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CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN SIR ROBERT PEEL AND MR. BESTE, ON IRISH AGRARIAN OUTRAGES.

WE believe it is usual to state, in the first number of every new publication, the principles on which it is to be conducted. We must beg to decline complying with this custom. We had much rather that our readers should be content to take us as they find us. We had much rather that the whole of this number should be considered as our letter of introduction,—we hope we may say of recommendation. We request the reader to collect from it what are our principles—public, private, and religious. Perhaps he will say that we have no principles at all: he will err if he does. Time will show that this is not an unprincipled Magazine.

The short correspondence which has been placed in our hands, and which we are happy to publish here, might not have been deemed sufficiently weighty for an opening article, were it not for the mighty interests to which it refers, and which are daily increasing in importance. The poor-law in Ireland is still, we trust, only an experiment. The little success which has attended its introduction, does not stamp it as a settled institution of the country. It is mixed up with, it is dependent upon wants which are, as yet, barely understood: upon difficulties weighing upon the labouring population of England as well as that of Ireland—difficulties which charity, whether legal or private, can but slightly alleviate, and which daily call for the attention of the legislature in a louder and yet a louder voice.

Who, indeed, can look upon poor-laws as a panacea for the evils of Ireland or of England, while the public mind is agitated by questions involving the very right of one class to minister to the wants of another class?—aye, for it is futile to talk of poor-laws while the very right of the landowner to those possessions which supply the relief, is contested. We have heard that well-taught paupers have said, "If the land will not maintain the poor, let the poor take the land and maintain themselves!" And to what does all the outcry against landowners, which has been so industriously *got up* for some months past, tend, but to the promulgation of such a creed? "Property has its duties as well as its rights:" "Holders of property are but the stewards of God for the poor." Granted, gentlemen, granted: but methinks these are doctrines better suited to the pulpit than to schools of political economy; better inculcated by the ministers of religion, than by the daily newspapers or by political agitators.

"Fixity of tenure" is not the only doctrine lately broached which directly strikes at the rights of all possession in England as well as in Ireland. An outcry has been raised against English landowners, not only for maintaining the duties on foreign corn, but also for the amount of rent they receive for their land; for the wretched state of the cottages they provide for their labourers; for the waste of corn occasioned by their game preserves; and for the unimproved cultivation of their estates. What are all these complaints, except the first, but direct attacks upon the rights of property? We except the first complaint, because we hold that no body of men in the state has a right to drive any other body of men from the free exercise of their industry. But the remainder of the black catalogue of landowners' sins, is drawn up by those who are either ignorant of the first principles of political economy (or, if that word be objected to, of common sense) or who else seek to curry popular favour by swelling an unmeaning cry, that they may hereafter turn it to what they believe to be a good purpose.

Can all these writers and speakers forget that the matters which arouse their indignation are matters of simple contract between man and man? The land is too highly rented: then why does the tenant take it?—He cannot find any other mode of investing his capital. That is a totally different question: that is not the fault of the landlord—at least not of the individual in his commercial character, as the seller of the use of his lands. The tenant knows to what laws the produce of that land is subjected: he makes his calculations, or, if he does not make them, it is his own fault. In real fact, a farmer takes the land because he knows that, if he does not, some one else will; and because he knows that, high as the rent may appear to be to those who

know nothing of the cultivation of land, he will be enabled to spend fifty per cent interest upon his capital, where the manufacturer only realizes fifteen.

The state of the cottages inhabited by the agricultural labourers is, we freely admit, wretched: we admit that they are, in general, so damp and ill-built as to promote disease; so small as to promote indecency and immorality; and many, very many thanks are due to Mr. Sheridan for having directed the attention of his Dorsetshire neighbours to the subject, and, through them, the attention of the whole country. Still, let us not be carried away by a vain feeling of philanthropy, which, hurrying us on to imaginary cures, leads us astray from the real one. The plain question is, could those who inhabit these wretched tenements afford to pay for better? It is easy to exclaim against the badness of cottages: but in every neighbourhood, there are dwellings of different sizes: which do the poor most readily rent, the cheaper or the dearer houses? We presume it will hardly be contended that landowners ought to build large cottages and to let them for the same rent they receive for small ones. "Oh, but some are so old and dilapidated that they are not fit for the habitation of human beings." What remedy would you propose? "Pull them down," you answer with the glibness of a gentleman living in a parlour lodging, who never asked himself why he did not rent the whole house? Pull them down forsooth! and turn their poor inmates into the lane? for this must be their lot, unless we are able to build a new house for them, and to let it to them at the same rent as they pay for the old one. No, no; as a matter of *charity*, every owner of land or of houses will do all he can to alleviate the sufferings of the poor around him;—will make their homes comfortable; will let them at low rents, or will give them rent free;—but he who wishes practically and permanently to improve the condition of the poor in this respect as well as in others, will enable them to earn such wages as will empower them to command comfortable cottages. But talk not of CHARITY to the poor, while you withhold from them their RIGHTS. Their wages will be increased by increasing their employment: make that employment profitable, and individual enterprise will supply it: enable them to pay the rent of good houses, and individual enterprise will build good houses for them.

As we have mentioned the preservation of game as one of the crimes it is just now the fashion to charge upon landowners, we must say a few words on the accusation, and those few will be more than it deserves. We are not writing here on the policy of the game laws, of those laws which inflict heavier punishments for an interference with our amusements than for the

commission of serious felonies; we allude only to the charge of ruining tenants by keeping game that eats up their crops. But this is a simple matter of barter between landlord and tenant; the tenant knows to what injury he is liable when he takes the land, and he pays a proportionably less rent. The outcry against landlords on this score is as insensate as that which the member for Knaresborough attempted to raise against the mill-owners, for manufacturing inferior pieces of cotton goods for those who could not afford to purchase the best. In neither case, is the bargain a forced one.

The inferior cultivation of their lands is, however, the fashionable charge against the lords of the soil: and the admissions of ignorance on the part of agriculturists, made by the Agricultural Societies themselves, seem to make it impossible to refute this accusation, still less to maintain a right in landowners "to do what they please with their own." "Their own!" exclaims the modern Gracchus; "property has its duties as well as its rights." Aye; and you are the expounder of those duties and of those rights, to boot. The Duke of So-and-so has so many hundred acres of moorland; make him drain and improve them, and they will become productive pastures. He has so many scores of acres in his park; make him plough them up, and the park will be as fine an arable farm as any in the county. He has so many roods of pleasure grounds; make him divide it into allotments for the poor. He has dozens of flower-pots in his green-house; what bushels of potatoes might be grown in them, did he only understand the duties of property as well as its rights!

What, indeed, is the poor-law in England; what has it been from its introduction by Elizabeth, but a measure of police? Owing to the ruin of their employers (the monks) masses of people are thrown out of work: laws are enacted to compel the rich to maintain them; gradually the rich substitute a compliance with a legal obligation for the exercise of those charities ordained of God; gradually the poor lose all sense of self-dependence and prefer an idle life, at the cost of the parish, to a provident one supported by their own industry; gradually it becomes impossible to ascertain who are the willing idlers and who are the really indigent; and the workhouse test is applied to distinguish the one from the other. Such has been the case in England; but different, very different has been the state of the agricultural poor in Ireland. No one has ever questioned *their* willingness to work, evinced by their weary journeys amongst a hostile population (for such the competing English labouring classes have been to them) in search of employment. No one has ever questioned *their* willingness to expend their strength in their own country, to obtain such wages as would

not be deemed sufficient to keep an English peasant from starving. No workhouse could, therefore, be wanted in Ireland, to test the reality of their distress or their willingness to labour. A workhouse did not remove the cause of their suffering; its originators did not even look to that cause. That origin was plain enough to be seen. It needed no commissioners to find out that the Irish peasant was in a state of starvation, because no one employed him, because daily pay was not to be had in the country in exchange for daily labour. We say not that, under such circumstances, a poor-law without the workhouse test was the proper remedy for the disease; on the contrary, we hold that, were all restrictions removed from the employment of capital throughout the world, labour would soon be at a premium in the market, while the natural feelings of charity would not be blunted by forced contributions; while domestic ties and affections would not be interfered with; while the young would not be made independent of the love of the old, nor the old of the gratitude of the young.

Property has, indeed, its duties as well as its rights. God forbid that we should attempt to lessen to the mind of the least holder of property a sense of the responsibility which the possession entails upon him. But those duties are duties of charity, of good will, of forbearance, of mercy; the duty of self-abnegation, instead of laws upheld for his own benefit and to the injury of the poor; the exercise of those kindly feelings implanted by the great God of nature in the heart of man, and to the sympathy of which that same great God has committed the lot of his poorer creatures. But the feelings that would prompt such charities between the rich and the poor are, in no way, connected with matters of barter, with questions of political economy. And the very confused notions which exist at the present day on these subjects, have made it necessary for us thus shortly to recur to first principles, before we laid before our readers any arguments on Irish poor-laws or Irish agrarian outrages. The great fund of natural good feeling towards the poor is now working in the public mind more strongly than it has done for the last three centuries. Only let it not confuse questions of commerce with questions of charity; let it not offer the poor eleemosinary assistance instead of those rights which might enable them to do without it.

It is true, woefully true, that poverty and distress exist in England and in Ireland to an unprecedented extent; that the condition of the labouring classes has deteriorated, while immense masses of wealth have accumulated in the hands of a few. This is not the place to seek out the causes of such things. Our business is with the remedies proposed—to show the injustice as

well as the impolicy of those which have suggested themselves to the public mind for some months past, and which directly tend to upset all rights to private property. The adoption of such remedies might tend to confound all the first principles of social economy; but could no more remove the distress of the agricultural poor, than would establishing Sunday schools for children, or police regulations for grown up starvelings.

We hold all poor-laws to be essentially objectionable and destructive of the best feelings of the community amongst which they are introduced. But if a poor-law was to be introduced into Ireland, if the giving of alms was to be exchanged for a parliamentary tax, we would rather have seen that law administered and that tax expended on some such plan as that recommended by Mr. Beste in the following letters, than in the erection and maintenance of workhouses to shut in or to test the destitution of three millions of willing labourers.

But we proceed at once, and without comment, to lay before our readers the correspondence that has been placed in our hands:

LETTER I.—TO THE RT. HON. SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART., DRAYTON MANOR.

SIR,—Two years ago, I took the liberty of submitting to your consideration whether the causes of agrarian outrages in Ireland might not be removed by establishing district farms in that country, for the employment of able-bodied labourers, instead of subjecting them to the workhouse test; and I proposed a plan by which permanent agricultural employment might be found for them, so as to make them independent of their small cottage holdings. Though you did not adopt my suggestion, you did me the honour of writing me two letters on the subject, which evinced your anxiety to entertain any proposal for the improvement of the condition of the people. Agrarian outrages still continue in Ireland. The poor-law there has not tended to increase the market for labour, so as to enable landowners to compensate small tenants for the loss of those holdings from which they may desire to remove them: and in submitting my plan to the notice of the public, it is now my wish to publish the correspondence that took place between us on that subject. Your letters to me contain nothing of a private nature; and the general tone in which they are written, from the readiness they show to receive any suggestion beneficial to Ireland, must be deemed highly honourable to a minister of the crown: yet, as a matter of courtesy, I do not like to publish them without first requesting your permission to do so. As their substance may probably have escaped your memory, I take the liberty of enclosing copies of your letters; and shall esteem it a favour if you acquiesce in my request.

I have the honour to be, sir, your very obedient servant,

Botleigh Grange, Southampton, J. RICHARD BESTE.
10th January, 1845.

LETTER II.—TO J. RICHARD BESTE, ESQ., BOTLEIGH GRANGE.

Sir,—I am desired by Sir Robert Peel to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th instant, and to inform you in reply, that he thanks you for the courtesy which prompted your application, and that he will leave you to exercise your own discretion in regard to the publication of the letters to which you refer.

I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

Whitehall, Jan. 13*th,* 1845. G. Arbuthnot.

LETTER III.—TO THE RT. HON. SIR R. PEEL, BART., DRAYTON MANOR.

Sir,—Considering it my duty to write, I venture to do so in the manner that may most conduce to the object I have in view. I therefore take the liberty of addressing myself to you personally, rather than to the department to which my communication should, perhaps, officially be made.

Let me first,—in order to assure you that I have some practical knowledge of the subject on which I write,—state that I am in the commission of the peace in more than one county in England, and that I have acted as chairman to a board of guardians for some years, during which I established the new poor-law in a large agricultural union in Hampshire.

Agrarian outrages are occasioned in Ireland by the knowledge that, if turned out from his cottage and potatoe ground, the occupant must starve on the roads, because he cannot find agricultural day labour in Ireland, as the peasantry do in England.

The remedy is—plenty of agricultural employment at wages that will maintain the labourer.

The Irish are willing to work. The English peasantry, degraded by long mal-administration of poor-laws, refused to exert themselves: and union workhouses were *here* necessary as a test of destitution. No such test is required in Ireland. Poor-rates are levied in Ireland; and assistant commissioners are organising the methods of granting relief, and are building workhouses. Let a different plan be tried in one district: instead of building workhouses (costing about 7000*l.* each), let farms of one thousand acres of waste land be engaged. The cost of reclaiming them is 7*l.* per acre. Let all applicants for relief be admitted to work on the farm—at *task* work—at such a price as is paid by the best farmers in the district. After the first year or two, the farm would pay its own expenses. An improved system of agriculture would be introduced into the country: the "surplus population" being employed, the wages of the others would be raised. Family ties would not be interfered with; and the possession of a plot of highly-rented potatoe ground would no longer be a matter of vital importance, for day-labour and day-pay would have been established.

Such, sir, is an outline of the plan which I think it my duty to submit to the government. Should you deem it worthy of notice, I

shall be most glad to enter into any further details; and as, in that case, you might wish to know something of the party from whom the suggestion comes, I may add that I am an acting magistrate in this division of Hants; that, in politics, I am a Whig; and, in religion, an English Catholic.

Excuse, sir, what may seem the abruptness of my letter. Notwithstanding which, with all proper feelings of respect,

I have the honour to be your very obedient servant,

Botleigh Grange, J. RICHARD BESTE.
26*th Dec.* 1842.

LETTER IV.—TO J. RICHARD BESTE, ESQ., BOTLEIGH GRANGE.

SIR,—I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 26th instant.

Whatever I may think of the difficulties attending the plan you suggest,—which, I presume, includes the construction of farm-buildings requisite for the profitable cultivation of a farm of one thousand acres, and the provision of lodging for those applicants for relief, who are to be admitted to work on the farm, and do not happen to reside in the immediate neighbourhood,—and however improbable I think it, that such a farm will, after a year or two, pay its own expenses—yet I shall be prepared to read, with the same attention with which I have read your letter of the 26th December, any further communication you may think fit to address to me on the subject.

I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient faithful servant,

Drayton Manor, 31*st Dec.* 1842. ROBERT PEEL.

LETTER V.—TO THE RT. HON. SIR R. PEEL, BART., DRAYTON MANOR.

SIR,—Allow me to express my thankfulness that, amid all the calls upon your attention, you should have condescended to notice the communication of a stranger. I hasten to reply to the difficulties which you suggest as applying to my plan for relieving agrarian distress in Ireland; and your mention of which proves, if I may be permitted to say so, your acquaintance with the practical working of any laws for the relief of the poor.

In my letter of the 26th ult., I suggested that, instead of using the workhouse in Ireland as a test of destitution, district farms of one thousand acres each should be established, to offer task work, at remunerating wages, to all applicants. To this, you object the erection of farm buildings and the provision of lodgings for applicants who are to be admitted to work on the farm, and who do not happen to reside in the immediate neighbourhood. Permit me to say that no farm building would be requisite, beyond a house for an overseer or bailiff. Spade husbandry alone would be practised; a day's work would be allotted to each applicant, such as would enable an able-bodied man to earn Irish farmer's wages, or more, if more were necessary to the

maintenance of his family in the poorest manner, say 10*d.* or 1*s.* per day. Each applicant would thus earn in proportion to his strength or ability. For the first year or two, potatoes would be the only crop produced; and these would require no buildings.

Then as to the lodging of applicants. A labourer will gladly walk five miles to his day's work. I am now employing about fifty able-bodied men *here,* who must have gone into the workhouse with their families, had I not, in order to keep them out, set them to clear a wood and grub up the roots of trees: many of them come more than four miles to the work. Irish labourers would gladly do the same, or more; and I calculated, that those nearest the district farm being employed on it, those towards the outer circumference of the circle it would embrace would find labour with farmers nearer home. But I only named farms of one thousand acres, because the expense of reclaiming Irish land being about 7*l.* an acre, and the average cost of workhouses 7,000*l.*, I wished to place the farm in juxta-position to the workhouse. A farm of five hundred acres might perhaps be better, and would only entail the expense of additional bailiffs.

You also question, sir, whether the farms would pay their own expenses in the short time I name. We find here that labourers are glad to be allowed to break up and bring into cultivation any piece of waste land, if it is granted to them for two years rent-free. After that time, they can afford to pay rent. And I do think, from some considerable practical knowledge of agriculture, that the farms I wish to establish in Ireland would, after that period, pay their own expenses; although they would not so soon refund the amount expended in their first establishment.

At all events, the plan which I propose would entail no alteration in the principle of the law now in force in Ireland for the relief of the poor. Poor-rates being established, they could be applied to any purpose. Boards of guardians should still be elected to work out my plan, under superintendant assistant-commissioners to overlook them. And I confidently predict the result would be—blessings upon a system which secured to the peasant remunerating wages for his day's work, without the confinement of the workhouse, without the severance of family ties, without the degradation of pauperism,—*which made the possession of a plot of potatoe ground no longer necessary to his existence,*—which would enable the farmer to reply to the sturdy mendicant, "Go to the district farm."

The farmers alone would object to the plan, because it would raise the price of labour upon them. But few would sympathize with this complaint, seeing the low wages actually given.

Permit me to thank you for your kind attention to the matter. I shall esteem myself very fortunate, should your good opinion of it entitle me to the honour of further communication from you.

I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

Botleigh Grange, J. Richard Beste.

3rd January 1843.

LETTER VI.—TO J. RICHARD BESTE, ESQ., BOTLEIGH GRANGE.

SIR,—I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 3rd January.

Having further considered the project to which that letter refers, I do not think the plan you suggested (which, indeed, is one which has been frequently proposed) could be advantageously adopted. If land in Ireland can be profitably reclaimed or profitably cultivated, it will be done most effectually by those who are possessors of the soil, and through the instrumentality of private enterprise.

I am sir, your obedient faithful servant,

Whitehall, Jan. 9, 1843. ROBERT PEEL.

LETTER VII.—TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR R. PEEL, BART., WHITEHALL.

SIR,—I would not presume to lead you to a prolonged correspondence; but your letter of yesterday's date shows that, since the receipt of my first letter, you have misapprehended the purport of my plan, so as to call for a short explanation on my part. Excuse me that I say that the profitable employment of pauper labourers was not the object of my proposal. My primary object was to prevent agrarian outrages in Ireland, which originate in the defence of a cabin and potatoe ground,—the occupant knowing that, IF EJECTED FROM THENCE, HE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO FIND DAY LABOUR, ON THE WAGES OF WHICH HE MAY MAINTAIN HIMSELF: HE, THEREFORE, MURDERS ANOTHER RATHER THAN STARVE HIMSELF. I would have taken from him this pretence, by offering him day-labour for day-wages on a district farm. My object is the pacification of the country, and the opening a market to the labourer's industry. Whether that labour should be productive or not, is quite a secondary consideration. The poor-rates that are to be expended in the erection of workhouses and the maintenance of paupers therein, I would have expended in affording labour to the industrious. If that labour were not remunerative, the rate-payers would be no worse off than under the system of the poor-law commissioners. But I believe it would have repaid them.

I am quite aware of the folly of attempting to make pauper-labour a source of profit: so much so that, both privately and in print, I have endeavoured to induce the poor-law commissioners in England to prohibit *all* labour of every description in their workhouses. But my plan would not make a pauper of the Irish labourer; he would receive only what he should earn. I am aware also that in a peaceful and healthy-minded country, private enterprise will best reclaim or cultivate the soil; and my plan would open a field to private enterprise, by enabling owners to regain possession of their tenements, and so to improve their properties.

For all these reasons, I venture to think that my plan is different from any that has been hitherto proposed; and being contrary to that of the poor-law commissioners (who would of course oppose it) I suggested that it should be first tried in one district only.

Although I fear that you have decided against my suggestion, I beg

to be excused for thus endeavouring to remove the misapprehensions on which that decision seems to be founded. Should anything induce you to think more favourably of it, I should be happy to wait on you at any time, and more fully to explain my views.

I have the honour to be, sir, your very obedient humble servant,

Botleigh Grange, J. Richard Beste.

11*th January*, 1843.

The length of time which has elapsed since the date of this last letter, shows at once that Sir R. Peel has adhered to his condemnation of the plan suggested. It was not, in truth, likely to be approved by the poor-law commissioners; and we own that we have fancied we saw a difference in the tone of the letter written by the Right Hon. Baronet from Whitehall, to that which he had first penned from Drayton Manor. He had had an opportunity of consulting the triumvirate at Somerset House.

Meanwhile, agrarian outrages in Ireland have increased in a fearful manner during the last few months ; nor has any attempt been made to remove the causes in which they originate. But we beg pardon : a commission has been issued to inquire into the tenure of land in that country ; nay, more ; Lord Devon is about to make his report on what he has discovered. We hear that he has examined Mr. O'Connell at great length, and, we doubt not, obtained much valuable information from him—of which all the world was before aware from that learned gentleman's former statements. If, however, Mr. O'Connell shall have suggested any plan by which a fixity of tenure can be secured to the tenant without an infringement upon the rights of the owner, highly as we esteem of his ability, we shall deem that, in this instance, he has exceeded himself.

We own, therefore, freely that we have no hope from this commission ; and yet that something must be done, all the world agrees. The plan suggested in the foregoing letters seems to us practicable; and (though we are no admirers of poor-laws, that is to say of charity by act of parliament) we think that it might have been introduced with advantage in a country situated like Ireland. We shall await, with more of curiosity than of hope, to see Lord Devon's attempts at legislation. Perhaps he will recommend that the sources of Irish justice should be purified—that the peasant should not be oppressed by vexatious distresses for rent which would not be endured in England—that he should not be suddenly called upon to pay up arrears after time given by his landlord—that the said landlord should not be allowed to distrain, even for rents not yet due—and that he should then be debarred from showing his *kindly* feeling for his tenant by seizing his dung-heap only,—only his dung-

heap,—with the certain knowledge that the loss of it will ruin his crops, and bring him to beggary next year. Perhaps he will suggest that redress for such grievances should be given the tenant in the local courts of justice, and that public opinion should be encouraged to uphold the sufferer in defending his rights and to blast the reputation of the oppressor. Public opinion is, indeed, a mighty engine, and the best redresser of wrongs, the best controller of magisterial responsibility; but we doubt whether it will be efficiently worked in Mayo by the Earl of Lucan, as lord-lieutenant of the county.*

* Some three years since, the Earl of Lucan was removed from the commission of the peace *by the present government*, for outrageous conduct in court to a brother magistrate. He is this day placed at the head of the administration of justice in his county.

THE EVENING THRUSH.

From out the skirting bush,
Yon solitary thrush
Comes out upon the strip of level lawn,
All in the evening grey,
To sing a roundelay,
That may calm her to her rest till peep of dawn.

She through the hours of light,
From morn to closing night,
Sought food for her hungry callow young;
Now when the sun is set,
Her wings all dewy wet,
Soothes her spirit with her own sweet song.

She seeks the open lawn
Where the doe and happy fawn
Come forth, from the covert wild, to play;
For she loves to hear the note,
Gushing fully from her throat,
Pierce yonder heaven above at close of day.

C. D.

THE ETERNAL CITY.

More stirring themes have been supplied to history by a few roods of space on the banks of the Tiber, than by any other region of the world, or perhaps than by all the rest of it. There, of a certainty, has the theatre of whatever is grandest, of whatever is most widely felt and permanently influential in the drama of human existence, been appointed; as the heathens would have said, by the Fates, but as we say, by Providence.

Superhuman, indeed, have been the efforts of Hope on the one hand, to make good her footing within that old ring-wall girding the 'seven hills,' and of Time, 'the destroyer,' on the other hand, to dislodge her. See, in the ruins of the 'imperial mount,' of the Cælian, of the Aventine, and even of the Capitol and the Roman Forum, what havoc has been the consequence!

Yes, the powers that build up trophies to memory and erect temples to expectation, and the powers that labour to pull down and to level both the one and the other, have, for five-and-twenty centuries, at the least, made this spot the chief scene of their conflicts. Both principles have here had their most signal victories and reverses; so has it been with the one which delights to ruin, and with the other delighting to erect and to conserve. Within these lists of destiny, marked out in the midst of a vast mephitic solitude strewed with ruins—a sort of neutral ground between time and eternity—death and life, triumph and overthrow, have pushed forward and suffered repulse by turns.

Here, from an origin so obscure that for centuries history had scarcely deigned to notice it, there grew up a power that overshadowed the world for many ages: from a bivouac of rude huts, there came forth the city of Augustus and the Antonines. These perished, though men thought, and apparently with justice prophesied, they were to be eternal. They perished miserably. Not a rood of the empire, scarcely a few fragments of the city were left. The 'Seven hills,' the vale of the Forum, and of the Great Circus, reverted back again to nature. It was thought to be all over with Rome, since the site of the pagan city is still a wilderness; but, at its side, and as if from underneath its ruins, another city and another Roman empire have arisen. In comparison with these, the Rome and the empire of the Cæsars were but shadows as to extent, as to the power of resisting the effects of violence and of decay, but, above all, as to duration.

But withal, the genii of destruction and of immortality are still entrenched within the enclosure of that old wall, garrisoned

now only by recollections. They divide it pretty equally between them; and, from opposite sides of the Capitol, seem to watch each other as from two hostile camps. Their sentinels, Despair and divine Hope, mount guard respectively on the Coliseum and St. Peter's.

It is the history of their struggles we propose to write. We aim not at writing what may be termed the world-history of Rome, the annals of her empire; but merely to tell the story of "THE CITY." Beyond the proscenium we are determined not to pass. However, let no one dread a dearth of argument. The whole precinct is but twelve miles in circuit, it is true; Sir John Cam Hobhouse and a friend of his measured it; but—

"Ages and realms are crowded in this span."

We shall of course commence with the Rome of Paganism, and next proceed to the Rome of Christianity. The history of the latter will run greatly into that of the popes, especially from St. Gregory the Great to Gregory XVI. In both instances, it shall be our object not so much to aim at continuity of narrative from age to age, as, by giving a vivid picture not only of the extrinsic aspect of the city, but of its institutions and the costume and manners of inhabitants, to spread over each most remarkable epoch such a light as that the Romans of each succeeding generation shall stand before the reader's eyes, distinct, intelligible, and familiar as contemporaries.

Rome as it was when the fugitives returned after the retreat or expulsion of the Gauls,—when Hannibal was at its gates,—when Augustus was emperor,—when Nero burned it;—what its aspect was when the first Christian emperor entered it in triumph, and when Belisarius viewed it after the barbarians had reduced it to a desert;—for the Pagan city this will be sufficient.

For the Rome of the Popes, our first tableau will represent it in the days of Gregory the Great; the next in the days of Leo III, when Charlemagne was anointed and crowned with the old imperial diadem of Augustus. Again, when being sore pressed by the Saracens, pope Leo IV rebuilt and extended its walls. It will present a terrible, but picturesque, and most tragical aspect in the tenth age. The age of Hildebrand will see it shake off its tyrants; and under the reign of Innocent III it will shine out in such majesty as to eclipse all the glories of the past. The next scene will be in the year of our Lord 1300, when Dante and John Villani were amongst the millions who assembled there for the jubilee of Boniface VIII. We next shall see Petrarcha crowned, and hear Rienzi harangue the Romans on the Campidoglio. When next we behold it, the grass is growing in the streets, the people wretched, and the "abomi-

nation of desolation is seated in the holy places," at the return of the popes from the captivity of Avignon. This is linked with the Rome of Luther and Leo X. Then the storming and sack of Rome, as described by Benvenuto Cellini, who fought on the walls where Bourbon was shot, and witnessed the havoc and conflagration afterwards from the top of Sant' Angelo. Then the Rome of Sixtus Quintus, of Alexander VIII, of Pius VII.

This brings us to Rome as it is, with its studios and its museums, its cloisters and colleges, its libraries, monuments, charitable institutions, schools, and academies of literature, the sciences and the fine arts. Of all these things, with whatever else either instructive or amusing we have been able to glean concerning the eternal city, whether above or below ground, from either reading or observation, we will take care to hide none under a bushel.

"But enough for the day is the evil thereof." Thank heaven we have done with the preface; now for our first chapter.

CHAPTER I.

"He who calls what has vanished back again into being, enjoys a bliss like that of creating."—NIEBUHR.

THE old story about Romulus and Remus, the she-wolf, and the twelve vultures, is known to every one. "But its essence," says Niebuhr, "is the fabulous. We may strip this of its peculiarities, and pare away and alter until it is reduced to a possible every-day incident, but we ought to be firmly convinced that the *caput mortuum* which will remain will be any thing but an historical fact." Let this pass for the present. For the elder ages of Rome, the cry is, Niebuhr or nobody. We are not strong enough yet to stem the current: let us go with the fashion, then.

"From what people the eternal city originally arose is precisely what we do not know," says Niebuhr; "but it is no less suited to the eternity of Rome for its roots to lose themselves in infinity, than what the poets sang of the rearing and deification of Romulus befits the majesty of the city. A god or no one must have founded it."

The name Rome, Greek in form like that of Pyrgi, belonged to the city at the time when it, as well as all the towns in its neighbourhood, was Pelasgian.

All legends agree in recognizing the Palatine as the site of the original Rome. The sides were cut into steep precipices, and made to serve for a wall. This was the most primitive style of fortifying a town, and quite a usual one with the aborigines of middle Italy. From the statement of Tacitus (Ann. xii. 24)

the pomærium of Romulus, beginning from the Forum Boarium, ran skirting along the north side of the Circus Maximus, a swamp or long narrow lake at that time; then from the Septizonium to below the baths of Trajan; thence finally perhaps along the Via Sacra to the Forum; from whence to the Velabrum, closing the circuit, there extended a marsh. Indeed, according to Brocchi, there was a time when the seven hills rose like so many woody islets from a wide lake. The waters sank by degrees. The mound of Ancus Martius helped to restrain the Tiber within his bed, and the Cloaca Maxima to drain the marshes; but that the Forum, even long after the building of the city, was in great part under water, is plain from the legend of Quintius Curtius jumping into the pool that was there. The Aventine was an island. To pass to it by the ferry from the side of the Palatine, one paid a *quadrantem*, or farthing, according to Varro. Nearly all the hillsides abounded in limpid springs.

According to Niebuhr, another bourgh of later origin than that on the palatine, grew upon the Carinæ, an acclivity of the Esquiline near to St. Pietro in Vincoli. It had an earth-wall, he says, towards the Subura, and a gate at the foot of the Viminal, spoken of in the legend of the Sabine war. The Porta Janualis can have been no other than that which closed the bottom of the ascent leading up to the Carinæ.

It is remarked by Dionysius, that the aborigines dwelt in scattered villages upon the hills where Rome ultimately rose. "Locum," as Cicero calls it, "in regione pestilenti salubrem."* All the mounds and eminences along the Campagna bear traces of having been similarly occupied. Niebuhr will have it that one of the detached villages was called Remuria, another, on the Janiculum near St. Onofrio, he thinks was called Vattica or Vatticum, whence the Ager Vaticanus derived its name; and that these were the first to disappear before Rome; the entire population of conquered places being usually led captive by the victors.†

A still more important town he plants on the Agonian hill, the Quirinal, as it was afterwards called. It was founded, he thinks, by the Sabines having taken post there when they were driving the Caseans and Umbrians before them down the Tiber. The Capitoline was the citadel or Acropolis of this village. "If we enquire after the particular name of this town," he says, "I think I may assume without scruple that it was Quierium."

* De R. P. ii. 6.

† The name Vaticanus is derived by Aulus Gellius (Noct. Atticar. l. xvi. 17) a vaticiniis, because there was a shrine of Apollo celebrated for its oracles by Varro and St. Augustin (de Civ. Dei, l. viii.) It is derived from a deity named Vaticanus "qui infantium vagitibus præsidet."

All traces by which the two cities came to be united into one state have not been effaced. A tradition was preserved that each had its king, each its own senate of one hundred men, and that they met together on the level between the Capitol and the Palatine, thence called the *Comitium.* The kernel of fact to be extracted from the myth of the Sabine raptus is, that Rome gained by force of arms the right of intermarriage with Quirium. The double-headed Janus, somewhat after the fashion of a turnstile, looked with one face towards each city, as the gate of the double barrier that at once united their interests and separated their liberties. It was open in war-time to allow of mutual succours being sent from one to the other, wherever the danger most required it. It was to restrict promiscuous and too frequent intercourse, that it was closed in time of peace. The Via sacra running between the two seems to have been destined for common religious processions. Most of the ceremonies and rites of the Roman religion were Sabine.

A double people the Romans certainly continued to be, low down in the historical period. The poem on the twin brothers has no other meaning. This, occasioned at first, it is likely, by the union through conquest of the Aborigines and the Pelasgians, or of Roma and Remuria, was perpetuated by that of the Romans and Quirites, or Sabine people of Quirium. The rival castes of patricians and plebeians gave it most vivid expression.

It is likely that these heterogeneous elements were first blended and well combined by pressure from without. United by intermarriages, by a common worship, probably by common dangers and ambition, the two towns agreed to have but one king and one senate,—in a word, but one government,—to form but one state. Henceforward, on all solemn occasions, their style and title became "Populus Romanus et Quirites." The Romans, in course of time, got the upper hand,—became the ascendancy. Quirites and plebeians became synonymous. By this union, Romulus was converted into Quirinus, and Quirium probably became that mysterious name of Rome which it was prohibited to utter. Immediately after the federal union of the two cities, tradition places the division of the people into the three tribes, the Ramnes, Tities, and Luceres; and into thirty subdivisions, called Curies.

The festival of Septimontium preserved the remembrance of a time when the Capitoline, Quirinal, and Viminal hills, were not yet incorporated with Rome, but when the remainder of the heights, except the Aventine, formed a united civic community. This was the extent afterwards enclosed by the wall of Servius. It consisted of seven districts, each of which, even in the time of Tiberius, had its own holidays and sacrifices. They were:

Palatium, Velia, Cermalus, Cœlia, Fagutal, Oppius, Cispius. These were not all hills. Some of them were mere heights or swells of land; others lay on the plain at the foot of the hills. The Velia ran from the Galatine to the Carinæ, where stood afterwards, as do their ruins to-day, the Temple of Peace, and that of Venus and Rome. Oppius and Cispius are the two slopes of the Esquiline; Cermalus, the ground at the foot of the Palatine, where the Lupercal and the Ficus Ruminalis were. Probably the Fatugal ran between the Palatine and the Cœlian.

These were for a long time detached villages, not enclosed by any common ring-wall. The Aventine was easily fortified, being isolated in a great degree by the Tiber and the marshes. The other flank of it, towards the Porta Capena, was protected by a fosse, called the ditch of the Quirites: "Quiritiûm fossa haud parvum munimentum a planioribus aditu locis."—*Livy*, i. 33.

In a military point of view, the detached towns were not united till the erection of the wall of Servius. This mound extended from the Calline to the Esquiline gate, seven stadiums, or seven-eighths of a mile. Out of a moat one hundred feet broad by thirty feet deep, there rose a wall sixty feet high and fifty feet thick, faced with flag-stones, and flanked with towers. No wonder Pliny the Elder (H. N. iii. 9) was amazed at this work, though the Coliseum was new in his days. The rest of the enclosure was completed by uniting the outer walls of the old villages one with another, by lines carried from hill to hill. These, with the towers and walls at the gates, which barred an ascent, were the only works of man. Elsewhere, this aggregation of burly rustic bivouacs was fortified solely by the steepness of the hill sides. When the Gauls had clomb the Capitoline, they were in the citadel. Above, there was no breastwork or battlement. The whole circumference, a little longer than that of Athens, was under six miles. There was on the Janiculum, it is likely, a fort or acropolis; but the idea of it having been united by walls with the bridge over the Tiber, Niebuhr laughs at. The building itself he places outside the enclosure.

At this time, the Viminal seems to have been uninhabited, overgrown with osier underwood, whence its name, as that of the Esquiline came from its oak woods. Indeed we are by no means to suppose the entire enclosure to have been filled by a town. In those ages, to have pasturage and even arable lands within the walls of cities was quite customary. The fortified precinct received the peasant with his cattle in time of war. The malaria was as fatal and dreaded then as now. Hence space and dwelling-places were required, even in peace-time—

angel-visits then—for the country folk, crowding in from the campagna in the unhealthy season.

The Cloaca Maxima, built in the earliest times to carry off the waters of the Velabrum swamp and the Curtian pool in the Forum, was made of dimensions sufficient to receive other effluxes besides. This astonishing structure consists of three concentric semicircular arches, the inner one being eighteen Roman palms in width and in height. They are all formed of blocks of peperino, seven and one-quarter palms long, and four and one-sixth high, fixed together without cement. This river-like sewer discharges itself into the Tiber through a kind of gate in the quay, which is of the same style of architecture, and must have been raised at the same time, inasmuch as it dams off the river from Velabrum, which has been rescued from it.

"These works," says Niebuhr, "with the wall of Servius described above, and the building of the Capitoline temple, utter an irresistible testimony that Rome under her later kings was the capital of a great state. They were suggested by a spirit that already trusted in the eternity of the city, and was preparing a way for its advance."

However loath to dissent from such an authority as Niebuhr, the old traditions, we think, are of much greater historical moment than he is disposed to allow. Our reasons we may perhaps assign further on. For the present, let it suffice to remark, what the learned German himself has admitted,—that "the she-wolf's den, the fig-tree at the roots of which the sucklings were saved,—all the relics of Romulus, and the rich poem containing so many features connected with local circumstances which were unknown to foreigners, contribute to show that the traditions sprung up on the very site of the city. Nor was it alone that these memories had taken root in the scenery, —were "racy of the soil;" they were kept green and vivid from age to age by religious festivals and games; in the lays and hymns chanted on solemn occasions, and in the songs of the people. Dionysius tells us this. After narrating the story of Romulus and Remus, &c. he adds: ὡς ἐν τοις πατριους ὑμνοις ὑπο Ρωμανων ἐτι και νῦν ἐιδεται."

It may also pass for an ancient testimony of an actual popular belief, recognized by the state, that in the year of the city 458, bronze figures of the she-wolf and the babes were set up near the Ficus Ruminalis. It is the self-same image that was struck at the death of Cæsar by lightning, and is still preserved in the Capitoline museum.

On the surrounding country in those days were many forests and tracts covered with underwood—well stocked with game and with wild animals, both of the chase and of prey—scenes of

hunting in peace, and of battle and ambuscade in war-time. Instead of the imperial highways of later ages, some footpaths and bridleways led through the farms and woodlands to the city. The city itself wore a rural aspect; but above it the sky was as beautiful as when it was built of marble. If the fortress on the Capitol and the temples there and around the Forum, displayed a certain severe majesty, the dwellings, even of the patricians, were of the lowliest description. The palace of Romulus—preserved to the latest times of the empire—was but a hut thatched with reeds. On several of the hills were groves, and through every quarter of the enclosure were dispersed umbrageous trees, and even gardens, vineyards, and green fields. Withal it was a stirring place; despising commerce and the arts, but much given to athletic games, to feats of agility and horsemanship; enamoured of festivals celebrated with loud warlike music, with carousals and brave feasting on victims slaughtered in honour of the immortal gods. From all the neighbouring petty states, the outlawed, the malcontent, the sport-loving, and the enterprising, flocked thither, and the new town had room, welcome, and work for them all. The maidens at eventide used to gather, with their amphoræ, not at marble fountains, but round the clear springs that bubbled from the hill sides; while the youth engaged in feats of strength and daring on the plains of the Forum or the Subura, or exercised their war-steeds on the Campus Martius. Bracelets, tiaras for the head, with bright colours and gay costumes, had their charms for the one,—the other class delighted in brilliant well-tempered arms and rich caparisons; these hailed the signal with tumultuous exultation that summoned them to the foray; to their betrothed it was a day of rapture, which saw their lovers returning in triumph, laden with spoils, and driving before them the flocks, the herds, and droves of citizens they had torn from the Gabians or the Volci. The burghers understood but two arts—agriculture and war. The senators were wont to pass with facility from the plough to the debate; from tending their cattle to the conduct of armies. After the day's work in seed-time or harvest, they assembled on the green sod of the Forum to resolve on a campaign against Sutricum or Corioli, or to receive ambassadors from the republics of Tiber or Bovillæ.

It would not, however, be correct to figure these elder ages to ourselves as deficient in a high degree of military discipline; and in a certain imposing solemnity in whatever regarded public life, the functions of the commonwealth, but, above all, of religion,—which came from the very first—from the reign of Numa—to be regarded as the paladium and mainspring of the state. "Talche," says Machiavelli, "se si havesse a disputare a quale

principe Roma fusse più obbligato a Romulo o a Numa, credo più tosto Numa atterebe il primo grado." At the time that Rome was starting on her career, a considerable refinement and progress in the arts had been attained to, by several, particularly of the Etruscan, states in her neighbourhood. The specimens of architecture before alluded to, the Cloaca, the mound of Servius, and the substructures of the Capitol, after braving five-and-twenty centuries of havoc, give us no mean estimate of the building art when the city was still young. The Tarquins especially gave a great impulse in these respects. Of Corinthian extraction, and long settled in Etruria, they combined the arts of the latter with Grecian genius. Tarquinius Priscus, it is said, was the first to introduce the fasces, the trabea, rings, curule chairs, caparisons for steeds; the various species of toga —the striped, or bordered, and the embroidered; the custom of harnessing four white horses to the car of triumph; and, in fine, the various badges and insignia which are the becoming ornaments, if not the indispensable appendages, of jurisdiction.*

But, truth to say, Rome during this epoch wore much more the aspect of an entrenched camp in the midst of a hostile country, or of a stronghold of banditti, than of an ordinary town. This was a destiny entailed upon it by the character of its origin; for we must still abide by the prescriptive story, notwithstanding all that Niebuhr has written, that the city sprung from an aggregation of outlaws and adventurers, under a daring but blood-stained leader. This caused it to be held, by all the surrounding septs, in an execration which failed not to excite in the outlaws a counter scorn, and a fierce resolve to wrest by violence what was denied to them on the ordinary grounds of intercourse and neighbourhood. Hence the hand of the Roman was against every man, and every man's hand was against him. This warlike and aggressive character became still more decided after the Tarquins were driven from the throne, and that, besides their old enemies on the side of Etruria and of Latium, the new republic had to contend against the royal exiles and their powerful adherents. But like her own eagle, the burly young Rome seemed to disport herself and grow vigorous amidst these stormy dangers.

"Incredible," says Sallust, "were the strides made by the country after it had won its freedom. Then for the first time the Roman youth began to acquire on the field of battle and in camps that discipline and skill in the management of arms, which hitherto they used to learn on the Campus Martius. They rushed with equal alacrity to the laborious duties of the pioneer,

* "Rome under Paganism and under the Popes," vol. i. p. 108.

and to the perils of the foremost ranks; and a vehement love for brilliant armour and steed-trappings seemed to have absorbed in them the other passions which usually predominate at their age. To men inspired with such heroism, toil was but a pastime, forced marches over the most rugged ground a recreation. They stormed heights apparently inaccessible; the number of their foes they never heeded. Nothing in fine was able to resist their valour. But of all their conflicts, the fiercest was that in which they contended for glory with one another. Each burned to be the first to charge the enemy, to scale the rampart; and the fame of achievements such as these they prized beyond all riches and nobility."

We cannot desire a more appropriate reflexion to close with than the following:—" Rome faisant toujours des efforts, et trouvant toujours des obstacles, faisait sentir sa puissance sans pouvoir l'ètendre, et dans une circonference très petite elle s'exerçait à des vertus qui devaient être fatales à l'univers."—*Montesquieu.*

SONNET ON STONE HENGE.

I STOOD beside the blue Tyrrhenian sea,
And saw three wondrous monuments uprear
Their column'd aisles 'mid desolation drear,
For some forgotten cult's strange ministry—
Type of man's wants and God's high majesty.
Years pass'd. And now, more wondrous far, appear
The mighty unhewn stones that circle here
On the lone down 'mid countless tumuli.
Whence came these stones? What unknown power has riven
And mov'd and rais'd them? Was it love or dread
Of God they testify? Reply, ye dead!
They do: and still the same response is given:
For ages, have Stone Henge and Pæstum said
" Man's noblest works are consecrate to heaven."

SOMEBODY.

THE POLICY OF CATHOLICS.

If it be useful and refreshing to the traveller occasionally to interrupt his course that he may ascend an eminence and take a view, first, of the progress that he has made, and secondly, of the journey which yet remains to be accomplished, so the journalist, who must keep pace with the times, will do well to follow a similar plan; and, as we have hitherto moved on with the events of our day, and are entering upon a new course, we think it not inappropriate to consider the position of the Catholic body as to both the past and the present, that the review may assist us as to the future that lies before us.

It is often made a reproach to the Catholic if he advert to the days of that bitter persecution, whereby it was attempted for nearly three hundred years to eradicate the religion of his fathers from the country. But the reproach is unjust, inasmuch as the retrospect not merely serves the purpose of recrimination, but is useful to explain our present position, which embraces the effects of causes which were then laid; and also to form a correct estimate of those who are obviously animated by the spirit that then predominated, and who still cling, as their predecessors have always clung, to the several links of that chain which it has been the object of a wiser and more Christian policy to sever.

But, mindful of the hint given to the orator in Molière, who commenced his pleadings with the beginning of the world, that he should come down to the deluge, we shall not startle the reader with a prolix dissertation on the whole history of the penal laws, but come at once to the conclusion thereof. In England, indeed, and still more in Scotland, such had been the systematic severity with which those unchristian, unsocial, inhuman enactments had been made part and parcel of the jurisprudence of the country, had been interwoven with the whole administration of the constitution, that in these kingdoms the Catholic body had been ground down to a number so inconsiderable, as to be no longer an element in even a political disquisition. But in Ireland, whatever may have been the cause (and that cause may be made the subject of interesting investigation), the Catholics still remained the nation. The physical force of Ireland was the Catholic people, at the moment, when the genius of persecution seemed fairly wearied out in the unhallowed and unavailing warfare against the religion of the Cross, the faith of the Christian world. It might have been asked, in the beautiful words

of the Holy Scripture, "*Why have the Gentiles raged and the people devised vain things? The kings of the earth stood up, and the princes met together against the Lord and against his Christ.*" These attempts, in recent days, as in the earlier ones of our heathen persecutors, have been found to be altogether vain things. The Catholic people constituted the Irish nation. Well, gradually they outgrew their shackles. Gradually were conceded to them rights, the abrogation of which will be surely read in after ages with incredulity—the right to acquire real property, the right to educate their own children in their own country, and the right to the elective franchise.

Now any one of these concessions was calculated to be the death-blow to the iniquitous system hitherto so rampant. The acquisition of knowledge would afford, to the physical force of the nation, an opening to a clear and forcible perception both of their wrongs and their rights. The acquisition of wealth would generate political influence: and the suffrage conferred, at once, political power. So that the eventual emancipation of the Catholic millions became merely a question of time, and the combination of the conceded rights was calculated to accelerate, and that with irresistible rapidity, the advent of freedom.

But circumstances intervened, not to prevent, but to check this desirable consummation. The cause of the people was taken up by men who had themselves a direct interest in its success, but who, or many of whom, commended themselves but ill to a religious people by a notorious, if not avowed, indifference to the obligations of religion. The people of Ireland, the bane of whose cause had, from remote ages, been internal discord, were not likely to amalgamate extensively with leaders who cared so little to recommend themselves to a people more zealous for their religion than even for their country. Accordingly, great progress was not made, till one man arose, who combined in his own person all the elements of success. Station and fortune (two fruitful sources of influence with a nation not yet impregnated with the democratic spirit usually created by commerce), were united with commanding talents, singular tact, wonderful address, powerful eloquence, and, above all, a familiar knowledge of the truths, and habitual devotion to the duties of their religion. Then, clergy and people, throughout the four provinces, discovered a common rallying point. Then they found that their confidence would not be misplaced, or their energies wasted; and, headed by the chief in whom they implicitly trusted, they exhibited to an admiring world the singular spectacle of an organized nation, quite prepared to achieve, at any risk and any sacrifice but that of conscience, any object upon which their

energies should be directed. This grand array of power, intellect, and cool determination, resulted in the wonderful revolution, which (contradicting all experience of history, and confounding even the speculations of political philosophy), without bloodshed, without violence, without crime, wrested from a reluctant government and a protesting monarch, the emancipation of a long oppressed people.

A reluctant government and a protesting monarch! It is not necessary, nor is it becoming to withhold from the parties concerned, the grateful acknowledgment of their merits on this great occasion. When it is considered how little influence justice and right are allowed usually to exercise over statesmen, when it is considered how many wars since that of Troy, desolating nations and producing to the successful one nothing but the barren reputation of a wholesale murderer, have arisen from causes just adapted for nursery altercation; how commonly, in a word, the interests of mighty nations have been thrown into jeopardy in compliance with individual caprice or passion,—the mind, arising from such considerations, will be disposed to award to the reluctant parties to the Act of Emancipation, no small degree of commendation.

It would, indeed, have much more redounded to their credit, had they continued to administer the government in the spirit of the act to the passing of which they had so much contributed. The ministers had summoned up the moral courage to put in abeyance the professions of their whole lives, and to sacrifice political connections and personal prejudices to that which they deemed their duty to their country. And the monarch had addressed to his Hanoverian subjects the brief, but comprehensive —the all-important political maxim—that difference in religious opinion ought not to occasion distinction in the enjoyment of political rights. Happy, indeed, would it have been for all parties, if the genius which dictated such conduct and such language, had been allowed to preside over the future which now opened before them. Unfortunately, it was not so. As a mighty national movement, an actual, though peaceable, revolution, involving the destinies of millions and affecting relationships with nations, was marred by the petty malice of individual hostility; so, both monarch and minister relapsed, after their effort, into their former state of anti-Catholic hate; and, as far as they were concerned, that act of the legislature remained a dead letter on the statute-book.

Not so, however, was it with the emancipated body. Hitherto a mere nonentity in the constitution (so much so, indeed, that an Irish judge had declared, from the judgment-seat, that a

Catholic was a being unknown to the law but as an object of punishment), the Catholic body assumed an important and influential position in the commonwealth; and, let it be recorded with pride, that the whole of its influence was devoted to the cause of the people and of popular rights. It has been remarked before, that, in the agitation for the reform of parliament, which soon succeeded the act of emancipation, the Catholics, whether in parliament or out of doors, were almost universally ranged on the side of the people. A minority, indeed, were on the other side; but, while it was sufficiently large to prove that they were not bound together by ties of faction or party, and thus obliged to herd together without liberty of judgment or action, it was far too small to be considered, for a moment, in an estimate of the entire body. Thus, but one Catholic member of the House of Lords, and one of the House of Commons, were found to vote against the great measure of parliamentary reform.

The change, which had been wrought in the sentiments of the Catholic body by the scenes through which they had passed, may afford to the political philosopher matter for interesting speculation. The Catholic religion, expounded by the great apostle and doctor of the Gentiles, inculcates the great maxim, that all power is from God, and, therefore, that he who resisteth power, resisteth the ordinance of God. Hence she alone, of all forms of religious belief, has been found to amalgamate, readily and naturally, with every form of political government, from absolute despotism to complete republican equality; and hence her children have been always disposed to view, with jealousy and apprehension, all movements of a revolutionary character. To this original predisposition, must be added the fact, that, in the political agitations of *former* days, the most virulent enemies to the toleration of Catholics, were uniformly the leaders of the popular party; and their friends—if, indeed, they may be said to have had any friends—were to be sought exclusively among the Tories. The character of the successful rebellion under the leadership of Cromwell, and that of the still more successful one under the leadership of William, combined with the crimes committed in different parts of the continent in the name of liberty, whether civil or religious, might also have confirmed their prejudices against the professors of liberal opinions and in favour of Toryism.

But the scene had changed. They had endured—and, with the fortitude of their predecessors in the infancy of Christianity endured—a bitter and wasting persecution; and, although they had not, in imitation of some modern sects, deemed their persecution a sufficient reason for withholding their allegiance,

their admiration of a system, of which that persecution had formed an integral portion, had either entirely evaporated or been very much diminished. When, therefore, they saw the state of things under which they had suffered still upheld by the Tory party, while the Whigs, retaining their devotion to the cause of liberty, had opened their eyes to the infatuation under the influence of which their party had excluded Catholics from benefits which they had desired to extend to all the world beside, the Catholic body found that a species of tacit revolution had gone on around them: and, retaining the devotion to order which religion prescribes, they could not now but avail themselves of the means sanctioned and provided by the British constitution, for vindicating, protecting, and promoting, the cause of the people.

It was a very common, and certainly a very plausible doctrine, that the Catholic body, being now fused into the great mass of the nation, should renounce all disposition to a separate, independent, and, to use the ordinary expression, a sectarian existence. Much may be said in favour of this doctrine; especially if the government and the different departments of the constitution had been administered in accordance with the principle which it involves, and if it had been adopted by other different bodies, which had also their separate character. But this was not the case. The establishment retained its separate character; the various classes of dissenters did the same, and formed associations to watch over their separate interests.

These were examples for the Catholics. At the passing of the Reform Bill, their political conduct had raised them to a high position in public estimation, which was by no means lowered by the Christian heroism, the truly pastoral devotion to their afflicted neighbours, exhibited by the clergy during the terrific devastations of the cholera. They had, indeed, no wives or families to whom they might fear to carry home the disease. They heeded only the call of duty. Their conduct, therefore, both in politics and in religion, had done much to obliterate the prejudices of their Protestant fellow-countrymen, and to conciliate their esteem. It would have been comparatively easy to have maintained this favourable position, by perseverance. But they had made an effort; and having done so, as if wearied by unwonted exertion, they relapsed into the quietude to which the persecution of other days had consigned their fathers. Their enemies availed themselves of this inaction; and by their associations and their incessant exertions (in which indeed they were by no means scrupulous as to the means) acted upon the leaven that was not quite eradicated from the Protestant breast, till,

once more fermenting, it again diffused its pernicious influence throughout the mass of society.

To the philanthropist, a melancholy reflection on the weakness of the human mind, and on the force with which religious prejudice may act upon it, is deduced from the fact that the man who stood convicted of having roused the passions of his hearers at Exeter Hall to a pitch of madness against their fellow-Christians, by means of a document which proved to be a forgery,—of having represented this forgery as an interposition of Divine Providence,—of having stood by this forgery with a desperate fidelity, as long as it was possible to do so,—should nevertheless be still welcome to the same people whom he had so grievously deluded, and that his subsequent ravings should continue to meet with the same favour as those which he had uttered before his detection and exposure.

These mad exhibitions, which would have been merely ridiculous had they no practical results, were not long confined to Exeter Hall or Exeter Change. They found their way into the houses of the legislature, where exploded calumnies were revived; and Catholics were obliged to endure, as Catholics, language which no one would have dared to address to them as individuals. Finally, this spirit reappeared upon the hustings; and men were not ashamed to solicit the confidence of their fellow-Christians on the ground of their hostility to the great mass of the Christian world.

In the midst of all these things, which were daily developing their fatal results, the Catholics were quiescent. The ministry for the time being was friendly. It was through the co-operation of its members that their emancipation had been achieved, and on it they bestowed their confidence, wasting their own energies in inglorious indolence. They forgot the French maxim: *Aide-toi, et Dieu t'aidera*,—and, less wise than even the ancient husbandman, they suffered the wheel of their carriage to subside deeper and deeper into the mud; and they neither put their shoulders to it, nor called upon Hercules to do the work for them. But such inaction is but ill-suited to a constitution which derives its impulse in great measure from the popular will. In such a state, an administration is comparatively ineffective, unless it harmonise with public feeling; and that feeling cannot be known but by public expression. The fault of the Catholics was the fault of the liberal party in general. The members of this party did not reflect that a government is essentially conservative; not, indeed, in the technical and party sense which this word is acquiring,—but the duty of a ministry is to work the machine of the state with as little change as pos-

sible. If changes indeed appear even desirable, it is very possible that a patriotic ministry may go too far in advance of the popular feeling, which then a dexterous and unscrupulous opposition will direct against them, to their own discomfiture, and to the indefinite retardment of all amelioration. In a popular constitution, the popular will is the source and support of all improvements; and the ministry must from it derive both the justification of its efforts and its sustainment during their progress. To these principles both the Catholic body and the liberal party at large did not sufficiently advert. Both seemed to rest satisfied, because their friends were in power; whereas their enemies, in associations, at the registries, at dinners, and on all other occasions, were gathering up and organising a power, the progress of which became daily more and more perceptible, till it at length attained the success for which it was arranged.

The Catholics were specially worthy of censure, because the contest between the two great parties in the State turned principally upon them. What the Whigs could do, they did towards the amelioration of the laws affecting principally the Catholic body; and if their efforts in this respect were thwarted by the systematic and bigoted opposition of their adversaries, they endeavoured to remedy the evil, as well as they could, by a judicious and kindly administration of the existing law. Even the Coercion Act, that suicidal act of the Whig ministry,—the creation, indeed, of the Tory portion of that ministry, but for which nevertheless the whole body incurred the responsibility,—that act, which was vociferously supported by the whole Tory party, and which, in their hands, would most probably have been so administered as to spread misery and retaliatory vengeance throughout Ireland,—became, in the hands of a Normanby, a dead letter. It is also most worthy of remark, that our excellent and beloved Queen departed so far from the routine of royalty, as to signify to that liberal viceroy her approbation of his government, and her desire that he would continue to govern in the same spirit. It is easy to declaim against any party. Invective is, indeed, the resource of petty minds, and, in the wide field of omissions on one hand and of motives on the other, the spirit that is in love with melancholy may expatiate indefinitely; but, in truth, these were halcyon days. The Catholics breathed under the administration of a just ministry and a parental monarch. It was surely their duty, as it was unquestionably their policy, to exert themselves in defence and support of both. Neither ought the circumstance to be overlooked, that they might have done so, if not effectually—for of this we can only conjecture—at least so as necessarily to pro-

duce a powerful and useful impression. The Catholics are, beyond question, one-third of the people of the United Kingdom; and if the poverty which prevails so extensively among them be calculated so far to neutralize their efforts as to withhold from them influence commensurate with their numbers, their numbers nevertheless must, when combined in unity of action, produce a powerful impression.

The Catholics, however, were supine. Their associations, both in England and Ireland, had been very properly dissolved; but the events which have in these pages passed under review, surely called for their revival; but in vain. Some gentlemen, indeed, aware, as it would seem, of the necessity, set on foot an imitation society, which—in defiance even of the lexicographers—they denominated an Institute; but to any one capable of appreciating the spirit of the age, it was evident that this society was but ill adapted to that spirit. It wanted indeed the broad basis of the public suffrage. It was formed in secret; in secret were the rules concocted, by a few—though indeed highly respectable—individuals; and in secret has it always acted. Its constitution was anomalous. It eschewed politics, *whereas it was in the political arena that such a body was especially desiderated;* and, composed as it was of a mixed body of clergy and laity, the latter predominating, it undertook to present works of religious instruction to the Catholic and Protestant public.

Accordingly, when great events have taken place, in which all parties have participated, the Catholics only have been excepted. The accession of one of the best sovereigns that have swayed the sceptre, the coronation of that sovereign, her marriage, the birth of her children, her escapes from assassination, all have afforded to other classes occasions for expressing their loyalty, of which too they have availed themselves. The same occasions have been afforded to the Catholic body; but, for want of a medium of communication through its several members, they have been afforded in vain. And, it may be asked, if, according to the ancient maxim, that which appears not may be accounted as not existing, how was it possible that the sovereign should be aware of the vast support which, in any great contingency, awaited her,—if she should resolve to uphold the system of government which was most congenial to her benevolent disposition? In the political arena, out of parliament, Catholics were not represented.

But, whether in association or not, it becomes an important consideration, what should be their public course in relation to their political position? In answer, it may be stated that their objects are twofold; first, inasmuch as they are members

of the community at large, and secondly, in reference to their own peculiar interests. These objects are, however, in a great degree blended together. It is only on particular questions of temporal policy, such as the corn law, free trade, foreign politics, &c., &c., that each individual is likely to follow his own view, without reference to the interests of the body.

In regard, then, to their action upon the general politics of the country, it seems obviously desirable that they should be, as much as possible, united; and if, instead of catching up the clamour of the day, they pay some attention to their real duty as members of the commonwealth, it is most probable that this union will be, in great measure, effected. They should not, indeed, identify themselves as mere partisans with any one of the sections into which the political world is divided; but it is plainly their policy, as it is their duty, to incline to that great party to which they are unquestionably indebted for all that they have attained, and which is pledged, by the uniform language and conduct of its members, to afford them all that they have ever desired, or ought to desire—a real equality with the rest of the community in the enjoyment of the benefits and privileges, as they equally share the burdens, of the state. If that great party have sometimes deserved their disapprobation, as well as that of the people at large, it has been always in proportion as it has adopted the principles of the Tories; whereas the latter have sanctioned and adopted all that has been bad in the Whigs, and have added to it their own peculiar iniquities.

The party at present in power have not been wanting in fair professions towards the Catholics; but they should be judged by their acts. To pass over the fact that, as a party, they resisted the Act of Emancipation with a desperate resolution worthy of a better cause, what has been their conduct recently? They were certainly borne to power by the most unscrupulous and systematic slanders on the Catholic clergy and people, especially of Ireland. "Hooded incendiaries," "surpliced ruffians," and "a demon priesthood," applied to the former; and "a filthy and felonious rabble," applied to the latter, are but specimens of the language let loose against the Irish nation; and, if it be said that this was but the language of newspapers, the reply is, that the day is past when newspapers should be despised. They are the organs of their respective parties; and the language above quoted has never been condemned or repudiated by the party whose views it was intended to promote. Nor have the horrible, the unmanly assaults upon the character of the Queen, earned for any of the disgraceful assailants unpleasant consequences.

To all this should be added the administration of affairs in

Ireland, where, on the judicial as well as the episcopal bench, promotion has been attained in proportion to the hostility manifested by the fortunate objects to the Catholic religion and the Catholic people. Neither should we be surprised at the reward conferred upon the Chancellor for his denunciation of that people as "aliens in blood, aliens in language, aliens in religion," while we remember that those men persevere in office (one of them having been lately raised to the peerage) who did not hesitate to stigmatise the Catholic body with the slanderous charge of systematic perjury.

From such men what can be expected? *Do men gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles?* Common sense then, as well as common gratitude and common justice, must for ever alienate the Catholic people from the party at present in power, and attach them to that party, which, unfortunately for the empire at large, has been, by the most disgraceful means, compelled to retire, we trust but for a time, from the administration of the affairs of the country.*

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* Though we have felt pleasure in inserting the foregoing article, we beg to say that we do not wish to restrict the pages of this Magazine to the diffusion of the political principles of any party. We have, of course, our own predilections; but, considering to whom this publication principally addresses itself, we wish to give an equal hearing to all, quite convinced that truth, on whichever side it may be, will come out stronger from the conflict of comparison. With this view, we had planned that the article following this should be a strongly Conservative one, but our correspondent, having requested the temporary loan of his papers, we now find that he is so chagrined by the announced continuance of the Property and Income Tax, that he refuses the support of his pen to the party which sanctions it. We much regret this circumstance, as his article would have given us an opportunity of evincing the liberty we intend to afford for discussion—

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimene agetur.

SHROVE-TIDE FESTIVITY PROLONGED.

I.

WHAT!—feasting still! though long ago
  Midnight hath chimed on high;
And the waning stars more faintly glow
  Along the eastern sky!
Depart, thou thoughtless one!—Depart—
  Or stay—but to pray and mourn:—
To mourn, and think that "Dust thou art,
  And to dust thou shalt return!"

II.

Ah, thus our changeful life flies past—
Alternate joys and tears—
The cares of manhood follow fast
On the sports of boyish years.
Still pleasure's merry bound makes way
For the languid step of wo;—
As Autumn's fairest flowers decay
Before November's snow;—

III.

And oft the bridal robe prepares
A victim for the tomb;
And the merry smile that Beauty wears,
But marks its early doom.
And all that seems the fairest
May be soonest doomed to sorrow:
And the laugh that now thou hearest
May be changed to wail to-morrow.

IV.

Then strew the mystic ember
Upon thy fair young brow;
And remember, oh, remember
This morning's awful vow!
Be it ever in thy heart—
'Twill be graven on thy urn—
"Dust and ashes, man, thou art!
And to dust thou shalt return!"

Ash-Wednesday morning, 1845.

FLORAL SYMBOLISM.—(Part I.)

The language of flowers seems to have been the invention of the remotest antiquity. The sacred pages will immediately suggest both numerous and very beautiful examples, which show its universal adoption, from the earliest epochs, throughout the east. That it was well understood in the early ages of Greece, is evident from those monuments which we still possess of that people, who were endowed by nature with such elegantly constructed minds. Their temples, their sepulchres, their altars, their painted vases, and their medals, exhibit a variety of symbolic plants and flowers, to each of which they had affixed a peculiar and appropriate signification.* By means of these types they often succeeded in imparting an eloquent and pathetic expression to some of their most refined and elegantly conceived ideas.

Into this, as into every other literary elegance and liberal refinement, the conquering Romans were initiated by their captive Greece;† and we observe their poets, from Horace down to Claudian, perpetually referring to the funeral cypress,‡—that

* Clarke, in his travels through Greece, observes of some terra-cotta painted vases found at Athens: "Another circumstance discovered by the paintings upon these vases is too important to be omitted in a work which professes to treat of the antiquities of Greece. The origin of the symbol denoting water, as it has been figured by Grecian sculptors in their marble friezes and cornices, and upon ancient medals and gems, and as it was used for borders upon their pictured vases, appears from the terra-cottas found, to have originated in the superstitious veneration shown to a certain aquatic plant as yet unknown, but which will not long escape the notice of botanists, to whom the plants of Greece become familiar. It is represented under such a variety of circumstances, and with so many remarkable associations, that no doubt can remain as to the fact. The plant appears terminated by its flower, as in a state of fructification. When to the form of the flower, which is threefold, the volute appears on either side, we have the representation of an ornament conspicuous upon the cornices of the most magnificent temples of ancient Greece. From all which it may appear to be evident, that in the paintings and sculpture of the ancient Grecians, exhibited by their sepulchral vases, or gems, or medals, or sacred buildings, or by whatsoever else had any reference to their religion, nothing was represented that ought to be considered merely as a fanciful decoration. The ornament itself was strictly historical; it consisted of symbols, which were severally so many records of their faith and worship. Like the hieroglyphics of Egypt, they were the signs of a language perhaps known only to the priests; but it was circumscribed by the most rigid canons; and while the matchless beauty of workmanship demanded admiration, the sanctity of the symbolical representation excited reverence."—*Travels in Various Countries, &c.* by E. D. Clarke, L.L.D. vol. vii. p. 7, 8vo. edit. London, 1818.

† "Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio."—*Hor.* Lib. ii. Epist. i. v. 156.

‡ "Jubet cupressos funebres," &c.—*Hor.* Ode v. Epod. v. 18.
"Funeris ara mihi, ferali cincta cupresso."—*Ovid.* Trist. Eleg. 13.
"Quercus amica Jovi, tumulos tectura cupresso."—*Claud.* 2 De Rapt. Pros.

"only constant mourner o'er the dead;" to the triumphant palm;* to the peace-betokening olive;† and to a variety of other symbolical plants. Hence it was that, amongst both people, the oak was regarded as sacred to Jupiter; the laurel to Apollo; myrtle to Venus; poplar to Hercules;‡ ivy, the vine, and fig, to Bacchus; pine, to Pan; and the cypress not only to Pluto, but also to Silenus.

The little columns, ϛηλαι, which, like the modern tombstone, pointed out the grave of the departed, were amongst the Greeks festooned with wreaths, usually, though not always, of the herbs ποθος and σελινον,§ or parsley, and such garlands may frequently be observed sculptured on their sepulchres. The deceased was arrayed in his most splendid apparel, and a chaplet, as an emblem of mortality here, entwined his brow. No sooner was he consigned to the tomb, than flowers and leaves were strewed upon it, which were continually renewed, as a type of his existence in another and a blissful state.‖ This custom will immediately occur to every one, however slightly acquainted with the Greek classics. Euripides introduces Electra as giving vent to her grief that Agamemnon had been defrauded of his funeral rites, and his tomb had remained unhonoured with the libation and the myrtle-bough:—

> Αγαμεμνονος δε τυμβος ητιμας μενος
> Ου πωποτ' ȣ χοας, ȣδε κλωνα μυρσινης
> Ελαβε· πυρα δε χερσος αγλαϊσματων.

And afterwards the tragic poet makes the old man who had been foster-father to Agamemnon, turn aside from his road to go and visit the tomb of that fallen chief, and hang over it a myrtle garland:—

> τυμβῳ δ' αμφεθηκα μυρσινας.

The Latin poets are equally careful to describe that portion of the funeral rite which prescribed the scattering of flowers

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* "Palmaque nobilis
Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos."—*Hor.* Carm. lib. i. v. 5.

† "Paciferâque manu ramum prætendit olivæ."—*Æneid.* lib. v.

‡ See "Museo Pio-Clementino" of Visconti, vol. vi. p. 93 et seq.

§ Athenæus.

‖ *Epitaphium Bionis.* This was called φυλλοϐολια: this classic ceremony is still retained in the burials of the modern Greeks. At stated periods, groups of women may be discovered sitting upon the grave of some relation, covering it with flowers, or watering the plants their care had sown around it. Parsley continues to be the plant in most common use upon such occasions, in consequence probably of the dark colour of its leaves. In the hieroglyphic language of flowers, the gift of parsley implies a wish of the person's death to whom it is presented.—*Essay on certain points of resemblance between the Ancient and Modern Greeks,* by the Hon. F. Douglas, p. 133.

over the tombs of their departed friends.* Ovid thus notices it:—

> "Tu tamen extincto feralia munera ferto;
> Deque tuis lacrymis humida serta dato."
> Lib. iii. Trist. Eleg. 3.

Every one must recollect the touching lines of Virgil, in which is inserted, with so much art, and yet so feelingly, the beautiful lamentation for the recent death of the youthful Marcellus:—

> "Tu Marcellus eris. Manibus date lilia plenis:
> Purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis
> His saltem ad cumulem donis.—*Æneid.* lib. vi. v. 884.

> "A new Marcellus shall arise in thee!
> Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
> Mix'd with the purple roses of the spring;
> Let me with fun'ral flow'rs his body strow:
> This gift which parents to their children owe."—*Dryden.* Ib.

A withered flower drooping its head on a broken stem, was symbolical of death,—a type which may frequently be met with imaged somewhere about an ancient sepulchre.

But flowers were made to speak a more joyful language. The figure of a youthful virgin in the act of bounding forwards, with her left hand gracefully upholding the border of her tunic to her light elastic step, and her eyes earnestly fixed upon a rose-bud or a lotus-blossom, half expanded and supported in her right hand,—was the beautiful and expressive emblem of young ardent hope, a personification which appears upon the medals, gems, and sculptures of the classic era.†

Nor were the ancient Christians, commencing with the primitive ages, without a knowledge of this typical language of flowers, in its widest acceptation. On the contrary, they not only knew, but delighted to employ it; and we trace its symbols inscribed on some of their most venerable monuments. According to the mythology of ancient Egypt, flowers and branches were so many hieroglyphics of eternal life; so were they in the symbolic floral language of the early Christians. To indicate the fruition of

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* The ancients frequently enjoined their heirs and successors to adorn their tombs with roses once a year, and even caused their request upon this subject to be inserted as a particular clause in their wills, and directed it to be recorded in their sepulchral inscriptions. Hence we frequently meet one like the following, which is given by Dr. Clarke in his Travels, vol. viii. p. 262:

UT QUOTANNIS ROSAS AD MONUMENTUM
EJUS DEFERANT ET IBI EPULENTUR
DUNTAXAT IN V EID JULIAS.

† A basso-relievo figure of Hope may be seen on the pedestal of one of those magnificent candelabra in the Vatican Museum. See a plate of it in Visconti, "Museo Vaticano," tom. iv. p. 60, 8vo. edition. Other figures of the same subject are given in vol. ii. of the "Ionian Antiquities," p. 40.

the beatific presence and an existence amid the joys and everlasting happiness of the land of bliss—the celestial paradise—the figures of the saints and martyrs were represented strolling amid luxuriant and evergreen trees, or wandering over lawns starred with brilliant flowers, and fringed with never-fading groves; as may be witnessed more especially in the fresco paintings of the Roman catacombs,* and in those curious mosaics which still adorn many of the venerable churches yet standing in that metropolis of Christianity.†

Moreover, the fresco paintings of the Roman catacombs,‡ the mortuary tiles§ found in these subterranean cemetries,—in which were entombed the holy martyrs,—and their sarcofagi,|| exhibit the symbolic vine, of such frequent occurrence in the sacred Scriptures,¶ together with the palm, the olive, and the cypress. The meaning of emblematical plants is frequently pointed out in the writings of the fathers; and some of them have preserved the names of certain pious individuals, who were in the habit of adorning the church with wreaths of flowers and garlands of the vine, and other trees.** Those first believers in the Christian faith were most studious in avoiding every practice, however harmless in itself, and excluded every rite, however indifferent of its own nature, which might savour—though but faintly—of Gentile superstition. At the disappearance of idolatry, however, and when the period had arrived that no danger could be apprehended from a false interpretation being assigned to the employment of ceremonies which were inoffensive in themselves, many of the ancient usages were revived,†† and amongst others

* For the age of these paintings, see "Hierurgia," vol. ii. p. 821.

† See "Ciampini Vetera Monimenta," passim. In the old basilical churches at Rome, the large arch which spans the sanctuary, as well as the ceiling of the apsis or recess in which the altar is erected, are always decorated with mosaic work. The subject wrought within the apsis, and overshadowing the altar, is generally figurative of heaven: that on the arch almost always bears a reference to the condemnation of some of the early heresies; hence it is denominated the triumphal arch, as it records the victory of truth over error, and is considered as a trophy of the Church over her opponents, in the same manner as the triumphal arches erected by the Roman emperors were monuments of their achievements over the enemies of the empire.

‡ See the works of Aringhi and Bottari. § Ibid. || Ibid.

¶ God compares His people to a vine which he had brought out of Egypt, and planted in Palestine.—Psalm lxxx.; Isa. v. Our divine Redeemer says: "I am the true vine, and my father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he will take away; and every one that beareth fruit, he will purge it, that it may bring forth more fruit."—John xv. 1, 2. Every traveller in Italy will call to mind the magnificent porphyry sarcofagus in which was entombed St. Constantia, daughter of Constantine the Great. This rich and curious sepulchral monument is ornamented with vines laden with grapes, which are being gathered by one party, and pressed, by treading, by another party of little boys.

** St. Jerom particularly panegyrizes his deceased friend Nepotianus for such an assiduity: "Basilica ecclesiæ et martyrum conciliabula diversis floribus et arborum comis vitiumque pampinis adumbrabat."—Hieron. Epist. 3.

†† Practices indifferent and innocent in themselves, that do not involve any thing

the elegant, no less than innocent, one of strewing the tomb of a departed friend or relative with flowers. Of this we find evidences in the works of the fathers, and other ancient Christian writers.

The Christian poet Prudentius, A.D. 406, in recording the devotion which the faithful of that period exhibited towards the relics of the saints, informs us that one amongst the honours

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superstitious or contrary to religion, though once cherished as favourites, and conspicuously employed in their idolatrous worship by the Pagan nations of antiquity, may harmlessly—nay, even meritoriously—be retained and encouraged at the present period. The Catholic Church has frequently been assailed for having permitted nations holding her communion to continue several blameless usages once prevalent amongst their Gentile forefathers, and for having adopted, in her own liturgy, rites and ceremonies innocent in themselves, but closely resembling those which were employed in the idolatrous worship of heathenism. The Catholic Church admits—nay, glories in—the fact, but denies the allegation, and asserts the abjurgation of those who differ from her to be as unjust as it is irrational. Things innocent of their own nature cannot be necessarily criminal amongst Christians, because once employed by Pagans. Are the admirable precepts that were occasionally delivered in the philosophy of Socrates, and advocated in the lessons of Plato, and the Offices and other writings of Cicero, less correct and beautiful, and to be rejected by us, because they formed a part of the guiding morality of Pagans? Are we to keep up no priesthood—build no churches—have no festivals in honour of the true God—observe no saints' days,—because the heathens had their hierophants, their temples, their feasts, their holydays at stated periods in honour of Bacchus, and Venus, and Juno, and Jupiter? Are the arms, the ammunition, the treasures captured from rebels, not to be used in upholding the cause of truth, and maintaining legitimate authority, because they were collected by traitors, and once employed in propagating rebellion? No, certainly. Therefore, must we abstain from adopting forms and rites in their own nature innocent or indifferent, merely because they happened to have been formerly in use amongst the Pagans in their senseless worship? The Catholic Church employs no ceremonial, and tolerates no practice, which is pernicious or superstitious in itself. She has purified Gentile usages from every thing that bore about it the slightest resemblance to idolatry and superstition, and rescued practices, harmless in their own nature, from the profanation with which they were defiled by being employed in Pagan worship. The ceremony thus degraded and vitiated before by forming a portion of an impure and superstitious rite, the Church has elevated and hallowed by dedicating it to the honour and the service of the one true God. She glories in having thus adopted and tolerated these usages and ceremonies; for they are, in reality, so many splendid badges of her antiquity; they are so many incontrovertible proofs, which bear witness that the Catholic Church not only was born when Paganism universally prevailed, but that she was a long time cotemporary with the monster; and that when man passed from error to truth,—from Gentile darkness to Gospel-light,—when they extricated themselves from the mazes and labyrinths of idolatry,—they immediately entered into her pale; and having left behind their former superstitions, were allowed to bring along with them nothing but what was harmless and indifferent. While such rites and ceremonies were ennobled and purified by being dedicated to the holy and spotless worship of the Deity, they were designedly adopted by the Church, and publicly used; just as the spoils of an enemy were displayed in the solemn triumphs of the victor. They constitute, at the present day, the proud and venerable dates of the ancient existence, and the conquests of the Catholic Church over Paganism; and form one of the links in that unbroken chain which unites and identifies her present children, as one and the same family with the primitive believers in the Gospel. Nor ought it to be forgotten that many of these rites were ordained, in reality, by Almighty God himself, to be used in the offices of religion by the Jews, from whom they were borrowed by the Gentiles.

paid to them was to strew flowers and sprinkle perfumes at their shrines and altars:—

"Nos tecta fovebimus ossa
Violis et fronde frequenti
Titulumque et frigida saxa
Liquido spargemus odore."
Cathemerincon, x., circa finem.

And again:—

"Carpite purpureas violas
Sanguineosque crocos metite:
Non caret his genialis hyems,
Laxat et arva tepens glacies,
Floribus ut cumulet calathos.
Ista comantibus e foliis
Munera, virgo, puerque, date."
Hym. iii. Peristeph. circa finem.

That eminent father of the Church, St. Jerom, testifies that such was his grief for the loss of a particular friend, that, when "he attempted to give utterance to his words, and scatter flowers over his grave, his eyes began to swim with tears;"* and in the feeling epistle addressed by the same writer, by way of consolation, to his intimate and religious friend Pammachius, who had just lost his pious wife Paulina, that saint observes:— "other husbands strew violets, and roses, and lilies, and flowers of purple hue upon the sepulchres of their wives, and allay their bosom's grief by such offices. But our Pammachius bedews those holy remains—those venerable bones—with the balsam of alms-deeds; it is with their dyes, it is with their odours that he embalms these ashes now reposing in peace."† This elegant custom of planting flowers and suspending garlands over the tombs of deceased friends and relatives, is, as we noticed before, still observed in Greece‡, and in many countries of continental Europe. In Rome may frequently be seen the uncovered bier passing along with its lifeless burden, at whose feet there lies a crown of flowers, and surrounded by some pious brotherhood supporting lights in their hands, and murmuring a "De Profundis" or a "Miserere" for the soul of the departed. At the death of the Pope, during the public mourning which lasts nine days, the troops (soldiers and officers) wear a small branch of cypress in their caps. But in no place is it seen to so much advantage as at Paris, in the public and beautiful cemetry

* "Quotiescumque nitor in verba prorumpere, et super tumulum ejus flores spargere, toties lacrymis implentur oculi."—*Hieron. ad Heliodorum*, Epist. III. c. 1.

† "Cæteri mariti super tumulos conjugum spargunt violas, rosas, lilia, floresque purpureos, et dolorem pectoris his officiis consolantur. Pammachius noster sanctam favillam ossaque veneranda eleemosynæ balsamis rigat: his pigmentis atque odoribus fovet cineres quiescentes."—*Epist. ad Pammachium.*

‡ See note, p. 35.

of Père-la-Chaise, where cypress and weeping willow are taught to speak the unceasing mourning of some survivors, while the crown of the everlasting flower* announces the never-fading remembrance of others; and the fragrant, brilliant rose, expresses a religious hope that the pious soul of him or her whose ashes sleep below, is now in the enjoyment of eternal happiness.

Flowers speak in a silent eloquence of their own, so rich and copious, and, at the same time, so pleasing and congenial to human nature, that their symbolical expressions have been adopted at all times, ancient and modern, and in every country, on joyous and festive occasions. The Greek and Roman of the classic period never reclined at the feast in the triclinium, nor reposed beneath the foliage of some wide-spreading tree, or on the border of a shady fountain, to sip his Chian,† his Massic, or Falernian wine,‡ but his temples were twined with a chaplet of roses, or some other flowers.§ Amongst the ornaments employed at the solemnization of their marriages,|| and at the celebration of their public rejoicings, garlands of flowers were not the least conspicuous in ancient Greece and Rome. In more modern periods they have been invariably selected as the emblems of gladness and festivity. Time was, too, and not far remote, in England, when the first days of May were dedicated to a gladsome floral festival amongst the peasantry, and of which some slight observance still lingers in a few remote and unfrequented districts. In Italy they still retain a pretty custom during the whole of this month, which they call the Mese Mariano. The little children erect in the streets and by the way-side, small

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* "Gnaphalium orientale," called by the French *éternelles* or *immortelles.*

† The island of Chios, now called Scio, still retains its former celebrity for delicious wine. All its beautiful ancient medals bear reference to it, as they exhibit, on the obverse, a sphinx with a bunch of grapes; for the reverse, an amphora, with other symbols of the island's fertility.

‡ "Nunc viridi membra sub arbuto
Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lene caput sacræ."—*Hor.* Ode 1.
"Dedecet myrtus, neque me sub arctâ
Vite bibendum."—Ode 38.

§ Anacreon has composed an especial ode in praise of the queen of flowers, the rose. Horace would frequently content himself with some humbler garland, as we may gather from the directions which he issues to his servant in the following verses:

"I tell thee, boy, that I detest
The grandeur of a Persian feast;
Not for me the linden's rind
Shall the flowery chaplet bind;
Then search not where the curious rose
Beyond his season loit'ring grows;
But beneath the mantling vine,
While I quaff the flowing wine,
The myrtle's wreath shall crown our brows,
While you shall wait and I carouse."—*Hor.* Ode 38, book 1.

Dioscorides and Theocrites always call such flowers as were employed for making garlands for the head, coronary flowers.

|| Catullus *Epithal.*

altars to the Madonna. They are ornamented with a picture of the Blessed Virgin; sometimes have a light burning before them; but are always highly ornamented with flowers. Nothing is more common in Italy than to meet with little rustic altars and chapels by the roadside, festooned with garlands, and always exhibiting a fresh and blooming posy of flowers, which the neighbouring country-people supply as they are returning from the vineyards, and leave there, towards sunset, when they stop, and kneeling round, in a most picturesque group, chant the litanies, and recite their evening prayers. The custom, moreover, of ornamenting the altar with flowers, of strewing leaves upon the pavement of churches, and garlanding their doors with wreaths of evergreens, is universally practised in that country on festivals. This innocent and beautiful ceremony has been observed by the Italians from the earliest ages; as we find St. Paulinus of Nola, A.D. 409, thus referring to it in his description of the way in which the annual feast of his patron saint, St. Felix, was celebrated:—

> "Hymn praise to God, ye youths, discharge your vows;
> Strew flow'rs around; the threshold wreathe with boughs;
> Let hoary winter sigh like purple spring;
> And the young year his earliest garlands bring
> Before their season; thus shall nature pay
> A fitting homage to this hallow'd day!"

During the celebration of mass and vespers at the church of St. Maria Maggiore, in Rome, for the festival of the Blessed Virgin Mary on 5th August, called Sancta Maria ad Nives, the blossoms of the jessamine flower are showered down from the cupola of the beautiful Borghese chapel in which the service is performed; and do not inaptly imitate the flakes of snow, the fall of which, in the height of a Roman summer, they are intended to commemorate. "On the first of May, at Athens, there is not a door that is not crowned with a garland, and the youth of both sexes, with the elasticity of spirits so characteristic of Greeks, forget, or brave their Turkish masters, while, with guitars in their hands and crowns upon their heads—

> "'They lead the dance in honour of the May,'

and crowns of flowers are suspended from the prow of the vessel† which is about to be launched."‡

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* "Ferte Deo pueri laudem, pia solvite vota,
Spargite flore solum, prætexite limina sertis.
Purpureum ver spiret hiems, sit floreus annus
Ante diem, sancto cedat natura diei."—*S. Paulinus*, Nat. III.

† "Puppibus et læti nautæ imposuere coronas."—*Georg.* lib. i.

‡ Douglas on the Ancient Greeks.

THE ANGLO-SAXON CHURCH.

The History and Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church; containing an account of its Origin, Government, Doctrines, Worship, Revenues, and Clerical and Monastic Institutions. By John Lingard, D.D. 2 vols. 8vo. Dolman, London, 1845.

"It would be unreasonable to expect that a catholic clergyman, zealously attached to his communion, should be able to write with impartiality the history of a period obscured and perplexed by the controversies of Catholic and Protestant." Such was once the supercilious remark of a writer (Dr. Allen) in the *Edinburgh Review*, in reference to the former editions of the work which now lies before us. Since then, however, the despised clergyman has grown into the literary giant. His powers, expanding as they advanced, have grappled with the most intricate and the most dangerous portion of our annals. Another history has been given to the world; another and a bolder challenge has gone forth: and, while the government of the country has testified to the merits of its author, by presenting him with the published records of the kingdom, the voice of Europe has united with that of the most intelligent of his own countrymen, in placing Dr. Lingard at the head of our national historians.

It is, then, with no ordinary degree of satisfaction that we call the attention of our readers to the inestimable work, whose title we have prefixed to this article. A period of nearly forty years has elapsed since, in a smaller and less considerable form, it was first published at Newcastle. But the interval that has passed has been one of thought, of study, of deep, and patient, and untiring research. During its course, the writer's mind has consolidated its powers; the rich storehouse of his knowledge has become more rich; and, while his fancy has retained its freshness and his intellect its force, the calmer and less impassioned feelings of a still vigorous age have supervened, to dignify his remarks, and impart additional authority to his opinions. Hence, in the work before us, we have all the elegance and learning of the earlier editions, without any of the defects by which those editions have sometimes been supposed to be rendered less perfect. A more orderly plan in the distribution of the materials has been adopted: every expression, however remotely calculated to give offence, has been removed; and an anxious and scrupulous attention to represent nothing as certain which is doubtful, to leave nothing doubtful which is certain, has everywhere throughout the volumes been manifested.

But it is in the large mass of additional and interesting matter which our author has introduced into his pages, that the real value of the present edition consists. When Dr. Lingard originally sat down to compose his "Antiquities," materials were, of course, at hand, to assist him in his labour, and to supply the more necessary details. There can be no doubt that, with respect to the history, the doctrine, and the discipline of the Anglo-Saxon Church, for more than two hundred years after the arrival of St. Augustine, we have long possessed the most satisfactory evidence. Among this are the writings of Bede, who, in his ecclesiastical history, his lives of the abbots of his monastery, his letter to archbishop Egbert, and his commentaries on many books of the Scripture, has described the preaching of the missionaries, with the establishment of Christianity, and its subsequent progress among his countrymen. Eddius, the contemporary of Bede, and the companion and biographer of St. Wilfrid, has left us, in his life of that prelate, much valuable information relative to the belief and practice of the Church, during the latter half of the seventh century. With the discipline of the time also we have not been left unacquainted. It is presented to us in the Penitential of archbishop Theodore, and the Excerptions, the Penitential, and the Confessional of archbishop Egbert; in the canons of the councils of Cloveshoe and Calcuith, in the correspondence between St. Boniface of Mentz and his friends in England, and in the epistles, the liturgical works, and some of the other writings of Alcuin. All these, it should be remembered, are contemporary authorities, and all confined to the period which terminated with the close of the eighth century.

From that time to the death of Alfred, one hundred years later, the incursions of the Danes, with the unsettled state of society consequent on the irruptions of those barbarians, have left a dreary void in the literature of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. During the whole of that space, it is scarcely possible to find a single ecclesiastical notice either of interest or importance. But after the accession of Edward, the son of Alfred, letters began to revive; and we again possess a large mass of contemporary documents, in the shape of laws enacted in the national councils, of charters and homilies, of episcopal charges and pastoral letters, and of biographical notices of some few distinguished personages. To these we may add the last, but certainly not the least important, production of the period, the record of Domesday, which, among other matters, contains much informamation respecting the temporal state of the Church under Edward the Confessor, and, of course, under his immediate predecessors.

Now, of these sources of information most were undoubtedly open to Dr. Lingard, when he originally composed his "Antiquities." There was the folio edition of Bede by Smith, the Councils and Saxon laws by Wilkins, the Saxon Chronicle by Gibson, the letters of St. Boniface by Serrarius, and other works.* But of all these fuller and more correct editions have been published within the last few years. Mr. Stevenson, in the name of the Historical Society, has given us an elegant edition of the historical works of Bede; and Dr. Giles has followed with an impression, not only of the historical, but also of the scientific and theological writings of that author. Dr. Giles has also published the correspondence of St. Boniface, with numerous notes, corrections, and additions. Mr. Thorpe has set forth, with great accuracy and judgment, "The Ancient Laws and Institutes of England, under the Anglo-Saxon Kings;" and, in a second volume, has printed the Ecclesiastical Monuments, including the Penitentials, the Confessional, and other similar documents. He has also given, in the first volume of the Homilies of Ælfric, an entirely new publication. To Mr. Kemble and the Historical Society we are indebted for another work, not less important, in several particulars, than any of the preceding. It is the "Codex Diplomaticus," a collection of Anglo-Saxon charters, which throws considerable light not only on the legal, but also on the ecclesiastical, transactions of the time. Nor is this all. Besides the labours of native scholars, we have now the works of many learned foreigners, of Rask, of Grimm, of Michell, of Lappenberg, and of various others, who have toiled in the same field, and contributed by their exertions to improve our acquaintance with our early history; to which may be added generally, that, in the large number of other publications, produced by the revival of Anglo-Saxon literature, passages of various descriptions are constantly occurring, from which some valuable information may be gleaned.

Surrounded, then, by these additional aids, Dr. Lingard has not been slow to avail himself of their assistance, in revising his earlier opinions, and enriching his pages with the important matter which they supply. With regard to the former part of his task, however, it is really astonishing to find how seldom he has to recal a judgment, or to cancel what he had previously written. In some few instances, indeed, as where he had attributed to

* We purposely omit the Anglo-Norman writers, because Dr. Lingard has evidently refrained from citing them, except when absolutely necessary. Some few things, indeed, he has gleaned from their pages: but he seems to have felt that they were not contemporaries, that they wrote from distant and uncertain information, and that their narratives, however valuable in matters of a later date, were to be consulted on transactions previous to the conquest, only when other and earlier authority was wanting.

Theodore the original establishment of parishes, and to Augustine the introduction of a ritual exclusively Roman, his subsequent reading has convinced him that he was wrong; and he has here corrected the mistake.* But, generally speaking, the evidence lies in a contrary direction. His first conclusions have been confirmed by his latest studies; and there is not a point of any real importance, on which authorities the most conclusive have not been produced to fortify his original opinions.

As to the additions introduced into the present volumes, they are so numerous, as to render it impossible for us to convey to our readers anything like an adequate notion of their extent. They are to be found in almost every page; they extend to almost every subject; and, if they alter not the character of the work, they at least impart to it such an air of novelty as might almost entitle it to the name of a new publication.

It is unnecessary to inform our readers that, among a certain class of modern writers, it has long been a favourite object to disconnect the ancient churches of this island with that of Rome. According to them, the Britons neither owed their Christianity, nor acknowledged their allegiance, to the popes. If the Anglo-Saxons were converted by the zeal of Gregory and the labours of Augustine and his companions, they at least refused to submit themselves to the jurisdiction of a foreign see; and, while they received the doctrines of Christianity, and the general forms of religion, at the hands of their instructors, they nevertheless rejected their teaching on many of those points, which have since become the subject of controversial discussion with Rome. It is plain that

* Compare pp. 65, 192, in the edition of 1810, with i. 158, 294, 295, of the present work. Another instance occurs to us at this moment, which shows the severe scrutiny to which Dr. Lingard has subjected his former opinions. It relates to the origin of Peter-pence. In the preceding editions of his work, he speaks of Ethelwulf as "granting" an annuity to the Roman pontiff; says that, in pursuance of this grant, his son Alfred, after the expulsion of the Danes, was careful to forward "the royal alms to Rome;" and then infers (we think without authority) that the origin of the tribute may not unreasonably "be ascribed to the policy of Ethelwulf, or his immediate successors, who, by this expedient, sought to raise the money which they had engaged to remit to the holy see" (p. 99, ed. 1810). In the present work, a different, and no doubt a more accurate, account of this matter is given. Having remarked that what he had previously described as the "grant" of Ethelwulf, was in reality "a will, made a little time before his death," in which the monarch "charged the heirs to his lands of inheritance with the obligation of sending yearly to Rome three hundred mancuses," Dr. Lingard adds,—"there plainly could be no resemblance between this bequest and the Rome-feoh, or Peter-pence, which was not a legacy charged on the lands of a particular family, but a national tax levied after a fixed rate on every proprietor of lands in all the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms. It must, then," he continues, "have been originally established by authority of the king, with the consent of the whole legislature; but at what time this took place, it is impossible to discover from the imperfect records of the age. There is no reason to think that the Peter-pence was in existence before the reign of Alfred: and whether the royal alms, which that monarch sent yearly to Rome, were the Rome-feoh, or the bequest of his father Ethelwulf, is uncertain."—i. 283, 284.

the question thus raised, however it may have been pressed into the service of religious polemics, is essentially one of mere historical fact. With its solution the truth or falsehood of the peculiar doctrines in debate can have no concern. They may be corrupt, or they may be otherwise: but their corruption affords no proof of their rejection, as their purity supplies no evidence of their admission, by our early progenitors: and it is only, perhaps, by forgetting their religious character, by separating them, as it were, from their spiritual bearings and connexions, and tracing their existence and their history according to the ordinary rules of critical investigation, that we can hope to arrive at a just conclusion, or form a dispassionate judgment between the contending parties.

It is upon this principle that Dr. Lingard has proceeded both in the composition and revision of his present work. He is the historian, not the apologist, of the Anglo-Saxon Church. His object is to exhibit that Church as she really was, to describe her origin and her progress, her laws, her doctrines, her sacraments, and her service. His design is, not to defend opinions, but "to discover and establish facts"; and hence we are bound to declare it as our deliberate opinion, that, as a narrative of the events, and a portrait of the times, to which it refers, as a body of evidence, illustrating the religious belief, and customs, and observances of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, we possess no work that, for depth of information, patience of research, and a faithful delineation of persons and of things, can for an instant be placed in competition with the interesting volumes now before us. At present, however, our business is with the additions that have been made to the book, not with the book itself. This has been too long known, and too highly appreciated, to need any notice or commendations of ours; but the additions are still new to the world; and, as we think that by them the original value of the work has been very greatly enhanced, we shall, in the sequel of this article, select a few specimens, on which the judgment of our readers may be formed.

We just now alluded to the attempts of some modern writers to rescue the ancient British Church from her dependence on the Roman see. In the former editions of his work, Dr. Lingard had touched but lightly on this subject. As the information which had descended to us was scanty, he seems to have thought it unnecessary to enter into details on which little satisfactory evidence could be produced. But recent events have invested the subject with additional interest; and accordingly, having discussed the pretensions of Britain to have been converted during the life-time of the apostles (note A. i. 345), and thrown together such proofs of her religious belief as could be collected from the scattered and accidental expressions of her only histo-

rian, Gildas (i. 14, 15), he now proceeds to address himself to the enquiry, whether she acknowledged or denied the superior authority of the Roman Church. To decide the question, he undertakes to produce "whatever may be reasonably alleged on either side;" and, to simplify his argument, he divides "the first six hundred years of our era into three periods, of which one is limited by the persecution under Dioclesian, the second by the separation of the island from the dominion of Rome, and the third by the mission of St. Augustine to the Anglo-Saxons." Of the first of these periods Dr. Lingard remarks that no contemporary evidence of any sort has descended to us, and that, consequently, the only rational conclusion at which we can arrive is, that Christianity then "existed here on the same footing as in the other western provinces of the empire. If the superiority of the Roman pontiff was admitted or rejected there, so it would also be admitted or rejected in Britain." (i. 370).

The second period extends over a space of two hundred and fifty years. Having shewn that the argument employed by Stillingfleet, in his "Origines Britannicæ," is neither tenable in itself, nor applicable to the matter in debate, our author proceeds to state the evidence in favour of the connexion between Britain and the papal see.

"In the fourth century," says he, "several councils were assembled, and, in three of these, bishops from Britain sat as colleagues of the bishops from other parts of Christendom; the Council of Arles in 314, that of Sardica (now Sophia in Bulgaria) in 347, and that of Rimini in 359. From these facts two conclusions will follow:—first, that the British Church formed an integral part of the universal Church, agreeing in doctrine and discipline with the other Christian Churches; second, that the acts and declarations of these councils may be taken as acts and declarations of the British bishops, and, therefore, as expressions of the belief and practice of the British Church.

"Now, in the acts and declarations of these councils there is one document, and, I believe, one only, which bears a direct relation to the present enquiry. At the conclusion of the Council of Sardica, the fathers sent a messenger to give an account of their proceedings to Pope Julius, who, 'though absent in person, had been present with them in spirit;' and, in a common letter, assigned as the reason of this message, that he, being the successor of St. Peter, was their head:—'It will be seen to be best and most proper, if the bishops from each particular province make reference (or send information) to their head, that is, to the seat of Peter the Apostle'—Optimum et congruentissimum esse videbitur, si ad caput, hoc est, ad Petri Apostoli sedem, de singulis quibusque provinciis Domini referant sacerdotes (Labbe, Conc. ii. 690. Venet. 1728). Hence, whatever may be the meaning of the word 'referant,' whether it be confined to the transactions at Sardica, or, as is more probable, be understood in the larger sense, of all matters which may happen of importance in any part of the Church, this

at least is certain, that the members of the council, and therefore the British bishops, looked upon the Bishop of Rome as their head, because he was the successor of Peter the Apostle. It will, perhaps, be alleged that this proves nothing more than a primacy of rank, not of jurisdiction; but it will be difficult to understand why the bishops of each individual province—de singulis quibusque provinciis—should make reference, or send information, to a foreign and distant bishop as their head, if such bishop, in that capacity, possessed no real authority in their respective provinces."—i. 371-373.

Dr. Lingard next shews, from the testimony of Prosper, who lived at the time, and filled the office of secretary to Pope Celestine, that St. Germanus, a Gallic bishop, was sent by the authority of that pontiff, "in his own place," that is, as his own legate or representative, *vice sua*, to oppose the heresy of the Pelagians in Britain. He then remarks that "the letter of the Council of Sardica to Pope Julius, and this mission of St. Germanus against the Pelagians, are the only two acts which directly affect the question during the time that the island remained under the dominion of Rome;" and he adds, with great truth, that they "both undoubtedly tend to establish the fact, that the papal authority was then admitted by the Christians of Britain." —ibid. 373, 374.

"There is, however," he says, "another light in which the subject may be viewed. No one can doubt that a close connexion existed between the Christians of Britain and Gaul. This followed from their proximity to each other, which for a long time made the Gauls the only Christian neighbours of the Britons; from the civil policy of the imperial government, which had placed both countries under the command of the same magistrate, the prefect of the Gauls; from the presence of the British with the Gallic prelates in ecclesiastical councils; and from the missionary visits of the Gallic bishops to Britain. Hence the conclusion is, that both Churches would recognize the same form of ecclesiastical superiority and government; and that, if the Gallic Church admitted or repudiated the superintending authority of the Church of Rome, the British Church would admit it or repudiate it also."—ibid. 375.

The belief of the Gallic Church is then investigated; and a chain of evidence, extending from St. Irenæus in the second century, to Prosper of Aquitaine in the fifth, is produced, to show that, during the whole of this time, it admitted the superiority of the Roman see.

Under the third period, or division, to which his argument is applied, a period comprehending the century and a half, which elapsed between the extinction of the civil power of Rome and the arrival of Augustine in the island, Dr. Lingard has introduced a remarkable testimony to the belief and practice of the Britons from Gildas,—the only writer who has mentioned the Church of Britain during that calamitous time.

"The reader," says our author, speaking of this historian, "is already acquainted with his complaints respecting the state of Britain in his day; meaning by Britain the present principality of Wales, with the counties of Devon and Cornwall: and will have noticed that passage in which he inveighs against the ambition of the British clergymen, who, refusing to submit to the judgment of their fellows, seek that of a foreign authority —an authority that resides beyond the seas; and not beyond the seas only, but at a still greater distance, for, after they have passed the seas, they have to traverse spacious regions before they can reach it. (The passage is given in a preceding page, 367.) I do not see how this description can apply to any other place and authority but Rome and the Bishop of Rome; and, if that be the case, it will follow that the British Church, even during this calamitous period, acknowledged, both in doctrine and practice, the superior authority of the Roman pontiff."—ibid. 378, 379.

For the remainder of this valuable note we must refer our readers to the volume itself. It is principally devoted to a discussion of the arguments raised in favour of the independence of the British Church. These relate exclusively to events which occurred after the arrival of the Roman missionaries; and, in our judgment, they are very effectually disposed of by the authorities and reasons of Dr. Lingard.

Connected with the belief of the British, is that of the Anglo-Saxon, Church, respecting the primacy of St. Peter and his successors. On this subject also, Dr. Lingard has introduced some important additions. He appeals to the writings of Bede, of Alcuin, and of St. Aldhelm, in which Peter is denominated "the first pastor of the Church, the prince of the apostolic college;" "the shepherd of the Lord's flock;" "the man whom the Lord Jesus Christ had appointed the pastor of all pastors, the head of the chosen flock;" (i. 114. Dr. L. gives the original passages in the notes): he cites the sentence in which Bede, in one of his homilies (p. 199) declares that to Peter had been given "the keys of the kingdom of heaven, with the chief exercise of judicial power (principatum judiciariæ potestatis) in the Church; to the end that all the faithful throughout the world might know, that whosoever should separate himself from the unity of Peter's faith or Peter's fellowship, that man could never obtain absolution from the bonds of sin, nor admission through the gates of the heavenly kingdom" (ii. 87): finally, he shews, from the same writers, that the prerogatives of Peter were believed to have descended to his successors, as "the representatives of his dignity and the heirs of his wonderful authority;" and that, while the Church of Rome was regarded as "the head of Churches," "the distinguished head of the whole Church," the bishop of Rome was said to be "set over the Churches converted to Christ," to be "entrusted with the government of the whole Church," to

be "the pastor of pastors" and "the bishop of the world" (i. 115). But the most satisfactory, because the most practical, evidence of the acknowledged jurisdiction of the Pope is to be found in the declarations and professions of obedience, made by the Bishops at the time of their consecration. Of these Dr. Lingard has given one, from the *Anglia Sacra*, in which Berhtred, Bishop of Sidnacester, about the year 850, declares that, together with the six general councils, he receives the decrees of the popes, and subscribes the definitions, not only of the earlier, but also of the later pontiffs (ii. 25, note). There are, however, other documents of a similar character, and even of an earlier date, with which, though he has not referred to them, Dr. Lingard is no doubt acquainted. Thus, Denebert, Bishop of Worcester, who was present at the third council of Cloveshoe in 803, expresses his submission to the Roman see in almost the same words as those which Berhtred employs:—"Suscipio etiam decreta pontificum, et sex synodos catholicas antiquorum heroicorum virorum, et præfixam ab eis regulam sincerâ devotione conservo" (Textus Roffensis, 253). "I promise," says Beormod, Bishop of Rochester, who was consecrated in 802, "that, as far as the Lord shall enlighten and strengthen me, I will diligently order my life in conformity with the sacred ordinances of the canons, and the venerable decrees of the bishops of the apostolic see."* "I engage," says Rethun, Bishop of Lincoln, before 829, "by the aid of the sevenfold Spirit, to observe, throughout my life, the sacred ordinances of the canons, and the venerable decrees of the pontiffs."† We own that, to our minds, it is impossible to rise from the perusal of these authorities and of the varied evidences and reasonings of Dr. Lingard, without feeling that the submission both of the British and of the Anglo-Saxon Church to that of Rome is unanswerably established.

We have dwelt so long on this interesting topic, that we must hurry, as rapidly as possible, over the other matters, to which we are anxious to draw the attention of our readers. The following passage, on the original destination of tithes among our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, will surprise those, who, with Hume, have been accustomed to refer the institution to the avarice of the clergy, working on the ignorance of the age and the weakness of a superstitious prince.

"Tithe, while it was only a matter of counsel, was looked upon as an alms entrusted for distribution to the good faith of the clergy: the

* Necnon et spondeo memet secundum sacra canonum instituta, ac veneranda pontificum apostolicæ sedis decreta, in quantum Dominus scientiam et possibilitatem contulerit, vigilanter victurum. Text. Roff. 259.

† Spondeo me ipsum sacra semper canonum instituta, ac veneranda pontificum decreta, in quantum septiformis Spiritus mihi scientiam contulerit, usque ad calcem vitæ meæ servare. Ibid. 247.

change, by which it was converted into a compulsory payment, did not alter its destination. It was still considered as the alms of the faithful, and could be legitimately employed in two ways only ; in the maintenance of divine service, and in works of Christian charity. The first council, by which it was enjoined as an obligation, ordered it to be devoted to the use of the poor, or the ransom of captives:* succeeding councils, to the use of the Church and of the poor :† to which was added that, where the church was amply endowed, the poor should be entitled to two-thirds of the tithe, where it was not, to one-half.‡ The doctrine of the Anglo-Saxon Church was substantially the same as that of the Churches on the continent : and not a single national document relative to the subject has come down to us, in which the right of the poor to a considerable portion of the tithe is not distinctly recognised. In the compilation which goes under the name of Archbishop Egbert, we meet with the following canon :—'Let the mass-priests themselves receive the tithes from the people, and keep a written list of the names of all who have given, and divide, in presence of men fearing God, the tithe according to the authority of the canons ; and choose the first portion for the adornment of the church, and let them distribute humbly and mercifully with their own hands the second portion for the benefit of poor and wayfaring men ; and then may they retain the third portion for themselves.'§ To the same effect it is enjoined, in a canon passed during the reign of Edgar, that priests dispense the people's alms, so as to please God, and accustom them to alms :—'and right it is that one portion be set apart for the clergy, the second for the need of the church, and the third for the need of the poor.'‖ Nor let it be supposed that this distribution was commanded by ecclesiastical authority only : in 1013, it was confirmed by the legislature. 'And respecting tithe, the king and his witan have chosen and decreed, as is right, that one-third part of the tithe go to the reparation of the church, and a second part to the servants of God (the ministers), and the third to God's poor, and to needy ones in thraldom.'¶ It has, indeed, been pretended that this division concerned the larger monastic establishments only ; but the contrary is evident from the following passage in the charge of Bishop Wulfsine, which was delivered to the parish priests of his diocese, and regarded the tithes of their churches :—'The holy fathers have appointed that men pay their tithe unto God's Church : and let the mass-priest go to, and divide it into three ; one part for the repair of the church, and another for the poor, and the third for God's servants, who have the care of the Church'."** (i. 187-190.)

On the belief of the early Christians and of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers in the miraculous interpositions of the Deity, Dr. Lingard has a beautiful passage. He thinks that what has often

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* Conc. Matisc. ii. can. v. tom. vi. p. 675. † Conc. Turon. iii. can. xvi. tom. ix. 537.
‡ Ibid. 569, Capit. Ludov. Pii, cap. v.
§ Thorpe, ii. 98. ‖ Ibid. ii. 256. ¶ Ibid. i. 342.
** Id. ii. 352. This charge was composed for Wulfsine by the celebrated Ælfric. ibid.

been sneered at as credulity and superstition, was the natural offspring of a belief in the inspired writings; that, from their application to these, the Christian converts became familiar with miracles and mysteries; and that the docility of mind with which they were taught to read or to listen to the inspired word, while it opened their hearts in belief and thankfulness to each benevolent manifestation of the Divine power recorded in the sacred volume, animated them also with confidence that the same power was still waking for their protection, and predisposed them to acknowledge its agency in every extraordinary or unexpected occurrence. There can be no doubt that there is much truth in all this. At the present day, indeed, and in the present advanced state of science, an indiscriminate admission of every thing that was regarded as supernatural in earlier times, would be ridiculous. But there is a wide difference between reason and incredulity, between religion and religious scepticism: and we are convinced that if, among those whose creed is confined to the pages of the Bible, there were more humility of heart, more docility of mind, in their communings with the sacred volume, so there would be a greater disposition to acknowledge the workings of God's wonderful power, and a less confirmed antipathy to the doctrine and the belief of miracles. Of that belief Dr. Lingard says,—

"It was common to every Christian Church on the face of the earth, to the Churches in the east as well as the west, to those of more ancient as well as of more recent origin. All equally believed in the continued recurrence of miracles; all frequently attributed them to the intercession of the saints, whose aid had been implored. Nor does there appear any thing very surprising in this general persuasion. It naturally grew out of their common belief in the Christian religion. For the Bible is a record of miracles and mysteries. It requires of the believer not only to give his assent to doctrines far above his comprehension, but also to admit the existence of events inexplicable by the known laws of nature. When the convert from paganism read, or was told, of the wonders wrought by the Almighty in favour of the children of Israel, he could not fail to infer that God would work similar wonders in favour of those, whom he had called to be his favourite people in the place of the children of Israel: when he became acquainted with the miracles of our Blessed Lord here upon earth, and with his promise that the believers in him should, after his departure, 'do the same works, or even greater works than he had done' (John xiv. 12), the new Christian would naturally infer that this promise would be accomplished in his time, as it had been accomplished in former ages. He saw that heavenly favours had been granted to the Jews, for the sake of their fathers Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; how could he doubt that similar favours would be granted to Christians, in consideration of their brethren who had faithfully observed the law, or shed their blood in the cause of God? The body of the dead man, as soon as it

touched the bones of the Jewish prophet Elisha, revived, why should not similar efficacy be granted to the bones of the Christian saints and martyrs ? From such reasoning as this the converted nations were led to expect the renewal among themselves of the prodigies recorded in the Scripture ; nor were they, if we may believe the testimony of contemporary writers, disappointed in this expectation."

Having remarked that the Anglo-Saxons participated in the belief of other Christians on this subject, and that they "claimed the gift of miracles for the saints of each succeeding generation," our author proceeds,—

"It is evident that, with this persuasion, men would take but little pains to investigate the physical or moral causes of the events which excited their wonder and gratitude. With them, Providence was everything ; with us, it is seldom thought of. The more religious among them (so it appears from their own language and correspondence) may be said literally to have '*walked with God.*' They kept Him and His works constantly before their eyes : physical causes did His bidding, the wills of men were guided or controlled by Him : they beheld Him in every occurrence of life, and placed themselves with submission, but with confidence, under the protection of their heavenly Father, 'by whom all the hairs of their head were numbered, and without whom not even a sparrow could fall to the ground.' (Matt. x. 30.) Hence was generated a predisposition to invest every unexpected or wished-for event with a supernatural character ; to see in it the evident handy-work of the Almighty. A dream often would be taken for a vision or a warning from heaven ; a conjecture, afterwards verified by the event, be converted into a prophecy ; an occurrence, in conformity with the object of their prayer, be pronounced a special interposition of the divine power ; and narratives of distant and surprising cures be admitted without enquiry, and on the mere testimony of the relators. It cannot be denied that this remark will apply to many of the facts recorded as miracles in our ancient writers. Their previous disposition of mind has led them into error : it was, however, an error of the head, not of the heart ; one which might argue a want of science and discernment, but not of religion and piety.

"There was also another cause which contributed to the composition of many among those legends, which no one can read at the present day without a smile at the profound credulity of the writers. Men, at that time, lived in a state of comparative isolation : of the matters which happened around them they could obtain no information, but from the casual arrival of strangers ; and the resources which the press, by the multiplication of books, now offers to the idle, had then no existence. Hence, to relieve the monotony of conversation, they received and repeated with avidity every tale which reached them : the more it interested the imagination and the feelings, the more acceptable it was to the hearers : a taste for the marvellous was generated ; and traditions of long standing, as well as stories of more recent date, were often committed to writing as facts by men, who, if they had

learned to doubt and examine, would have considered them as fictions or exaggerations. In this respect, the caution of Beda is worthy of notice. He relates several wonderful events, but not one of them on his own knowledge. To some he gives full credit, on the personal authority of men whose names he mentions, and of whose veracity he can entertain no doubt: of the others he is careful to state that they come to him at third or fourth hand, or from the tradition of certain churches; and with this information he leaves them to the judgment of his readers." (ii. 98-103.)

Perhaps, in the following description of the Anglo-Saxon gleeman, another of the sources of these legendary productions will be discovered:—

"The gleeman was a minstrel, either attached to the service of a particular chieftain, or wandering from place to place, and subsisting on the bounty of his hearers. We have evidence that the songs of these men were enthusiastically admired; that the most striking passages were remembered, repeated, and communicated from mouth to mouth; and that to chant them to the harp was an acquirement common even to the lowest classes. Thus Cædmon was a farmer's servant, as were his friends and neighbours: and yet we learn that, at their merry meetings, it was expected of each that he should sing to the harp in his turn, for the gratification of his companions (Bed. iv. c. 24). Cædmon afterwards became a monk at Whitby, of the class devoted to agricultural labour. He was, of course, unable to read; yet, when a subject had been proposed and explained to him, he would repeat it in language so noble, and in numbers so harmonious, that his teachers became his hearers, and looked upon him as a person inspired. His poetry was exclusively religious. He sung of the creation of the world, of the chief events recorded in the Scriptures, of the last judgment, and of the future happiness or misery of man. The fame which he acquired excited a spirit of emulation among the scholars of his nation: 'still,' says Beda, 'illiterate as he was, and surrounded with competitors, he never yet has met with an equal.' (Bed. ibid.)

"Contemporary with Cædmon in the north, was St. Aldhelm in the south, who also cultivated the vernacular poetry as ancillary to the cause of religion. At a time when no parish or country churches existed, he saw the advantage of combining the profession of the gleeman with the office of the missionary; and, having composed tales and ballads in the Anglo-Saxon tongue, on subjects likely to interest the vulgar, he was accustomed to station himself on a bridge, or at the junction of two cross roads, and there to sing his poems to the harp, till he had collected a numerous audience around him; and then, laying aside the gleeman, he would profit by the opportunity to instruct his hearers in the doctrine of the Gospel. Much of his Saxon poetry survived him, and was transmitted by tradition from one generation to another. By King Alfred he was pronounced the prince of native poets; and Malmesbury assures us that one of his ballads was still a favourite with the people, four hundred years after his death."—ii. 153-155.

But we really must tear ourselves from these attractive volumes. We could have wished to call the attention of our

readers to several other matters,—to the account of the service, and of some of the Sacraments, of the Church; to the description of the itinerant preaching of the early missionaries, of the erection of the first churches, and of the original formation of parochial districts; and not less than all this, to many of the inimitable notes, critical, controversial, and philosophical, either scattered in profusion through the work, or thrown together in a more lengthened form, at the end of each volume. Than these notes, in fact, taken as specimens of varied learning, of deep research, of acute, yet clear, convincing, and exquisitely simple reasoning, we positively know of nothing more beautiful. But, for the present, we must pass them by, and must content ourselves with adding, that, whilst, on the one hand, we commend them to the particular study of our readers, on the other we earnestly hope that their effect will not be lost on Messrs. Wright, Soames, Palmer, Churton, and others, for whose special benefit and correction they seem in general to have been intended. *

Before we take leave of Dr. Lingard, we would just suggest that there are one or two mechanical oversights in the volumes, which, in another edition, it would be well to rectify. Thus, the passage concerning the austere lives of the early monks, which is taken from the old editions, is inserted in page 227 of the first volume, and is afterwards repeated in page 258. In another place (i. 181), we fear that the compositor must bear the blame of having made Dr. Lingard say the reverse of what he intended. He is stating the argument in favour of the payment of tithes under the new law; and is made to say that "the obligation of the *Jew* could not be less than that of the *Christian*"; whereas it is quite evident that he means to say that "the obligation of the *Christian* could not be less than that of the *Jew*." These, however, are but mere trifles,—matters to which we should never have alluded, could we have discovered anything more important, whereon to exercise our professional privilege of finding fault. For the rest, then, we heartily thank Dr. Lingard for the valuable additions which he has here made to a most valuable work; and most sincerely do we hope that life and health may still be spared him, in order that he may continue to instruct and delight the world by his productions.

* One of these notes (that in page 246 of the second volume) we would particularly recommend to the notice of Dr. Giles. That gentleman has lately pledged himself to print the works of John Scotus Erigena among those of the early *English* fathers; and the note in question shews, we think, very clearly, that John Scotus Erigena was not only not an Englishman, but is not known to have ever set his foot on English soil. Even Mr. Wright acknowledges that there is "no reason for believing that he ever quitted France."—Biog. Britan. Lit. i. 423.

THE COUNTESS CLEMENCE.

BY THE EDITOR OF DOLMAN'S MAGAZINE.

CHAPTER I.

It was a curious old pile that castle of Beni-zekher or, as the Sicilians have since called it, by a very easy transition, San Benedetto! Straight walls of hewn stone, diversified by little moorish arches and graceful cupolas, were flanked by two octangular towers, of rougher masonry, added on the outside of the southern wall, and by a large square Norman keep on the north, rising to the height of twenty feet or more above the rest of the building. The appearance of the whole pile showed, at once, that it was a Saracen dwelling house, converted into a fortified castle by its more recent owners from the North.

It was in a room in one of the smaller octangular towers, a room of the shape of the outer walls, but reduced in size as much as was necessary for steps to wind in the thickness of the wall to the battlemented roof above—it was in such a room that conversed those who attract our notice and bespeak our interest. A sweet female voice, in light and joyous tones, has, for some while, reached our ear; and its merry prattle has seemed to rise still more gaily after it had momentarily yielded to the expostulating tones of deeper and more mellow accents. Joyous, indeed, was the look of that sweet female speaker: nor was the character of the physiognomy of the knight, who addressed her, so grave and thoughtful as the tones of his voice would have led a listener to suppose. They were both perfect specimens of male and female beauty. Let us not be told that every writer of romance so portrays his hero and his heroine; when a stroke of the pen can bestow attractions, he must, indeed, be a niggard scribe who would withhold them. Our personages are not, however, of our own imagining. Seven centuries have passed since either smiled on the other:

> "The Knight's bones are dust,
> And his good sword rust—
> His soul is with the saints we trust."

But we must not forestall our story: though, as we have said that the parties lived nearly seven centuries ago, the reader will naturally imagine that they are not living now.

At the time, then, of which we write, and on that particular day when they conversed in the little octagon room, the lady's fair face was lighted up by a smile which gave more soul and

expression than one would have thought features so fair could ever have conveyed. Her hair, indeed, was almost as white as flax; her eyes were of the blue of those southern skies; her skin was so transparently white that no one would have supposed she could have been exposed for twenty years to the wear and tear of the world. Her figure was slight; her step active: her dress was indescribable. We do not mean to say that we are incompetent to describe it; we have it all there before our mind's eye—her little bejewelled Saracenic jackets—her flowing Grecian robes—her Norman untrowsered modesty. But when the dress of so many nations was combined in the attire of one female, it may well be supposed that fashion ruled not with immutable sway; that the fancy of the wearer was the only guide constantly followed; and consequently, that were we to give up a whole chapter to describe the outward attire of our heroine, we should not be enriching the heads of antiquaries by details of forgotten lore, but should only be describing one fanciful woman's fancy of the day. All will admit this were loss of good room.

Nor can we give much space to describe the appearance of the person whose deep-toned voice we had heard so finely contrasted with the musical treble of the lady. And yet he had a noble presence! A clear olive skin mantled over a set of the finest features ever moulded out of earth, and perfected in five-and-twenty years. Large black eyes seemed to shoot forth the fire of a resolute and undaunted soul. And yet the long dark eye-lashes which added so much to his beauty, seemed to soften an expression which might otherwise have become fixed and stern. You thought it was the eye-lashes which did this; but as you watched that speaking face, you saw an unsteadiness in the glance itself, and a slight vibration about the well-formed lips and the corners of the mouth, which showed that, in truth, the owner's character was not, perhaps, so firm and resolute as the first fire of those black eyes would have led you to believe. A something unsettled—a something wavering seemed to lurk behind, and to be striven against by the conscious mind. But then, how well trimmed was his beard, and what noble locks he wore flowing all around his neck, and lying, like coiled and glistening snakes, upon his satin hood!

This hood was now thrown back, so as to show his head to the best advantage, and was joined to a hauberk or outer tunic, which bedecked limbs of perfect symmetry, but of dimensions above the common mould. It was formed of primrose-coloured satin, too slightly wadded, indeed, to resist even a sword-cut, but this insufficiency was guarded against by polished rings of gold and silver, fixed, in alternate rows, upon the dress; and, although about two inches in diameter, lapping lightly over one

another so accurately as to form a sort of chain-armour, which no slight thrust could have pierced. Nothing could be richer than this dress: it was open before and behind, that it might not incommode the wearer when on horseback; open also at the sleeves, which did not reach below the elbows: but underneath, a close tunic of pale blue silk fitted tightly to the well-formed limbs, and allowed them to be seen in all their fine proportions. Boots of finely prepared leather lined with blue satin, folded back over the calves of his legs: and in front of each leg was a diamond brooch to which the long pointed toes of the boots were fastened up by a slight chain of gold. When we add that, on his right hip, he wore, suspended through a loop in his hauberk, a long curved scimitar whose jewelled handle stood up above its golden scabbard, we shall have given a picture of such a young man as no lady's heart could fail to admire in these degenerate days.

Was such, however, the feeling of the lady in that little room? Perhaps the following conversation will enlighten us on the subject.

"Nay, beautiful Countess," interposed the young man (whose person we beg to say we have described as it is portrayed by contemporary historians), "nay, beautiful Countess," he expostulated, "can you not, will you not be serious?"

"In very truth, then," she lightly answered, "I neither can nor will, when I hear you talk of falling on your knees. Don't, I pray you. I should laugh so much that you would be offended outright."

"And you would be still better pleased if I were," expostulated the knight in a tone half of sorrow and half of anger. "You, who will never allow me to say what you know I wish to express, would be right joyful were I so displeased as to free you from my importunities for ever."

"I know what you wish to express, Don Matteo!" exclaimed the lady. "Why you must think me as great a prophet as padre Giovacchino himself. How is it possible that I can know your sentiments when you do not know them yourself?"

"Is it possible, then, that my devotion for so many years...."

"Many years! discourteous Chevalier; how old, then, would you make me out?" gaily interposed the lady.

"Saint Agatha forbid that I should make you responsible for having tortured mankind for one year longer than you can be justly charged withal," said Don Matteo reproachfully. "But you know that ever since your widowhood—ever since your hand has been free—"

"You have wished to throw yourself at my feet, is it not so —when you have seen me?" she archly asked; "and have been

ready to do the same by half a dozen other Sicilian dames when you have seen them. Oh Don Matteo, I know your heart and character better than you do yourself. You have so much to be proud of justly, that you would never acknowledge to yourself how unstable you are."

The latter part of this sentence was spoken in more serious tones than any she had yet used, and with an expression of feeling that evidently much moved the young nobleman. His eyes fell beneath her steady look of interest; and he stood silent and irresolute before the beautiful widow—who, though so young, had now, however, been a widow for several years. She watched him keenly and with an increasing look of interest when she saw his glance fall before her own. She allowed time for her words to produce their effect upon his mind; and only when she saw that he was about to speak, did she again break silence.

"And say not," she then added, "that my hand is free. What heiress or what female holder of any lands is free to dispose of herself and of them as she may please? You know well what a tight hand that odious Majone keeps over every fief: and my brother, the king, seems to feel and to own our relation as little as the Church and the laws do. By Saint Martin of Tours," she said in a tone of rising anger, "I am less free than the veriest bondswoman that walks through the streets of Palermo!"

"This must, this shall be amended!" ejaculated the knight warmly.

"Nay, do not think I have said it would be any better for you if it were amended as your valour would doubtless propose," interrupted the lady with forced gaiety. "But now," she added, "leave me, Sir Baron. We have had a long conference to-day: and if the Lord Admiral Majone hears of it, he will be inclined to send me out of harm's way with my cousin, poor Tancred, and all the other noble prisoners whom he has lodged so snugly under the palace. Go, then, before he grow suspicious; and success attend you with the lady to whom you are about to carry your constant vows."

"Cruel—cruel Clemence—" began the knight; but she waved her hand in such a style of remonstrance as, at once, cut short his intended protestations; and then held it out to him with an air of more than regal condescension while a tear rose up and suffused those bright blue eyes. The Baron caught her fair hand; and bending one knee, pressed it with devotion to his lips: then, obedient to a second sign, he hastily turned him away and left the apartment.

In the small court below, the knight found his horse, and

attendants; and as this visit had been somewhat private for the reasons hinted at by the Countess, he had come with a smaller train than generally followed one so wealthy and so admired for his splendour. Two mounted attendants besides his squire were all who now waited on him. One of the former of these held his lord's charger—a small but spirited animal, showing the strength of bone of the Norman war-horse united to the symmetry and fire of the Arabian breed. Without saying a word, the nobleman leapt into the high-peaked Asiatic saddle, which rested upon a flowing cloth of silk and gold, and turned his horse through the gateway; while he drew the hood over his own head, more for the purpose of sheltering it from the rays of the afternoon sun than as a protection from the balmy air of a Sicilian summer. The squire and attendants followed. The two latter were dressed in the red quilted gambaisons of the period, covered, of course, with the iron shirt of steel rings: on their heads were the low iron scull-caps common to men-at-arms. Straight swords on their thighs, and, at their backs, those bows and a quiver of those arrows for which the Normans had ever been so celebrated, were all their offensive arms.

The squire, however, who closely followed his lord, calls for our more particular notice. He was a young man of fair complexion, who could scarcely have numbered more than twenty-two years; and whose dress and general appearance were somewhat singular, even in a country where so many different nations lived together, and conformed to their own several habits. Richard Mardan was, by birth, an Irishman: his father had been a follower of the deputation which, a few years before, had vainly waited upon Adrian IV (the Englishman who then filled St. Peter's chair); had vainly waited upon him in the attempt to avert that bull which handed over his country to the gentle mercies of the English monarch. Disappointed in the object of their mission, the father had died in Italy: and the son, friendless and a stranger, had had the good fortune to recommend himself to the noble Baron of Taverna, and to bespeak his goodwill and favour. Being of gentle birth (gentle enough, at least, to pass muster with the descendant of one of the Norman adventurers who had accompanied the great Count Roger, half a century before, in his first descent upon Sicily)—Richard Mardan had been permitted to approach his lord's person in the quality of page. He had soon risen into favour by his trustworthiness, and by his frank and cheerful bearing; and now often attended him as a favoured squire. Still, however, the Irishman could not forget the land of his fathers; and every year, every month that he passed away from it, made his thoughts recur to it more and more often, and dwell upon it more and more fondly.

Thus, though living among those who placed their greatest pride in the splendour of their arms and in their warlike equipments, nothing could induce Richard Mardan to forego the prejudices of his own father-land, which taught him to see in all defensive armour only so many proofs of the cowardice of the wearer. He still adhered to the customs of his own countrymen as much as his patron would allow him to do so: and the latter, who felt the pride of a young man in having followers from different countries, did not require his favourite squire to forego that dress and equipment which marked him out as a stranger from some unknown land. Richard had, also, many arguments by which to prove his wisdom in refusing to be burthened with defensive armour: he had, he said, to bear his knight's helmet or his heavy lance, to carry his shield, and often, when he was on visits of courtesy like the present, to hold the heavy straight war-sword or battle-axe with which he would not encumber his own person. How much more conveniently could he do this when clothed only in his tight-fitting national dress of black woollen, with a sling and supply of bolts suspended under his left arm! Thus would he argue; and although he had so far deferred to the habits of his adopted country as to have stuck in his belt a handseax, or Anglo-Saxon dagger, to be used as occasion might require in freeing his lord or otherwise defending him should he be unhorsed in battle, he never would forego the machue or pile which, in shape much like the Irish shillelah, he had had forged of steel, and now always carried thrust through his belt in the manner in which the others bore their swords. Some Norman laws (those of our English conqueror for example) had marked these piles or maces as the weapons of serfs, who were not allowed to bear lances and swords, the proper arms of knighthood; but not even this disparagement could induce Richard Mardan to forego his accustomed weapon.

Such were those who composed the small cavalcade that now emerged from the castle of Beni-zekher and rode through the wild scenery around it. Wild, indeed, and beautiful were those wooded hills. Shrubs of every variety covered the rocks above, and opened into green glades as they neared the plain around. Tall clumps of the dark green stone pine trees towered, here and there, above the copsewood, and contrasted beautifully with its bright foliage. The ground in the open spaces was covered with wild flowers of every variety—wild flowers in that favoured region—but choice green-house plants could they be transported into our northern clime: and this varied carpeting of every hue was broken, here and there, by large patches of purple convolvulus, matted together in luxuriant masses of flower, or climbing up the naked stems of the lofty pine.

The noble knight rode slowly and pensively through this quiet woodland; and thought, over and over again, on the conversation which had just passed between him and the lady he was almost sure he loved. She was, indeed, a beautiful and high-spirited woman: and he thought how, two generations ago, one of his haughty Norman race would have been fired in the pursuit of her by those very dangers which she had just hinted at. Was he less brave than they had been? or was he enervated by having been born in that slothful clime, and by carrying in his veins the blood of that young Sicilian Greek whom his father had rescued from his ruder fellow-northmen and honourably married? At times, he thought it must be so. At times, he was glad to excuse to himself that want of energy and perseverance which he secretly felt within him, by throwing the blame on such circumstances over which he could have had no controul. And yet the Countess Clemence was, indeed, a prize worth contending for—so beautiful in herself, so wealthy in the many fiefs which her father, the late king, had heaped upon his favourite though illegitimate daughter. And why should he, why should he Mathew of Taverna, fear to strive for the prize? What though the king himself should oppose?—the king was but one of themselves. His father had, indeed, deservedly ruled, for more valiant or wiser monarch never won or swayed a kingdom: but this king, his son, had been long known as the least deserving of his offspring; had only come to the throne by the unexpected death of his four elder brothers:—why should such an one rule over the descendant of those Norman warriors who had chosen their sovereign from among the most worthy, and had only bowed to him as such?

Long the thoughts of the young knight wandered on in this dangerous and tempting vein, while his horse scarcely moved through the shade of those high overhanging boughs. Anon they turned to the High Admiral Majone, the king's favourite—his sole minister. Clemence had alluded to him more strongly even than to the king. He would, indeed, be a dangerous enemy with whom to contend: powerful—unprincipled—and surrounded by unscrupulous dependents. Why should he risk an encounter with such an adversary? Could not fame and power be more securely won by conciliating him? Fame and power:—who panted more eagerly than he did to achieve them? What but his earnest aspirations for fame and power, what but his own secret pride had made him hold himself so much aloof, not only from the High Admiral and the court, but, also, from his brother barons? This must be no longer. Years were passing:—five-and-twenty had already slipped away; and yet he had achieved nothing. Brave spirits were astir all over the world. None ex-

celled him in arms, this he well knew; and he had been told by those whom he did not deem flatterers, that he possessed that rude eloquence which was most prized amongst his compeers. Such opportunities should no longer be thrown away. He would do something. He would win Clemence or, at all events, he would win power and fame.

They were now approaching the natural gorge that winds through the summit of the rocks that enclose that quiet valley; and such thoughts as we have attempted to portray were coursing more and more wildly through the brain of the ambitious Baron, when he was aroused from his reveries by Richard Mardan who rode up to his side at the same time that a shrill cry overhead caused him to look to the top of the rock beside the gorge.

On the very edge of the precipice, stood the figure of a young woman clothed in a plain long robe and flowing white veil. That veil, however, was thrown back and showed features so wan and pale, although so beautifully carved, that the Baron might be well excused for thinking her at first a spirit of the air just alighted on that high rock: her person, though tall, was so slight and slim that she wanted only wings to perfect the angelic illusion to the mind of the pious Norman. Mardan had not the slightest doubt that he beheld a heavenly vision. The figure, however, allowed no time for their observations and conjectures. Having drawn their attention by her first shrill cry, she gesticulated violently with her slim arms and made signs, the purport of which could not be mistaken, to urge them to advance speedily. They did so; and passing the gorge, the Baron who rode first, soon looked down on the other side of the ridge of mountain. He then drew up for a moment; and signed to his squire to come to his side. Without speaking, he took the shield from him and hung it round his own neck; grasped his long lance and laid it in rest, put spurs to his horse; and, uttering the war-cry of "Harou! Harou! to the rescue!" he dashed down the opposite hill.

Some short way down the steep descent, a party, whom their dress showed to be native Saracens, were attacking a group whom one would have been surprised to see in that lonely place had one not remembered that it was still almost within a walk of the city of Palermo. We said that the Saracens were attacking the group; we ought to have said dispersing them: for two or three men were, even then, flying off from the pagan bandits. These seemed on the point of leading away two females whom they had captured, while their leader stood with a drawn scimitar over a prostrate Sicilian. The cry of the Norman Baron soon, however, drew his attention; and, making one ineffectual blow at

his intended victim, he sprang upon his horse and turned bravely to meet the new comer, while he fixed an arrow in the bow he held in his hand. The Knight's quickness of eye alone saved him: for the slight hauberk he wore could not have resisted the practised force of the other: he dipped his head, and the arrow flew harmlessly by. Richard Mardan struck it down with his pile as it flew past him with spent power; and brandishing the heavy weapon as though it had been a willow wand, rode boldly up to the side of his lord. The Saracen had been too wary of the strength of the Norman lance to abide its blow: he had rode off to a little distance; and with his half-dozen followers, was preparing to send a volley of arrows and resist their assailant: but seeing the squire and the two men-at-arms ride up, they discharged them more in bravado than with any serious purpose, and rode off in the forest. Ere he turned his horse's head, the leader came, however, a few steps nearer; and called out in the Italian of the country, "Signor Barone, we shall meet again. Tell that screaming white girl that she has foiled Abderachman, but that he never forgives." Shaking his hand towards the mountain, he soon disappeared beneath the boughs of the forest.

Mathew of Taverna immediately addressed himself to appease the fears of the two females who still sat on their mules where the bandit—for such, having heard his name, they now knew him to be—had left them. The one was a young girl about a dozen years old with the complexion and ardent look of a gypsy, but superbly dressed in the richest manufactures of Greece; the other, her companion, was nearly double her age and, in manner as well as in dress, was much more humble and steady than her young friend or mistress appeared to be.

"Whom has my good angel given me the happiness of assisting?" asked the Baron as he leapt from his horse and courteously approached the younger female.

"One whom thy good angel would have thee make thy wife," answered in soft and sweetest tones, a voice close behind them. The Knight turned abruptly, and started, as he saw, at his side, the figure in white whose cry had first drawn him to the rescue.

"Fear not," said the figure gently, and casting down her dark eyes with a look of angelic purity; "I saw the pagan banditti about to attack these wanderers; and, from the hill, I saw thee also draw nigh. Thou camest in time to save them. But now," she continued, drawing herself up, while every feature sparkled with the flash of inspiration, "but now save thyself from the dangers thou wouldest court. Beware of joining thyself to Clemence of Catanzaro. This, this is the bride with whom thy days should pass in peace and happiness. Aye, look on her. Disre-

gard my words, and vainly, oh vainly those eyes will mourn the remembrance of all God's heavenly creations!"

While the young man stood mute with astonishment at this singular address, the gentle prophetess, for such she seemed, turned swiftly around, and was on the point of darting again up the rocks from which she had descended unseen, when the elder female of those just rescued from the Saracens, and who had quietly slipped from the saddle, sprang forward, and, catching hold of the skirts of her long white robe, forcibly detained her; then casting herself on her knees before her, she seized her hand and respectfully kissed it while she bathed it with her tears.

"At last, at last, dear lady Rosalia, I have found you!" she joyfully exclaimed. "Nay, nay you cannot unconvince my devoted heart. Surely, surely you do not forget your faithful Theresa! Oh, think of the years when she watched over you, and played with you more as an elder sister than as an attendant; when the lords William and Tancred and you all lived so happily at Lecce! Oh, how and wherefore did you leave us?"

Thus rapidly the faithful creature ran on, heedless of all the show of resistance that pale emaciated figure made to check her unwished-for revelations.

"It is vain, then, to hope to conceal it," she at length said, with a gentle sigh. "The will of God be done. I am, dear Theresa, that poor Rosalia thou speakest of. But ask me not to say more. God has deigned to call me to himself; and has put me, as I humbly hope, in the way of saving mine own soul. Why should I have staid in the world? Thou knowest how distasteful it had ever been. And when, during a retreat which, unknown to all, I had made to this holy convent," she said, pointing towards the noble pile of the convent of St. Martin, "when during a pious retreat to its walls, I heard that the new king had imprisoned my brothers, the fear of his anger came to strengthen my religious vows. I dared not return to the palace. Oh, thou knowest not how blessed is a life in these hills, with God and the holy Virgin for sole companions!" she added with a look of enthusiasm. "But follow me not, follow me not," she cried more wildly. Too many have already discovered my retreat. Follow me not, Theresa: I charge thee on thy love for poor Rosalia."

She bounded away from them; and with an agility that seemed superhuman, clomb up amid the shrubs and rocks, and was out of sight in an instant.

We may well suppose that it was not without some feeling of embarrassment, not to say of shyness, occasioned by the strange injunction given by the singular though beautiful being who had just disappeared, that Taverna again addressed himself to the

damsel he had rescued. Aware, however, of the awkwardness of his position, he braved it like a true Norman; and again repeated in cheerful and humorous tones, "But whom *has* my good angel given me the happiness of assisting? All about you, fair damoiselle, seems involved in mystery: and delightful as is the recommendation of my doubtless holy but unknown sponsor, it but makes me the more anxious to know to whom I dedicate the service of my poor lance."

"You mean, sir knight, that you would be unwilling to put it in rest for an unknown damsel who might be unworthy of its prowess," replied the young lady with a look of half-saucy forwardness. Then, with a still more self-satisfied air, she added, "But fear not: Corazza, daughter of the Lord High Admiral, who now thanks you, is not likely to need your services again."

Such a speech as this could hardly have been uttered by a girl of the same age born in any of our northern climates; but in Sicily, where they are often mothers at thirteen, their manners are, of course, proportionately precocious. We cannot say that the great Norman baron was agreeably impressed by the airs which this daughter of an Italian oil-seller (raised by the favoritism of his sovereign to his present high rank), evidently gave herself. Still his mind was so taken aback by the surprise which the announcement of her name occasioned him, that he little heeded the manner of the speaker. It was, indeed, a strange coincidence that, while his secret thoughts were running upon plans of self-advancement, and even doubting whether he should not smother his predilections for the noble-minded Countess of Catanzaro, to seek fame and power in the wake of the Admiral —that, at that very moment he should have been called upon to save the daughter of the royal favorite from death or captivity; and that a strange being, apparently half saint and half spirit, should have rushed from the hills and bade him take that daughter for his wife. Our hero like most men of his time, and indeed, like most men of every time, was not without a degree of superstition: and was willing to flatter himself that heaven had taken extraordinary methods to interfere in his especial behalf. This, however, was not a time to carry on such a train of thoughts: and turning gallantly to the young lady he exclaimed, "If, as a Norman knight, I before deemed myself most fortunate in having been the means of delivering a lady from an unpleasant situation, how much more do I congratulate myself on my good fortune, as a baron of the kingdom, now that I find that lady to be so exalted by the high rank of her father. Permit me, signorina, to conduct you in safety to the Torre de Baych."

The manner of the young gypsy-looking girl had considerably altered on hearing the rank of her protector; and it was now

in a much less capricious tone that she assured him she felt no further danger, that her own escort was sufficient security, and that she would not have him ride aside from his road on her account.

"It will not be necessary that I should do so, fair damoiselle," insisted the baron. "I have this day left my poor castle of Taverna; and my people already await me in Palermo. Your road, therefore, is doubly mine."

"Taverna!" thought the young coquette within herself; "and a baron of the kingdom! Surely he must be the handsome and powerful baron of Taverna of whom I have heard so much! And, indeed, he is very handsome. I marvel it did not strike me before."

Vulgar and upstart pretension shows itself, in all ages and in all countries, in the same manner. She cast a more timid, or rather, we should say, a less bold look on her companion than she had bestowed on any one for many a month; and, in half-formed sentences gave him to understand that she not only accepted his escort, but would be flattered by it.

When the principal personages now on our scene had thus introduced themselves to one another, and began their ride towards Palermo, their followers lost no time in imitating the example set them. Richard Mardan rode beside the female who had called herself Theresa; and putting on his most devoted yet winning smile, he blandly said to her, "By St. Patrick, that was a kind spirit that sought to bring my lord and your lady together! Are such often to be met with in this pretty island of yours, my fair mistress?"

"Speak not lightly, I beseech you, gentle squire, of the blessed Saint, the Princess Rosalia—for such she most certainly is. And as it is her pleasure now to withdraw herself from our ken, it would ill become me to speak more of her. Excuse me, then, if I ask you to choose some other subject for your discourse."

"Nay, mistress," replied Mardan, "I meant not to speak lightly of her. All the world knows that my countrymen of Ireland are famous for the respect they pay the saints:—St. Patrick forgive me for saying that all the world knows it," he added archly, "when the Pope himself is as ignorant of the matter as the pagan Saracen whom we drove away from you e'en now! But be that as it may, every one except his Holiness, the Pope, knows it: and he, poor man, has so much to do that he has not time to think of us at all; and so he has decreed that we are barbarians and heathens. That is to say, the other, Adrian, did so; and I take it this one will think so too, rather than give up all the pennies which the king of England is to send him from Ireland."

"I have heard from a holy English priest at Palermo," replied

the attendant, "how your country has been treated; and, I must say, that, to me, it seems a sad and shameful business."

"Bless your beautiful heart for thinking so!" exclaimed the Irishman. "Oh, I wish the lady Rosalia would introduce me to you as she did the Baron to your young lady!"

A shade of displeasure, not unmixed with a smile at the impetuosity of the young man, came over the calm features of Theresa, like a slight cloud stealing over part of the surface of a shining lake. Her face, indeed, wore such a still and unruffled expression of benignity, that the least feeling of her soul instantly left an impress upon it. Yet that face had neither a perpetual simper nor a look of unmeaning vacancy. On the contrary, it showed that its owner was alive to every thing around her, and could interest herself in whatever interested others; but that, on some one subject, she felt too deeply and too pleasantly ever to forget it, though she allowed her spirit cheerfully to waft other matters over the deep under-current of her mind.

"I see, fair mistress," resumed the Irishman, "that you are not wont to listen to a plain-speaking honest heart; and you doubt my sincerity because whatever I think rushes out from me without a moment's hesitation. This is the very quality that ought to convince you that I am a true man and mean what I say; especially when I protest that I am more happy to have become acquainted with you than with any woman I have seen since I left the green hills of county Clare. Nay, don't frown; for I am sure you could not do it if you tried. You must not expect me to be as deceitful as the poor conquered Greeks of this country, nor as wily as the pagan Saracens, nor as rude and overbearing and quarrelsome as the proud Normans who hold them all in thrall: and when I say this against the Normans, please to observe that I do not mean my own good lord who has never a fault in him except that he is not an Irishman. But you will be tired to hear me talk so much; or, at all events, I myself am tired of not hearing your sweet voice: so pray tell me how you and the little black-eyed lady found yourselves so far from Palermo and in the hands of those banditti."

"You do, indeed, speak the lingua franca of these countries more fluently than any man from the north I have ever met," replied Theresa, smiling with good humour. "But, in reply to your question, I really scarce know how we wandered on so far. I had proposed, several times, to return to the city; but the Lady Corazza ever insisted upon going a little further and again a little further: and I had been so much with the young princes and princesses, that I know not how to thwart those under my charge."

"Or any one else, I hope," interposed Mardan. "But how," he asked, "could you like to leave the family of the king to live

with that of the Lord High Admiral, whom every one seems to speak so much against?"

"Do they?" inquired Theresa. "In truth, those of a household are not likely soon to hear what is said against it. But I have left the Alcazar for a short time only. At the prayer of the Admiral, the good queen besought me to take his daughter under my charge for a while."

"Perhaps that you might not see his own doings in the palace with the queen, if report speak truth," thought Richard Mardan to himself. Despite of his boasted sincerity, he had, however, judgment enough to keep this thought to himself: and went on to converse on other matters in a manner that certainly won upon the good opinion of his mild companion. Nor could her very pleasing and speaking features conceal the favourable impression he made; and the consequence was that, ere they parted that day, the Irishman had vowed to himself that he really felt towards her all that he had, at first, insinuated as a matter of course.

Turn we, however, to the other members of our cavalcade. The Baron had been so much occupied with his own thoughts on the singularity of his adventure and on his schemes of ambition, that he had but ill responded to the lively attempts of the little Lady Corazza to enveigle his attention. Her looks were sprightly and complimentary to himself: but there was a degree of vulgarity in her manner (which his Norman pride attributed, as a matter of course, to the base birth of her father) and of vanity in all she said, that was offensive to his sensibilities after the noble bearing and highmindedness of the Countess Clemence—even when he was weighing the propriety of deserting the one for the other. He soon, therefore, fell back from her side as if to give some directions to his attendants and rode after her thoughtfully and alone. But the meditations in which he began to indulge, were again soon interrupted. A tall, large-boned man-at-arms, on a gaunt powerful horse like himself, rode up to his side and saluting him with little show of reverence said abruptly: "You do not remember me, my lord. You do not know that I am the man whose throat would soon have become acquainted with Abderachman's scimitar if you had not come to the rescue."

"Were you the person he stood over?" asked the Baron.

"I was. These dastardly eunuchs," pointing to his companions, "had fled at the Saracen's approach. I alone, could do nothing against him. You saved my life. It is a boon for which I thank you. Professions from one like me would seem but idle talk: but the time may come when Gavaretto may be able to repay the great Baron of Taverna."

Without waiting for farther parley, he rode back to his fellows. But on learning his name, Taverna was not sorry to have made a friend of one who was reported to be the trusted, the unscrupulous and the faithful creature of the High Admiral.

Meanwhile the cavalcade was rapidly descending from the ridge of hills and approaching the populous city beneath them. How beautiful was the view that stretched out on all sides around! Even those preoccupied and worldly-minded characters of whom we write could not approach that favoured Palermo—thrice favoured in its glorious situation—unmoved by the enchanting scene. The noisy and busy city at the foot of its amphitheatre of hills, the distant ridges of the courtly Begaria on the right, the picturesque mountain of Pellegrino on the left, and that bright glassy sea bathing all the shore with liquid diamonds, flashing back the rays of the evening sun, and bearing upon its glowing bosom the countless navies of the kingdom (so numerous as to require an admiral in every station) the commercial vessels of Europe, Africa, and Constantinople, and the armed galleys of many a northern crusader who loitered amid the delights of Sicily on his way to the Holy Land, must have moved the coldest heart. Add to this that the air was perfumed by the fragrance of every odoriferous tree and shrub that blooms in the most favoured climates, and you will have some idea—no you will still be unable to form any idea equal to that most lovely scene.

Slowly the cavalcade passed through the fortified gate of St. Agatha, and then, through a narrow street, approached the broad square before the Alcazar—the Saracen, and, therefore, popular name for the royal palace. The broad banner of the Norman king floated on a staff before it; and countless numbers passed and repassed in every direction. Beside the banner, rose several gibbets; and from three of these, fresh slain corpses still dangled. The horrid state of the faces of the dead showed that, before their execution, they had been subjected to the king's favourite punishment of the bason:—that is to say, heated basons or plates had been held before their eyes until the sight was perfectly burned out. Hard by the gibbets, lay three or four other bodies purposely left there to be mangled by the dogs that were already beginning to collect round about: and the corpses still on the gibbets had been so much lowered for the same purpose that their knees bent upon the ground, and invited the curs that came and smelt around them in turn. Of the many passers to and fro through the square, none seemed to heed these evidences of a recent execution: still every face bore an expression of constraint and of smothered dissatisfaction. Men-at-arms stood heedlessly under the palace-walls, and jested boisterously or slept

on benches in the shade with the usual thoughtlessness of successful soldiers.

The Baron of Taverna beckoned his squire to his side, and asked him, in an undertone, if he knew the cause of the butcheries before them.

"That is what I have just been trying to find out from the very talkative man-at-arms whose life your lordship saved," replied Richard: "and with a great deal of trouble, I have gained so much as to be able to state that the great Prince of Capua has been taken on the point of rising in arms against the sovereign, or of being suspected of rising; and, with his eyes basoned, has been shut up in one of the snug wards below the palace yonder: while these poor creatures whom the dogs do not, to say truth, seem much to fancy, were accused of being his accomplices. But look there, Monseigneur;" he continued in a lower voice: "see that man in the purple cognisance of the archbishop, which peers through the ragged great cloak he has cast over it: see; he is throwing a stone at that dog which comes too close to the furthest body on the gibbet. I would wager this dagger to a helmet of gold that the dead man is some kinsman of the great archbishop; and that yon seeming beggar is put to watch it till night-fall. If it be so, more will come of it."

The young lady Corazza here called the baron to her side and made some trifling remark on a slight pageant that was passing at the other side of the square. While she was yet speaking, they turned into a street which ran in the same direction as the present splendid Cassaro, (so called by a corruption of Alcazar) and approached the fortified ward in which the Saracen population of the city dwelt together. No town in Europe has more changed in appearance than has Palermo during the seven centuries that have slipped away since the days of which we write; though sufficient traces of that which then was, still exist to the eye of the antiquary. Stretching around the beautiful bason of the sea from the old custom-house, to the modern palace of Conte Federigo, the Kalah then overflowed the delicious Marina and ran up beside each of these now inland points and formed a spacious harbour, ending in the little streams of Papirato and Oreto. But this noble harbour was then parted in two by the body of the city, placed upon a tongue of land that ran out from the palace at the upper end as far as the Torre di Baych at the lower extremity. The interval between these two extremes of the peninsula was divided into three wards: the centre one of which was, as we have before observed, allotted to the Saracen population of the city. Our cavalcade rode through their narrow streets containing shops and bazaars crowded with the richest merchandise in Europe; and passing thence into the

third compartment of the town, approached the spot where now stands the church of Sant' Antonio, in the heart of a crowded city. Here, at the time of which we write, was the extreme point of the land, surrounded on three sides by the blue waters of the finest harbour in the world: and here stood the Saracen tower of Baych—now the residence of the Lord High Admiral; or, to give him his proper title, of the Lord Admiral of Admirals.

(*To be continued.*)

MEMORY.

I.

How sweet will seem in after-life
This moment now so fleeting !
From hope or joy, or peace or strife,
To memory's stores retreating,
My heart from this dear hour will borrow
Solace sweet for every sorrow.

II.

Though future hours perchance may give
More thrilling sense of pleasure,
To this sweet hour I'll fondly cling
And count my hoarded treasure ;
'Mid every keen delight procuring
Joy more sweet and more enduring.

III.

'Twill ever live my hopes among,
Nor grief nor care o'ershading :
The echo breathes the streamlet's song
Till, rougher sounds invading,
It yields awhile—then sweeter, firmer,
Tells the stream's unceasing murmur.

NOBODY.

TRACTARIANISM AND MR. WARD.

A Sermon on Fasting, preached at the Church of St. Mary (B.V.) Bawdsey, at Matins on the fourteenth Sunday after Trinity 1844, *by the Rev. E. G. Browne, curate of Bawdsey, Suffolk.*

ALTHOUGH this is a well-written little sermon, and evidently composed by a conscientious man of good feeling, it will be readily supposed that we could not give up the space required even for the repetition of its title, did we not consider that it would afford us a fitting opportunity of making some observations on the objects and prospects of those whom (for lack of another name) we must be allowed to call, by their popular name, "PUSEYITES." We are well aware that the parties to whom we refer are anxious to secure to themselves a more honoured appellation. But this we cannot designate them by, for fear of creating mistakes and misapprehensions. We say for fear of misapprehensions: for, indeed, when we opened Mr. Browne's sermon, we were ourselves much puzzled by the expressions that first met our eye. We saw that it was inscribed to the "V. P. of St. David's College, Lampeter, as a mark of tribute for his Catholic teaching:" and, in the second page, we read "The Church Catholic (of which we, brethren, have the inestimable privilege of being members)" &c.

Now we are sorry to deprive Mr. Browne and those who think with him, of that which they consider to be "an inestimable privilege;" but we must, at the same time, assure them that the Catholic Church does not recognize them as members of its community: and we might put it to their own good feeling, as gentlemen and as men of common sense, whether it were decorous in them to assume the name of a confraternity which disowns their membership until they shall have complied with the known conditions of the family. On reading the passages we have quoted, we naturally asked ourselves in surprise "How can a Catholic be curate of Bawdsey?" It was only intelligible when we remembered that there existed a sect in England who "filched from Catholics their good name; but who, at the same time, "stole that which could *not*, indeed, enrich them, nor make the others poor." We would not wish to treat with slight the amiable, the conscientious, the learned men, who, in fact though not in intention, act thus dishonestly. Still, we must remind them of what all the world knows: viz. that the assumption of the name "Catholic," is of very recent date amongst themselves; that the popular habits of this, and of every other

country, recognize as "Catholics" those only who have been distinguished by that appellation from the beginning; and that the Catholics themselves only look upon the device as a very shallow one, which has been adopted by the followers of innumerable false teachers from the earliest ages. "We must hold," wrote St. Augustin, "we must hold the Christian religion and the communion of that Church which is Catholic, and which is called Catholic not only by its own followers, but also by all its enemies"—"a name which this Church alone has so obtained, that, although all the heretics wish to acquire it, should a stranger ask where the Catholics assemble, the heretics themselves will not dare to point out any of their own places of meeting."

We do not, however, transcribe this definition, laid down fourteen hundred years ago, as if it were unknown to those of whom we write. They feel its cogency as strongly as we do, and endeavour to escape from it by attributing to the word Catholic a sort of generic or conglomerative meaning which it never yet bore, and by asserting that there may be affiliations of a society which disowns the connexion, and refuses to hold communion with its pretended branches. Thus we now hear of the Anglo-Catholic Church; and we are expected to think it holds, in reference to the Catholic Church, a position similar to that of the Gallican Catholic Church. But the one is in communion with the parent, which the other is not. Puseyites, therefore, do not mend their case, even to the most superficial reasoner, by this "dodge." Besides, it introduces a laxity of thought and feeling in the public, which the conscientious divines we speak of ought most to lament. People begin to think of religion as of a national affair. A nation, indeed, may have the true religion; but its being national does not make it true. Once admitted, where is this nationalising system to end? We may have an Anglo-Catholic Church, and a Middlesex-Catholic Church, and a Marylebone-Catholic Church, all differing in their doctrines, but assuming the name of Catholic. And the law of settlement, from which Sir James Graham is now endeavouring to emancipate paupers, will have to be enacted to prohibit all these Catholic Churches from wandering from that locality from which each of them derives its name and its spirit of national or local truth.

Neither the Catholic Church nor the people of this country, of whatever creed, can, however, as yet, be misled by an unwarranted assumption, even did the Puseyites really wish to mislead them. All the world knows that Roman Catholic controversialists have ever cast up to the members of the Established Church in England, the title-page of their Book of Common

Prayer, and "Rites and Ceremonies of THE CHURCH. according to the use of the Church of England:" all the world knows that it has been a common argument to ask them to what "Church" they referred; and thus, driving them to history, to reduce the discussion, in a great degree, to a question of chronology. "Protestant," which had been the popular name of the established religion, would then no longer answer the purpose of the English disputants: the "Church of England" took its place, and did very well for a time: this was replaced by "Anglican" (a name brought popularly forward not twenty years ago, and which gave much offence at the time): it was, however, adopted by the high-church party, and responded to until the superior learning and research of the Oxford Tractarians showed them that, if they claimed to be of the family of the primitive Christian Church, they must also assume its surname. Hence they dubbed themselves "Catholics," or "Anglo-Catholics," and seem so proud of the title, that some real Catholics, out of good-nature and policy, have allowed them to think that the forgery was acquiesced in!

So much on the name which Mr. Browne assumes,—and we fearlessly appeal to the common-sense of the public and to the honesty of Mr. Browne himself, to say if we have not given a true version of his reasons for informing his hearers that they are members of the Catholic Church:—a fact of which, had it been well established, it would have been strange to inform them.

There are two parties to the delusion which it has been attempted to pass upon the public in this matter; namely the Tractarians and some of the English Catholics themselves: and we wish briefly to consider what are the views of both parties, and what likelihood they have of fulfilling them. We believe we may, without rash judgment, state the Tractarians to be a number of the most learned of the Anglican divines, who hold that the fathers of the Reformation in England intended only to protest against what were then popularly believed to be the abuses of the Roman Catholic system and practice, but not against the real faith of that Church as expounded in the Council of Trent, and as held by well-informed Catholics: that they themselves, the said Anglican Tractarians, have found out that such Catholic doctrines, being agreeable to Scripture and to the belief of the primitive Church, and not having been, in reality, disowned by the Church of England, are, or ought to be, held and taught by all true Anglicans; that the disunion of the Anglican Church from the see of Rome is a schism to be deplored, and to be remedied as soon as possible: and that they themselves, being fully convinced of the present anomalous and unhappy state of their

Church, will do their best endeavour to assimilate their practice and doctrine to that of Rome as defined at the Council of Trent; and will live in the hope of being, with their flocks, reunited, at no distant day, to the mother Church—it being most desirable that such a reunion should be, as much as possible, a simultaneous and a national one.

Now, it is far from our wish to write a controversial article: we at once own that no greater abuses of discipline (not of faith, that is immutable)—that no greater abuses of discipline ever disgraced any system than those which obtained among Catholics prior to the Lutheran movement: those abuses, however, were all reformed before or at the Council of Trent—without any breach of the faith; they were reformed in England also—but the faith went with them. We will not oppose our judgment to that of learned Tractarians, who say that their reformers did not really mean to renounce any article of Catholic faith: we had thought differently, but the divines of the Anglican Church ought to know best. But, as we wish to think of them, and, consequently, to speak of them, with respect, we will not ask how, as religious men, they can reconcile it to their consciences to live on and even to die in that which they believe to be a state of schism,—a state of sin,—waiting until they shall be able to come back in a body, and to bring the Church of England back with them, to that which they believe to be the one true communion! These are matters of conscience with which we would not seek to interfere. They themselves best know what answer they would make to any pagan who should reply to a Christian missionary,—"I fully believe in the truth of what you say; I believe my present state to be one of unhappiness and of sin; tell me not that I ought to look after my own soul, and to 'leave the dead to bury the dead;' I have good hopes that, if I delay my conversion, either I or those who come after me will be able to bring over the whole body of my countrymen with me. Think what a grand thing that will be!"

Grand, indeed, did it but justify delay! Grand, indeed, were there but any probability of its coming to pass! But we will not be tempted into controversy. May the aspirations of the Puseyites be justified: and may they reach that quiet home for which they sigh, and which Virgil tells them where to find:—

> "Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
> Tendimus in Latium, SEDES UBI FATA QUIETAS
> OSTENDUNT."

Such being the doctrines and the objects of the Puseyites, (and we beg their pardon if we have misrepresented them), turn we now to those English Catholics whom we have accused of being parties to the delusion which the others have put upon themselves and upon the public.

We will not charge any among them with having purposely intended to delude by the countenance they have given, and the sympathy which they have expressed. We know how apt some minds are to believe that which they wish to be true: and this feeling, together with a natural feeling of vanity, may have led them to anticipate that the day was really approaching when the whole ecclesiastical establishment of England was about to be restored to them, bag and baggage—churches, prebends, livings and all. How gratifying must such an anticipation have been to the pride of an impoverished and long proscribed religionist! How grateful would a representation of such splendid prospects be to the heads of the Catholic Church abroad! How acceptable would those become who should foretell such a movement to be impending! But if, in the sincerity of their hearts, they really did and do anticipate the proximate reconversion *en masse* of the people of England, they must, we should think, by this time, see how injurious their sympathy, not to say cajolery, has been to their new *protégés*. We speak not of Catholic divines who, in controversy with Puseyites, must ever have unflinchingly maintained that which they knew to be the truth: but we do say that, by numbers of English Catholics, a tenderness has been shown to the writings and feelings of the Tractarians, and an admiration expressed for their conduct, which must have made the Tractarians better satisfied with their own labours,—which must have made them consider as a matter of comparative indifference, that total submission and reunion to the Roman Catholic Church which their English Catholic flatterers believed, in their hearts, to be essential to their spiritual well-being. Not thus would they have treated an illiterate, uninfluential enquirer! They would have told him at once, "You believe that the doctrines you now profess are false; you own it, and you own that you believe ours to be true. Act then, at once, honestly, conscientiously: let us have no play upon words: render homage to what you believe to be the truth: gamble not with the time that God may give you: save your own soul at once: 'baisse-toi fier Sicambre: adore ce que tu as brulé, brule ce que tu as adoré.'"

Is this the spirit, is this the tone in which they have treated the Tractarians? No, we assert; it is not. They have almost held out the hand of fellowship to them. They have almost allowed them to adopt their own surname of Catholic. They have applauded all their writings. They have made them believe that the points which still separated them were of small moment. And in the hope that the grand movement would bring them all over simultaneously, they have allowed them to tarry and attempt to convert others, instead of telling them that it was their first duty to convert themselves.

Mr. Browne dates his sermon on the "*Feast of St. Andrew, Apost. and Mart.* 1844-45." This is the style in use amongst the Oxford Tractarians: and this style their friends amongst the English Catholics have had the weakness to copy. That is to say, they have adopted a system of dates unintelligible to the community at large; so inconvenient to themselves that they are obliged to add to their almanacks explanatory calendars to which thay may refer; and different from the style followed by their co-religionists in every part of the world. We have seen as many letters from popes and cardinals as most Englishmen; but they all signed their letters like—like Christians: as if their object was to be generally understood, not to point themselves out as members of a sect—however pious and learned. We well remember some years ago, the amiable jocularity with which the late lamented Bishop Baines told us of a skirmish he had just had with a correspondent. The latter, who, it should seem, was a copier of the Tractarian plan, had dated his letter to the Bishop with the name of the saint on whose festival it was written. In answering the letter, Dr. Baines had dated his reply "*Marsh Mallows.*" This had produced an indignant remonstrance from the correspondent, with a request to know why the letter bore so strange a date. "I replied to him," said the Bishop to us, "that I gathered, from his own style of dating his letters that the days of the month were to be no longer used as heretofore, and that each one was, therefore, at liberty to follow his own ideas in the matter; that he, my correspondent, had dated his letter with the name of a saint of whom I had so seldom heard that I was obliged to take the trouble of referring to my breviary to see when the festival had occurred: that I then remembered a little monkish volume which gave, opposite to each day of the year, the name of some flower or matter of horticultural interest: that referring to this when I dated my reply to him, I had found the day marked as that on which "*Marsh Mallows*" blossomed: that I should be sorry if my new plan put him to any inconvenience; but that as the old system of dates was to be superseded, I intended, for my own part, to follow that of my little book."

Having now stated (we hope without offence to either party) what are the hopes and objects of the Puseyites and of their English Catholic admirers, let us briefly consider what prospect there is of their being realised.

And had we ever entertained any doubts on this subject, they must have been fully laid at rest by the events of the last few weeks. The manner in which the calm, and dignified, and christian pastoral of the Bishop of Exeter has been greeted by the people of his diocese and of all England, must convince any one, who is not totally blinded by hope, that the mass of the people

of this country is as far as ever from that reunion to the Catholic church which both parties sigh for. The questions in dispute were matters of the most unimportant discipline: clergy of both parties had appealed to the Bishop: he answered, as any sound divine or sound lawyer must have answered, "Look to the letter of the law: follow the rubric, and you cannot err." We all know with what a howl of execration the injunction was received. That unprincipled organ of the popular opinion, the *Times* newspaper, which had ever upheld the doctrines of the Tractarians, found out, at once, what was the feeling of the country; and in its own disreputable style, brought the whole battery of its talent to bear against those whose opinions it had hitherto fostered. "Throw up a straw, 'twill show how blows the wind:"—look into the columns of the *Times* and you will see which way the public voice has inclined. True that the subjects of all this discussion and ill-will were but trifles: but that trifles should have had power to create so much ill-will and so much discussion, proves that they were looked upon as indicating ultimate objects; and, therefore, were opposed. The Bishop was compelled to give way: the people triumphed: and a feeling has been registered in the minds of men, against the Romeward tendencies of the Puseyites, which few, till lately, believed to have existed in the community.

Those of the Puseyites or of their Catholic flatterers who hope after this display, must be, indeed, of most sanguine dispositions.

Again, see what has, more recently still, taken place at Oxford. Mr. Ward has, indeed, obtained a triumph which must be most gratifying to his feelings as a man: this his enemies now begin to find out: but the feeling of the people of England on which the Tractarians and those of the English Catholics to whom we have alluded, build their hopes, will not be affected by it; or if influenced, it will be in a sense contrary to the hopes of both parties. Let us reconsider these extraordinary proceedings at Oxford: after blunder upon blunder and evidences of arrogance and imbecillity such as never yet disgraced even a committee of the House of Commons, the Hebdomadal Board succeed in carrying their hostility to the Tractarian movement into Convocation. The university meet, in most unusual numbers, to judge points which they have not the power of judging, and to pass decrees which they have not the power of enforcing. A mob of divines, legislators, country squires, and country parsons, are called upon to determine whether the interpretation which Mr. Ward puts upon the articles and the duties resulting from his subscription to them, be according to the intention of the proposers of those articles. Mr. Ward has an opportunity given of defending himself—if not as fully as the subject required, still

quite as much so as the motley mob of judges would have cared to hear. He speaks ably, temperately; in a manner to produce a most favourable impression; and while questioning the legality of the whole proceeding against him, and triumphantly exposing the bad faith of his opponents, he proclaims the differences of opinion amongst those who are yet considered honest members of the Anglican communion; and the dangers that may result to the establishment from this arrogant intermeddling. Still there is nothing, in all this, which proves that the spirit of the Catholic Church is pervading the length and breadth of the land. True, that one of the propositions condemned is that it should be a subject of rejoicing that "the whole cycle of Roman doctrine is gradually possessing numbers of English churchmen;" still Mr. Ward admits "I stand here the supporter of doctrines which the great majority of you hold in suspicion and dislike."

The numbers who voted for Mr. Ward proved that this majority was not, after all, so very great. But had the majority been as small as that which carried his pretended degradation from his degrees (and which the courts of law will, necessarily, restore) had the numbers of those even who voted for and against the propositions in his book, been reversed—still we contend that the popular feeling of this country would not have been one slightest degree nearer to that consummation wished for by the more sanguine of the Tractarians, and shadowed out by Mr. Ward himself when he eloquently said, "I ask you to let our present framework remain, as far as in you lies, that under its protection numbers of humble and dutiful souls, who are quite unable to chuse for themselves a side, and shrink appalled from the strife of words now raging among us, may gradually developе into that which they cannot suddenly become—deeply rooted believers in the whole truth."

The recent transactions in the diocese of Exeter show that the people entertain no such timidity as Mr. Ward gives them credit for: and if he and those who think with him are waiting for the "full developement of the whole truth" in the self-sufficient minds of those mob-theologians, lasting, indeed, will be their present anomalous position. That people possessed with such feelings towards every thing which they fancy to have a Catholic tendency should ever be led by their clergy to a reunion with the Catholic Church, can now no longer be expected by the most sanguine. Whatever may be the tone of feeling at the universities, whatever may be the spirit instilled into the rising generation there, the doctrines of the Reformation and the slanders of three centuries have taken too strong a hold of the uneducated for them to be materially swayed by any exhortations of the Tractarian scholar. And in the ranks of the establishment itself

will always be found plenty of self-seeking men who will promote this feeling in the hope of benefiting by it. Were all those four hundred members who voted in convocation for Mr. Ward to join the communion of the Catholic Church to-morrow, the only consequence upon their parishioners and brother clergy would be that (supposing them all to be clergymen) there would be twelve hundred candidates for the livings and emoluments which they would have vacated.

This is an endless subject. We cannot give more space to it. We hope that, in the little we have said, we have not given matter for scandal or offence. We ourselves have wished to write on the subject as lookers-on rather than as divines. We have not even wished to make apparent our own religious convictions. Were not learned and pious men like Mr. Ward, Mr. Oakley, our preacher (Mr. Browne), and others, personally interested in the matter, we should have preferred to discuss the question in reference only to its bearings upon the political feelings of the people of the country. Friends, as we are, to the extension of civil and religious liberty all over the world—anxious, as we are, to establish the principle that no man has, in his civil capacity, a right to inquire into the religious belief of another man, we have regretted that a movement which, in its religious consequences, could only affect the creed of individuals, should have been so brought forwards as to arouse a sectarian feeling in the mass of the people; should have made them suspicious of the ulterior views of religionists; and should have awakened their ancient prejudices against that faith on the courteous and respectful treatment of which depends the welfare of Ireland and, through Ireland, of this great country. The people of England entertain no innate antipathy to the followers of any religion whatever, provided only that they will live and let live; provided only that they will not interfere with their own several predilections, with their own several interests: and successful as was Mr. Ward in maintaining his right to his own opinions before the university of Oxford, we cannot be surprised that the people, who, like Gallio, "care for none of these things," should have had their suspicions aroused by practices different from what they had been accustomed to, and avowedly tending towards a change in those opinions which they believe their teachers to have undertaken to uphold.

A PEEP AT ALL THINGS AND A FEW OTHERS.

By Bo-Peep.*

Showing, a Frosty Day—Fox-hunting at Rome—Church and Statery—M. de Montalembert—Old Patent Snaffles—The Tomb of the Prophet—Ball at General Narvaez—Christian Goths; no Gothic Christians—Altars—Wise Men of the West—Christmas Carols—Latin and Greek in Parliament—Income versus Property—The Queen and the Owls.

Once upon a time (and that cautious historian, Gibbon, who would dispute every thing that ought to be deemed indisputable, assures us the story is true), once upon a time seven noble Christian youths of Ephesus who had betaken themselves to a cavern to avoid the persecution of the heathen, were walled up therein by command of the Emperor Decius; but immediately falling into a miraculous slumber, did not awake until some labourers, working the stone-quarry, threw down the wall one hundred and eighty-seven years afterwards. Almost as wonderful and lasting as this lasting and wonderful sleep, is that which, months and months ago, fell upon ourselves, though a privileged sleeper.

Little Bo-Peep
Fell fast asleep

with a vengeance! But what put him to sleep? "That is the question." It was to escape no persecution that he went off in such a dreamless nap: for admiring listeners awaited eagerly his monthly visits. Perhaps it was that his sheep were all sleeping around: or that the hall in which he exhibited his powers of *clairvoyance* (more wonderful than any produced by mesmeric pawing) possessed some such lethargic quality as the cavern in Africa. It is hard to keep awake when others are yawning around;

Yaw—yeaw—yeaigh—comment faire, hélas,
Pour s'amuser sur cette terre,
Pour ne pas bailler—bailler ici bas!

However, thank thy good stars, gentle reader, that we are awake now; and like a lion refreshed with wine, are prepared, from our high Watch-Tower, to look out and tell thee what is going on in that nether world of thine.

What a bright frosty day it is!—the hardest frost we have had this year. One can hardly see the pale blue sky and the old leafless trees of our park and our ice-clad lake through the frosty fret-work on our wide window-panes. How beautifully it spreads across the glass! What fanciful trelliswork, what fairy patterns

* Not Sir James Graham.

interweave themselves in condensed spangles! There in the centre of that pane, amid a sea of ice, is a little island indented by the most convenient harbours, fringed with lines of crystal rock and surrounded by a belt like Saturn's ring. On the pane beside it, bristling little stalactites rise from the bottom to the top like the mighty spars in Fingal's cave: and beside this again, from a pane the upper half of which is clothed with frozen forests (like those of Upper Canada bedecked with the diamonds of a hoar frost), shoot out, underneath, long stretches of jagged tracery like the coral reefs that gird the happy islands of the west. Athwart them all, we see a full-breasted thrush hop lightly on the close-shaven turf; and turning its head first on one side then on the other, eye, with hopeless inquisitiveness, the frost-bound mould of the up-turned flower-bed.

No day this for hunting, friends! It was all very well to advertise in the county papers that you would meet this day, at the turnpike-gate below at half-past ten o'clock—(lazy loons! your grandfathers would have met at seven) it was all very well to advertise the meet; and right welcome should ye have been to a bottle of prime cherry-brandy to give ye a glow ere starting: but yoicks! who can promise themselves sport of any kind in such a climate as this! As vain were the hopes of the Eastern king of whom great Johnson wrote. Would ye be sure of a day's hunting when ye have torn yourselves from your pillows at the early hour of half-past ten to secure it, leave these northern climes where the Spirit of Ice delights to thwart ye: leave these unpropitious realms of snow, and betake ye to the happy hunting-grounds of Italy. See how gaily they meet in the wide campagna of Rome! Hark how cheerily the huntsman's horn reverberates from the old walls of the tomb of Cecilia Metella! Thanks to Lord Chesterfield and to the southern sun, Englishmen have now an unfailing occupation in the Eternal City, worthy of themselves: twice a week, at all events, they can there kill time, the destroyer, who has killed most else around them!

Unbag the fox, cheer on the pack
  'Neath temples nodding low:—
Let pedants tell their gods—alack,
  We heed not. Tally ho!

Well done, old fox! skim o'er the plain,
  We follow—tally ho!
He swims the Tiber—turns again
  At Dio Ridicolo.

To quiz old Hanibal 'twas built,
  Not our brave sport:—oh no;
Along the Appian way, full tilt
  We gallop. Tally ho!

We show their Eminences where
The scarlet should be worn:
Not round their shaking shanks so spare . . .
Hark! hark! the huntsman's horn.

Great was Dian of Ephesus—
Long worshipp'd here, we trow.
A British Dian ours, and thus
We worship: Tally ho!

Blithely, indeed, the scarlet field bedecks that desert ground. Time was, when Lord Burghersh took over a pack of hounds, that the foxes came out of their covers to gaze, like uninterested spectators, at the unwonted sight. Lord Chesterfield has remedied this unexpected inconvenience; and by taking over a few English foxes who knew what was expected of them, he has set an example to the Roman cubs, and is breeding them up in the way they should go.

"How merrily the days of Englishmen go by" in Rome! Fox-hunting in the morning; a lounge in St. Peter's or cold fowl in the Sixtine chapel at vespers; and Cerito dancing in pantaloons in the evening. Cerito seems, indeed, to have won mightily on the old Pope: he has not only sanctioned her marriage at Rome (we hope, after this, he will no longer permit any of his clergy to refuse, on their own responsibility, unsanctioned by the Church, christian burial to comedians; if they are worthy of a sacrament, they are worthy of a ceremony): he has not only sanctioned her marriage, but he has allowed her also to dance nightly at the theatre—but in pantaloons. We are glad of this; for it makes her exhibition the only decent English pursuit of those we have noticed.

Poor old sainted Gregory XVI—(we hope we may apply the term to one who has borne the tiara as humbly as he has—who has fared as sparingly, and has slept as hardly, as he did when an unknown monk)—poor old sainted Gregory XVI has disappointed the English visitors to Rome this season. He has scarcely shown himself at the religious offices of Christmas; because, when he kneels at the altar, he cannot rise again without difficulty. And they grumble, as may be supposed, at being deprived of the show. However, the rumours of a concordat with England, and of an alliance with the English ministry to put down the Irish clamour for repeal, have given them somewhat of food for the mind. Beware, however, your Holiness, how you meddle in matters of temporal policy. Ireland is not Poland; and the effects of such a letter as you addressed to the patriot Poles, might be different from what Roman tactics anticipate.

It is, indeed, delightful and amusing to one overlooking the

world as we do, to mark the change that has come over the mind of religionists of late years, in reference to the long-boasted connexion between Church and state. How they used to insist upon it in by-gone times!—the state was not to secularize the Church; oh no! but the Church was to spiritualize the state. And so, when the state could not stand alone, and when the Church enjoyed the pleasure of propping it up, nothing was so holy and so pure as these loves of the angels—this intermarriage between heaven and earth. Now, however, that the State has got the upper hand, and would make use of her power to enslave her former equal, all Christian men in every Christian country, seem to rise spontaneously against the alliance. O'Connell and the Irish Catholics had long proclaimed their hostility to any state endowment of their Church; and no one believed them. French Catholics, however, and those of the old noblesse (once the most devoted dependents upon the state) have also found out that they are enslaved by the connexion, and now use their best endeavours to obtain a divorce. Their organ, the Comte de Montalembert, has recently made, in the House of Peers, what, even in this country, would be considered a splendid appeal in favour of the rights of conscience, the liberty of religion, and the freedom of education. Well, indeed, does he comment upon the insolent intermeddling spirit of a government that decrees, "It is permitted to twenty-six Protestants to assemble in the castle of Lorée, for public worship according to their rite." The French question of the freedom of education is little understood in this country. People argue here that, because French parents are not *obliged* to send their sons to the government universities, they have nothing of which to complain; but when professions, from the highest to the lowest, when admittance into every pursuit in life is dependent upon certificates and degrees, to be obtained at those universities only—we see that a French parent has as little power over the education of his offspring as the poor Manchester weaver, who cannot send his brat to earn her dinner, unless she take with her a certificate that she has spent three hours in learning a, b—ab; b, a—ba.

Battle on, then, M. de Montalembert, say we; you have our best wishes; as have those in every clime who would prevent the state from intermeddling in that which is not its business. Oh, how we rejoiced to see our friend Henry Light, the governor of British Guiana, throw light on this subject by copying out Lord Stanley's rules of conduct, and refuse to supercede a catechist on the application of his bishop! "The two Roman Catholic clergymen for whom the legislature has provided stipends," he writes, "are, when authorized to receive the public money,

in that sense civil servants of the public. As civil servants, they are amenable, on any offence committed, to forfeiture of salary; that forfeiture or dismissal must be upon cause shown, and with an opportunity given for the accused to defend himself. The forfeiture or dismissal must be the act of the government." We rejoiced to see this; for we were convinced, not only that Irish prelates would take the hint home to themselves when pressed to take the shilling and enlist as "civil servants of the public," but we also figured to ourselves how the Bishop of Exeter's bile would rise at being thus again reminded that he was the thing he so much scorned—"an official of the establishment."

Concordats and salaries are, however, very convenient snaffles for the state to control the vagaries of the ecclesiastical team when once the state has got the whip hand of it. What said Lord Castlereagh when the Princess Charlotte received a present of two beautiful ponies from a Catholic young lady?—

"If the Princess *will* keep them (says Lord Castlereagh),
To make them quite harmless, the only true way
Is (as certain Chief-Justices do with their wives),
To flog them within half-an-inch of their lives—
If they've any bad Irish blood lurking about,
This (he knew by experience) would soon draw it out.
Or, if this be thought cruel, his Lordship proposes
The new *veto*-snaffle to bind down their noses:—
A pretty contrivance made out of old chains,
Which appears to indulge while it doubly restrains,
Which, however high-mettled, their gamesomeness checks,
(Adds his Lordship humanely), or else, breaks their necks!" *

But enough of "The Holy City" and its doings. Wherefore, by the bye, do some English writers always thus designate Rome? On the continent of Europe, it is never so spoken of. For our own parts, we know but of one "holy city," properly, that is generally, so called; and whenever we read the epithet, our minds revert to the holy city of Mecca and the tomb of the prophet.

How beautiful and transparently clear is the freezing atmosphere! From the high look-out of the Watch-Tower, the eye wanders far and farther away till it rests upon the sunny hills of the Escureal and the feathery trees of El Pardo. Gay doings and high rejoicings in Madrid. Zurbano has been taken and shot—his spirit gone to rejoin those of his two sons and relations whom he had not seen for a long while, but whom gentle Narvaez butchered for being of kin to one who dared to raise his

* Moore's "Twopenny Post-bag."

standard against a long established government—of how many months old? — a government begot in treachery, swathed in French gold, baptised in blood, and to which Lord Aberdeen stands sponsor. Gay doings then at Madrid since Zurbano, too, has been sent to join the rest. And Narvaez is giving a fancy ball, at which the queen and all the gentles rejoice, while one of the honorable deputies filches the table-spoons. The queen-mother, the amiable Christina, is in the delicate situation proper to ladies who love their lords; and may not with safety attend. We trust that report spoke truly, which said that she had privately married Signor Munoz some years ago; else, as it is not many weeks since she acquainted her parliament with the interesting fact, her present state must rather jeopardise her fair fame.

Uncomplimentary to sovereigns is the train of thoughts which these second marriages of their widows awaken. Christina of Spain, the duchess of Berri, Marie Louise of France,—all who have tried royal partners, betake themselves, as soon as possible, to lords of humbler birth. Napoleon must, indeed,

> " —— have improved when he wed,
> Though he ne'er grew right royally fat in the head,"

to have made it possible for *his* widow to class herself with the others! Or is it that sovereigns have too much head and not enough of heart to satisfy their spouses? The former half of this position can scarcely stand investigation. Perhaps it is that they have not enough of either the one or the other. All honour, however, to our own fair Victoria; who with more of head and heart than falls to the lot of sovereigns, has managed worthily to satisfy both the woman and the queen.

And grateful are we to our queen for having recalled our wandering thoughts home; for so much here calls for notice, that we have no more to spare this month to foreign lands. Besides, in what foreign country can we find so much that may worthily employ the mind on high and holy things? What foreign country, like our own pious land, takes its religious ceremonies from the rabble, its divinity from the newspapers, its faith from architects? Happy land! Thrice happy, too, in that it possesses courts of law and ecclesiastical courts, which constantly either urge or restrain the vagaries of its people! There is a society of gentle antiquaries at Cambridge, yclept the Camden: surely they, if any, must know of what stuff religion and churches ought to be made;—for, has it not been decided that the primitive Christians, who worshipped in ancient basilicas, were no Christians at all?—since they provided space for the poor to kneel at their ease, and, while that was wanting, deemed carved stone and pointed pinnacles only so many pointed abuses? has it not been decided that, to be a Christian, a man must be a

Goth? Such were the sound opinions entertained by the Camden Society, amongst others; and they were naturally shocked at seeing a wooden table in the Round Church which they had just restored in the most approved taste. They, whose minds ran back more than two hundred years, remembered how antiquaries of old had fought the battle of the altar, and how they had striven to raise it from the disparagement into which it had fallen:—

> "God's board is what they first reform,
> That never mov'd but brought a storm:
> From midst of quire they thought it good
> To place it where the altar stood.
> And altar-wise they needs must set it,
> Close to the wall as they could get it:
> Nor would they call it now God's board,
> But holy altar of the Lord."

Thus, recording the fate of those early sticklers for antiquity, sings old Ward:—we marvel if the Mr. Ward of our days be of the same family?—most probably: and courts of law still exist to mar the sculptor's finest conceptions, as the versified rabble did of yore. For, alack! alack! these matter of fact courts have discovered that the word "altar" nowhere enters into the vocabulary of that faith the Camdens follow: that boards and deals are the only orthodox materials, and that their favourite stone altar is unwarranted by act of parliament.

And, powerful as the courts of law are in one instance, the western "populace" are no less so in others. It had been said by a traveller, that, the further he went to the west, the more convinced he was the Wise Men came out of the east. Such an unseemly imputation upon our western countries can now no longer be cast against them. No antiquaries they of two hundred years! but they know what was done yesterday and the day before; and they scorn to submit to novel forms of worship! How they fled from the churches, and mobbed the clergymen who presumed to know more of divine matters than themselves! The mayor and aldermen and police of Exeter were needed to keep within due bounds their theological ardour. Not even the pelting rain could allay it. We have all heard of the iconoclastic riots of the east: they were nothing to those originated by the mighty surplice question in the west. And, meanwhile, somebody is gone to tell the people of Mecca that this nation is about to return to the faith of true believers!

And yet poor Dr. Philpotts was right in law and in common sense:—we know nothing of divinity—we leave that to the "populace," as he terms the theologians of Exeter. Some of his clergy followed one device, some another: some were for surplice,

some for gown, some for great-coat: he was called upon officially to adjudicate between disputants: he was obliged to decide according to the law: that law was the rubric of the Book of Common Prayer: what then was more self-evident, more rational, than that he should direct them all to follow that rubric? We must, however, admit that he made one grand, one fatal mistake;—instead of publishing his pastoral at a time when the editors of papers were all agape for matter wherewith to fill their columns, had he waited until they were obliged to report the doings of Parliament, they would not have had space to interfere between him and his clergy; the people would have remained unexcited by penny-a-liners; and he might have made good the position he coveted,—that of being something more than an "official of the establishment."

But really are these Puseyites to be allowed to proceed in their vagaries unchecked by the popular voice? See the feeling lamentations of the Churchwardens and Co. of some village in Kent to the Bishop of London:—their clergyman (one of the Rev. Wilberforces) had been walking about the village with some of his choristers singing carols on the night of Christmas eve! Nor was this all the abomination:—they bore lights in their hands—and this too while the full moon shone! As bad as "burning daylight" in the Catholic Church—which, being an article sacred to the uses of state taxation, ought not to be wastefully consumed. Well might the Churchwardens and Co. complain to their Bishop of these mighty strides their clergyman was making Romewards! What could he mean by singing carols on Christmas eve with torch in hand while the moon shone? What could he mean? What ask ye? Why he was singing mass to be sure. We have all heard of midnight mass on Christmas eve; and who knows but what that is the way in which it is done! We own that is not the way in which the learned commentators who have recently republished Froissart's Memoirs, with illustrations selected according to the best antiquarian skill —we own that is not the way in which they represent the performance of mass: in an engraving they give us of the "Bishop of Pamiers singing mass in the 15th century," they represent a monk playing on the organ while the Bishop, robed in pontificals, stands with open mouth beside a one-legged music-desk hard by. But the Kentish churchwardens had not seen this print; and not knowing how the thing was *really* done, naturally supposed Mr. Wilberforce might be singing midnight mass along the streets. Thrice happy county that (graced by the residence of the Primate of all England) has such watchful guardians of the purity of the faith that it starts alarmed from a Christmas carol and falls down and worships the divinity of Thom!

But plague take the world, we can see nothing but religion this month! Every body is gone wild about it, and it obtrudes itself eternally on our peepers. We will, positively, not give it another look; but will turn our whole attention to politics; which, as all the world knows, has nothing to do with religion in England and Ireland.

And our gracious Queen has been opening her parliament and making unto it a speech. And an excellent speech all the world declares it to be; and sure we are no one will be more delighted with it than Mr. O'Connell and his followers; for her Majesty speaks of the union as though it were already repealed: "Among all classes of my people," she says, "there is generally prevalent a spirit of loyalty and cheerful obedience to the laws." "I have observed, with sincere satisfaction, that the improvement, which is manifest in other parts of the country, has extended to Ireland." So that the people of Ireland are not included amongst "all classes of my subjects." The union is not only repealed, but Ireland is become independent of England, and the Queen speaks of it as a philanthropical looker-on merely! We fear, however, that we shall not be so easily quit of the subject; though the government has hit upon an expedient, by no means novel, for getting rid of unruly children. Ask you what it is? They are going to send them to school! True, upon the faith of Bo-Peep! They cannot make them "behave themselves" and so are going to send them to school. We protest, however, against being taxed, with the people of this country, "for improving and extending academical education in Ireland." There is plenty of ecclesiastical property in Ireland to fulfil her Majesty's intentions, however generous. And if there be not, let the government throw open Trinity College to all comers: the foundation of two new universities will not compensate for the insult of being excluded from that one. But it seems the naughty Irish boys are not only to be sent to school; but are to be treated in other respects like unreasoning children. It will not succeed, Sir Robert Peel. The only sensible thing that was said in the debate on the Address came from one who is not, in general, famed for wisdom: this orator was "fully satisfied that demands would never cease while anything remained to be conceded." So said Mr. Plumptre; and so says Bo-Peep.

To return, however, to the speech of our gracious Sovereign: "She continues to receive the most friendly assurances from all foreign powers." And she does not believe one word of them. This she shows, by immediately recommending an increase in the navy. So the Prince de Joinville's pamphlet was not, after all, so very absurd, so very unworthy of notice. He called upon the French admiralty to turn all their attention to steam, as

they could not compete with us in sailing vessels; and lo! the English government immediately takes the alarm, and deems it necessary to meet him! And the harbours of refuge along the southern coast, of which we hear so much, will be very convenient stations from whence said steamers may protect "the extended commerce of the country" from the Prince de Joinville. All very right, if we could but agree,

> "Where's the money to come from, daughter, daughter?
> Where's the money to come from, daughter of mine?"

Oh, Sir Robert Peel will tell you by and bye, when he has sang "io pæan" a little longer on the glorious state of the country, and, in answer to Lord John Russell's powerful objurgations, has thrown dismay into some of the newspaper reporters, by quoting Latin which they had not at their fingers' ends. We would not say one word against the daily press of this country, —more able, more intelligent, and better conducted, by a thousand leagues, than that of any other time or place: but it is hardly fair for an honourable member to expect a reporter who is listening to him as a matter of business only, to remember whether he says *quia non lacrymare necesse est*, or *quia nil lacrymabile cernit.* This propensity to quote fifth-form Latin ought to be checked, as were Greek intrusions into Parliament. We forget what honourable speaker it was who set the gentlemen of the press at their wits' end, by constantly quoting Greek. They knew not how to meet the difficulty, till, at length, they hit upon the plan of stereotyping

> Τὸν δ'ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Αχιλλεύς.

This answered perfectly. Whatever Greek the speaker might quote to show his learning,

> Τὸν δ'ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Αχιλλευς

appeared in the report of his speech. The gouty old gentleman had thought at first that it was an error of the press; but when τὸν δ'ἀπαμειβόμενος still appeared, he gave up the hopeless contest, and fell back upon his mother-tongue. Greek having, by these means, been successfully banished from Parliament, we would recommend puzzled reporters to adopt a similar plan with all spouters of Latin verse. Let them stereotype two lines; and whenever Sir Robert Peel introduces a Whig measure, and dignifies the theft by a scrap from Ovid or others, let him be made to say, with a triumphant glance at Lord John Russell,

> "Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves."*

And whenever Lord John Russell and his Whig friends cast longing looks at the treasury benches, and endeavour to oust

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* Freely translated, "You help to build these nests we Tories feather."

their rivals therefrom by retorting school-boy lore, let the stereotyped report ever give the heart-melting line:

"Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi."†

It is astonishing how soon "Sic vos non vobis," and "Tityre, tu patulæ," would succeed in banishing classical lore from the walls of Parliament.

While on literary matters, we are irresistibly drawn to notice Mr. Gladstone and his book. Never since the mysterious book in the sixteenth century on which Grotius expended his erudition, had printer's devil originated so much unfathomable wonder;—never since the *autos da fa* of the Spanish inquisition, or the mild butcheries of our English Elizabeth, had martyr sacrificed himself in defence of his religious opinions with the heroism attributed to the late president of the Board of Trade,—could we but understand it. We have heard a good deal of the puffing system in which Messrs. Colburn and Bentley were supposed to be tolerably proficient; but not even they ever devised such a scheme for getting up a demand for a new edition of a forgotten work. We have heard, too, a good deal of excommunications practised in the olden time,—excommunication "by book and bell." In Mr. Gladstone's self-excommunication from the ministry, the part performed by the book is sufficiently evident; and we suspect the bells may be typified by certain appendages to a certain sugar-loaf cap which, notwithstanding appearances, Mr. Gladstone will be no party to place upon his own head. The cause of his resignation of the *sweets* of office has, in fact, yet to be explained: the motives of the president of the Board of Trade should, one would think, be more dependent upon commerce than upon literature,—for one can hardly suppose that, to please the bigots of the university of Oxford, he, a Puseyite, would have resigned office because Sir Robert Peel's measures were too favourable to Catholics.

But to return; how these literary questions do lead us astray from questions of common sense, questions of *£ s d!* We were talking about the queen's speech and the minister's financial statement. What delight it gave! The duty was to be taken off glass in order that blackguards might be able to break the Portland vase in future, at a less cost for a new case; watch-springs were to be made of glass. Whether they would go or not, we doubt; but at all events they would serve to wind up periods, and to set the ministry going so prosperously, that no one would watch their doings. Thus, with scarcely a discordant voice, all the world voted a continuance of the income tax. It was, indeed, at first imposed on the express promise, from the

† "Robert, thou cumberest long enough those sweet Treasury benches."—*Printer's devil.*

Duke of Wellington, "that it should not be continued one moment longer than was absolutely necessary." But what signifies a breach of promise to Sir Robert Peel? Did he not obtain power by promising, through his supporters, to repeal the poor-law —to maintain undiminished the old protection to agriculture? Sir James Graham's enactments, his own tariffs, and Canadian corn bills, had proved what dependence was to be placed on such promises; and people must have been overflowing with faith to have expected the income tax to be given up. No, no; he will repeal taxes to the amount of £3,308,000: but the income tax yields upwards of five millions; and the minister told Lord John Russell "that, supposing his lordship's present position to be changed, and that he found himself on the treasury benches, he would feel the surplus of £5,200,000, however derived, to be a most comfortable addition to the ordinary and permanent revenue of the country." Just so: but to vote in favour of that "oppressive," "unjust," "vexatious," "inquisitorial" tax, is not, my Lord John, the way to reach those benches. People will not vote for your party out of mere love, *pour leur beaux yeux;* they must be induced to do so by some difference between your policy and that of your opponents. Sir Robert Peel made one statement which ought to be remembered:—out of an income of about forty-nine millions, twenty-eight millions and a half are required for the payment of interest on the national debt. Every ones knows this, but every one forgets it. We wish that honour should be given where honour is due; and that people should remember, when they pay taxes, that more than half of what they pay is for the pleasure their fathers enjoyed in making war.

One word more about the property and income tax. Mr. Roebuck and others exclaim against the unfairness with which it presses upon annuitants, professional men, and floating capital engaged in commerce; and they demand that all such should be exonerated from it, that it may be raised entirely from real property. Now we love to see things in a different light from any one else; and we boldly assert that real property ought to be exempted from this tax, and that it should be saddled exclusively upon the others. We will prove our position;—taxes are paid to enable the government to maintain the laws, and to uphold the fabric of civil society. "Do you dispute that, Mr. Roebuck?" "Certainly not," he answers, delighted to see that we have so true an idea of the first principles of political economy. Without taxes, therefore, laws could not be maintained, and society would revert to a state of nature. "Do you admit that, Mr. Roebuck?" "Admitted," he answers, with a grunt, suspicious of what is coming. Now, then, Mr. Roebuck; supposing society to be reduced to a state of nature, who do you think would fare best in the scramble, the professional man, the artisan, and the

tradesman, who subsist by ministering to the wants of a civilized community, or we who have our broad acres to fall back upon, and which, providing us with corn, meat, and game, we could defend with the strong arm, as our forefathers did heretofore? "Well, Mr. Roebuck, you do not answer: well."—"Well," he growls, at last, not at all liking the turn of the argument. Well, then, we continue; as professional men, annuitants, artists, and tradesmen, are most interested in the maintenance of society in its present legal, civilized state, it is but just they should pay most towards it. Therefore, we say, if we must have an income tax, take it off from real property and double it upon Mr. Roebuck's pets. But where is the honourable member for Bath gone? Unable to refute our argument, he has absolutely rushed from the Watch-tower in a huff. This is not civil, Mr. Roebuck: you should learn to command your temper before the public.

But now, as every one will admit that we have had the best of every argument at which we have glanced, we withdraw from the scenes of our triumph. Our whole attention is just now riveted upon our gracious sovereign, who has succeeded in escaping from the errand boys and well-dressed mobs of Brighton, and is enjoying the dignified hospitality of the noble old castle of Arundel. The first peer of England has peculiar claims upon our sympathy, and we rejoice to see him so nobly acquit himself, though he has not, like his grace of Buckingham, hired two score of labourers, at fifteen pence per day, to play at cricket on the lawn in order to evince the every-day happiness of England's bold peasantry. Now, like one of the mighty owls in the lofty keep of Arundel castle, we close our weary eyes; resolved that for one month nought shall

"Molest our ancient solitary reign."

From the Watch-Tower, 19th February, 1845.

SWEET SEVENTEEN.

AIR—"I remember."

I.

I REMEMBER, I remember how my childhood fleeted by;
All its sorrows, schoolings, scoldings, grammars, globes that made me cry!
On my brow, love, on my brow, love, there is now no sign of care,
But that childhood was far sweeter, 'tis the fashion to declare...
I remember, I remember how my childhood fleeted by;
All its sorrows, schoolings, scoldings, grammars, globes that made me cry!

II.

Then the governess, the hated ! was as cross as cross could be,
And the summer flowers faded while I squeak'd out *do, re, mi.*
Gems to-night, love, gems to-night, love, are bright-braided in my hair,
But my cheeks were far more bright, love, when my teacher's mark was there...
I remember, I remember how my childhood fleeted by ;
All its sorrows, schoolings, scoldings, grammars, globes that made me cry !

III.

Was I merry, was I merry, then the dancing-master came,
With his squeaking pocket-fiddle, *battemens, pliez, chaine des dames.*
Now I've you, love, now I've you, love, on your knees before me there,
And I bid adieu to backboards, bread-and-scrape and nursery fare...
I remember, I remember how my childhood fleeted by ;
All its sorrows, schoolings, scoldings, grammars, globes that made me cry !

J. R. B.

A RIDDLE.

I.

When foreign despots bade him pry,
Who did the deed of treachery ?

II.

Who caus'd the knout a woman tear
For writing to her husband here ?

III.

Who had the Bandieras shot,
And left on England's fame, a blot ?

IV.

When Frenchmen sneer'd, who made us blush
For fatherland, nor car'd a rush ?

V.

Who Tommy Duncombe's letters read,
Too mean to own the dirty deed ?

VI.

Quick : tell my riddle if you can,
Or give it up : who was the man ?

VII.

I'll help you. What will rhyme with fame—
Ill-fame, of course ?—tame—blame—shame......

24*th Feb.* 1845.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

History of the Waterloo Campaign. By Capt. W. Siborne. 2 vols. 8vo. 1844.

THE chances of the most eventful campaign that was ever fought, are here fully developed in an animated and a careful style. The work is well written; and all our patriotic feelings would bid us declare it a most faithful history of circumstances which, one would suppose, it were impossible to dispute about. And yet for thirty years have the conduct and chances of the battle of Waterloo been differently related; and, to this day, the pride of the English and of the French leads them to see and to represent that glorious massacre in very different lights. The French not being quite able to deny that they were beaten on that bloody field, would detract from the so-called glory of the English army, by giving the Prussians the greater share of the honour; while many amongst ourselves would allow no partner in bringing about that mighty result which changed the fortunes of the world. We do not say that Captain Siborne claims for us quite so large a share in the honours of the day; still we feel, as Englishmen, that his statements are more gratifying to our patriotic sense than to our sense of strict historic justice.

In fact, the spirit of the two nations of France and England has long since selected three topics of charge and counter-charge from the events of those most exciting weeks; and each country has urged or repelled them with a pertinacity which leaves them still matters of debate. Was the Duke of Wellington surprised by the approach of Napoleon? Were the English officers called from a ball-room to mount their chargers? We remember that every print-shop on the Boulevards used to declare it, in every imaginable representation of the *Garde Française qui meurt et ne se rend pas;* while English officers, in silk stockings and pumps, shot and carved away limb after limb. Byron's immortal verses have declared much the same; and, true or not, we fear that the opinion of all nations has too decidedly affirmed the question, for their opinion to be shaken by sober history, however true.

Pumps or no pumps, however, the result is the same; and as the French do not dispute this result, we may be generous in allowing them to account for it in their own way. They all declare that it was occasioned by Grouchy's (either mistaken or wilful) departure from the orders he had received from Napoleon. We will not say whether the arrival of Grouchy with his thirty-one thousand men on the field of battle would, or would not, have changed the fortune of the day; but surely the French ought to know better than us what his orders were; and if they say that he departed from those orders, it is hardly generous in us to insist that he did not do so,—or even that the result would have been the same, had the presumed commands of the Emperor been accurately fulfilled.

"But at all events," insist the French, "even if you did win the battle in the end, it was against your own expectations; you know that you had the worst of it until the Prussians came up." It is not to be supposed that Captain Siborne should admit any such doubt to have existed in the mind of our army; and, indeed, it has been more and more strongly denied with every passing year. Who shall then say that it was so? Assuredly we will not: but yet we have been assured by a French officer, one of those who followed Louis XVIII during the Hundred Days, that he was one of the couriers posted at short intervals between the field of battle and Brussels, and appointed to carry verbal accounts from the English commander-in-chief to the French king,—we have been assured by such a one (whose word, as a man of honour, we have no reason to doubt), that for a long time the message which he had to pass on was: "All is lost; but we will try and keep our ground till night." The manner in which the English troops did keep their ground, is matter of undisputed history, and of just pride to our army; and we enter into the spirit with which it is described in these volumes.

From the contradictory opinions extant on the subjects to which we have alluded, it would really appear as if commanding officers and men were so carried away by their feelings at the hour of battle, as not to be able to retain any sure recollection of that which they had ordered and seen. We remember to have heard from the gallant author of the "History of the Peninsular War," that, bewildered by contradictory statements concerning one particular action, he had applied for information to the commander-in-chief, to his first acting aide-de-camp, and to the general commanding the division respecting whose movements there were different statements; and that, from all three, he had received different and contradictory information! Who then shall wonder that the national pride of the conquerors and of the conquered should enable them to give different colourings to the same event?

Justice is seldom done to Napoleon's conduct after the battle. He argued long and strenuously against the opinion of his council, who wished him to leave the army and to go to Paris. "I consent," he cried, at length, "but you are making me commit an act of folly. My place is with the army. It is not annihilated, if I remain with it; and from here, I can send my orders to Paris and France. But I yield." Had he abided by his own judgment, who shall say that events would not have turned out differently? Most praiseworthy also was his refusal to allow the peasantry of the frontier provinces to be armed. He would not draw down war upon the people. At whatever cost to himself, he willed that war to be confined to the army: he would have it a war of armies, not of nations. Never, in fact, had he shown himself so great as during the Hundred Days; and those who overcame him then can afford to be generous, and to admit his version of the means that occasioned his fall. "Adieu, terre des braves!" he cried with the greatest emotion, as he saw it for the last time off Cape Hoguet: "Adieu, chère France! Quelques

traitres de moins, et tu serais encore la grande nation, et la maîtresse du monde." Let us thank heaven, which has kept the world from being enslaved by any one mistress.

Valentine M'Clutchy, the Irish Agent; or Chronicles of the Castle Clumber Property. By Wm. Carleton. 3 vols. Chapman & Hall.

Mr. Carleton is one of the best of those writers who, in these latter days, have so excellently well portrayed to us the affectionate, humorous, witty, fierce, and pious peasant of hapless Ireland; and this is, we think, even his best work. It is true to nature; and when we have said this of an Irish story, we have said that it is interesting, exciting. It was impossible but that Mr. Carleton's truth and power of writing should be increased, when he threw off the trammels of that party which, in Ireland at least, is essentially opposed to every just and generous feeling; and though it may be said that, in the portrait he has drawn, in old Topertoe, of the real Irish member of Parliament of the olden time, he had an idea of putting his countrymen on their guard against assembling such native legislators once more in College Green, we will not doubt but that the author drew him only as a sample of things that had been. Say what we will against the present times, they are certainly more decorous than any that have preceded them; and the time is gone when Tom Topertoe's election speech, excellent as it is, would be relished even by the "affectionate rascals" of Ireland. The speeeh had, however, one good quality which, we own with sorrow, is becoming more and more scarce every year,—it was very short. We, therefore, strongly recommend it and the book to all members of Parliament, as well as to the public in general. It is astonishing how much wit derives its soul from brevity on the hustings. One of the most loudly-applauded speeches we ever heard was made by a member of an English corporation (unreformed), who rose and said: "Gentlemen, I beg to propose Mr. So and So, because I like him." Few proposers and seconders can give better reasons for the long-winded support they give their favoured candidates; and on such occasions, we cannot but regret the speech of Tom Topertoe, and the times when, as Coningsby says, a man could be returned "like a gentleman," without having to canvass his constituents,—aye, and without ever seeing the borough for which he sat,—which an Union peer told us had been his own case. Here, however, is the speech: "Here I am again, ye blaggards; your own ould Topertoe, that never had a day's illness, but the gout, bad luck to it. Damn your bloods, ye affectionate rascals, sure you love me, and I love you, and 'tisnt Gully Preston [his adversary] that can cut our loves in two. No, boys, he's not the blade to do that, at any rate! Hurra, then, ye vagabones! ould Tom Topertoe for ever! He loves his bottle and his wench, and will make any rascal quiver on a daisy that would dare to say bow to your blankets. Now, Gully Preston, make a speech,—if you can! Hurra for Tap Topertoe, that never had a day's illness but the gout, bad luck to it! and don't listen to Gully Preston, boys! Hurra!"

We strongly recommend this book to the public.

Passages in the Life of a Radical. By Samuel Bamford. 2 vols. Simpkin and Co.

What strikes us most in these volumes is the power of language possessed by a hand-loom weaver; and not only by a hand-loom weaver, but by one who, not twenty years ago, could only express himself in the common dialect of the peasantry of his native county. Yet now he writes in good nervous English, that would put to shame the slip-shod phraseology of most fine gentlemen. Really, if the weavers of our manufacturing districts be improving themselves at this rate, it will behove the managers of our public schools and universities to furbish up their arms, if they do not wish to be pushed from their stools by the so-called "illiterate vulgar." True that Mr. Bamford has had opportunities (and particularly during his imprisonment in Lincoln jail) of improving himself; and that he has assiduously studied to do this, since he has resolved that he who would be a reformer of the public, should not lack education himself. Still his progress has been wonderful.

This is, however, on many accounts a very interesting work; not only as portraying the feelings of the man himself in a very curious style, but also as showing the mind of those who, like himself, joined Hunt in their first clamour for Parliamentary reform,—the objects they had at heart, and the manner in which they were met by the treacherous and dastardly ministry of the period. The first political event that we ourselves have any recollection of, was the rightly-called "Manchester Massacre;" and we suspect that the feelings of many, like ourselves, then took a bias which dictated their principles in after-life; and that the murders then committed accelerated incalculably the movement they were intended to check. But for the conduct of the partisans of irresponsible power, we should not have seen a reform of Parliament so soon carried, nor should we have seen those who, at the time, were the stoutest upholders of the conduct of the heroes of Peterloo, now only anxious to throw a veil of forgetfulness over the transaction.

Mr. Bamford's is a most interesting sketch of the period. We wish we had more such of every period, to portray the thoughts and habits of those whom history in general deems unworthy of its notice.

Mores Catholici, or Ages of Faith. Parts I. II. and III. Dolman, 1845.

We know not wherefore these numbers are not recommended to public favour by bearing on their title-page the name of their author. That author is well known to be Kenelm Digby; and the fame which he had deservedly acquired by his "Broad-stone of Honour," first secured attention to the work now before us. In the Broad-stone of Honour, indeed, the writer's name is withheld until the last page of the work: such may be the case with the "Ages of Faith," which, we own, we have not seen in its complete form. Still we think it a pity that it should not be given in the title-page, particularly when the conclusion of the work (even should it there appear) has to be

waited for some months. It is always better that a reader should know at first that which, when known, will conduce to his appreciation of the matter before him,—on the same principle which so judiciously leads Spanish writers to place marks of interrogation at the beginning of the sentence, instead of reserving them to the end, as we do. The reader is thereby enabled to modulate his voice, if he be reading aloud, as well as his mind, to the sense of the author. So would the student attach more importance to the "Ages of Faith," did he know by whom it were written: or, to adopt a simile more consonant to the feelings of the author, did he bear his proper cognisance upon his shield, instead of appearing *parma inglorius alba.*

In point of fact, however, these works are already so widely known, that their fame is equally creditable to the author and to the reader. It is creditable to the reading public that there should be so many among them able to appreciate books based upon a tone of feeling so high and pure as that which prevades the "Ages of Faith." We had heard with surprise that a stereotype edition had lately appeared at Cincinnati,—in what, not very long ago, were the backwoods of America; but we considered that no work could better fill the long evenings of a solitary settler, and we rejoiced that he had such an excellent companion. More needed, however, to him whose time is engrossed by worldly pursuits, are pages which may waft his soul away from petty passing cares; and, carrying it to ages long gone, purify it as the air is purified by every shower from heaven. On this account, we rejoice to see this reprint in a cheap and popular form. The work is indeed brought out in a style highly creditable to the spirited publisher.

By "Ages of Faith," Mr. Digby would signify what we, in other language, term the middle ages.

"The middle ages, then I said, were ages of highest grace to men; ages of faith, ages when all Europe was Catholic; when vast temples were seen to rise in every place of human concourse to give glory to God and to exalt men's souls to sanctity; when houses of holy peace and order were found amid woods and desolate mountains, on the banks of placid lakes as well as on solitary rocks of the ocean: ages of sanctity which witnessed a Bede, an Alcuin, a Bernard, a Francis, and crowds who followed them as they did Christ: ages of vast and beneficent intelligence, in which it pleased the Holy Spirit to display the power of the seven gifts in the lives of an Anselm, a Thomas of Aquinum, and the saintly flock whose steps a cloister guarded: ages of the highest civil virtue; which gave birth to the laws and institutions of an Edward, a Lewis, a Suger: ages of the noblest art which beheld a Ghiotto, a Michael Angelo, a Raffaello, a Dominichino: ages of poetry which heard an Avitus, a Caedmon, a Dante, a Shakespear, a Calderon: ages of more than mortal heroism which produced a Tancred and a Godfrey: ages of majesty which knew a Charlemagne, an Alfred, and the sainted youth who bore the lily: ages, too, of England's glory, when she appears, not even excluding a comparison with the Eastern Empire, as the most truly civilized country

on the globe; when the sovereigns of the greater part of the western world applied to her schools for instructors; when she sends forth her saints to evangelize the nations of the north, and to diffuse spiritual treasure over the whole world: when heroes flock to her courts to behold the models of reproachless chivalry, and emperors leave their thrones to adore God at the tombs of the martyrs."

Now, it is impossible to gainsay one word of what the author here advances; at the same time that every one must feel that such a train of feeling is not likely to produce an accurate description of the times to which it refers. The "Middle Ages" are, in fact, here made to include all the period between the fall of the western empire and the more recent settlement of Europe:—a wide field assuredly, and one which must present examples of every highest virtue. Still, we must observe, that those who are not resolved to look upon them so decidedly *en beau*, will find therein no fewer examples of every monstrous vice. We cannot think the ages which have passed away more intellectual than those which now exist, nor more civilized. More piety may, certainly, have been felt by particular classes than the same classes now exhibit; still, without quite denying Voltaire's assertion "*que la pudeur s'est enfuit des cœurs pour se réfugier sur les lèvres*," we maintain that, on the whole, a higher standard of morality obtains now than the so-called "Ages of Faith" ever witnessed. Morality, we know, is not piety; still it is its near handmaid, and does not exclude it: and Mr. Digby must consider that, if so many models of piety during these latter ages have not been held up to veneration, they may, no less, have preceded and be still living amongst us; though time and the decrees of consistories have not yet adjudicated upon their claims. How many a "village Hampden," all unknown, constantly fights the battle of the cross and prays unseen

"As his whole life were one communion day!"

Mr. Digby, however, does not profess to write the history of the middle ages: though the examples that he brings forward are so varied and often so beautiful, that, in making good his own position, he necessarily, conveys much collateral information to the majority of his readers. We could dwell long upon his volumes; but we shall have opportunities of recurring to them as the several parts come before us. At present, we will only say that we have a high opinion of him who wrote, and a no less high opinion of him who delights to read these amiable compilations.

Vacation Rambles and Thoughts, comprising the Recollections of Three Continental Tours: in the vacations of 1841, 42, *and* 43. By T. N. Talfourd, D.C.L., Sergeant-at-Law. 2 Vols.

These volumes contain a great deal of very pleasant reading, written in an agreeable, sensible, and cheerful strain. The scenes they describe are, indeed, well known to most of our readers: and it was not likely that a man of Mr. Talfourd's age and professional habits should have much of that power of comparison which gives life and

interest to the power of observation. Still it is impossible that a man of his eminence, the author of Ion to boot, should not give novelty to descriptions of the most beaten roads: and it is equally impossible that, when such a man sits down to tell us what his thoughts and impressions are, we should not hear much that must and ought to interest us. The reading of these "Vacation Rambles" will enliven the drudgery of the student with thoughts of pleasant times to come. We have not room for any extracts; but the whole work will well repay perusal.

The Highlands of Æthiopia. By Major W. Cornwallis Harris. 3 vols. 8vo. 1844.

Some travellers can journey from Dan to Beersheba and prove to us that it is *not* all barren: and some can pass through countries which we should have imagined teeming with matters of interest and excitement, and then record their impressions, if impressions they have, in a style which would scarcely have been justified by a journey from Beersheba to Dan. What would not the author of a book of travels over this macadamised surface of Europe give for such a mean of attraction as the very title of the book we are now noticing. "Bless my soul!" he would say; "the Highlands of Ethiopia! why my book is made! it is all interest! the whole country must teem with 'plums'—*sponte tulere sua!* 'tis not indeed a land of Cocaigne."

> "When so ready all nature its cookery yields:
> Maccaroni and Parmesan grows in the fields;
> Little birds fly about with the true pheasant taint,
> And the geese are all born with the liver complaint."

"It is not, indeed, a land of Cocaigne, seeing that the Abyssinians eat their meat raw, and often without killing the ox whereof they cut their living steak. But even this style of no-cookery will be interesting to the satiated palates of modern gourmands. The Highlands of Ethiopia! Never was such an interesting book as mine will be!"

But as cookery, however exquisite, palls, at length, upon the stomach, so may scenes of romance—so may the country of Johnson's "Happy Valley," and of Tasso's "Clorinda." Major Harris seems to have found this to be the case; for we search his work in vain for those fresher feelings and that gusto with which he must have first invaded these unknown regions. We have not space to do more than record our general feeling of disappointment. Nothing seems to move our author from his equanimity except the renewed attempts of the Western Christians to convert the Abyssinians from their corrupt traditions of religion;—unless, indeed, it be their present state of abominable superstition and immorality: and we have much regretted that, in this instance, we could not understand his argument—or, rather, the cause of much of his wrath. The Abyssinian religion is so ancient that it ought not to have been meddled with. The Abyssinian religion is so corrupt that the record of its doings is disgusting. We cannot trace the argument.

In one respect, however, we see no difference between the habits of

the people of these regions and those followed by more civilized nations. "In Shoa," says Major Harris, "a girl is reckoned according to the value of her property; and the heiress to a house, a field and a bedstead, is certain to add a husband to her list before many summers have shone over her head." Shoa is not the only country where a girl is thought more of for the possession of such accomplishments, any more than Ireland is the only land in which a male lover is prized for the qualifications of Barney Bralagan—

I've got nine pigs and a sow,
I've got a sty to keep them;
A calf and a brindled cow;
I've got a cabin to sleep them.
I've the ring to make us wed;
Some whiskey to treat us gaily;
A mattress feather bed;
And a handsome new shilelah.

Alas! alas! Hence so many unhappy marriages in all countries: hence so many domestic quarrels: hence the furious wife and unhappy husband—"*Infelix, qui non sponsæ præcepta furentis audierit:*" "the husband who would not obey his furious wife." But we will not be sentimental.

Maps of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Chapman and Hall. London: 1844.

After lying about for some years, these maps have been, at last, completed; and we presume that most of our readers who had subscribed to them have had their copies bound. We need not ask them how they like their bargain; but we do think it right to expose the catchpenny system on which this publication has been conducted by a society in which most people thought confidence might be reposed. We remark not upon the geographical accuracy of the maps, which may be perfect: we remark not upon the price, even, because subscribers knew to what they engaged themselves; but we do remark upon the fact that, for some time, those maps have been advertized at two-thirds of the price charged to subscribers; and we do remark upon the fact that, after the earlier numbers, the size should have been changed from that of the plates first issued, and every variety of shape and proportion introduced, so that it is impossible that the completed work can be bound together without every imaginable fold, and without subjecting the student to examine the volume now sidewise and now endwise, according to the shape of the leaf. The map of Ireland, for example, which is sixteen inches high by fourteen wide, is followed by that of North Ireland fourteen inches high by nineteen inches wide: and between these two extremes, every variety of size exists in glorious confusion. And let it be observed that this scandalous indifference to the appearance of the work and to the comfort of readers, obtains in a set of maps which, unbound, have cost, even subscribers, 15*l.* 7*s.*

"Know thyself," is an ancient warning: we say, know the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

Ellen Middleton, a Novel. By Lady Georgina Fullarton. 3 vols. Second Edition. London, 1845.

Although we ourselves are somewhat fastidious in our approbation of mere works of fiction, we must admit that "Ellen Middleton" possesses the grand characteristic of a good novel,—it is very interesting. In many a house, we have seen the younger members of the family all absorbed in the pages of this attractive work. For our own taste, it possesses a too strongly religious cast; for when we do read a novel, we feel as poor Walter Scott felt on card-playing,—that, instead of drivelling away existence on shilling points, like old ladies in country towns, it were more excusable to plunge in at once, neck or nothing. So when we sit down to enjoy ourselves over a novel, we seek for enjoyment, and nothing more. Those who are content to make and to find light reading a vehicle for more serious thoughts, have our approbation,—we wish we could say our sympathy.

The story of "Ellen Middleton" is, however, artistically constructed. We have written too many novels ourselves, for the fair and clever authoress to fear that we shall betray the plot. The workings of conscience in her heroine are powerfully portrayed; and the manner in which the clergyman obtains her confidence is novel and striking. We are glad to see, by a new edition, that this novel still holds its ground.

A Defence of the Game Laws, in reply to their assailants, and on their effects on the morals of the poor. By Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley, M.P. Second edition, 8vo. Longman and Co.

Mr. Berkeley's defence of the game laws has afforded a day's sport to most of the gentlemen of the press: but, althoug hit has been so generally made game of, we are rejoiced to see that his treatise has reached a second edition. For ourselves, we highly approve of his system. Give every man you meet a "punch on the head," and put on the "handcuffs" to prevent him for compelling you to hurt him, and you will, assuredly, put a stop to all poaching. Follow out the same plan; put every man you find, off the turnpike-road, in the stocks, and you will, assuredly, put a stop to all petty larceny and to felony of every description. Why are mad people put into straight-waistcoats?—to prevent them from doing wrong. The plan adopted by the Norman who made the New Forest, was the only good one for the morals of the poor. Drive out of the country all but game-keepers and game-keepers' assistants, and you will put an end to poaching.

It is, however, impossible that Mr. Grantley Berkeley should write anything that is not spirited and entertaining; and it is very seldom indeed that he starts off on a wrong scent.