable improvement

a shoes (for the more vulgar and common the thing improved, the wider does the benefit extend); "reason and good sense" each that this scientific inventor of pegs or screws for boots should be rewarded by being made ruler of men, and that his talents should be transferred from the cobbling of soles to the cobbling of constitutions. We have seen the practical working of this kind of "reason and good sense;" we have seen most of the nations of Europe committed for a time to provisional governments, composed of poets and professors, astronomers, journalists, and theorists, without inspiring the populations with any ardent desire of their continuance, or with any profound regrets when they fell ignominiously from the seats into which they had wriggled. The events of 1848 soon taught Europe a lesson on the comparative value of "the science of destruction" on the one hand, and of "the arts of peace" on the other; or, in other words, of the soldier and statesman, as compared with the journalist, philosopher, and artisan.

One fallacy of M. Arago consists in his assumed division of all these functions into two kinds—"arts of destruction," and "arts of peace." We will not allow that the soldier studies solely the "science of destruction;" nor that "arts of peace" are exclusively those of the journalist, the artisan, and the theorist. Peace is doubtless the great necessity of man on this earth, the end of all association; but peace is not the result of newspaper-writing, star-gazing, or engine-making; it is an effect of good morals and good government. The arts of destruction, as Arago calls them, belong to those arts which bring men together, teach them practical wisdom and tact, make them know what man is, and how he is to be governed. Those that he calls the "arts of peace" are the arts which may be carried on in solitude, which have no reference to moral character, which teach no tact, which leave a man perfectly ignorant of human nature, and therefore perfectly unfit to govern. The arts of the soldier and statesman and ecclesiastic are the real arts of peace, whose end is peace and civilisation, whatever means they use to secure it. Those which Arago calls arts of peace are merely arts of enjoyment and luxury, fostered certainly by peace, but by no means incompatible with war; arts that chiefly flourish in peace, not arts which in any sense can be said to be productive of peace.

The first great need of society is to be well governed; and its first rewards and recompenses must be given to the ruler, since the substantial part of them generally consists in a share of the honours which encircle the government. To admit a person into a participation of the governing power is the

highest mark of confidence, the most solid honour, that a people can confer. While this remains the case, we can hardly expect the people to conclude that because a man writes sparkling prose, makes popular songs, can shout out the *Ut de poitrine*, can do difficult sums, discover new comets and planets, and determine whether the light of the sun comes from a gaseous envelop or a solid surface, that he is therefore fit for a share in the functions of government. Yet this is the pretence of modern author-craft. Because they find that their journals, ballads, and placards, can excite the masses to pull down, therefore they suppose themselves capable of building constitutions, making laws, and directing and governing the people. Yet, when they tried it in 1848, it was not long before every honest man appealed from the pen to the sword, from the so-called arts of peace, which had brought nothing but confusion and terror, to the science of destruction, which had now turned out to be the science of safety and preservation.

We are quite unable to see the validity of the argument which our philosophers generally use to enforce their views. We do not see why, because the inventor of the steam-engine will be better remembered by posterity than the minister who governed England, or the warrior who fought her battles in his age, he ought therefore to monopolise all the honours. In the cathedral of London the architect of the pile has no monument, but a slab with the inscription *si quæris monumentum circumspice*, while Nelson has an elaborate erection to his memory. The artist erects his own monument; the warrior and statesman spend themselves for their country, but erect no permanent column to their own genius. Government and strategy are necessary but transitory acts; it is fair that the want of intrinsic durability should have some external compensation. But oftentimes the artist and the inventor pretend that all they seek is immortality—or, if any thing more, it is wealth; why, then, lay a claim to the honours set apart for the men of action? If the value of a work is to be measured by its duration, a pair of pantaloons may be more precious than the human body, a fiddle than the music which it is intended to express, and the labour of a bricklayer more virtuous than the effort of a man who risks his own life to save that of another. But it is not so. Life itself is but a passing act; and the great actions of life, the noble deeds, all human works that are truly great, are but portions of this transitory act—minor acts, whose duration is a few minutes or hours, and which then vanish, and leave no visible residuum behind; whereas art remains, and the artist or inventor in his very work builds his own monu-

ment, while the man of action spends himself for others, to whom he commits his reputation; and justly do the nations undertake to erect his tomb. Though he cannot, like the architect and engineer, stand amid the buildings he has erected, the railroads he has planned, or the machines he has invented, and say, *si quæris monumentum circumspice*, yet he can appeal to the common intelligence of mankind, which acknowledges that the governor is here and now more necessary for our present good than the artist and the inventor, that the soldier is for the present a more direct and indispensable benefactor of the race than he who spends his days in inventing a substitute for leather, or a new method of making iron malleable. We do not live by bread alone, much less by our modern luxuries; but our whole political and social life depends on the government. This is indispensable; those may be dispensed with. And, as a matter of experience, when it comes to the question of who should govern us, we protest that we would rather remain as we are, under the dominion of custom and law administered by soldiers and orators, country gentlemen and lawyers, than be ruled, or rather quacked, by a mixed commission of astronomers, poets, engineers, and newspaper-editors, each with some social theory fire-new from the mint of his own dreamy brain.

We have tried in this short article rather to indicate than expose the gross materialism of a batch of modern philosophers, who judge of acts only by their permanent results impressed on the material world, and capable of being tested by the senses. It is worse than the materialism of Lucretius; for he, though he denied all existence of souls, yet held that *simulacra* detached themselves like thin membranes from the surface of the body, and often after the death of their parent visited his surviving friends in their sleep, thus preserving the image and likeness of the departed, and embodying and immortalising the man in the thin film of his *eidolon* or ghost. But for our moderns, a man once gone is annihilated; nothing remains except what he manufactured; his acts, his virtues, and his vices, are all gone. From this, how easy to come to the crypto-conclusion of Arago and the Westminster reviewer, that mere acts are neither bad nor good; that they are transitory, and therefore neutral; that it is only as leaving some permanent and sensible effect that they are valuable; that the act which ceases in itself, the act of faith, of hope, of love—the act of hatred, envy, and concupiscence—has no value whatever, negative or positive, merits no punishment, and deserves no reward except accidentally, so far as it happens to affect the material well-being, or the order and

decency of society. That, as it merits no reward and deserves no punishment, there is no judgment to be expected, no hell, no heaven. They would probably deny the remaining one of the four last things, unless it was palpable in the prosperity of the cheap-funeral contractors, and in the increasing revenue from the succession-duty; but they are not without hope of adjourning the summons of even death itself *sine die* by means of improved drainage and ventilation, and a better care of exercise and diet.

However, failure or no failure, one thing is certain; and that is, that our missionaries will continue to advance on the same road, and will not be induced to shunt off their engine to the line recommended by Mr. Wortabet or the Westminster reviewer. Compared to the whole population of the world, compared even to the harvest of Buddhism and idolatry, that of the Church has as yet been scanty. Yet we must go on; a bad harvest is better than none. *Et post malam segetem serendum est*,\* says Seneca. We must not despair because we are in a state of transition, wherein little is accomplished. The first wave of the flood-tide of the Church was in the times of the personal equality of the imperial system, and rushed from below upwards; then came a period of rest; the next wave was from above downwards, converting the people through the kings. The destruction of the feudal spirit has rendered this mode of missionary success from henceforth but of secondary importance. Society is now renewing itself on another basis of personal equality; and in the course of the present century men may perhaps be destined to see another mighty surge of the Church's waters, spreading once more from the broad base to the apex of society.

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\* We must sow even after a bad harvest.

## Reviews.

BEN JONSON, RECUSANT AND RENEGADE.

*The Poems of Ben Jonson.* Edited by R. Bell. J. W. Parker.

THE wisdom of the ancients, when it wished to express its convictions that a man had chosen a field of research from which very little fruit could be gathered, would jocosely observe that "it is very hard to shave an egg." Doubtless our Protestant friends will think that we shall also find it very hard to extract any Catholic capital from the history of Ben Jonson; and so in one sense it would be: but our intention and wish is not to hold him up as a confessor of the faith, but to show that the vaunted glories of our great age of literature are not due to Protestantism; that the great writers of that period, so far from being favourers of the new religion, hated it in their hearts; and although they had not the hardihood to incur for any length of time the penalties of recusancy, yet when they conformed, it was with grudging and bitterness, resolved, as they best dared, to repay with sarcasm and insult the unbearable tyranny that took their convictions under its tutelage.

We have heretofore devoted an article\* to show that Shakespeare, the idol of all true Englishmen, is in no sense a Protestant poet; that whether or no he conformed to the dominant religion, his yearnings were all for the old one. Before we go on to Ben Jonson, we will add one more passage to those quoted in that paper, to show the contempt in which the great master held the sole doctrine in which all Protestants of the period were agreed—namely, the identity of the Pope with Antichrist, and of the Catholic Church with the harlot of the Apocalypse.

Every body remembers that marvellous conversation in which Mrs. Quickly and the boy describe Falstaff's death to Nym and Bardolph; and the dame's anxiety first to deny and then explain away the fact, that he "cried out of women," said they were devils incarnate, and that the devil would have him on their account. "A' never could abide carnation, it was a colour he never loved," is her comment on the first division of his text; and to explain the second, she allows that he was too free with the sex; "*but then,*" she says, "*he was rheumatic, and talked of the [old-woman] of Babylon.*"

\* In July 1854,—New Series, vol. ii. p. 19.

Now if any one will put himself in the position of an auditor in those days, remembering that *Rome* was then pronounced *Room*; and that the similarity of sound makes Mrs. Quickly suppose that rheumatism was the Room-disease characteristic of the period, the chief symptom of which was unmeasured invective against the said Babylonish woman; if he will remember also that almost the single doctrine of the Protestantism of the period, as taught in homilies and sermons, was the identity of this scarlet dame with the Catholic Church,—he cannot, in our opinion, fail to see what was the intention of the great dramatist in bringing forward his Mrs. Malaprop, innocently accounting for all the debauchery of the fat knight by his Roman fever, and his agreement with those homilies. To make old Falstaff die a Protestant, cursing Popery, and to record his fixed hatred of the colour which is supposed to symbolise Rome, is certainly the work of one who was no friend of the Reformation; and who would, in a jocular manner, throw what dirt he dared upon it.\*

But our present purpose is to examine into the Catholicity of Shakespeare's companion and rival Ben Jonson, about which there can be no such doubt as may be entertained about the religion of the bard of Stratford. Ben was born early in 1574. His father, who had been imprisoned in Queen Mary's reign, was probably a Protestant; in which persuasion Ben was nurtured, and continued till 1593 or 1594; when, being imprisoned in consequence of having killed a man in a duel, with the gallows before his eyes, and hell closing the dreary vista, his soul was open to the impressions of religion, and he received the lessons of a priest and was reconciled to the Church. On this, "spies were set to catch him;" but the keeper of the prison, who seems, like many of his trade in those dreary days, to have favoured the priest, advertised him of them, and his abjuration was not discovered. On his coming out, he married

\* Since the above was written, a passage from a Ms. of Richard James, B.D., Fellow of Ch. Ch. Oxford, born in 1592, and consequently a contemporary of Shakespeare, has been quoted in *Notes and Queries* for Nov. 8 ult., which renders it certain that in the character of Falstaff our great dramatist intended to ridicule the saints of the Reformation; just as in *Hudibras* Butler intended to lampoon the saints of the Rebellion. "In Shakespeare's first show of *Harrie the Fifth*, the person with whom he undertook to play a buffoon was not Falstaff, but Sir Jno. Oldcastle; and *offence being worthily taken* by personages descended from his title (*as peradventure by many others also*), who put [him] to make an ignorant shift of abusing Sir Jno. Fastolphe; a man not inferior of virtue, though not so famous in piety as the other, *who gave witness to the truth of our Reformation with a constant and resolute martyrdom*, unto which he was pursued by the priests, bishops, monks, and friars of those days." So the person whom Shakespeare originally chose to enact this part was one of Fox's Saints and Martyrs; and when he was forced by popular clamour to drop that name, he chose another "of not inferior virtue" to illustrate the absurdities and the vices of Protestantism.



a wife, young, and a Catholic like himself, by whom he had at least two children, who died before him, and on whose death he composed very beautiful epigrams. She was, says Drummond, "a shrew, yet honest" *i. e.* faithful "to him." She died long before his visit to Scotland in 1618, when he communicated these particulars to the laird of Hawthornden. Before his conversion, he had taken to composing for the stage; and soon after his marriage he produced the corrected edition of *Every Man in his Humour*. The scene was originally laid in Italy; but after his conversion he transferred his satire from Catholic to Protestant manners. Some commentators have objected that he committed an oversight in retaining Kiteley's suspicions of his wife having poisoned his clothes and his drink: this, they say, is true of Italy, but happily unknown in England. But Gifford shows that the practice was as common in the time of Queen Elizabeth as now; and, indeed, quite a characteristic of her court. Soon after he produced *Every Man out of his Humour*. *Cynthia's Revels* was acted in 1600; its object was to ridicule the manners of the euphuists of the court. "After the atrocious execution of Mary of Scotland," says Gifford, "Whitehall appears to have grown extremely dull. Elizabeth herself lost her spirits, and became fretful and morose. The courtiers, who could not be gay, became affected;" and the Catholic poet could find no subject more congenial to his own feelings, or more gratifying to the spleen of the spiteful queen, than the castigation of their absurdities. In 1602 he published the *Poetaster*, and shortly afterwards the revised edition of his noble tragedy of *Sejanus*. The fine play, *Volpone*, was produced in 1605. But in this year Ben Jonson apostatised, and we shall trace his progress no longer; our intention is to examine into the probable motives of this lamentable step.

In Drummond's "costive and splenetic" account of his conversations with Ben in 1618, not much is said to enlighten us. "He took his religion," he tells us, "on trust of a priest who visited him in prison: he was twelve years a Papist; but after this he was reconciled to the Church of England, and ceased to be a recusant. At his first communion, in token of his true reconciliation, he drank out the full cup of wine." Drummond, however, was not much impressed with the truth and sincerity of his conformity; for in summing up his character, he says: "he was for any religion, as being versed in both." Gifford tells us that he convinced himself "by the aid of those wiser guides who follow truth alone."\* Any how,

\* Gifford has gathered this from an *interpretation* of some lines in Jonson's

by whatever means it came about, in 1605 he ceased to be a Catholic.

But it will be interesting to examine the steps of his apostasy a little more minutely. About 1603, two years before that event, his turn for conviviality commenced, as Gifford tells us. Then he rejoined the immortal club of the Mermaid tavern, where he and Shakespeare were the ruling minds. For ten years before his notions of religious duty seem to have kept him from this society. The stricter Catholics were as notorious as the Puritans for their objections to gambling and swearing. Thus, in *Every Man in his Humour*,\* Kitley says of Cash his clerk, who raises his suspicions by refusing to take an oath:

“ He’s no precisian, that I’m certain of,  
Nor rigid Roman Catholic : he’ll play  
At fayles and tick-tack ; I have heard him swear.”

Perhaps also the profession of actor or playwright was as suspicious in their eyes as it is now in those of the precisians of Belgium, where players are (or were till lately) excommunicate, and the faithful forbidden to frequent the theatre. Ben seems to have split the difference between the rigid Catholics and the loose fishes ; he wrote for the stage, but eschewed the Coal-hole. From the moment of his entering the latter place in 1603 he must be classed among the mere hangers-on of Popery, a loose outsider, with nothing to distinguish him externally from an ordinary “ Christian unattached.” Here he doubtless belonged to that numerous category of Papists who are referred to in an act of parliament of the period, which we shall shortly quote, who strove to hide their recusancy and escape its penalties by occasional attendance at church, where they snored through service and sermon. Such a culpable complacency is the inevitable preliminary to that fine easy amble which carries men so smoothly down-hill. They get used to tampering with their consciences ; and if any more severe law is enacted requiring farther compliances, they are

“ Execration upon Vulcan” for having burned his papers. Among the pieces consumed were some in which

—“ twice twelve years [had] stored up humanity  
With humble gleanings in divinity  
After the Fathers, and those wiser guides  
Whom faction had not drawn to follow sides.”

There is not a word here to justify Gifford in saying that Jonson devoted himself to the Fathers for the purpose of reconsidering his religion. Ben is evidently talking of extracts from the Fathers for controversy, and from the wiser guides, the ascetic writers, who do not enter the lists of polemics at all, for devotion. All that we can gather from this is, that Ben, like most other persons who have compromised their orthodoxy, affects to believe that piety is separable from, and more important than, truth.

\* Act iii. scene 2.

pretty sure to make the concession. Doubtless a learned man like Jonson would search for precedents for going arm-in-arm with majesty into the temple of Remmon,\* and bowing down there. He would turn over the pages of the "wiser guides who follow truth alone," till he found something to his purpose. His biographers generally assert that he undertook a deep study of the Fathers to clear his conscience previous to this step. It would be no doubt interesting to be able to point out the very passages of patristic lore which wrought this change in his soul. And we think we are able to do so with a considerable degree of probability. The *Bibliotheca Patrum* we have consulted is, however, no popish one, like the collections of Cotelerius, Gallandus, or La Bigne, nor even the Puseyite Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology from Oxford; but the works of the *patres conscripti* of the state religion of England, as contained in the prolix folios of the "Statutes at Large." We find chapters of that great work, "made and provided" in the very year in question (1605), that fully explain Ben's new illumination. The fourth chapter of the third year of James I. (1605) is intituled "An act for better discovering and repressing Popish recusants," and begins—

"Forasmuch as it is found by daylie experience that manie his majestie's subjects that adhere in their hearte to the Popish religion, by the infection drawn from thence, and by the wicked and devilishe councill of Jesuites, seminaries, and other like persons dangerous to the Church and State, are so far perverted in the point of their loyalties and due allegiance unto the king's majie and the crown of England, as that they are readie to entertain and execute any treasonable conspiracies and practices, as evidently appears by"—the Gunpowder Plot, (we are tired of quoting verbatim). And whereas some Papists hide their recusancy by occasional conformity—that is, by occasionally appearing at church; therefore, to prevent such frauds for the future, it is enacted that Popish recusants, conforming and repairing to church, shall receive the sacrament there once a year, under penalties of 20*l.* for the first year, 40*l.* for the second, and 60*l.* for the third; half to go to the exchequer, and half to any informer who chooses to sue.

We tremble for the stability of the jolly rollickers of the Mermaid; for those witty companions who, like Dr. Johnson, could only breathe the air of London, who would die if removed from the stage and from the court. They might, however, brave the penalty; but an unkindler cut awaits them. Let us turn to the next chapter in our *Bibliotheca Patrum*.

\* 4 Kings, v. 18.

In the fifth chapter of the third year of James I. (1605) we read as follows: "Whereas divers Jesuits, seminaries, and Popish priests daylie doe withdrawe many of his majestie's subjects from the true service of Almighty God, and the religion established within this realme, to the Romishe religion . . . . and have persuaded them to damnable treasons . . . . therefore a reward of the third part of the penalty (provided such third part does not exceed 50*l.*) is offered to all persons discovering recusants who harbour priests or attend Mass." And the second section of the act makes the following cruel inroad upon the courtly and urbane literati of the Mermaid: "And whereas the repaire of such evil-affected persons to the corte or to the citie of London may be very dangerous to his majestie's person, &c. . . . be it enacted that no Popish recusant convicted or to be convicted shall come into the courte or house where the king's majestie or the heire apparent shall be," under a penalty of 100*l.*: and, worse still, "shall not remaine within ten miles of London, unless within three months they conform, under the same penalty."

Now Ben, writer of plays and contriver of court-masques, poet, wit, Londoner, and jolly companion of the Mermaid, take your choice. Alas! it was but a little step from occasional conformity to the new mode of reconciliation by taking the sacrament. Ben complied; and to show his sincerity, "at his first communion, in token of his true reconciliation, he drank out the full cup of wine."

This little trait has afforded a fine handle for the comments of biographers, who see no irreverence in the act, but only a custom of the times, an evidence of the new-born fervour of the convert, or of his manly and decided character. We can, however, supply a few anecdotes which will throw a different light on the matter, and will justify Drummond's sarcastic expression of incredulity concerning his sincerity. The remarks which we are about to make, and the terms which we feel compelled to use, will necessarily be very offensive to our Anglican friends, who should not read what follows unless they are conscious of very good tempers. For ourselves, we would never insult any one's religious convictions except in self-defence. And this is a question of self-defence. By means of horrible persecutions your Church made our people partake of its communion; and then you and your writers forthwith claim for your religion whatever lustre the genius of these compulsory conformists can shed on it. However painful it may be to you to see this conformity represented in its true colours, as it appeared to the victims and as it appears to us, such representation is necessary to the cause of truth and of

justice. Suppose the priests of Baal had claimed Elias as a convert because he said, "Cry aloud; for he is god, and perhaps he is asleep, or talking," the young prophets, we imagine, would have defended their master's sarcasm and mocking invective, and would have shown by parallel cases that such an admission as Elias made involves only a bitterer denial of what he seems to assert. In the same way we intend to show that the apparent conformity of Ben Jonson was really intended by him to be an insult to the ceremony at which he was obliged to assist, instead of a hearty acceptance of it. The swilling the whole cupful of liquor (no other terms will properly express Ben's feeling about the act) certainly was a token of the truth of his reconciliation; but in the same way as a witness spitting at the book on which he is sworn instead of kissing it would be a token of the truth of the testimony he is about to give. We are afraid, dear reader, that you will think Ben's act horribly sacrilegious; and our tone in describing it flippant in the extreme, and inconsistent with the character of a serious review. But we beseech you to put yourself into our place, and to look at it, as well as you can, from our point of view.

Suppose you were in China, and were invited by some great mandarin to eat rice with him in the temple of the great dragon, with the alternative, say, of being flayed alive: of course you would at once choose the latter horn of the dilemma, and would cast your skin with as much unconcern as you take off your clothes. But suppose that in a moment of weakness—(mind, we do not say it is likely on the part of one so firm in his convictions as yourself)—suppose, however, you had culpably complied with the mandarin's former suggestion, we do not think you would afterwards suffer many scruples of conscience for having by such means as you dared testified your repugnance to the idol-feast of which you had partaken: you would rather boast, "Oh, but I spat in the idol's face, and carved my initials on the dragon's tail." Just so did the persons in question act towards the Anglican bread and wine; which, after all, no one, not even the most romanising Tractarian, has any right, since the late synod of Bath, to assert to be more than mere bread and wine—blessed bread and wine if you like; but still no more capable of being the matter of any real sacrilege than a leg of mutton after *Paterfamilias* has said grace over it. Pardon us for being plain-spoken; it is because we are not at all willing to allow you to lose sight of the real conclusion of the Denison decision.

In times of persecution one would hardly look to the theatres and pothouses, or even to the literary clubs, to contri-

bute any notable supply of confessors and martyrs. One would expect perhaps a great deal of witty abuse of the persecutors, and a great deal of tart irony on the subject of the dominant religion; but very little strength of purpose in resisting it. Conformity would be treated as a joke, and slang names invented to describe it; but nevertheless the conformity would be effected. Just so did the "fast" Catholics act. They called receiving the bread and wine "lunching with the curate," and attributed no more meaning to it than they would to that ceremony. Even pious persons sometimes so far compromised themselves as to do it once in their lives to secure their estates. It is related of a Comte de Montesquieu, who inherited large property in Ireland, which would pass to his brother in the event of his persisting in his recusancy, that he went over to his estate, "lunched with the curate," disposed of his property, and then reconciled himself anew to the Church; and that on being reproached by a serious friend for his fall, he answered, "he would sooner trust his soul for a week to Almighty God than his estate for a day to his brother." But even reprobate Catholics, who intended their apostasy to be final, nevertheless, as far as they dared, exhibited their contempt for the communion they were pretending to join. Those whose rank or recklessness placed them above the fear of consequences, often showed their disdain in a very summary manner. One apostate duke, after tasting the cup, gave it back to the parson with grimaces of disgust, and turned to his neighbour with the exclamation, "Port, by G—!" And Dr. Lushington and Dr. Sumner would have justified his asseveration; it was port-wine and nothing else, unless, which we can scarcely suppose, in those days merchants had learned to manufacture a spurious article out of logwood, elder-wine, and brandy. The same personage, at a great dinner given by the Bishop of London in his honour, in reply to a speech congratulating the Church of England on its distinguished convert, begged to propose as a toast, "the glorious Reformation, which had given wine to the laity, and wives to the clergy." Another noble and gracious apostate, the Duke of Shrewsbury, when, at Bromsgrove Church, he made the communion that was to capacitate him for office in the government, smelt the cup that was offered to him, and, without tasting it, demanded of the curate how he could expect a gentleman to drink such cursed stuff? thereupon he poured it on the ground (a ceremony since embodied by Dr. Hook in the Leeds ritual), and sent his servant to Grafton Manor to procure some better wine. The grand-daughter of the man sent is still living, and has often repeated the story to our informant.

Our last instance is still more like that of Ben Jonson. A sailor, forced to conform, put a shilling into the offertory-plate, and at the rails drank up the whole cupful of wine; giving back the empty vessel to the parson, with the remark that it was a d—d good shilling's worth, and he did not care how soon he had another. Now the very existence of these traditions among Catholics, even if they had not been true, would show what means they would take, if they dared, to exhibit their abhorrence of the act they were forced to perform. When, therefore, we find Ben Jonson taking these very means, there is, it appears to us, very little reason to doubt his true motive. There is, of course, great weakness in this conduct—it is like that of ancient Pistol, who eats the leek, and swears he will be horribly revenged. It is disgusting enough to the man of truth and of nerve; but, after all, it is only weakness and cowardice, seeking to shield itself under the mask of buffoonery, not the more disgusting hypocrisy of the serious apostate and renegade. We cannot ask Protestants to feel as we do with regard to this insult to their religion; but we do ask them to have fairness enough to own that they have only themselves to thank for it, in compelling recalcitrant recusants to redeem their liberty and their living by eating the "supper."

After his weak compliance, Ben Jonson exhibited precisely the kind of character that we should expect in a man so ill at ease in his conscience. "A great lover and praiser of himself, a contemner and scorner of others, given rather to lose a friend than a jest, jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he lived,—a dissembler of the parts which reign in him, a bragger of some good that he wanted; thinketh nothing well done but what either he himself or some of his friends have said or done. He is passionately kind and angry, careless either to gain or keep; vindictive, but if he be well answered, at himself; interprets best sayings and deeds often to the worst. He was for any religion, as being versed in both; *oppressed with fancy which hath o'er-mastered his reason*,—a general disease in many poets."

One thing, however, we must say for him, that after his apostasy he never libelled the religion that he had the weakness to relinquish; unlike Jeremy Taylor, or Chillingworth, or Gibbon, he never prostituted his talents to such a purpose. On the contrary, like "little John Nobody, that durst not speak," he continued to the end of his life to lash the vices of reformed England; never, that we know of, did he satirise the Catholic religion. In his *Staple of News*, written in 1625,

he gives some cock-and-bull stories about the Jesuits, to which his biographers refer as a proof of the sincerity of his Protestantism, but which are told in derision of those who believe in them, not in mockery of the Jesuits themselves. The persons who feel his lash are the gaping parsons and country justices, with their continual inquiries after the plots of recusants :

“The public chronicler and gentle reader  
No more shall be abused ; nor country parsons  
Of the inquisition ; nor busy justices  
Trouble the peace, and both torment themselves  
And their poor ignorant neighbours, with inquiries  
After the many and most innocent monsters  
That never came in the counties they were charged with.”

It is simply in mockery of the open-mouthed Protestant customers of the news-office that he retails these stories about the Jesuits :

“ — The King of Spain is chosen Pope  
And emperor too, the thirtieth of February,  
And Spinola is made general of the Jesuits ;  
And Vitellesco, he that was last general,  
Being now turned cook to the society,  
Has dressed his Excellence such a dish of eggs !”

There ! we defy Exeter Hall to make much of that. What follows is more in its style :

“ But what if Spinola have a new project  
To bring an army over in cork shoes,  
And land them here at Harwich ! all his horse  
Are shod with cork, and fourscore pieces of ordnance  
Mounted upon cork-carriages, with bladders  
Instead of wheels, to run the passage over  
At a spring-tide.”

He satirises the Calvinists at Amsterdam :

“ The saints do write, they expect a prophet shortly,  
The prophet Baal,\* to be sent over to them  
To calculate a time, and half a time,  
And the whole time, according to Naometry.”

To whom is this applicable ? to us, or to the religion which is illuminated by Cumming on the Apocalypse, Newton on Daniel, and Keith on the prophecies ? The news from Constantinople is as amusing :

“ They give out here, the grand signior  
Is certainly turned Christian ; and to clear  
The controversy 'twixt the Pope and him,  
Which is the Antichrist, he means to visit  
The church at Amsterdam this very summer,  
And quit all marks of the beast.”

\* Baal means Ball — a noted preacher of those days, mentioned in the *Execration upon Vulcan* :

“ The admired discourses of the prophet Ball.”



“Joyful tidings!” exclaims the puritan customer. But whom is Ben deriding, let us ask—the divines who are contending whether the Pope or the Sultan be the Antichrist, or the Pope, about whom the controversy is kindled?

We have no time to trace the declining years of the poet's life. We fear that he was more constant to the royal idol, whose worship he had adopted, than he had been to God: “he continued,” says Gifford, “while his faint and faltering tongue could articulate, to pay his annual duty to his royal master,” and with all the fawning flattery of those king-worshipping times. Yet among his papers that were left unfinished at his death, and that appear in his “Discoveries,” we find many indications of his dissatisfaction with his state. Unlike Donne, who can see nothing but triumphant progress towards perfection in the reformed world, Ben finds it raving mad: “Would she had but doated still! but her dotage is now broke forth into a madness, and become a mere frenzy.” In another place we have a curious attempt to combine loyalty to his sovereign and pity for the persecuted victims of the king's injustice. “Justice is the virtue that innocence rejoiceth in. Yet even that is not always so safe, but it may love to stand in the sight of mercy. For sometimes misfortune is made a crime, and then innocence is succoured no less than virtue. *Nay, oftentimes virtue is made capital,*”—as he had found during his recusancy, and as he timidly enough complains in these his dying words. Alas, poor, rare old Ben! could you not be content with creating your immortal Bobadil, without (in a religious sense) acting the part yourself? Was the glory of your long recusancy thus to be extinguished, and “left like an unsavoury snuff?” For twelve long years you scorned the sneaking hostility of the common informers and the pursuivants, but at last your Downright came upon you, armed with acts of parliament, and then you cried out, “Hold, under favour forbear!” For twelve long years you had braved the area-sneaks, but you could not endure the swinging of the swash-bucklers, and like Pistol, at their desires and requests and petitions, you ate, look you, this leek; and for much the same reasons as Fluellen gave: “because, look you, you did not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, did not agree with it.” We pity you, dear Ben, for eating; but we thank you for that grimace by which you testified how nauseous you found the flavour of the food.

## TURNER'S PICTURES AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

IF in all the fragrant pomp of stuffing and gravy that invaluable fowl, the goose, is convicted of folly because she is "too much for one, and not enough for two," with more reason is she chargeable with foolishness whilst living her most ornamental but briefest of lives, on green, common, or stubble, since naturalists tell us that no goose passes any portal, however high, without stooping in fear of a concussion. This is folly, the pride that apes humility with a vengeance. Few men of European nurture having altogether gooselike souls, it is the practice of certain kingly potentates in torrid climes, whose likenesses we see mostly on cups and saucers and cakes of Indian ink, to make the door of the audience-chamber so low that a contumacious envoy must either do homage on entering or fracture his skull—that is, if diplomatic skulls be thin enough, which may be doubted. An estimable friend of ours, an enthusiastic Turnerite, being unwilling to make geese of his friends, and finding three-foot doorways inconsistent with domestic convenience, adopts a plan of exhibiting his "Abbotsford," which, without infringing on his guest's sense of self-respect, obliges him to do corporal obeisance to the genius of the mighty painter. Having, with reverential gestures, unlocked the polished mahogany casket in which his gem is enshrined, he places the precious deposit in a proper slant on a low chair, day's garish eye being first duly mitigated, and then steps aside to enjoy his visitor's delight. The latter must of course either plump on his knees at once, like a man, or compromise by squatting on his hams, like a "black fellow," to the infinite danger of his braces, if not worse. We have gone through the process, and being lean and spare, survive; but some day a fat friend will succumb, and a catastrophe occur which we shudder to contemplate. Anyhow the supremacy of Turner is vindicated.

For our own part, we flatter ourselves that we enter the gates of the temple which Turner has erected to his own fame in the spirit neither of a goose nor an envoy. Still less will we yield service under the dragooning drill of the fashionable critic of the day. But in all seriousness and gravity, nevertheless, and in the exercise of a free and unbiassed judgment, we think his claim to be considered the greatest of modern painters abundantly established.

To arrive at this decision, no more materials are needed

than are now to be found (*seen* would not be exactly the truth) in the rooms of Marlborough House, which, in common with many thousand visitors, we have succeeded in "doing" to a certain extent this week.

Beyond all doubt, that painter is the greatest who most excels in the highest kind of art, in that power of representation which can set before us an image, however faint, of Divinity itself glorifying and illuminating man's face and form, which can present to our devout gaze such features as may have belonged to the Mother of God, and to the saints in heaven. Next in rank is he who can record the heroic and noble passages which dignify the pages of the world's history. Perhaps we ought to continue the descent of the scale still further before we arrive at the position of the artist who most perfectly represents the aspects of mere inanimate nature. But in declaring Turner to be the greatest of modern painters, what we mean, distinctly and unhesitatingly, is this, that no modern painter, in England or abroad, of subjects, either of devotion, or history, or belonging to what is called high art, has attained a position which places him at all on an equality with the great masters of the past; while Turner has not only outstripped in a notable degree all his competitors of modern times in the highest style of rendering inanimate nature, but has also surpassed in many respects every painter of similar subjects who has ever existed. We are not blind to his faults and shortcomings, to his extravagancies and eccentricities: but granting these, in all that constitutes true greatness in his branch of art, he remains, we are satisfied, without a superior. Hereafter, when circumstances admit of a more critical examination of the wonderful series of pictures which shine and glow even in the shadows of a back room and the fogs of November, we propose to explain more fully, and to illustrate our reasons for an admiration which is certainly neither prompted nor influenced by the cant of wordy art-criticism, which is a fashion and folly of the day. In the mean time let all who have a healthy enjoyment of painting take an earnest of future pleasure by seeing what little they can at present. Between the "Vernon" Turners and the artist's munificent gift to the nation, an entire history of the rise, progress, perfection, and, we hardly like to add, decay of his powers, is now collected within the walls of a single building. The new pictures are all dated, so that the uninitiated will find no difficulty on that score. Beginning with the dark old landscape, and the yeasty, foaming, Backhuysen-like shipwreck of 1805, we see how Turner *learned* to paint; then how, reading nature by the flame of his own genius, he sought

to express his growing knowledge by forms sanctioned and familiarised by custom, in such pictures as the "Decline of Carthage," which bears the date of 1817; then how, impatient of all trammels, when his very soul was bathed in the light of sun, moon, and stars, when the thousand changes of the atmosphere, and the endless combinations of colour became, as it were, a part of himself, he planned and executed such marvels of the imagination as the "Childe Harold" poem, for such it is, and (in 1839) the "Fighting Téméraire," with its overpowering sentiment and moral. It is difficult to conceive how a mere painting of an old ship being towed along at sunset can produce so deep and lasting an impression on the mind; but herein lies the glory of the artist.

Thus, in his first style, he gave a doubtful promise; in his second he measured himself boldly, but with an uncertain success, against the great Frenchman; in his third, if third it may be called, and not rather the due expansion in a natural direction of the second, he triumphantly asserted his transcendent genius. We trust that time may deal gently with the monuments of his fame; but there is much to be apprehended from the daring and unscrupulous mode in which he dealt with the materials of his art. The present actual money-value of his pictures now in possession of the nation is truly enormous, outweighing, in fact, the estimated value of all the rest of the collection.

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#### CONSCIENCE AND FAITH.

*The National Review*, Oct. 1856. Chapman and Hall.

OUR contemporary, *The National Review* for October, in an able but somewhat obscure article on "Personal influences on our present theology,—Newman, Coleridge, Carlyle," makes some remarks that are so exceedingly unjust to Dr. Newman, that we cannot pass them over in silence. After speaking with great praise of his theory of faith, the action of which begins in the conscience, and is developed by the intellect, "reverently taking the Divine instincts and drawing out their hidden oracles into the symmetry of a holy philosophy," the writer goes on to say, that "when we pass from his disquisitions to his tales, and observe the use to which he puts his doctrine in practical life, we start back in dismay, &c;" for there, he says, we find "the word *faith* degraded to the sense of trying the experiment of an unknown religion, and obeying

it at hazard." And there the "convert to Romanism" is warned that he "must not expect to get through without dirt, and to hope that things will look clearer when the eye has become used to them." Thus, he concludes, "whether you yield to what commands or to what scandalises your natural reverence, you equally satisfy the conditions of Dr. Newman's 'faith.'"

Now, in the first place, we are not careful in general to answer objections brought forward against the religious teachings of tales and novels: if there is any form of literature we detest and abominate, it is that wherein a flounced miss discourses on piety, or the events of the story demonstrate the falsehood of the system of the Jesuits. If a man has facts to prove or to state, let him prove them or state them like a man; but let him not work them up into a tale, where few will care, and no one will be able, to separate facts from fiction; where the truth is so associated with falsehood, that it becomes suspicious even to the most favourable eye, and where arguments are presented to the hostile spirit in precisely that form in which they are most easily silenced, if not most summarily refuted. We cannot fancy any more inappropriate engine for the edification of a religious conviction in a suspicious mind than the religious story. But, in conceding thus much, we by no means condemn Dr. Newman's two tales. They are invaluable for the keen edge of their satire; they are swords, not spades or trowels; their use is to smite and pierce, not to build—to destroy, not to create. They are meant, as it appears to us, for one particular class of minds, and not for the whole world of readers. They are meant for those whose reason has been enthralled and puzzled by a system of imposition in which they have been nurtured, to which they are attached by habit, and are bound by interest; while their innermost instincts, the sympathy of their faith and conscience is irresistibly attracted to another and a vaster system, to a "mighty mother," whose secret influences pierce all the walls and blinds with which their jealous governess has surrounded them. The aim of Dr. Newman's tales is, we think, rather to break the snare than to build any positive convictions: they are written for men and women in whom the nucleus of faith is ready formed, and are intended to help them to shuffle off the husk and the dirt that impedes the free action of their souls. In *Loss and Gain* the hero who so sadly scandalises the *National* reviewer, by exhibiting his faith in the way of "trying the experiment of an unknown religion," is a person in whom faith is only impeded and hindered by the trammels of an allegiance to a false system, wherein the true action of his convic-

tions is impossible; conscience and faith, therefore, urge him to break the snare. To Charles Reding conversion is chiefly a deliverance; he receives very little that is new, nothing that is contrary to his conscience; his chief act is to cast off that to which he clings by the force of habit and by the superstition of an irrational fear. For such a man to remain in the Church of England would be "the placid swallowing of what is offensive to the moral sense." It is not as if a man to whose conscience prayers for the dead, the invocation of saints, and such-like doctrines, were repugnant, were asked to join the Church in defiance of his convictions. But it is that a man who had come to see the utter futility of the Protestant objections to these doctrines is urged thereupon to drop his Protestantism; to drop a system which has come to be inconsistent with the inmost convictions of his heart. We do not deny that it would be an indefensible thing to work upon a man's fears, and make him become a Catholic contrary to his convictions; but it is a more degrading superstition still to work upon his fears, his interest, his worldly affections, to make him remain a Protestant contrary to his convictions; as it is worse to deny what you believe than to profess a little more than you are yet convinced of. It is against this great superstition, that the satire of *Loss and Gain* is directed. To suppose that its aim is to enforce the former course shows either great malice or great stupidity.

The only plausible pretext for the reviewer's injustice seems to us to be found in the design of the *Essay of Development*, which is meant to afford "a solution of such a number of the reputed corruptions of Rome as might form a fair ground for trusting her where the investigation had not been pursued." But here also it is only a very unscrupulous adversary who could metamorphose this course of conduct into "swallowing blindfold what is offensive to the moral sense." The peculiar doctrines alluded to are those with which the moral sense has absolutely nothing whatever to do. How does it come within the province of the moral sense to determine whether or no there is a purgatory; whether departed saints as well as living Christians are to be asked to intercede for us; whether St. Peter was chief of the Apostles, or whether they were all equal; whether their power is transmitted to their successors or not? The fallacy of Anglicans and of the *National* reviewer is to mistake the prejudices of education for conscience and moral sense. These questions are only to be determined by a revelation. Anglicanism, professing to be the organ of a revelation, has handed down its negative and protesting tradition on all these points, and bids us search

Scripture and antiquity to prove her assertions. Rome declares herself to be the organ of the true revelation which affirms them, and challenges examination of her claims. But the questions in dispute are too numerous for any single life to suffice to sift them all on their own merits, and on the evidence appealed to by both sides. A more summary method, therefore, is requisite. Hitherto you have believed the Anglican tradition; the Catholic Church proclaims that this tradition is false—false on every point; and that the Anglican Establishment is a deceiver and a liar. What, in the world, has the person to do, but to select some one or two of the points in dispute, to test the veracity of the two parties in the evidence brought forward in these particulars, and from them to determine the general fact of the trustworthiness of the testimony of the two rival organs? It is not, we repeat, as if the points in dispute were subjects on which the oracle of the inner conscience gave or could give a definite answer. It is not as if they were questions of murder and robbery, idolatry, blasphemy, and untruth: they are merely subjects of external revelation, which *à priori* the human mind cannot pronounce to be true or false, good or bad. They are cases in which we can only look to the historical evidences of the revelation, and decide, as probably as we may, which rival organ appears to be the more honest witness of the communications of God.

The reviewer commits a further injustice in charging Dr. Newman with originating the pernicious practice, now so common with Puseyites, of drowning their convictions or misgivings by plunging into a vortex of work. Dr. Newman's practical suggestions are all the other way; in favour of developing instead of stifling those misgivings which really proceed from the intellect in accordance with conscience. The best reason and conscience of hundreds of Anglicans would lead them to the Catholic Church; Anglican authorities retain these persons by exaggerating the claims of the Establishment, and representing it as the work of faith not to desert the community in which they were educated, till they have mathematical demonstration of the truth of the opposite system. Dr. Newman shows that, in matters of faith, mathematical demonstration is impossible; that all action is in matters of probability, and that all matters of probability admit a doubt. Faith, then, must venture something; must for the moment profess more than it can demonstrate; the experience of ages promises that the immediate effect of this profession shall be a clearness of vision, strong and overpowering as demonstration itself. As in any other practical matter, when

you have once arrived at the highest probability compatible with the nature of the subject, or at sufficient probability to justify a prudent, or even a venturesome, man in acting, then commit yourself to God, and in His name act. How, in the world, can this be called acting contrary to the moral sense?

The reviewer's injustice is so great in these points, and at the same time he speaks so calmly and with such apparent justice on most others, that we cannot but think that his mind is warped with the notion which Mr. Francis Newman develops so fully, that an historical religion is impossible; that no dogmas have really any religious value; and that the sole seat of religion is in the practical conscience: and further, that this practical conscience, however oblivious it may have at times become of its duties, is never ignorant of them, and only requires from time to time to be reminded of them. Such a theory at once shuts out from the area of religion all doctrines of which the mind is ignorant prior to revelation, and of which it is not absolutely in itself the sufficient judge and arbiter immediately they are proposed to it. Its votary forgets that when the convert to Catholicity acquiesces in things which shock him, this shock touches not his moral nature, but only his prejudices of education. In invoking the saints, in praying for souls in purgatory, in acknowledging the efficacy of the Sacraments, he touches points which are absolutely untouched by the human conscience left to itself, and which depend purely and simply on the evidences of a revelation. Therefore, in discarding some qualms and misgivings of reason on these points, on the rational ground of the general trustworthiness of the Church, he may be acting venturesomely, rashly, but he never can fairly be said to be acting against his moral sense, his instinctive reverence, or his conscience.

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## Short Notices.

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### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

*A Treatise upon Modern Instrumentation and Orchestration.* By Hector Berlioz. Translated by Mary Cowden Clarke. (Novello.) Hector Berlioz is well known to every cultivated musician as one of the very ablest of living composers, and is frequently recognised as the representative of what may be called the romantic school. Whether he ever could become a "popular" composer, even in the sense in



which Beethoven and Mendelssohn are popular, is another question. Whatever be the case, however, with the multitude, whether ignorant or intelligent, his works are well worth the study of every musician, not only for the gifts of undoubted genius which they display, but also for the felicity and ingenuity with which M. Berlioz employs nearly all the resources of his art. If he at times verges on the eccentric, and seems to be striving after novelty for novelty's sake, these defects must be overlooked as a kind of infirmity naturally attendant on the peculiar bent of his genius.

In the treatise before us M. Berlioz appears as a musical critic. And as every man of genius, more or less, shows himself one and the same in almost every thing that he does, we find both the merits and deficiencies of his musical compositions in his scientific writings. As a whole, the *Treatise on Instrumentation* is not without its omissions, its singularities, and its exaggerations; but it is nevertheless a work which none but a master could have written. It abounds with information, and with acute and original reflection; and its style is that of a writer of thoughts and feelings, and not that of a mere treatise-manufacturer, whose intellect and heart are about as much moved by the divine art as a cobbler's soul is moved by the study of boots and shoes. The liveliness and point with which he describes the *character* of certain instruments, or certain notes, or certain keys, is almost amusing, but none the less appropriate. Thus, the three lowest notes in the trombone scale are described as "enormous and magnificent" on the tenor trombone, as "of indifferent sonorousness" on the alto, and as "terrible" on the bass. Of a certain passage in the *Iphigenia in Tauride*, he writes that "the orchestra, deeply agitated, utters sobs and convulsive sighs, attended throughout by the fearful and persevering mutter of the violas." Or he tells the reader that the key of B minor on the violin is "very sonorous, wild, rough, ominous, violent." It certainly is going a long way to call a particular key "ominous;" and will make our frigid academic smile with pity. Still, even when *outré*, M. Berlioz's remarks are those of a musician of unceasing observation and unusual acuteness.

The faults in the work are partly in the way of omission and want of universality of musical sympathy, and partly in the way of whimsical exaggeration. As a specimen of the whimsical and the overdone, take his section on the kettle-drum, with the lengthy illustration from his own Requiem. It is surely out of all character in an instructive and scientific essay on Modern Orchestration as such, to illustrate the *use* of the drum from a piece which requires sixteen drums and ten drummers. In fact, *one-twelfth* of the entire work is occupied by the subject of drums!

The organ, on the contrary, is dismissed in less than three pages. This section is one of the least satisfactory in the book. Few musicians will agree with M. Berlioz in condemning, almost unreservedly, its use in an orchestra. In spite of the exquisite instruments made by M. Cavallier-Col, the French are still in nearly total ignorance of the true organ school of music. It may be questioned whether Bach's pedal fugues are known to the Parisian public. In the midst of this ignorance, we can scarcely expect M. Berlioz to sympathise with the class of music in which the powers of the organ are most splendidly shown. With all the brilliance of his own genius, the delicate beauties of his orchestration, and the ingenuity and even power of his modulations, M. Berlioz is not a master in the use of fuge and its many minor forms, —forms which, in our judgment, cannot be wholly cast aside without

depriving grand compositions of some portion of their grandeur and profound interest. No music *wears* thoroughly well which does not produce in some degree the impression of variety in unity; and that, not merely in variety and harmoniousness of colour, but in variety and harmoniousness of form. The mere succession of tune, however melodious, or of instrumental beauty, however rich and changing, cannot affect the *whole* mind of the listener, or stir his emotions to the lowest depth. It is by the application of the principle of the fugue, in some shape or other, that Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven have achieved their greatest triumphs; and as we believe that principle to be founded on the laws of human nature itself, we do not think that any musician will ever attain a place in the very highest rank whose works are not imbued with that contrapuntal unity, which may be the idol of the pedant, but is the guide of the man of genius.

M. Berlioz has illustrated his treatise with above sixty passages from the great masters, most of them well chosen and highly interesting; but they would have been more so, had he not excluded Spohr and Mendelssohn from the list. The extraordinary beauties of Gluck's instrumentation will probably be made known to many for the first time.

Altogether, then, we think the volume before us a work, though not complete, yet of sterling value, and worthily characteristic of its author. Its price, moreover, considering what it contains, and the care with which it is printed, is very moderate.

*Dulcis Jesu Memoria; a Medieval Sequence from the Sarum Graduale, reduced to Modern Notation and Time; with an Accompaniment for Organ or Piano-forte.* By John Lambert. (Addison and Hollis.) A beautiful and taking Gregorian hymn, of the cast most pleasing to modern ears. It harmonises also easily, as Mr. Lambert has shown in his judicious accompaniment. He has printed both the Latin and English of St. Bernard's exquisite hymn; and we may recommend the whole to Catholic choirs of all kinds.

*Later Biblical Researches in Palestine and the adjacent Regions: a Journal of Travels in the year 1852.* By E. Robinson, Eli Smith, and others. Drawn up, &c. by Ed. Robinson, D.D., Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. (London, John Murray.) This work is in the main a reassertion of the conclusions published by the author in 1840. We can neither examine nor discuss his multitudinous observations, but must confine our attention to one point. Dr. Robinson has devoted all his energies and talents to undermine the tradition which identifies the Tomb of our Lord with the cave of the "Holy Sepulchre." In this volume he reasserts his position, on two grounds, topographical and historical. Topographically, he pretends to demonstrate that the site in question is *within* the walls of the city, and therefore incapable of having been used as a tomb: with this branch of his subject we do not feel competent to meddle; but we hope that some resident Catholic will answer his assertion;—no difficult task, if he is as unfair as a topographer as he is as a citer of ancient authorities.

As to the historical argument, his main point is, that in Constantine's days no tradition of the site existed, but that it was revealed by a miracle; or, as he would have us conclude, by a mere unfounded dream of an enthusiast. To prove this he quotes Eusebius, who asserts that after the Council of Nice, Constantine "became desirous of performing a glorious work in Palestine, by adorning and rendering sacred the place of our Lord's resurrection." "For," he proceeds, "hitherto im-

pious men, or rather the whole race of demons through their instrumentality, had made every effort to deliver over that illustrious monument to darkness and oblivion." "Such language," observes Dr. Robinson, "would hardly be appropriate in speaking of a spot definitely known and marked by long tradition." But would it be more appropriate in speaking of a spot about which there was no tradition? How can men make every effort to give to oblivion that which was not remembered? Fancy the strenuous exertion of forgetting that which is forgotten! But Eusebius explains his own meaning;—these "impious men," after covering over the sepulchre with earth, had built upon it "a dark retreat or cavern for the lascivious demon Venus." Here, then, is the true oblivion and darkness; it was smothered, and the abomination of desolation was placed over it, so that no Christian could approach the spot. Hence the pilgrims resorted to Bethlehem the place of the Nativity, and to the Mount of Olives the scene of the Ascension. Though men knew where the tomb was, they were as effectually shut out from all acquaintance with the place, as the wandering traveller was shut out from knowing the palaces of Nineveh, before Botta or Layard had uncovered them, and while the mosque on the summit of the mound rendered the approach of a Christian dangerous. It was this kind of discovery, or uncovering, and not "invention," of which Eusebius expressly affirms that it was beyond all hope—*τὸ σεμνὸν καὶ πανάγιον τῆς Σωτηρίου ἀναστάσεως μαρτύριον παρ' ἑλπίδα πᾶσαν ἀνεφαίνεται*.<sup>\*</sup> Not, as Dr. Robinson says, that there was no hope of finding the place, but that the extent of the discovery was beyond all hope; they expected indeed to remove the traces of the defilements, and to set apart the site as holy ground; but no bystander was prepared to find the sepulchre come forth perfect and unbroken, with all its arrangements complete. There was another discovery which took place at the same time, and which indeed was unexpected; namely, that of the Cross, "the sign of His most holy Passion, which for so long a time had been hidden under ground." The recognition of this Constantine justly described as "a miracle beyond the capacity of man sufficiently to celebrate, or even to comprehend." But is it honest to assert that this miracle consisted in the discovery of the sepulchre, instead of in the identification of the cross? What is there here to warrant the author in saying, that "according to Eusebius the sepulchre had been consigned to utter oblivion, and its discovery was the result of a divine warning, accompanied by diligent inquiry"? What is there inconsistent with the existence of a tradition, that under the temple and idol erected by Adrian the remains of the tomb were hidden. Surely this is "darkness and oblivion" enough to satisfy Eusebius' words, without insisting upon the utter loss of all tradition respecting the whereabouts of the place. An antiquary hears of a tradition that a Saxon king is buried in a certain barrow; he digs, and finds a stone coffin, with a skeleton, a gold circlet round the brow, a gold ring on a finger, and gold ornaments about the person: would he not say that this was a remarkable discovery, beyond all hope or expectation? With what logic would you use this expression afterwards to throw discredit on the alleged tradition that had led him to the spot? So with regard to the Holy Sepulchre. A tomb was said to be there; Constantine dug, and a tomb was found: this one fact is sufficient to answer five hundred theories about its improbability. But we have not space to proceed. We only lament that a writer who argues so dispassionately, and with so good tone and

\* "The venerable and all-holy testimony of the Lord's resurrection *reappeared* beyond all hope."

temper, should manifest so marked an intellectual bias as amounts to a cool and premeditated unfairness.

*Béranger's Songs; or, the Empire, the Peace, and the Restoration.* Translated into English verse by Robert B. Brough. (London, Addey and Co.) Béranger, for half a century, has been one of the forces of France. His songs have been on the lips of all classes, and have been the catechism from which multitudes have drawn all the political principles they have ever held. However we may lament his licentiousness, and his consequent hatred of Jesuits and priests, every one must confess his extraordinary ability, the brilliancy of his poetry, the incisiveness of his wit, and the manly straightforwardness of his character, as shown both in his writings and in his conduct. Mr. Brough's translations seem to be fairly executed, though we do not think that, even though the themes were of national interest to Englishmen, his diction would ever make the songs popular in this country. After all, it is not Béranger, but Brough.

*Craigcrook Castle.* By Gerald Massey. (London, Bogue.) Mr. Gerald Massey has had the misfortune to lose a baby, and has constructed a volume *in memoriam*, in which, to apply his own pretty words, "O'er his fallen fruit he heaps the withered leaves." Whether his leaves are withered we can scarcely tell; of some we doubt whether they ever had any life in them at all, or were ever in the category of things capable of withering, any more than the spangles or the mock-jewels of the actress' wardrobe. Others, however, are still young and green, and are so far from withered that they display a very springlike freshness. But we are positive about the heap; the lines in this book do not form a series, but simply a heap. The author tells us that they may be read as a continuous poem, or as divided into separate poems. He who reads trusting in the promise of continuity seeks for two grains of wheat in two bushels of chaff; he shall seek them all day e'er he find them; and when he has them, they are not worth the search. We thought of proving this point by forming a table of contents of the first few pages; but we found that we should have to quote each line, for almost each introduces a new subject. The changes are as abrupt, spasmodic, and irrational, as those in the dream of a drunkard. *Aut insanit homo, aut versus facit.* As he most certainly fulfils, sometimes with great sweetness and beauty, the latter part of the alternative, we must give him the benefit of the doubt on the former. We very much prefer the poems which refer to the loss of his child to all the rest; partly because they are the only ones we can understand, and partly because of the real tenderness, and the occasional beauty of thought and diction which they manifest. A man thinks long before he describes the birth of children as the mother diving into the sea of sorrow to bring up pearls; or the gift of a child as "God's butterfly on our love's flower alighting." The song at p. 32 on his withered rose-bud is very touching:

" Snow-white, snow-soft, snow-silently  
Our darling bud upcurled,  
And dropt i' the grave—God's lap."

And again:

" All too wild my passion burned,  
For the cooling dews it yearned,  
In my hot hands drooped my gentle flower and died."

Again, on the sorrow of the mother:

" Poor heart that danced among the vines  
All reeling-ripe with wild love-wines,  
Thou walk'st with Death among the pines!

Lorn mother, at the dark grave-door  
 She kneeleth, pleading o'er and o'er,  
 But it is shut for evermore.  
 She toileth on, the mournful'st thing,  
 At the vain task of emptying  
 The cistern whence the salt tears spring."

All this is very pretty and intelligible. But when he comes to his descriptions of nature, which he mysticises, we can no more translate his antics into language than the postures of an Indian war-dance. Is it not curious that as philosophers on the one hand go on reducing nature more and more to a humdrum but accurate journeyman mixing and compounding atoms with great nicety but with very little mystery, the poets, on the other, seize on this lay figure, and distort its limbs and joints into every imaginable and unimaginable contortion? The fears and superstitious of the pagans of old never imagined such life in nature as the words of our poets credit her withal. Are these words any test of a true and rational enjoyment of her beauties? Does a man stand with more pleasure under blossoming lime-trees because he has strained out the lines—

"A summer soul is in the limes; they stand  
 Low murmuring honey'd things that wing forth bees"?

Does he appreciate the deliciousness of a summer night better because he can describe it thus?

"The earth lay faint with love at the feet of heaven :  
 The breath of incense went up through the leaves  
 In a lown sough of bliss. Warm winds on tiptoe  
 Walkt over the tall tree-tops. Above us burned  
 The golden legends on night's prophet-brow." &c.

To us this smells more of gas-light and side-scenes than of the open country. We do not consider ballet-dancers and acrobats the best actors, nor these posture-poets true interpreters of the soul. We thoroughly despise their sickly sentimental nature-worship, and their blurred indefiniteness, oblivious of the maxim, *ut pictura poesis*. Fancy attempting to paint the above description of a summer-night. Finally, we wish they would lay to heart the maxim of M. About, that "to enjoy nature it is not necessary to have the soul of a man who weeps over a periwinkle-flower."

*General Report on the Pathology of the Armies of the East.* By R. D. Lyons, M.B.T.C.D., principal Pathologist to the Army in the East. (Glasgow, Wm. Mackenzie.) This brochure is of too special an interest to be noticed in our pages, were it not that it is always gratifying to point to some Catholic who is at the head of his profession, and whose science is acknowledged by the whole country; and to be able to add that his being Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in the Catholic University of Ireland gives a guarantee to its students for the soundness and depth of the instruction they receive. We believe that the medical school is at present the most flourishing division of the Catholic University.

*Mary our Immaculate Mother.* A Poem, by one of her Children. (London, Richardson.) Those who do not expect to find any thing good in a form so ephemeral as a blue-covered tract of twenty-four pages will be agreeably disappointed in this little poem. In spite of some repetitions in the first part, and of some terribly lengthy and involved paragraphs, there is much music and more erudition in the lines.

We think it but right to notify to such of our readers as are yet ignorant of the fact, that there exists a Catholic newspaper in Scotland, which, in respectability, good management, and ability, claims at least an equal rank with any of our Irish or metropolitan papers. We allude to the *Northern Times*, the editor of which, in spite of most disheartening difficulties, seems at last to have fought his way to a safe and a strong position. Without pretending to agree with all the views advocated in the paper, we can honestly recommend it as deserving the support of the Catholic body.

Among children's story-books we can recommend two very pretty series, published by Mr. Duffy—*Flowers from Foreign Fields*, by Father Charles, and another collection by "Brother James." They are prettily got up, and seem to us as interesting as the tales of Canon Schmid. Father Charles generally translates exceedingly well; but we have noticed occasional slips, as when he talks of "particular" for "private lessons," and "the faith of a coal-porter." We were not aware that either carbonari or coalheavers were famous for abundance of that article; though, for all we know, the French hawkers of books may be.

Mr. Formby has sent us copies of the second part of his *Pictorial Bible Stories*, his little book on the *Seven Sacraments*, and that on the *Holy Childhood of Jesus Christ*. A more charming Christmas present than the last little book it would be impossible to find. The translation of the Latin Devotions is much better and more English than any other with which we are acquainted, and the passages for meditation give the words of the Gospels and Prophets in their own sublime simplicity; thus giving the worshipper credit for that poetical sensibility which was so well understood, and so powerfully appealed to, by the medieval compilers of Offices and Devotions, but which is so utterly ignored by the greater part of the modern French and Italian devotional writers, whose words are generally further diluted by a miserable English translation. The plates are all good.

*Nine Considerations on Eternity*. By Jerome Drexelius, S.J.; translated by Father Robert, Mount St. Bernard, Leicestershire. (London, Richardson.) It is by such meditations as these that the Cistercians of Leicestershire strengthen themselves for their asceticism, and for the heroic charity with which they undertake the reformation of our young criminals. They will be equally efficacious in fortifying any other Christian soul who uses them aright for doing or enduring whatever Providence enjoins or permits.

Another book of the same class, which we need merely notice, is the *Life of St. Peter of Alcantara*. (2 vols. Richardson.) Father Faber tells us that it is now published out of its turn, at the request of the late Earl of Shrewsbury, in order that it might appear in time for the consecration of the new cathedral at Shrewsbury.

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## Correspondence.

## THEOLOGIA MALE FERRATA.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

SIR,—I have often thought that if Etymology addressed theologians, she would do it in some such words as David used to the victims of original sin: "They are corrupt, and become abominable in their ways; there is none that doeth good, no not one." Here is my text. I shall now proceed to preach upon it. I have before me a little tract on the Eternity of Hell by Dr. Passaglia. He tells us that *αιωνιος* (ayonios) the Greek word for 'eternal,' comes from *αιει ον* (aei ohn) 'always being.' It is an old story, but a false one. From *i* "to go" in Sanscrit (the *i-re* of Latin) comes by a regular process *ayur*, that which goes on, time, an age; and the Greek *αιων* (ayohn) is as like it as need be, when we know *ohn* is a common termination in Greek, and *ur* in Sanscrit. I can forgive old Petavius for such nonsense; but what business has a modern writer to affront my schoolboy knowledge, as if no Bopp existed? Besides, if *ayohn* is from *ayer ohn*, what does *aye* come from?—it has 'going' too for its root. When men invented words, they applied them first to things visible, and afterwards transferred them to things invisible. A divine right of syllables is as ridiculous as a divine right of kings; as Nyssen has shown, in his treatise against Eunomius.\* Why, then, does this theologian talk in a way to make a decently well-informed schoolboy smile with contempt when language is in question? Nyssen, Bopp, and common sense together, might have shown him that words have a physical sense, before, by arbitrary limitation, they get a metaphysical one. Let me give an instance:—*chafatz* in Hebrew, means "to accept," "to be pleased with," and seldom occurs in any other sense. But if I was quite at a loss how to reconcile this with cognate words,—words, that is, with two radicals similar,—I could take my affidavit this was not its original sense. It is too metaphysical. But it had also the sense of "to wag" the tail. It does not require much observation to know that this act is the animal expression of pleasure. Many a good laugh have I had over the etymologies of fathers, schoolmen, and others. But before the existence of any such thing as comparative philology, this was a venial sin—I don't laugh at mortal sins. But since it exists, why should theologians consult old theologians about things wholly out of their province? If a man won't read etymologists, surely he might take the trouble to ask an etymologist whether he was making an exhibition of himself in an etymologist's eyes.

I dare say some of the old etymologies will be dished up again; so I will mention a few of them to justify my own assertions. *Cherubin* St. Austin says means "fulness of knowledge." Whoever told him so was about as wise an etymologist as the boy who inferred that *brum* was a stick, because *candela-brum* was a candlestick. *Bin* does mean knowledge; but *bin*, the real Hebrew termination (*bin* is a Chaldee one—they did not like final *m*'s any more than a Spaniard, who sings *Ave sanctun oleun*)—*im* is a plural termination: *cherub* therefore remains to be accounted for; and I suspect some rogue of a Jew told the Christians, for a bit of fun, that it meant *secundum multitudinem*, which

\* Page 761, I think, but haven't him by me.

they spliced on to the *bin* for themselves. "A lot of knowledge, as it were." Why, it would have set the gravest synagogue in a roar! Its real etymology is canvassed still; so I will hazard one. In proper names letters are often transposed. Thus, Shemuel (Samuel) is for Meshual "he who was *asked* for." Lamech for Malech, the *king* both of Cainite and Sethite dynasty at the flood. Cherubim, then, is nothing more than Hrecoobim, "chariot-seats," transposed; a word easy for a word hard to pronounce.

Having despatched the angel, let us now go to the devil. *Ophis*, "a serpent," says St. Anastasius of Sinai, is derived from  $\delta$  φεις, that which talked to Eve!!! How he would have stared if some honest Sinaite had told him that the same word existed in Hebrew, where it had no connection with speaking, but with foaming. If any etymologist wants a little pastime, I can strongly recommend him the chapter on etymology in St. Anastasius' *Via dux*: it is as asinine as the theology is admirable. Baptism he takes from *ba-lein* and *ptaisma*, because it *casts* out the *fall*!!!

God himself meets with no better treatment. *Theos* is from His *putting all things* in order. The "all things" of this belongs to God; but the "putting" belongs to any body; and that is the only root at all like *Theos*: "the" is 'to put' in Greek. But how contemptible the scholars of this day would think a man who talked such nonsense as this! Its real etymology is from *div*, to shine, whence *deva*, respectable; much like *clarissimus* put before a critic's name. *Devs* or *Sdevs* = *Zeus*, shining. Heaven is transferred from a physical to a metaphysical sense; just as we talk of the will of Heaven; and at the same time a change takes place in the sound, by the common change of theta for delta, thus *Dheos* becomes *Theos*, or with its original digamma,  $\Theta\epsilon\phi\omicron\varsigma$ . I only wish I had made a collection of all the absurd specimens I have seen; they are about as wise in the way of etymology as if I derived *hypocrite* from "judge of horses," because I thought judges of horses rogues. They are about as trustworthy as Dr. Ashe's *curmudgeon*, from *cœur*, unknown, and *méchante*, correspondent; because Dr. Johnson gave "unknown correspondent" as his authority for the etymology *cœur méchante*. I suppose, by the way, it is a Gypsy, *i.e.* a Hindoo word, from *hermudjana*, born from his deeds, wicked. I spell it badly, but intelligibly.

Really it does seem worth while to try, by these few specimens, to show up the utter and irretrievable nonsense which theologians talk when they get quite out of their sphere. For nonsense of this kind does harm; it makes wise men appear geese. To trace the sense of a word etymologically, often, though not always, enables us to appreciate with greater exactness its present meaning. But there may be an etymological habit of mind, as well as a theological one; and if I was entitled to any opinion on the matter, I should strongly recommend those who have done no acts of etymology, to take it for granted that they have not the habit. If he knows nothing of medicine, a slight complaint compels a theologian to have recourse to the doctor. The same course may be safely recommended (with all due respect to all the great names I have mentioned) in etymology. And indeed, Mr. Editor, you might do well to show this to some etymologist, lest I should fall into a trap myself, as many people often do. But about the general truth inculcated I have not an *atom* of misgiving. Yours, &c.

J. B. M.



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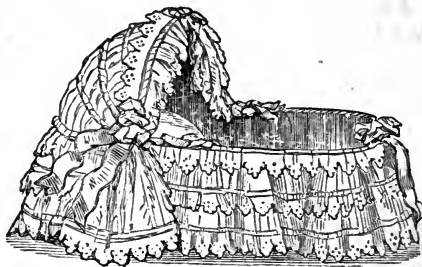
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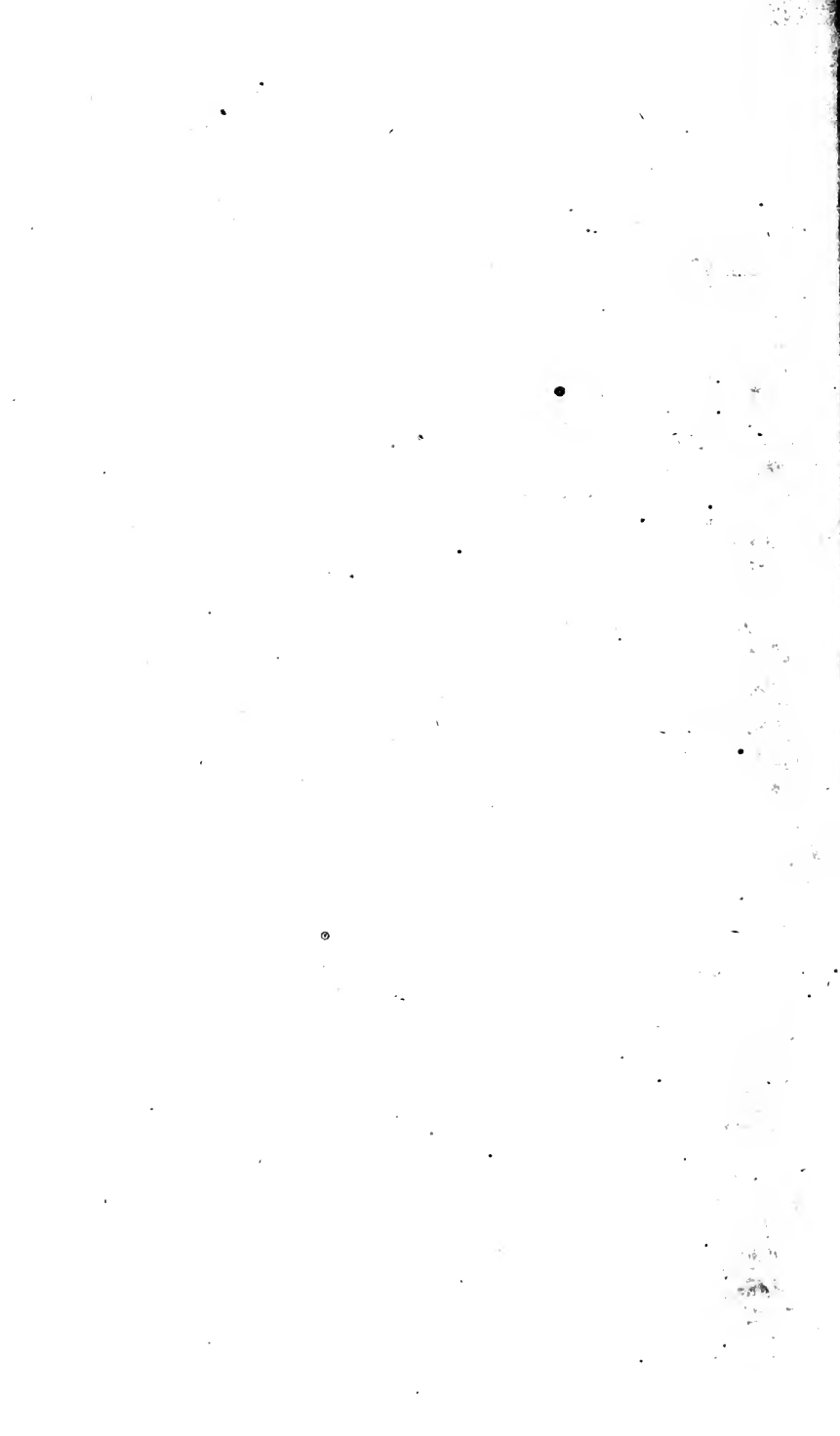
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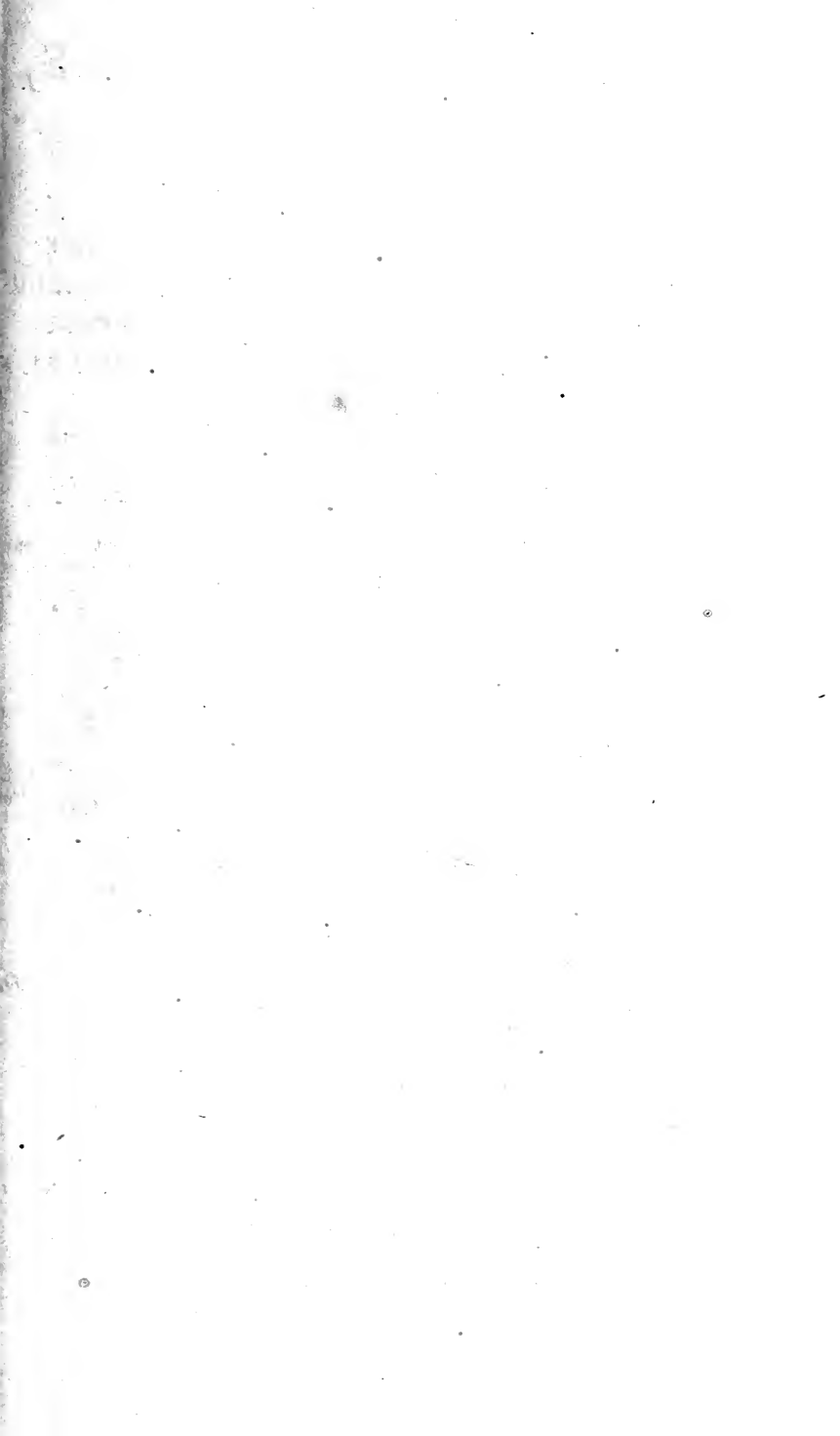
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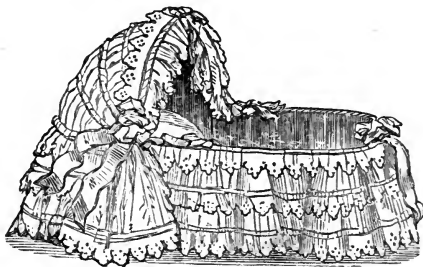




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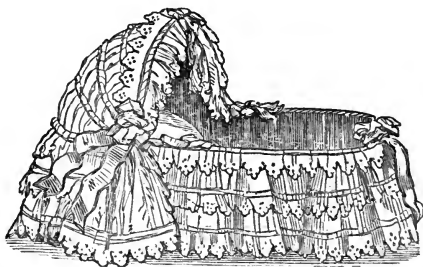




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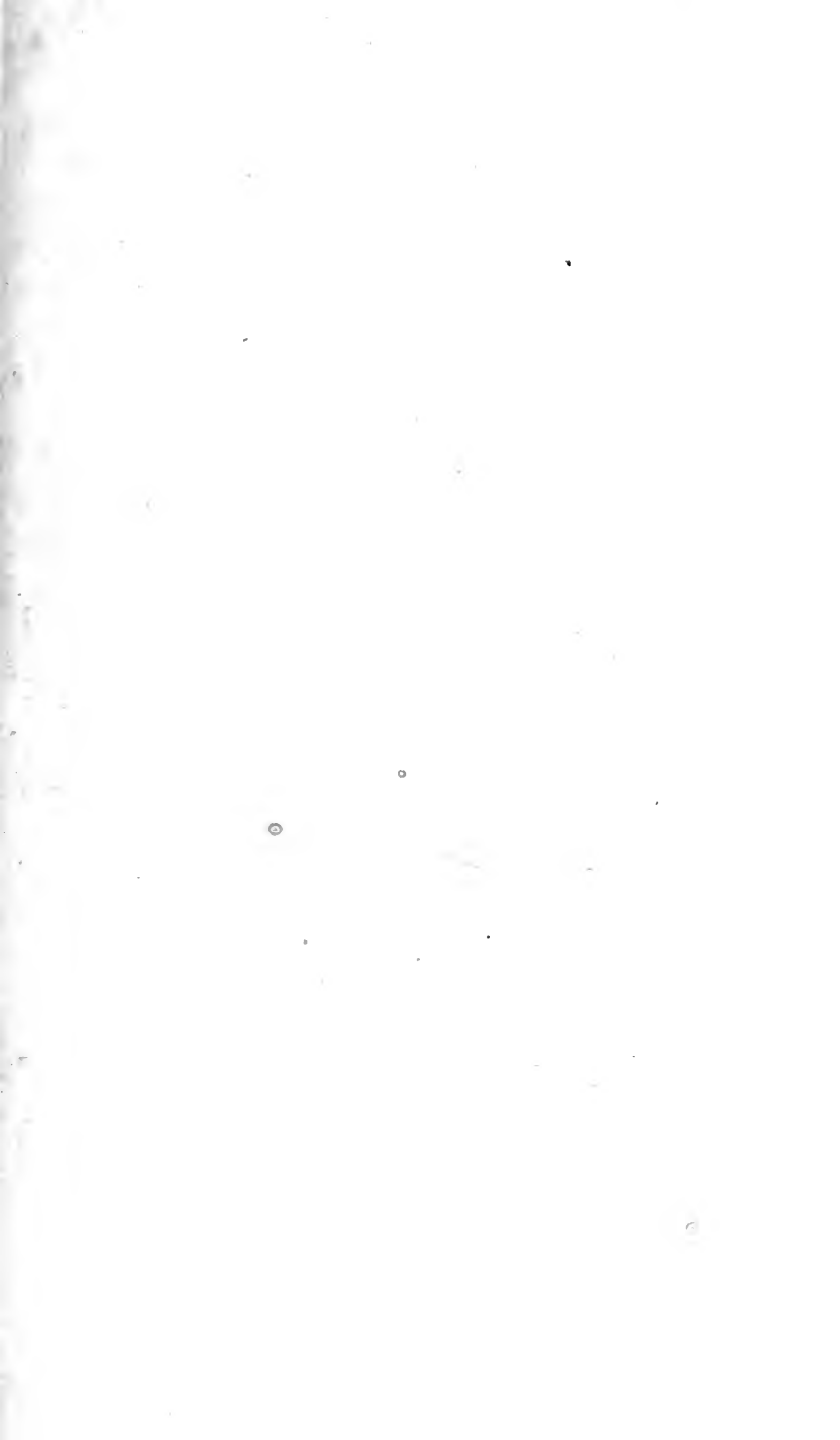
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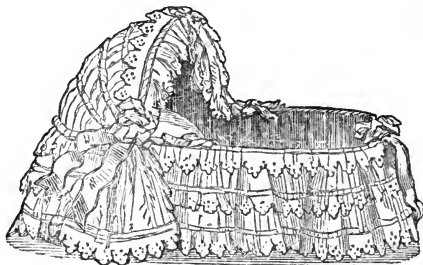




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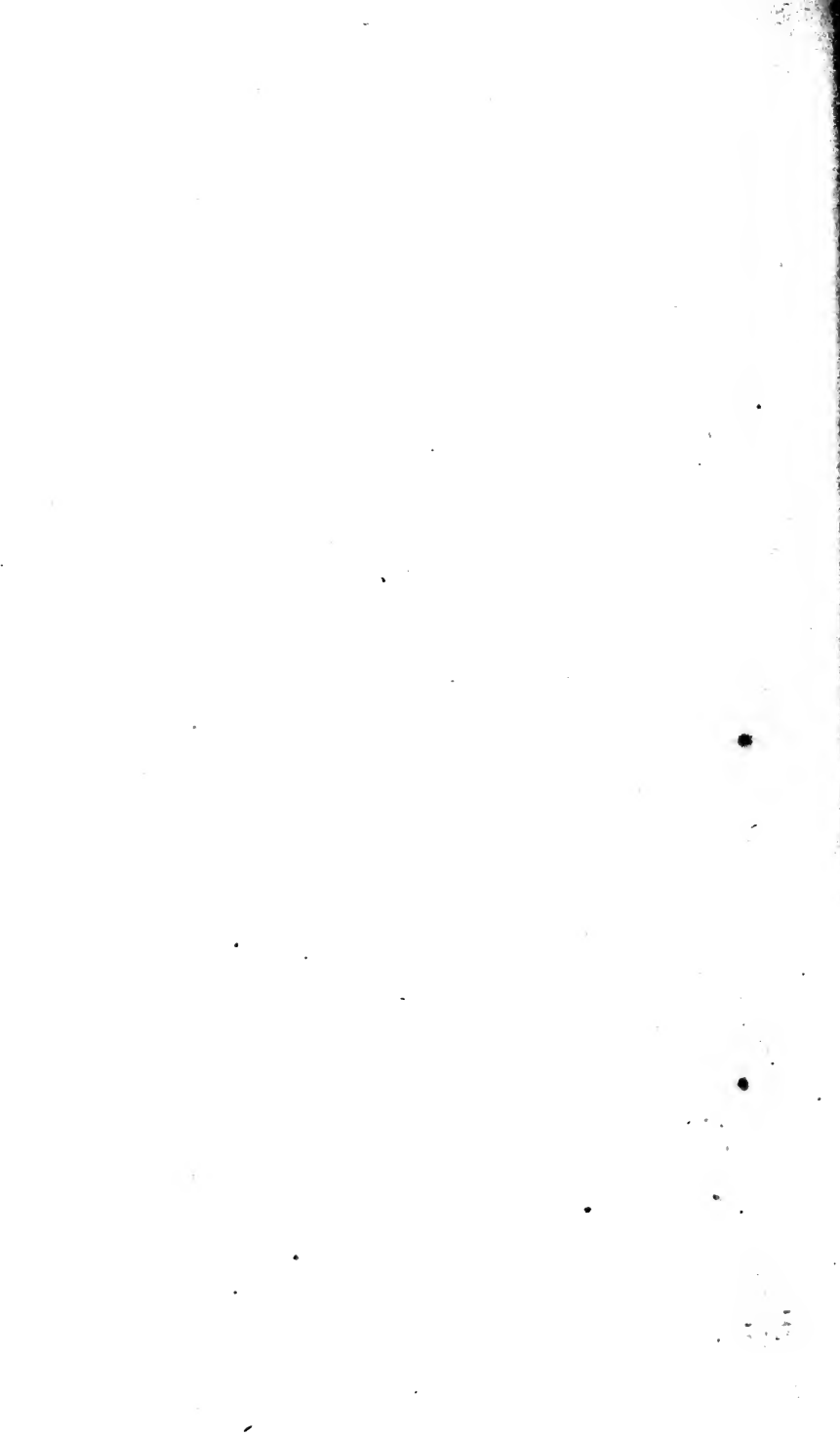
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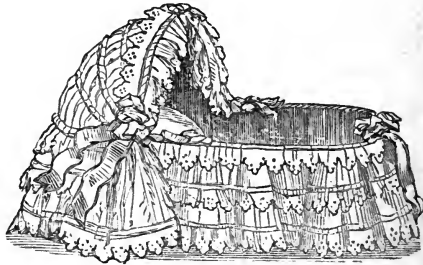




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[PART CVIII.]

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THE Proprietors of the *Rambler* wish to take advantage of the opportunity which the extensive circulation of their periodical gives them in order to publish, month by month, a selection of most important and interesting documents never before made known to the public, which will give an authentic picture of the domestic sufferings of the English Catholics during the long operation of the penal laws, and comprise accounts of their trials before the courts of law, the informations laid against them, the punishments inflicted on them, and the fines levied on their estates; together with various intercepted letters of the sufferers, and personal narratives of their troubles; and letters, memoirs, and petitions of pursuivants and priest-catchers, bishops and clergy of the Establishment, Crown tenants of the estates of recusants, and other parasites who fed on the misfortunes of Catholics. They beg to submit to you the present Number of the *Rambler*, the first article of which contains some specimens of these documents, and will serve as an example of the kind of papers which they intend to publish. And at the same time, as the selection, deciphering, and copying of these records involves extraordinary labour and expense, they beg to solicit your countenance and support, or, in other words, your subscription to the magazine, and your recommendation of it to other friends; since without an increased number of subscribers, it will be difficult to proceed in a work which ought to be so interesting, not only to the descendants of the persons whose constancy is the glory of their race, but to every member of the Church who has been adorned with their virtues, and often watered with their blood, and so important for the rectification of history, and for the prosecution of the controversy between the Catholic Church and the various sects of Protestantism.

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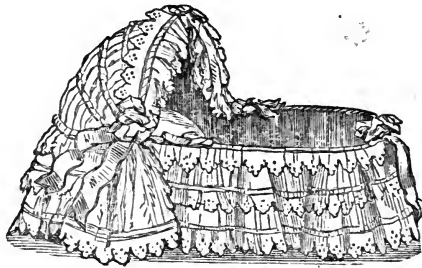
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